Harper's weekly.
[New York : Harper's Magazine Co., etc.]

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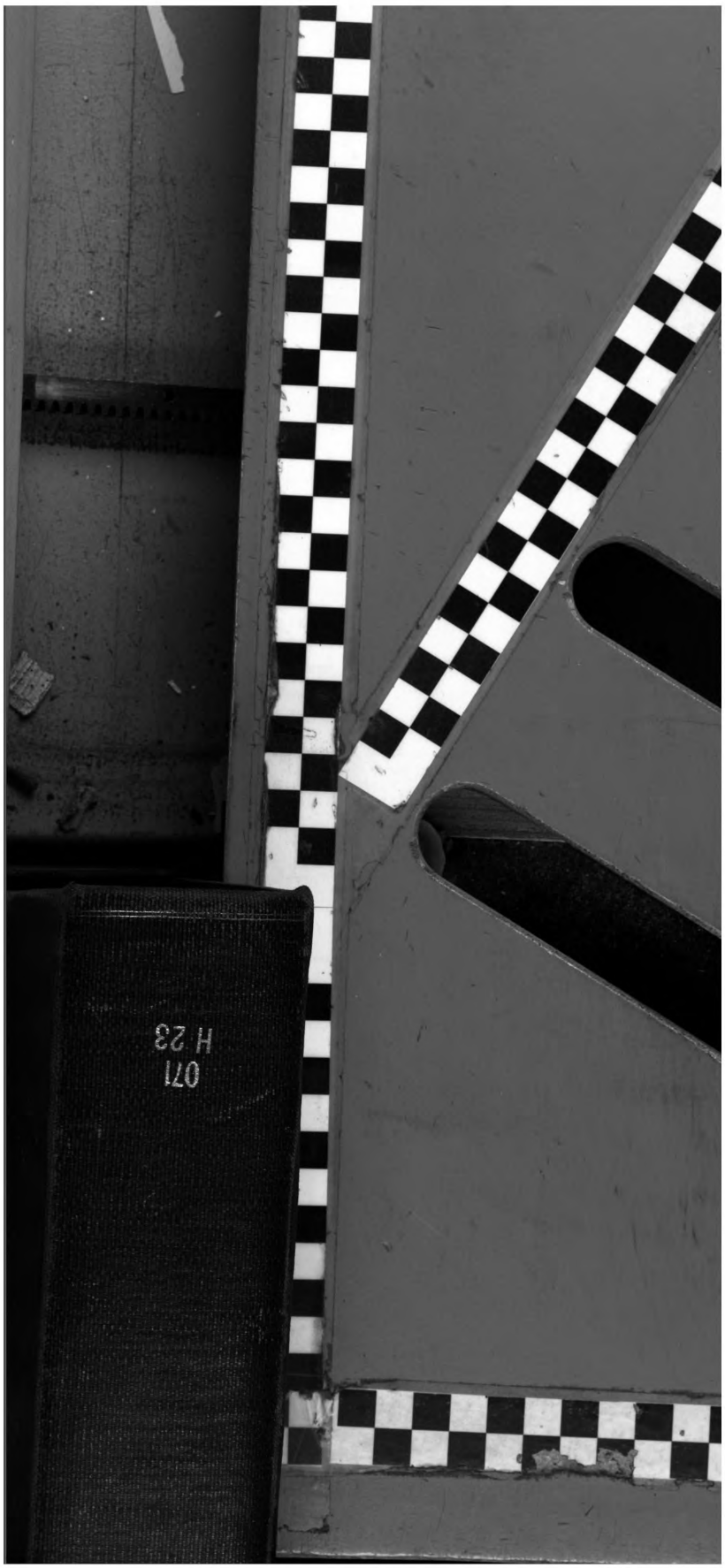
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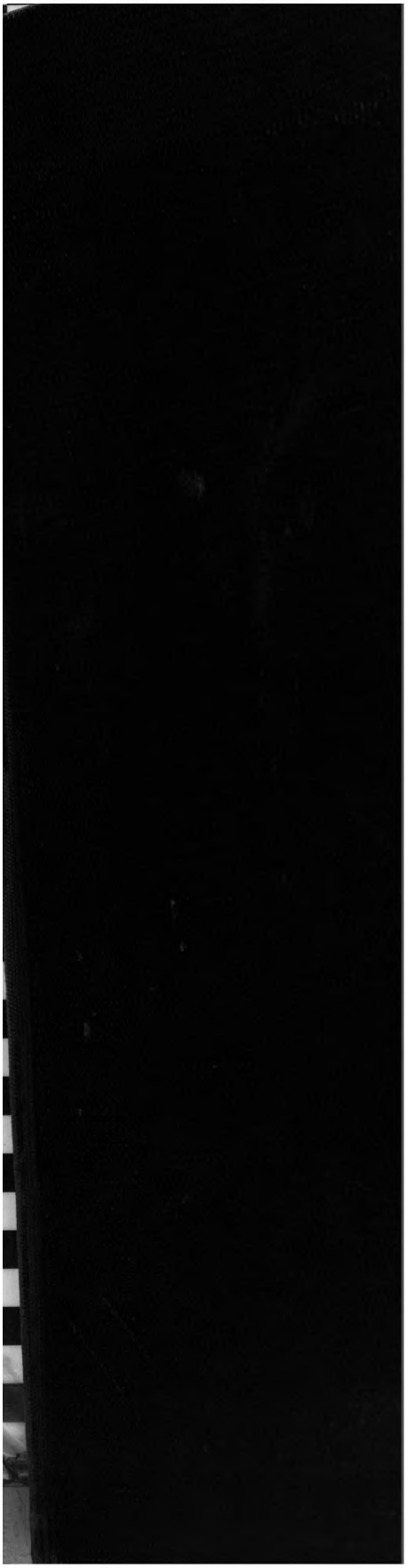
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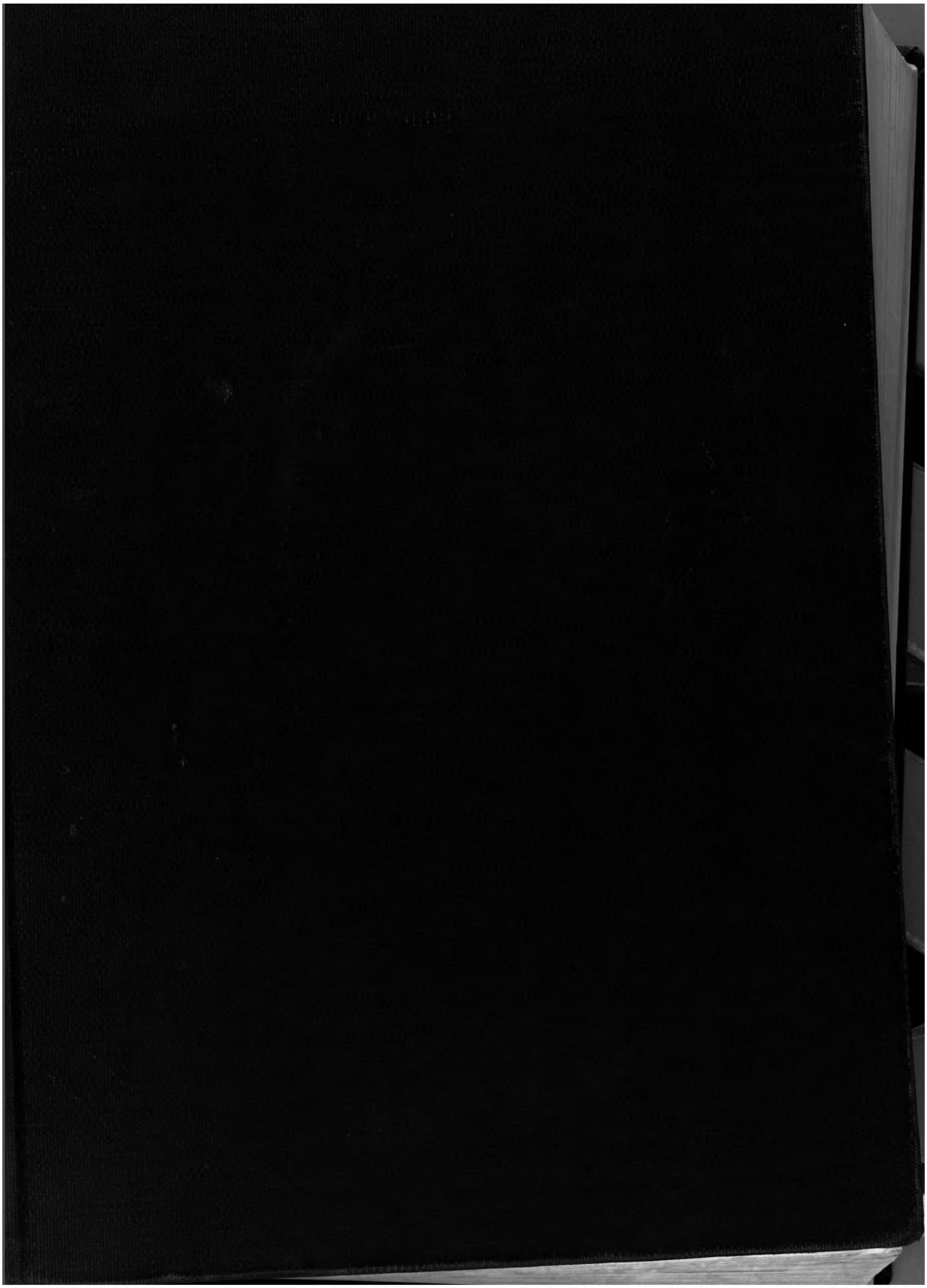
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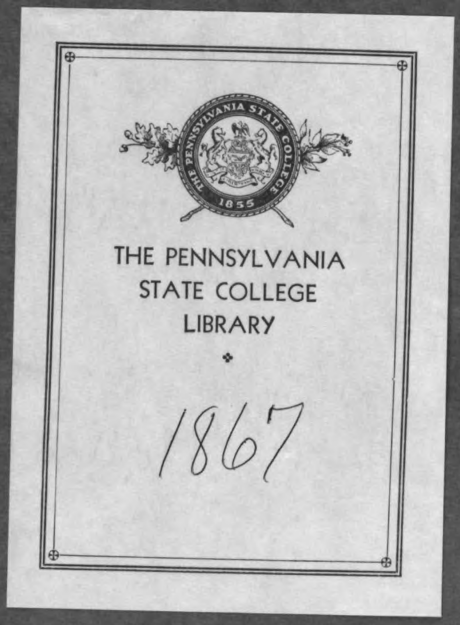
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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. LVII NEW YORK, JANUARY 4, 1913 No. 2924



HERE AT LAST, BUT IT TOOK TIME TO BRING IT

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
VOL. LVII. No. 2924
EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY
TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES
NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 4, 1913

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4.00 a Year in Advance

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, Mexico, Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, Guam, and Tutuila, Samoa. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office Department, Ottawa, Canada Foreign postage, $1.56

Entered at the New York Post-office as second-class matter

HARPER & BROTHERS
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N.Y.
LONDON: 45 ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

George Harvey, President, Franklin Square, New York, N. Y.
Frederick A. Duneka, Secretary, Franklin Square, New York, N. Y.
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COMMENT

Governor Sulzer

THE interesting thing about SULZER is that there are always live coals in his fire-box. There are, possibly, wiser men, but very few with so constant a capacity for ignition.

If the right sort of political fuel is shoveled into him, he may make a very blazing Governor. And when you think of all the chaff there is that needs burning, that's rather a joyous thought.

Here's wishing him good luck, an honest success, and perpetual combustion through all this glad New Year.

The Old Year Proposes

Whatever else may be said about the year 1912, it was not a sluggish or indifferent or timid sort of year. It may not have settled many questions for humanity and civilization, but it certainly wasn't backward about raising them. On the contrary, it was a pretty distinctly inquiring sort of year, and some may even call it a trifle reckless and irreverent.

On the other side, for instance, instead of [illegible] round the long-dreaded Near-Eastern [illegible] stirred it up with a vengeance. While [illegible] Powers were using all the old methods, and perhaps some new ones, to keep it from raising itself, the contiguous little Powers lit right into it unanimously — incidentally, at the same time, lighting into Turkey. Just what is going to be left of either it or Turkey does not yet appear, but it seems highly probable that there will be decidedly less of both, although, unfortunately, there will doubtless be left enough of both to cause more trouble, and at any rate to keep up apprehensions.

Over here there's simply no end to the questions that 1912 has either started or revived or stirred into unusual heat, and which we can only hope that 1913 or some other future year will know how to settle or to drop with dignity and safety. Who would have thought, for instance, that such a question as that of the continued existence of the Republican party could have been seriously raised at all—not to speak of the question of the future of its would-be successor? Of course, most of us know now that some of the other questions we have been so warm over are not really new at all—the referendum and recall, for instance, which in a way are as old as ancient democracy—but that doesn't much affect what we are remarking about 1912. It raised them quite as vigorously as if they had been new—and it left them still unsettled. It raised, too, some mighty interesting and arousing questions about men, public characters, but as a rule they were not very pleasant questions, and it would be a good New-Year's change if we could manage to drop them.

Let us hope that it has settled at least one old question: if not completely, at least substantially; in the main, if not in detail. Of course, we mean the tariff. [illegible]e action is yet to be taken, but maybe the [illegible] to be taken *will* be reasonably definite and conclusive and controlling as to other years. M[illegible]s can help to make it such. Let us, if we [illegible] surely it is time, so far as that question is concerned, for this country to know its own mind.

The Office-seekers—and Their "Friends"

Every sensible man deplores the way a new President's time and energy are taken up by office-seekers. Every man of decent instincts and breeding is disgusted at the selfishness and bad taste of the horde of "pie-hunters" that bears down upon a President-elect, the moment the fact of his election is known, oblivious of everything but their own precious claims to recognition. Every man of any standing in the victorious party, or of any imaginable influence, is, moreover, sure to be annoyed by appeals for help to this or that friend, or this or that friend's friend, who wants a job.

But how many of us, when we receive such appeals, have the moral courage to turn them down as most of them deserve to be? How many of us—even those of us who most heartily indorse the "merit system," and feel most strongly that nothing but fitness should be considered in the choosing of public servants—act on that principle when it comes to a question of signing some man's petition or adding one more letter to the intolerable deal of mail a newly elected President or Governor has to struggle with? How many of us are in the least conscientious or even honest in our indorsements and recommendations?

It is a serious matter. The office-seekers, it is generally believed, killed one President by mere importunity. Another President, GARFIELD, was assassinated by a disappointed applicant. Even in 1861, in the presence of civil war, LINCOLN had no respite from this quadrennial plague. He said that he was like a man so busily engaged in letting rooms in one end of his house that he hadn't time to put out the fire in the other end. The President is the busiest man in the world, and in the most responsible position; yet his strength is wasted, his temper is tried, his good nature is imposed on, worst of all, his time, which is all too scant for the supremely important duties of his office, is ruthlessly monopolized by place-hunters and their "friends."

The place-hunters themselves have not missed the imprecations they merit, but at present it is the "friends" we are thinking about. The same are usually supposed to be friends also of the hard-driven dispenser of patronage. He has to have advice, of course, but is importunity advice? And how much of the advice he gets is really honest, really of a nature to help *him* in his appalling responsibility? How much of it has even the semblance of patriotism, or is in the least determined by a consideration of the welfare of the country? How much of it, on the contrary, is nothing but a cowardly compliance with selfish requests, on personal grounds, that ought never to have been made?

But that isn't the worst of it, reader. To what extent are you and I figuring as the "friends" of these people who are willing to hold up everything till they are served? How many petitions have you signed, how many letters have you written—merely because you didn't like not to?

New-Year's is the time to make good resolutions. Here's one that needn't last much beyond March 4th. Let's all resolve that we won't indorse or recommend a single applicant for public office unless we personally know him to be a fit man, and honestly believe he is the fittest man, for the job he is after.

As to a Department of Health

This journal has often enough confessed its uneasiness over the swift increase of the scope and functions of the government at Washington. We hardly need to defend ourselves against any charge of an inclination toward centralization or a fondness for bureaucracy. That is not our trouble. Still, we are quite unable to ignore the force of the argument for one new department, a department of health, as presented, say, in a recent article by Dr. JOHN A. WYETH, of this city.

There is simply no answering Dr. WYETH and others when they point out the superior importance of the general aim of such a department as compared with the aims of most of the departments already established. If it is reasonable to have a Secretary of Agriculture to look after the condition of our farms and the health of our live-stock, then it certainly seems reasonable to have a Secretary of Health to look after the health of our people. If the one [illegible]ction is covered by the phrase "general w[illegible]," then surely the other is also. Neither ca[illegible]be successfully argued that there is not enoug[illegible]or a Federal department to do for the public he[illegible]h. Dr. WYETH points out too many ways in w[illegible] it could render simply invaluable services [illegible] the States, acting separately, cannot render so well and do not render at all. He is quite logical in citing the cleansing of the Panama Canal Zone and the conquest of yellow fever as indications of what we might expect from a properly constituted, properly headed, properly officered national health department.

But right there, as we see it, is the real difficulty. The real question is not of the desirability of the right kind of a department of health, but of how to get it. It is a question of constructive legislation, and then, we are sorry to add, of politics; of framing a wise, sound law on the subject, and then of getting it through Congress.

Both jobs are troublesome. It is not a simple matter to decide precisely what shall be the functions of the proposed department and the powers and duties of the new Secretary. Even when these things are satisfactorily worked out, there is sure to be a powerful and resourceful opposition, an opposition quite likely to continue even after the passage of the law, just like the opposition to the pure-food law. Indeed, it will be in large measure the same opposition. The quacks and adulterators will all be intensely active in it. Does not Dr. WYETH himself admit that the OWEN bill, to establish the department he wants, is now a worthless compromise? Why?

Not that such opposition ought to prevail. By no means. Our point is merely that the best line for advocates of the measure now to take is the constructive, practical line—not argument as to the theory of such a department, but work on a proper bill to establish it, and the hardest kind of work to overcome the opposition to it. In a word, the time has come in this matter for constructive statesmanship—and for practical politics.

De Mortuis, Nil Nisi Bonum

In a letter on page 6 Brother WILLIAM BARNES chides us for speaking disrespectfully of his platforms in the late campaign. He would not have them disparaged merely because they did not prove vehicles of victory, since it was not to win that they were made, but to perpetuate the American institutions that protect the individuality of the citizen.

We shall lay nothing but palms or ribboned wreaths on Brother BARNES's deceased platforms hereafter.

Mr. Mellen and His Trials

To a reporter the other day Mr. CHARLES MELLEN described his manner of life. It is a life extended over all New England, spent mostly in railway trains, a scramble for meals, for work, for sleep; exposed daily to the perils of the system of transportation which he controls, and punctuated by brief calls at his nominal residence in the Berkshires. As he pictures it, it is a terrible life. He is sixty-two years old, and entitled, it would seem, to a form of existence that had breathing-spells in it. To be indicted, and have before him the possibility of a rest, even in jail, from this daily agony of effort, ought to bring to him emotions not unlike those of the martyr who sees the fagots kindling for his release, and rejoices in the prospect of coming into his reward.

Certainly there could hardly be a tougher job than Mr. MELLEN has measured out to himself in the control of the railroads and water transportation lines of all New England. What does he want that he should go after it at such expenditure of energy and sacrifice of ease? Is he merely trying to earn his salary and acquire a proper rainy-day surplus?

Of course not.

We don't doubt at all that the driving impulse back of all Mr. MELLEN's exertions is the ambition to give to New England the very best and safest transportation system that its business can support. He goes at it like a captain in a war; has his plan of campaign and sticks to it, makes forced marches all day, and sleeps on the firing-line. Time is his enemy, and apparently he would rout him but for two things: his forces are disaffected, and the country in which his operations proceed is almost universally hostile. He can't beat Time for all New England all by himself. He must have his operatives at his back and a better sentiment among the people his lines aspire to serve. His weak point is in his inability to get the people with him, and that would seem to be a defect not so much of mind as of spirit. Here is what the *Railway Age Gazette* has to say about him:

> If you quiz a New England critic of the New Haven long enough you will find that the real gravamen of his indignation is not merely that the MELLEN management has sought and [illegible]ectically secured a monopoly, but that it is [illegible] that it has abused the power of monopoly. Evid[illegible]e of this abuse cannot be found in the rates. The New Haven's average rate

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per ton per mile was 1.45 cents in 1900 and 1.37 cents in 1912; and its average rate per passenger per mile in 1900 was 1.7 cents and in 1912 1.72 cents. In other words, while the wages the MELLEN management has had to pay to labor and the prices it has had to pay for materials and equipment have gone up, both its freight and passenger rates have declined. However, wherever there is a monopoly there is suspicion that it is being used for the sole benefit of the possessor. Therefore, to get along with their patrons, monopolies must treat them even more diplomatically than competing concerns must. And Mr. MELLEN is exactly the man not to do this.

He is an extraordinarily strong man and also a very arbitrary one. In taking the management of the New Haven he assumed heavy responsibilities to his stockholders and undertook the operation of a property desperately in need of potent and progressive management. He was fully capable of doing the improvement work needed. His courage and his knowledge of what a modern railroad should be never failed. But his courage was of a kind that could not explain itself, or did not want to. He is one of those men who should have been born a pope or a tsar. If he had been diplomatic he would have made clear long ago to the people of New England not only that he was seeking to establish a transportation monopoly, but the reasons; and why not only the railway, but the public, might benefit by it. But Mr. MELLEN is seldom a talking man, and when he does talk he is apt to put a sting in his remarks which will incense rather than conciliate. His curt manners and arbitrary methods have made him numerous enemies among those who have had business dealings with him. When he has felt that radical changes should be made in the service of the road he often has not considered what other people might think about them, but has made them first and found out what other people thought afterward; and very commonly he has found that they thought very ill of both the changes and of their maker. The New Hampshire commission recently made a searching investigation of the New Haven's affairs and gave the management a clear bill of health for integrity. If Mr. MELLEN had been a little less of an individualist and a little more of a diplomat in his attitude toward public opinion, the clean bill of health given by the New Hampshire commission would have been relatively less important.

It is a good deal to ask that the same man shall be a trained railroad expert, a highly efficient executive, and at the same time a philosopher with ability to see all sides and sympathize with all attitudes, and with a gift for conciliation and persuasion. All these qualities are seldom put up in the same package, but Mr. MELLEN seems to need them all, and to be in danger of disaster for lack of them.

Perhaps as a substitute for an unlikely aggregation of virtues, the paper we have quoted recommends to him to learn the lesson that other eminent railroad presidents have had to learn, to take the public into his confidence, tell it what he is trying to do, and how, and "live absolutely up to his advance notices—a thing the MELLEN management has not done."

The people of New England can't be handled like sheep. They don't drive well—never did. But they are as intelligent a lot of people as there are in the world, as able as any to reason justly from facts if they can get the facts, as reasonable as any, and as likely to respond to intelligent treatment. They have in Mr. MELLEN a very able public servant. It will be a pity if they lose the benefit of his abilities for lack in him of the gift to make his abilities acceptable.

Mr. Fagan on Railway Wrecks

In the decidedly lively discussion now going on over railway accidents, Mr. JAMES O. FAGAN, of West Cambridge, Massachusetts, has made a point which seems to be well taken. Mr. FAGAN is a writer of reputation, with a book or two and various *Atlantic* essays to his credit; but that is not the immediately important thing about him. He is a railroad signalman, and has been one for something like thirty years. That experience certainly seems to entitle him to a hearing on the question of how to promote the safety of people on railway trains.

Substantially, Mr. FAGAN's point is that we are not paying enough attention to the choice and discipline of the men that run the railroad trains. He doesn't tell us to pay less attention to mechanical safety appliances, but he holds, and he gives good reasons for holding, that all the mechanical appliances conceivable will not prevent accidents and the loss of life if there are careless or otherwise unfit men on the train crews and in the signal-towers and despatch-offices. He goes further and points out ways in which this human factor in the problem is not being selected and handled with the extreme care that ought to be given to it.

He doesn't put the blame all in one place. He wishes the Interstate Commerce Commission would take a firmer and more aggressive stand in the matter. He wishes the railroad managers and other officials would also be firmer and more personally cognizant of existing practices. But he seems to feel that the "labor machine," as he calls it, has a lot to do with the trouble by the way it too often protects, instead of itself disciplining or discharging from its ranks, men found guilty of negligence or carelessness of a nature dangerous to the traveling public.

As we say, Mr. FAGAN's point seems to us well taken. He has got a wide hearing, too, and we see no *good* reason why his timely word shouldn't have practical effects. We can only see bad reasons for neglecting it—reasons that in the long run would prove bad for the commission, for the railroads, and also for the "labor machine."

"A Dwindled Giant"

Under the heading of "A Dwindled Giant," Colonel WATTERSON contrasts the present estate of the Hon. JOHN C. SPOONER with that which was his when as Senator from Wisconsin he thundered in debate "while the admiring galleries rejoiced." The Colonel scoffs at the Honorable JOHN because with other gentlemen of the same profession he lately accompanied a client to Washington, and exclaims: "From what heights to what a level!"

What would Marse HENRY have a man do? Blessed by an attachment, amply reciprocated, to a leading newspaper in an important center of sport and commerce, he has been able to devote most of the years of his manhood to the instruction of an affectionate people, improving their minds, rectifying their errors and other products, and leading them with their responsive approval among the stills and blue-grass pastures of one of the fairest of States. These labors have not only made Marse HENRY beloved, but we hope and believe that they have made him reasonably rich.

Mr. SPOONER, on the contrary, put in the best years of his maturity commanding the applause of listening Senates, and working on committees of Congress. He got five thousand a year and probably spent it all. While his reputation in Washington was still at its best, and his services as a Senator were held at the highest valuation, he became conscious that his constituents at home had been attracted by new prophets and had come to see things from a different angle from his, and that his hold on his seat had become insecure.

He did not wait to be turned out of the Senate. He excused himself from that body and, being then sixty-four years of age, turned his mind to consideration of expedients to avoid becoming a public charge. What would Marse HENRY have had him do next? Try for a lectureship at Madison? Practise law there, or in Milwaukee? Go back to a State which belonged to ROBERT LA FOLLETTE?

It didn't suit him to do that. He came to New York, put up at a hotel, hired a law office, and hung out his shingle, as CARLISLE and REED had done before him. It was not his choice of an occupation. It was a choice urged upon him by the people of Wisconsin. It is to them that Marse HENRY should address any remarks implying his dissatisfaction with Mr. SPOONER's change of employment.

It is better, though, that he should abstain from remarks about it. Blessed himself with a steady, inspiring, and remunerative employment in which his talents shine, why should he not offer sympathy, and admiration too, to an eminent man who, having spent most of his strength in the public service, finds himself able to employ the remnant of it in successful self-support.

Some Troubles

A number of things are not going as well as they should. There's Mexico! Secretary KNOX, it seems, has lately had to write quite a pressing letter to the government of that large country, begging that better order be kept, so that Americans doing business there may work to better purpose by day and pass more restful nights, and that investors who have bet money on Mexican civilization may get a raise in their spirits. But whether the letter will help matters at all, who can say? President MADERO is a well-disposed man, and would make Mexico a paradise of representative government if he could, and is doubtless trying to; but can he?

Besides that we hear of some anguish, more or less hidden, in the School Board of New York because there are no male teachers on the waiting lists. It used to be that the men teachers began at $900 a year and the women teachers at $720, but when the bill passed the Legislature that men and women teachers should have the same pay for the same grade of work, the pay of the beginning men was cut down to $750 to match the women's pay. And now there are no more male applicants, and the School Board is considering whether to use moving pictures or phonographs as a substitute for men. For it seems to be the opinion of the educational experts that there is a bill in connection with public education that women do not fill, and which calls for men and ought to have them.

And Another

And here is another troublesome thought, extracted from an article by President-elect WILSON in the January number of the *World's Work:*

> Some of the biggest men in the United States, in the field of commerce and manufacture, are afraid of somebody, are afraid of something. American industry is not free as once it was free; American enterprise is not free; the man with only a little capital is finding it harder to get into the field, more and more impossible to compete with the big fellow. Why? Because the laws of this country do not prevent the strong from crushing the weak. That is the reason, and because the strong have crushed the weak the strong dominate the industry and the economic life of this country.

That is important if true; isn't it! Do you think it is true? If it is, it implies a condition that it will take a great deal of hard thinking to clean up. It is Governor WILSON's opinion that it has come about by force of circumstances; is not one induced by "bodies of our fellow-citizens who are trying to grind us down and do us injustice," but one arising because "we are all caught in a great economic system which is heartless." If that is the case we ought to hope to extricate ourselves from it as expeditiously as is safely possible, and with the minimum of economic loss, violence, heart-burnings, and bad blood.

Written or Rotten

Will that inquirer who asks whether Brother TOM LAWSON's writings should be classified under the head of "composition" or "decomposition" please excuse us from attempting a decision? The holiday activities have not left us due leisure to reflect on so delicate a question.

Walt Whitman's Birthplace

In a letter on page 6 Mr. ALFRED WIGGLESWORTH asks attention to the birthplace of WALT WHITMAN at Huntington, Long Island, which he thinks should be rescued and cared for by somebody, so that posterity may find it there when it comes looking.

Mrs. LITTLETON has a domicile down in that neighborhood and has a large experience in the preservation of historic homes, and if Mr. WIGGLESWORTH could interest her in the WHITMAN cottage it would be as good as saved. The north shore of Long Island is now densely populated with citizens who often pay much more for rugs than the WHITMAN cottage would cost. Why doesn't Huntington pass the hat and buy it?

A Friend Writes from Columbus

We beg to acknowledge the letter of the friend who writes from Columbus, Ohio, about "one very dangerous suggestion" in "an otherwise delightful story in the Christmas number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE"—to wit, "where she tells of the university professor smoking with such delight in the presence of his wife and saying that the young man courting their daughter is all right and 'hasn't a vice except he does not smoke.'" "I do not see," says our Columbus friend, "how any good woman could write such a sentence. Are you teaching in HARPER'S that a young man becomes VICIOUS by refusing to use tobacco?"

This is, of course, not our affair, since the passage censured happened in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, a periodical with principles quite distinct from those of the WEEKLY and, possibly, not so high as ours. We will dare to say, though, out of a long editorial experience, that it is impossible to weed all the depravity out of contributors to periodicals so that they will disclose no sentiment except such as all readers will rejoice to accept. Their personal views, or, as in this case, their tolerations, will creep into what they write and remain there in spite of the utmost vigilance of the devoted guardians on whom falls the responsibility of presenting their discourses to the public.

Our friend in Columbus must find what consolation he can in the thought that elevated and strict sentiments of propriety like his would be of much less value in the world if they did not find such occasional opportunities for display as this aberration from decorum in the December MAGAZINE. What would be the good of saints in the world if there were no sinners? Would mere enjoyment—mere hoggish consciousness of purity and perfection—be enough if there were no lower beings to be raised up by contemplation of it?

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The House in Order

THIS is a true tale. There was a man who had lost faith in life and wanted to quit it. He had lost his health and the power to sleep. Night after night was a long-drawn-out torture to him. He had lived largely in his eyes and these had begun to fail him so that he could no longer read any length of time without stopping to rest them. He tried to remember during the still watches that were apportioned to him what things had made life seem worth living in his youth. As he looked back upon it now, he saw that mainly they had been illusions that he had cherished, pretty things that had lived in his fancy but bore no relation to reality. Such joys as he could remember had all been ushered in with tears and then had faded into nothingness with tears again. His vague desires had reached uncertainly through the void, but had never grasped an object. He had loved many people and these had been a reason for loving the life they shared with him. But as life waxed old they had, many of them, died: some were more fortunate than he and had outgrown any understanding of his narrow way; his children had grown up and found lives of their own in which he played a very minor part. Fortune, success, even the natural reward of much labor had somehow escaped him, and he knew that the disease which had had him in its grip could never be better, but must slowly go on until it choked out of him the last gasp of life. The effort and struggle to exist and to keep about him some semblance of order and beauty had grown heavier as his strength had decreased, and he could see nothing ahead but a slow diminution of power and the giving up little by little, and seeing others whome he cared for give up all the things that made life bearable. There seemed to be no work in the world for him to do and he feared that his repeated failures were becoming monotonous even to his friends. He could think back some fifty years and see nothing but failure after failure, diminishing strength and power, and he knew that the struggle was with a losing cause. He was not altogether a stupid man. He had read a good deal and for years he had been accustomed to steady his soul upon the spiritual support of the heroes who had borne it out even to the edge of doom. Finally, like all those whose vital processes run down, he came to have but one idea, and it was contained in a line from one of the sages he had read. It sang itself over and over in his heart till it became a veritable obsession: "The door is open." To be sure, the same sage who counseled him to feel that the door of life stood ever ajar, so that if existence became unbearable he might push through it, said as many things on the other side. If he said that when life became too much for us we were to quit it as unconcernedly as a smoky house, and that if obstacles were insuperable it were best to take departure from life contentedly, just as he dies who is in full activity and pleased, and that if we cannot maintain our hold upon life with dignity, it is well to "depart from life at once, not in a passion, but with simplicity and freedom and modesty," he had also said that it was possible at any moment to recover life; that one should always be able to live as on a mountain undisturbed; that one should be like a promontory against which the waves break, but it stands firm and tames the fury of the water; that it is a shame for the soul to give way in this life while the body, the baser part, holds out. And yet the man was so very weary that only the one phrase clung to his memory—the door is open. If he had ever been a promontory he knew himself now but a crumbling one; and that, too, is a process of nature's. The crumbling was so painful that he decided, and with full conviction that he was right, to hasten the process, to sink under the waves that beat upon him and confess himself one mastered by destiny. When he had finally made up his mind he gathered all his arguments together and carried them to his best and closest friend, prepared, indeed, for some struggle with him. His friend listened quietly to all he had to say, and then, to the man's amazement, quietly agreed with him. "I think you are right," he said. "The only thing that makes this life livable is the sure knowledge that it is no cul-de-sac; that the door is always open. Your own case, I admit, is worse than most; it must necessarily mean a progressive and acute agony of body and certainly a progressive renunciation of all the joys of life. There is no chance of recovery, and I agree with you that the best thing to do is to go out, quietly and simply, and with all possible decorum."

This took the man by surprise, for he thought that only those led by his peculiar experience would see the matter in the same light; but he was sincere and glad to be upheld in his view. So he bade his friend good-by, and begged him, when the news should reach him, not to attribute the end to temporary insanity, or to any particular disappointment or to any one special form of suffering. "Let it be said of me, at least," he said, "that finding life had reached the point where it could only be disease and decrease, and knowing that the continuance of my life could only be a torture to myself and others, I decided, quite rationally, to pass through the open door."

He turned to go, but his friend called him back. "Before you go," he said, "I would try to see that everything is in exact order. There must be numbers of letters that you ought to write, just to assure friends and relatives that you are rational. Don't leave any debts, however small, be hind, for they will worry other people. You do not want, in doing this, to inconvenience any one. Be sure, even if you have to live more modestly for a while, to leave enough money on hand for your own funeral expenses and for your two sons to go on with for a year, until they are able to get on their own feet and learn to do without the help they are accustomed to expect from you. And, by the bye, if along the way any one has shown you a kindness of any sort, be sure to do some little thing to show you remembered. It would be an ungracious thing to go through the door, leaving one's things in disorder for some one else to cope with. Of course it would be another matter if destiny took the decision away from you. Then you could not be blamed. But as you are doing this yourself, it behooves you to leave everything in beautiful order so that no man may say the act was purely selfish or done to escape your obligations."

"That is quite true," said the man. "I had not thought of it just that way, but I am glad of the reminder. There are quite a number of things I ought to set in order, and I will. It may take a little time, but I can bear it out till then."

A month later the man met his friend by chance upon the street.

"Well," said the friend, "how are things going?"

"I am not ready yet," replied the man. "There proved to be a number of things that were really important to do. I have begun with that house I am in. There were ever so many little things I could do to make it more habitable for the next tenant. Then I am aiming to finish before I go some tasks I left half-done in youth. They may bring in a little money for the boys. Yes; I really stand things better, now I am sure that it will not last too long and that everything is but for the moment, anyway."

"Well, I am glad you are progressing," said the friend.

Then a year passed. The man came to see his friend again.

"I am half afraid," he said, "that you will think me a quitter. But really to set the whole house of life in order and then keep it so is an interminable task. I lose a great deal of time with ill-health, and of course I have not as much energy as most men. But I came to see you to say I have not finished and I don't know when I shall. There is ever a new duty staring me in the face. Duties done seem to invite others. Those letters I wrote, just to reassure my friends, evoked others, and nearly ever one of them had some little favor to ask, some little task I might do for them, and a man just saying good-by to life could not refuse. I finished one of those tasks I left undone in youth, and it turned out well enough to make me want to go at the other. Even when that is finished I don't know whether I shall not begin another. You see the responsibility of leaving the house of life all in order is very great, and I am not at all sure I shall not have to leave the final hour to destiny, after all."

Then his friend looked him steadily and kindly in the eyes and said:

"You are right. It is too great a responsibility to take from destiny. There is no telling what task may call us in a month, a day, an hour from now. Maybe a task that for all the world we would not leave undone. And it is a shame for the soul to be first to give way when the body does not give way, and the house of life is never, at any moment, completely in order."

Correspondence

MR. TAFT AND THE PANAMA CANAL BILL

MANILA, P. I., *October 7, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—As a reader accustomed to expect and find in your columns a candid as well as discerning treatment of public questions, I must confess to a sense of disappointment at your short editorial of August 31st on the Panama Canal Bill; and as this matter is one that will receive attention for some time to come, I make bold to write even from far-away Manila.

In the first place, I do not think it quite safe to try to evade the responsibility of forming an individual judgment on the interpretation to be placed upon the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty on the point in question by leaving the matter, as you would appear to do, to the expert ability of any particular person. In acquiescing in the view entertained by President Taft, you say: "He is an expert on treaties and on all matters of judicial interpretation, and his opinion on the conformity of the bill with the treaty carries weight."

As against this I wish to say that in my humble judgment the legal acumen of Senator Root is here a far safer guide. In this connection there are two propositions which, I think, will not only be found consonant with the experience of educated people generally, but will also be approved by the legal sense of well-trained lawyers. These propositions are: (1) The safest and most infallible guide in the interpretation of any document is enlightened common sense, assisted, when occasion requires, by specially trained faculties. (2) A most insidious and unfailing source of error in such interpretation is the overtrained subtlety of a partisan pleader.

I think there are several badges from which it may be discerned that President Taft's messages and utterances on this subject are infected with the vice referred to in the second proposition.

If Congress had enacted that coastwise vessels of other American nations having ports on both coasts should be allowed to pass through the canal free, or at the same rates as are charged to coastwise vessels of the United States, it could not be doubted that such provision would have embodied the principle of entire equality contemplated in the treaty; but when ownership by citizens of the United States is taken as the criterion of free passage, no amount of sophistry can, I submit, convince the common sense that this is a compliance with the treaty.

I am, sir,
THOMAS A. STREET.

UNFEELING JEERS

NICOLAUS, CAL., *December 4, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The press comment is that there will be a public auction sale of Republican "junk" at Washington, on March 5, 1913, which will include an elephant, about forty years old, that has the foot-rot, a big stick worn from overuse, a large quantity of Teddy Bears, Taft smiles, and other things too numerous to mention. Also the Chicago steam roller.

I would suggest that George W. Perkins purchase these as relics for the sake of his children; except the steam roller, which Colonel Roosevelt would no doubt like to acquire for future use.

I am, sir,
ALLEN C. MILLER.

WALT WHITMAN'S BIRTHPLACE

LONDON, *November 28, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In a recent issue you had a delightful article of W. D. Howells's on a visit to Spain, in which he touched upon the neglected condition of the house of Cervantes in Valladolid. You have probably heard that the King of Spain has since purchased that house, which is undoubtedly the result of his attention having been called to your article.

During a recent visit to the States I took the opportunity of paying homage to the birthplace of Walt Whitman at Huntington, in Long Island. I had the greatest difficulty in finding the house, as few of the local people could direct me to it, and when I found it I was grieved to ascertain that the interior of the house had been altered, that his writing-desk, chair, and private belongings had been sold for a trifle, and I was only able to see the kitchen through the courtesy of a neighbor, the owners of the house being absent in New York.

Walt Whitman was an outstanding genius, the greatest monument America has produced, to whom even Cervantes could not be likened. I now suggest that you take steps to approach the government of the United States to purchase the house and to convert it into a muscum where his admirers may find original manuscripts and, if possible, the furniture which has been dispersed, and other relics of this great poet.

Bonn, the birthplace of Beethoven, has been treated in this way and is a pilgrimage for men and women of every race. It is a delight to find the personal belongings, letters, etc., of the great musician, and it is this I have in view in suggesting that the little cottage in Huntington should be made a shrine at which Whitman's admirers may worship.

I am, sir,
ALFRED WIGGLESWORTH.

REPUBLICAN PLATFORMS

REPUBLICAN STATE COMMITTEE,
NEW YORK, *December 21, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—Will you permit me space for reply to your comment on the Rochester and Chicago platforms of 1912 adopted by the Republican party, in which it is stated in this week's issue, "Mr. Barnes, apparently, hasn't noticed that those platforms did *not* win the election."

I thought it was very thoroughly understood that the Republican party in this campaign did not make its platform upon which necessarily to win this election, but to place that party secure in its intention to resist the wide-spread attempt to change our form of government from a democracy of constitutional limitations, self-imposed, to a pure democracy such as Mr. Roosevelt advocates. By their course in the year 1912 President Taft and the Republican party have made clear to the people that there is a distinct line of cleavage between their thought and that of those who wish to experiment with an exploded theory of government. I cannot see, therefore, how you can refer to the platforms adopted at Rochester and Chicago as "nothing but junk." They may be so considered by opportunists and office-seekers, but not by those who wish to perpetuate American institutions which protect and develop the individuality of each citizen.

I am, sir,
WILLIAM BARNES, JR.

UNDER WHICH NAME

PHILADELPHIA, PA., *November 24, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—It is a matter of much wonder and speculation in the world of politics under which name the Progressive army will fight the battle of the Lord at Armageddon in 1916. Surely not under the name of Republican with its discredited fame.

The name Progressive will have very little meaning then, as the aggressive Democracy under the leadership of that radically progressive President-to-be, Woodrow Wilson, will make the name Democrat and Progressive fit in so closely that they will not be distinguishable. Will not Mr. Harvey cast his political horoscope and let us know who our opponents will be four years hence?

I am, sir,
RYERSON W. JENNINGS.

Our horoscope is out of order.—EDITOR.

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GENERAL HOMER LEA

November 17, 1876—November 1, 1912

BY CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

THE death of General Homer Lea in his thirty-sixth year removed from the theater of world events a figure absolutely unique, without a fellow in history, and ended a career stranger than any to be found in romantic fiction.

A hopeless cripple from early childhood, pitiably deformed, never free from pain and the bondage of physical weakness, this young American held a commission as lieutenant-general of Chinese revolutionary troops before he was twenty-five years of age; at thirty he was the author of a work on modern warfare which amazed the military experts of many nations and gave him permanent place as an authority on the subject; at thirty-five he was the confidential adviser of the first President of the Chinese Republic, and yet his one regret was that he had accomplished so little! It is hard to measure a spirit like that by ordinary standards.

It is impossible to guess what he might have done had he lived ten years longer. His ambition was limitless. His belief in himself was absolute.

All sorts of vague stories have been told about Homer Lea's boyhood. It has been said that before he was ten years of age he amused himself by forming his companions into companies and working out military problems. This is not true. His grammar-school days bore no promise of military genius. His teachers in the Los Angeles High School remember him as an apt though often inattentive pupil. He never seemed to study, but rather to rely upon his power of perception, which was remarkable. He absorbed information rather than acquired it.

It was during this period that he began to read historical works dealing with the life and career of Napoleon, the one character in history who held a fascination for him. This was unquestionably his first impetus to thought along military lines. Before he was eighteen he had mastered every detail, every strategic move in every battle of Napoleon's campaigns, as well as the history of every great engagement of which there was definite record.

"I realized then," said he some years afterward, "that the only really great careers in history were those made with the sword."

After high school he entered Leland Stanford University with the intention of fitting himself for the practice of law. No other career seemed open to him. While at Stanford he became interested in the Far East, and it was in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco that he met the men who fired his young imagination and gave him an insight into the conditions then existing in China. What he learned must have made a tremendous impression upon him, for he left college and sailed for the Orient. The Boxer War was then at its height, coincident with Kong Yu Wei's movement to banish the Dowager Empress and seat the young Emperor Kwang Hsu on the throne. Kong Yu Wei, then Premier, was secretly enlisting as many army officers as possible, and this under the very nose of the Dowager Empress. Altogether China presented the promise of a fine three-handed fight, and this was the magnet which drew the young American eastward.

"I knew there would be a chance to get in somewhere," said General Lea afterward. "Whenever there is fighting, there are opportunities for leadership. China seemed to me to be the best chance in the world at that time. So I went there."

This is the simple truth concerning Homer Lea's motive in going to China.

Alone and without backing of any sort save his private resources and his unlimited confidence in his own ability, the American boy presented himself to the Premier and offered his services. Kong Yu Wei listened in amazement, but was so deeply impressed that he took Lea to a council attended by several Chinese officers who were pledged to the revolutionary cause. One old man looked at the diminutive American and shook his head.

"Boy," said he, "you are very young to aspire to the command of troops."

Homer Lea's answer was characteristic of the man:

"I am as old as Napoleon was at Rivoli."

Kong Yu Wei gave him a commission and ordered Lea to proceed to the Province of Shen-Se, there to take command of a body of troops. "Foreign devils" were not popular in China just then, but General Lea set out in a palanquin, accompanied only by his bearers and two servants. The troops were five hundred miles inland, and when within one hundred miles of his destination a runner brought news of disaster. The Viceroy of Shen-Se had lured the officers of the revolutionary force into his palace under pretext of surrendering the province to them, and the next morning their heads appeared in a ghastly row along the palace wall. General Lea sent the runner back with a message to the troops, bidding them retreat into the mountains and wait his coming. It was not until the next day that he learned that the soldiers, left leaderless, had thrown down their arms and dispersed.

Lea started back for the coast. On the way he learned that the Shen-Se disaster was no more than the beginning of trouble. The crafty old Dowager Empress had discovered Kong Yu Wei's plot, and but for a whispered warning the Premier himself would never have left the Forbidden City alive. He fled in the night, and many of the officers implicated with him were beheaded. At the same time a reward of $10,000 was offered for the head of the "foreign devil" Lea.

How he managed to make his way through five hundred miles of hostile territory is a wonderful story in itself. The country swarmed with Boxers and imperial troops and a meeting with either force would have been fatal, but luck was with Lea, and he arrived in Hong-Kong, where friends of the revolutionary party gave him shelter. There was in Hong-Kong at that time a man whom Lea had never seen and with whom his future was to be linked. Doctor Sun Yat Sen has described his first meeting with Homer Lea in these words:



Homer Lea

"It was now that another important event happened to me. I was speaking to a company of my followers when my eye fell on a young man of slight physique. He was under five feet high, about my own age; his face was pale and he looked delicate. Afterward he came to me and said:

"'I would like to throw in my lot with you. I would like to help you. I believe your propaganda will succeed.'

"His accent told me that he was an American. He held out his hand. I took it and thanked him, wondering who he was. I thought he was a missionary or a student. After he had gone I said to a friend:

"'Who was that little hunchback?'

"'That,' said he, 'is Homer Lea, one of the most brilliant—perhaps *the* most brilliant military genius now alive. He is a perfect master of modern warfare.'

"I almost gasped in astonishment.

"'And he has just offered to throw in his lot with me.'

"The next morning I called on Homer Lea, now General Lea and the famous author of *The Valor of Ignorance*. I told him that in case I should succeed and my countrymen gave me the power to do so, I would make him my chief military adviser."

Dr. Sun was right. It was an important meeting for both men. Sun was the firebrand, preaching modernism, revolution; Lea the student, deep thinker, and military genius. The friendship was a lasting one. When General Lea escaped from Chinese territory he went immediately to Japan, where he spent several months with Dr. Sun Yat Sen. Lea then returned to his home in Los Angeles, and the story which he told to a few intimate friends staggered belief.

"Impossible!" they said. "The thing can't be true."

But if Homer Lea had one distinguishing characteristic it was his faith in himself and his supreme disregard of all other contrary opinions.

He knew that the Chinese movement was well under way. He knew that the leaven was working and that China's "great change" was only a matter of time, intelligent preparation, and competent leadership. The leaders of the revolutionary movement were his friends; they had given him their confidence, had asked his advice. It mattered little to him what his Los Angeles acquaintances thought about him. They were to be enlightened later.

Kong Yu Wei came to America and hurried to Los Angeles, where he had long consultations with General Lea. Afterward Lea toured Europe with the deposed Premier.

The Chinese awakening reached America. In Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Oakland, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, Chicago, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, and New York Chinese military companies were formed. Serious young Celestials marked the trend toward modernism by cutting off their queues and learning the manual of arms. Homer Lea was placed in command of these forces, and it was his idea that Americanized Chinese should be trained that they might furnish officers for the coming struggle—a sort of a connecting link between regimental commanders and the native troops. General Lea had a very high opinion of the efficiency of Chinese troops when properly trained and officered.

With this task on his hands Lea still found time to devote to a close study of military problems and conditions, particularly those which bore upon the Japanese question. He recognized in Japan a militant nation, believed in war as the inevitable end of international quarrels, and had little or no faith in The Hague and the dream of universal peace. He believed that it was better to be prepared to fight than to trust the peace myth.

With this end in view he began to gather material for a book which should point out the weakness of coast defenses and the general unpreparedness of this country for war with an enemy approaching by way of the Pacific.

It was a tremendous undertaking, involving, among other things, a minute study of the topography of the western slope, a knowledge of every mountain range and pass, every fertile valley and every stream of pure water. This information he gained at first hand, making long trips into the mountains. When at last the book was ready it created a tremendous sensation at home as well as abroad. It gave General Lea his place among the great military minds of the century, and *The Valor of Ignorance* was without question the most widely discussed work upon the subject of modern warfare published in many years. Had Homer Lea done nothing else, his fame would rest upon this book.

Early in 1911 General Lea's health began to give his friends serious concern. He was threatened with blindness, and his physicians told him that unless he took a complete rest he would surely lose his sight and perhaps his life. Lea refused to believe them. There was in him a lasting belief in destiny. He had a favorite saying:

"A man can't die until his work is done."

In this spirit he started for Germany to consult specialists about his eyes. They made the same discouraging predictions. At this time General Lea was writing his last book, *The Day of the Saxon*. In spite of repeated warnings he kept at his desk and completed the first half of the book in less than five months. Examination of the book itself will prove the magnitude of the undertaking.

In London, where he was banqueted by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts and other eminent military leaders, Dr. Sun Yat Sen joined him. The time was at hand when Dr. Sun was to be summoned home to assume the reins of government. Fighting was going on all over the empire and the revolutionists were sweeping everything before them. In December of 1911 the call came, and Dr. Sun started for China, accompanied by General and Mrs. Homer Lea. Lea went as confidential adviser. The promise made at their first meeting was redeemed. Working as desperately as if he knew that he had very little time left, General Lea completed *The Day of the Saxon*. The last chapters were written in China only a few days before his end.

For years General Lea had suffered from abnormal blood pressure, and the excitement attending the closing scenes of the Manchu régime unquestionably hurried the end. A stroke of paralysis put a period to the little general's activity but not to his ambition. Until the very end he persisted in the belief that he could not die until his work was finished.

His was a great soul, prisoned in a weak body. Given health and strength, no man knows how high he might have written his name upon the history of his generation. His short life is a monument to great things accomplished under adverse conditions, an inspiration to those who knew and loved him.

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EUROPE'S DANGEROUS CRISIS

The Conflicting Aims of the Six Great Nations which Stand Facing One Another over the Débris of the Turkish Empire

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

EUROPE and European civilization stand trembling and bewildered on the very edge of an unfathomable abyss. The war in the Balkans, whose radical surgery has cut out many old and cancerous growths from the body politic, has set up also many new and not less formidable inflammations. The Turkish question, as it has existed in one form or another for five hundred years, is all but at an end; the Cross has finally vanquished the Crescent; and practically all the problems which have had their root in the Ottoman misgovernment of the Christian communities in southeastern Europe have been blown to pieces by the Creusot guns. That, at least, is something to be thankful for. History is justice, after all; the wheel has come full circle; and the most ample and satisfying vengeance has been exacted for the innumerable crimes against civilization and humanity that have stained the rule of the Turks. It has been a vengeance so sudden and so overwhelming that the average man still finds a difficulty in adjusting his consciousness to it.

But it is clear already that the war has raised almost as many issues as it has settled, and that a patience and dexterity which at present seem well-nigh infinite will be needed if it is not to prove the prelude to still greater conflicts. The odds in any given "crisis" are always and enormously on the side of peace, and of all prophets the ones who make a habit of observing Armageddon in the near future are the most likely to be proved wrong. Yet it is impossible to survey the present state of Europe, with Austria-Hungary and Russia confronting each other with the sharpness of two gladiators in a Roman arena, and with the Balkans a molten torrent of passion, and not acknowledge that if ever misgivings were justified they are so now, and that Europe has faced no sharper crisis since the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War. The present conformation of European politics, no doubt, is in one way an influence on the side of peace. Of the great Powers immediately and crucially concerned in the settlement of the Balkan question on a new basis, there is not one that can act alone. Each has allies, or friends who are almost allies, whose interests it is bound to consider. Austria-Hungary cannot move without implicating Germany, who throughout the whole controversy has striven ably and sincerely for peace and has shown no tendency whatever to repeat the famous performance of 1909, when she appeared "in shining armor" by Austria's side and presented Russia with the point-blank alternative of war or submission. Nor can the statesmen of Vienna move without remembering that Italy is still a member of the Triplice and that her views on Balkan politics are not at all points identical with those of Austria-Hungary. Russia, again, is bound by her alliance with France, a country that is conscious of only a secondary interest in the questions that appear so vital to St. Petersburg, and to a smaller but still an appreciable extent by her friendship with England, a country that sets the maintenance of peace above all other concerns. In these and similar ways the various engagements that exist among the Powers operate as a restraining force. At the same time they indicate the immensity of the conflagration that would be inevitable should the war between the Balkan allies and the Turks broaden out into a European struggle.

For it is as certain as anything can be in politics that, were one Power to draw the sword, the others, however unwilingly, would be compelled to follow suit; Germany and Italy would throw in their lot with Austria-Hungary; France would side with Russia; Great Britain would be distracted to know what to do; all Europe would be ablaze, and the Bulgarians, the Servians, the Greeks, and the Montenegrins would have little in the end, one imagines, to show for all their sacrifices. Yet it can be said with entire and unhesitating confidence that the average citizen in each one of the nations primarily concerned is against war; that such movements in favor of it as exist in Russia and in Austria-Hungary can be and ought to be suppressed; and that nothing has yet arisen or ought to arise of sufficient permanent gravity to justify a resort to arms; and that it will be to the eternal disgrace of diplomacy if the major peace is broken.

The danger-point which Europe has most to fear is the Adriatic, where Austria-Hungary and Servia, the Teuton and the Slav, are at odds over the future of Albania and the question whether Servia is or is not to acquire a western seaport. Austria-Hungary, one must remember, is a country in which a German and Magyar minority rules a Slav majority, and her constant preoccupation is to preserve her German element and characteristics in Austria and her Magyar element and characteristics in Hungary as the dominant powers. Moreover, she is a Balkan state. Of all the Powers affected by the war and by the territorial redistribution that is to follow it, Austria-Hungary is by far the most closely affected. She is on the spot and will always remain there; the enlarged states that have been carved by war out of the Ottoman Empire will be her neighbors in the future as they have been in the past, but with an importance and potentiality they have never before possessed; and while their emergence touches other Powers such as Germany, Italy, France, Great Britain, and even Russia, only indirectly and for the moment, it touches Austria-Hungary at first hand, permanently, and at many vital points on the circumference of her political, commercial, and strategic interests. Inevitably, therefore, she will claim a voice and have a right to be heard in the final settlement. It is not enough for the Balkan allies to negotiate terms of peace with Turkey; Austria-Hungary must countersign them if they are to endure. She has rights that cannot be disregarded and interests she is bound to safeguard; and just as she was the only Power that might have nipped the conflict in the bud, so her approval must be won before it can be said to be really at an end, and before the new dispensation that is to change the map of southeastern Europe can be said to possess any guarantee of security.

I do not believe that there exists in Vienna, any more than in London, any disposition to belittle the magnitude of the Turkish débâcle or to deprive the allies of the legitimate fruits of their victories. That they are as welcome to Austro-Hungarian as they are to British opinion is not, of course, to be expected. But Vienna has no intention of attempting to challenge, much less to reverse, the results of the war or to make them an excuse for demanding anything on her own account. The statesmen of Vienna feel no call to interfere with the allies in the work of cutting up the inland and interior territories they have conquered. The compensation, for instance, that is to be given to Rumania in return for her neutrality does not concern Vienna so long as it is satisfactory to Bucharest. The destiny of the Sanjak of Novi Bazar and the precise form in which the Bulgarians and the Servians and the Montenegrins and the Greeks are to divide the spoils of war—these are matters that Vienna is quite prepared to leave it to the victors to settle among themselves. It is only when the necessary rearrangements reach to the coast of the Adriatic and the Ægean that Austria-Hungary regards herself as vitally affected; and a rough but accurate statement of her admonitions to the allies would run sodewhat like this: "Leave Albania alone, make Salonica a free port, and do as you please with the rest." For herself, Austria-Hungary seeks no compensation whatever. She puts forward no claims either to Novi-Bazar or to any other region; she realizes acutely the peril of goading Slav sentiment in Russia until nothing can hold it; she is anxious to live at peade with the Balkan States, and to share in the expanding prosperity that will follow upon their growth and independence. At only two points does she feel impelled to intervene for the protection of what she holds to be her vital interests. She insists that, whatever Power holds Salonica, Austro-Hungarian trade shall not be impeded or discriminated against either in transit or at the custom-house. That is an important but not a highly contentious matter and will probably present little difficulty. Far more momentous is her veto—so far, her absolute and unconditional veto—on the appearance of Servia on the Adriatic.

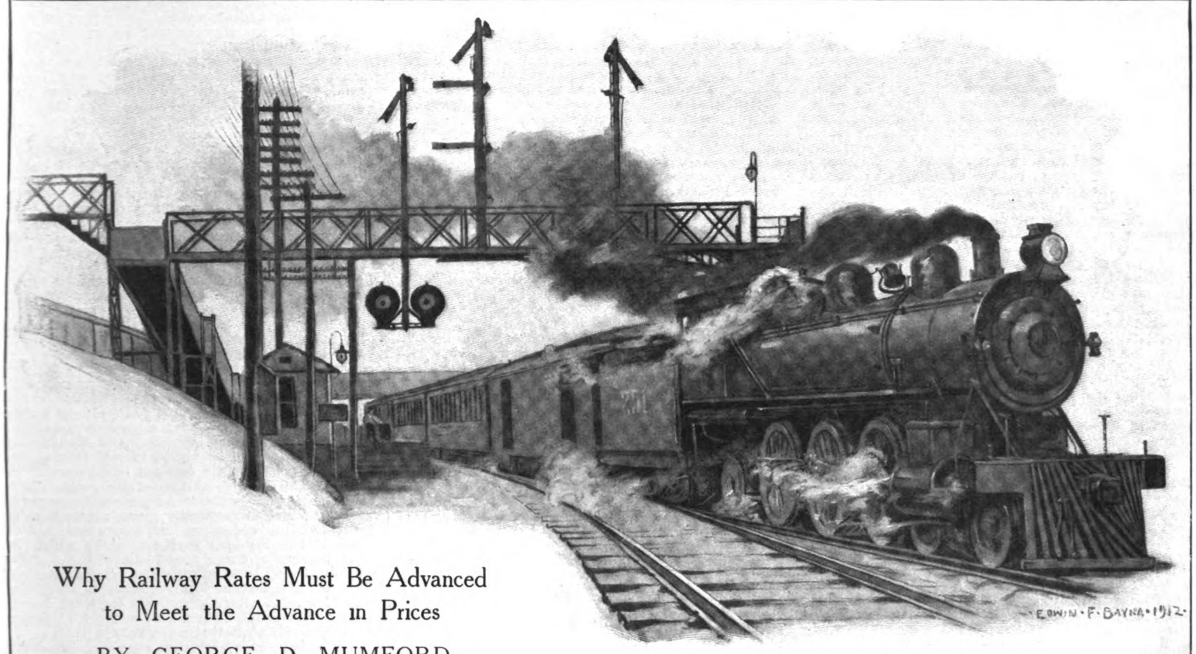
What are the genesis and the justification of the Servian claim in this matter? The veteran prime minister at Belgrade, M. Pashitch, toward the end of last month declared that what his country required above all things was independence of trade and economic liberty. Servia is at present an artificially landlocked state, very largely, though not so completely as was the case a few years ago, dependent upon the Austro-Hungarian market. To secure her commercial emancipation an outlet to the sea is indispensable: such an outlet can only be found by giving her free access to the Adriatic. What, accordingly, she demands, and what alone will satisfy her, is the possession of some fifty kilometers of the Albanian coast-line from Alessio to Durazzo, with a spacious hinterland. To this demand, which involves of course a partition of Albania, both Austria-Hungary and Italy return an unqualified refusal. It is a very simple matter to describe the attitude of these two Powers as that of the dog in the manger. But the fact that neither will allow the other or any third party to establish a naval base on the Albanian coast-line suggests at least the extraordinary importance which each attaches to this question. A glance at the map will show wherein its importance lies. Austria-Hungary cannot tolerate it that her left flank should be jeopardized either by the predominance of Italy on both shores of the Adriatic or by the erection of a naval station on the Albanian littoral and under the control of a non-Italian and conceivably hostile Power. Italy, again, would feel her security directly menaced if Durazzo, opposite Brindisi, fell into Austrian hands, or into the hands of any Power that might one day be Austria's ally. It must not, however, be assumed from all this that Austria-Hungary is hostile to Servia's legitimate expansion and desires to keep the smaller kingdom in a state of economic subjection. On the contrary, so far as my information goes, the claim of Belgrade to possess an outlet to the sea is admitted to-day in Vienna as one that both can and ought to be satisfied, but not at the expense of interests which Austria-Hungary holds to be vital. There are two ways in which it is suggested that Servian needs might be met without incurring the certainty of Austria-Hungarian veto. The first is to make Salonica either a Servian port or a free port, or at least to give her unimpeded access to it on an equality with all the other Balkan Powers. The second is to link the new and enlarged Servia with the Montenegrin port of Antivari on the Adriatic. To neither of these solutions would Austria-Hungary offer the slightest objection; and it is not impossible that, if Servia rejects both of them as inadequate, Vienna may suggest a trans-Bosnian railway ending at the splendid port of Spalato on the Dalmatian coast, which would give Servian produce by far the most direct access to the Western markets.

What, however, she feels impelled to prohibit is a Servian foothold of any kind on the Adriatic. The demands put forward by Mr. Pashitch for the fifty kilometers of Albanian coast-line and a generous hinterland were from the first so obviously inadmissible as hardly to be worth discussing. Austria-Hungary would fight rather than yield to them. But, so far as I can ascertain the present mood of her statesmen, it looks as though even a more moderate request—say, for a purely commercial and unfortified port, with no hinterland and with only a narrow right of way connecting it with the Servian capital—would be equally certain of rejection. At the beginning of what is bound to prove a prolonged and embittered diplomatic controversy both sides naturally state their case too high; but from some knowledge of the feeling of Vienna on this question I can say that I do not as yet see any prospect of a lasting compromise. One may be hammered out in the course of time, but none is visible so far. It is important, moreover, to remember that in resisting Servia's emergence on the Adriatic, Austria-Hungary conceives herself to be acting not only in her own interests, but in those of the Albanians. The Albanians are perhaps the wildest and most primitive of European peoples. They are somewhat as the Irish were in tribal days. They are torn by inveterate dissensions of household, clan, and religious strife. They have no common tongue, no roads, no railway, no racial unity, no central and effective government, and they pay no taxes; Turkish authority over them has never been more than nominal; they abominate all overlordship or interference from without; and, like the Irish of the past, and of the present, too, they are a people of remarkable natural intelligence who are quick to succeed anywhere outside their own country and who have, indeed, furnished the sultans at Constantinpole with many of their ablest and most trusted officials and administrators. Austria-Hungary does not say that Albania is to remain as it is. She does not object to an enlargement of the Montenegrin boundaries in the north, or to Greece succeeding to considerable parts of Greek-speaking Epirus in the south. But she asks why Albania proper should be subject to Servian any more than to Turkish rule; she points out that the Servians have not overrun Albania as they have undoubtedly overrun Macedonia; she prophesies, and with reason, a bloody war between the two races if the Servians attempt a permanent occupation of, and rulership over, Albanian territory; she claims for the Albanians the same freedom to shape their own destinies that the Servians themselves have successfully asserted; and she urges that the best solution for every one concerned and the only solution that can be made to conform to the principle of "The Balkans for the Balkan peoples" is to constitute Albania an autonomous province under international control. That these arguments cover a desire to keep Albania in a state of weakness and vassalage that she may ultimately occupy it herself is, it is true, suspected in many quarters, but on what grounds and with what degree of justification no two publicists will probably agree.

Such is the rough outline of the situation between Austria and Servia; and at first sight it may not seem so very alarming. There is a clear opposition of policies and an apparent deadlock of interests, but when were these phenomena absent from any diplomatic dispute? Although Vienna regards it as vital to prevent, and Belgrade as vital to obtain, a Servian port on the Adriatic, and although with this question is involved the very complex problem of the future government of Albania, still a settlement by consent ought not on the face of it to be beyond the resources of diplomacy. What of course complicates matters is, first, that Servia is flushed with victory and in no mood for consenting to a compromise that would have all the appearance of wrecking her most deeply cherished ambitions and jeopardizing her future; and, secondly, that Russia stands just outside the fence applauding and encouraging her. Russia regards herself as the historic champion and guardian of all the Slav peoples in the Balkans whenever they are oppressed by an alien Power, whether Teuton or Turkish, and even though their actions and policies may often run counter to the wishes of St. Petersburg. One may, indeed, say of the Balkan Peninsula that it is the only region in which Russian foreign policy is determined by popular opinion. In the present case there can be no question that popular opinion is overwhelmingly, though not perhaps so vehemently as in 1909, on the side of Servia and her allies, and that the skill with which the Balkan States have appealed to the Slav idea and the Slav race instinct has successfully touched the sentiment and imagination of the Russian people.

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PENN STATE

THE TWO DROMIOS OF TRADE



Why Railway Rates Must Be Advanced to Meet the Advance in Prices

BY GEORGE D. MUMFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN F. BAYHA

HAVE money and prices anything to do with railway rates?

The difficulty of engaging in a discussion of railway rates is that the railways know too much about them and the public knows too little. The public feels that it is handicapped by lack of exact knowledge and that in the discussion the cards may be stacked against it. The scalded cat fears cold water.

But if the question of railway rates is not a rate question but a price question, then the railways must come out in the open without the protection of their statistics and have a discussion about prices. Now prices are one thing that we all have on our minds, and we are glad of the opportunity to relieve them. But to get a clue to the mystery of prices we find we must first investigate money.

Money and prices are the two Dromios of commerce. In this tragedy of errors we are always getting into trouble or getting laughed at by mistaking one for the other. And when we get laughed at the joke is just as expensive to us as when we get into trouble. Much of the time when we think we are talking to Dromio Money we are really talking to Dromio Prices, and when we think we're talking about prices, ten to one we are talking about money. Money is an elusive rogue at the best, but when in addition it has a double, where are we coming out?

Farmer Alfalfa Jones, who sells to-day for $10,000 the farm that cost him $5,000 twenty years ago, is perfectly sure that he has done a very good stroke of business and "*made five thousand dollars in real money.*"

But has he? That depends.

If after letting his $10,000 stay in the bank for six months he decides he wants to buy another farm, he will find that to get another as good as the one he sold he will have to pay his $10,000 out again for it. The net result is that he will have simply traded farms. The farm he bought may be as good as the farm he sold. But where is his $5,000 real profit? *It has disappeared in the shuffle!*

Was his money profit real or imaginary?

It is true that if he decides to move with his family across the Canadian border to the last Northwest or the last North he can buy, apparently, as good land for $20 an acre as he has just sold for $100. He can get five acres in Alberta for every acre he sold in Illinois. But that is because he has sold dear land and good facilities in Illinois and has bought cheap land and poor facilities in Alberta—and has expatriated himself to do it. To make the money price that he received for his farm really go any further he has had to abandon his old-price environment. Perhaps he hasn't really made anything by trading dear goods for cheap. He has traded a comfortable living for the opportunity of the pioneer. But most of us and all of our wives don't want to be pioneers and don't want to expatriate ourselves to "skin a profit." We want to keep on just where we are in the same price environment. That being so, have we really made any money by the advance in prices? We can sell one farm for twice the *money* we paid for it, but if all other farms cost twice as much as they did to buy, and not only wheat but clothes and rent cost twice as much as they did, what have we made by the transaction?

One thing is sure: if each farm was worth 10,000 bushels of wheat in 1896, and is still worth just 10,000 bushels of wheat, *the value of neither farms nor wheat has changed.* But something has changed, because the farm was worth $5,000 in 1896 and is worth $10,000 now. *If farms have not changed in value, money must have changed in value.* Five thousand dollars in 1896 must have been worth as much as $10,000 in 1912. Two dollars in 1912 must then be only worth as much as one dollar in 1896—that is, if things had actually doubled in price, the dollar to-day would be only worth as much as fifty cents in 1896. Is it the dollar, then, that has lost half its value? The farm has not really doubled in value at all. It is simply the value of the dollar that has been cut in two. Farm values have not changed, but money values have.

Now here is an illustration of our two Dromios. We thought we were talking about money as something real and fixed, something we all know about and recognize when we see it—a good, responsible, reliable Dromio—and here this other impish Dromio of prices has sneaked in and played a joke on us. We have either mistaken prices for money or we have made a bigger mistake still in our estimate of the character of money.

Is it possible that money itself is absolutely changeable and irresponsible—a fickle elf instead of a good man Friday? Have we always got to think of the value of money as well as of the prices of goods? Does the value of money change with the price of wheat? Let us see.

Although it seems far afield, let us go northward on the American continent to where for over two hundred years the "skin" and not the dollar has been the standard of value. The untutored Cree who trades his furs at the good, old, reliable Hudson Bay posts along the Peace or Athabasca rivers—with their whitewashed stockades and corner blockhouses flying with Red Cross standard with the familiar letters H. B. C.—does not have to bother with such troublesome questions as the value of money.

Skins were a good enough currency for him. Musquash were his dimes and beaver-skins his dollars. If he wanted to, he could turn in his skins all at once and get a little stack of red, white, and blue chips good for five, ten, or twenty "skins," as the case might be, "in trade at the Hudson Bay Company's store." The "skin" is the real unit of value and medium of exchange. Didn't he know that ordinarily, if he needed a musket, all he had to do was to pile beaver-skins flat on the floor, one on top of the other, until they reached up to the muzzle of the musket held upright by his good friend the Hudson Bay factor? True, the Hudson Bay Company in time lengthened the barrel of the musket about six inches, so that it took more beaver-skins to come up to the



It took more beaver-skins to come up to the muzzle

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muzzle; but the poor Indian never realized that he was up against the problem of a depreciating currency.

The Hudson Bay Company, in its great wisdom, had lengthened the barrel, and the gun to him was undoubtedly a better gun and worth more beaver-skins. He was quite sure that the value of the gun had risen and not that the value of beaver-skins had fallen. But the lengthening of the gun-barrel did not really make any better gun, any more than doubling the money price of Farmer Alf's farm made his farm any better. In both cases *the thing that really changed was the thing that did not seem to change.* The value of money had really fallen in terms of farms, and the value of beaver-skins had really fallen in terms of muskets. The value of beaver-skins—the Cree currency—went down as the length of the musket barrel went up. Lengthening the barrel both raised the price of muskets in beaver-skins and lowered the price of beaver-skins in muskets. It was a real tampering with his currency, but the Cree did not notice it because he thought he was getting more for his money.

I have tramped and tented down the Athabasca and the Peace, and have discussed these questions of trade and currency with the Cree. He has told me how many "skins" he paid for his shirt at Fort St. John, and gravely asked me how many "skins" I had paid for mine in Vancouver. I found that there was one matter that always puzzled him. He could never understand why it was that in a particularly good beaver season, when he was able to bring twice as many beaver-skins as usual to his friend the factor at the fort, the value of beaver-skins unaccountably fell far below what it was in other years. It took three beaver-skins then, instead of two, to buy a pound of powder or a pound of beads or a looking-glass and comb. *Something had happened to the ratio of exchange.* And here way off on the banks of the Athabasca we have rounded up those two rogues, Dromio Money and Dromio Prices, and have them standing handcuffed side by side ready for their Bertillon measurements.

Now if the price of muskets went up when beaver-skins were plentiful and went down when they were scarce, what our friend the Cree, who used beaver-skins as money, was really up against was a *fluctuating standard of value.* The value of each beaver-skin varied with the number of beaver-skins brought to the fort. The more skins he had, the fewer things would each skin buy. He did not know the law that *more money makes higher prices*, but he vaguely recognized the fact. The canny Scotch factors had practised it for hundreds of years. The company knew the law and automatically adjusted the prices of their goods to the size of the beaver catch.

On August 27, 1538, an English woolen merchant at the great Calais fair wrote to King Henry VIII.: "We have very good sale of clothes. *Here is great plenty of money which causes all wares to be dear.* Your subjects will bring back about 3,000 pounds sterling in angels and ducats."

More gold must be given for clothes or wheat or labor or land when gold is plentiful and more clothes or wheat or labor or land must be given for gold when gold is scarce.

"That an increase of the quantity of money," wrote John Stuart Mill, "raises prices and a diminution lowers them is the most elementary proposition in the theory of currency."

If the volume of money in the world remains the same and the volume of goods seeking exchange into money is doubled, is it not reasonable that the price of goods in terms of money must be at least cut in half? And that if the total stock of money is doubled and the stock of goods remains the same, the same amount of money will buy only one-half the goods it would buy before? Where you are trying to exchange wheat for money or money for wheat, the price of wheat depends just as much on the amount of money on hand pressing to be exchanged for wheat as upon the amount of wheat on hand pressing to be exchanged for money. The same law of demand and supply that fixes the price of wheat in terms of money fixes the price of money in terms of wheat.

The "quantity theory" of money means simply that, other things remaining the same, an increase in the quantity of money in the world must raise prices and a decrease in the quantity of money must lower prices. It has been aptly likened to Boyle's Law of Gases. That law is that, the temperature remaining equal, the pressure of a gas is in proportion to its density. It is no answer to Boyle's Law to say that the temperature never does remain equal, nor is it any answer to the quantity theory of money that the volume of trade never remains the same. The reverse of the law is that if the money supply remains the same, prices vary inversely with the volume of trade. If volume of trade doubles and money remains stationary, prices will be half what they were.

Now the amount of money in the world has more than doubled in the last twenty years!

If we find in history that wherever there is a great continuous increase in the money supply we also find a rise in prices over a long period, and wherever there is a continuous contraction in the money supply we also find a fall in prices, there is no escape from the conclusion that the quantity of the money supply determines the larger movements of prices. If among the myriad varying influences that arise in different times and countries prices rise wherever money becomes more plentiful and fall when it becomes scarcer, we must either admit the direct causal relation between them or burn our books of logic and go out of the business of making inductions.

Two scientists recently conceived the idea of ascertaining if there was any striking uniformity between the actual amount of rainfall in the growing season and the size of the crops as shown by statistics over a period of years. One of them took the statistics of rainfall and the other the statistics of the country's crops, and each separately prepared his chart showing, respectively, the line of rainfall and the line of crop production. When the two charts were completed it was found that the two lines were so identical that one could be superimposed on the other. Now that is a kind of proof that leaves nothing further to be said. It is simply impossible after that to doubt the exact detailed causal relation between rainfall and crops. One thing is sure. The size of the crops did not cause the amount of the rainfall. The rainfall preceded the crops in point of time and the size of the crop varied exactly with the amount of the rainfall. Before this demonstration we would all admit that there was some general relation between rainfall and crops, but after it we have to admit that the size of crops varies directly and mathematically with the exact amount of rainfall.

Now the same method has been applied to the fluctuations of prices and of the money supply in this country and England from 1840 to 1911, with almost as striking a result. The line of prices follows with remarkable uniformity the combined statistics of earlier precious metal production, greenback inflation, silver demonetization, and recent gold inflation. If the rise in prices follows slightly in point of time the increase in the money supply, we know just as surely that high prices do not cause the increase in the gold supply as we know that big crops do not cause the big rainfall in the growing period.

We know that the necessary effect of rising prices is to decrease the production of gold instead of to increase it, because higher prices of commodities mean lower prices for gold. It takes labor and machinery to mine gold, and with rising prices the cost of gold production is steadily increasing and the purchasing power or value of gold is as steadily falling. For in a period of rising prices the only commodity that is steadily falling in value is gold. The increased cost of production and the decreased value of gold when produced tend to make gold-mining as comparatively unprofitable in an era of rising prices as it is comparatively more profitable than any other industry in a period of falling prices. Falling prices naturally stimulate, and rising prices curtail, gold production. So if rising prices do not cause an increase in the gold supply, and the two phenomena always appear together, the increase in the gold supply must cause the rising prices.

Not that the doubling of the gold supply is the sole cause of our high prices. There are other factors here. The tariff and the trusts have raised prices in this country about one hundred per cent. more than the latter would have been raised without them. Prices are higher all over the world on account of the gold inflation—higher in free-trade countries as well as in protectionist countries. Prices in this country had increased by 1910 about 50 per cent. over the prices of 1896; in Germany, 42 per cent.; in India, 37 per cent.; in Canada, 35 per cent.; in France, 31 per cent.; in England, 28 per cent. By 1912 they were 60 per cent. higher in the United States than in 1896, 54 per cent. higher in Germany, 40 per cent. higher in France, and 52 per cent. higher in England. They are higher all over the world, but not uniformly higher. They are highest in the United States, Germany, and France, the countries with the highest protective tariffs, and lowest in free-trade England.

It looks as if about half our own rise in prices were due to a general world-wide cause, and the other half to causes local to us. The world-wide cause is the inflation of world currency caused by the doubling gold supply, the local cause that prices of our "controlled" commodities on account of the tariff are made no longer by competition, but by "understandings." We may be able to bring trust high prices down by laying the ax to the tariff tree, but we cannot bring gold high prices down that way or prevent them from keeping on gently rising with the rising flow of gold.

W. Stanley Jevons, one of the greatest logical and mathematical minds of the last century, in studying the great rise in prices of all commodities in the fifties and sixties in free-trade England, took thirty-six different commodities and arrived at the average increase in price of all of them over the average price of the forties. Being interested to find out what were the odds in favor of some single general cause for this increase instead of a number of different causes, he figured it out on the doctrine of chances, and the conclusion he arrived at was that "the chances are ten thousand to one against a series of disconnected and casual circumstances having caused the rise in prices—one in the case of one commodity and another in the case of another—instead of some general cause acting over all of them."

Money is supposed to be and should be simply a medium of exchange. It is not. It is something else besides. Prices should be simply the index of the ratio of exchangeability of one commodity for another, of wheat for clothes or meat for coal. But they are not. If prices were simply the index of how many bushels of wheat should be exchanged, say, for a suit of clothes, the general price level would always remain fairly uniform. The particular price of wheat might go up and the price of clothes go down with the varying demand and supply and cost of production, but the general price level would not greatly vary. The index number representing the general average of prices of all commodities would fluctuate within but narrow limits, and such a thing as a rise or fall over a period of years of fifty or one hundred per cent. in this general price level would be impossible. If money were a perfect medium of exchange and fair standard of deferred payments, its average value—that is, its average purchasing power—would never change. But it is not a perfect medium of exchange and it is not a fair standard of deferred payments just because its value—that is, its average purchasing power—is never the same. Its value is always fluctuating, and the kaleidoscopic changes in the general price level represented by the index numbers of prices are the only outward signs of this constantly changing purchasing power of money.

Because gold, on which all money is based, is really a commodity, just as wheat or beaver-skins are commodities, its average value—that is, its average purchasing power over other commodities—is just as much dependent on the amount of it produced and the relative cost of production as the value or power of wheat to purchase meat or coal is governed by the size of the wheat crop and its cost of production. The cyanide process, which has made profitable the extraction of the metal from low-grade and formerly worthless ores, has degraded gold from a precious metal to a mere commodity. The one quality that a standard of value should have is unchangeability, and that is just what money based on gold does not now possess. Its value fluctuates like the surface of the ocean. It is subject to long periods of calm when its value seems to remain fairly stationary, to choppy seas where its value abruptly goes up and down, and to gradual general movements like the long Pacific swell by which its average purchasing power rises to the top of a great wave only to sink back into the succeeding trough.

The trouble is that we look on money as something fixed, and values as fluctuating. But the truth is just the other way round. It is mostly money that fluctuates and general values that really remain fixed.

Prices, as between commodities, are simply the index of the ratio of their exchangeability. A bushel of wheat exchanges for five pounds of meat just the same to-day as it did twenty years ago. It is true the price of wheat has gone up one hundred per cent., from fifty cents to a dollar a bushel, and the price of meat has gone up from ten cents a pound to twenty. Both have doubled in price in terms of money, which means in terms of gold as a commodity, but their relative exchange value has remained the same.

Well, if their exchange value has not changed, what has? There is nothing else that can have changed except money. Its exchange value has been nearly cut in two. It takes twice as much money to buy the same bushel of wheat and the same five pounds of meat. It is money, not wheat and meat, that is unstable. It is money that rose forty per cent. in value between 1873 and 1896 when prices apparently fell, and it is money that has really fallen forty per cent. in value since 1896, when prices have seemed to rise. Because gold is a commodity its relative value fluctuates like other commodities. It is the most unstable of all commodities. The relative values of wheat and cattle to other commodities may have gone up a little in the past twenty years owing to the population increasing proportionately faster than the corn acreage planted and the number of cattle raised, but the relative value of gold in the same period has fallen forty per cent.

It is the fluctuating commodity value of gold that is the continuous "nigger in the wood-pile." He is always there and always unseen and all the more dangerous because invisible. We have got ourselves into a sort of fixed attitude of mind about money, that its value is always the same because we see its figure and complexion is always the same and because we know that its value ought to be always the same. If its value is not always the same, we know it is a giant swindle on the widow and the orphan and the wage-earner.

Take us as a whole, we are just as sure that the value of the dollar remains the same and that it is the value of corn and meat that is going up, as the ancient world was sure that the earth stood still and the sun moved round it. Didn't they see the sun going round the earth every day? And don't we see prices of commodities going up and the dollar just the same as ever? But we know now that it is the earth that is really moving round the sun, and we must learn that it is the value of the dollar that is going down and not the value of all other goods that is going up.

But if the dollar is worth less than it used to be and the railways have to take their pay for transporting goods in dollars, then they must charge more dollars than they did to come out even. Railway rates must run as fast as that to stay where they were.

A MEMORY

BY M. F. PATTON

I COULD not ask him for his love.
His arm to shield and succor me;
I asked him for a fragile thing—
A precious memory.

I gave it all a mother's love.
I gave it all a mother's care;
I keep it clean and very sweet;
It grows up straight and fair.

When other women say to me,
"Where is the mate of your child?"
Perhaps they wonder, but I grieve not—
I'm more than reconciled.

If I be sad it comforts me;
If I be glad it shouts for joy;
Its strong young arms encircle me,
Just like a laughing boy.

The man is coming home again,
But I've grown wiser now than he.
I choose between him and the child—
I keep my memory.

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Galveston, looking west from Twenty-first Street and Avenue H

Panama Hustle

How Galveston and Houston are Planning to Take Advantage of the New Trade Route which the Canal will Furnish

BY JOHN L. MATHEWS

THAT spirit called Panama Hustle is making wonders happen. Anticipation possesses the sea cities, big and little, as the day for the opening approaches. Every port of the canal will feel to some extent the influence of the new Gateway. Shifting of the routes of trade, new chances for new sorts of traffic for which the raw materials are ready, and the keen interest manifested by the people in the Panama Canal and the Pacific Ocean trade will bring about vast changes.

Nowhere will these be more evident than in Galveston and Houston, the principal port and the principal wholesale market of Texas, and the fifty miles of docks, canals, and manufacturing sites that lie between and include them. Strategically situated to control the trade of their own State, they can also command the traffic to and from the rich territory that stretches up through Oklahoma and New Mexico, Kansas and Colorado, to the Canadian border; a region from which the trunk lines have been sending long tentacles southward to this promising *entrepôt*.

Houston is chiefly a wholesale market and a center for manufacturing. The hardwood lumber comes to the factory at a rail rate of three cents a hundred pounds. There is already one furniture factory, and more will be built. Rice from the neighboring territory already affords several by-products, and there will soon be a factory making paper from the straw. The only sugar refinery in Texas is in this growing city. The imagination of the Houstonians is not yet broadened by practice; yet it includes wagons, mantels, gin machinery (cotton, not alcoholic), flour, woodenware, shoes, tiles, cooperage, soap, glass, and suspenders, all from materials close at hand. But with the opening of iron-mines in their neighborhood and the construction of a big steel plant in the vicinity of the city, their imagination has begun to expand. The city itself is growing with amazing rapidity, having now, including its increasing suburbs, more than a hundred thousand people, with an abundant supply of labor.

Galveston is one of the most promising ports upon our coast. Jetties, reaching out into deep water, provide an entrance thirty feet in depth into a harbor equally deep, and constantly being extended farther southward in the lagoon behind Galveston Island. Until this year the growth of commerce through Galveston has been restricted to the burdens carried to and from Houston on barges, the traffic at Port Bolivar, and that which could go in and out over a single-track wooden-trestle bridge two miles long, from the city to the mainland. Trains moved slowly over this inefficient structure, only one being allowed upon it at a time, and fifteen minutes were required for crossing. With at least five railroads using it, forty trains each way, passenger and freight, was the ultimate capacity of the bridge in twenty-four hours.

Moved by the determination to prepare herself for the Panama trade, the city of Galveston, with the aid of the railroads, has built a magnificent causeway connecting herself with the mainland. Wakefield-sheet piling, tongued and grooved, made of reinforced concrete, ten by eighteen inches, forms the walls of both ends of the causeway, filled in with sand dredged from the channel; and the middle section is an arched concrete bridge with a rolling lift over the barge channel to the Brazos. On this there are now a shell road, an interurban electric railway to Houston, single track, with passing switches, and two tracks for the railroads. There is room on the sand-filled causeway for three more tracks, and on the bridge section for two more when the traffic again presses.

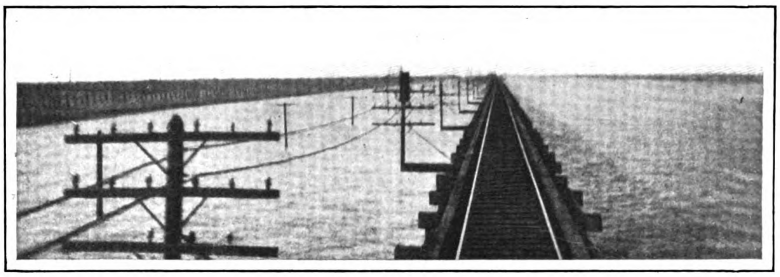
With the added facility of this causeway, which was opened to traffic on the 1st of April, 1912, Galveston has broken many records. A million bales of cotton were received in the first six weeks, ending October 14th—ten days quicker than the best record, only a year old, and thirty days better than the average. On one day one hundred and seventy thousand bales of cotton were cleared and shipped to foreign ports. The foreign exports cleared in September of this year exceeded thirty-one million dollars.

Galveston has fixed a fascinated gaze upon the national export statistics for the fiscal year which ended in June, 1912, and especially on the raw cotton shipped to Japan—two hundred and forty million pounds, worth twenty-five million dollars. That particular item has progressed in three years from six and a half millions, in 1910, to nearly twelve millions last year, and twenty-five millions in the current report. Practically all of it goes into cotton cloth, which is sold to our natural markets, China, the Philippines, Australia, and the countries along the west coast of South America. Galveston is opposed to this idea.

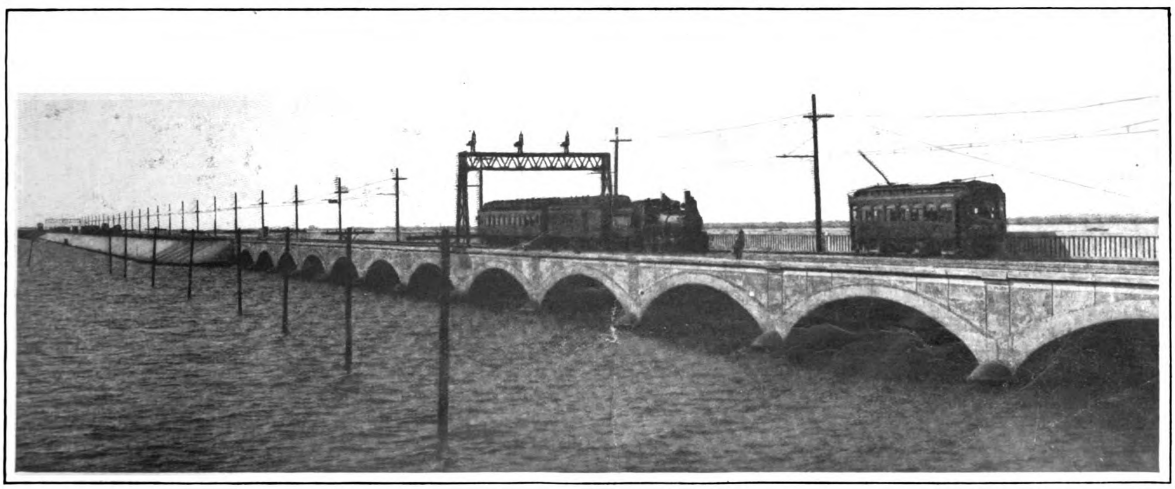
"We are determined to alter this policy of shipping all our cotton in the raw state," says Mr. O. S. Flint, the principal cotton handler in Galveston. "We are going to begin manufacturing cotton goods as soon as possible. We have about our harbor ample land; oil fuel comes not only in pipe-lines, but in ships from Mexico. We have both here and in Houston an increasing amount of labor. We can easily get good spinners and weavers from the New England mills, where they are under hard conditions, to live here where the country is open, the climate stable, the land cheap, the manufacturing territory available more than forty miles long.

"With these advantages we intend to make a strong bid for our share of the Pacific trade. We have already more than a score of foreign shipping lines, some of them managed here. Under the Panama bill we are permitted to have our own ships in the foreign trade under our flag, buy them where we will. There is plenty of capital in Galveston and Houston to obtain and operate a fleet to the South-American coast and across the Pacific to the Orient. We will have exports of course from a big hinterland; but we aim to make this whole country back of us, between Galveston and Houston, produce all sorts of cargoes.

"What we especially need, here on the shore of the bay, is a free port for manufacturing foreign raw materials for export, in connection with our own, outside the tariff, and to give the cities and the manufacturers we serve an opportunity to locate in it. No other port has an area better suited for it. We would have it, like Hamburg, outside the wall set up by the customs dues, and open it to the world."



The old single-track line that choked Galveston's commerce until the causeway was built



Galveston's great causeway which connects the city with the mainland. It is two miles long and supports two railroad tracks, an electric track, and a shell road

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The Truth About Tobacco

By Leonard K. Hirshberg, M.D., M.A., A.B. (JOHNS HOPKINS)

DRAWINGS By F. STROTHMANN.

LET the gentlemen of the political-historical seminaries get busy at once and claw out for us, from the limbo of antiquity, the origin of the anti-tobacco crusade. Privately I suspect that its genesis will be found to resemble that of the Puritans' prejudice against bear-baiting. They objected to the sport, not because it hurt the bear, but because it afforded pleasure to the spectators. The same attitude of mind, I fancy, accounts for our latter-day horror of tobacco, of boxing, of horse-racing, of the Continental Sabbath, and of the army canteen.

Tobacco, in brief, is morally a hissing and a mocking, not because it does any normal man damage, but because it gives its users contentment, peace, and a healthful, animal sort of enjoyment, a sublime callousness to the ethical and theological puzzles which fret and frazzle its enemies, a beautiful and irritating indifference to all but pleasant things of life. Your typical smoker hangs to the scandalous heresy that this is a pretty comfortable old world, after all. It is inconceivable, indeed, that a good judge of Havana cigars, of Pittsburg stogies, or of Virginia plug-cut should ever care a hang about predestination, ghosts, supernormal manifestations, or the doctrine of the subliminal soul.

But I am here to test tobacco with the acids of chemistry and pathology, and not, with honeyed metaphor, to praise it. The ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, I must respectfully submit, are unfitted to be either judges or witnesses in the ensuing disputation. It is unlikely that many of them are smokers themselves, and it is unlikely that any of them knows more about tobacco than that which is contained in patent medicine advertisements and the physiology books of the primary and grammar schools. Of patent-medicine advertisements it is needless to speak. Of the elementary physiology books it is sufficient to say that they are commonly written by gentlemen who need the money and forced on the schools by committees of well-meaning persons who need common sense.

Practically all of the world's gigantic store of anti-tobacco literature is based upon four fundamental propositions:

1. Tobacco contains nicotine, which is a powerful narcotic and poison.

2. In the process of smoking, nicotine is absorbed into the body and produces or induces many deadly maladies, including cancer, paralysis, heart disease, bronchitis, blindness, and tuberculosis.

3. Tobacco engenders a craving for alcohol.

4. Nicotine is such a powerful poison (this is a classical argument and appears in all the school physiology books) that one drop placed upon the tongue of a dog is sufficient to kill the animal.

Here we have four allegations. Every American, in all probability, has heard them. They are laid down as pathological gospel in our public schools. They are believed, with more or less reservation, by nine-tenths of all laymen, including millions of smokers. And yet it happens that not one of them is entirely true, and that the conclusion to which they lead is incorrect, illogical, and ridiculous.

Tobacco, it may be admitted very freely, does contain nicotine, and nicotine, considered as a beverage, is decidedly narcotic and poisonous. But it happens that the drug is seldom, if ever, used as a beverage, and that, when it enters the body in any other way, it does so in such small amounts, and the body so soon grows immune to its effects, that it does no harm whatever. Among civilized human beings tobacco is commonly smoked or chewed or snuffed. At the start, as every one knows, it causes nausea and other painful symptoms. The small boy, when he tackles his first cigar, becomes violently ill. But his second cigar gives him less discomfort, and his third still less. By and by he becomes entirely immune, and in the end smoking becomes his solace and earthly reward, and nicotine has no more effect upon his internal economy than so much mayonnaise dressing or vegetable soup.

It is this capacity of the human body to immunize itself against poisons that makes the animal and other experiments of the foes of tobacco so silly. Yellow fever, as every one knows, is a horrible and deadly disease, and yet a man who has once had it may regard it ever after with the calm indifference with which an ordinary man regards a shave. It is the same with smallpox. In itself it is exceedingly alarming, but after effective vaccination it is next to nothing. It is the same, again, with nicotine poisoning. If a man who had never smoked were to absorb a few drops of pure nicotine, it would probably kill him, but the man who has learned to smoke, and, in consequence, has gone through the small boy's experience of mild poisoning, is immune thereafter, and may take into his system daily the small quantity of nicotine which lies in tobacco smoke without the slightest qualm or fear.

Thus the dog experiments of the tobaccophobes are, to the last degree, useless and nonsensical, for the effect of nicotine upon a dog that neither smokes nor chews has no relation whatever to the effect of nicotine upon a man who has done both for years. To make their experiments logical and fair, the anti-tobacco pseudo-scientists should choose dogs that have been immunized. If they ever do so, they will discover, I wager, that nicotine, in small doses, has practically no effect whatever.

The amount of the alkaloid present in tobacco smoke varies with the manner in which tobacco is used. The leaf of the weed, plucked and dried in the sun, contains a pretty large amount, but in the process of curing this is reduced by one-half. In good Havana cigars there is from two to five per cent. of nicotine; in very common tobacco there is sometimes as much as eight per cent. But not all of this reaches the smoker's mouth, by any means. The fire at the end of the cigar, while it volatilizes some of the alkaloid, burns and destroys more of it, and a good part of that which is volatilized is held up and side-tracked during its passage through the cigar.

Haberman, a very painstaking investigator, has found that not more than one-third of the nicotine in a cigar passes into the smoke unchanged, and that the greater part of this one-third is condensed in the butt. As a result, a single cigar introduces little more than one milligram of nicotine into the smoker's system—an amount so small that, except in the case of children and invalids, it may well be disregarded.

Pipe-smokers, especially if they use long-stemmed pipes, take even less nicotine into their mouths. The stem collects most of it, as a chemical analysis of the content of an old pipe will show. Short stems naturally take up less of it, and, in consequence, are to be avoided by novices and by those whose immunity to nicotine is incomplete. Every sailor delights in the fact that a pipe long smoked without cleaning grows magnificently rank, but, fortunately, among human beings with more pretensions to culture, the process of renovation is undertaken at brief intervals.

As for cigarettes, it is said that the devotee of the little white tubes gets more than his fair share of nicotine. But the same effect will be produced by assaulting his air-passages with a smoke of kindling-wood, hay, or dried leaves. The white paper wrappers of cigarettes do him no harm. They are made of clean rice-paper, and, while neither nourishing nor stimulating, they are too small in bulk to do damage.

That nicotine, as it appears in cigar smoke, produces all the maladies credited to it, is out of the question. We have seen that there is comparatively little of it in the smoke of an ordinary cigar or pipe, and we must remember that the greater part of this leaves the mouth again by exhalation and expectoration. If smokers swallowed smoke, or if those distinguished jurists and others who chew tobacco ate it instead, there might be a different story to tell, but fortunately the customs of civilization demand that the smoke be exhaled. So we may proceed upon the hypothesis that very little nicotine ever gets into the vital organs of an ordinary tobacco-user.

But does this little do any damage? Does it cause cancer, catarrh, bronchitis, locomotor-ataxia, paralysis, tuberculosis, dyspepsia, Bright's disease, insanity, blindness, deafness, and all the other fearsome things charged to it? In answer I may refer to the conclusions of a physician of world-wide reputation—one of my instructors at the Johns Hopkins Medical School and a man of many years' experience in some of the largest medical clinics in the world.

"I have yet to see," he said, "in either a clinic or a pathological laboratory, any evidence to condemn tobacco in any form, not excepting cigarettes."

Possibly this man, if his attention were called to it, might admit that the specialists in ophthalmology have produced what seems to be testimony regarding the bad effect of tobacco upon the eyes of certain rather abnormal persons, but this is scarcely fair evidence in rebuttal, and so his proposition may stand. It is apparent to any one with common sense that, in studying the effects of tobacco on the human system, we must consider healthy adults of normal constitutions. There are people who cannot abide cigar smoke, just as there are people who cannot abide caviar. But such folks were palpably designed by nature to eschew the weed.

Tobacco, alcohol, and weather are blamed for the great majority of all diseases that have no obvious origin. If a man is killed by a fallen derrick, even a mental healer is clever enough to accuse the broken rope, but if he dies of angina pectoris or chronic bronchitis, and his family yearns for enlightenment as to the cause of his malady, your average, old-school family doctor, with a laudable desire to be agreeable at no expense of meditation, will mention cigars and let it go at that. But such a mode of reasoning, to put it mildly, is childishly unscientific. As well say that an ardent pie-eater who dies of gangrene owes his demise to the mortal pumpkin pie.

Dr. Osler, in his monumental *Principles and Practice of Medicine*, speaks of "so-called tobacco heart," and mentions three varieties, but he dismisses all without much ado and says in the next paragraph that "cardiac pain without evidence of arterio-sclerosis or valvular disease is not of much moment." In other words, he seems to doubt that "tobacco heart" has anything to do with tobacco, and is convinced that, whatever its cause, it is scarcely dangerous enough to be seriously considered.

Formerly a great many affections of the motor and sensory nerve centers, in middle-aged men—locomotor-ataxia, paralysis, paresis, etc.—were laid at the door of tobacco, but every physician now knows that they are usually merely symptoms of the final stage of a familiar and terrible malady which has nothing to do with tobacco whatever.



Every sailor delights in the fact that a pipe long smoked without cleaning grows magnificently rank

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The constant irritation of the tongue caused by smoking a pipe with a jagged stem, or one with a stem so short that it introduces an excess of hot oils into the mouth, may conceivably cause a form of cancer (epithelioma), but it is exceedingly improbable that this happens very often. A great many cancer experts, in fact, deny absolutely that irritation has anything to do with producing the disease, and there is very good reason to believe that a man who develops cancer does so because he was born with the specific cells in his body and not because of any habits he may have acquired late in life. Cancer of the tongue is not confined to smokers, by any means.

That smoking causes diseases of the respiratory passages is a matter of common belief, but there is no evidence that this is true. A man who smoked one hundred cigars a day might possibly irritate his bronchial tubes in such a frightful manner that death would follow, but I am not dealing in this article with lunatics, but with sane men who smoke in moderation and know that there is a time and a place for all things. Ordinary smoking produces no perceptible irritation of the air-passages. Indeed, the London *Lancet* has recently advanced the view that its effect upon them is decidedly antiseptic and beneficial.

Hoarseness, which sometimes follows excessive cigar or cigarette smoking, particularly in winter, is to be laid, not to tobacco, but to the general imbecility of the smoker. A man who smokes in the open air when the temperature is at twenty degrees, and thus inhales alternate blasts of hot and frigid air, or begins to smoke before breakfast and keeps his mouth membranes and muscles of suction busy until he falls asleep at night, is certainly not to be regarded as a normal man, and it is unfair to condemn smoking in normal men because this one simpleton happens to be injured by it. If a man talked all day or drank all day or walked all day, he would be vastly more damaged. Again, he would grow hoarse much more rapidly if he ate snowballs or inhaled wood smoke or stood watching a fire in a hay warehouse. Indeed, I am convinced that the smoke of tobacco is less injurious to the air-passages than the smoke of any other substance that burns.

Dyspepsia and loss of flesh very rarely follow the use of tobacco, and, if the latter may be held at fault at all, it is but indirectly. Whenever the salivary glands are stimulated and saliva forms, the stomach is stimulated also and extra acid and pepsin are secreted. This is nature's method, when food is introduced into the mouth, of preparing for the process of digestion. Now, if the salivary glands are stimulated by something other than food, the stomach does not know this, but goes on secreting digestive acids and pepsin as usual. These things, finding no food to engage them, may cause trouble, and the labor of producing them to no purpose necessarily drains the body. So it is apparent that chewing tobacco may cause a "sour stomach," just as chewing gum may do the same thing. However, I am not dealing in this article with tobacco chewing, but with tobacco smoking. There is no evidence whatever that the very slight salivation caused by smoking injures the stomach in any way.

The nervous headaches, neuralgia, and dizziness commonly laid to smoking are fantastic creations of extra-moral minds. In all the literature of medicine there is no proof that tobacco ever caused any of these diseases. I have no doubt that, in a man prone to dizziness, a cigar may bring on an attack, but, at the risk of tiresome repetition, let me submit again that it is manifestly unfair to condemn tobacco because it does not agree with invalids. There are plenty of sick people who cannot eat roast beef, and there are plenty of well people with a mysterious individual antipathy to other things. But we must leave out diseased conditions and idiosyncrasies when we consider the effect of tobacco upon the normal, healthy man.

The same mistake has been made in condemning smoking out of hand because of its obviously pernicious influence upon children. Let us admit, for the sake of argument, that cigarette smoking is a bad practice for small boys. Does that prove anything regarding its effect upon grown men? I think it only fair to answer in the negative. The French and Germans laugh at us because we attempt to judge the drama from the standpoint of the young person. They point out, very sensibly, that a play which is rank poison to the mind of a girl of seventeen may stimulate her to profitable thought ten years later when she is married and the mother of a family. It is so with tobacco. Ten cigarettes a day may injure a boy of twelve, but that is no argument against ten cigarettes a day for a man of thirty-five.

A great many eminent observers have inveighed against smoking in boys and have pointed out the



Dyspepsia and loss of flesh very rarely follow the use of tobacco

indubitable fact that the average boy smoker is not so bright as the boy who does not smoke. But I rather fancy that, in part at least, they have confused cause and effect. It is my own observation that boys who are naturally intelligent and healthy and bright do not care to smoke, and that the heaviest smokers among the youth of America are those who were born with rather less than the average amount of common sense, moral balance, and respect for their elders' wishes. In brief, your typical boy smoker is a youth who was stupid when a babe in arms and will remain stupid all his life. His smoking is not the cause of his stupidity, but merely an evidence of it. A bright and healthy boy, if he is kept away from evil companions, prefers his books and his games to cigarettes. If you don't believe that, ask any observant school-teacher of your acquaintance.

As a matter of fact, the only physicians who have made out any sort of a case against tobacco are the eye doctors. They report very positive organic diseases not explainable upon other grounds than those of smoking or chewing. But they admit that they have few cases, and that, in these, there appears to be some idiosyncrasy of the individual in relation to tobacco. In brief, their patients cannot be classified as normal men.

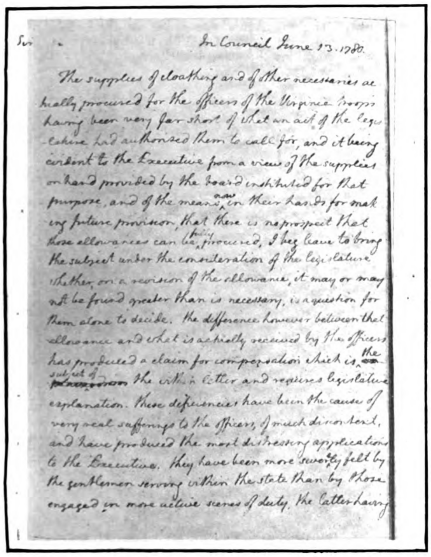
Indeed, in nearly all of the evidence adduced by anti-tobacco crusaders you will note a singular lack of specific facts. Even Professor Sims Woodhead and Sir William Broadbent, in their report to the select committee of the House of Commons on juvenile smoking, make most of their charges cautiously. The eminent professor of pathology at Cambridge (Woodhead) expresses the opinion that "smoking interferes with the development of the growing child, up to a late period." It stimulates the sympathetic nerves, he thinks, and after this stimulation has passed off there is a distinct depressant action. Finally the vagus nerve is paralyzed and the heart runs away. The whole circulation is thus disturbed and nutrition is greatly altered. Dr. Broadbent agrees with his colleague, but says that the worst mischief is done before the age of sixteen.

Both of these very distinguished investigators, it will be noted, deal entirely with the effect of tobacco upon children, and both of them confine their remarks very largely to mild expressions of opinion. In brief, they adduce no evidence whatever that smoking is injurious to adults.

That tobacco engenders a taste or craving for alcohol is a prehistoric fallacy preserved for us, in fossil form, by the Sunday-school tracts and physiology books. Against it lies the fact that no one has ever produced an iota of evidence that smoking and drinking have any relationship whatever. Indeed, it is a common observation that devotees of the weed are often teetotalers, and that dipsomaniacs not infrequently avoid tobacco altogether. It may be alleged with some reason that drinking now and then leads to smoking if we base the charge upon the honorable American custom of calling for a cigar when one's capacity for liquids has been reached, but the opposite transition is something that occurs only in the pages of moral romance.

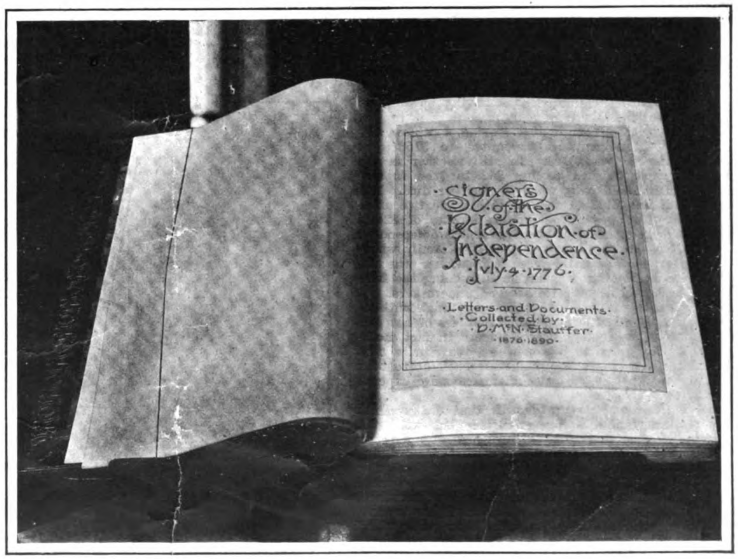
I need hardly say that tobacco does not deal kindly with *everybody*. But in this respect it is no worse than food. Some of the human responses to nicotine may be compared by analogy to certain kinds of food. Go to your family doctor and ask him if he has not at times been called upon to treat cases of tomato poisoning, fish toxemia, crab, oyster, berry, and—yea—egg and bread poisoning. Why, only the other day I was called upon by a brother physician to determine definitely with him just why one of his patients became nervous, nauseated, dizzy, and almost convulsively sick each time eggs were present in his dietary. It soon became apparent to us that his was a case of egg-albumen susceptibility—not by any means so unusual that a special medical meeting needed to be summoned to discuss the trouble. This man simply cannot absorb eggs into his system. His body cells and tissue juices are incapable of amalgamating the white of egg with their serum and lymph. In a word, eggs are to him what hemlock, snake venom, or, for that matter, tobacco is to some people.

This hypersusceptibility to articles of diet, disease toxins, drugs, and weeds, such as tobacco, sumac, and poison ivy, has been correctly named an "idiosyncrasy." The solution in treating persons with such idiosyncrasies is to advise them to avoid the eggs, berries, crabs, tobacco, or even bread that disagrees with them. A cure that is based upon establishing an increasing immunity to the bread, egg white, nicotine, or snake venom, is at times successful, but unnecessary.



In Council June 13. 1780.

The supplies of cloathing and of other necessaries are chiefly procured for the Officers of the Virginia troops having been very far short of what an act of the Legislature had authorised them to call for, and it being evident to the Executive from a view of the supplies on hand provided by the Board instituted for that purpose, and of the means now in their hands for making future provision, that there is no prospect that those allowances can be procured, They leave to bring the subject under the consideration of the Legislature whether on a revision of the allowance, it may or may not be found greater than is necessary, is a question for them alone to decide. The difference however between that allowance and that is actually received by the Officers has produced a claim for compensation which is the subject of [illegible] the within Letter and requires Legislative explanation. These deficiencies have been the causes of very great sufferings to the Officers, of much discontent, and have produced the most distressing applications to the Executive. They have been more severely felt by the gentlemen serving within the state than by those engaged in more active scenes of duty. The latter having



A RARE SOUVENIR OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE

SIGNATURES OF ALL THE MEN WHO SIGNED THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AND ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS IN THEIR HANDWRITING ARE GATHERED IN THIS VOLUME, RECENTLY PRESENTED TO THE NATION BY J. PIERPONT MORGAN. ON THE LEFT IS THE FIRST PAGE OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY THOMAS JEFFERSON. ON THE RIGHT IS A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE TITLE-PAGE. THE VOLUME WILL BE KEPT IN THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

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THE HIGH COST OF DYING

How the Expensive Funeral Eats up the Insurance Policy

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ONE-HALF the world has no idea how the other half dies. Those who have never seen death in the tenements can have only a faint conception of the grim calamity that follows this constant visitor. For all the great incidents of life are exploited in the slums by a greedy host that preys on them: birth, marriage, accidents, sickness, and death.

It is time to lay aside prejudice and deal frankly and sympathetically with this great and ever more pressing problem of what it costs the poor to die. Distressing? Yes, but that is the very reason why it should be aired. Here is a subject that has too long been kept in darkness. And darkness makes it only the more burdensome and iniquitous.

To all, rich and poor alike, comes the tragedy of bereavement. But to the poor the loss of the wage-earner gives an added sting even to death itself. Nor is that all. Death not only bereaves the living and thrusts them downward in the struggle for existence by cutting off one who contributed to the family support; it mortgages the living, already struggling under too heavy burdens.

Much has been written about the increased cost of living, but no one has known or, if he has known, has dared to speak of the increased cost of dying and what it means. The undertaker—he now wants to call himself a "mortician"—finds that he must raise his prices to live. The unscrupulous do not wait even for that excuse. And the worst of it is that there is going on a change of standards by which even the very poor now habitually demand and have quite as elaborate funerals as the well-to-do, often more so. The tragedy of it all is a story that has long been crying to be told.

What the changes wrought by death entail on the living who remain has often been guessed at, but has never been really known until very recently. Some time ago the New York School of Philanthropy caused an investigation to be made through its Bureau of Social Research, and this unpublished report on the cost of burial among the poor of New York City has since been supplemented and partially revised. In Illinois the Rev. Quincy L. Dowd has for years been engaged in studying this question and has prepared a monograph which will shortly be published by the Chicago University Press. Both of these studies have been utilized and some idea of what they contain has been given by Professor Graham Taylor in *The Survey*, a magazine of social, civic, and philanthropic advance, published in New York. The large industrial insurance companies are also stirring themselves to action. Settlement-workers, charity organization societies, ministers, workers of all kinds among the poor to-day are beginning to grapple with the problem quietly. Here is a brand-new and highly important issue. It must be met. If the new social science and the new profession of social work are worth anything at all, they must solve this question of the high cost of dying sooner or later.

Take a few cases. A head of a family died after several years of debilitating illness. He left $250 insurance, of which the funeral expenses ate up $135. After his death the combined earnings of the two eldest children were not quite $25 a week, and there were three dependent on them. Within three years three others of the family of six died. The funeral bills were $196, $130, and $132. To-day the mother is earning a precarious living by washing and supporting two other children after having spent $600 in funeral expenses in four years.

In another case a man died leaving a widow and one child. The insurance amounted to $158; the undertaker's bill was $148. In still another family they had just finished paying $52 for the funeral of a six-months-old baby when the mother died. The funeral bill was $197.50 and the father and two other children had to pay it out of an income of $24 a week, besides supporting themselves and two dependent children. A shocking case was that of a family which in ten years lost seven children. No sooner was one bill paid than another was incurred, keeping the family constantly in debt to doctors and undertakers.

One cannot go among the poor very much without hearing more or less circumstantial stories of how the unscrupulous undertaker fleeces them. In fact, nothing less than ghoulish are some of the stories that are related to show how pressure is brought to bear on distracted people to cause them excessive expense in burying their dead.

A dying husband begged his wife that she give him only a plain funeral. She promised; but when the undertaker came the relatives were present. As soon as she said she wanted only a modest funeral the undertaker sneered, "Is that all you thought of your husband to bury him like that?" She was shamed into spending not only more than she had promised, but more than the insurance he had asked her to save.

"This is the last thing you can do for your wife," one undertaker urged a poor porter, "and you don't want to be haunted by the thought that you were mean." Then the crafty tradesman in death pointed to the children and cruelly wrung the man's heart by adding, "If you don't do the right thing by their mother they will curse you to their dying day." It is hardly necessary to say that this distracted man demonstrated his love for the dear wife and mother by having a funeral which condemned the children to actual hunger and want.

Another undertaker refused to go to Bellevue for the body of a child until the mother gave him a golden crucifix, an heirloom, as security. Such cases could be multiplied if it were of any use. Mr. Barrows remarks that this is not the usual thing. But it is so common among the very poor as to be almost



The undertaker rushes to the stricken house

proverbial. That is not to say that all undertakers, or even a majority of them, are rogues. They are precisely like every other body of men—some honest, some unscrupulous, charging "all that the traffic will bear."

One trouble is that the undertaker cannot extend his business like other business men. People are not going to die simply because he offers exceptional opportunities for funerals. There are only a fixed number of deaths, anyhow. In fact, all he can do is to advertise and attract business from other undertakers. But advertising is forbidden by the code of ethics of the leading undertakers' association.

Thus it comes about that the competition among undertakers is keen. The first act after a death occurs is to call in the undertaker unless, as often happens, he appears before he is called in. These mysterious appearances of the undertaker within a few minutes after a death—like that of a vulture scenting a corpse—have often been a cause for comment. Of course such highly unprofessional acts are frowned on by the better class of undertakers, just as the practices of the "shyster" lawyer are frowned on by the honest practitioners. "Shyster" undertakers arrange with the policeman on the beat, or with people living in a tenement, or sometimes with an insurance agent, or even with a doctor, to pay a commission for such information as leads to a "case." At the first hint that the victim is dead at last, the undertaker races to the stricken home, trusting to luck and the adage "first come, first served."

"I was called to a certain family," says a settlement-worker, "upon the death of the father about three o'clock one morning in the autumn. They had notified me promptly after the man's death, and it could not have been more than a few minutes after his demise that I reached the house. At the doorway I encountered a policeman. 'Anybody dead?' he asked. 'Yes,' I replied. 'Who is it?' he inquired. I gave him the name, and he asked on which floor the deceased had lived. I told him, and he went away. I had not been in the house more than five minutes before an undertaker came. I asked him who called him in, but he evaded the question. The people explicitly told me they had not called him."

Once having been accepted, the vulture undertaker has the family at his mercy. For instance, in one case a chattel mortgage on all the household furniture was demanded. The family refused indignantly. But when they approached a second undertaker they found he would not take the case because the code of ethics forbade him. They either had to take the original undertaker on his own terms or submit to having a pauper burial.

It is not all the fault of the undertaker, however. There is often another side to the story. In fact, it is not right to indict the whole undertaking profession—and they insist that it is a profession—for the sins of a few. Often it is the undertaker who acts as a check against the extravagances of the poor, who must violently oppose the family which wants an expensive funeral. Such was the case of a woman who wanted a $265 funeral for her husband. She had $220 insurance and promised to pay the balance at the rate of fifty cents a week out of her scant earnings. The undertaker refused her offer and advised a $75 funeral. She left indignantly, but later came back, and after it was all over she was very grateful. In another case a family had become dependent on charity because of tuberculosis. On the death of the father they decided on a $130 funeral, although there was no one to pay except the widow and two young girls, none of whom had ever earned six dollars a week. In still another case, where a man developed delirium tremens, the insurance was kept up for years at a real sacrifice in order that he might have a $400 funeral, and, besides the insurance to cover it, the



"Is that all you thought of your husband, to bury him like that?"

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widow had to make up $30 of the total sum in small instalments out of her own earnings.

The fact is that it is a very difficult and delicate matter to urge simple funerals on the poor, and the family always ranges itself on the side of the highest prices. Insurance, strangely enough, is often an incentive to expense. It seems like easy money and, indeed, is often kept up solely for the purpose of providing an elaborate burial. In many cases the funeral is a great social occasion, the only excuse for a day off with the family, an entertainment carried out with lavishness and ostentation, a mark of the prosperity and popularity of the family of the deceased. If the funeral were cheap they would lose caste. Some people will go to any extent for a good funeral with a long file of carriages, banners, flowers, and often a band. The family will work for years without a murmur to pay the bills.

Another thing which adds terribly to the cost of dying is the large number of burial customs of the various races and religions. There is a wide difference among Catholics, Protestants, and Jews, and again among many nationalities composing these three great religious divisions. These customs are most marked in the newly arrived immigrants, though the differences fade later and the tendency is more and more to standardize funerals.

For example, investigation has shown that the typical Italian funeral is the most ornate of all as well as the most expensive. The average expense for adults in the cases studied was $138.50. From two to four days the house is draped in mourning, candles are left burning, and a watch kept over the body. The service in the home is the Catholic rites for the dead. But one of the most important features is the procession, and this costs much. A band is customary, and many carriages are requisitioned. The affair is carried off with great pomp; often, if the distance to the ferry or bridge is not great enough, a circuit is made of a block or two. An almost invariable feature is the carriage filled with flowers, and nearly always there is some Italian society marching in its full regalia. Such societies are universal; they take an important part in burials, and their existence alone makes such display possible.

Next to the Italian funerals in point of expense come the Irish, at an average cost of $124.52 for the cases investigated. The wake is a most expensive feature, the refreshments often being on a lavish scale and including liquor and cigars. In one case there were a box of cigars and a case of beer; but in another, where the crowd was large, several kegs were ordered. Of $119 in one case only $2.50 was charged to such expenses; in another of $138, $7. Usually the cost ran from two to twenty dollars. Large processions are also a feature of these funerals, but they are not spectacular. There is no band, no regalia, and no marching society, and there is little difference in the religious rites.

Jewish funerals show a wide difference worthy of serious study. As the body is only an earthly remainder, it is not regarded as a sacred thing. The belief is that corruption atones for the sins in life, and as, under the old Mosaic law, the body must be removed within one day, there is, therefore, in the strict orthodox classes no cost for embalming. The body is not viewed, and hence there is no cost for clothing except for a winding-sheet. Moreover, the plainest wooden coffins are often used without any outside box; indeed, in some cases the bottom of the box is broken in to hasten the work of the forces of Nature after burial.

Yet the funerals are conducted with marked dignity and a sincerity which is very impressive. The real services come about a week after burial and are rather of the nature of a memorial. Thus, among the orthodox, excessive costs are almost unknown. However, there is a growing tendency to conform to the so-called "standard" Protestant funeral, as many of the Jews lose their faith, and among thoroughly Americanized Hebrews there is considerable ostentation. There are, on the other hand, no pauper burials, for the synagogue always provides the funeral, and extra charges, if any, are borne by the relatives.

As usual, when one considers such a question as this, the trail leads back, sooner or later, to a "trust," or at least what is called a trust. In this case there is what is commonly known as the "coffin trust"—a company that makes caskets. What effect has this combination in restraint of funerals on the high cost of dying? Most authorities will tell you that there is no such thing as a "coffin trust," and its very existence is denied strongly by the undertakers' trade journals, one of which bears the euphemistic name of *The Sunnyside*.

In the last census report there were found 239 manufacturers of caskets in the United States. This does not look as if the sources of supply were restricted. But the greater part of them were small, experimental companies. Of the leading makers east of the Mississippi the great majority are consolidated into one dominating concern, which exerts a nation-wide influence in caskets and in the general regulation and selection of supplies.

Is it a trust? It would be pretty hard to say so legally, it would seem. Five years ago a Western funeral association asked Congress to investigate, and in 1908 the Interstate Commerce Commission considered the question, but no action was taken. A bitter war over the question has raged in the trade journals. Many undertakers declare that there is a trust; others as strongly deny this. Mr. H. A. Butler, editor of *Sunnyside*, asserts that the facts and figures show that the company indicated is not a combination in restraint of trade.

Caskets are costing more every year. Some one said recently that it was rapidly becoming costlier to die than to live. The combination referred to takes care to enforce that part of the undertakers' code of ethics which prevents competition and the lowering of the price of caskets, and advocates increased cost of funerals. This is generally admitted. More than that, it refuses to deal at all with those who cut rates or advertise. It has organized state and local associations, and these have a subtle and specious influence in favor of the "trust."

The extent of the exploitation in coffins and caskets was disclosed in the "undertakers' war" in Chicago some time ago, when a Western casket company advertised its sale for $15 of a casket for which from $35 to $50 was charged elsewhere; $20 for what others sold for $50 to $60; $25 for the same article offered at $75 to $100; $200 for what others asked from $500 to $700. These figures were followed by the claim, "We will save the people of Chicago $3,000,000 a year which will be invested in necessary articles for the living." It is also worth noting that the six leading "$75 funeral companies" on the Atlantic coast are all refused the advantages of the alleged "trust," and are thus compelled to deal with the other outside companies.

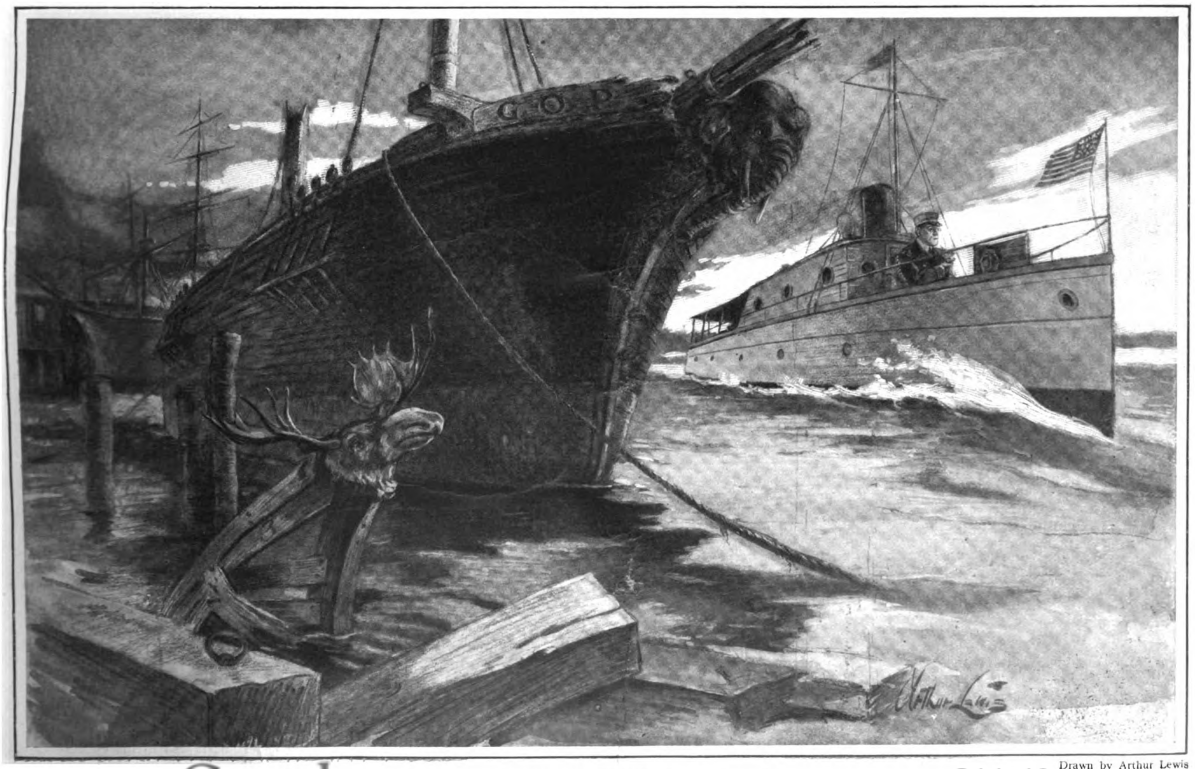
The tremendous profit in the business can be judged when it is known that the manufacturer often makes twenty per cent., always from twelve to fifteen. The undertaker, in addition to the huge profit, makes from two hundred to three hundred per cent. on the accessories. For candles and drapery he gets two or three dollars for a few days; the original cost is from ten to twenty dollars, and they are used many times over.

In defense the undertakers say that the charges really cover services which are not itemized. If that were the case, then the remedy ought to be applied of charging for separate items separately and not concealing the real charges. As it is, one cannot escape the conclusion that what is actually charged is, as has been said, "all the traffic will bear."

What are the remedies? They range all the way from public funerals provided by the State, as advocated by many who have studied the subject, to reform in the whole business of privately conducted funerals. For the present at least the idea of state funerals may be set down as an issue for the future. To-day the question is of controlling the abuses under private management.

Some five or six years ago the question was answered in Baltimore by an undertaker who announced that he was ready to furnish a regular standard $75 funeral. Threats of organized attack were made on his business, but he replied that he could do it for $65 without loss, then $55 and $50 and even $48, with a $2 profit, by omitting certain things and doing a large enough business. This was a first step in lifting a grievous burden from the poor, and it is hard to maintain in the face of the success of the so-called "standard funerals" that nothing can be done.

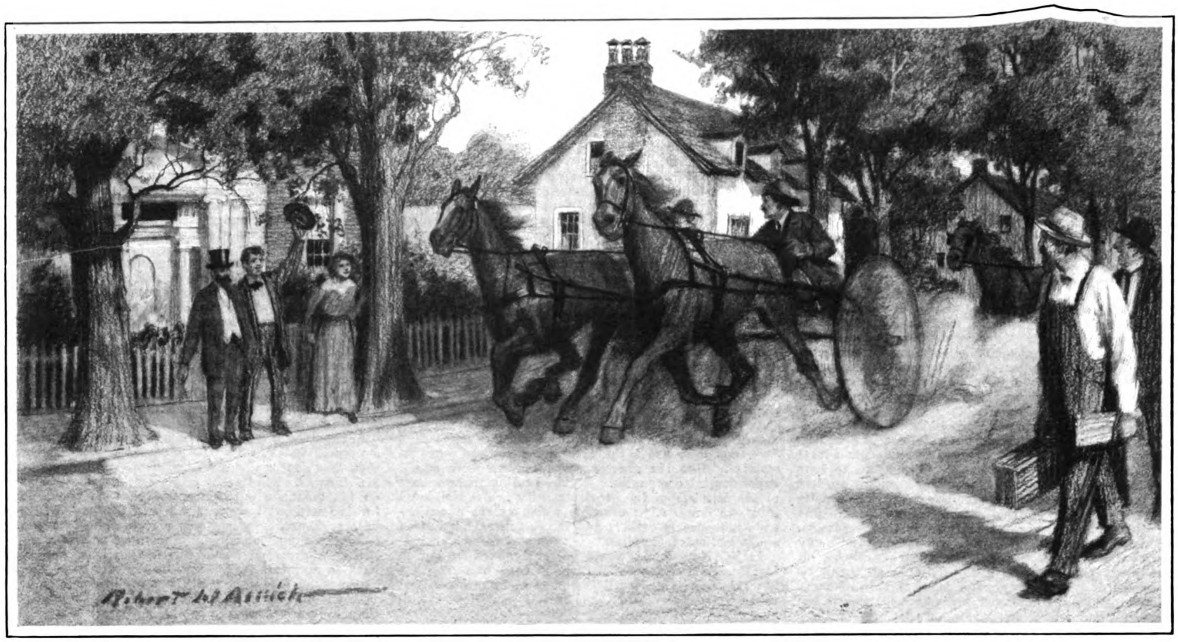
From Baltimore the idea spread to Philadelphia, though in the former city the movement reached its highest development. As the profit was somewhere in the neighborhood of $20, the undertaker must get plenty of business and hence he began to advertise, thus breaking with another tradition. During the next year another firm followed suit and then a third, until they had about one-half the patronage of the city. Pressure was brought to bear on the iconoclasts, but their reply was one of the most striking advertising campaigns on record. Huge pictures of coffins were displayed on bill-boards; pictures of the undertakers were shown in street-car advertising. The result was that one firm got 682 funerals, while the largest of the old-style competitors had but 324. The public caught the idea and backed the reformers instantly. To-day there are such firms also in Newark, Union Hill, New Jersey, and New York, though the latter have different conditions to meet owing to the distance of the cemeteries, carriage hire, and higher cost of living. Nevertheless, those who have studied the subject closely have prepared detailed figures showing that the thing can be done on a large scale in New York and three classes of funerals offered at a profit: one for from $30 to $59, the second for from $50 to $79, and a third for from $75 to $104. For children it can be done at $20, $35, and $50, respectively, in the same classes. The third is such as to satisfy any one except those who want really unnecessary display.



Drawn by Arthur Lewis

THE DERELICT

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GILMORE'S MARE

BY WILLIAM COOPER HOWELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. AMICK

IN the early eighteen eighties horse-racing was as popular a sport as baseball is nowadays. Men of comfortable means had horses, and those who could not afford them spent a great part of their time talking of the merits or performances of this horse, or discussing what they might hope from that one. Farmers, even, retired from actual farming and built great stables on their farms, which from that time forth would begin to run down. Business men, and lawyers and doctors who lived in town, would take up fast horses, and as their enthusiasm gained headway one would notice their business gradually falling into neglect and ruin.

The main street of the village, broad, smooth, and shady, had become a speedway, where every summer afternoon, and until dusk and even after dark, horses raced back and forth for a mile or so; they raced in friendly matches, or were driven alone for exercise. Once a week, or once every two weeks, there would be racing matinées, and every year at the county fair the races drew most people's attention. It was before professionals had taken the sport so much to themselves, and the interest was of an intimately personal sort, but none the less intense because it was neighborly.

It was at such a time that young Gilmore came to Northfield. He had had some training as a veterinary, and, as it was in the days when this science was new, he succeeded at once. The villagers found him a likable young fellow. At first he seemed rough and boisterous, but later they looked on him as only frank and boyish. He professed to be independent in his roughness, but would go miles into the country in any weather to help a farmer who sent for him, and he loved horses; at least he understood them, although he was as rough and impetuously harsh toward them as he was toward his fellow-men. He did so well that he soon laid away a great deal of money, for that time and the community. Perhaps it was the realization of this fact—that he was almost independent, or not so dependent on his daily earnings as he was accustomed to being—or perhaps it was constant association with men who subordinated horses to business, or constant association with horses, that started him in horse-racing. He began buying and trading and training horses, and then trading them again, each time getting a better horse, until, finally, as he had been known for owning the best hunting dogs and the best guns, he now was known to have the best trotters in the country; in fact, "Goldleaf," as she was called, came to be known to several breeders from the larger cities, and they made Gilmore offers of large sums of money for his horse; they were all rejected.

It was the day before the county fair that the last of these came to him; he offered twice what any of the others had offered. It would have made Gilmore independent in a modest way for many years, but Gilmore had been drinking a little; he had come to take great pride in the consciousness that his horse was "not for sale," and he bluntly and bluffly refused.

"Nope, she's not for sale," he said. He had come to like the phrase, because the village had come to discuss this phrase as his customary reply. He was really a little sorry that he had refused the offer after the man had gone, but he consoled himself by thinking that this would make more talk among his neighbors, and would increase their wonder at him for his devotion to his trotters and to horse-racing, when the sentiment represented so much to him in a material way.

"Doc Gilmore refused five thousand dollars for his mare to-day," he imagined their saying, and he imagined a reply:

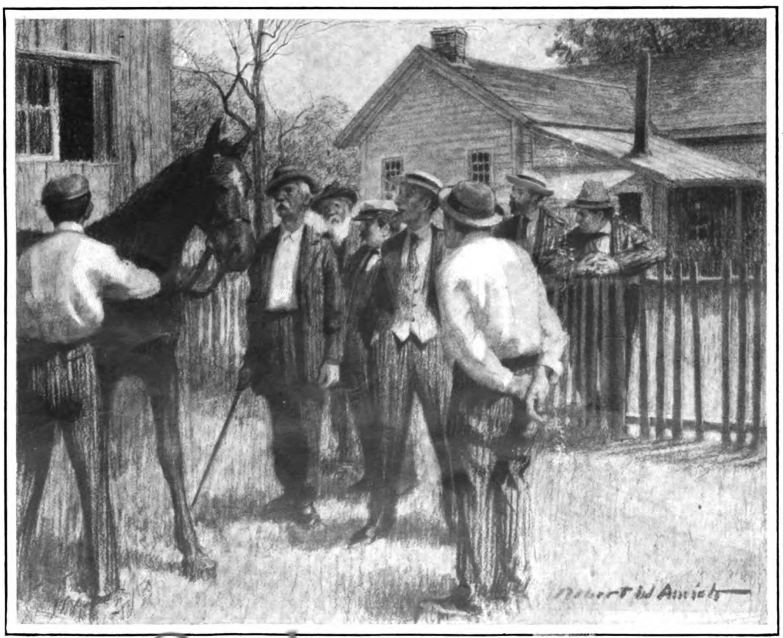
"Isn't it funny how he keeps turning down such big offers!" Or they might say: "He surely has nerve, after what has happened to every one else who has held a horse too long. He ought to sell—that is the only thing for him to do." And Gilmore was proud to be considered more daring than the rest.

The next day, with groups of farmers and villagers standing near, pretending to wonder at the excellence of the mare, or pretending that they were not wondering, and attempting with a show of critical knowledge to analyze and discuss the mare's various "points," Gilmore harnessed her into the sulky, and, after looking over the straps and buckles with more care than was necessary, he jumped into his seat, and, scattering the open-eyed farmer boys and old men on canes, was off toward the track; his race had been announced, and as he was tearing away he heard some one say:

"And he slept in the stall with her last night, too." It pleased him that they knew this and had remarked it.

After the several false starts he heard the starter shout "Go," and he caught a glimpse of a grand-stand full of people, all excitedly on their feet, and then he easily took the pole and the lead which he held all the way around the track. Coming down the home-stretch he saw men scurrying to the edge of the track, and the people in the grand-stand were on their feet waving, and he heard their shouts. He was admiring the way his mare seemed to flatten out, it seemed, to half her height, and her long, easy strides; every muscle and every line of her body told him that she was doing her best.

It was then that he caught sight of the crowd in the grand-stand that seemed to be watching him and shouting to him, and he was pleased that he seemed the center of so much interest, and pleased because he would win the heat; but it was in his exultation that he let the whip that he had in his hand, and that he had not yet used, fall on her back. The mare increased her speed a little, and then, with a shout, Gilmore



Attempting to analyze and discuss the mare's various "points"

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wildly raised the whip high above his head and brought it down again on her back with a snap, the lash falling well upon her neck. He had the same feeling of exultation and pride as he did this, but that feeling changed to shame when the mare broke hopelessly, and, within fifty feet of the wire, fell behind. It flashed through his brain then that perhaps the mare would never be any good again, and this feeling of shame and fear he hid in defiance and anger, and as he drove to the barns he laid lash after lash on the mare's back in his rage.

Unharnessing her, he led her into her box-stall, and there, dropping the air of bravado he had put on before the men who, a few moments before, had marveled at him, he nervously rubbed and petted the mare, trying to assure himself that he was quieting her. But when he drove on the track for the next heat the mare refused to start; then he whipped her again, and finally climbed down from his seat and led her back to the barn. He knew that he had ruined her.

That night he shut himself up in his house instead of seeking the horsemen at the fair grounds or at the hotel downtown, and gossiping with them. He avoided the races the rest of the week, and dreaded to see any one that he knew and hear him say to him: "Too bad, John, that you whipped the mare. I'm afraid that she won't be much good any more."

He also regretted what they would say because he had refused so much money for his mare. He thought of saying that some one had drugged his horse, or of saying that he was nervous, or that the horse was nervous, but days and then weeks passed, and he said none of these things. He heard, however, that others were saying that he was "no good with horses any more." Maybe it was because they were saying this that he imagined his business was falling off. Or maybe it was because he had been neglecting his business, and because the thing—pride and interest in his mare—that had made him neglect it was now gone, that he imagined that he was actually in disgrace and that his business was falling away.

He drank heavily and more heavily as the time went on and as he lost hope. Where before he had been only rough and noisy, he became ugly. Men with whom he used to mingle shunned him; and those who used to laugh at him for his uncouthness quarreled with him, and then openly told him that they wanted nothing more to do with him. His wife left him after a year and took their boy with her; his dogs ran wild on the streets, snapping and barking at the villagers. One day, one of them bit a little girl, and the mayor ordered the dog shot. But when the constable came Gilmore barricaded himself in his house and threatened to kill any one coming near. Later, they caught him with the dog in his arms, trying to sneak through the back lot, and took the dog from him and shot it while he was incoherently protesting.

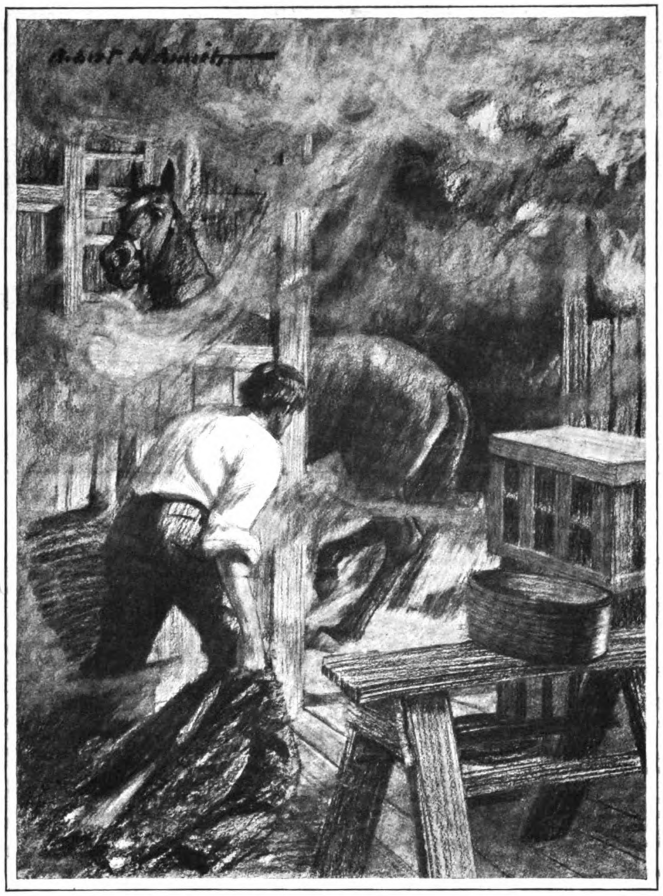
He seldom appeared about town in daylight, and, when he did, it was to slink through the streets to the livery stable, where he would sit with drooping jaw and watery eyes and listen to the talk without speaking. The home that he had bought, like his life, crumbled away. Shingles fell from the roof and were not replaced, and windows were broken and never mended. The planks of the sidewalk loosened and rotted away and the floor of the porch fell in; it, too, had rotted. In the yard, that had once been a well-trimmed lawn, grass grew high and rank, and weeds flourished wildly and almost obscured the smooth, graveled driveway. All his horses, save the mare "Goldleaf," were sold; no one would buy her because of the bad name that she had. Gilmore had his lucid moments, too, more and more rarely, when he said that he was going to brace up and start practising again, and he clung to this idea and to the mare to help out the idea. Then he would find himself in drink again and deeper than ever.

It was whispered about that he "used dope." Others said that he was going mad. At one time nothing was seen of him for days, and officers pried open the barn-door to see if the horse had food; they found both hay and water, and that night they saw a light in Gilmore's house, where he lived alone, and knew that he was still alive. His money could not hold out much longer, they said, and it was only a question of time until he would have to be taken care of; this meant, of course, that he would have to be sent to the infirmary or workhouse or to an asylum.

He was seen one morning, when it was hardly light, coming from the creek, wearily carrying a basket full of stones that he had picked up. He disappeared with them into his barn, where he had a little smithy, which he had used during the time when he had been successful with his horses. That night a late passer-by saw smoke and sparks rising from the chimney; thinking the barn was afire, he ran back, and, peeping through the crack in the door, saw Gilmore heating the stones, and then pounding them to bits on the anvil. The neighbor watched him as he picked up the shiny bits and placed them in a box. His eye was wild and his hand shook as he worked.

"Diamonds!" he muttered, and then he would exclaim: "Ah, a dandy, a fine big one!" and by the light of the forge he would examine the piece of rock and then put it carefully aside.

One night shortly after this, Gilmore was more in morphine and whiskey than usual. The barn caught



Fumbling with his coat, he stumbled toward the stall

fire from the forge. Gilmore stood at his anvil and watched the blaze spread slowly; he saw his mare, her eyes wild, peep at him over the side of her stall, and as the blaze lighted up the barn more brilliantly he saw that she was trembling with fear and he heard her snorting. He thought that he would lead her out; there would be no trouble now, he told himself, vaguely, and then it flashed through his head:

"No, she has been the cause of all my trouble. Let her burn, and then when she is gone and I am free from that curse I'll start in again. My wife, too, she always wanted me to get rid of my horses, and—"

He stumbled to the door and out into the night air and sat down, scarcely knowing what he was doing. A few feet from the barn he watched the flames creep along the wisps of hay that lay on the floor, and work their way up the wall toward the hay-mow. The room where he had been working filled with smoke, but now and then a little flame burst out, and by its light he saw the mare still watching him over the side of the stall, her nostrils dilated and her eyes red and wild. Once he heard her snort, and then more smoke filled the room, and it was for the moment dark.

"And I'll write my wife to-night—as soon as this fire is over—and tell her that I have sold the horse; no, I'll tell her it was sick and died; still, I don't know where my wife is. Yes, I'll write her and she will come back to me, and I will work up my practice again. It will be a good way to get rid of the horse."

And Gilmore dozed again and roused himself; he was cold and shivering. It was raining—a cold rain. His hands shook with cold and with the effect of the opium that was wearing off; his head whirled and his mouth was thick and pasty with the feeling that follows the use of morphine. He was very miserable. He glanced at his house and for a moment thought he saw his son standing at the back door, and then he thought his son saw him, and cried out in terror and ran away. Then he thought his wife called to him, and when he got up to catch her in his arms a big black horse, with his hind-legs burned away, stepped in between them. And then in an instant he went back over all those long years of squalid wretchedness that he had lived alone, and he saw himself pointed at in the street, and a boy threw a stone at him; he saw it coming and tried to dodge, but could not move his head. His own little boy then seemed to have thrown at him, and the stone whirled shriekingly through the air; then he awoke, and it dawned on him that the shriek that he had heard was that of his mare. The shriek of a horse in pain is a terrible thing; Gilmore had heard it many years ago, and the terrible impression it made on him lasted for days.

"Why, my barn is on fire!" He jumped up, but fell to the ground again. His legs, benumbed, refused to support him.

"Good God! And all my horses are in there! I must get Goldleaf out. I must, I must, I must," he kept muttering, as he crawled on his hands and knees toward the barn, which now was all aflame inside, roaring and crackling. He paused and shivered. The cold wind cut him like a knife and the rain tortured him.

"In a moment the flames will reach the hay-mow and it will be too late. Her cry must have awakened me. How did I come to fall asleep? And where is my wife and the boy? Of course they are not in there. Still they might be." And, with a mighty effort, he gained his feet, having crawled to the door of the blazing barn. It seemed warm and comfortable within the barn; he wondered again how he came to fall asleep in the cold rain, and why he had not thought sooner of going to the fire to get warm. It was so comfortable to him, in his chilled, weakened condition, that he was, for an instant, minded to sit down and warm himself, but again he heard the cry of his mare.

"Yes, I must hurry and get her out," he thought. "Then I will come back and get warm." He reached for a blanket; his hands found the place where he always had kept his blankets, but the rack was empty; he wondered how it came that he had forgotten to put the blankets away. Then, fumbling with his coat, to take it off, he stumbled toward the stall and untied the mare; his hand struck the side of the stall when he threw the coat over her head, but he did not mind the pain, and he led the mare toward the open doors. They were ten feet from the door when the coat fell from his numbed hands. At the sight of the flame the mare wheeled, knocking Gilmore to the floor.

Dizzy, he seemed to be on a heavy sea in a small boat that rocked and rocked; the motion became jerkier and jerkier, and then he was seated in his high-wheeled sulky; it was the big race that every one always looked forward to. That night he seemed to have had a dream; he dreamed that he had whipped his mare as she was crossing the line, and that she had been worthless ever since, and that he had been ruined.

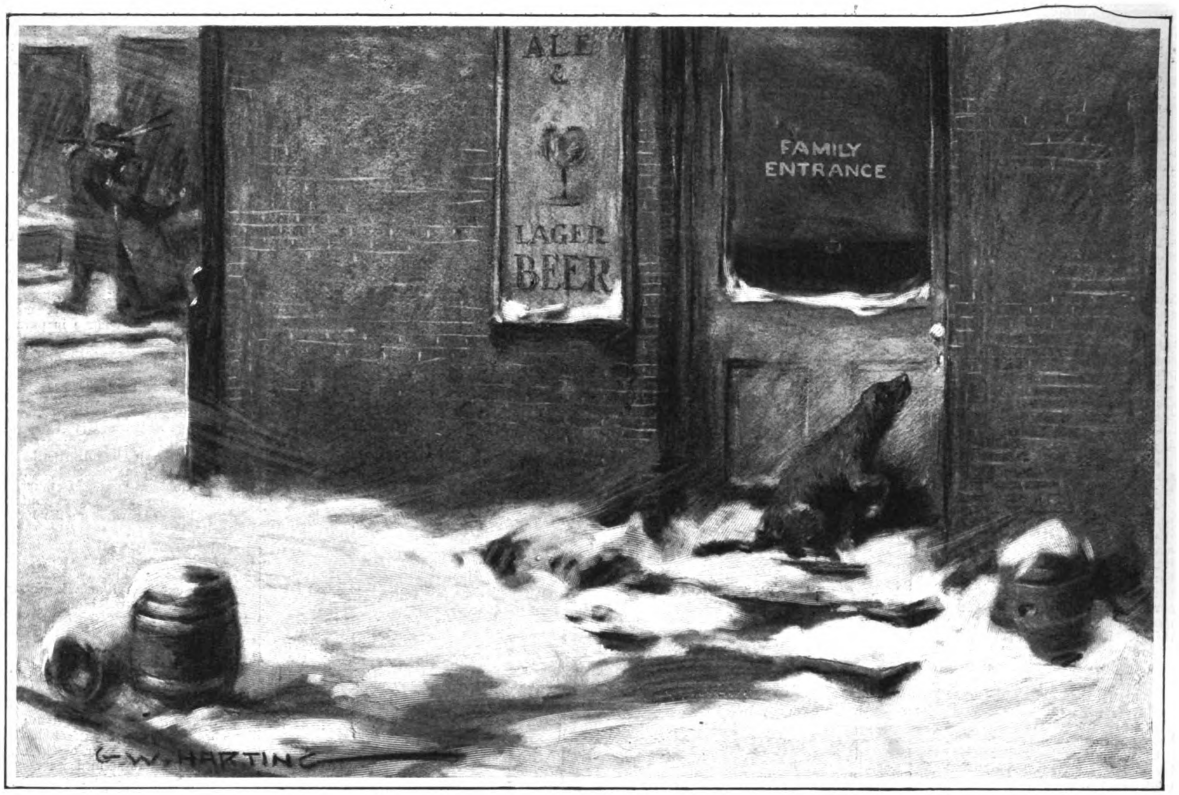
"What an ugly dream!" he thought. "Of course, I will not whip her." Then he felt the mare settle down into a steady trot, and he watched her strain every muscle. Yes, he would win the race; the mare had a good lead. He saw the whip raised in his hand; and, as he came under the wire, he waved the whip to his wife in the grand-stand. Then he felt himself being lifted down from the sulky and heard men shout their praise to him.

Yes, it had been a dream; the mare did not break.

Gilmore was very happy; he was warm and drowsy; he opened his eyes, saw the mare standing beside him; he reached out to touch her and pat her, to quiet her for the next heat, and then everything began to grow black, and he took pleasure in falling into sleep so quietly and comfortably.

Neighbors running up came just in time to see the mare, her feet braced back, standing almost in the doorway; they saw Gilmore struggle feebly to rise, and then, with a crash, the roof fell in on both and sent a shower of sparks flying upward.

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A DUMB WAITER



Interludes

FOR DIFFICULT MOMENTS

(A Compendium of Conversation Under Embarrassing Conditions.)

FOREWORD: These little conversations are designed to help unfortunates who find themselves at a loss for words at times when a ready command of fluent speech would save a difficult situation, and to relieve all, especially the party of the second part, from all embarrassment. They are not copyrighted, and have been prepared in a spirit of pure philanthropy by the author to help his fellow-men.

WILBERFORCE JENKINS, R.F.D.

(For a Bashful Young Man Who Has Inadvertently Stepped Upon a Lady's Train.)

SHE: You idiot, you have ruined my gown!

YOU: Ah, madam, I confess that I was not looking where I was going.

SHE: You should have a dog to lead you!

YOU: It might have helped, madam, but, alas, I doubt it. From my youth upward I have dreamed that the day might dawn when Helen of Troy, the most beautiful of women, for whom the Greeks and the Trojans waged sanguinary warfare, and performed such deeds of prowess that even Homer himself found therein inspiration for the most exalted poetry on the pages of literature, would pass before my vision, that I might at least feast my eyes upon her transcendent loveliness. Day after day, week after week, year after year—nay, madam, for whole decades have I wished for this glad boon, and now, to-day, here, and now, comes the realization of my fondest hopes, my dearest ambition, for you rose up like a vision of fairyland before my entranced eyes—the brow, noble, beautiful, alabaster white and utterly unfurrowed by care; the cheeks, delicately dimpled, wearing the tinted bloom of the rose; the eyes, lustrous as the heavens, sparkling as the seas, blue as the modest violet; the voice like tinkling chimes in some far-distant nook of loveliness and peace. It is she, quoth I, and my dazzled eyes, absorbed in a contemplation of this dower of beauty unsurpassed through all the ages, my wayward steps wandered whitherward they knew not, and have wrought this wrong to the most superbly fitting, delightfully *chic*, and becoming gown the genius of our sartorial artists has ever designed. Besides, madam, I am a suburbanite.

SHE: Oh, indeed, a suburbanite! Your suburbanity is self-evident, but what is that to me, and what has it to do with the fact that you have stepped on my train?"

YOU: Habit, madam, alas that it should be so—but habit, of which I fear I shall never be able to break myself. We suburbanites have to travel on any old train that comes along if we desire to get anywhere.

At this point the party of the second part should make a courteous salaam to the offended lady, and fade away with as much celerity as is possible under the circumstances.

NOT NEEDED

"I SEE," said Stimkins, "that the French Academy has just supervised the publication of an official dictionary of the monkey language."

"Too late, too late," moaned Slithers. "The campaign is over!"

WHATEVER WAS THE RULE

WITH Appomattox only a few days off, the Union and Confederate forces were daily drawing closer together, and cavalry squads of either side now and then picked up a few stragglers of the enemy. A group of Confederate troopers one afternoon captured a Yankee infantryman who wore a spick-and-span new uniform, with bright new buttons, all in their proper places, and carried a new, clean, shiny musket. After the custom of war in such cases, they started for camp with their prisoner and began to guy him gently by way of passing the time. To their great surprise he could hardly understand them or they him.

"Where'd you come from, Yank?" they asked.

"Vom Prwoossia," he answered, stolidly.

"How long you been in this country?"

"Zwie monat—maype drei monat."

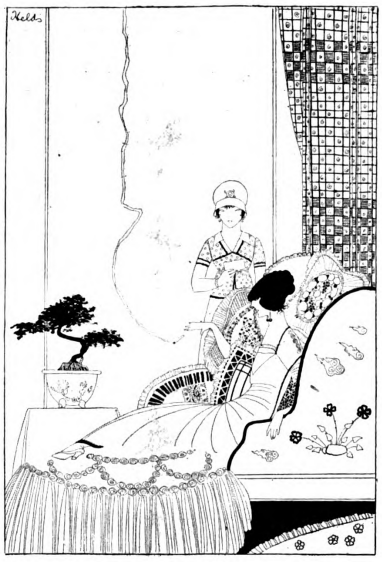
"And you came down here to fight us?"

"Yah—for boundy," said the prisoner, indifferently.

The Confederates decided to scare the Prussian and have a lot of fun.

"Look here," said their leader, "a Yankee soldier is all right, but a Dutch Yankee—bah! Say, do you know what we'll do with you, you d——d Dutch Yankee? We'll stand you up over a coffin at sunrise to-morrow and fill you full of lead!"

"Vell," said the German, with a placid shrug: "Vell, voteffer iss der rwule!"



ETHEL: WHY THROW AWAY THE CIGARETTE, DEAR?

NITA: THOSE STUPID CIGARETTE-MAKERS HAVE PUT MY MONOGRAM IN LAVENDER, AND I DISTINCTLY TOLD THEM LILAC.

AN INTERESTING STUDY

"WHERE is your daughter Harriet now, Mrs. Winkles? I haven't seen her all the winter," said Mrs. Wallops.

"Oh, she's joined the colony at Reno," said Mrs. Winkles.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Wallops. "Why, I didn't even know she was married."

"She isn't," replied Mrs. Winkles. "She's out there studying husbandry."

THE LOVE LYRICS OF PHYLLIS

WHEN STREPHON SMOKES

WHEN Strephon smokes I sit me idly by
And watch the clouds go curling to the sky
In purple masses and fantastic form
Sometimes like sloops of war before the storm;
Gay castles, too, with misty minarets
Go bounding forth from Strephon's cigarettes;
And now, again, in shapes the most absurd,
Like Carroll's Jabberwock or Dodo-Bird.

Sometimes great rings spring upward from his lips
And play at quoits about my finger-tips,
Then roll away into the land of dreams,
Or climb aloft upon pale Luna's beams
To greet the nostrils with their incense rare
Of that sweet lady in the moon up there,
Who gazes fondly at us from her place,
Majestic Empress of the Realm of Space.

And as the smoke increasingly comes forth
To float all w[illegible] east, west and south and north,
And Strep[illegible]ng sits [illegible] asks of me
The ques[illegible]
"Will I be [illegible] r
That it s[illegible] that question dread afar,
For thou[illegible] t Strephon I've no slightest grudge,
I'd wed a [illegible] and not a human smudge!

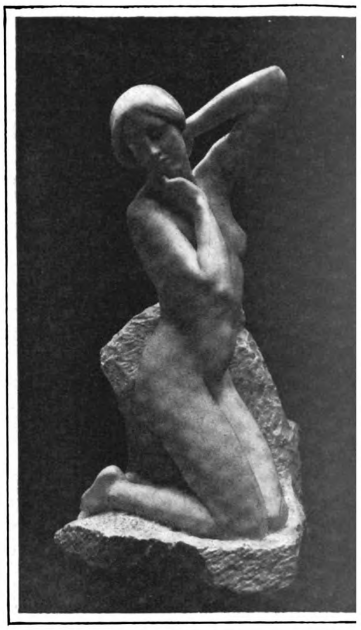
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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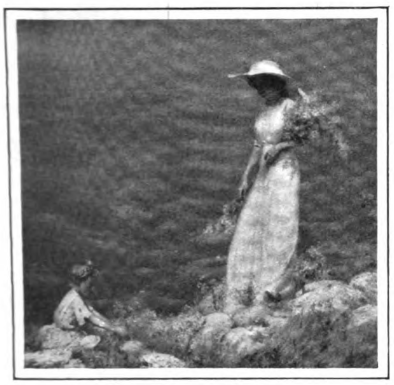
Some of the Notable Exhibits at the Winter Show of the National Academy of Design in New York City



"Portrait of Louisa"
BY MARY GREEN BLUMENSCHEIN



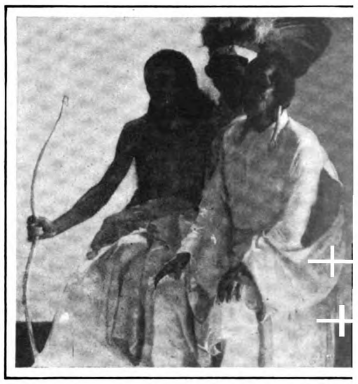
"Un' Anima"
BY ATTILIO PICCIRILLI



"Wild Asters on the Mountainside"
BY CHARLES C. CURRAN



"A Meadow Flower"
BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER



"Wise Man, Warrior, and Youth"
BY ERNEST L. BLUMENSCHEIN



"Storm Quiet"
BY PAUL DOUGHERTY



"Pauline, A Little Friend of Mine"
BY HELEN M. TURNER

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FATHER TIME: "HUMPH! THEY HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO REGARD FOR ME!"

Drawn by Angus Mac Donall



OLD-FUNNY-STORIES OF-The SOUTH-And-WEST

BY·CHARLES·JOHNSTON

Pictures By ALBERT·LEVERING

AS early as 1853 a witty observer had put on record some of the most amusing points in the dialects of the Western and Southwestern States. Texas, in those days, had a large admixture of Spanish words; Louisiana, of French; and Georgia and Alabama, of Indian. North Carolina was notorious for a peculiar flatness of pronunciation in such words as "crap" for "crop," "ca'rn" for "corn," "peert" for "pert," and so on. "I allow," meaning "I think," was accredited to Alabama as its place of origin, as was the quaint expression "done gone," "done done," implying "entirely gone or done." In Virginia, many of the lower class pronounced "th" as "d," saying "dat," "dar," "dis," for that, there, and this. The negro words, gathered, this authority tells us, particularly on 'coon hunts, became habitual, but at that time it was possible to write that "the Irish immigration had as yet produced no striking effect."

In effect, says this entertaining writer, there are two great and distinct classes in the United States—the Yankee and the Virginian: the former occupying the New England States, and thence spreading in almost every direction, claiming a great portion of the State of Ohio, and even a share of Indiana and Illinois, although in these two last-mentioned States the Southern peculiarities of speech are more common, the latter beginning at that imaginary division, Mason and Dixon's line, and thence running south and west.

The term "western" is somewhat indefinite, so that no State is compelled to bear the burden of that title. But here is a Western tale the location of which is very clearly defined. The editor of the Cincinnati *Nonpareil* recently had occasion, says the story, to pay a visit to Dayton in the cars. He says he noticed a gentleman and a lady seated in close juxtaposition, and, judging from their conduct, one could well imagine that they were devoted to each other. In front of the comfortable pair sat two worthy German gentlemen, editors of papers in that melodious tongue. When near Dayton, the train passed through a long, dark bridge. Amidst the thunder and rattle of the cars, a sound was heard in the neighborhood of the lady and gentleman alluded to which might be described as circumstantial evidence. As the train emerged into daylight one of the German editors slowly drew his spectacles down over his nose and exclaimed:

"Vell, I t'ink dat is a tam bad bridge. I hear him crack one, two, t'ree, four times!"

The lady drew down her veil, and for the rest of the journey the pair were mute and still.

Perhaps the name of Cincinnati suggests Presidential politics. If so, then the suggestion may countenance my quoting this little prose poem: A lad stood on a ladder tall, a-painting of a sign (a new, short sign), and "Auld Lang Syne" he whistled; the sun did shine. And time or sun moved snow on roof, unused to melting mood; it slid and peeped o'er eaves above, eaves-dropping where he stood. He, gazing down on a miss beneath, dreamed not mischance was near, but held his bucket in his hand, and brushed a silent T. R. He was a painter's 'prentice boy; I need not paint his name; he came from high descent, indeed; but now, 'tis all the same. But, ah, the snow too soon it fell, as if with fell design; he kicked the bucket—down he dropped—he died and made no sign.

Reader, can you divine my motive in quoting this? It is not, let me candidly confess, the belief that I have rescued from oblivion an early American lyric, the first, perchance, of a genre afterward brought to high perfection. Nor is it the skill in rhythm, the perfection of the rhymes, the touching tenderness of sentiment. Reader, let me confess; not these beguiled me, but the little phrase "a silent T. R." I took the liberty of changing the word "tear" to meet more modern conditions. It was a thought the contemplation of which I found it impossible to resist.

From Ohio, one easily passes to Indiana. Here is a rustic little tale of Hoosier courtship in the days of James Whitcomb Riley's grandfathers, which is not without its charm. It is, I believe, one of the first blossoms of the springtime of Hoosier literature, to grow, as we know, into a glorious summer.

The scene takes place in a log cabin boasting a single room, half of which is occupied by two beds, one containing "the old folks" and baby; the other, whose duty it is by day to stand beneath the shadow of its loftier mate, is laden with five younger members of the family.

In the foreground are Ezekiel and Sarah, between whom the following dialogue takes place:

EZEKIEL *(in a whisper)*. I swow teu gosh, Sary, I luv ye!

SARY *(in a high key)*. Good, Zeke. I'm glad on't!

ZEKE. Will ye have me? That's what I want to know!

SARY *(astonished)*. Have you? To be sure, I cal'late to!

ZEKE. When will we get spliced?

SARY. Wall, hoss, that's what I've been thinking on. I tell'd dad that if so be he'd go to mill to-morrow, we'd get j'ined next day.

ZEKE. Ye did? Wall, then, swap a buss with me!

FATHER *(from the bed)*. There now, varmints, if yeu've got the bizness settled, deu quit for the night; ye make sich a racket a feller might as well sleep in bedlam!

Nice old person, the father. In view of the historic fact that Indiana is the home of Vice-Presidents and Vice-Presidential candidates till you can't rest, I dare not venture even to speculate whether dad did go to mill on the morrow, Zeke and Sary being thereafter happily j'ined. I may all unwittingly be touching the fringe of family history, the Miocene age of Hoosier genealogies.



"Vell, ve met Mr. Jones comin' down"

Compare with this homely, pathetic scene a first bud of literature in Illinois:

The "Suckers," says the narrator of the tale, are an original people, and not a few good stories have their origin, rise, and progress among them. A gentleman who was traveling in Illinois some time ago says he called at a house on the roadside to ask for a drink of water, when the following colloquy took place between himself and a boy who answered his summons:

TRAVELER. Well, my boy, how long have you lived here?

BOY. I don't know, sir, but my mother says, since I was born.

TRAVELER. Have you any brothers and sisters?

BOY. Yes, a few.

TRAVELER. How many?

BOY. Ten or eleven, I reckon.

TRAVELER. Pretty healthy here, isn't it?

BOY. Yes, but sometimes we have a little ager.

TRAVELER. Any of you got it now?

BOY. Yes, a few on us goin' to have the shakes this afternoon.

TRAVELER. How many of you?

BOY. Why, all on us, except Sister Nance, and she's sich a cross critter, that the ager won't bite on her; and if it did, she's so deuced contradictory she wouldn't shake, nohow you could fix it!

I love to linger over these small beginnings of mighty things. It is as though we surveyed the sources of the Mississippi and then traveled down to New Orleans. Which reminds me that I have a little story of that fair city which will come in most suitably here:

A ship, says the recorder, was recently lying in the harbor of New Orleans when an Irish emigrant came aboard and thus addressed the cook, whose nationality the recorder conscientiously explains. The present teller of the tale is not so candid, but will leave the secret to be divined. Said the emigrant: "Are yez the mate?"

"No!" responded he who was addressed. "Oi'm the man as cooks the mate!"

Which brings me inevitably to another steamboat story. Not long since—the narrator is speaking of sixty years ago—a steamboat called the *Old Kentuck* blew up, near Trinity, at the mouth of the Ohio, by which accident a lady rejoicing in the name of Jones lost her husband and her trunk, for both of which an action was brought. There was, strange to say, great difficulty in proving that the late Jones had been on the boat at the time of the explosion, that worthy having been notoriously drunk on the wharf-boat just as the steamer left Trinity.

Many witnesses were examined to prove the fact, until finally a Mr. Deitzmar, a German, was placed upon the stand. Our friend, James Smart, was attorney for the boat, and elicited this testimony from Mr. Deitzmar:

"Mr. Deitzmar, did you know the *Old Kentuck?*"

"Yah. I vas blown up mit her!"

"Were you on board when she collapsed her flue?"

"Ven she busted de b'iler? Yah, I vas dare."

"Did you know Mr. Jones?"

"To be sure. I took passage togedder mit him."

"You did? When did you last see him on board the boat?"

"Vell, I didn't see Mr. Jones on board de boat last time!"

Mr. Smart, certain that he had won his case, with a triumphant glance at the jury asked:

"You did not? Well, Mr. Deitzmar, when last did you see Mr. Jones?"

"Vell, when de schmoke-pipe and me vas goin' up, ve met Mr. Jones comin' down!"

To go now a little farther south, to Florida. An officer asked an old tame Seminole how he got a living?

"Oh," said he, "I preach."

"Preach?" interrogated the officer. "Who pays you? What do you get?"

"Oh, I sometimes gets turkey, sometimes potato, an' den hominy!"

"I should think," said the officer, "that was damned poor pay!"

"Yes," said the Seminole, "but p'r'aps it's damn poor preach!"

Another yarn with a theological twist. This is said to come from North Carolina:

A negro preacher, referring to the Judgment Day, cried out: "Dere shall be weepin' and gnashin' ob teeth! and dem what's got no teeth will hab to gum it!"

Here is another little sermon, in a contrasted key:

"Bredern an' sistahs, in dat day de Lord s'all diwide de sheep from de goats, an' bress de Lord, we knows which wears de wool!"

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FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

The Markets' Reactive Influence on Business

THE JOYOUS PASTIME OF "BAITING THE GAMBLERS IN WALL STREET" A DANGEROUS PROPOSITION FROM THE STANDPOINT OF BUSINESS

THERE is never a day goes by but that the bearing of business conditions on the markets is discussed in thousands of pages of written and printed matter. It is but rarely, on the other hand, that the matter is considered the other way around and any attention given to the influence of the markets on business. After a bad smash in stocks or when the failure of some important loan has emphasized prevailing depression in the bond market, stray references to the "unsettled state of the financial markets" are apt to appear, but only very rarely in such form as to indicate appreciation of the importance of the security markets as an influence on the state of trade. Yet, as an influence on trade, there are few things as important as the state of the security markets. It makes more difference to many more people, as a matter of fact, how business is affected by the markets than how business conditions cause the markets to rise and fall. To every person directly interested in the fluctuations of share and bond prices there are, perhaps, fifty or a hundred interested in the state of trade.

Conditions such as have lately been developed in the country's principal security markets by the "investigation" of the alleged money trust, the continued pounding of the railways, and the Supreme Court's "interpretation" of the law governing big business combinations concern practically every one in the country whether he knows it or not. It makes interesting first-page "copy" to have Mr. Morgan and the country's other leading financiers summoned to Washington and "put on the grill" for the purpose of showing how corrupt are the forces of wealth. But if the small business man all over the country really appreciated how it was hurting his business to have this sort of thing going on—how much it was costing *him* personally in dollars and cents—he would take far less pleasure in the efforts of the "investigators" to get their names before the public. If he realized, for instance, how the baiting of the railways has hurt railway credit and how that has reacted on business, making itself felt in every form of trade even down to that of the smallest cross-roads store, he would take less pleasure in the news that another big railway combination has been ordered dissolved and the whole railway world again thrown into confusion and doubt as to which of the existing combinations are legal and which are not. His pleasure in that case over what is happening to the "gamblers of Wall Street" would be tempered by the thought that while it may be very satisfactory to see the wicked speculators get their just deserts, he and the other business men around him are paying pretty heavily for their fun.

"Pshaw," says the business man in the little town two or three thousand miles away from Wall Street, "what do I care about markets? How do they affect *me*? We're growing fast out here, and it's all legitimate, straightforward business. Nobody around here has any money invested in Wall Street. What we care about is land and manufacturing plants. How does it interest us that the price of stocks in Wall Street is up or down or that some railroad a thousand miles away from here is having trouble selling its bonds?"

If you went over the country with a fine-toothed comb, giving especial attention to the little communities of a couple of hundred people, possibly you might find one or two communities to which the influence of the country's main financial market doesn't extend. That, however, is doubtful. Very possibly in a good many towns most of the inhabitants might never have even heard of Wall Street, let alone ever having been there. But that wouldn't by any means be saying that on the affairs of that particular community Wall Street exerts no influence. Though not a living soul in the place may realize it, in the marketing of whatever is produced there, in its purchases of food and merchandise, in its mode of communication with the outside world, every community, however remote, is affected by conditions prevailing at the primary markets.

Take, for instance, any one of a dozen little grazing towns in Montana along the line of the St. Paul Railway's extension to the Pacific coast finished a couple of years ago. Before the railroad came through there were any number of people in those towns, probably, who had never in their lives heard the shriek of a locomotive. And in that condition, probably, they would have remained to the end of their days had events not transpired in Wall Street determining the directors of the St. Paul road to build a through line of their own. In all those towns very likely, even the ones which have been brought out of obscurity into prominence by the coming of the railroad, it would be impossible to find anybody with a really clear idea of what happened to bring about the actual building of the new line. But because the Montana wool-grower doesn't happen to understand the Wall Street combinations which operated to bring about the building by the St. Paul of a line of its own, those combinations, nevertheless, were what did determine whether he should eke out his existence on one of life's backwaters or whether he should be given a chance to get into touch with the great world around him. Investment conditions now and in 1905! What do you suppose that would mean to him if you were to ask him about it? And yet the fact that conditions in Wall Street back at the time this new St. Paul extension was planned were so different from what they are to-day is what made the project go through. Suppose that in some other case similar combinations should develop, making it advisable for some other big line to spend a hundred million dollars on new construction. With "investment sentiment" as it is—in other words, with Wall Street in its present frame of mind—is it conceivable that such a work would be undertaken? Had the St. Paul project come up six or eight years later than it did—at present, when the average investor is about as willing to put his money into new railway enterprise as into gold bricks—would the new line ever have been built? So that to the small wool-grower in far-off Montana, even though he may not have had the slightest realization of the fact or even know that Wall Street is on the map, the condition of affairs in Wall Street does really make a very great difference.

Examples might be almost indefinitely multiplied. Take, for instance, the case of an isolated town which there is talk of connecting with other near-by bigger towns by means of a new interurban electric railroad. Possibly enough local capital can be secured to establish the company, but in the vast majority of cases the financing will have to be arranged in one of the big cities. So to some banking-house in New York or Chicago the projectors of the new road go with their proposition. The bankers look over the papers, declare that the opportunity is a quite exceptional one—and then decline it on the ground that their capital is all tied up in similar propositions, the securities of which they have not yet been able to get their clients to take off their hands. People don't want to buy bonds, they say; they are more anxious to sell what they have than to take on more. And that is the answer the people who are trying to float the new road get from the next banker they go to, and the next. Finally it becomes apparent to them that the merits of their proposition have nothing to do with the matter—that it is simply a case of "investment sentiment" being disturbed to such a point that the banking-houses realize that their clients would rather hold on to their money than put it into securities. The project, therefore, is laid over to a time when conditions shall be better and money easier to raise.

Now that, of course, means that a large amount of business will not be done which otherwise would have been done. The building of the road would have meant the spending of a big sum of money for all sorts of material, the manufacture of which would have helped keep a number of mills and factories busy over a considerable period of time. And that, of course, takes account only of the stimulation of business resulting directly from the actual construction work. Far more important, and productive of a really very much larger volume of business, would have been the natural development of the industries of the town formerly isolated. To the people who live there, whether they realize it or not, the fact that the market in Wall Street happened to be in such shape that the proposed electric line couldn't be financed meant a very real and appreciable financial loss.

The same thing is just as true, of course, where the question is of extension of an existing plant as it is in the case of new construction. Some manufacturing company, we will say, finds its business increasing at such a rate that it appears decidedly well worth while to get more money into the business and largely increase capacity. If the company is a small one and doing well, sufficient local capital for the proposed improvements can probably be found, but if it is a big concern the chances are that it will be necessary to appeal to one of the major markets for the money required. Then, if banking sentiment is as it is at present, one of two things is bound to happen: either the accommodation will be refused outright or else an exceedingly high charge will be made for whatever money is provided.

As a check upon business, the importance of the exorbitantly high rates for money being paid by many of the corporations is not generally appreciated. This railroad or that industrial company, it is learned, has just succeeded in raising a considerable amount of capital in Wall Street, the rate paid, however, being "rather high" because of the "somewhat disturbed condition of the investment markets." That means in most cases that the actual cost of the money to the borrowing company is very much more than is generally thought. We have seen during the past year a number of the biggest industrial companies selling their seven-per-cent. preferred shares at or even below par *to the public*—which means, of course, a very much lower price to the bankers handling the stock and, consequently, an actual cost to the borrower of very considerably more than seven per cent. And these, it must be borne in mind, are large, powerful concerns, many of them with capital running up into the tens of millions. What the weaker concerns are being made to pay may readily be imagined.

Well, even at that, they get the money, don't they? And isn't that the main thing? The main thing, perhaps, but by no means the only thing. Money borrowed at ten or twelve per cent. is money just the same, but not the kind of money on which good, healthy business is done. If a corporation is "up against it for cash," it may be willing to pay almost any price for accommodation, but it will borrow mighty little money at those rates in order to carry on its regular business. However satisfactory the margin of profit may be, it can hardly be expected to be wide enough to carry an initial charge of ten or twelve per cent. on the capital on which the business is done. Combinations can easily enough develop, making even strong companies willing to pay that much—glad, indeed, to get the money at any price—but no business man needs to be told how that sort of thing hurts trade.

To a far greater degree than is generally appreciated, the high rate which the corporations have had to pay for capital since the markets got into their present disturbed state is responsible for the narrowing margin of profit. We hear it blamed on rising wages, on the inefficiency of labor, on the increasing cost of raw materials—on all sorts of things, in fact, but very rarely on the greatly increased cost of the money on which the business is being done. Consider the case of a great railroad, for example, which, up to within a few years ago, was able to get all the money it needed by selling bonds carrying four per cent. interest. To keep up with the growth of the territory it serves and provide the required additional facilities, the road is constantly under the necessity of seeking fresh capital. And for this capital, it has come about, a constantly rising rate of interest has got to be paid. Where it used to be possible to get the money at a net cost of, say, four and a half per cent., it may be necessary now to pay six or seven or even more. All of which is, of course, a dead loss, as the money, used in the business, cannot be made to earn a cent more than it did back in the times when it was possible to borrow it at a reasonable rate of interest. Reduced net earnings are the inevitable result, with lessened ability to spend money for maintenance and improvements.

Another way in which such security markets as prevail at present react harmfully on trade is through the losses they impose upon business men having security investments. That heavy losses fall upon business men all over the country who have speculative commitments in the stock market goes without saying, as does the fact that to keep up impaired margins very large sums of money have to be taken away from business and sent to Wall Street and the other stock markets. To say that business men ought not to speculate is all very well and in the vast majority of cases only too true. But between things as they ought to be and things as they are there is, unfortunately, a very great difference. The fact of the matter is that in every part of the country business people *are* interested in stocks and bonds, some on a more conservative basis than others, but every one of them in such a way that a bad market hurts them and makes them less anxious if, not actually less able to engage in new enterprise. The man who is lugging along a lot of stocks which show him a big loss, even though he may have the money to protect his commitments, is not likely to be an enthusiast on the business outlook. This is no time to expand, he is almost sure to reason; if a period of good business were ahead of us, these stocks I'm carrying wouldn't act this way. And so his natural tendency is to go slow, as is that of other business men similarly placed: the net result of which is that that intangible but highly important thing known as "business sentiment" becomes depressed.

The foregoing shows some of the ways in which the markets react on business. It would be foolish to argue therefrom that every time the stock market moves down it hurts business, and that every time it moves up it helps business, but it is undeniable that conditions such as those prevailing at present—conditions resulting from undiscriminating attacks upon capital—do the business of the country an immense amount of harm. Markets are bound to rise and fall, it is quite true, and by their rise and fall are bound to exert a certain amount of influence on the country's business life. But conditions prevailing now are not those normally productive of reaction in the securities markets. It is not because the dividend outlook is poor that stocks are down, nor are bond prices at the lowest point since the panic because any one is afraid that railroad and industrial companies cannot earn their bond interest. For the present state of the markets there is just one thing responsible, and that is that the investor is afraid to lend. All over the country, people without any realization of the intimate relationship of the markets to the business life of the country have taken great satisfaction in the discomfiture of capital. That monkeying with the buzz-saw is a gentle and joyous occupation in comparison is something which they are apt to find out only too soon.

Vocation

"Unto the stars alone," you whispered ere
You passed beyond—"unto the stars alone!"
And I, who hitherto their light had known
But where through roses they shone down, would fare
Along the headlands of the world's end where
O'er deeps of sea and sky their fields are sown.
Wind of the North, with never a blossom blown,
Take thou my brows and bosom to thy care!

Alone, though signal upon signal shows
The vast communing of that wind and wave;
No star but hath its flower, no surge afar
Without its cloud! I have foregone the rose,
But, O Beloved, lonely as the grave
Must be the heights unless oneself be star!

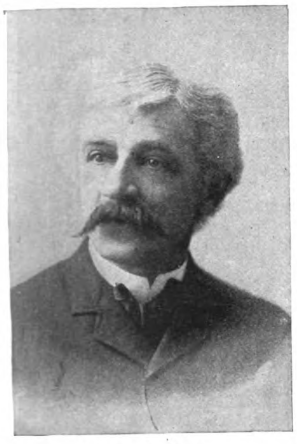
THOMAS WALSH.

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The Author of "Toby Tyler"

THERE are grandfathers to-day, as well as fathers and boys and girls who have been feeling a sense of poignant loss at the news of the death of the friend of all boys, the author of *Toby Tyler*. It was on December 11th at Portland, Maine, that James Otis Kaler's productive life came to an end.

For several years he had lived in South Portland, where his interest in youth had found expression in his duties as superintendent of schools. Beyond South Portland a long point of land stretches out into the sea, and at the end of that point, facing the water, stands a modest house which was Mr. Kaler's summer home. There in the days of vacation sunshine he wrote and read and enjoyed the sea breeze, leaving the shore at times for a camping and fishing trip among the forests and lakes. In this quiet life of his later years, in association with the young and enjoyment of outdoor life, both of which lay near his heart, he was able to indulge. This, too, in his native State, for Mr. Kaler was born in Maine at Winterport on March 19, 1848. His education, so far as classes were concerned, was a matter of the public schools. His tendency to write was natural, not acquired, and he was hardly seventeen when he entered the field which was nearest at hand—that of newspaper work. It was then that he began a connection with the *Boston Journal*, which lasted for some years. Later he came to New York and joined the staff of the *Sun*. In this field his most distinctive work, perhaps, was the authorship of *The Perkins Letters*. In these newspaper experiences he gained a sympathetic acquaintance with newsboys



James Otis Kaler

and other boys who were making their own way, and this knowledge was reflected in his books. It was this interest which later prompted a change to an editorial position with *Frank Leslie's Boys and Girls*.

It was toward 1880 that he wrote his famous *Toby Tyler*, which was published in the earliest volume of *Harper's Young People* and promptly brought out in book form by Harper & Brothers, who followed it with a companion volume, *Mr. Stubbs' Brother*, and only last year with the third book of the *Toby Tyler* series entitled *Old Ben*. The tradition has been handed down that *Toby Tyler* was declined by nearly every publisher before it was accepted by Harper & Brothers. In the earlier years of *Harper's Young People* Mr. Kaler was closely associated with the old Franklin Square publishing-house in company with artists like Reinhart and Rogers and other of the artistic and literary friends whose company he sought in New York. He wrote frequently for *Harper's Young People*—not only serials, but also stories in two or three parts. Three of these were published last year in a volume called *Wanted* and others will appear in book form in the coming year. Of the books due to this association with Harper & Brothers—indeed, among all his books—the famous *Toby Tyler* easily takes precedence, but an enduring popularity was earned by other stories like *Raising the "Pearl," Silent Pete, Left Behind or Ten Days a Newsboy*, and *Tim and Tip*.

Mr. Kaler was a contributor also to *St. Nicholas* and other periodicals, and as time went on the number of his books for boys and girls rapidly increased, until they have reached a total of nearly one hundred and fifty. Nearly all were stories. Assuredly it was no light achievement to have devised so many plots and incidents and to have found such a variety of themes. A few years ago he wrote a series of stories of Colonial history intended for use in supplementary reading. His books dealt with American subjects. They were wholesome and they were interesting. Our juvenile literature is the richer and better because James Otis Kaler has lived.

When the news came of the end of this productive life some of us thought of Uncle David's words in the closing pages of *Mr. Stubbs' Brother*, and one could almost hear the author himself saying, "He will die here, Toby, boy, but it is simply an awakening into a perfect, glorious life to which I pray that both you and I may be prepared to go when Our Father calls us."

Army Commissions for Civilians

IN former years, if a young man desired to obtain a commission in the United States army, his only hope lay in obtaining an appointment to West Point or enlisting and working his way up from the ranks, which was difficult. At West Point he received four years' training, and at the end of that time he received his commission as second lieutenant.

In recent years, however, the demand for officers has been far in excess of the number of men who are graduated from West Point each year. This condition of affairs has induced Congress and the War Department to institute yearly examinations, which, if satisfactorily passed, make the candidate eligible for appointment as second lieutenant from civil life. The young civilian who receives his commission in this manner enters the army on an equal footing as to rank with the West Point graduate.

The examinations in question are in two parts. The first part embraces subjects such as arithmetic, spelling, geography, and other subjects, which are usually taken up in grammar schools and high schools, etc. If the candidate is the holder of a degree given by a recognized college he is excused from taking this part.

In taking the second part of these examinations the candidate has his choice between two sets of papers. One of these sets includes advanced mathematics, mechanics, and various technical papers. This set must be taken if the candidate wishes to obtain a commission in the Coast Artillery branch of the service. The other set of papers is to be taken by those men who prefer some other branch of the army, such as infantry, cavalry, etc. This set contains papers on English literature, French, or German, United States history, international law, etc.

These examinations are not competitive, but the mere fact that the candidate passes them does not necessarily mean that he will receive a commission. The personality of the applicant has a great deal to do with whether he is granted a commission or not. He must be of such a caliber that he will be acceptable as an associate to those who will be his brother officers if he is appointed. Many college men have received commissions after taking these examinations. Other men who had always wanted to go to West Point, but did not possess sufficient influence to procure an appointment, find in these examinations an opportunity of gratifying their ambitions. The officers whose duty it is to make recommendations as to commissions are so careful in their selection that the men who are chosen from civil life are of a type that will be a credit to our army.

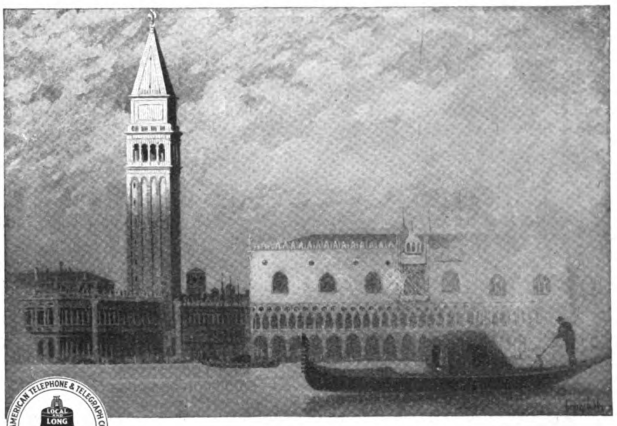
The Women Divers of Japan

A GREAT many of the pearl-divers of Japan are women. Along the shores of the Bay of Ago and that of Kokasho the thirteen- and fourteen-year-old girls, when they have completed their primary school course, go to sea and learn to dive. They are, indeed, taught to swim almost in babyhood and spend most of their time in the water, except in the coldest season, from the end of December to the beginning of February. Even during the inclement season they sometimes dive for pearls.

These girls and women wear a special dress and their hair is fastened in a hard knot. Their eyes are protected by glasses against the entrance of water. Tubs are suspended from their waists.

A boat in command of a man is assigned to every five or ten girls and women to convey them to and from the fishing-grounds. When the divers arrive on the grounds they leap into the water at once and begin to gather oysters at the bottom. The oysters are dropped into the tubs hung from their waists.

When these receptacles are filled the divers are raised to the surface. They dive to a depth of from five to thirty fathoms without any special apparatus and retain their breath from one to three minutes. Their ages vary from thirteen to forty years, and between twenty-five and thirty-five they are in their prime.



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It seemed as if the next instant must witness an awful crash and the blotting out of four lives

"AUTOPOLO"—A SPORT FOR SUPERMEN

BY WILLIAM INGLIS

FROM the hidden field within the high blank fence of the Highlanders' baseball park came the snarling of tigers and the deadly rattle of rapid-fire guns intermingled. I went in to explore, and immediately lost myself in a vast dish of empty gray benches—the vacant bleachers. At the very top of the dish, staring down at the field, perched a casual young man in a plush cap, cardigan jacket, and overalls. Beside him lay his pasteboard lunch-box.

"Well," he remarked as I approached, "there's no use talkin'—the American people certainly is crazy. Polo in automobiles! Sa-a-ay! Whaddya know about *that?*"

We looked down from the dizzy height and saw two racing automobiles stripped to their gray steel frames and dashing to and fro over the green turf in astounding bursts of speed, their erratic, zigzag flight accompanied by rattling volleys of barks, snaps, and explosions. The machines had no mufflers, and each bark and snap was accompanied by jets and bursts of flame. The skeleton steel cars seemed to be living models of devilish ferocity and cunning, and they darted here and there with the venomous haste of hornets seeking a victim. But that was only seeming, for the two men in each car were busy practising for the newest sport—automobile polo; or, as it already has been shortened to fit American speech, autopolo. Each car was pursuing a ball hither and thither about the field. It was about as big as a football, but perfectly round and reinforced with thick leather ribs. The game is similar to the orthodox ancient polo—to drive the ball over the line between the goal-posts and to keep the other side from doing the same by any means short of assassination.

A few privileged persons sat in the grand-stand and shuddered as the snorting cars backed up under the goal-posts, ready for the fray. An expert explained to us that the game was played in five periods of ten minutes each.

"How many men can you kill and cripple in one game?" I asked Uncle Fred, the expert.

"Oh, pshaw!" he answered, impatiently, "we don't kill any one. We've had nineteen public games at Wichita, Kansas City, and through the West, and only one man was hurt. His machine turned two somersaults and pinned him, but he wasn't hurt much, anyway—only three ribs and one leg. He's in hospital and doing fine."

Uncle Fred spoke as if the monstrous game were really a delicate pet like Mary's Little Lamb, with a pink ribbon around its pretty neck. There was a delay of a few minutes to replace a burst tire, and he called over "the boys" who were going to juggle with their lives. They were wiry young athletes of one hundred and forty pounds or so, with smiling eyes, gentle voices, and lean, hard jaws—the sort of fellows who run submarines or aeroplanes calmly enough, but get all tangled up when any one tries to make heroes of them. Quite the opposite of the windy, egomaniac, ear-splitting—but be that as it may.

The new tire was on, the cars cranked up and snorting in their places, and the players standing each on the running-board of his machine and brandishing his bulky mallet above his head as Horatius brandished his sword on a noted occasion. The ball lay midway of the field. The umpire standing near dropped his outstretched arms. Away flew the roaring cars in a shower of sparks, flame, and smoke at a speed far excelling the speed of horses. Each player stamped and danced on his running-board—"to help her along," as Uncle Fred explained—so that the car actually bounded as it flew. As the two cars came head on at the ball, the players whooping defiance, it seemed as if the next instant must witness an awful crash and the blotting out of four lives; yet no one could look away from the fascinating peril. The flying cars seemed to graze as they passed, yet at that moment Jackson hit the ball true with the head of his mallet and sent it flying twenty yards or so.

His car shot after the ball, slowed, he swung again and half missed, and as the ball flew askew it was neatly blocked and nipped aside by the fore wheel of the enemy's car. Where had he come from? Memory produced the blurry picture of the car slowing with the jerk of a bronco under a Spanish bit, whirling around on two wheels and flying back into the fray. But all the movements in the wild game were so swift and dazzling, and the snorting of the exhausts and barking of the explosions were so noisy, that the whole business seemed as blurred and yet fearsome as a nightmare rushed along at extraordinary speed.

The cars dived after the ball, spun dizzily around in their own length to follow it, leaped incredible distances, stopped, jumped backward, lunged forward again, locked wheels, bumped each other, flew apart and came together again over the ball. Now the precious object was hidden from sight for perhaps half a minute. Then one saw the driver swing himself far out and down over the left side and poke the ball with his fingers so that it rolled across within reach of his mallet-man on the opposite side. Just as he poised for a long swing, the enemy, with a gasolene snarl and a rattle of explosions, had whirled around and was atop of him, and the mallets were fencing for possession of the big sphere.

By the intuition that every school-boy knows and no man knows anything about, thirty or forty youngsters with their books under their arms had scented the battle, dodged into the grounds, and worked their way into the front row of seats in the grand-stand. That is, they were in the seats until the two cars plunged into action. After that they spent all the time on tiptoe, dancing briskly and yelling "Whee-ee-ee!" at every crash of wheels or mallets. Young Romans with an arenaful of Christians and lions could not have been happier.

The two cars were interlocked before the northern goal, and the mallets were flying fast, when the umpire suddenly began to leap higher and higher and wave his arms with great vehemence.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"Nothing," Uncle Fred replied. "Time's up—first period—ten minutes."

"Ten seconds, you mean!" a dozen voices corrected him; but he was right, just the same. The speed and the imminent deadly peril, which although seemingly always on the point of happening never did happen, had made six hundred seconds seem like ten. Everybody breathed a long, deep, quavering sigh of intense relief, sat back and looked a little self-conscious while his neighbor smiled as if to say: "Sorry for you. *I* wasn't worried a bit."

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Cutting Stone with Shot

It is popularly supposed that the sawing of stone into slabs or blocks is done by sand and water beneath some suitable tool. But sand and emery have been abandoned in favor of chilled-steel shot. Steel shot is now made so hard that it cannot be bruised or crushed under the heaviest pressure, whereas sand or emery is soon reduced to an ineffective powder. A piece of work can be done thrice as fast with shot, so that the saving in time makes its use cheaper than to use sand. The wear on the tool is far less also and there is greater accuracy in the cut. A particle of sand is effective in sawing only when it imbeds itself in the blade, to stand there as a small, sharp tooth, which removes from the stone below it one grain at a time and no more. A shot rolls over and over between the blade and the stone, and as the point of contact is very small the pressure there concentrated crushes the hardest stone to splinters of appreciable size. Shot of different sizes should be worked together, as the largest tend to escape from under the blade first, then the next in size, and so on, leaving some under the blade to the end of the cut. The durability of the shot is amazing. Under a ring drill steel shot is employed in borings of all sorts in quarrying, etc. In sinking the foundations for the Hudson Terminal in New York cores six to eight inches in diameter were thus taken out more economically than was feasible by any other method. This hard shot is also taking the place of sand and emery in grinding and polishing stones, finishing a job far more rapidly than formerly. No special machinery is required and only the simplest of tools. A strip of sheet iron notched along its edge like a saw with teeth half an inch high and two inches apart will eat its way through a stone by aid of the shot at a rapid pace.



A MACHINE THAT SELLS STAMPS, NOW IN OPERATION AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

Bottles

Bottles were among the first known inventions of the human race. The necessity for having some means of carrying water in long journeys over arid deserts led to the fashioning of a vessel with a small neck that could be closed, thus avoiding evaporation.

The earliest bottles were made of skins of animals and were either tied or stopped with a wooden plug. Herodotus speaks of ancient Egyptian skin bottles, and they are represented on some of the oldest of the monuments, though Pliny declares they were first known in Syria.

In the Bible the first mention of bottles of skin occurs in the ninth chapter of Joshua, fourth verse, where the wily Gibeonites took "wine bottles, old and rent and bound up," showing that they were wont, by much patching and mending, to make them last as long as possible. A little further on in the book of Judges we are told that Jael opened a bottle of milk and gave Sisera to drink. Homer, in the *Iliad*, mentions bottles of skin. All of which would go to show that for a long period of time this was the only material used in their construction.

If the skin receptacle did not originate in Egypt, it is now generally conceded that it was there bottles were first made of glass, which has since become the universal material in their construction. The Egyptians also made bottles of stone, alabaster, ivory, bone, porcelain, bronze, silver, and gold; but the mass of the people generally used glazed pottery or common earthenware. They fashioned these various materials into graceful and fantastic shapes, often with very beautiful ornamentation.

As early as the reign of Thothmes III., 1490 B.C., elegantly shaped bottles and vases were made; and the first use of glass for this purpose is supposed to be as far back as the eighteenth dynasty. In Egypt originated the art of cutting glass; and on the ancient monuments are to be seen representations of cut-glass bottles. For some time all bottles of glass were small; probably because the makers had not yet learned how to handle large masses of the molten material. Some of these glass bottles were rough on the inside, with occasional grains of sand adhering to the surface, which may have been caused by filling the vessel with sand as a means of cooling the glass, a process used before blowing had reached the perfection it did later on. The earliest glass bottles were mostly flattened in shape, the round bottle arriving with more inventive ideas in machinery.

Manufacturing of bottles, from the most elaborately engraved or cut crystal to the common article of commerce, has become an enormous industry amounting annually to many millions. Dark green and brown glass cost the least to manufacture, as certain ingredients which enter into the making of the clear, white glass can be replaced by much cheaper chemicals. Certain colors in glass also cost more than others to produce, a pure ruby red being about the most expensive of all.

Fireworks

For many years it was assumed that the invention of gunpowder led to that of fireworks; but now, it is thought, the chances are that the invention of fireworks led, in time, to the invention of gunpowder.

To make twenty ounces of the best gunpowder we mix together fifteen ounces of saltpeter, three ounces of powdered charcoal, and two ounces of powdered sulphur. This proportion is not always observed, but it is a standard mixture.

Omitting the sulphur, we still have a very explosive substance and one that will answer the ordinary purposes of gunpowder tolerably well. Sulphur improves the article, but the combination of saltpeter and charcoal is the essential secret of gunpowder, and it was this fact that led to the first production of fireworks.

Inquiry into the origin of inventions frequently leads the investigator to China. All over the great plains of that country and India saltpeter is found in abundance pure or mixed with the soil. It is easy to suppose that long ago people made fires in the open air upon some piece of ground strongly impregnated with saltpeter. Suppose a fire extinguished, leaving upon that nitrous soil many small pieces of charcoal and charred wood. The tread of the passers-by or the tramp of cattle could grind that saltpeter and that charcoal into crude gunpowder. Then imagine another party making a fire upon the same spot. In this way, it is thought, or at least in some similar accidental manner, occurred the discovery or invention of gunpowder.

The Chinese themselves say, and the Imperial records at Peking attest, that they have used gunpowder in fireworks for about two thousand years.

To the present day the Chinese are peculiarly and extravagantly fond of fireworks. Every great festival in China is a tremendous and universal Fourth of July.

The chief materials used by the maker of fireworks are saltpeter, charcoal, and sulphur mixed in many combinations with filings of various metals, chiefly iron, steel, copper, and zinc. These filings produce the brilliant red and white sparks which impart such splendor to wheels and rockets. Copper filings impart a greenish tint, zinc a fine blue color. The combustion of amber affords a yellow flame, while lampblack yields an intense red. The trade has a thousand secrets, few of which ever get in print, although there are many extensive treaties on pyrotechnics.

Handcuffs

It is in the Æneid that we find the first reference to the handcuff. Virgil informs us that Proteus was, by means of such a device, fettered and rendered helpless by Aristaeus.

It is of record that about four hundred years before the Christian era an army of victorious Greeks came upon several chariots of Carthaginians which, among other things, contained a large number of handcuffs.

Our term "handcuff" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "hand-cop." In the Saxon days these hand-cops were used in the case of nobles, while "foot-cops" were reserved for kings. The terms employed in the fourteenth century were "shack bolt" and "swivel manacle," and the specimens thereof which have come down to us show that the instruments were as cumbersome as their names.

Only two kinds of handcuffs were employed previously to the nineteenth century. One, the flexible, was very similar to that now in use; and the other, which was called "the figure eight," was utilized to restrain violent prisoners. This "figure eight" was greatly dreaded, since severe pain was occasioned the fettered person did he attempt to move a limb.

There used to be a form of handcuff, now happily abolished, called the "twister." This consisted of a chain with handles at each end. This chain was placed about the wrists; the handles were brought together and twisted until a firm grip was obtained. The least struggle on the part of the unfortunate captive resulted in the greatest suffering, for the chains bit deeply into his flesh. A similar form of handcuff was that called by the French "*la ligote*."

In some parts of Europe there is still used an exceedingly primitive form of handcuff. It consists of a V-shaped piece of metal, wherein the wrists are inserted, the open ends being drawn together by means of a cross hook, which, however, must be maintained taut during the whole time the captive is held.

The most ingenious and effective of all handcuffs is that used in the United States and, indeed, adopted by the police of most civilized countries. It is much lighter and much less clumsy than the old flexible handcuff and is not painful to the wearer.

The Speed of Animals

According to naturalists, no animal is known to have exceeded the speed attained by the famous race-horse Sysonby. Instantaneous photographs show the full length of one complete stride as about twenty-six feet. In the stride of the fastest racers the hind quarters and limbs are raised considerably higher than the shoulders, and from this relatively great height brought downward and forward, widely separated from each other, as a sportsman says, "to avoid striking the fore legs." The hare which is hunted with fast hounds has not in reality the speed of the dog. The dog, on the other hand, does not attain the speed of the horse. The giraffe is said to run at the rate of fifteen meters (yards) per second under the most favorable conditions. The elephant, going at the rate of two yards a second, carries a weight approximating that carried by six horses.

The French Aerial Squadron

The French government has spent $5,000,000 this year on its aerial flotillas and is planning the expenditure next year of $6,000,000 more. Each squadron will consist of eight machines divided into pairs: two monoplanes, two biplanes, two multiplanes, and reserves composed of a monoplane and a biplane.

On the first day of last March the government had thirteen squadrons of this kind, eight in active practice and five in reserve, representing a total of 104 airships, but this number was considered too small and it voted to double it with the utmost speed practicable.

To each squadron belong nine automobiles. Thirty centers of aviation are to be established, in each one of which will be a school for the training of aviators and a definite point of centralization and departure for each squadron will be fixed.

The separate squadrons will be manned by seven pilots, one of whom is the captain. The other officers will be four sergeants, one of them an adjutant with the training of a mechanical engineer. There will also be forty-four men.

Revolving Houses

A Parisian inventor has conceived the idea of having small houses which will turn on their axes built in country districts for invalids, thus furnishing a change of scene, of light, and of air. There is, he thinks, no reason why some rooms should always get the sunlight and the remainder be always damp and unhealthy. The idea is not entirely new. Some years ago a revolving house was built in Normandy. The door was constructed of thin boards which glided over each other as the house was turned. On one occasion these boards spread out like an opened fan, closing the exit. The inmate, terrified by his experience, had the house pulled down.

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Hausfrauenvereine

A LEADING feature among housewives' associations in Germany is the upkeep of market halls for the purpose of co-operation between town and country housekeepers. A market hall consists of one or more rooms centrally located, to which country members bring their goods for sale to the consuming members. These producers pay yearly dues of seventy cents to $1.20 and undertake to sell all products through the hall except in the case of perishable or very bulky commodities. According to the by-laws of the association, inferior goods may not be supplied in any circumstances and may be sent back by the saleswoman. Eggs must always be clean and bear the stamp of the seller. New-laid eggs must be stamped with blue or black ink; older eggs with red ink. All articles, in fact, must be stamped or marked to show their origin. Prepared meats, such as sausage, ham, etc., must be accompanied by a certificate of the official meat inspector. Fresh meat must be stamped by the local slaughter-house authorities.

Prices set by the producers or sellers are slightly higher than in the general markets. These differences, however, it is claimed, are more than compensated by the better grade of goods. The work of receiving and selling at the market hall is done by saleswomen, who act by direction of a committee appointed by the association. The cost of the upkeep of the hall, payments to the saleswomen, etc., is met from a fund of ten per cent. deducted monthly from the gross receipts. The remaining ninety per cent. is paid to country members for their goods.

These halls have been established not only with a view to providing farmers' wives with a ready market, but also to bring together and improve the relations between producers and consumers. Members, both country and city, should keep in touch with the saleswomen and learn from them what products are in greatest demand, or *vice versa*.

A supplementary activity of these associations has been the establishment of schools for the economic education of young country women. Of these four have already been in existence for some time and there has recently been opened a fifth, which will receive from the government an annual subsidy of $357, the balance of the necessary funds having been made good by local contributions. The school consists of a substantial building equipped with model kitchens, library, class-rooms, and dormitories. On the grounds around it are experimental vegetable gardens, facilities for poultry-breeding, etc. The full course covers one year.

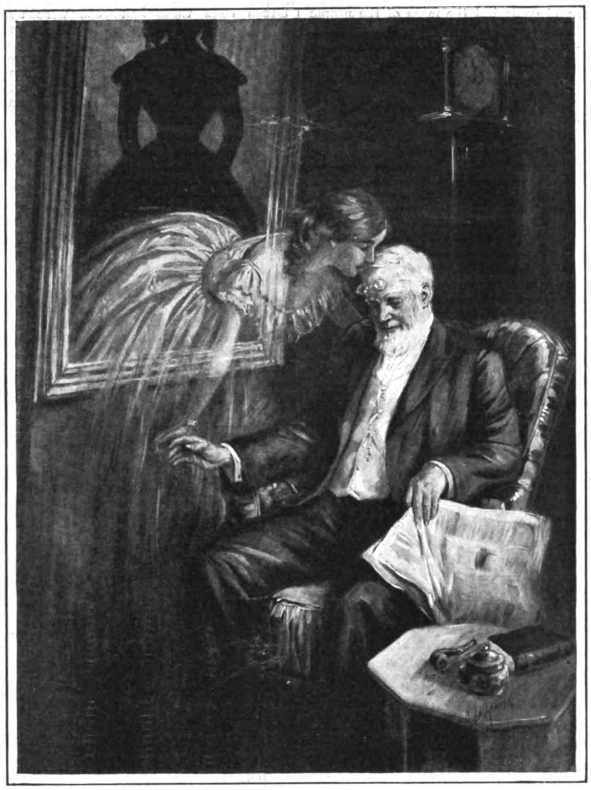
Chinese Porcelain

NEAR the year 206 B.C., in the beginning of the dynasty of Han, some workers in earthenware set their pots in the oven to bake, and forgot them. When they remembered them and opened the oven doors they found that the pots were vitrified in shining spots. In this way the enameling of porcelain was discovered. When freed of its dross the substance grew lighter, became clear, and acquired a grain as fine and smooth as velvet and a thin, hard, translucent body that rang like a bell.

The art of monochromatic glazing was discovered in the time of the dynasty of Sung (960–1280 B.C.). Occasionally the action of the fire separated the pigments and produced excessive richness of color. The Mongol invasion checked the progress of ceramic art. In 1368 Tai-Tsu, the son of a day laborer, dethroned the emperor and founded the dynasty of Ming, whose reign persisted until 1644. Tai-Tsu lost no time in restoring the imperial manufactories. He gave the national manufactory the monopoly of the work in porcelain, excepting nothing but the white pottery manufactured by the artisans of Tehua. Under the new impetus all the ancient methods were revived and perfected. The system of three-color and five-color decoration, after a preliminary firing, dates from the renaissance of art under the Ming dynasty.

The Highest Railroad

BETWEEN the Mulato River in Chile and Potosi in Bolivia a railroad line whose highest point is 15,000 feet above sea level has been constructed. This is the highest railroad in the world. The road connecting Argentina and Chile reaches almost the same height. An English company proposes to construct a road still higher to unite Mexico City with Pueblo and ascend Mount Popocatapetl, this volcano being 17,500 feet above sea level. This new line will serve principally to transport sulphur from a bed in the mountain containing, according to the estimate of experts, millions of tons.



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Gold Pens

THE tiny tip of white metal seen on the under side of the point of a gold pen may be of platinum, but it is more likely to be iridium. Iridium is a very hard metal and a very expensive one, since it costs about four times as much as gold. The purpose of the iridium tip is, of course, to give the pen a more durable point.

The gold-pen maker buys his gold at the assay office in bars of pure twenty-four karat gold, which he melts and alloys with silver and copper to the degree of fineness required. Gold of twenty-four karats is used in the manufacture of the best American gold pens, that being the degree of fineness deemed most suitable for pen use; but good pens made in this country for sale in France are of eighteen karats, the French government requiring that all articles exposed for sale in that country as made of gold shall be not less than eighteen karats.

The gold from which the pens are to be made is rolled and rerolled until what was originally a thick, heavy bar of gold has been rolled into a thin gold ribbon about three feet in length by four inches in width. This gold ribbon is put into a machine that stamps out of it pen shapes all still flat. On the tip of each of these pen shapes is fused the iridium point, and then the shapes go to a slitting-machine which cuts the slit in the pen. From the slitting-machine the pens go through another which gives them their rounded, familiar pen form. Finally they are ground and polished and finished ready for use.

American gold pens in fountain pens or as dip pens are sold in every country in Europe in competition with pens of British or of German manufacture, and under the same competition they are sold throughout the world, in South America, Africa, Japan, China—wherever pens are used.

The Feet of Ancient Belles

ARTISTS assure us that no Greek sculptor would have ever dreamed of putting a nine-inch foot on a five-and-one-half-foot woman. The types for the classic marble figures were taken from the most perfect forms of living persons. Unquestionably the human foot, as represented by the ancient sculptors, was larger than the modern one; and, in fact, the primitive foot of all peoples whereof we have any record, either of statuary or otherwise, was considerably larger than the restricted foot of later times.

The masculine foot, forming an approximate average of four different countries, was about twelve inches long. This would require at least a No. 10 shoe to cover it comfortably. The average masculine foot to-day is easily fitted with a No. 8½ shoe, and is therefore not above ten and seven-sixteenths inches. Now, by the old sculptural rule of proportion, a man five feet nine inches in height should have a foot eleven and one-half inches long, or one-sixth his height. It was of no great consequence what size sandal he wore, but he would have required a modern shoe of at least a No. 10½ for a minimum fit or a No. 11 for real comfort.

For women, allowing for the difference in the relative size of the sexes, which was about the same then as now, a woman of five feet three inches in height would have had a foot ten inches long, requiring a modern shoe of the size No. 6 as the most comfortable, or a No. 5½ as the limit of comfort.

Dipping the Flag

THE salutation given when a vessel lowers or "dips" its flag is one of the very oldest and most honorable of all forms of marine greeting.

This form of salute has always been demanded by English-speaking seamen, and its exaction has burned the hearts and the powder of generations of naval commanders. In the old days for a foreign ship, whether merchant or naval, to enter an English port without veiling topsails or dipping its national flag was to run the risk of war, although the profoundest peace existed. Without warning or argument the shore defenses or a man-of-war would send a round shot across the bows or between the masts of the foreigner, and if the offending flag did not instantly come down the insolent intruder was brought to her senses by being raked through and through. Such was the reception accorded by Sir John Hawkins in the sixteenth century to the Spanish admiral who, in time of peace, sailed into Portsmouth Sound without veiling his topsails or lowering his flag.

Salutes are essential matters of naval etiquette and are exchanged on an elaborate code fixed by the maritime powers. The number of guns to be fired under all circumstances is minutely stipulated.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. LVII NEW YORK, JANUARY 11, 1913 No. 2925



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"I WILL WALK IN THE STREET CALLED STRAIGHT"

WILLIAM SULZER, INAUGURATED AT ALBANY ON JANUARY 1ST AS GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, UTTERED THIS PROMISE IN THE COURSE OF HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS. HE REPEATED IT IN THE SPEECH HE MADE SHORTLY AFTERWARD TO THE GREAT THRONG OF CITIZENS GATHERED ABOUT THE STEPS AT THE FRONT OF THE STATE HOUSE. GOVERNOR SULZER REALIZED AN IDEAL OF TRADITIONAL JEFFERSONIAN SIMPLICITY BY WALKING FROM THE EXECUTIVE MANSION TO THE CAPITOL TO ATTEND THE CEREMONIAL OF INAUGURATION. IN HIS ADDRESS HE PROMISED A BUSINESS-LIKE ADMINISTRATION AND A LESSENING OF THE BURDENS OF TAXATION

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. LVII. No. 2925

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

FORTY-SIX PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 11, 1913

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4.00 a Year in Advance

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, Mexico, Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, Guam, and Tutuila, Samoa. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office Department, Ottawa, Canada. Foreign postage, $1.56

Entered at the New York Post-office as second-class matter

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COMMENT

Bully for Bryan

BROTHER BRYAN says in the *Commoner:*

Conscious of my responsibility to God for every thought and word and deed, and in duty bound to render to my fellow-men the largest possible service as the best evidence of my love for my Heavenly Father, I resolve to strive during the remainder of my life to increase my capacity for usefulness. To this end I will give up any course of conduct that tends to weaken my body, impair the strength of my mind, or lower my moral purpose, and I will not only endeavor to cultivate habits of industry in both body and mind, but will seek and follow worthy ideals.

Which, being interpreted, means:

Conscious of my deep obligation to the Democratic party and in duty bound to manifest my undying gratitude for the unexampled honors conferred upon me, I resolve henceforth to set aside all considerations of self-interest, self-seeking, and self-monopoly, and to strive earnestly, generously, and tolerantly to increase *my party's* capacity for usefulness. To this end I will give up any course of conduct that tends to create dissension within that organization or to add in the slightest degree to the burdens of its chosen leader, and I will not only endeavor to cultivate the habit of upholding his hands in all works that seem to him to be good, wholly regardless of any personal or political advantages that might accrue to me from doing otherwise either openly or covertly; but I will also seek and follow, instead of demanding the right to shape and direct, the worthy ideals embodied in the man who has been designated by the Democratic party and the American people as their voice and their guide.

To this pledge I set my hand and seal and avow my firm determination to act in all ways, without deviation or mental reserve, in accordance therewith—

So help me God!

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

And we say, softly: Amen! Amen!

Brother Bryan and the Congress Committees

So let us not be too quick to get harsh and sarcastic with Brother BRYAN. Let us not be too quick to get either mad or scared over his belligerent remarks about the chairmanships and other committee assignments in the new Congress.

We all ought to know by this time that Brother BRYAN's idea of patriotism comprises a lot of belligerency. Like the late A. JACKSON, of Tennessee, he finds a perpetual difficulty in believing in anything without violently disapproving of everybody who disbelieves in it or even fails to believe in it precisely as he does. Naturally, he also has a Jacksonian disapproval of everybody who shows any sign of not believing fully in Brother BRYAN himself, and a Jacksonian inability to distinguish between loyalty to BRYAN causes and policies and devotion to the BRYAN personality and leadership. It's all human and understandable. There are others. The Democratic party is not the only one that has to make allowances for a leader with a decidedly personal way of taking things.

Undoubtedly, too, there is a modicum of sense and justice in Brother BRYAN's contention. He is all wrong in practically saying that no attention should be paid to seniority, or that it is undemocratic to give due weight to it. But he is right in urging that the new Congress should be led by men in full sympathy with the new administration and of unquestioned loyalty to the party's policies and pledges. His fault, as we see it, lies partly in going too far, demanding too much, being too violent, but partly also in the more serious and less pardonable offense of confounding the words "Bryanite" and "Progressive," of mixing personal antagonisms with differences of conviction and principle.

He may not be doing very much harm. The matter is of real importance, and cannot be ignored, anyhow. In view of the fine judgment and temper displayed by men like CLARK and UNDERWOOD and Senator O'GORMAN, not to mention others, we are hopeful that the two Houses will deal with it both firmly and reasonably. Governor WILSON is undoubtedly alert to the situation and has not done or said a thing which indicates that he cannot handle it wisely. The Democratic party is still doing pretty well, thank you. At any rate, it will hardly go out of business before it has even gone into business. We confidently predict that it will survive till March 4th, anyhow.

Mr. Taft is Cheerful

President TAFT is the worst-licked, the least-sore, and the best-liked of any defeated Presidential candidate we ever had. He has passed the points where his defects as a politician were troublesome and come to the point when his merits as a man all show at their true value. His speech last Saturday night at the dinner in New York of the undaunted Republicans was full of good-humor, contentment, and good sense.

It is to congratulate the President on his disposition and a good deal on his views. It has been apparent all along that, though he would be beaten, he would not be discredited by defeat. But the truth is that in the fight that was nearest his heart and most important to the country he was not a loser. In ROOSEVELT's defeat he won; a victory by no means nullified by the Democratic triumphs.

Mr. TAFT has had sore trials and has come through them all to a state abounding in consolations. It is good to see his appreciation of present blessings and the cheerfulness with which he contemplates return to usefulness and distinction in private life.

A "Gospel for the Future"

Mr. WILSON said at Staunton:

While I would be liberal in interpreting the service, I want to proclaim for my fellow-citizens this gospel for the future, that the men who serve will be the men who profit.

But that is not a new gospel. It is the same gospel that put *Ich dien* on the shield of the Black Prince and that made AGASSIZ say he had no time to make money. The men who have served have usually profited, in happiness in an ample degree, in wealth in a sufficient degree. Most of the very useful people—except some of the inventors and poets—have easily supplied their own needs, and in the ideal of useful service there has always been an appeal that has drawn the finer spirits by the thousand away from mere money-getting for the sake of the money got. It is no news that all men are not sordid or that the life of service is the happy life, or that the greatest rewards of life and work are not paid in cash.

The inspectors of the future have been telling us for years past that signs point to increased consideration and remuneration for useful talent; that the professional men—the engineers, doctors, painters, architects, and the like—are the rising men in the world that is to be.

That accords with Mr. WILSON's hopes.

Nevertheless, we guess that in the future, as in the past, the men who will get the most money will usually be the men who go out after it hardest, and that they will get it because they are shrewd and worldly wise and perhaps even greedy, and without any exact relation between the size of their piles and the value of their services.

No enforcement of the SHERMAN law, or of any improvement on it, is going to change the dispositions of men, or secure an intimate relation between moral, or even economic, deserts, and pecuniary acquisition. Of course what Mr. WILSON means is that promoters and organizers and magnates and sleight-of-hand financiers have been getting too big a rake-off, and that other eminent cogs in the economic machine have charged too much for turning, and that he hopes in one way or another to make it harder to get something for nothing.

Good luck to him in that endeavor! Time makes a good many of the odds come even, but it is a hard operation to hurry and very hard to accomplish by statute. Very few men want money with enough intensity to devote the bulk of their lives and strength to getting it. We guess those who do usually get it. It is not very scarce, and by those who begin soon enough, work long enough, and pay the price, it can usually be had in the quantity desired.

It is intimated in a gospel that is not new that our necessities are matter of consideration by a Power even stronger than the Money Trust, and that if we use a sound discretion as to what we seek we shall get what is coming to us. That old gospel has good points. You don't have to devise, and then enforce, any new statute to make it work. We misdoubt that its promises are still as good as those of the politicians and its consolations more consoling. It has nature and the laws of nature working to fulfil it, and that is a big help which legislation is liable to lack.

Two Judges and Three Juries

If we were called on to name the two men who rendered the best service to the country in the closing weeks of last year we should probably have to ruin our chances for election to Congress. However, we are not running for Congress and will name Judge ANDERSON, of Indianapolis, and Judge GOFF, of New York City. If we were called on to name thirty-six other men who deserve well of the Republic we should look through the newspapers and find the names of the men who sat on the juries that convicted BECKER and the "gun-men" in New York and President RYAN and the other dynamiters in Indianapolis.

None of these public servants did anything out of the common. On the contrary, they stuck in the most commonplace fashion to the practice and the precedents of something like a thousand years. The judges explained and the juries applied laws that are as old as our civilization. They simply condemned to death or to imprisonment men who had committed crimes. They simply did their plain duty.

Incidentally, they gave an impressive demonstration of the value of a judicial system which certain politicians have of late shown themselves quite ready to weaken and jeopardize. Judge ANDERSON, we believe, has been a special mark for the animosity of the man who has led the movement of discontent with our courts. Very well; we will not defend Judge ANDERSON; we are at present engaged in taking off our hat to him. We are quite willing to leave to his neighbors the question whether they or he are best equipped to discharge his judicial duties.

Another judge, Judge ARCHBALD, is at present under trial before the Senate, under impeachment proceedings instituted by the House of Representatives according to the Constitution. We will not anticipate the verdict, but we think it will probably be just. Judges who go wrong can be punished under our system and got rid of. It is not necessary, in order to be a democrat, to contend that everybody shall wear ermine. Neither is it necessary, in order to defend American democracy, to contend that every judge is upright. Our judicial system is based on human nature as it is and the outcome of an immense experience. It can be improved and should be, but to overthrow it would be the worst disservice imaginable to the Republic and to civilization.

Brother Barnes

One word more about that letter of complaint from Brother BARNES of Albany in last week's WEEKLY. Brother BARNES shouldn't misunderstand us. We do not undervalue the opposition of men like him and Senator CRANE to ROOSEVELT and his platform at Chicago. We do not undervalue adherence to forlorn hopes in politics when principle is involved. Our disagreement with Brother BARNES is over the question of what his party must *now* do to be saved. We think it should have a house-cleaning, particularly down South. Apparently Brother BARNES doesn't.

The Parcels Post is Welcome

It is early at this writing to talk about the benefits of the parcels post, but one can speak with confidence of its popularity. It seems to be working; working hard. It may be popular because it is a novelty; or if its popularity keeps on the department may get balled up in its new business.

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As it is, the provision of special stamps has proved insufficient, and the office that prints them is running night, day, and Sundays. But that shows that it is popular.

Mr. HITCHCOCK, who seems to have shown commendable zeal and enthusiasm in making ready for the change, has also given out a pretty good statement of the main benefits we may reasonably hope to get from it. It seems we are all to get a cheaper service than any of us had before, and Mr. HITCHCOCK estimates that some twenty millions of us, living in places where there are no express offices, are getting something which heretofore could not be had at all. Naturally, therefore, he expects the parcels post to make life in rural communities much more comfortable and attractive, and we do not believe he or any one else has exaggerated the gain to be hoped for in this direction. Neither do we believe that it is in the least unreasonable to expect in time a quite substantial reduction in the cost of living all over this country. There is no sort of doubt that it costs far too much in America to get things from producer to consumer, for besides the figures we have the fact that in England and other countries the same group of services not only costs much less, but is much better rendered. We suspect, indeed, that foreign travel, now so common with nearly all classes of our people, has done more than any other one thing to bring us to the point of demanding the parcels post effectively.

And we believe the parcels post is going to lead us on to other like economies and conveniences, some of which are already practised elsewhere, but some of which we shall discover for ourselves, once we set our minds to this class of problems. We are not really stupid about the ways and means to get ourselves served better and more cheaply. We have simply neglected them, as is the way of new countries with abundant revenues. Now that we begin to feel that perhaps we can't all be rich, it's a good guess that we shall do as well as other folks in the matter of making our money go farther and farther.

But——

Shall we do it mainly through government, and by continually widening the scope of government, continually adding to the functions of government?

It is no use blinking that question. Mr. HITCHCOCK, whose entire training has been in the strong-government school—or, rather, the *much*-government school—does not blink it and apparently is not worried about it. He thinks government is going to take over the entire business of the express companies, and evidently has no qualms in proposing that as a measure of justice as well as expediency it purchase outright the property and good-will of the companies.

Unquestionably, there is force in what he says. As government is undertaking to run an express business at cost, and the companies must make profits and pay dividends, the competition would seem to be plainly unequal. Something would seem to be due the companies' stockholders, and the only just arrangement he can find is for government to buy them out at a fair valuation without undue delay, to the end that thenceforward all express business shall be, like carrying the mails, a government affair, to the complete exclusion of all private enterprise.

Now, most of us would doubtless admit that that seems to be what we are coming to; but it would be mighty interesting to know how many of us would admit it forebodingly, and how many, like Mr. HITCHCOCK, with cheerful alacrity. The difference of mind on the subject would prove to be decidedly fundamental. The line between the two groups would be the present-day demarcation that separates the Hamiltonians from the Jeffersonians. For we take it that a Jeffersonian, even though he may concede that in this instance the course of economic development has necessitated a big concession, cannot see without regret private enterprise surrendering, and government occupying, a field so important. Indeed, we expect a Jeffersonian to hope that in at least a corner of this great field private enterprise may still have a chance, and we suspect that a fairly intelligent Jeffersonian could give pretty good reasons for the hope.

On the general question, being something of a Jeffersonian ourselves, we venture a positive opinion that we shall *not* have to look to government for all or nearly all the expedients by which we shall from now on make our money go farther and get more and more out of our resources, and make our American life, whether in city or country, more and more attractive to people of moderate means. Government will help. Its scope *will* continue to widen. But its best and its chief function will continue to be that of securing to private enterprise a wider and wider range of opportunity, and to individual liberty of development and action a greater and greater security.

Oh Yes, Arbitrate if Necessary

President TAFT says we must arbitrate the disputed free tolls to coastwise-vessels clause of the Panama Canal bill, unless we can settle the matter satisfactorily by negotiation.

By all means! Either that or repeal the objectionable clause and try again.

If we are to arbitrate, it is money in our treasury to be beaten, and good riddance of a provision that is not worth in any estimate what it promises to cost us.

And if we win, the judgment of Congress on the interpretation of treaties will be vindicated. That would be worth something and we could still amend the bill.

British Protectionists in Trouble

Mr. BONAR LAW, the Unionist leader, made a speech recently that is pretty sure of a place in future histories of England, for it was one of those public utterances that precipitate controversy, as under certain conditions the discharge of artillery is supposed to precipitate storms. The division in his own party that has followed is undeniably serious, not for the party only, but for the entire Empire; but it also has, undeniably, its comical aspect. The Unionists have for months been making all the capital they could out of the Liberal party's struggles with the Home Rule problem. Being themselves without responsibility, they have, in fact, made so much capital out of their opponents' constructive undertaking that up to the day of Mr. BONAR LAW'S speech at Lyme-under-Ashton nothing would have suited them better than an immediate appeal to the country. And now Mr. ASQUITH can with a straight face threaten that very thing, and there is actually serious talk of the government's resorting to it.

Evidently Mr. BONAR LAW has put his foot in it. But no just person can either ridicule or blame Mr. BONAR LAW. It is hard to see how any leader of the Unionist party could have long avoided putting his foot in it. For "it" in this instance means the question that is just as troublesome to Unionists as Home Rule has so long been to Liberals—the question, namely, of protection, or, as the English call it, of "tariff reform." Mr. BONAR LAW and his associates in the Unionist leadership have been trying to force a general election. They cannot go into a general election without a programme. That programme must say something about "tariff reform." The question of "tariff reform" involves the question of food duties. Mr. BONAR LAW spoke of food duties and any one else in his place would have had to speak of them. That was enough, however, to put him and his party immediately on the defensive.

For "tariff reform" and Imperial preference ar inseparable parts of the same policy—the policy that JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN forced on the Unionist party. Imperial preference means that Great Britain, in return for tariff favors from the dominions, shall exempt from duty some of the things the dominions want to sell. Hence it must first put duties on those products. Dominion products are mainly food products. The masses in England do not want any tax on any food products from anywhere. Mr. BALFOUR temporarily dodged that part of the issue by promising a referendum on any question of taxing food products. Mr. BONAR LAW, facing more candidly the certain demands of the dominions, proposes to refer the matter to an Imperial conference. Sixty per cent. of his party promptly revolts. If he had repeated the BALFOUR promise, the other forty per cent.—the thoroughgoing protectionists, led by AUSTIN CHAMBERLAIN—would have revolted.

The division may or may not mean a smoother passage for Home Rule, but it certainly indicates that the British Empire will have a hard time going back to protection. The truth is, protection and preference are irreconcilable conceptions. One might as well speak of benevolent self-seeking or of selfish altruism. The world-wide Imperialism of British subjects is the strongest political sentiment now in existence, but it cannot compass the impossible task that has been set before it by the extraordinary sick man of Birmingham.

Fear in Europe

In spite of the report that Servia has come to terms with Austria as to her demand for an Adriatic seaport, the prophets of war have not yet gone out of business. There seems to have been a knocking together of knees throughout all Europe as though the Powers, with their perpetual conflicts, demands, concessions, and intrigues, had suddenly been caught up into the vortex of some larger and maleficent destiny which was sweeping them pell-mell toward destruction. People recall the prophecy of the German soothsayer that 1871, 1888, and 1913 would prove eventful years for Prussia. From all over Europe one hears of deposits being withdrawn from banks, of governments hoarding gold, of Russia and Austria massing all their available troops on their common frontier, and a fear that is epidemic grows with each report of international harmony.

Keep Their Heads

"These matches do not glow nor do the heads fall off" is the assurance on a box of Swedish matches.

Just the kind of Democrats we need in Congress.

Poor Mr. Carnegie

We haven't paid much attention to the reports that Mr. CARNEGIE has put away pretty nearly all of his money into various funds absolutely controlled by trustees. He had such an everlasting lot of it that we didn't suppose it was possible. But a man who knows tells us it is a fact; that the Laird now has personal control of only about thirty millions; that nearly eight millions of these are already definitely pledged to various institutions upon fulfilment of certain conditions; and that the income from several millions more is required for some hundreds of personal pensions provided by will. In other words, Mr. CARNEGIE'S enormous income is now reduced to not very much more than is needed to keep up his various establishments, about $600,000 a year.

That is the most remarkable thing of its kind we ever heard of. How many of us who are kicking all the time about swollen fortunes could or would have done it? Just as a matter of prudence or percentage, wouldn't most of us have hung on to, say, fifty out of the four hundred millions? It is all well enough to say one might as well get rid of his money while he lives because he can't take it with him when he dies, but that theory suffers from the fact that, no matter how old or feeble one may be, one always expects to live another twelvemonth at least.

There are folks, doubtless good folks, who never have been tempted and think they have great will power, who believe they could and would have passed it all up, just as the Laird has done. Maybe so; we don't know, and we don't believe they do. As for ourselves, we have our doubts; no, that's not true; we have no doubts at all about it; we know very well that we should have kept a fair amount just to throw away if the spirit should happen to move that way.

But the Laird is built on other lines; he is different; he certainly is; different from anybody we ever knew or heard of. You may or may not feel your heart going out in his direction, but you must admire a man like that; you can't help it.

Good gracious! Think of it!

Teachers Who Don't Know

We of the United States seem to have turned the Bible out of the public schools and put in the flag, and since religion is needed in education the disposition is now to have a flag religion with an appropriate ritual.

Better than none, no doubt. Its defects, at least, are like the defects of other religions. It is adopted and straightway inconsiderate people want to enforce it by compulsion. As if that had not been sufficiently tried out in the last thousand years. If it were ordered that public-school children should read the Bible and some of them wouldn't, to compel them would be recognized as religious persecution. But when it is ordered that they shall salute the flag and a few take a notion not to, the compulsory measures that sometimes follow are not recognized as of the family of our old friend who kindled fires at Smithfield and was so handy with the thumb-screw and the rack.

Two little school-girls in Salt Lake City got the idea that they were Socialists (the paper says) and wouldn't salute the flag. Whereupon the Utah State Teachers' Association, finding a lack of temporal authority to regulate these young politicians, passed a recommendation for an amendment to the State constitution making the teaching of patriotism compulsory in the public schools.

Who will teach these teachers, first, that the State constitution is not a fit place to record rules about schools, and, second, that compulsory patriotism, like compulsory religion, is not worth anything when taught? Don't the teachers know that our flag stands for freedom and that freedom is a condition from which all unnecessary compulsions have been eliminated?

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Facing the Year

PROVERBS and popular sentiment to the contrary notwithstanding, it is not the first step that really costs, nor the first gray hair that really hurts, nor yet on the first of January that we really face the year before us and determine what it shall be. After an exhilarating commencement we presently discover that we are footsore or grizzled or fairly out of heart, because life seems so exacting, so difficult. Some time, when the days are lengthening and the cold is strengthening, in a gray twilight we sit down and say: "If the good will were all! If it were only enough to do what one knows to be right, one could gather up one's forces and push ahead through any pain!" Very likely the next life is just that—splendidly using one's strength to attain, and yet again, with a constant and tireless will, to attain. Very likely in the next life we may have knowledge for our birthright; but here in this dim-lighted underworld we have to win it. To do good is no harder than to know what it were good to do.

Plato and Jeremy Bentham were entirely right when they said that all any man needs is to see the utterly Desirable, and he will follow after that, scorning all the lower and meaner and more immediate desires. Whether that lure be the Beatific Vision or simply the Best Self depends on a man's temperament, but, "so nigh is grandeur to our dust," that once made out he can be trusted to keep it in view. He will go his way head up, without stumbling. Adopting the fencing-master's rule, a wise physician said to a patient who was faltering under the burden and heat of the day, "Walk fast and don't look at your feet." Don't think of how you are going, but of where you are going. A great thinker of our own, lately dead, pointed out a generation ago that what decides most often a spiritual combat is not the goldsmith's balance, delicately adjusted and nicely inclined by pleasure or pain, or even by desire or disinclination—it is the sword thrown into the scale by the kind of person one is willing to become. Not I, but the man I shall be, decides and acts. You may call this *Evolution Créatrice* or the Holy Ghost, as you like, but it is a sound doctrine and an ancient. Our faces in the gray twilight not one year or two, but all the years to be; and for a middle-aged person, and for some one very old perhaps, and perhaps for unborn souls, one determines and elects.

Only the determination must be strong and the election sure. Hard though it is sometimes to know which of two unknown ways to take or how to pronounce in a special case, it should never be hard to know where one wants to get, or what result is to be attained. At least it should not be hard. The world, like a growing boy, wants special injunctions for special ages. As once the voice cried in the wilderness, "Don't be cocksure!" and "Don't be pigheaded!" so now is the time to fling out of the temple the money-changer's scales, and to stop trafficking and bartering and exchanging all the long day. Judgments can be suspended too long. It is advisable, if not on God's side, to be on the Devil's. A man who knew reported once that the people who refused to take either side were not, in truth, damned, but they were entirely uncomfortable and ridiculous. Spewed out of Hell-mouth, wretchedly stung by mosquitoes, blown about by hot and cold winds, they whimpered through eternity in a heavy fog.

It is not easy. The hardest work that any one can be called to do is real thinking, and turning things over, looking at them from all sides and laying them down in the same place again, is less arduous than pronouncing judgment. We all read, more or less frankly, to escape thought. We affect essays and biographies, picturesque history and desultory travel, because it would be uncivil to contradict the author. We gulp down facts of science and theories of economics as a dog makes away with the biscuits you toss him, because we really can't be expected to have an opinion in matters proper to specialists. Yet great books, after all, are written directly to the judgment. Every novel worth reading culminates in an affirmation or an imperative, says, if you will sum it up: "Better be wicked than mean," or "Let's die with our backs to the wall." On the short story which urges, in effect, that it is enough for a woman to be pretty and weak and female, we are bound to pronounce the same condemnation as on that which suggests that thievery is an exciting career for a boy. The obligation stands, if a young poet writes bad verses, to say his verses are bad; if an American painter exhibits trash, to call it trash. What real validity have books, never so charming, on the education of the Renaissance, unless they contribute to an opinion on Jack's college course? What real power has POMPILIA'S tragic story, unless GILL is permitted to stand by another young married woman who has compromised herself? LUCRETIA BORGIA and SPARTAN HELEN have thrown dust in men's eyes through all centuries, but either they were nice women or they were not. Was ISEULT simply bad or was she great-souled as well? If some one says he would rather live for his country than die for it, is that because he minds dying, or because his strength and his grit are equal to dying daily—not once, but for forty years? If some one says we do not need to fast, is that because we do not like to fast? In the disagreement and mutual disparagement of connoisseurs of painting in the Far East, is there nothing but a petty squabble, but the scrapping of barkers for rival side-shows, or can we really be warned off the facile and the imitative by the example of the Japanese, and be led by the Chinese toward a soberer wisdom and a profounder relation to life? How many men verify an author's most fantastic statements of fact? How many test his most mechanical paradoxes? How many, in brief, habitually put the best of their mind on a book? Small wonder that in religion and politics and family difficulties so many stand pat and so many sit on the fence. They are out of the habit of judging and the disease of indecision has eaten the marrow out of their bones.

In a subtler form it has corrupted the finest intelligences. It has deceived even the very elect. It has ruined political genius and flawed moral excellence. It defends a philosophic doubt that would wreck philosophy, and prompts pragmatical utterances that are the adversary of light made audible. The man who carries Truth like a puzzle in his pocket to rearrange whenever he likes, if faith and honor call him to action, by that time simply cannot take sides. So much the worse for that man: not for faith and honor, which are realities and eternal in the heavens. There must always be somebody on the side of the stars, and the shallowest and the least of us can take that side. It may be the wrong side, and we shall have one day to pack up, bag and baggage, and under the bright sun and before the assembled world, march over to the opposite ranks. It may be, and it often is, the losing side, and we shall have to die fighting, driven against the wall. But since we have the assurance that those who love the truth shall know the truth, and the truth shall make them free, therefore we can face the year as free men and unafraid.

Correspondence

AN ALL-AMERICAN DISTRUST

BELLAIRE, L. I., *November 28, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Permit me to write to you anent the passage on the speech by Mr. Root at the Chamber of Commerce banquet. He is quite right. There are millions, not hundreds of thousands, of people who distrust the bankers, manufactures, and politicians. And very properly so.

It might amuse you, but I can tell you of a case where this particular distrust is so strong that it affects the whole three households of a large relationship. Our family is twenty-four people strong and we live in a suburb in three houses close to each other.

The three households are presided over in a way by my mother, Swiss-German by birth. There are seven Columbia, Harvard, and New York University graduates in this three-family household. We all are so distrustful of the food placed on sale in this country, that we either make it at home or refrain from buying it or buy the German imported article.

When one realizes that Congress could not pass a pure-food law for the country, or the state one for this state, for almost twenty-three years because of the manufacturers' lobby it is a small wonder that millions of people consider almost every article placed on sale a swindle and a humbug. That is one phase of this general distrust, and there are others. We have the greatest confidence in European food, but none whatever in American. We have a similar distrust in regard to American finances. No one in the family could be induced even to consider for five minutes any American stock or bond issue. And so it goes. Our university training has at least enabled us to make a fair living and to make a life and a living. We read the latest books on science, art, and religion, but while we read the *Sun* and the *Times* we despise its editors, for they are in the pay of the interests for their own pockets. We read HARPER'S but—you can't fool us!

I am, sir,

ALBRECHT HARTUNG.

American stocks and bonds have made billions of dollars for European investors—the Dutch, the French, the British, the Germans—all who had faith in them. Your distrust of American securities takes the force out of your distrust of American foods. The German food laws are doubtless better than ours; the German beer, for example, beats our beer; but your family needs enlightenment.—EDITOR.

PUBLIC OPINION AND FINANCIAL REFORM

TOLEDO, O., *December 4, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I was promptly attracted by the title to your "Comment" on "Public Opinion and Financial Reform" (November 30th issue), and read what followed with eagerness, only to finish with the same disappointment that has accompanied most of my recent efforts to learn just what our reformers would do to the currency and bank laws in order to "reform" them, and the same feeling came over me again after turning the page to read what "Mr. Hepburn Contributes" about "Altruistic Control" of reserves, which, pleasant as that is to think of, requires the addition of at least a *little* elucidation by way of plan and method, before "we all can help intelligently" in the "good work which we hope to see" done.

Your able neighbor the *Times* most truly avers that "there is not an effective public sentiment that demands" currency legislation, and you have aptly added that this is so "because so few people have ever studied the subject at all," but it might well be added also that those who *have* studied it in the light shed by most of our latter-day "reformers" are, for the most part, at the very least ignorant of the *true inwardness* of the "reform" as when they began.

Wails of complaint about our existing system followed by the glittering generality of a promise from financial ills and accompanied by half-told tales of garbled, false financial history of other lands, do not constitute a propaganda that is likely to create an "effective public sentiment" in the long run, and yet we have heard more of these than of intelligent discussion and fair analysis of plans proposed during the year that has passed since Congress fell heir to the ill-born child of our late Monetary Commission.

And now for a suggestion. If those who would take the lead in a proper movement for an elastic currency and an improved plan of holding and using bank reserves wish to have public sentiment with them, they would better first devise a plan for obtaining these that is beyond the control of one *single* interest out of the *many* in this great land, and especially of a closely knit corporation owned by that one interest.

They would best have the plan so fairly drawn that its "altruistic" spirit will be beyond the influence of special privilege, no matter where that entity may register from when abroad, and in its detail it should at least provide that its substitute for our "currency money with the merchant" shall be redeemable in the hands of *any holder*, whether that holder be a "*subscribing bank*" or not.

And when they who would lead will offer such a plan they may find assistance both from the ranks of the million who have not "studied the subject at all" and of those few *who have* "studied the subject" in the light of a fair analysis.

I am, sir,

DAN SEGUR.

THE TROUBLE WITH US

DETROIT, MICH., *December 4, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Be not too much disturbed because, seemingly, the worst citizens are sometimes elected to positions of honor and trust, while the just claims of more conscientious and able men are passed by.

In these distasteful realities are we not getting a barefaced introduction to ourselves? Are they not observed? Who are the accomplices of these political libertines? Who open our citadels to the enemies of the public good? Who can be the conspirators! It is he, cries the goddess Liberty who breaks the bread of manhood's suffrage unworthily at my table. He it is who betrays me! And the ballot is my sacrament, and the suffrage of citizenship is the bread of my "Constitution," cries Liberty. And mine and yours is one Chalice—one Constitution—one God.

The common people who are the monseigneurs in the state are to blame. We are the conspirators. Our misconceptions of liberal government exalts the individual—not the family, not the state, not the vocation, not society, not God's religion. We are casting off the homely virtues and traditions that inspired our "Declaration of Rights," and in the twilight of an eclipse of Faith we are worshiping the individual. With eyes intent on the mirage we go through life like sleep-walkers exploring, criticizing, challenging, denying, without purpose, sincerity or fruit.

I am, sir,

DENIS H. O'MEARA.

FARM LOANS

STATE BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, *November 12, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your discussion and the effort of President Taft and others in the interest of better facilities for farm loans is most timely, whether the method of the German Farm Loan Association is followed or the method of the already highly developed American building and loan associations.

These building and loan associations throughout our land have made it easy, safe and convenient for the home builder in the towns and cities to own his own home. In no small degree these associations have contributed to the movement from the country to towns and cities. To own a home is still the ambition of the men and women of the nation. It is practically an impossibility on long time for even needed, permanent improvements. The national banks are prohibited from loaning on real estate; the state banks follow largely the rule of the national banks.

The savings banks, the building and loan associations, which indeed are co-operative savings banks, were organized as philanthropic institutions and they still retain that idea.

These co-operative loan and savings associations have been among the most useful of American financial institutions. The homes they have built (500,000) and the savings that have been accumulated ($1,500,000,000) for the thrifty are the wonder of the United States.

But their work and influence have been and are confined almost strictly to the cities and towns.

But is there any reason why the building and loan idea could not be extended to the farmers of America? Suppose there was a live farmers' building and loan association in every county, managed by the best farmers and bankers.

There are many farmers and others who prefer that their money be loaned on productive farms. These would be the investing members, and the small farmer who wanted to buy a farm, build a better home, or make needed improvements would be the borrower. The payments could be made quarterly, semi-annually or annually, according to the time of marketing the crops.

I know little about the German farm loan association. The idea may be better than our own building and loan association plan; if so, it must be a capital plan, indeed.

Possibly the discussion of no subject is more interesting to thinking people than "Easier Facilities for Loaning Money to small Deserving Farmers," and it is likely to do much good.

I am, sir,

CHARLES MCKEE.

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1



"Hol' on dar, now—

2



"Doan' git gay

3



"!!—!!—!!!

4



"Ah get eben wit you-all for dat

5



"Dey ain't gwine ter be no mo' kickin', nohow

6



"Dat kickin' business is done settled fo'eber

7



"!!—!!—!!—!!———!!!—!!!—"

8



THE MULE: "I'se obliged to de gun what done save me unnecessary labor"

A STUDY IN KICKS

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

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THE COMING OF THE NEW HOTEL

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

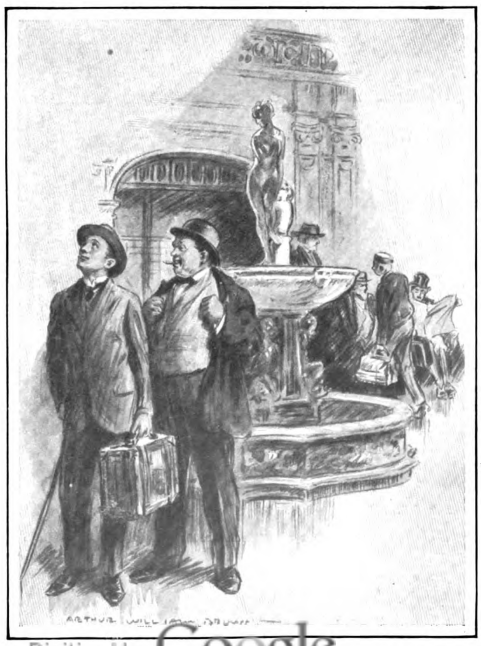
DRAWINGS BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IT is a pretty poor sort of American town that cannot boast a new hotel in these days. It may cling to old traditions in one case, and in another try to capitalize its hopes, but it is sure to boast on its main street somewhere a palatial sort of a box-like sky-scraper. You may go back to Blissville—and just let Blissville be about any typical middle-sized city in the land—and recall pretty distinct memories, pleasant or otherwise, of the hostelry that held you there twenty years before. It may have been a dingy, barnlike affair, echoing in solitary grandeur all the black decoration and furniture horrors of the Victorian age, or it may have been, and rarely was, a comfortable old ark, with low ceilings and snapping open-wood fires, with a landlord who was a landlord to greet you when you stepped from outer cold into its homelike atmosphere.

But those old fellows—the Congress Hotels and the Nationals and the Americans that used to be sprinkled across the land—are nearly all gone, or else reduced to utter degradation in their old age. Sometimes you will still find them stoutly standing, like the historic Monongahela at Pittsburg, the Massasoit at Springfield, Massachusetts, the Eutaw House in Baltimore, or the great Logan House at Altoona, and enjoying only a slight diminution of their former glories. Sometimes, like the Fifth Avenue Hotel, they were torn down rather than that the shadows of old age and lessened respect should come upon them. Fire has wreaked sad havoc with many of them. They have gone into American history along with the bootjack, the horse-car, and the tallow-dip. And yet some of them have more than played their ordinary part in the making of history. In the gaunt upper rooms of that same Logan House, rising above the railroad tracks at Altoona, the war governors of Northern States were wont to gather in the troublous days of the early sixties, the history of the Republican party might have been written from the famous Amen corner of the old Fifth Avenue Hotel, while the stag-horns that formerly lined an upper dining-room of the Monongahela House spoke mutely of bitter battles for supremacy between old-time steamboats on the Ohio and the lower Mississippi. From the quaint balcony of that same hotel, facing the grass-grown levee of Pittsburg, every President of the United States from Lincoln to Taft has spoken.

But to-day each Blissville all the way across the land boasts loudly of its new hotel and looks disdainfully upon the old. The Blissville citizen who meets you at the train calls your attention to its unshrinking magnificence as you approach it from afar. "The very pearl of metropolitan elegance," he says slowly, thinking of his own stock-holdings in the thing. "It's the Waldorf of this end of the State." When you come inside the new Hotel Blissville, where the interior decorator has permitted his passions to play unbridled, and have gasped your awe at the gorgeousness of artificial marbles and hasty murals, you are permitted to delve still further into the wonders of this supreme wonder. There may be a roof-garden and there is surely a grill—a somewhat crowded and ill-ventilated cellar into which Blissville madly crowds after an evening at the show, to indulge in champagne and lobster manners and order beer and rarebits, while a raspy band plays poor music poorly from a suffocating little perch over in the corner just under the ceiling. Blissville has had her own servant problem; its repetition is too ghastly in details for these columns. Blissville is dining out. To be more exact, Blissville is beginning to dine out. It has already acquired the restaurant and club habit for lunch. Twenty years ago, the chief arteries of the town were filled at noon with men coming to and from their dinners. To-day most persons in American towns of more than ten thousand population have shifted their heavy meal from noon till night and eat a light or an expensive lunch downtown.

This is all fact, not fiction. It all explains how a new era in hotel-keeping has come in the larger towns across the land.



You have gasped at the artificial marbles and hasty murals

Take any typical Blissville. Its own American house, which with its stuffy parlors, its tessellated marble floors, and its elaborate if grotesque carvings, all once regarded as nothing less than architectural triumph, is to-day descended from the high pinnacle of local esteem. The new hotel, with the castile-soap marbles in its lobby, the roof-garden and the grill, as already described, is now the town's chief burst of pride. Probably Blissville has all but bankrupted itself in the erection of the palace—it generally does—but for a brief hour of triumph it has a joyous sense that it is a degree ahead of its rivals, and that, to its civic mind, is worth several tons of worthless hotel stock.

With the coming of the new type of hotel there has also disappeared the so-called "American plan," the famous three-times-a-day gorge that was the delight of every hungry man tacking his way across the land, at an old-fashioned, reasonable cost of living. In the place of the semicircle of canary bath-tubs with little dabs of vegetables and the menu "groaning" under seventeen different kinds of meats and vegetables and eleven of pies and of cakes, has come the esthetic "European plan," over the card of which you prick your way with an infinite care, hoping to plan a meal that will not more than triple the cost of one under the old plan.

There have been several reasons for the change, not the least of them the great increase in food cost, which the average hotel-keeper has felt as keenly as any housekeeper, the truth being that he is only a housekeeper himself. The gorging is, of itself, no such national pastime as it was thirty or forty years ago. The national stomach is becoming a national regard. The man who gets drunk at a public table is no longer an object of emulation.

The European plan first became popular in the small towns through New England. The growing use of the automobile and the demand of the automobilist that Mine Host must be ready here and there and everywhere to serve him with a square meal at almost any reasonable hour of the day hastened the change. To-day the old-fashioned American plan is holding on with a feeble grasp, and that is rapidly slipping from it. One Boston hotel of high degree still boasts that it serves five meals a day on an inclusive charge to its guests, but it is a great exception. The commercial traveler, with his expense account, a not very expansive thing, has watched the passing of the "American plan" with ill-concealed regret. Houses that consider him as a factor in their yearly earning account sometimes modify their European-plan rulings to suit his more slender purse. They have "club breakfasts" and various forms of *table d'hôte* luncheons and dinners, to suit his necessities.

But on the other side of the fence there sit tight the biggest of the newer houses in the larger towns, and these are not condescending to any truces. These make little compact of any sort with the days of old in hotel-keeping. A great modern house in New York has banished so distinctly an American dish as steak from its bills-of-fare; several of them have long since placed the ban on pie. Simple dishes are in their disfavor. An imported legion of sauce-pan artists shows great proficiency in remodelings and remakings—even a scrawny bird that has "hung a little long" in the cold-storage box, with the right amount of strong dressing, may be transformed into a foreign tongue so deftly as to make the regular patrons of the house bribe the head waiters to secure it for them. As a star dish it may go upon the menu cards at $1 p. p. The "p. p." means that the comfortably large portions with which the European plan first ingratiated itself

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PENN STATE

upon American hearts no longer exists, and woe be to the thrifty diner who tries to make a single portion piece out for two. That deadly "p. p." absolutely prohibits that.

The success of a new dish in New York means that it is going to be copied all the way across the land. You can pay just as much for a portion of lobster *à la Newburg* in Sioux City as you can in the smartest restaurant on Broadway. If you are daring enough to protest against the price of four small cubes of lobster floating in a little puddle of yellow gravy to the New York hotel proprietor, he will tell you stories of rent costs and food expenditures that will convince you that in giving you lobster at 37½ cents a cube he is doing nothing less than dispensing charity. And if you protest to the Sioux City landlord he will smilingly remind you that "you never kick on paying $1.50 for a portion of lobster Newburg back east on Broadway."

That shows the weakness of an imitative business. A big hotel in the capital of hoteldom on the island of Manhattan has recently introduced a "cover charge" of twenty-five cents a person to reimburse the proprietor for bread and pepper and salt and ice-water and butter, all costly essentials to the meal. That will probably also soon become nationally popular; perhaps sooner or later some daring wit of a boniface is going to discover that he can make fifty cents a "cover charge" and still escape with his life.

These abuses and some others that have spread across the land with the coming of the metropolitan hotel to all of the little towns of the land are perhaps, after all, but minor chords to the main theme—the architectural problems that have been raised on high by the coming of the new sort of hotel.

For, truth to tell, when we imported European methods of keeping hotels, the good with the bad, we failed to bring across the sea the personality and charm of the hostelries of the Continent from which they came. Unfortunately the first of our new order of great hotels were built in the city of New York; unfortunately, because the narrow squares and the high prices of Manhattan real estate have evolved a peculiarly cramped type of building. While the type of hotel architecture which resembles a packing-case stood upon end is a necessity in New York, it is not a necessity in most other American cities. But almost all the others of our American cities have followed New York blindly in this regard, and there is a hideous monotony of packing-box hotels all the way across the land, from one ocean to the other, from Canada to Mexico. And to-day a Texas city situated in a flat county the size of a New England state is building a monstrous sky-scraper hotel.

None of the personality that some American towns possess in rare degree is reflected in their great new hotels. These are apt to be pretty much alike in all the larger towns across the land—ungainly, raw, overdecorated. Boston is a bit of an exception, because she believes that if Young's or Parker's or the Adams House were good enough for its fathers and its grandfathers it is good enough for the Boston of to-day. So that trinity of fine old-fashioned hostelries still flourishes, and you can scent the very Boston flavor in them when you go to your room and find the catalogue of the house library hanging there. In their restaurants the elect of the Hub still confess to secret adoration of scrod and creamed codfish and all the other delectable old-fashioned dishes of the rock-bound New England shore. And in building Boston's newest hotel, the first of the great new hotels of America to be architecturally sufficient, recognition has been made of that fine New England sentiment by making the chief feature of the hostelry's main façade, facing Copley Square, a typically Boston "bow-window."



The regular patrons of the house bribe the head waiters to secure it for them

Washington has done better things architecturally than almost any other of our American cities—its new railroad station is a model for terminal design. Yet Washington, with her great open squares and her wonderful vistas down long boulevards, has not yet realized a great hotel, typically American in design and decoration, facing one of those squares or boulevards. Her hotels are all replicas of the peculiar style of New York.

Out of all these things there is bound to come a change. The beginnings of that change are already being noticed across the land. Mine Host is bound to learn that there is more than a merely novel plan of serving and charging for food and drink that can be borrowed from the successful hotels of Europe. A great hotel in Portland, Oregon, although it is no longer new, is able to hold for itself first place in an important town as well as an affection in the hearts of those who come to patronize it by its fascinating and unusual courtyard. In that courtyard the Portlandites gather on pleasant summer nights to sit on the hotel porches and listen to its orchestra in the open, infinitely finer than any glass-inclosed, skylight-roofed "palm-garden" of the more modern houses. Denver folk still delight in sitting on the stairs in the imposing courtyard of their fine, old-fashioned hotel.

San Francisco felt that the end of all hotel-keeping was reached when the court of the Palace went down to ruins and ashes in her fearful catastrophe six years ago. And in giving San Francisco a new Palace the architects and the owners cleverly conspired to restore, in part at least, that famous architectural feature. One inspired and imaginative host down at Riverside, California, is a tavern-keeper and a poet. He believes, and rightly, that a typically Californian hotel should breathe something of the architecture and traditions of California and not intimately resemble a Maine coast summer hotel, colored like a lady's glove, and picked up overnight and hurried overland. So he has incorporated into the building of his wonderful house all the rich and exquisite details of the crumbling missions.

The new hotels have gone up by the hundreds in the past seventeen or eighteen years, and their cost has ranged high into the millions. They are but one thing that typifies the growth of a great nation. They are new, and that word is overworked in describing each of them. But there is a better order of things coming. In the next generation of hotel-keepers and hotel patrons we are going to see it.



AMERICA'S BUSINESS CENTER AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY

OF THE FOUR SKY-SCRAPERS WHICH RISE ABOVE THE MASS OF DOWNTOWN NEW YORK, NONE WAS IN EXISTENCE FIVE YEARS AGO. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN FROM BATTERY PLACE, LOOKING NORTH ALONG THE ROUTE OF THE SIXTH AND NINTH AVENUE ELEVATED RAILROADS. BURIED BEHIND THE HUGE BULK OF THE EMPIRE BUILDING, THE FLAT WHITE SKY-SCRAPER IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE, IS LITTLE OLD TRINITY CHURCH, WHOSE LOFTY SPIRE WAS NOT SO LONG AGO THE LANDMARK BY WHICH MARINERS LAID THEIR COURSE UP THE HARBOR. THE TALLEST STRUCTURE IN THE PICTURE, WHOSE SHAFT OF IVORY RISES ON THE EXTREME LEFT, IS THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING. NEXT, ON ITS RIGHT, IS THE DOMED TOWER OF THE SINGER BUILDING. THE SNOWY PINNACLE ON THE RIGHT OF THIS IS THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDING, STILL UNFINISHED, AND THE TOWER WITH THE PYRAMIDAL TOP ON THE EXTREME RIGHT IS THE SUMMIT OF THE BANKERS' TRUST COMPANY BUILDING

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THE POOR MAN'S MOTOR CAR

by Thaddeus S. Dayton

Illustrations by Gordon Grant

PERHAPS no subject is more frequently debated in the homes of the moderately well-to-do than the relation of the monthly income to the potential automobile. Many people would like to know whether the cost of the upkeep of a machine is actually as great as is often stated—and, whether it is or not, they would like to have some idea what that expense amounts to.

There is no question but that the high-grade touring-car or limousine that is sold for $3,000 and up, when operated by a skilled chauffeur and used constantly, runs into considerable money every month. It is generally figured that the "keep" of such a machine is $3,000 a year at the very least. But every day in the streets one sees nicely dressed men who are not paying $60 to $100 for their suits of clothes, and prettily enough arrayed women who are not patronizing expensive dressmakers. Is it not possible to do the same with an automobile—to own a car and get the good out of it on a small, average income? It is, and it is being done all over the country.

A man in the suburbs who has an income of $30 a week and pays $20 a month house rent can afford a car. He will need to buy it carefully and with forethought as to its weight on the tires, an important consideration in running expenses, and he must handle it himself, drive, clean, and make all small repairs, but he can own one without pinching, especially in other directions and without getting into debt. Of course he must have his own garage—that is, he must have a little building alongside his house for the machine. A portable structure costing a hundred dollars or so will do. There will have to be some close calculating, but it can be done, and the owner of the car will be able to have an infinite amount of pleasure without its costing him very much money.

What most people do not realize in car-keeping is this: The man of very moderate means who is the owner of a machine seldom has much time to use it. Hence the wear and tear is relatively small and the cost of fuel is little. The rich man's cars are in constant commission. They cover many miles each day for the owner and his family; they are used on long tours. But the man of small income has little time for his machine. It is a comparatively rare enjoyment. He may go out now and again in the evening for a short spin, but not by any means every night. The real day for his car is a Sunday or a holiday, and for the man who is not a seasoned, rich automobilist anything like a hundred miles is a long, long trip, not to be taken very frequently. The average Sunday trip for the man who is operating his machine economically is seldom anything like this distance.

It follows, therefore, that the monthly cost of the inexpensively handled car goes down to a very low figure, so low that it is not a tax on the $1,500-a-year man. If he is a good and careful driver he can keep his bills down to three or four dollars a week easily, perhaps even below that figure. Of course, such a man has to be something of a mechanic and know how to keep his car constantly in trim. An expense of two or three dollars here and there, renewing this part and that, where coming weaknesses and wear are seen, will save twenty or thirty or even more later on. No man who has not this ingenuity and forethought can afford an automobile on a very small income. The man who possesses it can afford one. It is astonishing what a man can operate a machine on, if he only will. Well-off people who are constantly drawing checks for repairs, garage charges, supplies, chauffeurs' salaries, and spending large sums of money whenever they go out touring, cannot understand it, and declare these calculations impossible. But the so-called impossible is being done in hundreds of towns and small cities, and even in the heart of large cities like New York, Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia, though in these running a car for a very small weekly sum within the range of the very small income is much more difficult.

Some have said that for the apartment-house dweller or the man in the "block house" in the large cities—where a garage of one's own, no matter how small, is quite impossible—it is entirely out of the question to attempt to own one's own machine on an income of less than $50 a week. Investigation has proved an income like this to be unnecessarily large. The man in a big city can manage it on much less, if he will, and not cramp himself in so doing. He has, of course, one extra expense that his suburban brother avoids—he must pay garage storage, having no spot of his own to store his car. The lowest possible garage charge in New York City, for example, is $20 a month, and an owner may find that he will have to pay $25. He will very likely find that he has to. This does not include cleaning or overhauling. The owner must do all of this himself. Naturally under the circumstances, especially when it comes to minor repairs, he cannot do it as well as if he had his own little place. Thus the city man's car is not kept up quite so economically, whatever the owner's skill and intentions may be. In dollars and cents the city man has to put out at least six to eight dollars a week additional, use every ounce of judgment that he will.

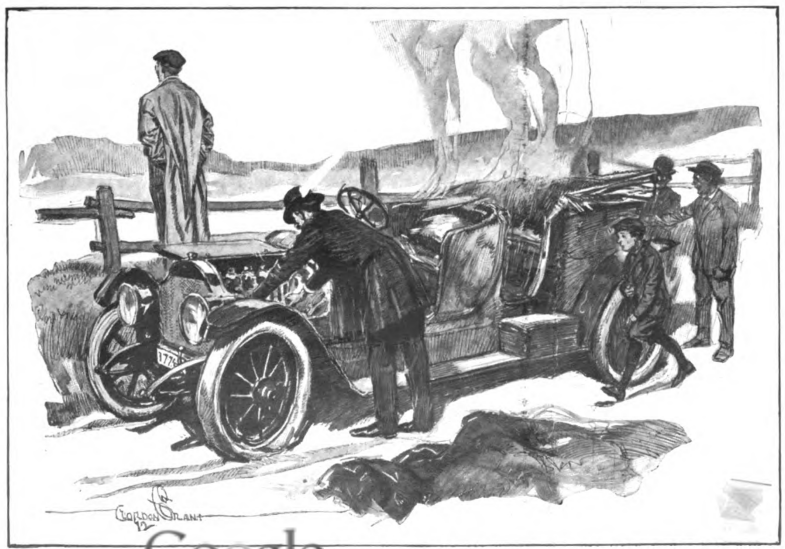


He must handle it himself, drive, clean, and make all small repairs

But even these figures, say $50 a month for the man in the city, are a long way off from the "absolute minimum" of $1,000 a year expense, "taking advantage of every economy" that the well-off people talk about. It all depends upon the point of view. No one will deny that it is pleasanter to be able to spend $100 a month, or even $300, on running your car. The question is not that, but how far down a man and woman can figure it without running into debt. Naturally the advantage is all with the suburban residents or those who live in very small towns, but an automobile to-day is not an impossible proposition for the city-dweller who has a small, steady income.

The question "who can afford an automobile?" is very much that of "who can afford anything?" The careless, free spender who has twice $30 a week will find a car too much for his means, while the man of another type, with one-half his income, can manage well. Of course, there is, as in everything else, a danger point. In the country a man should not be an automobile-owner of any kind unless he can comfortably spend three or four dollars extra a week at least, and the flat-dweller in a big city should be sure that he can afford about twelve dollars weekly. The joys of automobiling can be had for these small sums. It is no longer only a rich man's pastime. It looks as if the prophecy made several years ago would become true, that practically all people of moderate means would find it possible to become automobile-owners within a short time.

The man of ordinary, average salary finds it an easy matter to buy a machine to-day. The price of new cars of good makes is steadily decreasing, and there are always a number of excellent second-hand cars in the market. There is no trouble at all in buying a very good machine for a hundred dollars down, or even less, and paying off the balance monthly. In fact, as with pianos and many other articles, a man can make almost any terms he wishes. If the buyer has a turn for mechanics, he has a golden automobile opportunity these days. For $400, $300, and even $200, he can get a second-hand car of one of



A quiet suburbanite nosed among the ruins and suddenly made an offer of $200 spot cash

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the high-grade makes. It will not be, at the moment, a perfect car, of course. But such a man can take it, and at little expense can gradually make it into a first-class car. The process will be to replace the worn-out parts step by step. A man does not have to be a mechanical genius, by any means, to be able to accomplish this. There are thousands of men in America to-day who would find it possible and the work an actual relaxation and enjoyment, and hundreds who are actually doing it.

Two or three years ago a car that was practically new and had cost over $3,000 got afire while on the road. By the time the fire was put out it looked pretty badly damaged. The owner, a rich young fellow, was disgusted. He never wanted to see the car again. Sell it? Of course he would, to any one who was fool enough to buy it. A suburbanite nosed quietly among the ruins and suddenly made an offer of $200 spot cash, take it away himself. He pulled a small check-book out of his pocket. The owner, who had telephoned for another car and was crossly awaiting it, angry at having his trip interrupted, closed the bargain like a flash.

Six months after that Mr. Suburbanite had a $3,300 car that was the envy of people for miles around. It had cost him, all included, $400, and he had worked on it steadily. Now and again he took a day off from the bank in the big city near by, and had a mechanic or two come out to help him; but in the main it was all his work. Piece by piece, at a cost of a few dollars at a time, he had reconstructed the big car, and, as he afterward told his intimates, it was the cheapest fun he ever had.

This man was a $1,500 a year man. His automobiling—for he did not have very much spare time to tour—cost him scarcely more than five dollars a week all told. He had the advantage, of course, of more than common mechanical skill, but in a measure his is the story of many other men, especially those in sedentary pursuits who find the greatest of all enjoyments in "fussing" over a car in off hours. It is this type of man, no matter what his salary may be, who can best afford an automobile, and who, on an income that would seem to most people altogether too meager, manages to be a car-owner without the slightest hardship.

The question of "affording" begins with the purchase of a car. Many a man has found he could not "afford" one and has had regretfully to give up the pastime merely because he has bought wrong. The heavy automobile is no car for a man to buy when every cent of expense thereafter has to be considered. There are cars that can be run inexpensively and cars that will be costly in the extreme. The man who thinks of this when he is buying and picks out the right type of car for a slim purse comes out right every time.

Many manufacturers are now considering just this type of customer. He has come to be a big factor in the market and has been found quite as worth while catering to as his rich money-spending brother. A man like this wants not only a fairly low-priced car to start with, but one that can be run at very little cost.

Such a car, made specifically for the man of moderate means, not only as regards first cost, but as to running, has, for example, one of its prime principles that there should not be too much weight on the tires. Many men about to buy a car would not give attention to this point. The man who has his head about him, though, and will make a success of having his own car on a small income, does. It is in ways like this that he demonstrates his ability to afford an automobile. He has grasped the idea that it is management and forethought rather than actual money that makes car-owning possible for the man of little means, and when he starts out to buy he studies every detail of weight and convenience and simplicity of mechanism. A car a few pounds lighter than another may mean the saving of a number of dollars yearly for him. He buys with an eye like a hawk.

The matter of weight works this way: Tires are supposed to be a costly proposition for the automobilist. So they are for the men with whom it makes little difference where their money goes. But in actual practice, if a man knows how to do it, the tire bill can be cut down to very little indeed. Here is a good instance:

There is one man right in New York City who, two years ago, bought one of the smaller light-weight, well-advertised cars. The tires for this cost a hundred dollars for the four. They are the smallest that are made. Probably they would not appeal any more than the car itself to the rich man to whom hundred-dollar bills are mere incidents of daily life. But they are good tires, and the car provides many pleasant rides at a rattling clip.

These tires are guaranteed for 3,500 miles. But this man who really knew how to afford an automobile and was an expert at it managed to make them last for 6,000 miles. It was near the end of the two years before he had to renew them. Now 6,000 miles in two years does not represent a lot of touring, but it means a good many delightful hours at what this man made at very small tire cost per mile. It is men like this who can afford machines, for they know how to get the best out of them.

Tires like these could not be used, of course, on the heavy cars. Here comes in the judgment of buying the economical car—that is, for the man who must persistently consider ways and means. The man who considers finds that there are many other points he must look into in an automobile he buys. Some are much more simple to take care of than others, some allow small repairs to be made more readily. Every man drives a car just a little differently. There are a thousand and one chances to save money or to waste it every mile that is traveled. The shrewd man of little means learns the way to favor his car and prolong its life and lessen the cost of repairs. If it is not the first thing he learns, it is very near to it. The ordinary automobilist does not realize what savings are possible in a year, with care.

A garage may cost what it will. An ingenious man will very likely be able to put up one with his own hands at a cost of less than twenty-five dollars. Built especially and made a rather sightly building, one would probably cost not far from $100. In many cases, however, in towns through the country, there is some disused stable or other outbuilding that is just the thing. However, the garage need not give the careful owner much worry. An automobile does not need to be elegantly housed.

Once the machine is bought, there should be unending effort to keep expenses down. The owner can do this by sternly restricting his tours whenever the accounts begin to get high. This is simple and requires only will-power and firmness. This much is a necessity if the automobile is to be a pleasure instead of a financial burden. This is where "affording" comes in. The man who runs his car on this basis can always afford one, while he who oversteps can never afford this luxury. It all depends upon the man and the way he knows how to manage. This is why many clerks to-day are driving their own cars, while far more prosperous men sit by and gloomily envy. They, too, could afford an automobile, but they do not know how.

NEW CARS FOR THE NEW YEAR

Some Innovations and Inventions that are to be Seen in the Newest Types of Automobiles

BY LAWRENCE LaRUE

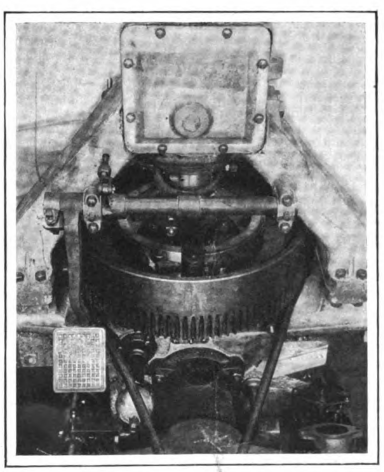
ASK one motor-car manufacturer what is to be the nature of his 1913 product and he will say, indignantly, that he makes no yearly models; improvements are applied to his cars as soon as they are perfected, and he doesn't keep the public waiting until the next year to get the benefit of his tests and experience. His cars are marked in "series" or "classes" that bear a certain number or letter and have no connection with the year in which they are marketed.

Having learned your lesson, approach the next manufacturer and question him as to the specifications of his "Series XXIV" or "Type ZZ" car and you will probably be told that his factory has been working for the last six months on the 1913 models, that his entire sales force has been busy taking orders for next year's cars during the usual dull fall season, and that the opportunity for obtaining a 1913 car in the latter part of 1912 is so alluring to purchasers that the production end of the organization is working night and day throughout the year. He will say that an improvement is added to his product as soon as the former is perfected, but that he doesn't think it necessary to rename or give a new number to the car because of a minor change made during a production season; and he will exhibit as visible evidences of disgust over those who have departed from the yearly model system in favor of numbers or types as did the first man you approached when you mentioned "1913 car."

It is, perhaps, unfortunate that there is not more unanimity among motor-car manufacturers as to the proper designation of their latest product. It is a dissension, of course, that in no wise affects the quality of the cars, but it is difficult for the average man to keep such distinctions in mind. He will term a car by the year in which it was bought, regardless of the fact that it may be dubbed of a certain type or series by the maker or that the factories had been working on its parts for a full year before it reached the market.

But, regardless of personal opinions as to types, series, or yearly models, the automobiles that are now being produced are assuredly "new cars," and no manufacturer can take exception to that term. Also, regardless of the protestations and good intentions of all of the manufacturers who honestly strive to keep their product "up to date," there are many changes and improvements to be found in the new cars which were not possessed by their cousins of last summer. These changes are in no wise radical, for nearly all of them have been thoroughly "tried out" before in one or more instances, but they mark a trend of demand and design that in itself constitutes the very essence of the new cars. Take the matter of self-starters, for example. These were used with great success on probably thirty per cent. of the cars made last year. Consequently this year finds the self-starter no innovation, but the fact that it is to be used on well over ninety per cent. of the various makes of new machines is in itself a most impressive indication of the demand of the day.

It is probably the success of the electric self-starter that has made possible the large accessions to the ranks of the electrically illuminated cars. The idea



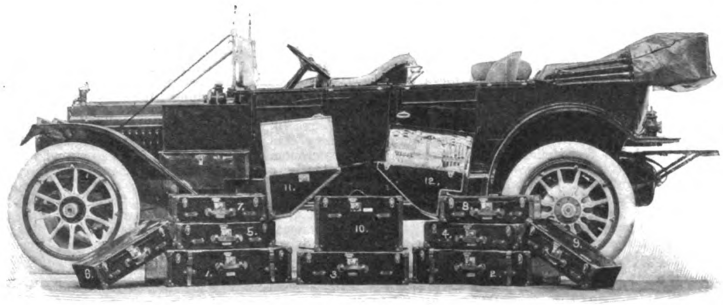
The teeth cut in the fly-wheel which engage with the gear of an electric motor on a popular form of self-starter. This installation also furnishes current for the lighting system

of employing the same electric generating and storage outfit for starting the motor, furnishing power to the lights, and in some instances supplying current to the ignition system, has appealed to designers and users alike, and we find that the number of makers employing this system has increased several fold over last year. Electric lights, however, are not restricted to the cars equipped with electric self-starters, for compact generating and storage outfits are used on many automobiles employing the explosive, pneumatic, or mechanical form of self-starter. It is not to be expected that such equipment will be found on the cheaper cars, but even these may be provided with electric-lighting outfits at but a comparatively small advance in price. On one of these the magneto is so designed that it can be made to furnish sufficient current of the proper type for the operation of headlights, sidelights, and tail lamp without affecting its service as the most important part of the ignition system.

But the vast increase in the number of electrically lighted cars does not constitute the only feature of 1913 lighting systems. These have been refined and improved until every part of the motor and body can be illuminated at the turn of a switch or the pressure on a bottom. Gage lights for illuminating the instruments on the dash and "trouble-hunters" attached to long, flexible wires have long constituted some of the applications of electric-lighting systems, but it remained for one ingenious designer to devise a light so placed beneath ground glass set in the running-board that the step in front of each door of a closed car will be brightly illuminated. These lights are wired with the separate doors, and electric connection is made whenever one or the other is opened. It is only those who have had occasion to enter or step from the brilliantly lighted interior of a modern closed car who can realize how dark the ordinary step appears in contrast as it lies in the shadow of the sill. While this doorstep illumination is not necessarily a feature of the majority of 1913 cars, it is an example of the refinements and ingenious applications to which the modern electric-lighting system is amenable. The control of the various outside lights is arranged within easy reach of the driver, while the switches for the interior lamps are placed where they may be operated conveniently by the occupants. Those usually operated from the driver's seat are the pair of headlights, the pair of sidelights, the tail lamp, and two or three gage lamps. On some cars a miniature switchboard has been installed on the steering-post, and from this the ignition system, the self-starter, and any individual light or set of lights may be operated by a push on the proper button. A pull on this same button will throw off the switch and thus stop the car or extinguish any light desired.

About a decade ago the advent of the first four-cylinder gasolene automobile engine took the motoring world "by storm." It was a radical change, for nearly all of the power plants of those days were one-cylinder—and in rare cases two-cylinder—motors, and consequently the three-hundred-per-cent. increase in the number of cylinders was somewhat startling. It was not long before all makers were adopting the four-cylinder motor, however, and it therefore logically seemed but a step to the production of the engine of six cylinders. A few years later some hardy makers produced "sixes" exclusively, but for several seasons the "four" remained as the standard power plant;

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A baggage outfit ready to be attached to a car

the "six" was more or less of a luxury, and it was only in the expensive cars that it could be found. But the public has now become accustomed to "sixes," and therefore the statement that there will be more six-cylinder motors produced this year than there were cars of all kinds manufactured in 1910 will hardly cause the sensation that was occasioned by the appearance of the first "four." Such figures are significant, however, for while in point of numbers the "four" will still hold the lead, the number of manufacturers who have finally swung into the "six" line this year marks one of the most important eras of the automobile industry. Manufacturers who had hitherto confined their efforts exclusively to "fours" are now producing "sixes"—not as a side line, but as leading models, on a par with, if not of greater importance than, the "fours." Other concerns which produced both types of cars last year are now confining their efforts exclusively to the manufacture of "sixes." And these six-cylinder cars are not all high-priced; several manufacturers of expensive "sixes" have presented 1913 with a "little six" that is smaller, lighter, of less power, and that sells at a lower price than does its big brother and yet is the peer of the best four-cylinder automobile of two or three years ago.

But even such changes do not mark the limit of the price reductions that have been made for the "six" of 1913. The above-mentioned "little sixes" will sell at from one-half to two-thirds of the price of their five and six thousand dollar brothers, but for 1913 the man to whom $1,500 represents the limit of his motor investment can still become the proud possessor of a "six" that would have done credit to the $3,000 cars four years ago. These low-priced "sixes" are smaller, of course, and of less horsepower than the more expensive machines, but so effective and far-reaching have been the refinements of the past few years that this new crop of "sixes" can easily hold its own with any machines of other vintages.

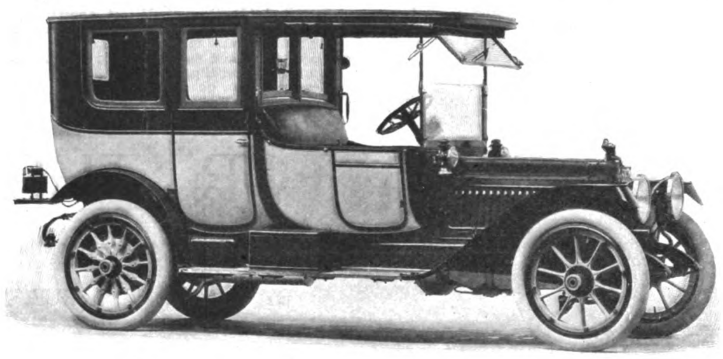
The substitution of six-cylinder motors for "fours" under the bonnets of many of the cars has resulted in lengthening the forward portion of the machine. Therefore, to prevent the car from appearing to be "all engine" the body has been lengthened in proportion to the increase in size of the bonnet, with the result that machines of longer wheel-bases are in vogue among the medium-priced class than was the case a season or so ago. This change has increased the carrying capacity of many of the cars, or, in cases in which this has remained the same, the space allowed for each occupant is greater than formerly. In some models both comfort and capacity have been increased and, in addition, room for the storage of extra equipment and luggage for long tours is provided.

But because the increase in "sixes" is one of the sensations of the season, let not the motorist think that the "fours" have been neglected. These have kept pace with the general improvements of the times and are to-day better cars than ever. These, too, have increased in roominess, power, capacity, and comfort, and the provisions for traveling equipment show that the modern motor-car is more a touring vehicle than ever. Pockets in the sides of the rear doors and at the back of the front seat afford accommodation for flat articles, while provision is made for the storage of small necessities in drawers that are placed under the seats and may be reached from the tonneau. Folding trunk-racks are placed at the rear, and, as spare tires are now carried here also, the running-boards are left free for the accommodation of suit-cases, trunks, and boxes. On some cars an extra touring equipment is provided—at additional cost, of course—which consists of a dozen or more leather-covered boxes and cases, each of which is shaped to fit a certain portion of the body. Some of these are placed on the running-boards, others are attached to the back of the front seat in the tonneau, while still a third set is secured to the inside of the doors. Those placed at the rear end of the running-boards are shaped to fit the curve of the fenders, and each piece is so designed and located that its contents may be reached without the necessity for disturbing the other boxes or cases.

In general appearance the new cars are not greatly different from their predecessors of 1912. The same long, low, straight-line effect is maintained and even accentuated by the increase in the length of the wheel-base of many of the cars. In fact, it is probable that the sides are slightly higher and the backs a bit lower than last year. This increases the "torpedo" or "gunboat" appearance of the bodies, and as in some cars the backs of the seats are scarcely higher than the top of the dash and meet the sides in the same graceful curve, the 'smooth side' effect is more in evidence than ever. The endeavor apparent last year to keep the running-boards and sides free from impedimenta and projections seemed to meet with approval on the part of the public, for the majority of the new cars carry the spare tires at the rear, place the tool and battery boxes and gas-tank under the seats or floor boards, and employ invisible hinges and concealed inside latches on the doors.

The closed cars are more comfortable and luxurious than ever, and the tendency toward the inclosed driver's section, or "Pullman front," design is plainly apparent. Attention has been paid to the ventilation of the interior of both compartments, and several ingenious devices for this purpose are to be found as regular equipment on many of the limousines, coupés, and town cars. Convertible bodies have met with great success, and it is probable that many of these will be found in use this year by those who can afford to purchase this more pretentious type of car. These convertible bodies may be so arranged that the car to all appearances resembles an ordinary touring automobile, but only a few moments are required to convert the machine into a limousine with the conventional glass partition between the driver's seat and the rear compartment and with sliding glass windows in the sides and doors. When not in use these glass partitions and windows are let down into pockets in the sides, doors, and back of the front seat, while the top covering is composed of a collapsible material that may be folded back out of the way in the same manner as the ordinary touring-car top.

So far as mechanical changes are concerned, the new cars are free from innovations. Refinements are apparent, such as an increase in the number of motors provided with inclosed valve stems, unit power plants—which include the motor, clutch, and transmission mounted on a common base—and lubricating systems which automatically regulate the oil supply to correspond to the speed of the motor and the load carried by it. Four-speed transmission systems will be found on more of the cars than formerly, although the three-speed type still retains many adherents who consider that the superior flexibility of the six-cylinder motor renders a fourth gear unnecessary.



A car with fore-doors and switchboard (attached to the steering-post) for the control of the ignition, self-starter, and lighting system

In considering control the number of designers who have entered the "left-hand drive" field cannot be overlooked. City traffic conditions and the inadvisability of alighting from the driver's seat on the left-hand side of the road immediately in front of the passing stream of vehicles have long made the left-hand drive advisable for town cars and taxicabs, but 1913 finds this design applied to a large number of touring cars. The improvement of the average country road and the elimination of the dangerous ditch at either side have made the driver of to-day more interested in the space between himself and the vehicle that he is passing on his left than in the nearness of his wheels to the "gutter," and consequently there are many tourists who prefer to operate their cars from the left side. Some of the cars on which the driver's seat is placed at the left are provided with transmission and emergency brake levers projecting from the center, so that these may be operated with the right hand. This design possesses the further advantage of allowing the driver and his companion to alight from or enter the forward compartment at either side—provided the spare tires are carried at the rear—and also makes no radical change in the method of control to which the operator has been accustomed when the levers were placed at the right side of the right-hand seat. The chief advantage of the left-hand drive, however, lies in the fact that it enables the driver to alight directly upon the curb, and inasmuch as the almost universal use of the self-starter has eliminated the formerly frequent necessity of stepping out to crank the motor right-hand entrance is considered by many designers to be sufficient, and such, therefore, place the control levers at the left.

But whether it be a four or six cylinder car, right or left hand drive, center or side control, or three or four point suspension, the buyer of a new automobile may rest assured that he is receiving full value for money invested. This holds true this year as never before, for, as new manufacturing processes are inaugurated, a greater number of parts made interchangeable, better materials used, and a more general exchange of policies between designers and engineers of rival companies comes about, the motor-car as a vehicle is bound to be improved.



Cars fitted with the new left-hand drive, enabling the driver to gage the clearance nicely

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CAR-TROUBLES: HOW TO CURE THEM

Their Symptoms and their Cure. A Clear and Comprehensive Guide for the Motorist in Trouble on the Road

BY HAROLD WHITING SLAUSON, M.E.

The various motor troubles here dealt with are classified alphabetically according to the predominating symptom. These are also numbered consecutively for each part of the motor. Where there are two or more possible causes all are given, together with their remedies. The sub-classifications thus formed bear a letter preceded by the number indicating the paragraph of which they form a part. Remedies for symptoms are not repeated in the text, but reference is made to the paragraph number and letter in which the hint appears.

I.—CLUTCH TROUBLES

1. Harsh or "Fierce"

a. Lack of lubrication (if cone clutch or disk clutch running in oil is used), making surfaces dry and resulting in sudden engagement of the members. Apply castor-oil or neat's-foot oil to surface of leather-faced cone clutch and keep parts well oiled thereafter. Fill casing of disk clutch about one-third full of the proper quality of oil.

b. Surfaces rough, preventing gradual engagement. "Dress down" cone clutch surface or apply new leather. Bevel edges of disks with a file to remove "burrs."

2. Operation Difficult

a. Shafts out of alignment, producing unequal pressure at various points of contact and thereby forming a wedging action. This makes disengagement impossible. Shafts and bearings should be aligned by expert.

b. Spring tension too heavy, requiring strong pressure to disengage. Reduce spring tension by adjustment provided, but care should be taken not to leave spring so weak that clutch will slip.

c. Surfaces worn in form of grooves or overlapping edges which grip the adjoining plates of a disk clutch. Bevel all edges with a file. (See 1b above.)

3. Slips

a. Leather of cone clutch oil-soaked, preventing surfaces from gripping properly. Apply a small amount of powdered rosin to leather or renew leather.

b. Surfaces glazed from wear, gummed lubricant, or running when plates were dry. If cone clutch, renew leather surface. If plate clutch, remove disks and clean with gasolene; or, if deposit is hard, with some abrasive such as powdered emery. Drain out old oil and replace with fresh.

c. Spring weak, preventing friction surfaces from being held together with sufficient force. Tighten by moving up collar against which one end of spring rests, or send to factory for heavier spring.

II.—ENGINE TROUBLES

1. Back-firing

a. Mixture too lean; adjust carburetor. (See "Fuel Troubles," 1a.)

b. Valves leak, allowing force of explosion to pass through intake pipe. Reseat and grind valves.

c. Valves stuck; same effect as above. Caused by expansion of rod in guide or by a bent push rod. Remove rod and "dress down" with emery-paper or straighten, as necessary.

d. Valve tappets improperly adjusted, preventing valves from returning to full closed position. Turn down tappet nuts so that play equal to thickness of a piece of tissue-paper is allowed between push rods and tappets. Adjustment should be made only when valves are in full closed position.

2. Exhaust-smoking

a. Excess of oil fed to motor. (See "Lubricating Troubles," 2b.)

b. Excess of oil reaches combustion chamber although proper amount may be fed to other portions of motor. (See "Lubricating Troubles, 2a, c, and d.)

c. Motor speeded up with no load. Avoid racing motor unnecessarily.

d. Quality of oil used in cylinders poor. Use only oil of grade and make recommended by manufacturers of car.

3. Explosions Occur Irregularly

a. Batteries or magneto weak. Test with pocket ammeter and renew, recharge, or have field strengthened. (See "Ignition Troubles," 2a, 7a, 8a.)

b. Connection loose. Tighten all terminals and binding-posts. Look for broken soldered joints. See that all electrical connections are bright and free from grease and dirt.

c. Intake valves or pipe leak. Grind valves or repack joints.

d. Mixture rich; will make explosions weak and "regularly intermittent." Adjust carburetor. (See "Carburetor Troubles," 5a and b.)

e. Piston ring broken; will allow portions of charge to escape before ignition. Employ expert to remove piston of offending cylinder and fit new ring.

f. Pre-ignition. Carbon or soot collected on piston and in cylinder head. This becomes incandescent from heat and ignites charge before occurrence of spark. Pour kerosene into spark-plug opening, or remove cylinder and scrape interior surfaces thoroughly.

g. Short circuit in ignition system. Examine insulation of all wires, especially those leading from coil to spark-plugs. Look for leaks on grease or oil soaked wires. See that dry batteries do not rest on any bolt or other metal portions of car.

h. Timer commutator or brushes worn; may cause imperfect connections at high speeds. Remove brushes and commutator, dress down, and increase tension of brush-holder springs to allow for decreased diameter of commutator.

i. Water in gasolene; will produce intermittent skipping. To detect see "Fuel Troubles," 7b. When tank is empty refill only with fuel obtained at reliable garage or supply-station. Strain all gasolene through chamois.

4. Explosions in Muffler

a. Ignition failure, allowing unexploded charge to pass into muffler, where it is ignited by hot exhaust gases from other cylinders. Examine plugs for occurrence of spark at proper time. (See "Ignition Troubles," 8a and b.)

b. Switch thrown off when motor is speeded up, allowing fresh charges to pass into hot muffler before engine "dies down." Throttle down before spark is turned off.

c. Valves leak, permitting portion of charge to escape into exhaust pipe and thence to muffler before ignition occurs in cylinder. Grind valves.

5. Inflexibility

a. Carburetor improperly adjusted, preventing correct mixtures at high or low speeds. Adjust needle valve or auxiliary air valve. (See "Fuel Troubles," 2a.)

b. Fuel of poor quality, preventing vaporization from taking place at certain speeds.

6. Knocking

a. Bearing at crank shaft or wrist-pin end of connecting rod loose; such a knock will be apparent at all speeds of the motor. Cylinder must be removed and bearing tightened by competent mechanic.

b. Mixture too rich. Adjust carburetor.

c. Spark advanced too far for speed of motor, allowing explosion to occur before piston has reached upper end of stroke. Retard spark or speed up motor; motor capable of greater spark advance at high speeds than at low.

7. Overheating

a. Circulating system clogged; sufficient water cannot reach jackets or cooling surfaces of radiator. (See VI., 1a b, and c.)

b. Fan belt slips, preventing proper rotation of fan and thereby reducing amount of air drawn through radiator. (See "Cooling System Troubles," 4e.)

c. Fan blades bent, interfering with air-drawing capacity of fan. (See "Cooling System Troubles," 4f.)

d. Mixture too rich, forming a slow-burning charge that exposes a large part of the cylinder walls to the flame as the piston descends. Close needle valve of carburetor slightly.

e. Radiator empty, furnishing no medium for transferring heat from cylinders to air. Fill radiator and search for leak, although water may have boiled away.

f. Oil supply to cylinders insufficient, increasing friction between piston and cylinder walls and also losing advantage of oil as a heat-removing medium. Fill crank case or increase supply of oil to connecting rods and cylinders.

g. Running continuously on low gear, making motor run at high speeds with consequent increased number of explosions, although travel of car and consequent rush of air through the radiator is slow. Keep radiator filled; use plenty of oil.

h. Spark retarded, preventing occurrence of explosion until large surface of cylinder walls has been uncovered by piston in its downward travel. Advance spark to center.

8. Power Continuous, but Irregular in Strength

a. Fuel of poor quality, resulting in uneven mixtures fed to cylinders. Test fuel with hydrometer, or buy only that known to be of good quality.

b. Fuel pipe clogged, allowing gasolene to be fed to carburetor in varying quantities. Take apart and clean with kerosene.

c. Load unevenly applied, as in a slipping clutch. (See "Clutch Troubles," 3a, b, and c.)

d. Pressure line (if pressure feed is used) to fuel-tank clogged by carbon or other impurity, preventing regular application of sufficient pressure to force fuel to level of carburetor. Remove pressure pipe line; clean out with kerosene; make certain that all openings are free from obstructions before replacement.

9. Power Ceases Suddenly

a. Broken electrical connection or burned-out coil if no more explosions occur. Search for broken wire or terminal. Have coil tested for broken interior winding.

b. Coil sticks if "skip" is only temporary but recurring. Spark cannot occur at plugs when vibrator of coil does not operate between its magnet and platinum point. (See "Ignition System Troubles," 2a, b, c, and d.)

c. Current supply weak. Renew or recharge batteries or have field of magneto strengthened.

10. Starting Difficult (assuming motor apparently ran well previously)

a. Carburetor adjusted for weak mixture suitable only for high speeds. Close "butterfly" valve or open needle valve slightly.

b. Fuel of low grade used, making vaporization difficult until motor is once started. "Prime" each cylinder with gasolene through pet cock or spark-plug opening.

c. Piston rings worn or broken, allowing escape of compression, under which condition the charge is not so susceptible to ignition. (See "Engine Troubles," 3e.)

d. Switch thrown on magneto instead of on battery, preventing formation of sufficient ignition current until motor is whirled rapidly in order to impart high enough speed to armature of magneto. Throw switch to batteries or leave on magneto and open relief cocks so that motor may be "whirled" rapidly.

e. Valves stuck or dirty, allowing escape of compression. (See "Engine Troubles," 10c, and "Engine Troubles," 1b and c.)

f. Weather cold, preventing sufficiently rapid vaporization of fuel in carburetor. Prime cylinders (see "Engine Troubles," 10b) and apply hot-water-soaked cloths around float chamber of carburetor to facilitate evaporation. If hot-air or hot-water connection is supplied on carburetor, open so that float chamber will be warmed at first explosions.

11. Stopping Difficult

a. Carbon deposit on piston or cylinder head, forming points which become incandescent from heat of previous explosions and ignite mixture without necessity of spark.

b. Oil supply to motor insufficient, causing interior parts to become unduly heated, with same result as above. Stop motor by shutting off gasolene supply entirely. (See "Lubricating System Troubles," 1a and b.)

c. Overheating from defect in cooling system or continued running on low gear. (See "Engine Troubles, 7a, b, c, d, e, f, g, and h.)

12. Stopping Suddenly and Unexpectedly

a. Broken electrical connection if explosions cease suddenly and motor "dies down" of its own accord.

b. Overheated pistons or rings, causing piston to "seize" suddenly. This trouble will arise from defect in cooling system or lack of sufficient cylinder lubrication.

13. Turning (or Cranking) Difficult (or Impossible)

a. Bearing or piston seized through lack of lubrication when motor was run previously.

b. Oil gummed in pistons and bearings due to use of too heavy lubricant or cold weather. Loosen with kerosene poured in through spark-plug openings and work with crank until operation is free.

c. Transmission not in neutral, causing operator to propel car as he cranks motor. A dangerous condition, for if motor "catches on the spark" the car will move suddenly under its own power.

III.—FUEL TROUBLES

1. Back-firing through Carburetor

a. Carburetor adjusted for weak mixture at low speeds, thus permitting ignition when inlet valves are still open. Open needle valve to allow passage of more fuel or close auxiliary air valve.

b. Gasolene contains water or other impurities, forming a weak mixture. Strain all fuel through chamois before filling tank.

2. Flexibility of Control Lacking

a. Carburetor improperly adjusted, allowing of too weak mixtures at low speeds and too rich mixtures at high speeds of motor. Adjust needle valve to give sufficient fuel at low speeds of motor and then set auxiliary air spring so that irregular running does not occur at high speeds.

b. Fuel of low grade or filled with impurities, preventing sufficient vaporization at low speeds.

c. Throttle throw limited, preventing proper restriction or enlargement of the intake pipe to permit of desired range of speeds. Adjust set screw to allow of further closing of throttle, or bend or lengthen rods from throttle lever to permit of sufficient "play."

3. Joints of Pipes or Carburetor Leak

a. Packing in "stuffing boxes" worn or broken. Repack. If ground joints are used remove, clean, and polish bright and replace, making certain that all surfaces are in perfect contact before nuts are tightened.

4. Leak of Gasolene from Carburetor (Flooded)

a. Float set too high on stem, allowing chamber

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to overflow before controlling valve is closed. Set float down on stem if such regulation is provided, or bend arm down slightly so that valve will close before fuel reaches overflowing level.

b. **Float** soaked (if of cork) or **leaks** (if of metal), causing float to be heavier than formerly and thus rest lower in the gasolene so that controlling valve will not be closed when proper level is reached. Dry cork float in oven and coat with shellac. Plunge leaking metal float in hot water to facilitate evaporation of gasolene contained therein and solder leak.

c. **Foreign** matter resting under gasolene valve, thus preventing perfect seating of the valve and checking of the flow. Drain float chamber, but if this does not carry away the foreign matter remove valve and clean valve and seat.

5. **Mixture Rich**

a. **Auxiliary** air valve too far closed, cutting off proper proportion of air to gasolene and resulting in irregular running, especially on high speeds. Open air valve until proper running occurs at high speeds of the motor.

b. **Needle** valve open too wide, giving too much gasolene vapor for the proportion of air sucked in by motor. Close needle valve until motor runs properly on low speed.

6. **"Starving."** (Inability to obtain sufficient fuel, regardless of position of needle valve.)

a. **Float** too low on stem, causing closing of control valve before proper level of gasolene in chamber has been reached. Raise float on stem if this adjustment is provided. Otherwise bend arm so that float does not operate gasolene valve so soon.

b. **Obstruction** in feed line, preventing sufficient flow of gasolene. Empty tank, disconnect pipe, and blow through all parts. Remove gasolene strainer and clean.

c. **Obstruction** in pressure line (if pressure feed type is employed), preventing formation of sufficient pressure to force gasolene to carburetor. Remove pressure line; clean with kerosene; examine check valve for accumulation of carbon.

d. **Tank** cap leaks (if pressure feed type is employed), allowing escape of pressure that should be stored for forcing fuel up to carburetor. Screw cap down tighter or instal new washer or packing to insure tight joint between it and tank.

e. **Tank** cap screwed down too tight or vent hole stopped (if gravity fuel feed system is employed), preventing entrance of air to replace gasolene fed to carburetor. Loosen cap slightly to allow entrance of air so that pressure can be equalized, or free obstruction in vent hole.

7. **Water in Fuel, Fuel Tank, or Carburetor**

a. **Condensation** in fuel tank caused by cold gasolene being poured into warm tank. Not generally serious, but may account for presence of a few drops of water in otherwise pure gasolene.

b. **Impure** fuel not properly refined or handled. Buy gasolene only of reputable supply-house or test with hydrometer to determine specific gravity. The presence of water in gasolene may be determined by drawing fuel from the bottom of the tank into a small cup. The water is heavier and will remain in the bottom. If the contents of the cup are spread over a level surface the gasolene will distribute itself rapidly, while the water will remain in separate and plainly apparent globules.

IV.—IGNITION SYSTEM TROUBLES

1. **Coil Buzzes, but no Spark Formed**

a. **Short** circuit in secondary (*not* in primary), allowing high tension to reach motor without passing through spark-plugs. Keep high-tension wiring away from metal parts until leak is discovered and repaired.

b. **Winding** (secondary) of coil burned out, allowing current to pass from battery, but breaking passage of high-tension current. Send coil to maker for examination and repairs or replacement.

2. **Coil Sticks**

a. **Batteries** or magneto weak. Test former with pocket ammeter. Amperes should show above six. Storage battery should be kept filled with distilled water to a level above the tops of the plates.

b. **Platinum** contact points pitted by excessive sparking. Strike the platinum point on the vibrator and that on the set-screw with a light hammer until the surfaces are level and then smooth down with a piece of emery-paper.

c. **Vibrator** set too stiff, requiring high current consumption for its operation. Loosen tension of vibrator until buzz, while pronounced, is not as "heavy" as formerly. The buzz should remain at same pitch as long as current is turned on.

d. **Vibrator** spaced too far from magnet of coil, requiring high current consumption. Set down vibrator by means of contact screw until distance between vibrator and magnet of coil is about one thirty-second of an inch. Reduce tension on vibrator correspondingly, as otherwise setting the vibrator down will increase its stiffness of action.

3. **Coil Stiff**

a. **Tension** screw set too tight. (See above.)

b. **Vibrator** set too far from magnet of coil. (See above.)

4. **Current Consumption High**

a. **Coil** stiff, requiring high current consumption to operate vibrator. (See 2c above.)

b. **Leak** in insulation of wiring, allowing current to flow when contact is not made. Examine carefully; renew old wires. Cover wiring exposed to grease and oil with coat of shellac. Use insulating tape wherever covered wire comes in contact with metal part.

c. **Vibrator** set too high, requiring excess of current to operate. (See 2d above.)

5. **Current Leaks and Jumps through Insulation**

a. **Insulation** disintegrated. Caused by exposure to oil, grease, or gasolene. (See 4b above.)

b. **Insulation** worn. If caused by excessive use, renew wiring. If caused by local rubbing against a part of the motor, tie wiring away from contact with metal portions, and use insulating tape freely at rubbed parts.

c. **Wiring** or insulation small for current; analogous to use of too small and light rubber hose for high-pressure stream of water. Current will leak through insulation. Use larger wire and heavier covering.

6. **Magneto will not run Motor at low Speeds**

a. **Circuit-breaker** of magneto set too far ahead, thus producing strongest spark when timer is advanced and causing retarded spark to be too weak for operation of motor. Set circuit-breaker back on its shaft slightly.

b. **Fields** of magneto too weak to generate current at low speeds. Send magneto to factory, where fields can be strengthened.

c. **Spark-plug** points too far apart, producing a high resistance that cannot be overcome by the weak current generated at low speeds. Bring points closer together so that about one-thirty-second of an inch separates electrodes. Use gauge for setting spark gap properly in magneto plugs, as these require more delicate adjustment than do those using current from battery.

7. **Spark Absent**

a. **Batteries** weak so that sufficient current is not produced to operate coil.

b. **Short** circuit in wiring, forming "short-cut" return to battery or magneto without passing through plug. This short circuit may be in the plug which may have become fouled with carbon or soot. (See 10a, b, and c below.)

c. **Wiring** broken; preventing flow of current.

8. **Spark in Air when plug is placed on cylinder head, but none in cylinder**

a. **Batteries** weak. The resistance to the passage of the spark is much higher in the compressed mixture of the cylinder than is the case at atmospheric pressure.

b. **Spark-plug** gap too wide. (See 8a above.) Bring spark-plug electrodes closer together.

9. **Spark Intermittent**

a. **Batteries** or magneto weak. (See 2a, 7a, 8a above.)

b. **Coil** sticks. (See 2a, b, c, d above.)

c. **Oil** reaches spark-plug at intervals, forming short circuit which is alternately burned off and replaced by fresh excess lubricant. Reduce amount of oil fed to cylinder. (See "Lubricating Troubles," 2a, b, c, and d.)

d. **Timer** commutator dirty, forming occasional poor contact. Remove old oil and clean with gasolene.

e. **Timer** commutator worn, preventing regular perfect electrical contact. Remove commutator and "dress down." Particles of copper from the commutator and brushes may have collected in the timer, thus forming a short circuit. Clean. (See 9d above.)

10. **Spark-plugs Fouled or Sooted**

a. **Lubrication** of cylinder excessive, allowing large amount of oil to reach plug, where it becomes burned by the heat of the explosions and forms carbon. Reduce oil supply to cylinders.

b. **Lubrication** of cylinder poor in quality, the oil used forming a large carbon deposit when burned. Use only that grade and weight of oil recommended by makers of the car.

c. **Mixture** of gasolene and air improperly proportioned, resulting in a charge that when burned leaves a sooty residue. (See "Fuel Troubles," 5a and 5b.)

11. **Spark Weak**

a. **Batteries** weak.

b. **Spark** gap in plug too wide, preventing formation of "fat" concentrated spark. Bring points closer together until space of about one-thirty-second of an inch intervenes.

V.—LUBRICATING SYSTEM TROUBLES

1. **Distribution Uneven.** (Some parts receiving excess and others insufficient supply.)

a. **Adjustment** of sight feeds improper (if force feed with individual lead and sight feed to each part is used). Turn adjusting nut on top of each sight feed until proper quantity is received by each lead.

b. **Stoppage** in pipes of portions receiving insufficient supply (if general circulating system is employed). Remove leads and clean with kerosene. Remove strainer and clean. Refill with fresh, clean oil.

2. **Excess Fed to Cylinders** (causing dense clouds of smoke at exhaust)

a. **Baffle** plates between crank case and [illegible] cylinder opening out of place (if [illegible] system is employed for piston lubrication). Baffle plates should fill all of openings except that required for swing of connecting rod.

b. **Excess** oil fed to crank case (if force feed splash system is used without baffle plates). The oil is splashed on the piston by [illegible] of the crank and connecting rod and carried to cylinder walls. If too much carried up it will reach combustion chamber and burn. Reduce supply to crank case of offending cylinder.

c. **Oil** ring on piston broken or loose, allowing oil splashed on piston to be carried high up on cylinder walls, where it will burn. Employ expert to renew or refit ring.

d. **Trough** raised too high (if system employing tilting trough for regulating dip of connecting rod is used), causing an excessive "splash" at each dip of the connecting rod. Lower trough by means of adjustment located on motor or on dash. If this is operated in connection with throttle, change rods so that troughs will be tilted lower for all positions of throttle lever.

NOTE.—The above directions are given on the assumption that the proper grade of lubricant is used in the motor.

3. **Leaking**

a. **Gaskets** placed between all flat oil-retaining surfaces and covers broken, lose, or worn. Tighten in latter case; or remove parts, scrape off old gasket, clean with gasolene, and set new gasket in place.

b. **Ground** joints (used at pipe connections of oil leads) worn. Remove offending oil leads: clean surfaces of joint; grind smooth with emery-paper.

c. **Packing** in stuffing-boxes worn. Loosen nut of stuffing-box, remove packing, and replace with fresh.

VI.—WATER-COOLING SYSTEM TROUBLES

1. **Clogged**

a. **Deposit** accumulated in radiator and pipes from continued use of "hard" water. Drain out system and use dissolving chemical recommended by manufacturers of car.

b. **Sediment** or other foreign matter in water. Drain out and flush system with hose attached to city water system. Strain all water that is not absolutely clear.

c. **Tubes**, vanes, or pipes of radiator broken, bent, or collapsed, preventing flow of water through system. Employ expert to repair broken tubes.

2. **Frozen** (when temperature is below thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit)

a. **Lack** of anti-freezing solution in water. Use alcohol, glycerine, or other mixture as recommended by manufacturer to reduce freezing-point of cooling medium.

b. **Lack** of protection when motor is idle, allowing rapid cooling of circulating water. Throw heavy lap robe over radiator as soon as motor is stopped in order to retain the heat.

c. **Motor** idle too long. If car is standing still and no anti-freezing solution is used, motor should be started occasionally to reheat cooled water.

NOTE.—A frozen circulating system may crack a cylinder or it may damage only one of the water-pipes, the pump, or the radiator. The latter damages may sometimes be repaired by a good tinsmith.

3. **Leaking**

a. **Pump** or pipes. Repack stuffing-boxes.

b. **Radiator.** Have examined, repaired, and tested by competent tinsmith. Makeshifts are unsatisfactory; solder or new tubes or vanes only can be used.

c. **Steam** formed in radiator, causing water to boil over. (See "Engine Troubles," 7g.)

4. **Overheating**

a. **Carbon** in cylinders, increasing thickness of walls and thereby interfering with transfer of heat to water. (See "Ignition System Troubles," 10a, b, and c.)

b. **Circulation** through only portion of radiator, reducing amount of cooling surface over which hot water is passed. Evidenced by feeling of radiator, portion of which is hot and rest cold. Cold portion of radiator indicates lack of circulation there. (See 1a, b, and c above.)

c. **Circulating** system clogged. (See 1a, b, and c above.)

d. **Deposits** on interior of pipes and tubes of circulating system, preventing sufficiently rapid transfer of heat, although apparently not interfering with proper circulation of water. (See 1a above.)

e. **Fan** belt slips, preventing sufficient suction of air through radiator to carry off heat from cooling water. Tighten by means of increasing distance between pulleys or whatever other adjustment is provided. If none is found, shorten belt slightly.

f. **Fan** blades bent, reducing efficiency of suction of fan. Twist offending blades to shape uniform with the others.

g. **Radiator** empty, caused by leak; rapid evaporation due to boiling or rapid evaporation of alcohol used as an anti-freezing mixture.

h. **Running** on low gear, resulting in high speed of motor with attendant low speed of car. "Coast" car when possible with spark turned off in order to allow cool air to be sucked into cylinders. Avoid continued low-gear running.

5. **Temperature of Motor too low when Running**

a. **Air** too cold, allowing circulating water to give up too much heat and keeping temperature of motor lower than that for which it is designed to deliver its highest efficiency. Place sheet of cardboard or leather flap over a third or a half of the radiator to reduce the surface through which the cold air may pass. This is a trouble encountered only during the coldest midwinter weather.

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WHAT SALESMANSHIP MEANS

BY HOMER McKEE

DRAWINGS BY J. J. GOULD

"LUXURIOUS, clean, and dainty," proclaimed the advertisement for which somebody had "loosened up" to the tune of several thousand dollars.

Mrs. Jones admired its superb art and typography through her lorgnette, sighed deeply, and then ventured to say to her very practical husband: "Really, dear, I wouldn't wonder that this car here is what we'd like. It's really beautiful."

"The hand that rocks the cradle runs the ranch," quoted Mr. Jones. "Go look at it."

"I shall," said Mrs. Jones; "the local dealer's name is printed down at the bottom. He'll be easy to find."

"By the way, Margaret," said Jones, at the breakfast-table next morning, "you know, if you really like that car you spoke of, close up with the chap, whoever he is, and 'phone me. I'll send a check right



"I'm a salesman," says the feet

down. I like quick action. Three thousand is lots of money, but hanging fire won't shrink it any."

"I think I'll buy it," remarked Mrs. Jones—"that is, if it lives up to my expectations." And right there is where good advertising had reached its limit of efficiency. Advertising cannot write a check. That is the result of salesmanship.

Mrs. Jones arrives.

She opens the big door to the salesroom with dainty circumspection. She anticipates a blaze of bright nickel and ebony, with here and there an alert salesman stepping nimbly about among indoor palms. Instead of which she sees a dirty, dimly lighted interior.

On the neglected tile floor, oil stands in small, threatening puddles.

She pulls her skirts out of the danger zone. Her searching eyes cast about timidly. She is just about to beat a retreat when she sees the greasy soles of two feet protruding from beneath an old "used" motor-car.

"Pardon me," she ventures. Her remark is directed to the prone gentleman who seemed to be gamboling silently in grease. "Can you direct me to a salesman?"

There comes a grunt, and two sharp raps of a hammer on metal.

"I'm a salesman, sometimes," says feet. "What can I do for you?"

"I—I beg your pardon. You handle the Elizabethan Electric, I believe. May I look at it, please?"

"There it is, over to your right—hop to it, kiddo," and the little monologue is concluded by another couple of sharp raps.

In the mean time, modest and refined little Mrs. Jones has managed to find the door.

That night at dinner husband asked her if she bought the car.

"Yes," she replied, "but not the one I was talking about last evening. I found another much more—I mean, I found a gentleman who showed me another car. I like him better than the pair of feet who represented the Elizabethan."

In the making of any product, the need of real salesmanship increases in exact ratio to the speed with which your product is ceasing to be a monopoly. In other words, if you are making a commodity such as no one else is making, and for which there is a demand, the public will buy it voluntarily—you will not be compelled to sell it. As others begin encroaching on your field and the prospective user finds a choice possible between your product and other similar and competitive products, you find yourself face to face with the problem of convincing the user that your product is preferable. At this point the need of salesmanship begins. The moment the first motor-car demonstrated its ability to get about on its own power a new industry was born—an industry which in speedy development and magnitude was to surpass any industry in all commercial history.

The growth of the motor-car industry has been spectacular because it found its development in the fundamental need of the human race to get about quickly and easily. Until this moment, no vehicle filled the requirements. The ox-cart had been slow. The steamship and the locomotive could serve humanity only within certain mechanical limitations. The horse was a thing of muscle, and muscles grow tired. Here was a thing that ran where you steered it, and as long as you fed it fuel. It promised a longer hour and a shorter mile—it promised to widen our zone of possibility, to bring us closer to our desires with greater despatch than had heretofore been possible. It promised to move mankind one peg nearer the fulfilment of its craving for omnipresence, which is a fundamental need of the human heart. Mankind instantly recognized what the motor-car had to offer, and the howl for "immediate shipment" was deafening.

It mattered little what the car was like, so long as it moved on its own power.

Now it is all different.

Every man with a hammer, a line of credit, and an ambition, it seems, has gone into the business of manufacturing motor-cars. And the surprising thing about it is that most of this hysterically conceived and conservatively executed product represents a pretty good value. The time was, and not long since, when there were ten buyers for every motor-car built. Now there are ten motor-cars for every prospect that clever advertising can dig up; meaning that the fellow who gets the order will have to bleach the cigarette stain from his fingers and cram up on scientific salesmanship.

The great army of unemployed theorists have thrown a scare into us common mortals with that terrible term "scientific salesmanship." Such a phrase, wherever you find it, is usually the makeshift of the academic devil-fish who throws out a spume of inky ambiguity under cover of which he proposes to make his mental "get-away."

Scientific salesmanship simply means getting the order at the regular profit. There is nothing difficult about scientific salesmanship. It is as easy as ringing an electric door-bell—after you find the button. And once you have mastered its very simple principles you can "write them regularly" every day.

Three things are essential to scientific salesmanship. These three things are: A thoroughly good produce; a thoroughly good understanding of that product in all its details; and the simple act of telling the unvarnished truth about that product to the right person at the right time.

"Real salesmanship," says the theorist, "demands enthusiasm, clean approach, conclusive logic, forceful personality, and the ability to present a strong closing argument. Furthermore, it implies a fundamental knowledge of human nature: the occult power, as it were, to grasp the subtleties of mood and mannerism, of harkening to the warning arch of the brow, the sharp mouth line, the evidences of displeasure. Real salesmanship ability is the outgrowth of painstaking attention to the laws of psychology, economics, the personal equation, the principles of supply and demand."

Well—real salesmanship is all that, and more; or the point is, such obscure twaddle gives the hungry mind no food.

Real salesmanship is truth, that is all, and truth is the biggest, broadest, and simplest word in the dictionary.

As applied to real salesmanship, truth means conviction, preparedness, and the manhood to push your convictions to a conclusion.

Let's take up the rhetorical theorist and tell the public what he means. Let us assume that you want to be an automobile salesman. You have scented gasolene, and caught the idea that big things lie in it. All right. Follow our definition and see where it lands you.

First, get a really good product and learn it "by heart." Know every advantage it offers. What happens? When you have learned the facts about any good thing, you automatically get enthusiastic and ambitious to convert others to your newly found gospel. You believe what you say, and you say what you believe. That's conviction. You can tell the truth about your product safely, for it is good and the truth is in its favor. No man can tell the truth without convincing his hearers that he is telling the truth.

If you know a good motor-car, from radiator to rear axle, well enough to tell the whole truth about it, all the expert professional salesmen, so called, in the world can't outsell you. You do not have to study moods in your prospect, you make his moods for him. Furthermore, the knowledge that you represent a good motor-car engenders pride. Pride takes care of your personal behavior and appearance and address. You can't go wrong in these simple essentials, because you are ashamed not to be clean and manly and pleasing. Back in feudal days they used to say that "a bumpkin cannot serve a king without becoming courtly." So with your salesman. If he carries a fitting proposition on a silver salver to his majesty, King Public Opinion, he lives up to his task, and it doesn't take a haberdasher to tell him that he needs clean linen—his job tells him that.

The point is that your theorist has only grazed the edge of a great principle—he has not comprehended it, grappled with it and put his brand on it. I would say to the salesman: "You may have been bewildered by the phrases of the theoretic sales authority. If his lingo has bothered you—forget it. It is better forgotten, anyhow.

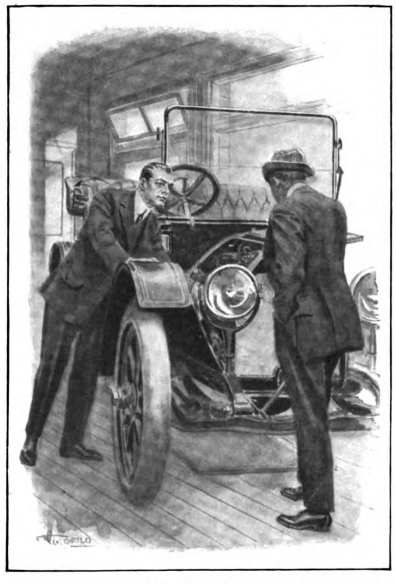
"The thing for you to remember is that on the salesman the whole future success of the motor-car industry now hinges, and that you yourself can be a salesman if you go about it simply, instead of academically.

"Don't forget the three essentials: a good product, a full knowledge of that product, and then a truthful statement of what you know about that product. This is real salesmanship—and it's absolutely all there is to real salesmanship. This definition covers and implies all the vague generalities that the theorist has reveled in."

To the manufacturers of motor-cars who propose to succeed—meaning all of you: "You have adopted efficiency engineering. You have perfected a product at the cost of billions. You have spent another billion in type and printer's ink and expensive copymen. You have keyed the prospect up to the buying point—and then, alas, too often, when the prospect brings his money to your door, you send a greasy, half-baked foundry graduate out to meet him. Give proper attention to your production—that's business. But see that the thing on which your production depends is not a thread, but a capable steel cable—a salesman with truth in his eye, an intelligent individual who can look the world full in the face and say, 'Yes, this is the thing advertised. I can tell you about it.'"

A great department-store merchant evolved a great idea. He dreamed that he could sell a certain kind of very good soap at a certain price and in a certain way, and make a million profit. He set expensive experts to work building a plan. When the plan was complete it represented a superb pyramid—but the pyramid was upside down and its apex rested on the head of four-dollars-a-week-Lizzie, the salesgirl. It fell down. It deserved to fall down. Any plan which is upside down deserves to fall.

So with the sale of the automobile. If your life were at stake, would you leave your case to a green



Salesmanship implies a knowledge of human nature

lawyer at whom the jury laughed, or would you say to a man of power: "I am innocent. Study all the facts. Tell the jury the *truth*"? How similar is the matter of selling a practically invaluable product—your motor-car output! Don't underestimate the importance of the man on the floor. He is your only possible point of contact between you and the man who buys. The day of the order-taker is gone. Motor-cars from this minute on are to be sold—not bought.

And, in passing, remember that only the really good motor-car is going to survive, because it is the only sort that the man on the floor can safely tell the truth about.

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ELOPING WITH PAPA

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

DRAWINGS BY C. M. RELYEA

I

THAT Winkletop had been forbidden the house was a matter of common gossip, and the worst feature of the case was the great quantity of sympathy lavished upon him by his fellow-men everywhere. Sympathy is a fine thing for one man to extend to another, but, like good advice and other commodities on which the market is long, it is considered more blessed to give than to receive. The ordinary manly man hates to become the object thereof himself, and it was far from pleasing to Winkletop to find himself in such a position that everybody who knew anything about his romantic attachment to Molly Wilder could and did refer to him as "poor Tommy!" As a lover Winkletop did not care a rap whether all the world loved him or not, so long as he felt assured, away down in the depths of his heart, that Colonel Wilder's daughter did, and the assumption of the general run of people that he was down and out forever, as far as Molly was concerned, just because her father had forbidden him ever again to darken the doors of the Wilder mansion, galled him not a little. Winkletop had never been known exactly as a quitter in the face of difficulties. Indeed, the truth was quite the reverse. Without being what you would call a quarrelsome person in any respect, he had always rather enjoyed than feared or avoided opposition. To gain the stars by merely sending up his card on a silver salver to the chosen planet, to be told "please to walk up" later, was never his idea of reaching the heights in a satisfactory fashion. He preferred the *per aspera* route, and more than once when the road to a certain objective point lay clear and open before him he had chosen the more thorny pathway thither simply for the pleasure it gave him to overcome obstacles.

It was possibly this flirtatious regard for trouble that led Winkletop into the undertaking that brought about his downfall with the Colonel. He always declined to take the credit of having done the thing that called down the Colonel's wrath upon him through a sense of duty. He would have resented the intimation that he did it without giving due heed to the consequences. Whatever his motive, or the care or carelessness employed in fulfilling the commission, let it suffice to say that, when it became necessary to serve papers upon the old billionaire in his official capacity of treasurer of the Nicotine Trust, and the work was committed by the attorney-general to the firm of which Winkletop was one of the smaller cogs, and he was assigned by his chief to perform the service, he did it, and as nonchalantly as though his heart and soul and mind were not obsessed by the charms of the Colonel's youngest daughter. Those who witnessed the service will never forget the amazed wrath of the Colonel when he discovered what had happened. After successfully eluding the process-servers for at least six weeks, to have Tommy Winkletop, a favored aspirant for the hand of his daughter, turn the trick, nearly brought on an attack of apoplexy, which was averted only by the immediate outlet he gave to his outraged feelings. Just what he said upon that historic occasion we are not, of course, permitted by the laws of State or nation to set down in this story, but it is said that the temperature in the Colonel's office became so suddenly and intensely warm as to shake a handsome thermometer from the wall with the mercury spouting like lava out of the top of the tube, while the seismic vibrations ensuing immediately upon the Colonel's realization that he had been landed at last were not without their influence upon the instruments in the Meteorological Bureau at Washington. It will meet the requirements of the case if we state the simple truth that, when the Colonel entered upon a full realization of the fact that a summons to the bar of justice had at last been successfully served upon him, he was transformed in the twinkling of an eye from a smiling human being, beaming humanity from eye and lip, and oozing goodwill from every pore, into a raging torrent of epithet, and inventor of new forms and combinations of the terminology of excoriation that would have turned any sailor that ever sailed the sea, or trooper that trod a gory field, green with envy.

"I am sorry you feel this way about it, Colonel," Winkletop had said, quietly, after the old gentleman had characterized him, his family, his ancestry, and his future, for nearly forty-five minutes straight without using the same epithet a second time, and had paused for breath prior to despatching the second section of his train of thought on the tracks of his contempt. "But what else could I do? Our office has been retained by the government to get you, and it has been my evil luck to be chosen by the head of the firm as the most available instrument for the getting."

It was at this point that, having got his second wind, the Colonel started off on the second lap of his Marathon of Invective, to which Winkletop listened in respectful silence.

"I couldn't let considerations of personal friendship or interest interfere with my professional obligations, could I?" Winkletop demanded, when the Colonel's wrath had worked itself out to a mere spasmodic gurgle. "You have said more than once in my presence, sir, that no man ever got anywhere in this world who let mere sentiment stand in the way of his—"

"Sentiment be jiggered!" roared the Colonel. "Sentiment be etceteraed to the deepest depths of a stated locality seldom mentioned in polite society!" he raged on in substance, though not in those precise terms.



It knocked Winkletop's hat off and then passed through the ground-glass door

It was then that Winkletop was forbidden the house, and violently assured that any pretensions he might ever have entertained to the hand of Miss Molly Wilder were forever shattered.

"I'll marry her to a Chinese mandarin before I'll consent to her so much as ever seeing you again!" said the Colonel.

"All right, Colonel," said Winkletop, as he turned to leave the private office. "That's your view of it. You may shatter and break all my hopes if you will, but the scent of intention will cling round me still. Molly has promised to marry me, and I shall consider the question as to whether she keeps her promise or not as still debatable in spite of what an outsider like yourself may have to say in the matter. I don't want to marry you, you know, and while your no is potent in a good many things down here on Wall Street, up around Lover's Lane it don't amount to a hill of beans. I trust you get me."

"I've got you all right," retorted the Colonel, rising and opening the door. "Fewer bones will be broken," he added, ominously, "if you use this exit instead of the window."

Now ordinarily in the face of such a threat Winkletop would have stood his ground and risked the window, although the Colonel's offices were on the nineteenth floor of one of New York's most cloud-compelling skyscrapers; but it seemed the wiser course under the circumstances to accept his congé without disputing it according to the rules of the ring. He knew well enough that in a fair grapple the Colonel could not throw him out of either exit even if he wished to, but, after all, the old gentleman was Molly's father, and a physical struggle in which the old man was sure to be the loser would most assuredly have a worse effect upon his prospects than any amount of prohibition in which the Colonel might indulge. Very few girls, however deeply in love they may be, can bring themselves to wed a chap who has given their father a black eye, and discretion in this emergency was clearly the better part of valor.

"Very well, Colonel," he said, smiling pleasantly and starting to leave. "It's the door for mine, seeing as how my air-ship is not waiting at the window."

He paused a moment, and then, grinning broadly, he added, as he took his departure, "It is my filial duty to inform you, sir, that the wedding will be quiet, and without cards—but we'll send you an announcement."

The Colonel's answer was a heavy copy of *Poor's Manual* flung with such unerring accuracy that it knocked Winkletop's hat off, and then passed through the ground-glass light in the door itself, making considerable of a tinkle as Winkletop disappeared down the corridor.

II

It was with his customary efficiency that Colonel Wilder proceeded to put in force his impulsively adopted Winkletop Exclusion Act, by whose provisions the shadow of that unfortunate object of his wrath was no longer to be permitted to cast its adumbrations athwart the threshold of that motley collection of architectural odds and ends that constituted the Colonel's abode. Colonel Wilder was no half-way-measure man, and had been known for years as a conspicuous member of that business school that believed in the curing of effects by the elimination of causes. If one of the Colonel's rivals in a ten or twenty million dollar deal ventured to interfere with the even tenor of his way, he was not reckoned with, but removed. It had long been second nature to him to regard obstacles in his path rather as symptoms of a condition to be eradicated than as impediments, and without paying any heed to them whatsoever his energies as a whole were directed toward the removal of the person who put them there; scrupulously if possible, suavely if might be, but somehow, anyhow, effectively. Hence it was that, after having had a tempestuous interview with his daughter, and been assured by that spirited young woman that she not only loved Winkletop, but intended to marry him the first chance she got, with or without her father's consent, the Colonel decided that either she or Winkletop must be removed entirely from the scene of action. Naturally the removal of Winkletop presented certain difficulties before which even so resourceful a person as the Colonel hesitated. Of course with all the resources at his command it was perfectly possible to have Winkletop shanghaied, for instance, and sent off on a personally conducted tour of the world on a sailing-vessel that, in so far as Winkletop was concerned, would reach no port anywhere until the Colonel gave the word that it was safe to land him somewhere. But there were certain dangers attendant upon such a course, especially where a young man of Winkletop's known disposition as a combatant was to fill the rôle of "first walking gentleman"; so the outraged financier and defied father chose the other alternative—the removal of his rebellious daughter. He concluded that for as long a time as the fair prisoner of the upper Fifth Avenue mansion remained incarcerated therein there was an even chance that love would find a way to penetrate the walls of his opposition and set his rulings at naught. Corollary to this was the Q.E.D. that, with the prisoner removed, the lure would have departed; the need for breaking the law would no longer exist, and his decree would thereby gain and maintain the respect without which no decree is worth the paper it is written on or the breath wasted in its enunciation.

To determine upon a course of action was as good as the action itself with the Colonel, for dilatory practices were not in his nature. Procrastination with him had always been a capital offense. Whatever his railway trains might do, his trains of action ran through on schedule time, so that when, late on Friday afternoon, he made up his mind that his daughter Molly should sail on the steamship *Pedantic* the next morning, to spend the winter in Paris with her aunt Susan, as far as anybody could see the young lady was as good as off.

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"But I won't go!" Molly had cried, stamping her foot vigorously. "I won't! I won't! I won't!"

"My dear child," said the Colonel in his suavest manner, the manner that always went with his most granite mood, "believe me—you have already started! I shall see you off myself, although I have most important things to attend to to-morrow."

And perhaps if it had been any other girl than Molly Wilder the Colonel's confidence would have been fully justified; but unfortunately for her father's plans, Molly was herself the daughter of that same resourceful parent, and had already come into a certain portion of her inheritance in subtle expedients if not in power. Not much of her time was wasted in useless tears, or maudlin sympathizings with herself over her helpless condition, or in futile argument with an inexorable father. She too realized that it was a time for action, and from the packing of her belongings into the seventeen or eighteen innovation trunks that were to carry her modest wardrobe, she found opportunity, even under her father's eye, to scribble off a note to Winkletop on the back of an express-tag which ran somewhat as follows:

DEAREST,—Am to sail on *Pedantic* to-morrow at ten unless you interfere. Do something! I don't know what, but do it! I am yours always.

MOLLY.

Which little love letter was surreptitiously handed to the understanding Babette, that *chic* little package of intrigue who served in the capacity of maid to Molly, who, with sympathetic intuition, knew at once, without words of explanation, for whom it was designed, which knowledge, with one of those unmistakable expressions of the eye which must be seen to be appreciated, she conveyed to her beloved mistress. She would deliver it—fear not! And deliver it she did. It was shortly after midnight when Babette, in pursuance of a telephone appointment with Winkletop "on urgent business," met that worthy on a subway train bound for Brooklyn.

"By George!" muttered Winkletop, as he took in the import of the message, "what a revengeful old dragon he is!"

"Oui, m'sieu'—he is ze grand Fafner!" acquiesced the little maid. "But—ve shall not haff to go?" she added, pleadingly, her eyes filling with tears.

"I don't know who is going to stop you," said Winkletop, gloomily.

"Why," said Babette, with a note of surprise in her voice, "you are, M'sieu' Vinkletop—are not you? Miss Molly she say to me M'sieu' Vinkletop vill stop ziss."

"Oh, she said that, did she?" said Winkletop. "She really thinks I can stop it, does she?"

"Non—she does not t'ink—she knows you vill, vezzaire you can or not!" said Babette.

In the face of such confidence as that there was only one thing for Winkletop as a mortal man to do, and that was to declare by all the constellations in the uttermost heavens that he would—that he would—well—that he would do something, anyhow.

"You tell her for me not to worry, Babette," he said, valiantly. "She won't sail to-morrow on the *Pedantic* or any other ship."

"Oh, fine—oh, fine—oh, splendeed!" cried Babette, ecstatically.

Winkletop could not repress a smile over her enthusiasm.

"You seem to be glad, Babette," he said. "Now I should have thought that a little French girl like you would have been glad to go back to Paris."

"Mais, oui," said Babette. "Lass mont'—yess, I should be glad; but now! Non! Nevaire! Not vizzout James."

"James?" said Winkletop. "I don't think I know James—"

"He iss ze Colonel's chauffeur," said Babette, blushing deeply.

"Oho!" laughed Winkletop. "I see—you are engaged to James—"

"Non, m'sieu'," said Babette.

"But you expect to be?" said Winkletop.

"Non, m'sieu'," quavered Babette. "Ve are married since dese t'ree veeks—but it iss a segret, m'sieu'. Ze Colonel vould not haff ze married chauffeur—"

"I see," said Winkletop, gravely.

And then, as the car rumbled along, the light of a solution dawned upon Winkletop.

"Babette," he said, after a few moments of deep thought, "will you please write a little note to your husband for me and tell him in it that if he really loves you he will do exactly what I tell him to do to-morrow morning?"

"Ah, m'sieu'—if it should get James into trouble," said Babette.

"I'll get him out of it," said Winkletop. "I'm getting a new car myself, and if James gets into any kind of trouble with Colonel Wilder on my account he can have as good a job with me as he has now. Besides, Babette, you want Miss Molly to be happy—"

"I sure do!" said the maid, fervidly.

"Well, then," said Winkletop, "it's the only way."

And that is how it came about that when, at nine o'clock the next morning, Colonel Wilder's limousine rolled up to the front door to take the Colonel and his daughter and Babette the maid down to the pier where the *Pedantic* lay ready to depart for foreign waters, the chauffeur on the box, successfully hidden by goggles and furs, was—well, he wasn't James!

III

"Pier twenty-three, North River, James," said Colonel Wilder, gruffly, as he entered the car after having first seen his daughter safely stowed within.

"Yes, sir," replied James—or rather the man who was not James—laconically.

The beautiful car leaped forward and proceeded down the Avenue at a fairly rapid pace as far as Fifty-ninth Street, and then, strange to say, paying no heed whatsoever to the restraining hand of the traffic squad on duty there, plunged onward as if no rules of the road had ever existed. Minor infractions of the law of this nature always vexed the Colonel, and he was about to remonstrate with the chauffeur when, much to his surprise, the car with a broad sweep around into Fifty-seventh Street, pursued its way westward, instead of keeping straight on down the Avenue as it should have done.

"What the devil is the matter with you this morning?" demanded the Colonel, peremptorily, lowering the window and addressing the chauffeur. "What are you coming this way for?"

"In a moment, Colonel," was the chauffeur's response. "Just a minute, please."

The plea could hardly be ignored, for all the chauffeur's attention was required to make the turn at Seventh Avenue without colliding with a surface car, but then, to the Colonel's amazement, the motor was sent speeding northward to the Park.

"We're not going to Yonkers!" roared the Colonel.

"Very sorry, Colonel," said the chauffeur, "but there's something the matter with the brakes, and I can't seem to shut off the power, sir."

"Can't shut off the power?" retorted the Colonel, now very much excited.

"No, sir," replied the chauffeur. "That's why I didn't stop at Fifty-ninth Street when the cop held up his hand. The gear's gone wrong in some way, and the only thing for us to do is to stick to the clear roads until she runs down."

Here he went through all sorts of antics with wheels and levers, as if trying to make anything catch that would save the day.

"But," protested the Colonel now again on the verge of apoplexy, "we'll miss that steamer—it's half past nine now—"

"I'm afraid so, Colonel," returned the man who was not James; "but what can I do? I can't take a runaway car down a crowded thoroughfare, sir, and I'm sure you don't want to kill us all with a smash into a surface car."

"Well—blast it!—isn't there any way?" cried the Colonel, panting with rage.

"Nothing can stop us but a tree or a stone wall, or a head-on collision, till the power gives out," said the chauffeur, still manipulating the machinery. "It's our stunt, Colonel, to steer for the clear roads of the Bronx, and pray the Lord that when we get to Harlem Bridge the draw isn't open."

The Colonel sank back into the cushions of the car dumfoundered—both dumb *and* foundered; Babette's eye twinkled; and Molly, with a tense gaze fixed upon the chauffeur's back in frigid silence, betrayed a composure in the hour of danger that was truly admirable. As for the car, it sped on and on and on. Everything along the road seemed a confused blur. Fortunately it was at such an hour of the morning that there were no school-children on the highways to add to the perils of navigation, so that with moderate skill there was little real danger, save when a congested-traffic point was to be encountered, and these the man who was not James dexterously avoided. But as far as that steamer was concerned, John Gilpin on his famous ride was in no worse state than was Colonel Wilder at that moment, and the old gentleman fumed accordingly, and it was a relief to Molly that he did so, for it saved her the trouble of conversing and betraying herself by the note of joy and triumph that must have rung in her voice had she spoken. At half-past ten, with the Colonel groaning and moaning and animadverting within, the wheels without whirring past the Bronx Zoo, and about the time the *Pedantic* was passing Sandy Hook the limousine with its angry freight passed through Rye, headed for Portchester, outwardly apparently under perfect control, but in reality, if the chauffeur spoke the truth, as free of human restraint as the falls of Niagara.

"Well, if this isn't the geewhingedest complication I've been up against yet!" growled the Colonel, as Portchester hove in sight, and just then, strange to relate, the mechanism seemed to right itself quite as suddenly as it had gone wrong, for the chauffeur, finding himself face to face with a large motor-truck laden with coal, with a mad effort to regain control once more succeeded finally in bringing his car to a standstill. The Colonel was just one and a half seconds in getting out of the limousine, and the ostensible James was no less quick, taking care to be under the vehicle before the Colonel had a chance to inspect his features.

"Get a move on there, James," the Colonel snapped out impatiently, as he glanced at his watch. "We've missed the steamer, but, by George, I can't afford to miss my appointment with Governor Blagden at one-thirty. Molly, you stay where you are. I'm going over to that house to telephone the office."



Tommy Winkletop, divested of goggles and furs, grinning back at him from the chauffeur's seat

The Colonel started along, but he had not gone far when a cheery voice behind him caused him to turn.

"So long, Colonel!" cried the voice, which sounded rather familiar, and the Colonel, pausing in his walk and glancing back, was transfixed by the sight of his limousine, his daughter and her maid, speeding up the road with no less a person than Tommy Winkletop, divested of goggles and furs, grinning back at him from the chauffeur's seat.

"Well, I'll be teetotally—" he began, but realizing that words were useless he continued his way in fuming silence to the railway station, where, fortunately enough, he caught a train back to New York which enabled him to meet his appointment with Governor Blagden without any unreasonable delay. In fact, he was only twenty minutes late.

IV

That the young people had lost no time was shown by the fact that simultaneously with the Colonel's arrival at the place of meeting a telegram for him was also received there. It read very briefly:

If you have blessings to shed prepare to shed them now. Car working admirably. Wife and I return aboard of her this afternoon. Will go at once to Plaza. No cards. Love from both.

THOMAS WINKLETOP.

The Colonel cleared his throat vigorously, and then, strange to say, he laughed.

"Sorry to be late, Governor," he said, folding the message up and putting it into his pocket. "There are some things that take precedence of business. My daughter was married this morning and—"

"Good! Fine!" said the Governor.

"Yes," said the Colonel. "Married one of the cleverest young men in New York—fine fellow—very resourceful—well-off, and no fortune-hunter. When I think of some of these club-window boys, with no brains, that pass for the real thing hereabouts, and realize that she might have chosen that sort—well, I'm d——ned glad to have a chap like Winkletop in my family."

"I congratulate you, Colonel," said the Governor. "We don't all take to our sons-in-law like that."

"Thanks," laughed the Colonel. "You can bet your chances of re-election that I was completely carried away by mine."

And then, chuckling quietly over his joke, the Colonel called the page, and sent the following wire:

MR. AND MRS. THOMAS WINKLETOP,
THE PLAZA.

Congratulations. Will dine with you at eight. Have proposition for Toni, and love for you both.

DAD.

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Interludes

"FU'THER BACK ON THE HAWG!"

MR. P. YOUNG, of Blossom, Texas, who is the lecturer of the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union, was impressing upon the Illinois Manufacturers' Association at their dinner last week the advantage they would find in doing more business with the farmers of Texas.

"We've grown more cotton and corn and everything else than we've grown in years," he said. "We're feeling well-to-do. We're like the negro man down in our town who fought in a Union regiment in the war and then came back to where he was raised and made a living by doing odd jobs here and there. One of these pension sharps came along, found out he had a little rheumatism, and got him a pension of eight dollars a month and back pension for fourteen years; so Unc' Rastus put several hundred dollars in the bank. Next morning Colonel Todd saw him leaning up against the wall of the post-office, and said: 'Unc' Rastus, Mrs. Todd asked me to tell you that, if you'll come over and cut the grass in our front yard, she'll give you a couple of fine hog jowls.'

"'Thanky, Cunnel,' said Unc' Rastus. 'I'se terribul 'bleeged, suh, an', please, suh, tell Mis' Todd I'se er thousan' times 'bleeged to huh; but jes' now I'se eatin' er little fu'ther back on de hawg!'"

By way of showing how needful the farmer is to the manufacturer, Mr. Young told this one:

"Two negroes were fishing down in our neighborhood, and the bank caved in and sent them sprawling into the deep water. The one who could swim had an awful struggle to save the one who couldn't, and they both sank a couple of times before they crawled up the bank. Colonel Todd rode up in time to see the whole affair.

"'Cale,' he said to the big negro, 'you've made a splendid rescue. I'm going to see if I can't get the legislature to give you a medal for saving Henry's life. You certainly are a hero.'

"'Lawd, no, Cunnel,' Cale replied. 'Dat ain't no heeroism. I wuz des nach'lly 'bleeged ter save dat triflin' nigguh—he done got all de bait in hees pocket!'"

COMPENSATION

"WELL, Bill," said the temporarily retired burglar to his pal, "there's one thing we oughter be thankful for here in the pen."

"Wot's that?" said Bill.

"We ain't bothered much dodgin' ortermobiles or worryin' over the high cost o' livin'," said the T. R. B.

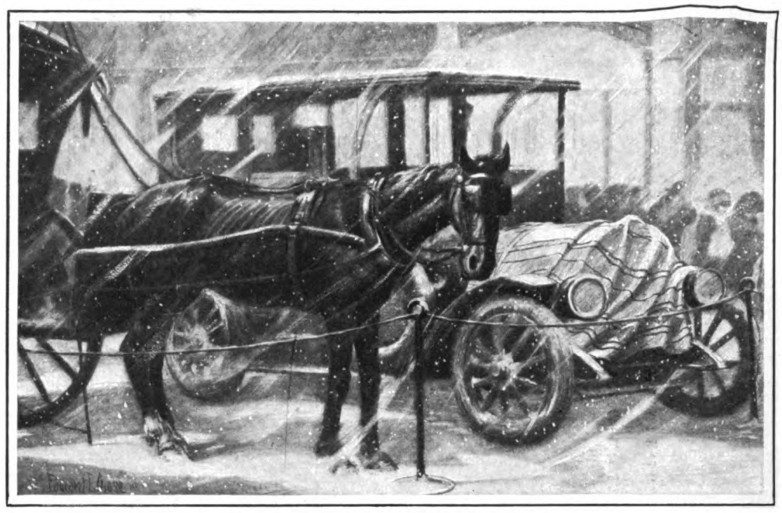
THE CRITIC

SOME years ago I wrote a book, and no one read it save myself; it occupies a dusty nook, all sad and lonesome, on the shelf. And having found I couldn't write such stories as would please the mob, I sternly said, "I'll wreak my spite on those who can hold down the job." So now I sit in gloomy state and roast an author every day, and show he's a misguided skate who should be busy baling hay. The people read me as I cook my victims, and exclaim with glee, "If he would only write a book, oh where would Scott and Dickens be?"

I used to think that I could sing, but when a few sweet trills I'd shed, the people would arise and fling dead cats and cabbage at my head. Then, realizing that my throat was modeled on the foghorn plan, I said, "If I can't sing a note, I'll surely roast the folks who can!" I go to concerts and look wise, and



JONES *(to Smith, who is shaving)*: BETTER FEEL YOUR FACE TO SEE IF IT LEAKS.



THE BLANKET IN THE WRONG PLACE

shudder as in misery; in vain the prima donna tries to win approving smiles from me; in vain the tenor or the bass, to gain from me admiring looks, pours floods of music through his face—I squirm as though on tenterhooks. And people watch my curves and sigh: "He has it all by heart, by jing! What melody would reach the sky if he would but consent to sing!"

When I was young I painted signs, but not a soul my work would buy, for all my figures and my lines were out of drawing and awry. And so I said: "It



"LOOK HERE, FATHER, I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE, AND IF YOU DON'T SAY 'DAMN!' I WILL."

breaks my heart that I can't sell a single sign; but in the noble realms of art as critic I shall surely shine!" And so I grew a Vandyke beard, and let my hair grow long as grass, and studied up a jargon weird, and learned to wear a single glass. Then to the galleries I went and looked at paintings with a frown, and wept in dismal discontent that art's so crushed and beaten down. And people followed in my tracks to ascertain my point of view; whenever I applied the ax they gaily swung the cleaver, too. And often, through a solemn hush, I'd hear my rapt admirers say: "If he would only use the brush, Mike Angelo would fade away!"

WALT MASON.

RASTUS'S VERDICT

THE railway train was rather dimly lit, and one of the passengers, after having tried in vain to inspect his face in the wash-room mirror, turned to Rastus, the presiding genius of the Pullman car.

"See here, Rastus," he said, "I want your opinion in a matter of importance. Just come with me over to the window, and, after having carefully inspected my face, tell me whether or not you think I need a shave."

The old darky complied with his request and immediately rendered judgment.

"Waal, suh," he said, with his head cocked to one side, "in respect to de shave, suh, ah should say that it all depends on what yo' intend doin' with yo' chin, suh. Ef yo're jest gwine off'n diss yere train to use yo' chin fo' talkin' yo' don't need no shabin' at all, suh; but ef yo're gwine a-courtin' yo' best girl, suh, ah sorter think ah'd remove some o' dem splinters from de chin an' de cheek befo' dey done scratch someboddy, suh."

A CAUTIOUS PORTER

IT had been a long and dusty ride, and toward the end of the day Bilkins, leaving the overheated sleeper in which he had been sitting ever since early morning, went back into the combination smoking and observation car. It was in a prohibition State, and certain spirituous refreshment which would have come in handy at the moment seemed impossible. Nevertheless, Bilkins, feeling that faint heart never won anything whatsoever, ventured an inquiry.

"I say, John," he said to the genial-looking porter, "I know this is a prohibition State we are passing through, but all the same—haven't you got just a little Scotch and soda a fellow might have?"

"Yassuh," said the porter. "Ah got it all right, suh, but I ain't allowed to serve it, suh."

"By George," said Bilkins, gloomily, "that's too bad—"

"Yassuh," said the porter, "and ah'm powahful sorry, suh. Ah'd let yo' hab some ob it, suh, but yo' look to me like one o' dese gov'ment fellahs, suh, and diss yere niggah ain't gwine git ketched jest that way, suh."

GIVING HIM A SHOCK

"MISS DUBBKINS—Marietta—" stammered Wimpleton, nervously, "er—wow—will yuh—you mum—mum—marry me?"

"Don't you ever ask me a question like that again, Reginald Wimpleton," replied the girl, proudly.

"Bub—but whuh—why, Mum—Marietta?" stuttered Wimpleton. "I lul—lul—love you dud—devotedly and—"

"Because," the fair girl answered, firmly, "because it will not be necessary for you to subject yourself to the nervous strain. I will."

MY MOTOR GIRL

My motor girl, my motor girl, how she doth set my heart awhirl as, with a rush, she madly hikes along the overcrowded pikes! Her silvery laughter is the horn she sounds pedestrians to warn that she is coming at full speed and that they'd better give her heed.

The wheels that whirl her on her way are made of human hearts, they say. She runs along right gracefully, no matter what the traffic be; and every heart along the road takes gladly on the loving load, and with a whiz and lively whir obeys the slightest whim of her.

Her clutch is light, but oh, how firm! Away from it no wight could squirm, however hard he'd strain or scrape in the mad effort to escape. Her gear is high, and ne'er a cop along the line would dare to stop her in the pace that she doth choose on lanes and streets and avenues.

Her motor lights are deeply blue as are the heavens' fairest hue, and danger flash to all who dare to brave their self-reliant stare. Her hood, ah, what a thing of grace, of feathers made and filmy lace, from whose dim depths the lights flash forth like the Aurora of the North!

Ah, motor girl—would thou wert mine! A day with thee would be divine—a life with thee could only be one mad joy ride of ecstasy! But sad my fate—and hence my groan—she never can be quite my own, for though my heart doth call her queen she'd bust me buying gasolene!

HORACE DODD GASTIT.



PROFIT AND LOSS

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Specify the Tires Which Reduce Car Expense



Service Security Comfort Economy

These are the sure extra values you get when you insist on

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The service of longer tire wear and less car repair by extra thick, tough, resilient tread.

The security of sharp edges, abrupt angles and deep hollows, which grip the slipperiest pavement, the iciest boulevard, the muddiest road. Skid, slip or mishap cannot occur.

The comfort of car springs *helped* by a built up and unequalled thickness of high percentage rubber tread.

The economy of tire and car bills reduced, of fullest traction assured.

Most Miles per Dollar of Cost

Most Miles per Gallon of Gasoline

Most Miles per Dollar of Car Upkeep

are proved Firestone accomplishments.

THERE are seven hundred and fifty thousand car owners in the United States alone.

Three million tires will be constantly in use this year, and far more than that will be bought.

Yet it is safe to say the vast majority of owners outside of the experienced and knowing driver will give little study to the tire equipment of their new cars. It has become a habit to accept, without question, *any* tires with which the car happens to be equipped.

The car is studied from motor to lamp-bracket. The tires, on which the full efficiency and continued service of the car depend, are taken for granted.

Beginning with January 11, at Madison Square Garden, New York, the car manufacturers will be showing their new models. You will investigate them all before you buy. That's good business.

Continue this investigation and learn every point about your *tires*. Resilient, long service tires such as those of Firestone make, will *add* to the value of your car, will give that car protection and final touch of superiority which you want your automobile to have.

Tires in which quality or workmanship are skimped can *add* nothing but tire expense and car repair bills.

A good car with inferior tires is like a mansion with a leaky roof.

Tires, to give you the service they should, must be built to the absolute standards established by actual road conditions, everyday road emergencies.

It is therefore of vital importance that every car owner or buyer be *sure* the tires which he places on his car measure up to this positive basis. It is just as vital that he *specify* and *insist* on the tires which will meet all essentials in the fullest degree.

If the tires which are on your new car don't measure up to sure values, you don't have to take them. Demand the tires you want—you will get them. Guesswork need not enter into your decision in any way.

Guesswork has no part in the building of Firestone Tires. Nothing but material which will certainly meet every road demand, nothing but design and building which will master every emergency are employed.

Specify the tires which have never had an off season in their twelve years of leading quality. Insist on the tires which are backed by the personal responsibility of the builder, the tires which bear his name.

Get the unbiased guide book to sure tire values and service, "What's What in Tires," by H. S. Firestone.

The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

Akron, Ohio — All Principal Cities



Cross Section of Firestone Tire

Sure Standards of Tire Worth

Fabric—Finest grade combed Sea Island cotton, tested and inspected, filled with pure Up-River Fine Para Rubber, built up wall by wall.

Cushion Layer—Pure Up-River Fine Para, applied layer by layer and cured into one solid piece of fullest resiliency.

Breaker Strip—Combed Sea Island cotton cord filled with pure Up-River Fine Para Rubber.

Tread—Extra thick though light in weight. Scientifically exact proportion of pure Up-River Fine Para. Must be tough yet resilient. Built layer on layer by hand.

Side Walls—Extra high percentage of Up-River Fine Para, built to liberal measure of thickness.

Bead—Combed Sea Island Cotton Cord, filled with Up-River Fine Para, pressed into foundation of extra strength and cured into tire.

These are the Standards to which Every Firestone Tire is Built



Firestone

Non-Skid and Smooth Tread Tires

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WANTED—500,000 MOTOR-TRUCKS

Some Reasons why the Business Men of America will Cease to Spend $7,327,500,000 Annually upon Horse-drawn Vehicles

BY THADDEUS S. DAYTON

IN a hundred big offices in this country are some very curious and interesting figures. They might almost be taken for statistical fairy tales, they are so astounding, were it not that charts, reports, calculations, and a wealth of documents behind them are proof, positive of their veracity. All lead practically to the same conclusions. The offices are those of the motor-truck manufacturers—the commercial-car people, as they often call themselves. The figures show that there is a market for half a million motor-trucks and motor-wagons at the lowest calculations, an immediate market, based on present conditions.

There are 30,000 motor trucks and wagons in operation now, the greater number of them installed during the past five years. Practically the first of these came into existence just ten years ago. Trade reports calculate that, in the latter half of 1912 and the first half of 1913, 45,000 more business vehicles will be built. The motor wagons and trucks already in use represent investments of $66,000,000; the new will cost approximately $122,000,000, the demand for better and larger power trucks having increased.

The extension of the market this year, calling for half as many more trucks and wagons in one single twelvemonth as have been made in all of the past ten years, has naturally encouraged the manufacturer. It is not so much that, after years of experiment, the trade finds itself able to produce cars that will stand every test and be practically infallible, but that it has at last made the business world see this success and realize that horse-drawn vehicles are an extravagance in the administration of any commercial enterprise. Enthusiasts say that 5,000,000 motor-trucks are easily possible in the America of a few years hence. Conservative manufacturers stick to 500,000 as the market within reasonable grasp and directly at hand, the number that would be set right to work to-day if they were already built and if horses should be eliminated from country roads and city streets.

Even half a million motor-trucks seems a vast number as a market possibility in the very near future. But it is not large. There are 30,000,000 horses in the country. Carefully compiled statistics show that there are 2,500,000 teams at work. The work they are doing could be handled by one-fifth that number of motor-trucks, or 500,000. The telling point is in the greatly reduced cost of operation. The daily cost of one motor-truck is five-eighteenths that of five teams. The exact figures, averaged from the records of a number of large business houses, are $12.59 for the motor-truck and $45 for the teams. In yearly figures the comparison is even more striking. The business men of the country are spending $7,327,500,000 to operate their horse-drawn trucks. If they gave up horses and used only motor-trucks, the cost would be but $1,900,000,000.

It is becoming less and less difficult to get business men to see this, though the real economy of the power wagon is not comprehended as yet by many of the smaller storekeepers and factory-owners. For one thing, the makers of motor-trucks have not reached these in their carefully planned campaigns. They are after the concerns which can be secured for contracts of twenty, thirty, fifty thousand dollars, or even more, in a lump, and the smaller men are not approached. Eventually they will be canvassed, if in the mean time they themselves do not see the necessity of the motor-wagon and order without solicitation. Here and there, all over the country, are "little bosses" who have grasped the situation. But outside of the big enterprises and a few sharp retailers, the farmer is among the relatively few buyers of single "commercial cars."

The motor-truck manufacturer is not disturbed at this, however. His customers cost him a good deal of money to get, because each individual case has to be studied with elaborate calculations. Therefore his profit at this stage is with the large companies. His selling campaigns are the most logically and systematically prepared of any manufacturer. They cost a higher percentage than any other, but they almost never fail. His is a commodity that is necessary because it introduces economies that can be proved readily. He is finding this proof now far easier to "get across" to the cold-eyed man who sits in judgment and is asked to spend thousands of dollars at a clip.

It is only within the past few months that the future market in the motor-truck business has been taken into careful consideration and studied as a vast commercial proposition. Its immensity is only just now being seen. The motor-truck industry has only recently been looked upon with an eye to "big business." To-day, compared with the manufacture of pleasure automobiles, it is relatively small. The total number of employees—workmen and clerks—concerned in it, taking all the factories into consideration, is only 60,000, and the annual pay roll scarcely $60,000,000. But the days of experiment are only just ending. The carefully nurtured tree is just about to bear fruit.

The average motor-truck now costs about $2,500. That is nearly twice as much as it used to cost. In 1902, when motor-trucks were first heard of, the average price was $1,400. By 1904 this figure had crept up to $1,500, and by 1910 to $2,250. Within the past two years the price has advanced still further, to $2,500. This does not mean that the motor-truck is any more expensive a proposition than it used to be. As a matter of fact, every vehicle turned out now is far cheaper than any of those of six or ten years ago, where effectiveness, capacity, reliability, and cost of operation are concerned. The motor-truck of 1902 at $1,400 would be a bad purchase to-day compared with the $2,500 truck of 1912, which almost pays for itself the first year in its lower cost of operation. Here is an actual instance of the motor-truck's real message to the business world:

In September a contract with a certain important concern in Indiana was made by a motor-truck manufacturer of New York. The contract called for something like thirty trucks a trifle better than the ordinary product. The amount of the contract was a little under $80,000. There was already a delivery plant of a hundred horses with the complement of trucks and stables established a quarter of a century before, and relatively very expensive in their upkeep. The motor-truck builders worked out on charts a new delivery system, planned for the abolishing of the stables and the sale of this property and all the horses and wagons, provided for the building of a garage, and figured out a balance-sheet which showed that, by the expenditure of less than $80,000, an operating expense of $76,000 a year could be saved.

It is in ways like this that motor-truck men are steadily pushing their product and developing local transportation as it has never been developed before. They do not need salesmen in the ordinary sense, but engineers and executives of far-seeing vision who are imbued with the understanding of this new traction and have the wit and judgment to apply it so that money can be saved.

Men like these are not visionaries, though they see wonderful pictures of the years to come. In their prescience they are like those who worked on the telephone years ago, or those who brought the electric locomotive to perfection. They are practical men, and are advancing step by step. As it has been put in a single phrase, "They dream, and then work day and night with the tools of the present world to bring about what they have seen."

The one unchangeable idea in the mind of the motor-truck maker is that ten or twenty years from now will see the system of delivering goods absolutely revolutionized. But at the same time he says openly that this development will not come of itself, but will be the result of constant work and teaching.

If half a million motor-trucks are to be sold and installed to take the place of horses, it means a mighty business, one almost too vast to contemplate. It will amount to no less than a billion and a quarter of dollars, probably even more, considering the way the cost of commercial cars is rising. Few American lines of manufacturing industry can possibly grow to those proportions. Here is a new business, one scarcely yet on its feet, with all these possibilities that are very nearly certainties. And many do not hesitate to say that such estimates as have been made are far too low, that the American people have as yet no realization of the possibilities in motor-trucks and motor-wagons, and that when they are understood the market will grow to proportions literally undreamed of.

Meanwhile every motor-truck manufacturer is working overtime, if not in his factory, in his mind. The world of industry means just one thing to him, a place to sell motor-trucks. He is planning his campaigns systematically. Nothing is left to chance. Salesmen do not go back and forth asking for orders. In fact, there is none of the usual business of going gunning after trade. The motor-truck man would secure nothing that way. Each time he must present a plan for economies, and this necessitates a close and accurate knowledge of the workings of various industries.

Each plan is different. The manufacturer and his experts must spend much time in studying local conditions, the character of the section of the country where the trucks are to be used, and the character of the people who live in it; the climate, the state of the roads, and so on. There is not a detail that is too insignificant to figure upon. The requirements of a plant in Minneapolis may be a very different proposition from those for Newark, New Jersey. A situation in New Orleans may need—and probably will—radically diverse treatment from seemingly the same proposition out in Denver. All of those conditions, peculiar to each division of the country, the motor-truck men must gage accurately. Every fleet of motor-trucks delivered must prove profitable to the buyer. The generality of business men do not understand this new product, and they must have its advantages explained to them. Even then they are in the hands of the motor-truck manufacturers and must trust to their judgment.

This puts vast responsibilities on the motor truck and wagon makers. But they have risen to the occasion. The future of the motor-truck depends upon their acting wisely. It would surprise most people to know the infinite care and toil the motor-truck generals put upon their plans to create a market for their product. Their study and analysis of local conditions is but the beginning of every individual campaign. After these conditions are known there comes the specific, detailed investigation into the operation of each plant. It must be studied out to the last detail. Nothing must be left to guess-work; there can be no rule-of-thumb methods here. A vast quantity of information must be assembled, and then painstakingly reduced to table and chart form, a new system of sending out goods devised, a system that is probably revolutionary and certainly a vast improvement on what has been done before.

There is no other way. The investments to be made are great. The customers do not propose to spend hard-earned dollars because enthusiastic men ask them to do so. It is true that the motor-truck men are enthusiasts, but it is enthusiasm tempered with knowledge and practical ideas. They are developing their great market because they show certain results so plainly and positively that the business man finds himself obliged to believe. Before he signs his contract he has before him tabulated information as definite as a builder's specifications—even more so, for there are no lurking possibilities of extras.

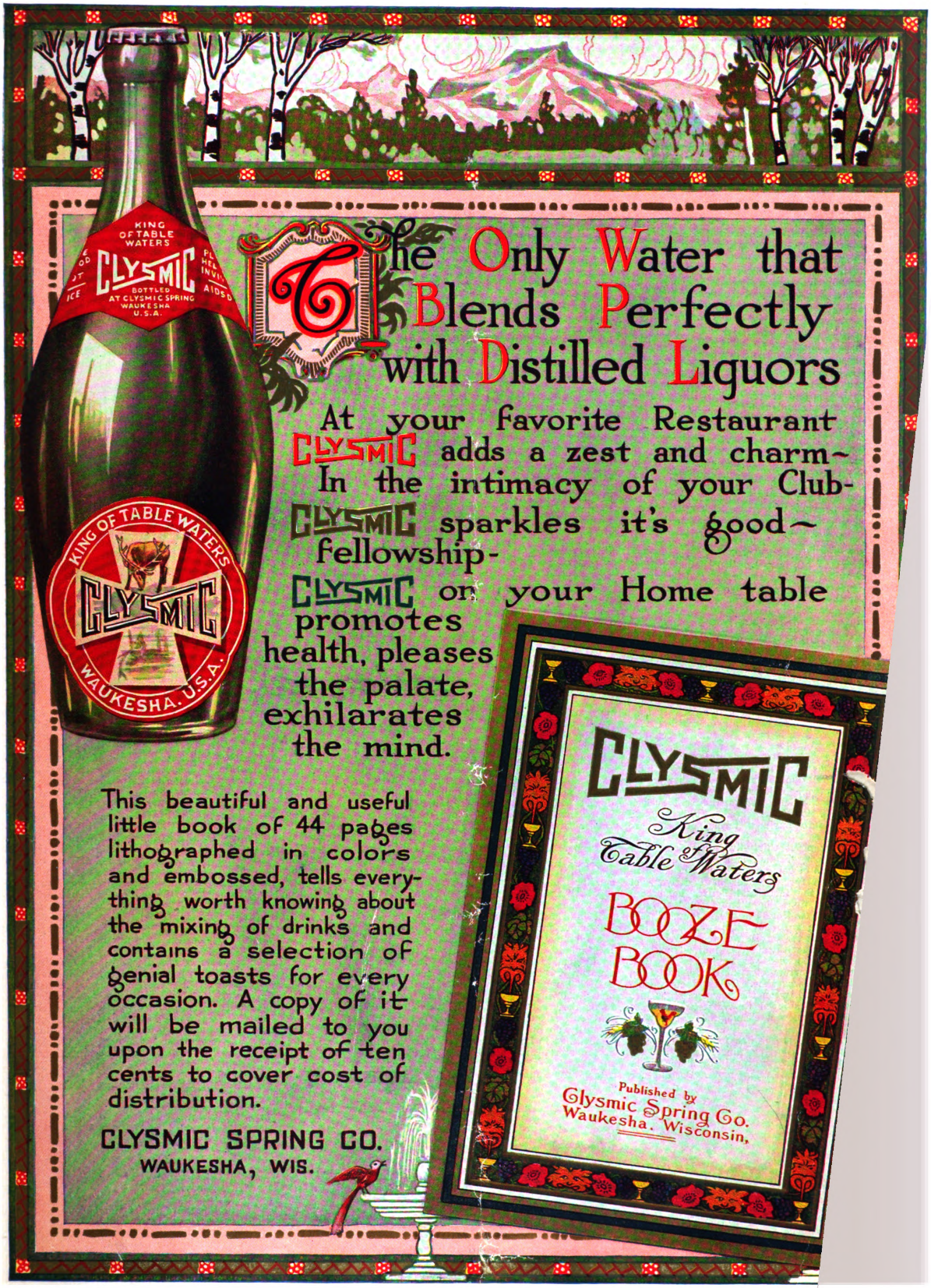
In a study of the big future market of these vehicles their present disposition is interesting. New York State has a tremendous lead with 7,892 trucks. The relative figures of the different States will surprise many people. Good roads do not seem to count. Population and paved streets in cities, according to the most recent figures, are the deciding elements. Next to New York is Pennsylvania, with 2,664 trucks, and, close behind, Illinois, with 2,551. The fourth in line is California, leading even Massachusetts and Ohio, California having 2,198 to her credit and Massachusetts 2,045. Ohio is very far behind with but 1,171.

Indiana is well down the line with 970 trucks, and New Jersey has only 1,080. The only other State beyond the thousand mark is Michigan, with 1,146. The Southern States fare badly in the tabulation. Texas is best of all, but with only 382 trucks, West Virginia has only 32, Mississippi but 36, and Louisiana's record is but 44. Iowa is not up to the 800 mark, and Missouri but a little above it. For its size Rhode Island is strong in motor-trucks, with 410. Virginia has only an even hundred.

Until now the big trucks have been relatively few. Statistics say there are only 1,000 five-ton motor-trucks in the country, and only 1,500 of four-ton capacity. The popular vehicles so far have been the light delivery wagons and the one-ton truck, together aggregating 10,000 of the former, 6,000 of the latter. Of two-ton trucks there are 3,500 in use; of three-ton trucks, 3,000. But these proportions are changing rapidly. There is more and more demand for the bigger truck. People experimented at first with the wagons of less cost and the smaller trucks. It has taken time for the mammoth power vehicle to make its way. Then again it has been a question of growth with the manufacturers. Every year sees a better product on their part. Five, even three, years ago the same five-ton truck that is easily turned out to-day could not have been built. Moreover, even larger and more powerful trucks are to come. They are mechanically possible and as certain in their course and as responsive to the driver perched high in his seat as is a pleasure runabout in the hands of a girl.

Already the motor-truck has commenced to be a serious rival of the pleasure car as a business proposition that is a maker of dividends. Its growth has been slow, steady, and substantial, and commercially the industry is on the firmest of foundations. The men who have made investments in it, and those who are investigating conditions for that purpose, see handsome profits in the development and a trade that is especially gratifying because it remains permanently with the reliable, progressive maker. Motor-truck manufacturing has little in common with the production and selling of pleasure automobiles, but, as the demand for the former increases, there is a growing realization of the possible demands for motor-trucks that is tempting some of the other automobile people to enter the field.

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THE DISAPPEARING CAR-TRACK

The Motor-Truck and Omnibus as Rivals of the Steam Railroad and Trolley-Car

BY STEVEN D. THATTON

AS it arrives at practical perfection and attains the status of a dividend-producer, because of its reliability and its cheapness of operation, the motor-truck finds two new and unlooked-for fields opening for it: those hitherto controlled by the steam railroad and the trolley. Not only is it a theoretical rival of both, but an actual commercial rival, brilliantly successful wherever it has been put into competition. Railroads and trolleys in general as yet do not, it is true, feel the rivalry, but they are very likely to in time.

One factory thirty miles from New York has cut out the railroad altogether and uses three trucks to transport its product to the city, making the investment pay doubly by working up a transportation business on the side to bring back goods for storekeepers and individuals. Thus the trucks are loaded both ways. In Chicago motor omnibuses are doing a good business in opposition to the trolley-cars in the crowded "loop" district. London and Paris have their motor-'bus service well developed. In the former city $20,000,000 has been invested in motor-'buses. They have been found to cost less than trolley-cars and are liked better by passengers. The experience of New York is familiar, the motor-'bus line that has run up Fifth Avenue and along Riverside Drive for several years finding it quite easy to get patrons, though the fare is twice as much as that of the trolleys—ten cents against five.

The experiment of the factory thirty miles from New York in making its railroad shipments by its own trucks is interesting many manufacturers and the lead is being followed. For a year or so now household moving from one city to another, formerly handled by horse van, then railroad train, and by horse van again at the other end, has been done by motor-truck direct from city to city if the distance does not exceed one or two hundred miles. The success of the motor-'bus in cities is encouraging far-seeing men to plan lines from crowded business centers to suburbs and distant city residential districts. Much confidence is placed in this idea from the fact that wherever the motor-truck or motor-'bus has been introduced it has won out handsomely.

When motor-truck owners start in to compete with the railroads they find that they have two tremendous advantages. When the distance is fifty miles or less they can better the railroad rates materially and yet make money. Again, with motor-trucks they can beat the railroad time, substantially, saving many hours. It seems incredible that this should be, that with forty miles, say, to be covered, a truck moving twelve miles an hour should make better delivery time than a train. But the truck starts when loaded without waiting for a schedule. It runs direct, and steadily, to the exact place where the goods are to be delivered. The railroad train is not a free agent, but a cog in a huge system. It does not move independently, but in relation to hundreds of other trains. At the end it can only deliver to a freight station, and [illegible] there is the delay of transhipment even if the [illegible]est expedition is observed. It is the old story, translated into business terms, of the hare and the tortoise.

[illegible] power-belting plant thirty-five miles from New [illegible] the end [illegible]ed on Long Island, is a valuable exposition of the [illegible] new idea of using motor-trucks in competition with railroads for the short-haul delivery of these [illegible] after [illegible]ise all the facts and figures have been of twenty [illegible]y made up. The plant started running in a lu[illegible]k into New York because it found, in the Evening [illegible] that the railroad rates were too high, they [illegible] second that the service was too slow. Somewagon [illegible]ested that with a good motor-truck the all [illegible] could be independent of the railroad. Cost naturally an important element of the situation, [illegible] greater than this was time. To the factory's delight, it was discovered, when the new truck got into operation, that goods shipped to Western points, to Chicago, notably, had now a clean gain of thirty-six hours' time.

In the matter of expense it was found that, everything included, it was costing ninety-five per cent. of the railroad freight charges to ship by motor-truck. Later the saving came to be vastly more. For another idea was developed: one other big truck and one smaller one were purchased, and the factory, or rather a little subsidiary company then and there formed, started in to sell its surplus power, as it were—the capacity of the two trucks on the return trips. This developed into what might be called a freight and express service. The two bigger trucks did the carrying from the city, and the smallest the local delivery, making trips all day.

This unique little transportation plant, which is already serving as a model in a number of cases, comprises two five-ton trucks: one of foreign make, capable of fifteen miles an hour, the other an American vehicle rated at nine or ten miles, and a three-and-a-half-ton American car that can do twelve and one-half miles an hour. The freighting is proving very profitable (the exact profits are not given by the owners, but a general statement to this effect is made) despite the fact that railroad rates are cut. One point needs to be taken into consideration. No garage has been necessary, for a portion of one of the lower floors of the big factory was at once made available.

This shows what motor-trucks can do under ordinary conditions, with no special campaign prepared, and starting with the business of one factory alone. Now let us consider the way in which one man has established a motor-'bus line in direct competition with the trolley-cars of a large New England city.

The city is New Haven. Four years ago a man started a motor-'bus plant with one vehicle. He has since added to it until six are now running, and his investment now totals $15,500. Last year his profits were over $12,500, or more than eighty per cent. Despite the fact that New Haven has plenty of street-cars, he carried during the year 540,000 passengers, his revenues amounting to $27,000. It cost, including the interest on the investment, $14,417.62 to run that motor-'bus line, less than half what was taken in. Part of this man's success, it is said, was due to the excellent class of men he employed. He paid $7,500, half of his total expenses, for wages.

New Haven is not the only American city that has made a substantial success of motor-'bus lines in competition with highly developed systems of street railways with their many transfers. Indianapolis is another example, as is Chicago. There have been motor-'buses in Chicago for a little over a year. The new system of transit is very popular and it opens up a great new field.

The motor-'bus has many "talking arguments" over trolley-cars. There are no tracks that may be blocked. With the trolley, if a car gets out of order and stopped, all the cars behind it are held up. The motor-'bus simply goes around the obstruction. It may even take another street. Trolley-cars are like steam trains: they are dependent one upon another. Each motor-'bus is itself, and not a part of an interrelated system, and makes its way alone. It is not especially speedy, but it is steady and eats up distance in a wonderful way, making quite as good time as the street railway car with its bustle of rapid motion, its frequent stops, and its numberless "slow downs" in rush hours. In addition, the motor-'bus is less noisy and, moving along well-paved streets on rubber tires, admits of far more comfortable traveling. Experience in a number of cities has proved that passengers are better taken care of in a motor-'bus. There is a luxury of travel about this new method that pleases the public. The public being much smaller than the cars, there is relatively little crowding. All these are factors that count.

As the motor-'bus grows in popularity inventors will build more and more comfortable 'buses each year. The important feature of the situation is that the 'bus has already proved itself worth while to everybody. In England, for example, the motor-'bus is distinctly a dividend-earner. Everywhere it is tried in this country it seems to succeed also. There are said to be 1,500 regularly running motor-'buses in London and 1,000 in Paris. Motor-'buses have been found to fit the wants of the public so well in these cities that enthusiasts who have observed their operation carefully do not stop with predicting that they will be installed in large numbers in America and be rivals of the street-cars, but claim that in time they will supplant the street-cars altogether. That it will be a long-drawn-out conflict these men do not doubt, but they declare that the advantages of the motor-'bus will be seen in the long run. One of the chief arguments is that abroad, where they are given very thorough and practical use, motor-'buses pay capitalists better return on their money than street-cars do. The argument is further made that, once motor-'buses get a good start in this country, they will increase very rapidly, and at the very least give the street-car systems a hard fight that may eventually lead to the scrap-heap for the street-car.

Here is what one of the specialists who have studied the development of the motor-'bus in London says: "The motor-'bus is coming to America, and when more generally adopted will be a factor in the comfort and convenience of city life. It is those who can see ahead who profit. One of the greatest factors toward the rapid development of the motor-'bus abroad has been the attitude of the police, and it is interesting to note the difference between the foreign and American ways of handling problems which bear directly on the city's welfare and the comfort and convenience of its citizens.

"From the beginning the police of London have been in hearty sympathy with the motor-'bus, and in spite of many protests from minor committees of citizens have steadfastly aided in the advancement of the newer transportation. How wise their course was is evidenced already. At the same time, while encouraging 'buses, there has been an insistence toward an ultimate ideal of development and toward this car the 'bus is tending. Every year 'buses must pass stricter tests before being admitted to the streets."

The "new transportation" is a phrase unknown here, but fully understood abroad. In Berlin early in the year the chief of police made the announcement that because of the obsolete nature of horse-driven cabs they would not be permitted to operate after May 31st of this year, that every driver of a horse-cab losing thereby would be recompensed by the city (the amount being about $150), and that encouragement would be given to these men to learn how to handle motor-cabs.

This action is significant of Europe's viewpoint and progress. To a large extent for the past fifteen years the impetus for many original ideas in power-driven vehicles has come from across the Atlantic. In each case American ingenuity and able business methods have taken this impetus and worked it out to the profit of manufacturers and the great comfort of individuals. Men who are closely following motor-car development say that the motor-'bus idea has great possibilities in this country and that the experience gained in England and in France will spur on both manufacturers and investors.

No one is certain, despite its development and the millions that have been poured into it, that the trolley system represents the best that can be done in urban and suburban traffic, and the question is constantly rising whether vehicles on rails, where a mishap to one car may in an instant hold up a hundred others, are the ultimate solution of the passenger-traffic problem. The business of carrying people to and from their work and during the day has been shown to be wonderfully profitable. It is one of the best of "multiplicity-of-nickels" enterprises to which great capitalists are steadily turning their attention to-day, because the margin of profit is so big. With the old-time horse-cars there is no question but that vehicles operated along tracks were essential. It is quite another question, with power 'buses or wagons, whether tracks will continue to be required indefinitely. The proof is already at hand not only abroad, but in this country, that individual vehicles, each with its own power, can be operated at a greater margin of profit than a great system on tracks with all its obvious disadvantages.

Altogether it is a cheering outlook for the men who are interested in commercial car upbuilding that actual dollar-invested experience has demonstrated that the motor-truck can prove a very possible rival of both steam railroad and trolley. There are English firms that have contracted for fifty thousand pounds' ($250,000) worth of motor-trucks at a clip. But even if instances of foreign success in motor-truck competition against railroads are not forthcoming, what can be done with judgment and a small amount of capital has been proved here.

THE WANDERERS

BY ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

We know no rest, no sleeping
Save in the woodland grass;
We make an endless venture
Into the unknown pass.

We have the wide-world secret
Gold shall not give, nor birth,
We who love wild wood-places
And the old kindly earth.

Neither in towns nor cities,
But in uncharted seas,
Find we our ancient passion,
Our deep and ancient peace.

The white and veering sea-gull
Knows well the path we love;
The swift and wavering swallow
Hovers our heads above.

Aye, in the first beginning,
Bound by the rovers' bond,
We pledged our troth to wander
Through all the worlds beyond.

While there are paths untrodden,
Leading beyond the sight,
We must go forward, singing,
Whether by day or night.

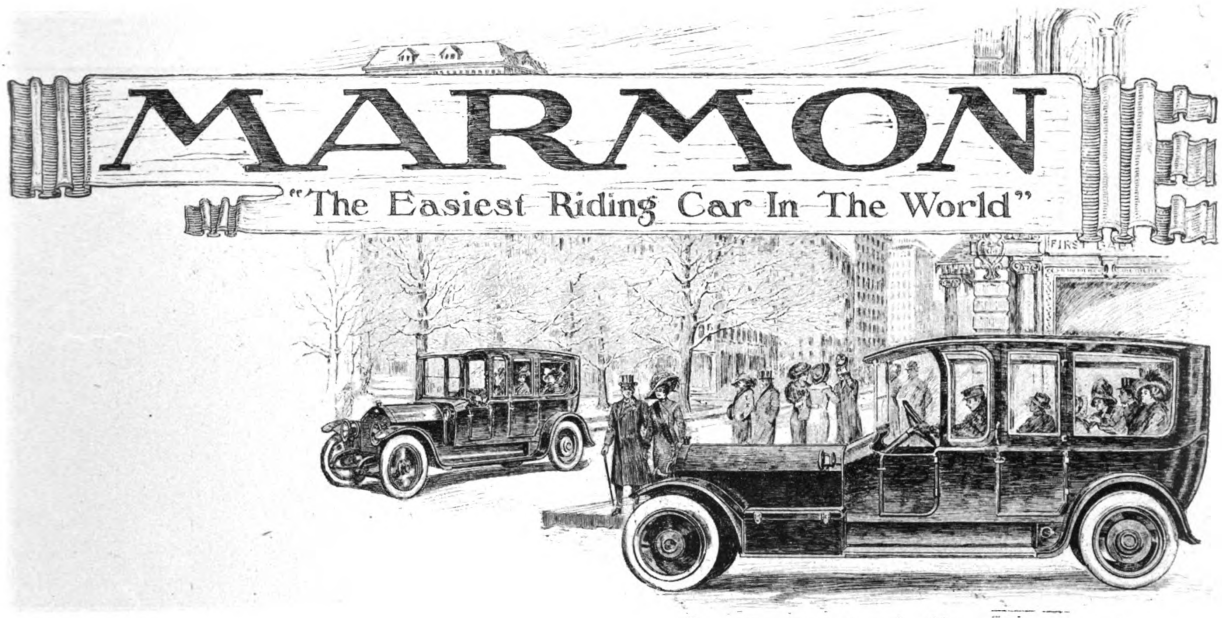
Day, with the wild bird-music,
Night, and the silent stars.—
These we shall take for comrades,
Past the world's final bars.

Whether in seas or deserts,
Whether by moor or fen,
Now and for ever after
We are the wandering men.

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THE Marmon offers the rare combinations of good taste with luxury; complete equipment with simplicity and accessibility; comfort in operation with economy in service.

The many refinements of appointment and convenience in the new bodies are but indications of the thoroughness of design and manufacture in every mechanical feature. The well-warranted pride of the Marmon owner grows into a trust in his car which its performance always merits.

Detailed Information on Request

Nordyke & Marmon Co.
Indianapolis *(Established 1851)* **Indiana**
Sixty Years of Successful Manufacturing

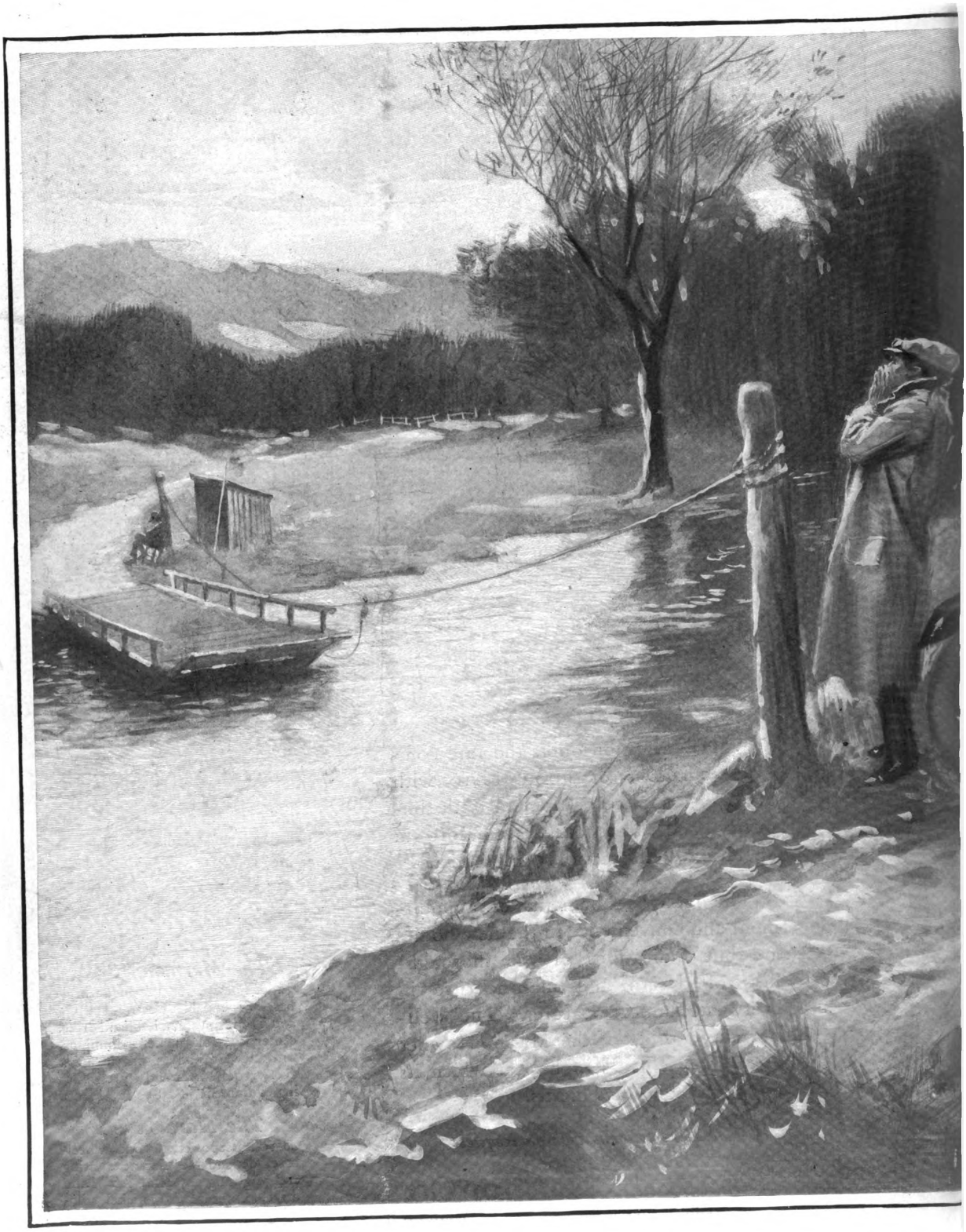
The Marmon "32"

32-40 horsepower, 120-inch wheelbase, dependable electric starting and lighting system, left hand drive, center control, nickel trimmings, with newest body types to meet every requirement and corresponding equipment—$2,850 to $4,100.

The Marmon Six

48-80 horsepower, 145 inch wheelbase, dependable electric starting and lighting system, left hand drive, center control, nickel trimmings, with body types to meet every requirement and corresponding equipment—$5,000 to $6,350.

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FORTY

DRAWN B

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WINKS

C. M. RELYEA

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KEEPING TROUBLE OUT OF TIRES

BY JOHN S. HARWHITE

THE tire problem is one that is always old and always new. It is the one ever-present bane of the motorist. It is a problem upon the solution of which years of patient experiment have been spent and millions of dollars invested. With the increase in the weights and powers of the cars have come higher average speeds and tours over rough and rocky roads and through sections of the country hitherto considered closed to all forms of transportation except horseback. This calls for extra service and endurance from the tires; and be it said that, all things considered, they have stood the test nobly. The modern tire is a marvel of workmanship and design and is the best product that it is possible to create for the purpose. Nevertheless, the tires can be easily abused, and neglect of a few essential details may almost cut the life of the average outer casing in half—and it is this "shoe" that is the most expensive part of the tire.

Every motorist understands that the engine and the other moving parts of his car require lubrication—moving parts in the sense of those that rub in contact with other surfaces, that is. But the tires form one exception to this rule. Oil, grease, gasolene, or any of the other hydro-carbons has a disintegrating effect on any rubber with which it may come in contact. This effect is not immediate and will not prove serious if the tires are wiped clean after each day's use, but to allow the car to remain standing in a pool of oil or on a greasy floor is courting tire trouble as surely as an upturned nail invites a puncture. The application of a heavy oil or tar to road surfaces has been found very efficient as a means of laying the dust and producing a hard bed that will endure for several months. It may be assumed that to run a car over long stretches of these freshly oiled roads will result in serious harm to the tires—and such would be the case were the oily mixture allowed to adhere to the treads for an indefinite period. But if the treads are thoroughly cleaned each day it is hardly probable that the oil will damage the rubber as much as would a rough road.

In the above paragraph the tires were classed as "moving parts that rub in contact with another surface." "Moving parts" they certainly are—whenever they are attached to a car that runs—but that they "run in contact with another surface" may be doubted by those cautious drivers who always slow down when rounding curves and never "skid." But side skidding is not the only form of tire-slipping that occurs on a modern car. At high speeds the wheels slip on the road surface to an extent little imagined by the driver. At speeds of thirty miles an hour this slipping of the wheels is slight, but when the mile-a-minute rate is reached the rubbing of the tires on the road increases out of all proportion to the increase in speed. At this speed a thirty-six-inch wheel will slip about six complete revolutions during each mile—or minute—of travel. This will amount to a total slippage of about 3,600 feet every hour that a mile-a-minute speed is maintained, and it will easily be realized that the tires are called upon to withstand a tremendous strain. When the greatest amount of slipping takes place it is hardly probable that the tires are bearing the full weight of the car, as it is the continual "bouncing" at high speeds that causes the wheels to turn faster than the road travels under them, but nevertheless the wear on the rubber tread is tremendous. It is small wonder that tires are changed frequently in races in which high speed prevails, and it is a marvelous tire that will withstand the wear encountered in two or three hundred miles of track racing.

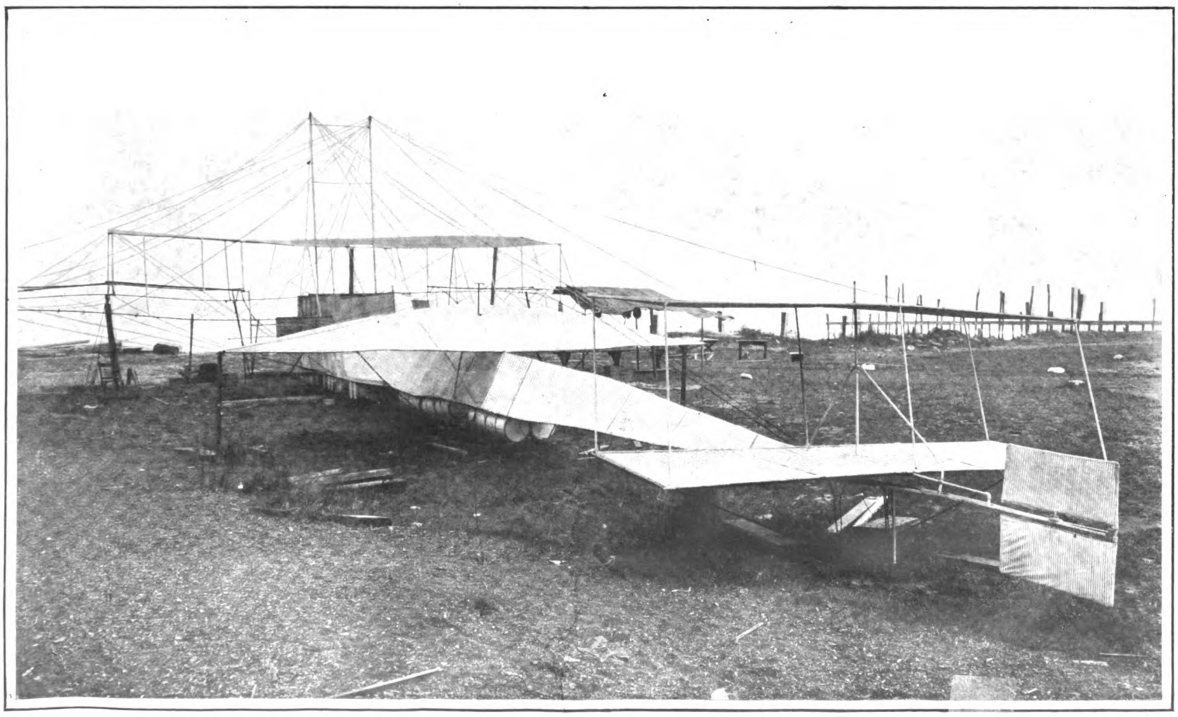
A pneumatic tire is nothing but a collapsible air-tank surrounding the outer circumference of a wheel. Thus the car, literally, "rides on air." It is the compressibility of air that produces the cushioning effect when an obstruction or inequality in the road is encountered by the wheels. The tire is depressed at the point of contact with the obstruction, and the area of the cross section of this portion is thereby reduced. This, naturally, compresses the air in the tire, and the shock, instead of being concentrated at the point of contact, is distributed throughout the entire interior of the confining space. The compressed air stores the energy imparted to it and produces the "resiliency" for which the pneumatic tire is famous. If the air in the tire is already highly compressed before the shock takes place the additional compression, or absorption of the shock, will not be so marked as though the tire were not pumped so "hard." On the other hand, a tire containing but a relatively small air pressure will be exceedingly susceptible to depression of its tread when an obstacle is encountered, and the rubber at the point of contact may be flattened almost to the rim. Thus a "hard" tire is able to encounter many abrupt inequalities in the road, but will not absorb slight shocks and jars; while a "soft" tire is sensitive even to the slightest obstacle in the road, but will be overtaxed at the first suggestion of "rough going."

It is evident that a tire containing too great an air pressure will cause fair roads to seem rough; while one that is too soft may prove comfortable on good roads, but will provide insufficient cushioning for rough surfaces. But, strange as it may seem, a hard tire will last longer than will one that is never pumped to the proper pressure. In the case of the latter the tread and fabric are depressed at the slightest inequalities and a gradual weakening of the material ensues. A tire containing a high air pressure, however, retains its contour under all but the most severe conditions, and the fabric and rubber are, therefore, not so susceptible to breakage or weakening. The average pressure recommended by tire-manufacturers is about twenty pounds per square inch for each inch of diameter of cross section of the tire. For example, a four-inch tire should be pumped to an approximate pressure of eighty pounds per square inch, while one an inch larger should carry about one hundred pounds.

It is a simple matter to determine this pressure if a small pocket or pump-pressure gauge is available, but it is not exactly easy to "guess" at the proper hardness of the tires. A pressure indicator can be obtained for a small cost and should form a part of every well-equipped tool kit. If such an instrument is not at hand, however, the proper pressure may be roughly approximated by observing the contour of the tires, as they carry the full weight of the car when normally loaded. As soon as the tire is pumped to the point where it retains its shape and does not flatten at its point of contact with the floor the proper pressure has been reached. If the side walls bulge out at the point carrying the weight, however, more air should be pumped until these straighten to the same shape as the remainder of the tire.

The so-called "mysterious" wear of tires, in which a tire will "go to pieces" after only a few months' use over good roads, may often be caused by an improper alignment of the wheels. This may not be apparent from a casual examination, but it may be detected easily by means of a long rule with which to measure the distance between the rims at the front and rear of both pairs of wheels. If the two wheels of one pair do not revolve in planes parallel to each other in a horizontal direction, the tread of the tire will rub, as well as roll, over the road surface in much the same manner as though the wheel were pulled slightly sideways at the same time that it rolled. The measurements should be taken at points directly opposite each other in front of and at the rear of the hub of the wheel. If the distance between the two wheels is less at the rear than it is forward of the hub, it is evident that the axle or spindles are so bent that the wheels do not revolve in parallel planes, and the car should be taken to the nearest blacksmith or repair shop if the owner desires to save his tires. It must be understood that this refers only to a difference in measurements taken between the forward and rear portions of a pair of wheels and not to the top and bottom.

The care of a tire when the car is out of commission in the winter is somewhat different from that recommended for an active tire. When a car is put away for the winter the wheels should be jacked up to relieve the tires of all weight. The tires should then be pumped to a sufficient pressure to enable each to retain its normal shape and then wrapped securely with burlap or brown paper to keep out the moisture. It should be made certain that the tire is perfectly dry both inside and out before it is thus covered, for dampness will cause rapid deterioration. It may be well first to remove each tire from its rim and to paint the latter with a rust preventive.



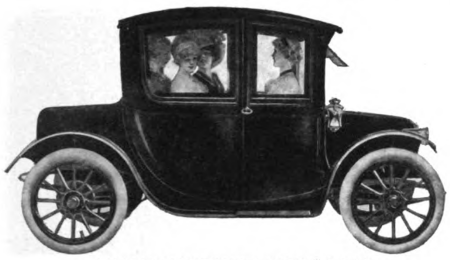
TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC IN THIS

JOHN J. MECKLER AND ALLEN CANTON, YOUNG NEW YORKERS, BUILT THIS AEROPLANE WITH THE DESIGN OF FLYING IN IT FROM AMERICA TO EUROPE. IT IS NOW IN WINTER QUARTERS AT CLASSON POINT, NEW YORK

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Waverley

THE SILENT ELECTRIC

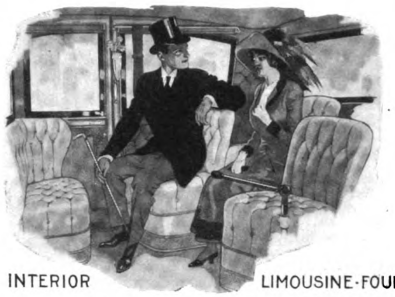


LIMOUSINE-FOUR PRICE $2,900

Four Separate Pullman Chairs Three Facing Forward

Full View Ahead Driven from the Left Hand Rear Seat

Price Complete $2,900



INTERIOR LIMOUSINE-FOUR

How Waverley Experience and Factory Facilities Evolved The Limousine-Four

1913



LIMOUSINE-FIVE
PRICE $3,500



GEORGIAN BROUGHAM
PRICE $3,250



EMPIRE BROUGHAM
PRICE $2,800



COLONIAL BROUGHAM
PRICE $2,375

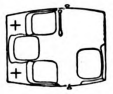


SHELTERED ROADSTER
PRICE $2,250

Here is the latest triumph of a company which has originated practically every improvement in electric vehicle construction.

That has factory equipment for the manufacture of every type of electric vehicle, from the smallest runabout or brougham to a mighty 5-ton truck—

—And whose experience, gained in the making of this unlimited range of electrics, enabled them to evolve this most elegant, comfortable, and convenient of all four-passenger electrics.



Without such experience, and the knowledge gained thereby, such an achievement would hardly have been possible.

It took the company who built the first coupe electric—the first electric with the high efficiency shaft drive—the first electric which could take *either* solid or pneumatic tires—the first electric with full elliptic springs and patented drop sill construction—and the first five-passenger full-view-ahead electric to originate and design

The Silent Waverley Limousine-Four

In this wonderful car four separate Pullman chairs replace the usual forward and backward seats. Three face forward, the fourth is a "cozy corner" in front at the right.

Thus affording full four-passenger capacity without obstructing the view of the driver who sits as usual in the left-hand rear seat—the pleasant and sociable position, with, instead of in front of, the other occupants of your car.

This arrangement insures ample and delightful spaciousness and absolute freedom from crowding—No crushing of handsome gowns and wraps in the Waverley Limousine-Four—while permitting of greater luxury and greater elegance than has ever before been possible in a four-passenger electric.

The little diagram shows this unique placing of seats, and how golf clubs, parcels, bags, etc., can be stowed out of the way behind the two side chairs. A small item, perhaps, but one that adds greatly to comfort.

Waverley patented drop sill construction permits of a beautiful, graceful low hung body swung on full elliptic springs as shown in the illustration—a combination which insures easy riding over every road and with any tires while saving current, increasing mileage and protecting your car from racking bumps and jars.

Batteries are flushed from *outside* the car—no lifting out of cushions with greasy hands, no spotting with water or fabric-eating acids.

The Limousine-Four will be on exhibition at the leading automobile shows, where prospective electric car owners can personally judge of its perfection—

—and decide if such a splendid car, the last word in four-passenger electrics, could have been designed and perfected except by past masters of electric vehicle construction—men who from long experience know the mechanical requirements of every type, from the most luxurious pleasure car to the massive delivery truck.

Let us send you the Silent Waverley Electric Year Book which illustrates and describes the Limousine-Four, the famous Limousine-Five and the other Waverley pleasure car models illustrated in the left-hand panel.

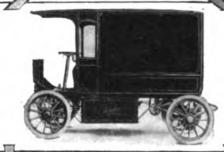
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1913



1000 LB. DELIVERY
PRICE $2,000



ONE TON TRUCK
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TWO TON TRUCK
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THREE & ONE HALF TON TRUCK
PRICE $3,750



FIVE TON TRUCK
PRICE $4,500

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REGULATING THE DRIVER

BY H. S. WHITING

THE behavior of a motor-car forms an excellent criterion by which to judge the character of the driver. A car is not "dangerous" unless made so by the man at the wheel; there are no wild swerves from one side of the road to the other, through congested traffic, that are caused by a "faulty steering-gear"; the time when the automobile was an unknown quantity and when its next move was more a matter of presumption than of positive knowledge has long since passed. To be sure, it is perfectly possible for a driver to "lose control of the machine," but nine times out of ten it is the operator's fault, due to high speed or careless running over a dangerous road. And often this loss of control of the car is caused by the driver's "loss of head."

If a sixty or a ninety horse-power motor-car can be driven at a snail's pace through crowded streets and around tortuous turns, it is certain that the manufacturer is not to blame for an accident that may occur while the machine is rounding a sharp corner at sixty miles an hour. Also if this same high-powered car is able to run with almost entire absence of noise, it is manifestly the driver's fault if the city streets are made hideous day and night with the Gatling-gun sound of the unmuffled exhaust. The driver or owner may even be said to be responsible for the noise made by the mechanism of the motor and transmission, for every part of every modern car is ground or finished to fit accurately, and it is only through neglect of valves, gears, or bearings that an undue amount of lost motion will occur and result in disagreeable sounds whenever the machine is run.

Therefore, inasmuch as the modern car is a faithful machine, built only to do the bidding of its driver, it is evident that restrictions must be placed upon the owner or operator rather than upon the size, power, and general specifications of the automobile itself. To limit the size of the motors or the power that they develop is out of the question, for a ten-horse-power machine could wreak damage in congested traffic in the hands of an inexperienced operator. Likewise to attempt to regulate the speed possibilities of every car is impracticable as well as unnecessary, although such legislation has been suggested many times. In fact, some bills as prepared for presentation before several of the State legislatures have stipulated that every car should be so geared that a speed of more than twenty miles an hour would be impossible. Such a restriction is manifestly absurd, for there are privately owned speedways in many parts of the country where a speed of a hundred miles an hour can be maintained for an appreciable distance without danger to occupants or other vehicles or pedestrians. As long as the automobile is safe, therefore, when properly controlled, the tendency of all motor-car legislation should be toward restriction of the activities of the driver rather than regulation of the capabilities of the car itself.

The most stringent legislation that has been enacted to regulate the driver is that of compelling every operator of a motor-car to possess a State license that is obtainable only after the proper registration or examination. In many States the chauffeur who is to drive a car for hire must pass a written examination in which he is required to answer questions regarding the operation, construction, and design of cars and their parts. In addition to this, he must demonstrate his ability before the examiners to handle a car properly and must present certificates of good character, sobriety, and a general "clean record." This is intended to keep motor-cars out of the hands of incompetents and those who are reckless and foolhardy by nature. The owner, as a rule, does not need to undergo so searching an examination. It is assumed that a man who is willing to invest from five hundred to five thousand dollars in a car will be fairly certain of his ability to operate it and that he will not take risks that are liable to damage the machine—even though he should not be considerate of the comfort of pedestrians or occupants of other vehicles. He must register, however, and carry with him a license that will identify him as the owner of the car.

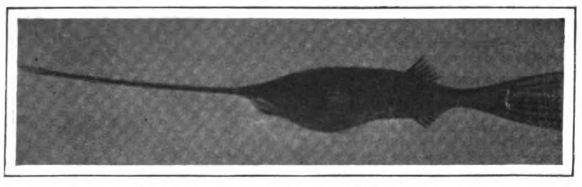
Such measures, however, have not served to make conditions perfect for the dwellers near popular automobile thoroughfares—or for motorists themselves, either, for that matter. A misguided hundred thousand or so of the nearly a million drivers of automobiles in this country possess certain hallucinations that have made necessary several municipal regulations in addition to those already imposed by the various States. Some of these drivers seem to believe that the automobile has been produced solely as an instrument of noise, and they therefore are unable to run their cars two blocks without blowing their horn or opening the muffler. This trait has resulted in the enactment of restrictions regarding the use of warning signals, and now a motorist is in danger of arrest in some sections if he blows his horn or toots his electric siren for any purpose other than to avert collision with a pedestrian or another vehicle. Some of these measures may seem rather stringent, but the offending few of the motorists have brought such restrictions upon the entire fraternity. In motoring, as in many another sport or occupation, the innocent majority must suffer for the offenses of the guilty few.

One of the most annoying of the hallucinations possessed by many a driver, and one that has required municipal legislation to render conditions bearable along boulevards and other popular automobile thoroughfares, is the belief that the muffler cutout is necessary to increase the power of the motor. This belief, added to the love of noise and desire to attract attention possessed by some owners and drivers of cars, has resulted in the habit of "cutting out the muffler" on every possible occasion—even when added power is not necessary. As a matter of fact, the elimination of the muffler adds but a very small percentage of power to the motor—a power that is never required in the city, where the car should be run at but a third or a half of its full ability at the most. It is only in country touring, when the last ounce of power is required from the motor, that the cutout is of any material benefit except as a warning signal. Therefore, to use the cutout on the city streets is to lay one's car open to the charge that it is calling for its last ounce of power for work that even the smallest and cheapest of the modern automobiles can perform with scarcely more noise than that given forth by a well-designed electric vehicle. The cutout undoubtedly has its uses, but these should be restricted to the country roads or the privacy of the garage or testing-room. Many cities have already adopted regulations prohibiting the use of the muffler cutout on the public highways, and others are following their example wherever it is found that the motorists are so blind—or deaf, rather—to what represents courtesy to the majority of the public.

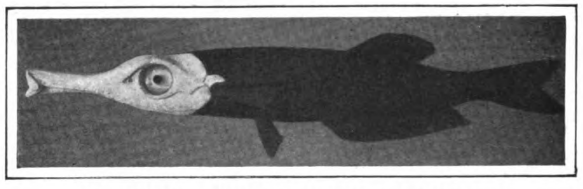
It might at first thought seem strange that the boards of health should concern themselves with the automobile, and yet many have taken an active interest in the question of the physical effect on the populace of the smoke emitted by many of the motor-cars. These dense clouds of bluish-white smoke are caused by an excess of oil that reaches the top of the cylinders and is there burned by the heat of the explosion. This arises from over-lubrication or from a faulty arrangement of the rings, baffle plates, or whatever other devices are used to prevent the oil from reaching the combustion chamber. Although these boards of health probably realize the truth of the adage, "Too much oil is better than too little," they have also discovered that the fumes from this burning excess lubricant contain an unhealthful proportion of carbon monoxide. Two parts of this gas to one thousand of air constitute a mixture that is dangerous to breathe, and as twelve per cent. of a smoky exhaust may be composed of carbon monoxide, it will be seen that the air in an inclosed space into which such a motor may be exhausting will soon be poisoned. It is hardly probable that smoking motors could vitiate the outside air to a really dangerous extent, but it has been decided by experts that the poisonous gas can be present in sufficient quantities to affect the general health of the populace. These researches have resulted in the passage of municipal laws rendering the driver of a smoking automobile liable to a fine or revocation of his license. A faint trace of blue smoke emitted from the exhaust is not harmful and is an indication that the motor is well lubricated, but the dense clouds thrown out by some cars are entirely unnecessary, and the drivers of such cars are the offenders against whom these laws have been aimed.

Improvements in motor-car lighting systems have made necessary some restrictions that would not have been even considered a few years ago. Practically every motor-car nowadays, whether of high or low price, is provided with powerful head-lights of the acetylene or electric type. These lights are sufficiently strong to throw a beam several hundred feet, and are therefore exceedingly useful for night touring over dark or unfamiliar roads. They are hardly necessary on the well-lighted streets of a large city, however, but many motorists use them merely because "they have them," and it is so simple a matter to turn a switch that will throw the current from a dynamo or storage battery into the lamps placed in front of the powerful reflectors. But these intense rays of light blind the eyes of those upon whom they shine and make it impossible for approaching motorists to distinguish the road or other vehicles until they are out of range of the glare. Consequently, in many cities the use of these blinding lights is restricted to the sparsely settled districts where the street lamps do not furnish sufficient illumination for the roadway, and it is an offense punishable by a fine to employ the full glare on the principal thoroughfares. A sheet of semi-transparent paper pasted over the lens affords an easy means of reducing the brilliancy of the light, but this is a makeshift that cannot be removed readily when it is desired to use the full power of the lamps. Arrangements are provided that enable some lights of the acetylene type to be turned down, while other devices consist of a dull metal disk interposed between the source of light and the reflector. This latter attachment is suitable for either the electric or acetylene type of lights.

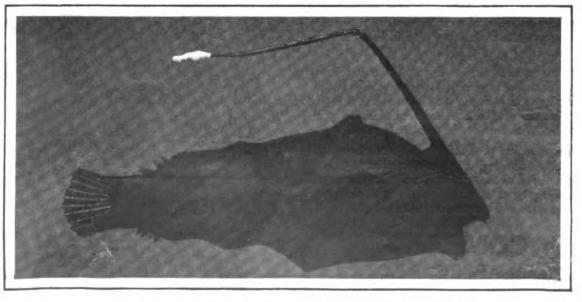
Motorists who have a due regard for the rights of others are largely in the majority, and they are willing to support any legislation which has for its object the regulation of those drivers who are a menace or annoyance to the public, as well as to automobilists themselves. Broad-minded and fair restrictive legislation never has been, and never will be, opposed by representative motorists.



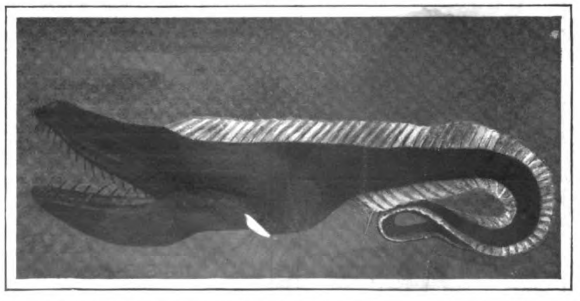
A deep-water inhabitant of the Indian Ocean. It carries a lamp at the end of its elongated snout



A monster of the Arabian Sea. It inhabits the depths 2,000 feet below the surface, and its entire head is phosphorescent



This denizen of the Pacific carries a luminous lure at the end of a fishing-rod, to attract its prey



This fish, which was captured in the Atlantic deeps, can swallow fishes much larger than itself, the stomach extending to the tip of the tail

FROM FATHER NEPTUNE'S WHITE-LIGHT DISTRICT

SOME OF THE LUMINOUS FISHES INHABITING THE SUNLESS DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN WHICH HAVE BEEN DRAWN UP FROM THEIR HAUNTS A MILE AND MORE BELOW THE SURFACE BY DEEP-SEA EXPLORING VESSELS. MODELS OF THESE ARE ON EXHIBITION AT THE NEW YORK MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

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PENN STATE



THE ANSWER

In the make-up of the Packard "38" carriage are more features directly appealing to the owner and driver than ever before have been embodied in any one motor vehicle

Left Drive
Avoids the necessity of stepping into the street. This result in connection with other far-reaching improvements.

Electric Self Cranker
Easily and simply operated from a driving position.

Centralized Control
Complete mastery of the car from the driver's seat. A compact arrangement at the finger tips operated with the slightest effort.

Electric Lighting
Controlling switches at the centralized control board.

Magneto Ignition
A high tension dual ignition system, with magneto and storage battery, both of which are entirely distinct from the starting and lighting equipment. Insures Packard efficiency at all speeds.

Short Turning Radius
The Packard "38" turns in a street forty-one and one-half feet wide.

Hydraulic Governor
Avoids "stalling" the motor in crowded traffic; prevents motor racing when the clutch is disengaged; affords agreeable uniformity of road speeds without requiring skillful use of the pedals.

Six Cylinders Perfected
Flexible, efficient, silent, giving motion with no sense of exerted power.

Dry Plate Clutch
Proof against burning and certain of engagement without "grabbing."

Forced Feed Oiling
Especially desirable for "sixes." An auxiliary system feeds oil directly to the cylinder walls and is automatically regulated for different power requirements.

Six-Inch Depth of Frame
Prevents body distortion and cramping of doors.

Size of Crank Shaft
The diameter of the crank shaft is 2 1-8 inches. Ample size of bearings insures maximum period of service without refitting.

The sum of these essentials is to be found in no other car. This comprehensive solution, in one motor carriage, of all the chief problems of recent years, compels the consideration of the critical patron.

The Packard "38" will be exhibited in Madison Square Garden, New York, January 11 to 18 and in the Coliseum, Chicago, February 1 to 8

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit

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The Borland 1913 Regular Coupe—
A beautiful and elegant production $2900

Specifications: General Electric motor, especially built for us to withstand a 500% overload. General Electric non-arcing controller with 6 speeds forward and 3 reverse. Wheel base 96 inches. Extra large aluminum 5-passenger body, revolving front seats, either front or rear drive. ***Batteries:*** 40 cells, 9 plate Exide. ***Speed:*** 22 miles per hour. ***Equipment:*** Skid chains, hydrometer, odometer, toilet case and flower vase. Solid or pneumatic tires, optional, 34 x 4.

The new Borland models are now ready

THEY are equipped with the new Borland simplicity horizontal control, the greatest improvement for controlling speed.

The inconvenience in many electric automobiles has been the necessity of pulling up a lever or pressing a button or pushing a pedal to reverse. The Borland control [patent applied for] is the simplest and easiest to operate. No levers, no pedals, no buttons. And for appearance, satisfaction, comfort, safety, speed, convenience and *mileage*, the Borland is the most convincing electric known.

You can drive the Borland with absolute safety and freedom from worry—because of the simplest control of any electric, the clearest view of the road, the quickest action of our improved foot brakes and the positive assurance of an immediate response from every part of the machine.



The Borland 1913 Outside Drive
Limousine—the Electric De Luxe $5500

Specifications: General Electric motor, especially designed and built for us to withstand a 500% overload. Specially designed, non-arcing controller with 6 speeds forward and 3 reverse. Wheel base, 123 inches. Seven-passenger body, exclusively designed and built for us by C. P. Kimball & Co. ***Batteries:*** 42 cells, 19 plate Exide. ***Speed:*** 25 miles per hour. ***Equipment:*** Skid chains, hydrometer, toilet case and flower vase, umbrella to match upholstery, odometer, 36 x 5 pneumatic tires with quick detachable rims. Klaxonet horn.

The Borland Electric Pre-Eminent Construction

Since the first Borland was made we have concentrated on the designing, building and perfecting of one chassis. We are finally satisfied that the Borland chassis represents the best engineering ideas and the correct selection of metals for each and every part. The proof of the efficiency of this chassis is our long list of satisfied customers.

Now that every engineering and service test has proved that every detail of Borland construction is right, we are putting out six new models, built on the same mechanical principles which made the Borland Brougham so satisfactory and successful.

Besides the two models illustrated we are making: Brougham, $2500, Coupe, $2700, either front or rear drive; Roadster, $2550; 1500-pound delivery truck, open body, $2100; 1500-pound truck, with closed body, $2250. These models make a complete line for dealers to handle. Write for poster booklet and catalog explaining the full meaning of the above improvements and the pre-eminence of Borland construction and design.

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Dealers: Start the new year right. Do a twelve month business without increasing your overhead, selling Borland Electrics. We are closing with many established dealers. Write today for particulars. Or, better still, see U. B. Grannis, Vice President, at the Waldorf Hotel, during the New York Show. He will be pleased to give dealers full information concerning the Borland Line.

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Finance

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

High Prices' Harm

BACK in September when, on the strength of the "greatest crops the country has ever known," the stock market was booming and every one was talking prosperity, an investment banker whose opinions are highly valued came out publicly with the statement that the continued rise in commodity prices was an insuperable bar to further expansion in business and the markets. Wall Street didn't want to believe that at the time and wouldn't believe it. But in a good many places where the statement was ridiculed at the time it was made it isn't being ridiculed now. Things other than a further rise in commodity prices have happened since then, but, as the real causes of the markets' troubles have been looked into, it has been only too apparent that most of them come back to the same thing—the immoderately high level to which commodity prices as a whole have risen.

Bradstreet's "index number," which is a composite statement of the price of all important commodities, stands at present at 9.5462—by far the highest point ever reached. This year's advance amounts to 6.6 per cent., last year's to 1.9 per cent. In 1908 and 1907 advances of 16 per cent. and 12 per cent. respectively were registered. Here and there the price of some important commodity is down, but taking the list as a whole, quotations show a steadily advancing tendency which carries the "index number" to a new high point every time it is made up.

There are at least three ways in which this condition of things reacts harmfully on business and the markets.

The first and perhaps the most evident is through the cutting-down of individuals' savings available for investment in securities. On the same amount of income, a man cannot save so much money as he could a few years ago. Living not one bit better, he finds that where at the end of the year he used to have so-and-so-much left over to "salt away," he now has considerably less or even nothing at all. That, multiplied many times over, makes a big difference in the country's power to absorb new stock and bond issues—or, to put it another way, to provide industry with the capital it needs.

The second harmful effect is the discontent and unrest engendered not only among the working classes, but among security owners dependent upon the income from their investments. How the working classes are affected is seen in the constant labor troubles of the past two years—demands for higher wages, strikes, renewed demands. But hardly more of an unfavorable influence on business is that than the steady demand on the part of investors for securities bearing a higher rate of interest. More income is the cry as prices rise and living costs increase, and more income the investor must be offered if his purse-strings are to be loosened. The old-established forms of security bearing a moderate rate of interest appeal to him no longer. A high return on his money he is bound to have. If he can't get it by buying the securities of the railroads and the standard industrials he can get it by buying the "specialties." He does that—with the result that untold millions of dollars which would otherwise be available to carry on the country's legitimate enterprises are diverted into all sorts of doubtful and devious channels. And such capital as legitimate enterprise does secure has to be paid for at a price that imposes a heavy charge on the business done with the money.

The third bad effect of the present high level of commodity prices is the curtailment of the banks' lending-power it brings about and the strain it imposes on the credit position. The banks in the big cities, it is true, lend largely on securities as collateral, but the great bulk of bank-money loaned in this country is loaned not on securities but on merchandise. When merchandise prices are steadily advancing, consequently, the banks are called upon to supply a constantly increasing amount of credit. A dealer may not be carrying any more goods in stock this year than last; but if the price he has had to pay for those goods is ten per cent. higher than it was, he needs ten per cent. more bank-money to carry him along.

Already the rise in commodity prices has been such as to impose a heavy strain on the banks all over the country. Loans are absolutely at top-notch, with consequent reduction in reserve-percentages—certainly not a state of things on which expansion in finance or business can safely be based. What has done it—speculation? There hasn't been any speculation to speak of. Active business, then? Business has only been active for a short time. For the present extended position of the banks there is just one cause—the unreasonably high level of commodity prices. That will have to be corrected before much progress can be made.

Camera vs. Typewriter

CERTAIN of the executive departments at Washington have found the camera a useful adjunct in their routine work. All manner of documents are now photographed instead of being copied by typewriters. The work of the typewriting machine, so far as mere copying is concerned, is discounted, since in less than a minute a facsimile may be obtained of a document to copy which the typist would take perhaps hours.

Especially in the General Land Office has the camera been found most useful in work of this kind. Formerly, by the method of typewriting copies of land records, forty patents were held to be a good day's work. Now by photographing them as many as two hundred patents may be copied.

The document to be copied is set up, a bulb is pressed, and the thing is done. No plates or films are used in this work, the medium being sensitized paper itself.

When a new document or page of a book is run into position, the operation is accomplished with the aid of an electric motor. This motor unwinds from the five-hundred-foot roll of sensitized paper that portion which has just been exposed to the light, carries it to a developing solution beneath the camera, and, by the time the new sheet that has been brought into position has been exposed, the sheet immediately preceding it has been developed and automatically deposited in a tray at the end of the camera. When taken out of the "hypo" the sheets are spread on racks to dry.

A Tearful Monkey

THERE is a species of very small monkey found in the Brazilian forests which is remarkable for its gentleness, the delicate elegance of its appearance, and its almost human conduct. Bounding from branch to branch or from tree to tree, it has every appearance of a bird. When hanging from a tree asleep it looks like a black doll. Its dark, soft eyes are very large, its coat is like black velvet trimmed with satin and dotted with gray beads.

"I have seen him weep," said Humboldt, "and I avow that the samaïri is like a child in every feature. He has the same innocent expression, the same bright, intelligent smile, the same child-like way of passing swiftly from joy to sorrow."

The Travels of a Drop of Water

A GERMAN has made a calculation of the time that elapses before a drop of water evaporated on the surface returns to the ocean. The total volume of water brought annually to the sea is 1/3460 of the total contents of the ocean. A particle of water before evaporation has stayed in the ocean on an average 3,460 years. Once evaporated, the drop becomes condensed in about ten days and is then speedily drawn back to its ancient home.

THE BEST TEACHER

Old Experience Still Holds the Palm

For real practical reliability and something to swear by, experience—plain old experience—is able to carry a big load yet without getting swaybacked.

A So. Dak. woman found some things about food from Old Experience a good, reliable teacher.

She writes:

"I think I have used almost every breakfast food manufactured, but none equal Grape-Nuts in my estimation.

"I was greatly bothered with weak stomach and indigestion, with formation of gas after eating, and tried many remedies for it, but did not find relief.

"Then I decided I must diet and see if I could overcome the difficulty that way. My choice of food was Grape-Nuts, because the doctor told me I could not digest starchy food.

"Grape-Nuts food has been a great benefit to me, for I feel like a different person since I began to eat it. It is wonderful to me how strong my nerves have become. I advise everyone to try it, for experience is the best teacher.

"If you have any stomach trouble—can't digest your food, use Grape-Nuts food for breakfast at least, and you won't be able to praise it enough when you see how different you feel." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. **

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Elgin Victor—1911—last stock championship race held in America. Average 66.4 miles per hour. Entire race run without a tire change. Defeated American and European cars of much greater cost.

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Fastest 500 miles ever traveled. Actual running average 81.72 miles per hour—winning International Sweepstakes, defeating more costly American and European cars. Breaking record by 4.11 miles per hour.

$2750 to $3400

Limousines *Coupes* *Sedans*



The National Seven Passenger in Spain

Luxury – Reliability – Service

WHEREVER you go, you'll be proud of your *National*. It is the result of twelve years of concentration upon the harmonious combination of beauty, luxury and reliable service. Beneath the surface beauty is perfection in design and materials—dependability, stamina, and flexible power that is indefatigable. Every advanced idea, every requirement mechanically, every refinement tending to your comfort, ease and confidence, is in the five National models.

The best car to own—write us for proof

Long stroke (4 7-8 x 6) flexible and noiseless motor with enclosed valves.
Left side drive. Center control.
Gray & Davis Electric Starter, easily operated by simply touching a button with foot.
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Bosch dual double Magneto.
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Electric Horn.
Adequate Baggage-carrying Compartment concealed in body but easily accessible.
Powerful and reliable brakes.
Spacious Interior.
Tire Pump, integral part of the motor. Inflates a tire in three minutes.
Truffault-Hartford Shock Absorbers in rear.
128-inch Wheel Base.
Adjustable, ventilating and rain vision Wind Shield.
Multiple jet Carburetor.
Hoffecker steady-hand Speedometer.
Tire carrier in rear.
Silk Mohair Top, Cover and Curtains.
Full-floating Rear Axle.
Resilient Springs, 3-4 Elliptic in rear; Semi-Elliptic in front.
Large Gasoline Pressure-Feed Tank with Gauge in rear.
Robe Rail and Foot Rest.
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Plain, continuous enclosed Metal Guards.
Easy riding qualities, unexcelled.
Oiling System, demonstrated to be only perfect oiling system.
Tools, concealed tool box under splasher.
One extra Firestone Demountable Rim.

Quick Delivery **National Motor Vehicle Co., Indianapolis** *Write for catalog*

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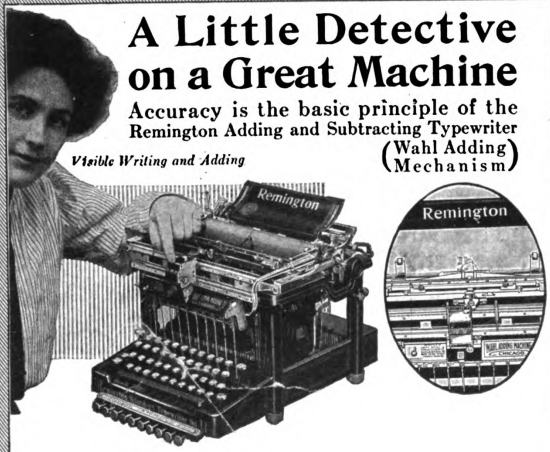
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A Little Detective on a Great Machine

Accuracy is the basic principle of the Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter

Visible Writing and Adding (Wahl Adding Mechanism)



The machine is ***accurate.*** But this is not all. It ***enforces accuracy*** on those who use it. Likewise it ***admonishes to accuracy*** all those on whose work it affords a check.

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Remington

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Thus the machine adds ***accuracy*** to ***mechanical labor saving*** in every kind of work where writing and adding are done on the same page.

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A BID FOR THE CANAL TRADE

How Denmark is Constructing a Free Port at Charlotte Amalie, in St. Thomas

By John L. Mathews

THE good old shelter port of Charlotte Amalie, on the island of St. Thomas, West Indies, is coming into her own again. Lost to America once through the blunder of our Senate, it has remained, as the Danes say, an uncut diamond. Now it is to be cut and set among the largest of the Danish crown jewels.

Long ago Denmark was a great nation and Charlotte Amalie a refuge port for ships of all sorts, an *entrepôt* for the whole of the Indies, a harbor of rescue and repair. It lies sheltered on the lee side of its island, with the constant trade winds blowing vainly around it and the gun emplacements nature placed upon its mountain-tops idle and unused. Bluebeard's and Blackbeard's castles stand frowning at each other as in the buccaneer days; and the ancient pirate schooner *Vigilant*, more than a century old, has carried the mail and occasional passengers for fifty years between the three principal islands of this little group under the Danish emblem.

Many a fleet of buccaneers and many an armada lay to in these windward channels or anchored under the lee of St. Thomas. Ever since the steamship came this old port has been ready for it, come whence it might. No trouble was too great to be remedied at St. Thomas. There was no repairing ordinary or extraordinary that could not be made for any ship that frequented the ocean up to ten or twenty years ago. Even to-day any ship which can pass through Suez can anchor in the harbor of Charlotte Amalie and draw up to the coal-docks; and nearly everything that runs in the Indies can be lifted out of water on the floating dry-docks. Ships under 3,000 net tonnage can be drawn out on the marine railway.

A shaft-welding is a slight job for the well-equipped foundry and the efficient workmen of this little city. They can cast a new propeller or a single blade as easily as build a whole new boiler and set it in the ship. Any part of an engine or even the cylinder can be replaced and, if necessary, an entirely new shaft. It costs nothing but stevedorage and storage on the goods to unload a cargo and load it again, going meanwhile into the dry-docks to have a plate replaced or any other underwater repairs. Everything that goes up into the city to be sold has a duty of three per cent., but everything which lies on the docks or is stored in the warehouses is in a free port and pays no duty nor has any bond.

All sorts of supplies for ships are here: ice in abundance; water caught from the rain and directed in masonry canals into great concrete storage cisterns; sailors' clothes; stewards' supplies; and, best of all, fine steaming coal at reasonable prices. Twenty or thirty large ships come here to coal every month; one hundred thousand tons of steam coal a year from the Virginia Capes goes into the hoppers; every ship drawing 27.5 can lie at the coaling pier to take on her fuel.

All around the old harbor are warehouses, some of them four hundred feet long, set parallel to the shore and, in fact, built practically up from the water's edge, with a track along the front of them to deliver freight to the several doors. Each has a short pier for the unloading of barges. The harbor itself, surrounded by gently rising hills and with the gaily colored city set directly opposite the entrance, is one of the most beautiful to be seen in the Caribbean.

When, in 1902, we made our latest bid for the purchase of the Danish West Indies the Danish people protested. The proposal was refused by Denmark. Then the feeling arose that the Danes should make the islands self-supporting, and since 1902 $500,000 has been invested in cotton plantations on St. Thomas, with such success that the group now stands on the credit side of the ledger.

When we reached out and grabbed Panama and were preparing to build the canal the Danes had a new inspiration.

"Here we are," they said, "directly on the route from Europe to the canal. The port of Charlotte Amalie and her islands will become Denmark reaching out with her commerce and industry. The free port of St. Thomas will be Copenhagen transplanted into a new world. There at the gate of the canal, where the great routes cross and the raw materials are to be had, we will set up an *entrepôt* and a depot.

"We are six hundred miles nearer than the American ports; we have no tariff on our harbor: we must take advantage of our position, our cheap fuel, our manufacturing sites right on the water's edge, our industrious and trained people, and get a good share of the South American and the Pacific trade, as well as that of the United States."

A fine idea, and *practicable*. Denmark at once voted a *charter* for a company with a capital of 20,000,000 kroner ($6,000,000). This sum was to be spent largely in the construction of massive piers filled in solid from behind, in the Danish style, with great warehouses and slips, a larger dry-dock, and all the equipment of a fine *entrepôt*.

As it happened, there was but a million dollars subscribed, and the company therefore returned its charter and the subscriptions to the government. The bankers then, with the aid of the King and Parliament, formed a new company called the West Indian Company. The work is already being put under way. A big dike is being built close to deep water in one part of the harbor at a point now unused because of the shallow flats. The whole entrance channel is to be dredged and the material obtained filled in on the flats behind a concrete retaining wall. Concrete piers will be built out into the deepened harbor so that all sorts of big ships can enter and land.

Charlotte Amalie is close to our coasts, on the direct route from Europe to the canal, only 1,025 miles from Colon, six hundred miles nearer than New Orleans, and can import anything from any part of the world, unload it duty free, and manufacture without paying duty. All these manufactured goods can then be sold to us or to Europe or to any market in the world without having gone on a train, paid waste money for land transportation, or paid any government tax of any sort until they enter the port of destination.

Butter and Margarine

IT has been brought out by recent statistics that the country which produces the largest relative quantity of butter consumes the largest quantity of margarine. That country is Denmark, which uses every year some eighty million pounds of margarine for a population of two and a half millions, or at the rate of more than thirty-two pounds for each inhabitant. The farmers of Denmark prefer to sell their good butter to the English and content themselves with a cheaper fat food. France, with a population of forty millions, shows a sale of only about 24,000,000 pounds of margarine, which amounts to about nine to ten ounces a year for each inhabitant. The French law against the sale of margarine is very strict and is intended to protect the producers of butter, but it shows no consideration for the users of margarine. In Sweden over thirty million pounds of the margarine are used annually by a population of five and a half millions. The amount used in Norway is relatively more than twice as much, for there the population is only some two million, whereas the consumption of margarine exceeds 24,000,000 pounds. In spite of the large per capita consumption of butter in England, there is an additional use of margarine amounting to more than 120,000 tons. The largest total consumption of margarine takes place in Germany, whose sixty-five million inhabitants consume every year over 200,000 tons of the fat. A great deal of prejudice has been cultivated against margarine by the producers of butter, anad when it was sold as a substitute for butter or an adulterant it was well that all should be cautioned against it. But when it is sold on its own merits at a lower price than butter it quickly establishes a place for itself in the markets of the world.

Why Is It?

WHEN a fly moves on the crystal glass of the window pane it climbs going up and flies if going in a straight line downward. The fly never makes its descent walking on the surface of the glass. Hens invariably scrape gravel with their backs to the sun. Cats never expose their paws to the heat of the fire. In the majority of cases they bring their left side toward the fire. Dogs, on the contrary, bring their paws as nearly as they can to the point from which the fire proceeds. Rats have the strange habit of rejecting food which is too easily obtained and go to dangerous places in graneries. Farmers for this reason sometimes put their "exterminator" in out-of-the-way corners, certain that the rats will be lured by the difficulty of access. And, improbable as it may seem, almost any one can become a snake-charmer. One of the best-known Oriental "enchanters" said that she began her career by putting small and inoffensive serpents in cages and going every day to feed them. At the end of two or three months these animals knew her and had every appearance of awaiting her coming when the time drew near. She studied their habits and then the habits of the more formidable species until she had mastered her trade."

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Overland

$985 Completely Equipped

WE are, and have been, over 3000 cars behind immediate shipping orders ever since last August—when this model was first introduced. Dealers contracted for 39,000 cars before we made a public announcement; one dealer alone took 4000; in thirty days Europe had arranged for $1,000,000 worth.

We have planned and prepared for a 1913 production of 40,000 cars. Eight thousand skilled mechanics in a factory covering over eighty acres are working night and day to fill present and persistent orders.

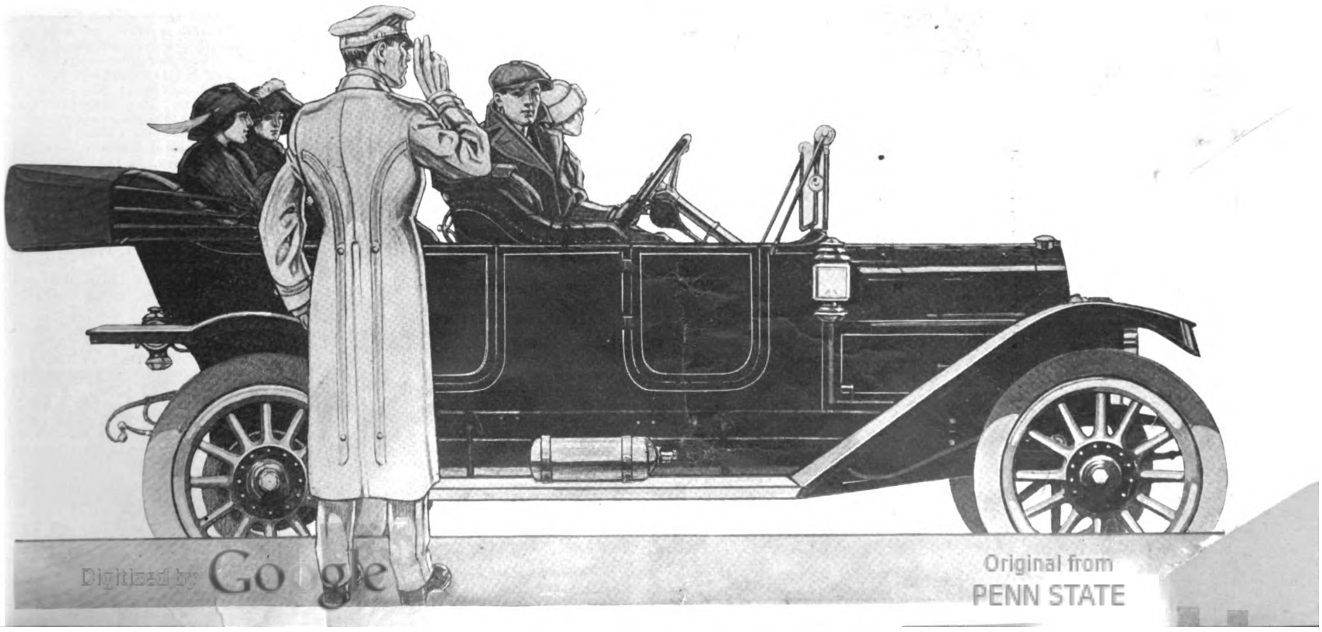
There are over 3000 Overland dealers in all parts of the world. Look up the one in your town. See this car, and you will more readily understand what a really brilliant and remarkable achievement this exceptional value is.

Our catalogue is big, beautiful and interesting—and it's free.

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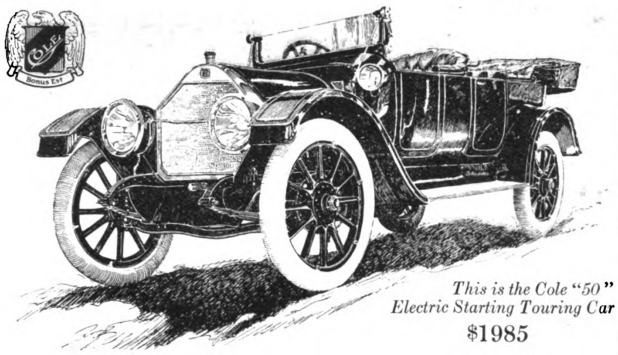
The Willys-Overland Company

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This is the Cole "50" Electric Starting Touring Car
$1985

Leave comfort, convenience and beauty lines to her—she is leaving the price and mechanical correctness to you.

Make the purchase of your next motor car a domestic business transaction.

Recall how you and the wife built the home. You bought the lot where values were right and selected the architect on the strength of his reputation. You watched the plumbing—you planned the heating plant. You demanded nothing but "bests" in the entire construction.

You left the social environment, the convenience and the interior decorations to her—this was *right*.

When you have applied the same method to the purchase of a motor car and have selected your Cole, two things will have been satisfied—a woman's intuitive appreciation of beauty and a man's cold business judgment.

Series Eight

COLE

comes in three chassis—all equipped with Delco electric starting, lighting and ignition.

Cole "40"—116-inch wheel base, completely equipped, $1685.

Cole "50"—122-inch wheel base, completely equipped, $1985. New Cole Six Cylinder "60"—132-inch wheel base, completely equipped, $2485. No difference in quality—merely diamonds of varying karat.

"So far, so good"—you say.

All right. Now let's fill out the coupon below. It doesn't obligate you. Back will come the Cole Blue Book for "her"—the Technical Bulletin for you. Your business judgment will prompt you to send the coupon by return mail—before you lay this magazine aside.

Cole Motor Car Company
Indianapolis

Tell her that you can "see" the Cole at the New York Show in January or the Chicago Show in February.

"OUR" COUPON REQUEST

COLE MOTOR CAR CO., Indianapolis.
We have decided that the Cole is worth investigating. It is understood that we assume no obligation in asking for the Cole Blue Book and the Technical Bulletin—so send them by return mail, all carrying charges prepaid.

*"Her" Name*_____

*"My" Name*_____

*Address*_____

Do you drink
Gibson's
or just whiskey?

The Gibson Distilling Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Monthly Automobile Numbers of
HARPER'S WEEKLY
FOR 1913

February First . . . Forms close Jan. 22	**July Fifth** . . . . . Forms close June 25
March First . . . . . Forms close Feb. 19	**August Second** . . . Forms close July 23
April Fifth . . . . . Forms close Mar. 26	**September Sixth** . . Forms close Aug. 27
May Third . . . . . Forms close April 23	**October Fourth** . . Forms close Sept. 24
[illegible] Seventh . . . . Forms close May 28	**November First** . . Forms close Oct. 22
December Sixth . . . . . Forms close Nov. 26	

The Universities

Statistics lately compiled indicate that Europe has now 125 universities, with a total student body of about 230,000. Next to Paris and Berlin come, in point of attendance, Budapest, Vienna, Moscow, Madrid, Naples, and St. Petersburg.

The cost of maintaining the nine universities of Prussia has increased, from 1860 to within the last decade, from $9,000,000 to $40,000,000 for regular expenses. In addition, new buildings and the like have cost $25,000,000, Berlin alone requiring nearly $8,000,000.

Berlin is rapidly becoming for Germany what Paris is for France—the overwhelming center of university life. In addition to its 8,000 matriculated students about seven thousand others are permitted to attend lectures, making a total of only a thousand less than for Paris.

In general, the universities in the large centers of population increasingly attract the greatest number of students in Germany. Munich, Leipsic, and Bonn show the larger figures, while the smaller university towns report no corresponding growth.

The University of Madrid ranks only just below Munich in numbers, and the University of Naples is of about the same size as Madrid. Several English universities are above any but the four largest in Germany.

The University of Vienna comes next in size after Munich, and the Czech University at Prague is larger than any except four of the German universities. It has long surpassed in size the ancient German university of the same city.

Budapest has a university ranking only just below the greatest German universities. The University of Athens ranks only just below Bonn with its 3,900 students; and the University of Rome, which is the third in Italy, ranks between Freiburg and Breslau, the latter of which has about 2,400 students.

Denmark's one university, that of Copenhagen, ranks along with Heidelberg, which stands ninth in the list of German universities. Two other Scandinavian universities, those of Upsala in Sweden and Christiania in Norway, rank above the six smaller German universities, and the far northern University of Helsingfors in Finland ranks with the first six.

Several of the Russian universities, when they are not closed by reason of too liberal expression of political opinion, have as many students as any but the four or five greatest German institutions.

Below the great University of Madrid there are two or three ancient schools of Spain with from eighteen hundred to more than three thousand students, and the single Portuguese university, that of Coimbra, one of the most picturesque seats of learning in the world, since it clings to medieval dress and customs, ranks above seven or eight of the German universities.

At least two of the provincial universities of France rank with the first ten universities of Germany, and the one great Catholic university of Belgium, that of Louvain, is of about the same rank. The Italian University of Turin stands above Freiburg in numbers.

Four or five of the universities of the United States rank with the first three German institutions. In South America the University of Buenos Aires stands with the first four or five German universities. At least one other South-American university ranks with the great shools.

Even the greatest of German universities, Berlin, with its 7,000 students, is small compared with some of the medieval universities. Although communication was costly, slow, and difficult in those days, the appearance of a great teacher at any university would quickly attract students from other seats of learning, so that in numbers the medieval universities waxed and waned from year to year.

Then, too, sometimes quarrels with the government or with the faculty would bring about a sadden secession of hundreds of students, along with certain of the instructors. When Abelard lectured at the University of Paris the number of students is said to have risen to 30,000. Bologna University had 10,000 students at the height of its prosperity. It is now flourishing with fifteen hundred. Padua, which owed its first success to a schism at Bologna, was threatened with extinction almost immediately afterward, in the year 1228, because dissatisfied students received a proposal from Vercelli to give them five hundred houses and other privileges and conveniences if they would remove to that place. The University of Salamanca had six thousand students during part of the sixteenth century.

The German medieval universities did not rival the greatest of Italy, France, and Spain in the number of their students, and their great growth in that respect has come with the recent material prosperity of Germany and the world-wide reputation of German scholarship. Göttingen, which is not medieval in origin, had more students in 1823 than it had fifty years later. The Dutch universities, though not so famous as they were three or four hundred years ago, probably have about as many students now as they had in their medieval days.

Tortoise Shell

It is the hawk-bill turtle of West-Indian waters that furnishes the tortise shell of commerce. This material is also called caret. The shells are worth from five to twenty dollars a pound, according to thickness and markings; so it will be seen that the quest of the turtle is rewarded with ample financial returns.

The boats wherein the tortise-shell hunters operate are diminutive schooners about thirty feet long and fourteen feet in beam. Each turtle-boat carries a number of smaller boats with two men to each boat.

A most essential feature of the equipment is the "water-glass," which is a sort of wooden box twelve inches long and ten inches square. In one end of this box there is fitted in such manner as to render it water tight an ordinary window pane.

The net that forms so important a part of the equipment is conical in shape and about six feet in depth, showing a six-by-eight-inch mesh. At the bottom there is a half-inch iron hoop weighted with lead. This net is attached to fifty or sixty fathoms of light rope.

The fishing-ground being reached, a number of boats are sent out and they frequently scatter to a distance of a mile or more. In each of these small boats there lies at the bow an expert who "searches the bottom." He accomplishes this task by peering through the water-glass, which is immersed to a depth of three or four inches below the surface. With this glass, it is said, he can see to a depth of from six to twenty fathoms in the clear West-Indian waters.

When a turtle that seems desirable is seen, the net is carefully lowered and dropped over the game. The turtle attempts to escape, but becomes entangled in the mesh and is soon landed in the boat.

Inasmuch as the turtle is sought merely for its shell, it is killed on board the larger vessel and this shell removed.

The most valuable of the shells are those called "lantern backs."

Our Marine Corps

Our Marine Corps was organized by act of the Continental Congress in 1775 and its history continues unbroken down to the present time. It is the oldest branch of the military service and was originally created to prevent mutiny by the sailors, many of whom were "impressed."

Then, too, in the days of sailing-ships, and especially in battle at sea, the sailors were largely occupied in manœuvering the vessel. Fighting was at close quarters, and a large body of men who had nothing to do but fight was of great service. The advent of steam and of long-range guns made the old style of fighting impossible.

The story of the Marine Corps is a stirring one. The marines distinguished themselves first in 1779 in the battle between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis*. They had previously, in 1776, taken part in the bloodless capture of one hundred cannon at New Providence in the Bahamas. They fought in Tripoli in 1803 and in 1805 they made a remarkable march across the Libyan desert and took the fortress of Derna.

At New Orleans, in 1815, the marines again distinguished themselves, and they covered themselves with glory at the battle between the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*. In many battles of the Civil War, at Shimonoseki, Japan, in 1864, Formosa in 1867, in Korea in 1871, Panama in 1885, at Manila and Guantanamo in the war with Spain, and in China during the Boxer outbreak they proved their worth.

Pebbles and Wine

Earth that contains more than fifty per cent. of pebbles has long been considered infertile for all growths except that of the vine. A Frenchman who has studied the composition of the soil which gives the best grape has established that the quality of the vine is almost always in direct ratio to the quantity of pebbles in the soil.

Certain relatively unfruitful vines grow in earth containing only fifty per cent. of pebble or gravel grains per kilo; in regions where the culture is more abundant there is scarcely twenty per cent. of fine earth.

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NOTE—If you are not entirely satisfied with the mileage you are getting now—if you wish to reduce your tire upkeep—send today for our new book, "How to Get more Mileage Out of Your Tires." It is free to every tire user. No matter what tire you ride on, you simply cannot afford to be without this valuable book, so send the coupon today

A perfect 3-Point Rim Contact tire at last

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No-Pinch Safety Flap absolutely protects the inner tube

The No-Pinch Safety Flap that comes in every Diamond (No-Clinch) Tire will cut your inner tube bills in half — because it forms a substantial wall separation between the inner tube and the rim, making it impossible for the inner tube to be pinched or cut under the rim, or injured by rim rust.

This No-Pinch Safety Flap is made of the best grade of fabric, and is finished with a "Feather Edge" as a further protection against inner tube cutting.

There is no rubber in this flap to adhere or vulcanize, so that the inner tube can be quickly and easily removed at all times—another big Diamond advantage.

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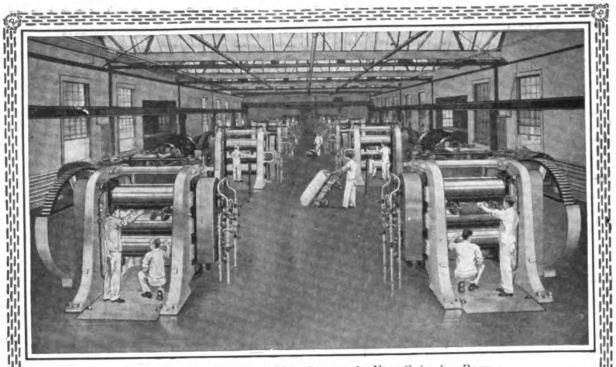
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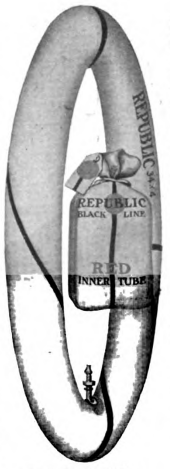
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In this great room man's skill and ingenuity and modern machinery combine to make the *right* foundation for Republic Tires. Scientific, painstaking care is exercised in every operation from testing and drying the fabric to calendering ("rolling") the rubber and combining the two under proper heat and pressure.

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Stage Fright

It is said that there are really few public personages who are free from liability to stage fright. The veteran is as likely to be affected as the novice. Frequently the attack comes when least expected, and no matter how often the speaker or the artist may have faced an audience, he can never feel quite certain that he will not undergo the tortures of this form of nervousness.

It is a curious fact, nevertheless, that stage fright sometimes stimulates instead of hopelessly confusing the speaker or performer. There is a story to the effect that a friend of Canning once observed to him, just as that great man was about to address the House of Commons on an important measure: "Why, your hands are cold and clammy. You are nervous."

"In that case," Canning is reported to have replied, "I shall make a good speech." And the prediction was fully verified, since the orator was at his very best on that occasion.

For obvious reasons musicians are among the worst sufferers from stage fright. One artist trembles, another perspires excessively, a third suffers from headache, and a fourth is consumed with a terrible thirst. Its most embarrassing manifestation, chiefly among those performing upon stringed instruments, lies in the nervous trembling of the bow when sustained notes are attempted.

Pianists, too, have their troubles in this respect; and many artists have told of cases wherein "their fingers ran away with them." Singers experience a "catch in the throat" that is deadly, to say nothing of a twitching of the lips, fatal to clear enunciation.

It is related that Rubinstein, in the height of his powers, gave over the profits of a lucrative engagement for no other reason than that he suffered an attack of this curious malady.

The Mexican Calendar Stone

Undoubtedly the most wonderful stone to be found on our continent is the great Aztec calendar stone, which for more than a century was placed against the tower of the cathedral in Mexico City and is now in the National Museum there. The stone is a block of basalt weighing twenty-five tons and having a diameter of eleven feet. It is declared to have been made in honor of the sun in the reign of King Axayácatl in the year 13 Acátl, which corresponds to 1479 of our era. It was originally placed horizontally in the grand temple of Mexico. When the city was taken by Cortes on August 13, 1521, and the grand temple destroyed, the calendar stone was left in the square until Friar Alonso de Montufar, Archbishop of Mexico, ordered it to be buried about 1555. During the repaving of the square, in 1790, the great stone was again found, and with the sanction of the viceroy it was placed at the base of the cathedral tower.

The hieroglyphics on the diadem encircling the head of the sun god represent the division of time and the Mexican method of numbering the years. The civil year, like ours, was of 365 days. Each four years had different emblems repeated successively. The first year was called Tochtli, or rabbit; the second, Acátl, or reed; the third, Tecptal, or flint; the fourth, Calli, or house. The years were arranged by thirteens, four such periods making a Mexican age, when the festival of fire, a most important event for the Mexicans, occurred.

The Cowboy's Finery

There is an establishment in the West, dealing exclusively with stockmen and cowboys, where a hat costs from $12 to $20 and a pair of trousers from $15 to a figure that would stagger even the fastidious Easterner.

The cowboy's finery is most expensive, and he can spend a sum on his outfit that seems out of all proportion to his station in life.

Several skilled workmen will spend weeks in making a saddle, mounting it with as much silver and other valuable metals as the purchaser may demand. It sometimes happens that the cowboy's saddle actually costs more than did the horse under it. Regular stock saddles, not made to order, cost as high as $75. If the prospective purchaser wishes "to go in for something fancy" there is practically no limit to the price he may pay.

There are fifty pounds of leather in a "real cowboy" saddle, fifty pounds of leather wonderfuly carved, stamped, and befringed. There are more rings, straps, holsters depending from it than a layman could count without trying to learn their various uses. It has been said that to a cowboy his saddle is "a dwelling, wherein he eats, works, sleeps, and loafs."

A good every-day pair of spurs can be had for $15; but, of course, it is not contended that they represent anything more than a rough-and-ready article for heavy road work. But a silver spur, such as would "set off" a stamped patent-leather boot with a monogram, will come much higher. In making an estimate on a complete outfit it would be safe to put down the cowboy's spur at $40.

"Chaps" are the wide affairs that go on like a pair of overalls. Sometimes they are of leather with long fringes; but if the rider is particularly fastidious as to his appearance he will procure chaps of goatskin with the hair unbarbered. Chaps cost anywhere from $15 to $25.

A hat can be made a wonderful thing when price is not a discouraging consideration. Of hand-stamped leather with silver filigree and buckle it can be made to weigh several pounds and to cost several dollars a pound. It has been said that no cowboy would deem himself well dressed without at least five pounds of hat.

Thermometers to Measure Height

We naturally think of the thermometer's function as being restricted to the measurement of heat, but this instrument is also employed in the determination of the height of mountains.

The reason for this employment is to be sought in the pressure of the atmosphere on the surface of water. The greater that pressure is, the greater the temperature needed to boil the water. As we ascend there is less and less pressure, and water will boil at a lower temperature than 100° Centigrade, or 212° Fahrenheit. For every one thousand feet of ascent water will boil at 1° Centigrade lower.

No ordinary thermometer, however, may be employed in scientific work of this kind. Extremely delicate instruments must be used. They must be quite lengthy, so that the scales may be divided into fractions of a degree. The apparatus for work of this sort is called a thermobarometer, or hypsometer. There is a small metallic vessel for boiling water, and on the inside of this vessel are placed these delicate thermometers. The claim is made that their accuracy is such that the height of a mountain may be determined within ten feet. It would seem, however, that this claim is not entirely justified, since the pressure of air does not decrease uniformly as the ascent is made. Despite this fact, the thermometer is a valuable aid to the surveyor.

Fox Cunning

In a field of feeding hares foxes have been observed to approach with a slow, limping motion and holding down their heads, as if eating clover, until they were near enough to secure their prey.

The following is an extraordinary instance of fox cunning: One week, when the ground was frozen, but bare of snow, a farmer placed a hen under a strong, heavy chicken coop. The coop was boarded on one side and lathed on the other—the lower lath within an inch of the ground, which was smooth but sloping, with a furrow-like depression a few inches in depth about two feet up the slope.

In the morning the hen was gone. The coop stood immediately over the depression, the laths bearing numerous impressions of an animal's teeth, and the small one at the apex was scratched by its claws.

The fox had wasted no strength on the board trying to push the coop over in an uphill direction, but he tried his best on the other side. Failing in this, he bit and tore at the laths to break them, and finally drew the coop up the hill over the hollow, dragged out the hen, and made off, leaving no blood, very few feathers, and only three of his hairs on the laths.

Open Winters

When snow covers the ground it preserves vegetable life without developing it. Snow is three times less powerful as a conductor of heat than rain; it screens the ground and prevents nocturnal radiation.

Vegetables, cereals in particular, can endure a considerable lowering of temperature if the fall of snow precedes the frost. Ground planted to wheat can pass through a period when the temperature falls far below zero if the snow covers it well. While rain brings to the ground azote in the form of ammonia or nitric acid, snow enriches the soil in much greater proportion. A liter of rain-water contains much less fertilizing material than the same amount of hoar-frost or melted snow; and when the winter has been "open" or mild, when there has been rain instead of snow, the farmer is forced to spend more money for fertilizers than when the winter has given the earth snow in abundance.

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By R. E. Olds, Designer

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Endless Care

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To insure that strength I twice analyze every lot of steel.

I test my gears with a crushing machine of 50 tons' capacity.

I have another machine to test my springs for 100,000 vibrations.

Then, to make doubly sure, I give each driving part 50 per cent over-capacity. Each is made ample, by actual test, for a 45-horsepower engine. That means immense margin of safety.

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Drop forgings, on the average, cost twice as much as steel castings. But steel castings often have hidden flaws. So in Reo the Fifth I use 190 drop forgings.

Roller bearings cost five times as much as the usual ball bearings. But ball bearings often break. So in Reo the Fifth I use 15 roller bearings, 11 Timken and 4 Hyatt High Duty.

This year I have added 30 per cent to my tire cost to add 65 per cent to your tire mileage. Note how big my tires are for a car of this size and weight.

Ending Trouble

To deal with low-grade gasoline I doubly heat my carburetor. I use a hot air intake, plus hot water wrapping.

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Each engine is tested 20 hours on blocks and 28 hours in the chassis. There are five long-continued tests.

Every car in the making gets a thousand inspections. Parts are ground over and over to get utter exactness. And I limit my output to 50 cars daily so nothing is ever rushed.

Enduring Luxury

Each body is given 17 coats to insure enduring finish. The deep Turkish upholstering is of genuine leather filled with the best curled hair. So it doesn't sag and grow rusty.

Two front lights are electric, set flush with the dash. The old-style side lamps have been abandoned. The rear light is also electric.

This car in every detail shows the final touch.

Center Control

This car alone has my center control. All the gear shifting is done by moving a small handle only three inches in each of four directions.

No side levers; no brake levers—nothing in the way. Both brakes are operated by foot pedals.

This arrangement permits of the left-side drive, now considered essential, to bring the driver close to the car he passes.

When you see what these things mean you will not go without them.

What Precaution Costs

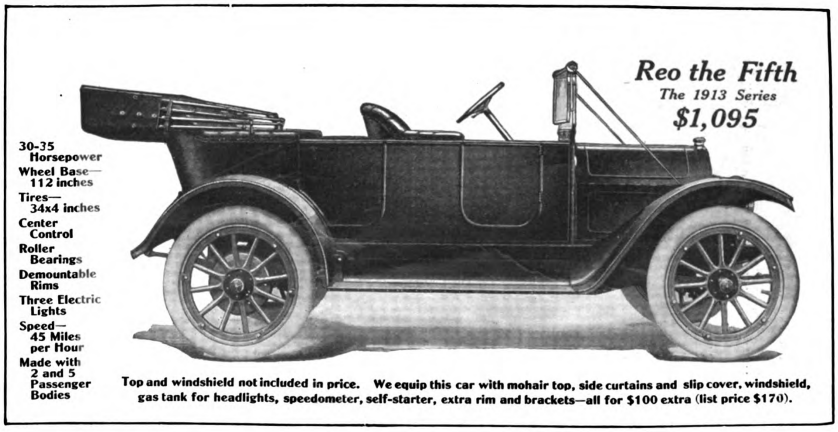
I could build Reo the Fifth without all these precautions for some $200 less. But this added cost saves the average buyer several times as much. It insures a car that's flawless, durable and right.

So we save in other ways. We build only one model, which saves some 20 per cent. We have cut down our profits. We employ wondrous factory efficiency.

As a result, we give you a car such as I describe at a price that's unmatchable—$1,095.

I build it for men who want beauty and luxury, combined with all the hidden worth that any price can buy.

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The Lord Mayor's "Square Mile"

THE powers and duties of the Lord Mayor of London, in presiding over his square mile of territory, present some curious features. Theoretically, at least, the consent of this important personage must be obtained before even the King may enter the city of London; at the same time, it may be pointed out, the Lord Mayor spends a considerable portion of each morning disposing of petty offenders against the majesty of the law in the small area over which he rules. Most of these are plain "drunks." Imagine the Mayor of New York, of Boston, or of Chicago engaged in the dispensation of such Solomon-like justice.

The "city" in London comprises but one square mile, the greater part whereof is occupied by the great business houses that control the finances of the world. For instance, there is the Bank of England containing a reserve fund of $100,000,000 in gold. Twenty-eight soldiers are detailed to guard the treasure within, but without it is still further watched, inasmuch as within the square mile mentioned there circulate no fewer than eighteen hundred policemen. After nine o'clock in the evening the silence of the streets there is broken only by the slow tread of these "bobbies." It would be a bold burglar, indeed, who attempted work in this well-guarded area.

The result of all this is that as downright criminals give the "city" a wide berth, the chief offenders haled before the Lord Mayor in the morning are those who have looked upon the wine when it was red in the cup.

The Lord Mayor's salary is twice that of the Prime Minister. He receives as much pay as does our President. He is the highest salaried magistrate in the world.

It is not to be assumed, however, that, aside from disposing of the morning's "drunks," the Lord Mayor has nothing to do. One such official, who kept a record of his activities during the course of one year, has tabulated for our information some interesting figures in this connection. It appears that he attended 130 public and semi-public dinners, 85 balls and receptions, 365 meetings and committees. He delivered 1,100 speeches and paid 20 state visits to churches.

When the above-mentioned class of duties militates against his dispensation of justice, a brother alderman takes the Lord Mayor's place on the bench.

A Tower of Skulls

THERE exists at Nish, in southeast Servia, a curious monument of modern barbarism. During the war of independence, in 1809, the Servian garrison here exploded a powder magazine and perished therein rather than fall into the hands of the Turks.

A battle had previously taken place, and the Turks, to commemorate their victory, erected a rude tower ornamented with the heads of their enemies. Aged inhabitants of the district assure the visitor that there were once twelve hundred heads, but as the tower was never more than twenty-five feet high this is probably an exaggeration.

Lamartine and other travelers relate that they saw hair still clinging to the skulls, which must have presented a gruesome spectacle. During many years visitors were in the habit of carrying off skulls as souvenirs, but when Nish became Servian the remainder were taken away for decent burial, all save a few that were too deeply imbedded. Recently the remains of the tower have been covered with a roof to protect them against the elements, and they are regarded as a pious object of patriotic pilgrimage.

Ebony

EBONY was highly esteemed by the ancients as an article of luxury and was used by them for various purposes. In India it was employed in the manufacture of scepters and images. On account of its supposed prophylaxis against poisons it was used largely for drinking-cups. Its use has extended continuously down to the present time, and in England, as well as on this continent, it has always been held in high esteem for toilet articles and boxes. In France particularly the manufacture of ebony goods has attained a high degree of perfection. Within a few years its use in the United States has increased most remarkably, in large measure, no doubt, on account of its beauty in combination with silver, a fashion which is believed to have originated in this country. The striking contrast of the dead black of the wood and the brilliant white of the silver has from the outset commended it to the American public. The silver mounting of the ebony gives scope for the taste and originality of the silversmith. The style of decoration most frequently used on the larger pieces consists of a border of scrolls or flowers, or of a combination of scrolls and floral designs. The variety and degree of elaboration of the borders shown are almost infinite.

The name ebony is given to the wood of several varieties of trees. All kinds of ebony are distinguished for their great density and dark color. The wood in all varieties is heavier than water; the heaviest varieties are the darkest. The other grades require a considerable amount of staining to make them black. Ebony, either dark or lighter, is always of a uniform color throughout and will not show any deterioration even from long-continued use. There are three varieties of the wood well known in commerce. The ebony from the Gaboon coast of Africa is the darkest, the Madagascar ebony is the densest, and that from Macassar furnishes the largest pieces. Almost all of it is sent in the form of logs to London and from there shipped to the various countries in which it is used for manufacturing purposes. It is always sold by weight.

There are many imitations of ebony, but they can always be easily distinguished by their lighter weight, and the cheaper imitations can be readily detected by simply scratching the surface.

The Elephant's Delicate Palate

SINCE the elephant's digestive functions are very rapid, it requires a large amount of fodder daily—about six hundred pounds in most cases. In its wild state the elephant feeds heartily but wastefully. It is careful in selecting the few forest trees that it likes for their bark or foliage, but it will tear down branches and leave half of them untouched. It will strip off the bark from other trees and throw away a large portion.

As it is a nocturnal animal, it selects its trees by the senses of touch and smell. Its sense of smell is said to be so delicate that a wild elephant can wind an enemy at a distance of a thousand yards, and the nerves of its trunk are so sensitive that the smallest substance can be discovered and picked up by its tiny proboscis.

An elephant's palate is very delicate, and the animal is whimsical in selecting or rejecting morsels of food. A writer tells of an incident humorously illustrative of the whims of a tame elephant belonging to the police of Dhurbri.

This elephant was fed with rice and plantains. The stems of the plantains were split and cut into transverse sections two feet in length. Three-quarters of a pound of rice was placed within each tube of plantain stem. One day while the elephant was being fed some one offered it a small sweet biscuit. It was taken in the trunk and almost immediately thrown on the ground.

The mahout, thinking that the elephant had behaved rudely, picked up the biscuit and inserted it in a parcel of rice within a plantain stem. This was placed in the beast's mouth and at the very first crunch it showed its disgust by refusing the whole mess. The small biscuit had disgusted the animal and for several minutes it tried by its inserted trunk to rake out every atom from its tongue and throat.

The Way of the Ant

THE tropical white ant builds large cities formed of mounds of hard earth from two to three meters in height. In each one of these ant cities there is only one female, the queen, who is the mother of the entire family.

If an ant shows a disposition not to work, or is unable, he is conveyed to the "policeman," and the jaw-bone of this official puts the incompetent out of the world. Rest appears to be unknown in the ant-hill. The bodyguard installed at the top of the house exercises ceaseless vigilance against the coming of enemies or the entrance of undesirables. There seems to be a sentinel system, and the ants are relieved at intervals. In case of necessity they convey danger warnings. These forces on guard at the top of the ant-hill are changed with such regularity as to make it probable that they have something in their calculations which answers to time.

The Bow and Arrow

ONE curious result of the study of the mural paintings and engravings on the walls of caverns in the Pyrenees occupied in ancient times by men is the evidence which it has afforded that bows and arrows were already in use at that very early period. In a grotto at Niaux, bisons, horses, deer, and wild goats are represented, and arrows are shown sticking into many of the animals. Some of the arrow-heads thus placed are colored red.

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PENN STATE

Four years ago we recorded a prediction.

Four years ago we foretold in our advertisements, as reproduced in the appended column, that:—

Ultimately the Cadillac Motor Car would find its way into the hands of hundreds of owners who had theretofore paid twice and thrice as much money.

You must be conscious that the prophecy is being fulfilled; that the "hundreds" predicted is being realized in "thousands."

The prediction was not made in a spirit of vainglory.

Nor is its realization recorded now with any special sense of elation.

But the simple fact is interesting, and highly creditable.

Creditable, we mean, to the discernment of the American business man.

It is not easy to resist the glamor of the highest dollar-mark.

It is not easy to believe that equal or greater excellence can be found at a lower price.

But that is precisely what has happened in the case of the Cadillac.

We felt four years ago that it must happen.

We were sure that no manufacturer could have higher ideals; or adhere more rigidly to those ideals.

The basis of a car's worth, of course, is the engineering practice and the factory practice which govern its construction.

That is the first excellence you strive to obtain when you pay the highest price.

And that was precisely the point in which the Cadallic was awarded world's precedence by the Royal Automobile Club of London.

We knew that in practice—*close measurement, standardization, alignment, proportion*—the Cadillac was not an aspirant but actually a leader.

We knew, in other words, that it was not surpassed; and that it was not even equalled in that respect.

And we knew, too, that that which went into the car could not be better.

We had no thought of emulating cars of higher price.

We were wholly engrossed in making the Cadillac the best of cars.

So, the fact that our prophecy has come true is an incidental, although an important result.

It has happened because we began with the positive conviction that—given a production of adequate size—no higher price than the price of the Cadillac was necessary for the highest type of motor car.

Surely your own Cadillac experience, the experience of every Cadillac owner in your community—and, indeed, of every Cadillac owner you have ever met anywhere in the world—justifies it.

The Cadillac is now the choice of thousands who were once wedded to cars of the highest price.

They have abandoned the recognition of the dollar-mark as the symbol of highest value.

It is one of the most interesting things that have occurred in motor car history—one of the most significant signs of enlightenment in buying that has occurred in latter-day America.

The Prediction

Reproduced from Cadillac advertisements of December, 1908

Ultimately the Cadillac will find its way into the hands of hundreds of owners who have heretofore paid twice and thrice as much money

The deep-rooted conviction which these men naturally cherish—that there must be something lacking in the Cadillac to make such a price possible—is one which the Cadillac Company is eager to encounter wherever it can be found.

To meet and defeat that impression by practical demonstration during the ensuing season is of vastly more importance than the mere matter of sales.

The latter problem has been disposed of by a demand from dealers which has exhausted an output of ten thousand cars; and driven the factory to exert its fullest continuous capacity, night and day.

Of infinitely greater moment, as affecting the well-being of the Cadillac Company a year from to-day, and ten years thereafter, is the establishment of the principle that a high-powered car, of the highest grade, can be built to sell at a popular price.

Stripped to the chassis and subjected to the jealous scrutiny of experts in material and in mechanics; matched part against part, down to the last detail, with cars of known integrity sold at the highest market figure, the Cadillac will prove beyond question that such a car can be built at such a price.

But your investigation, proving that the Cadillac Company has made the impossible possible by heroic means and methods, will likewise demonstrate this, that

HIGH-POWERED CARS EQUAL TO THE WORLD'S BEST CAN BE BUILT TO SELL AT A POPULAR PRICE IN ONLY THE ONE FACTORY WHICH IS FITTED BY EXPERIENCE AND EQUIPMENT TO UNDERTAKE THE TREMENDOUS TASK.

STYLES AND PRICES

Standard Touring Car, five passenger $1975.00
Six passenger car $2075.00
Phaeton, four passenger . . . 1975.00
Torpedo, four passenger . . . 1975.00
Roadster, two passenger . . . $1975.00
Coupe, four passenger 2500.00
Limousine, seven passenger . 3250.00

All prices are F. O. B. Detroit, including top, windshield, demountable rims and full equipment.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT, MICH.

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PENN STATE



Copyright, 1912, The Bauer Chemical Co., New York.

Sanatogen brings new strength to those who have fallen by the wayside

WITH nervous vitality broken down—digestion and assimilation impaired—men and women—their grip on life and success broken—fall by the wayside—victims of the stress and toil of our modern life.

But every day, under just such conditions—more and more men and women are learning to appreciate the splendid help proffered by Sanatogen.

When your nerves fly signals of distress—telling plainly that they need help—nothing is more welcome than Sanatogen—marvelous revitalizer of nerve health. Nerves have their own peculiar hunger—a hunger that must be always satisfied if you are to continue in health. When illness, worry or work drains the nerves, they become exhausted and starved—they must be fed to restore their health.

The answer to nerve hunger is a food answer—Sanatogen. Its nerve foods—glycerophosphate and purest albumen—are eagerly taken into the nerve cells, there to revitalize and endue the nerves with energetic health.

When you remember that 16,000 physicians have endorsed Sanatogen—in writing—that a multitude of noted men and women have found their nerve-health answer in its use—you will probably decide it is *your* answer.

This Remarkable Book FREE

We ask you earnestly to get acquainted with Sanatogen. Investigate our claims first if you like, and we are only too glad to have you do so. Ask your doctor about it, and in any case write at once for our book "Nerve Health Regained," written in an absorbingly interesting style, beautifully illustrated and containing facts and information of vital interest to you. This book also contains evidence of the value of Sanatogen which is as remarkable as it is conclusive.

Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.
The eminent novelist-statesman, writes from London:
"Sanatogen is to my mind a true food-tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy, and giving fresh vigor to the overworked body and mind."

David Belasco
The eminent dramatic author, writes:
"It gives me pleasure to let you know the wonderfully beneficial results I have experienced from the use of your Sanatogen. It has a most invigorating effect upon the nerves, and I heartily recommend it to all who, like myself, are obliged to overwork."

Harrison Fisher
The well-known artist, writes:
"I have used Sanatogen from the first of the year, and I find it a wonderful tonic. I am recommending it to my overworked friends."

Arnold Bennett
The famous novelist, writes:
"The tonic effect of Sanatogen on me is simply wonderful."

Sanatogen is sold in three sizes, $1.00, $1.90, $3.60
Get Sanatogen from your druggist—if not obtainable from him, sent upon receipt of price.

THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO., 28-U Irving Place, New York

Oakland

"THE CAR WITH A CONSCIENCE"

Our Engineering Creed

THE OAKLAND Engineering Creed is the business religion of our engineers and designers. It is years old. Here it is:

"We believe when a good engineer designs a car, the basic principles, aside from simplicity and accessibility, are to eliminate friction, guard against distortion, reduce wear to the minimum, and deliver the maximum horse-power to the driving wheels.

The ideal car is mirrored in this creed. And it is an ideal actually used in Oakland construction, and not spoken of here because it is a lofty expression. We want you to see these ideal cars.

Four and Sixes, many styles of bodies, $1000 to $3000.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY
128 Oakland Boulevard, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

The Gentler View

BY FLORIDA PIER

An American Trait

THERE is something faintly appalling about America's readiness to grasp a new idea. She takes it up with such a rushing avidity that the undeveloped idea is reduced to a stale banality. We kill things with our quickness and kill them in their embryonic stages. Our passion for being up to date makes us murderously premature. We are becoming more and more volatile, superficial, and, to the serious-minded, terrifying. We must put any one, coming to us with a great and difficult scheme for whose perfection he wants aid, through a trying cycle of emotions. Our gobbling of a thing because it is novel has all the air of being inspired by foresight. We appear so gallant and open-minded in our champoining of ultra-modernity that to a man ahead of his time there must come a period of delirious relief and the feeling that he has found his way into the future. This cannot but be followed by depression and a desire to steal back his beloved idea, hide it under his coat, and slip away to a country where minds work slowly. For there it is possible to mistake the oblivion meted out to a new idea for careful consideration and serious investigation, for an unwillingness to harden a vital tendency into a glibly worded system before the main theme has been allowed a fair amount of growth in its natural medium of thought. It may even be possible for a creator to continue in this belief until the day of his death, which permits him a quietly hopeful end. In America he sees himself welcomed, misconstrued, and done for before he has finished his explanation of what it is he has brought. A hug of appreciation is, in its after effects, frequently like the embrace of a boa-constrictor.

There are moments when one feels that incensed critics and lusty denunciators are the only safe ingredients wherewith to make up a public. Their treatment necessitates the most desirable thing possible, an open and detailed explanation of what it is one stands for. While a generous-hearted reception, an insistence that you are understood perfectly, is a gag so effective as to plunge one into despondency. It leaves nothing to be said. The loudest spoken elaborations and cautions are drowned in the chorus of limited comprehension. It is as though one could and did offer the world salvation and it in turn acclaimed the giver great because he had healed a few of its surface wounds. His greatness would be momentary, their gain maddening in its insufficient measure, and the pain of frustrated output for the creative mind quite sufficient to tempt a double death—that of his idea and of himself.

All the world appears at times to be divided up into two parties: the radical-minded and the conservative-minded, and evolution is carried on by their perpetual hectoring of each other. The radical side of humanity grasps an idea while it is still too hot for use, flings it at the conservative side, who jump about in their effort to grasp so maleable a thing, loathing the thing and loathing the activity forced upon them, worthily afraid that the things they hold good shall be uprooted and tossed away while the good remains in them. As soon as they have grasped the idea they fling it back at the radical side, denouncing it in terms strongly influenced by their inability to deal with anything so fresh from the creative fire. When the idea has been tossed about sufficiently to lower its temperature considerably, three things happen: the conservatives become used to the idea, they have been stirred by discomfort to a point where action comes more easily to them, and they suddenly steal the idea from the radicals. From then on they work like slaves to prevent the radicals from putting it into practice before society is ready for the idea and the idea is ready for society, always with the laudable excuse that they mean to introduce it themselves in good time. And they do introduce it, or, rather, the long fight between the two parties to prevent each other from harming society has gradually opened society's mind, so that at its end the idea is found to be quite at home in that heterogeneous, docile brain, and the conservative party is not obliged to do anything except pass a law and begin a new fight over a new idea which is dangerously intoxicating the radical mind.

This is true of all the world except America. There one feels sure a different law holds. The writer takes it for granted that every one by now believes all new ideas to be created by a busy little group who are always in the minority and always in the right and who never get the majority to hold a view until the minority have long discarded it and gone on to the next higher one. The minority in America, however, must be in a very different and slightly chagrining position. They *must be forever* embarrassed at what seems a leakage of their news. A leakage is invariably taken advantage of by the majority, who taste the drops, name them, reduce them to catchwords, and dismiss them; while the revolutionary minority, made against its will to seem overthorough and plodding, is still dwelling on what has the tattered appearance of an old idea, but is in reality not one, is hectored by the majority who clamor pettishly for something new to amuse them.

Nothing is more happily sympathetic than talking with a light touch of cumbersome topics, but we have an idea at present—it is growing, it may become a national trait—that it is *chic* to be serious-minded, with the result that conversation in our larger cities is sometimes wholly grotesque. The way in which we glibly chatter on street corners, elevators, or wherever we happen to meet for a moment about eugenics, the Montessori method, social reform, and a dozen infinitely more startling subjects, causes us to present a nude and slightly insane appearance to a foreign eye.

The Singing Robe

HAVE you seen the singing robe
My love made for me?
It is woven of the light
Of worlds that used to be.
It is shot with suns and moons,
And stars gleam in its sea.

Have you seen my singing robe,
How it envelops me?
Like his love it folds around
All that I am or yet will be,
All that I was before he came,
All that he made of me.

Have you seen the singing robe
My love gave to me?
He put it on my body bare—
Pinned it with kisses three.
O Splendor flung across the night—
I sing of what I see.

I sing of warring, rocking worlds,
Of fallen stars and hostile powers,
Of widening voids where God is not,
Of astral loves more fierce than ours.
I see new worlds swing into place
Flung from the planet Pain,
I see the love that God begot
Fall in a shining rain,
I see Time fold into an hour,
I see Space mold into a ball,
I see Life shape to one swift act,
I see a Hand to hold it all.

O love so near, O love so far,
O love so fiercely free—
Do you hear me singing
In the robe you gave to me?

M. F. PATTON.

Race Pigmentation

BERGFELD, the German investigator, holds the view that the pigmentation of the races is due to feeding. He points out that in the animal world color is often determined by food, and he contends that by chemical process the same results are shown in the different human races. According to this theory, the original man was black, since his chief diet must have been vegetarian. Fruit and vegetables contain manganates that ally themselves with iron, constituting a "dark brown combination." Bergfeld states that negroes who add meat and milk to their vegetable fare are never as dark as those negroes who eat only vegetables.

Indians are red, it appears, because they have absorbed for generations hæmoglobin, the red substance in the blood of animals killed for food.

Mongols are yellow by reason of the fact that they are descended from dark fruit-eating races who penetrated into the plains of Asia, became shepherds, and lived to a great extent on milk, which contains chlorine and has a bleaching effect.

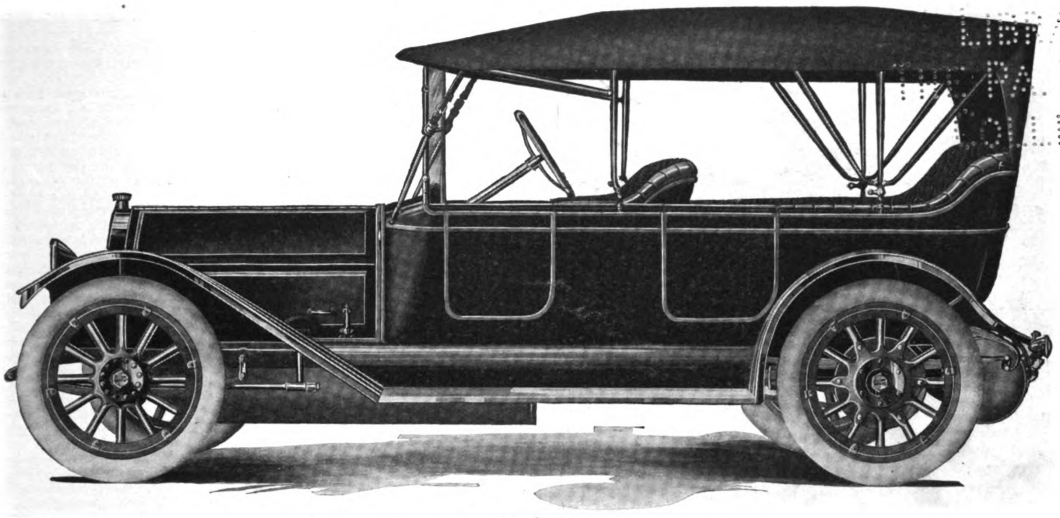
The Caucasians were another branch who became still whiter by adding salt to their dietary. Common salt is a strong chloride and a powerful agent in bleaching the skin. The effect can be seen, it is declared, in the case of negro children who have been reared on a "white" dietary. They are never so black as their kindred who have not abandoned vegetarianism.

The Submarine and the Whale

A SQUADRON of submarines anchored in an Atlantic port found itself surrounded by ten whales. To the astonishment of the men, these mammals escorted the vessels as they moved. It is believed, from observation of whales, that they never descend lower than forty meters, and this school descended with the submarines to that depth.

THE BEST WORM LOZENGES for CHILDREN are BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS. 25 cents a box.

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Inter-State -45

SIX CYLINDER 45 HORSE POWER

$2750

Electrically Started and Lighted—Four Speeds Forward—Left Hand Drive—Center Control—132-Inch Wheel Base

If you possess even the smallest automobile knowledge, you have, in your own mind, built "The Perfect Car."

We have built the Inter-State just as you would have ordered it built had you been our Chief Engineer.

In millions of miles of automobile-travel, certain standards have proven their fitness just as certain defects have uncovered their unworthiness.

By the process of elimination the motor car buyer has succeeded in locating the real source of his satisfaction or dissatisfaction.

He has expressed a preference for a recognized standard in the essential parts of his car.

He has done more—

He has demanded a superiority in the assembling of those parts that will forever free him from trouble and annoyance.

And you, in turn, have condemned as not wholly complete, any car that failed to include every essential for your comfort and convenience.

We have done exactly the same thing—

Out of the most exacting and careful engineering experience has grown the Inter-State Six—showing all of those tried and proven specifications—any one of which alone would characterize a car of higher price.

Sound and sane manufacturing methods have made possible this splendid car—at so attractive a price.

Our attempt to build "quality"—not "quantity"—to build integrity into every nut and bolt and screw has produced "*your* perfect car" at exactly the price you want to pay.

And one more thought:

If you pay more than $2750 for these same specifications that mark the superiority of the Inter-State Six; then—

You have paid the price of "advertised-popularity;" or—

You have spent your money with far less care and thought than we have used in the building of this "perfect car."

THE LONG STROKE MOTOR

6 cylinders, cast en bloc; 4-inch bore and 5-inch stroke; enclosed valves; capable of developing a full 45 horse power to the wheels.

The longer stroke means a longer step on steep hills and heavy roads.

The longer step means more power—steady power—less effort—less heat—less oil—less gasoline.

UNIT POWER PLANT

The unit power plant of the Inter-State Six centralizes the weight of the motor, transmission and clutch, thereby eliminating an uneven balance and an excessive number of universal joints.

ELECTRIC STARTER

The Apico Motor Dynamo Electric Starting and Lighting System built specially for Inter-State cars is used on this model. The continuous satisfactory service secured from this starting and lighting system on other Inter-State cars has warranted its adoption for our model 45, not as an experiment in any sense of the word, but as a time-tried, absolutely reliable starter of 100 per cent efficiency.

The cranking of the gasoline motor is accomplished by the throwing of a switch which is conveniently located at the driver's left.

It will revolve the motor continuously for 50 minutes if necessary or until the gasoline motor picks up under its own power, at which time the system is automatically disconnected as a starter and operates as an electric generator, furnishing and storing current in the storage-battery, where it is at all times available for starting, for ignition and for lighting.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS

The entire lamp equipment of the Inter-State cars is electrically lighted.

The two powerful Apico head lamps with special Fry Lens, searchlight effect, capable of throwing their piercing rays 1000 feet, two handsome side lights, Flush Dash Type, built in and flush with the dash, one tail light illuminating the license number, one speedometer light. All lamps lighted or extinguished separately or together at the will of the driver by simply turning a button conveniently located at his left.

LEFT HAND DRIVE CENTER CONTROL

In building the Inter-State Six, we have adopted the left hand drive center control because of the added convenience to the passengers in front, allowing them to enter or leave the car from the curb.

For your greater convenience we have added a four speed forward and reverse transmission, direct drive on fourth speed.

BODY DESIGN AND FINISH

The body is a special design straight line effect. Seats five passengers. Has the cowl effect in front and the windshield is built in as part of the body.

Twenty-one coats of paint and varnish are applied to every Inter-State car.

The appearance would be the same if we applied but eleven.

The remaining ten are your protection against a spattered, blotchy car after its first trip over muddy roads or half a dozen washings.

Inter-State upholstery is 11 inches deep, upholstered with the best leather we can possibly buy.

EQUIPMENT

The Inter-State comes to you as "distinctively complete" as any automobile manufacturer knows how to make it.

Mohair top, side curtains, ventilating rain vision type windshield built into body, speedometer and clock, complete kit of tools, gasoline gauge, are an example of what we consider fully equipped.

36 x 4½ tires, front and rear Demountable Rims. (5)

Double Ignition Magneto and Connecticut Timer and Distributor with coil for starting and auxiliary system.

Mea high tension magneto driven by extension of water pump shaft.

Adjustable brake and clutch pedals.

Pressure feed to carburetor.

Splash and pressure lubrication.

Motor driven tire pump.

Trouble lamp with flexible cord reaching any part of the car.

Your Inter-State is ready for you the day it leaves our factory without the necessity of further refinements or further expense.

Models 40—41—42
Four Cylinder
40 Horse Power, 4½ x 5½ Motor
Fully Equipped

$2400

Models 50—51—52
Four Cylinder
50 Horse Power, 5 x 6 Motor
Fully Equipped

$3400

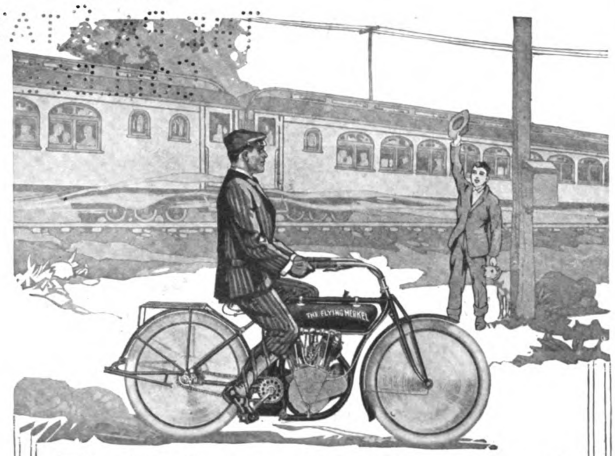
Inter-State Automobile Company, 2801 First Street, Muncie, Indiana

New York Show Space
Grand Central Palace
Space 29

Chicago Show Space
Coliseum Annex
Space Q-3

Boston Show Space
135-141 Main Floor

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The Pullman of the Open Road

but inadequately expresses the superior and exclusive features embodied in the motorcycle which has created a sensation wherever motor vehicles are known.

THE FLYING MERKEL

for 1913 is the only motorcycle in the world with a Self-Starter and Two-Speed Free Engine Hub—an exclusive feature which at once makes motorcycling more than ever a sport for gentlemen. The original and improved Spring Frame and Spring Fork make all roads boulevards, and the full Hess-Bright ball-bearing motor gives the power plant flexibility not found in any other motorcycle engine.

Write for art catalog fully describing the famous prize-winning "4-45" and "7-75" "Yellow Jacket" models.

The Miami Cycle & Mfg. Co.

525 Hanover Street Middletown, Ohio



HUNTER

BALTIMORE

RYE

RIPENED BY MATURITY, IN ABSOLUTE PURITY

Sold at all first-class cafés and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

CHARTREUSE

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

HAS STOOD THE TEST OF AGES AND IS STILL THE FINEST CORDIAL EXTANT



At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes.
Batjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for United States.

The Land of the Blood Feud

By Charles Johnston

MISS EDITH DURHAM, who knows more about Albania than any man in western Europe and who is with the army before Scutari, tells a charming story which sheds much light on the spirit of these fine uplanders. She was talking with a pious mountaineer concerning religion. He thus set forth his faith:

"I am a good Catholic," said he, "therefore I am at blood feud with the Moslems because they are unbelievers. I am at blood feud with the Jews because they put the Lord to death. I am at blood feud with the Slavs because they do not pray to Him in the right way." To be at blood feud with these people did not mean that he sat at home and nourished a theological grievance against them. It meant that he took a rifle from the shelf and went to shoot them up himself. Hence his Martini was dearer than any of his earthly possessions.

The blood feud is, indeed, the great intertribal bond, the bed-rock institution of Albania, even now in this twentieth century. Compared with the Albanian practice, the feuds of the Kentucky mountains or of the old South before the war were a feeble and occasional whim. In Albania almost anything may start the trouble. In a convivial gathering in the hills above Scutari sixteen men were shot in sixteen seconds in a dispute over a cartridge supposed to be stolen, but afterward found in the belt of its recently deceased owner. And the matter did not end with these sixteen sudden deaths. Rather it only began; for each one of them bequeathed a healthy and robust blood feud to his family, who were bound in their turn to wipe out man for man of the slayers or their brothers or cousins or uncles or sons. For the blood feud is strictly transferable. Many blood feuds thus arise from petty quarrels among men. A word or a blow even accidental may start the shooting, which will echo among the hills for generations. But many a feud must be laid to the charge of the eternal feminine.

It is the truly Oriental custom in Albania to betroth boys and girls still in infancy or even unborn or unbegotten, subject to the understanding that if they turn out of the same sex the bargain is off. But the maiden, when she comes to riper years, may well find her predestined spouse not at all to her taste. Do not imagine that she can simply cry off and "send him a basket," as they say in France. Not at all. The maiden has but two ways of escape. She may assemble witnesses and in their presence solemnly devote herself to perpetual virginity; or she may, if sufficiently reckless and well supplied with male relatives, elect to run off with some other fellow more to her taste. On hearing of the beloved one's perfidy you must take down your well-oiled Martini from its hooks on the wall, gird on your cartridge belt, and go forth and incontinently shoot the head off your prospective father-in-law. Failing him, one of her brothers will do, even the youngster of the family. But her father is best. Then, if need be, seeking more cartridges, you must lie in ambush and shoot to death your lucky rival; or if he, well aware of the sequence of an elopement, has skipped across the frontier to Montenegro, you may content yourself with killing one of his near male relatives—his father, his brother, his cousin; if no other game is to be had, a boy of seven or eight will do; but this is in some districts considered unsportsman-like and rather poor play. So far as you are concerned, the matter is now completed, the stain is wiped from your honor. You can once more hold up your head. Incidentally, a third blood feud is under way between the family of your late prospective bride and the family of the man with whom she ran away. But that is their affair, not yours. You may sleep of nights once more.

So far as you are concerned, we say, the matter is completed. Slighted honor is appeased. You may put your Martini back on the shelf. But you will do so entirely aware in your own mind that you have started two brand-new blood feuds and that two families are now gunning after you—the kin of your late prospective father-in-law and the relatives of the lucky rival. They will, if opportunity offer, pick you off from behind a rock in the cool of the evening. They will even make opportunities. So you will have something to occupy your thoughts. Of course it is not indispensable for the cleansing of the two new stains that you yourself must be shot. Indeed, you will hardly do for both. But you have brothers, uncles, cousins, a father. They will do. So the red work goes on.

Do not suppose that all this flows from mere bloodthirstiness and indiscriminate lust of murder. On the contrary, the blood feud springs from a deep ingrained sense of the obligation of honor. It is part of a many-sided, absolutely binding code, and *if the code bade the Albanian* spare he *would spare* even if his own life paid for *it. The obligations of the code* are sacred; above all, the obligation of hospitality. Not only must the mountaineer receive and feed the guest who asks his aid, but he assumes a full responsibility for him and will make it matter of blood feud should any one injure or insult his guest, even after he has set out on his journey again. A Montenegrin committed some crime of violence and to escape the authorities fled south across the frontier into Albania. He asked hospitality and refuge of a mountaineer, who was thereby bound in honor to take him in and make his quarrels his own. The Montenegrin authorities set a price on the head of the refugee—gold pieces and a new Martini rifle with ammunition. The Albanian host could not be tempted, but his younger brother was less firm, hating the Montenegrins as a good Albanian should. So he shot the refugee in his elder brother's absence and delivered his head to the Montenegrin authorities, claiming and receiving the rich reward. When the elder brother returned home the younger told him what he had done.

"What did they pay you?" asked the elder brother, sternly.

The younger brother told the price.

"It is not enough!" cried the elder. "Take this also," and he shot his younger brother down. "Never has one of our house betrayed a guest. And none of our house ever will again."

The women of these warriors have a hard enough time. As among the Indians of the plains, the women must perform not only the domestic duties, cooking, weaving, caring for the children; they must also do much heavy outdoor work which is beneath the dignity of a man and a warrior. There may be a second reason for the woman's having to work. She as a woman, an inferior and hardly responsible being, is not subject to the blood feud. No matter what quarrels may rage among the men, she goes unharmed. Therefore, it may happen that, all the men of her household being subject to blood and so compelled to lie low, she may have to drive the flocks to market or go herself, laden with heavy bundles of kindling-wood or charcoal or maize for sale.

In their tribal organization these uplanders are very like the clansmen of the Scottish Highlands a century or two ago. The clan bond is everything; the national bond hardly exists. The Albanians of the north are, for the most part, Catholics, nominal members of the Church of Rome. Those of the south and east are converts to Islam, while on the Macedonian frontier there are a few Albanians who belong to the Greek Church. But these denominational differences are hardly even skin-deep. The primitive barbarian, warlike, hospitable, daring, bound by blood feud and iron custom, remains unchanged whether he venerates Rome or Jerusalem or Mecca. For him Christ and Mohammed are rival miracle-workers, magicians, and where the one seems to fail he will turn readily enough to the other. He remains what he always was, in spite of the thin veneer of Western or Eastern faith.

Albania is about as large as South Wales and its people number about 1,200,000. Of these three-fifths are Moslems, not by descent from Turkish conquerors nor because of any deep theological conviction, but from a cheerful opportunism which doubtless recognized that the martial code of Mohammed better suited the national character than did the Sermon on the Mount. There is every prospect that they will once more turn to Christianity when the prestige of the Crescent wanes and they find themselves surrounded by Christian powers. But there is no likelihood that their innate characteristics will be sensibly changed. They will be what they always were, practically independent in life and spirit, wherever they may pay nominal allegiance.

The Elastic Globe

To the layman nothing may seem more rigid than the crust of the earth, but men of science tell us that it bends and buckles appreciably under the pull of the heavenly bodies. Careful observation has also shown that the shores on opposite sides of a tidal basin approach each other at high tide. The weight of water in the Irish Sea, for example, is so much greater at that time that the bed sinks a trifle and in consequence pulls the Irish and English coasts nearer together. Thus the buildings of Liverpool and Dublin may be fancied as bowing to one another across the Channel, the deflection from the perpendicular being about one inch for every sixteen miles. It has also been shown that ordinary valleys widen under the heat of the sun and contract again at night.

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The Restoration of Paintings

ONE of the cleverest restorations of a painting ever made was that conducted under the supervision of a New York expert not long since. By reason of the great age of the picture the canvas, which was about six feet square, had become rotten. The first step in the work of restoration was the gluing, by means of a vegetable compound, of a thick piece of manila paper over the face of the painting. The picture was then turned over and from its back there was picked, thread by thread, all the rotten canvas. This delicate operation required four days for its completion. At the end of that time all that remained of the original work was a delicate shell of pigment glued by its face to a piece of paper.

The rest of the task was comparatively easy. The expert covered the bare back of the painting with strong fish glue and fastened to it a new piece of canvas. The manila paper was then, by means of hot water, removed from the face of the painting. There was the picture the same as before, but now upon a strong, new canvas.

The commission appointed some time ago by the Italian Minister of Public Instruction to ascertain whether several paintings by old masters in the Florence galleries, which have been washed or restored, have suffered any damage has accomplished its task, but as the three commissioners failed to agree in their conclusions they have drawn two separate reports.

The painter, Sartorio, deplores the restoration. He states that the varnish or outer coating of paint in the old paintings constituted, as a rule, an integral and essential part of the execution of the work, and very often the aspect of the painting depended upon the varnish. Hence, he contends, it is a mistake to remove it, as invariably the characteristic features of a picture are thus altered.

The other commissioners, Canevaghi and Pagliaghi, defend the restoration. They admit that some of the washed paintings have lost their original patina and the special tone of the color, but, on the other hand, they have not been damaged. These commissioners examined each painting restored and reached the conclusion that slight mistakes in the treatment adopted may have been committed, as the restorers did not succeed in preserving the original harmony of colors, but that the washing was necessary to save the paintings from decay.

Despite the fact that the restoration has been practically approved by two commissioners who are both experts in the art of restoring old paintings, the Fine Arts Departments decided not to allow other paintings to be washed in future unless the proposed restorations are fully approved by the Superior Council of Fine Arts.

Of the strange vicissitudes through which many of the world's famous pictures have passed, perhaps none was odder than that of "The Picture in Disguise," a magnificent painting which now adorns the residence of Lord Leigh in Warwickshire, England.

This remarkable picture for many years appeared to be merely a painting of flowers. The floral study was, however, finally pronounced by an astute art-dealer to be in reality a mask for another painting. With the permission of the owner he caused the painting of flowers gradually to be removed, whereupon there was discovered underneath a very fine portrait of Charles I. by Vandyke.

While no authentic record of this masterpiece has been found, it is supposed that the portrait was disguised by some Royalist in order to guard against its destruction by Roundheads during the Revolution.

Nitroglycerine

NITROGLYCERINE does not always behave in the same way. One day, it is said, this fickle explosive will "go off" at the slightest shock, while the next day one might (if he had the temerity) strike quite a blow upon a can of the same substance and live to tell the story. Nitroglycerine's readiness or reluctance to explode doubtless depends upon its quality. One "run" of stock may be well washed and clean and another may be full of impurities. If a can be filled to the cork so that the substance within has no opportunity to wash against the sides, it is thought that it will not explode so easily as one which is three-quarters or seven-eighths full.

It is an interesting sight to behold the nitroglycerine workers at their task. Usually the building wherein the stuff is made contains several huge wooden vats, a few pails and barrels, an engine, and a great iron kettle-like receptacle. This receptacle is called an "agitator." It consists simply of a small kettle within a large one. The space between the two is kept constantly filled with a stream of cold water. The inner kettle is fitted with several paddles turned by a crank.

One will see about fifteen hundred pounds of acids, sulphuric and nitric mixed, poured into the smaller kettle. A thin but continuous stream of glycerine slowly follows; the engine begins to pant, the crank revolves, the paddles churn the glycerine and acids, and the manufacture of the powerful explosive is under way.

The flow of glycerine is controlled by a stop-cock, the workman the while observing with unremitting vigilance the agitator and the thermometer that registers the heat of the perilous mixture.

Nitroglycerine is formed by the action of nitric and sulphuric acids upon glycerine. When red fumes begin to show the greatest caution must be observed. They indicate that the oil is on fire, and should the mixture attain too great a degree of heat an explosion will follow. When the mercury in the thermometer attains ninety degrees Centigrade, it behooves one not to linger too long in a nitroglycerine factory. The stream of cold water constantly circulating about the base of the agitator keeps the mixture cool. In warm weather ice must be used.

After leaving the agitator the product is placed in the "drowning tank." Then it is transferred to other tanks and carefully washed. At the end of a period of four hours the milky, amber-tinted nitroglycerine is poured into rectangular tin cans. These cans are deposited in a huge iron safe and the explosive is then ready for the market.

Much nitroglycerine is used by oil-well "shooters." The "shooting" of oil wells is the discharge of nitroglycerine at the bottom of the wells in order to increase their flow. Nitroglycerine, rather than the safer dynamite, is used because it can be exploded under water.

Furniture Casters

MANY furniture casters are made of leather, disks of the required size being cut out and cemented and compressed to form the wheel. The wheel is then put into a lathe and turned rounding on its face. Disks of metal are clamped on each side of the wheel to serve as bearings for the axle that runs through the wheel. Such casters are made for use on hardwood floors. Casters of compressed felt are also designed for this purpose.

Among other styles of casters may be mentioned those of glass, designed to serve for purposes of insulation, and ball-bearing casters, one style showing no wheel, but instead a ball which, when the furniture is moved, revolves on a circle of smaller balls within the caster fitting.

Then, too, there are caster wheels made of porcelain and of rubber, of *lignum vitæ*, and other hard woods. Great numbers of casters are of iron and

Taxing German

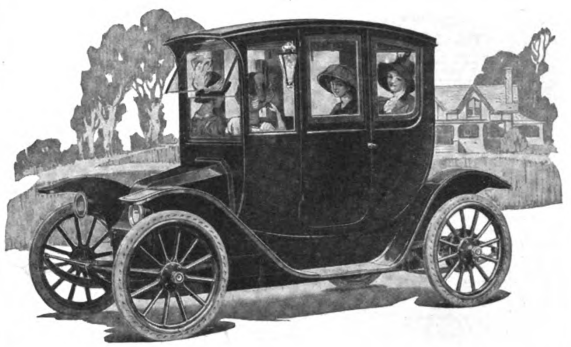
THERE has been mu
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adopted a system of paying
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only on bachelors, but on ma
with small families. A standard
of salaries has been arranged, ad
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dren. Single men between the ag
twenty and twenty-five years receive
per cent. less than the schedule sala
When a man has more than three ch
dren he receives five per cent. more than
the standard schedule, ten per cent. more
for five children, and fifteen per cent.
more if he has seven children. A similar
system has been in operation in Halberstadt for some time, with this difference,
that the extra allowances for children are
paid directly to the mothers.

Living Trees as Telegraph Poles

ON a telegraph line constructed in eastern Africa living trees, instead of cut poles, have been used over long distances in order to escape the ravages of white ants, which attack the poles but not the trees. The latter are planted along the line with their branches cut off. They readily take root and need only to have their branches trimmed from time to time. The wires are affixed by means of tarred cords of hemp, which serve in place of insulators. It is the intention eventually to replace the trees with iron poles.

The Sleep of Plants

STAHL, a German botanist who gave his attention to the attitude of the leaves of plants during the day as compared with their attitude in the night, noted that many plants take such a position for the night that their leaves can transpire easily and at the same time be sheltered from the dew.



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You will realize immediately what that means.

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The Church-Field has both a high and a low gear.

It thus combines, for the first time, all the simplicity of control, the economy and convenience of the electric, with the power, reliability, and general efficiency of the gasoline car.

The Church-Field Electric Automobile marks a new era in electrically driven vehicles.

Here, at last, is an electric car that retains all the characteristics and advantages of its type and yet possesses that ability to do things—that sturdy utility that has hitherto belonged exclusively to the gasoline car.

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is not an experiment—for three years it has stood the test of hard, constant usage, under most trying conditions.

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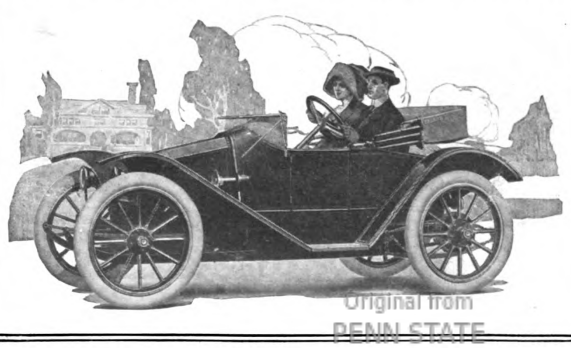
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Where White Motor Cars and Trucks are Manufactured



White *Self-Starting* Six-Sixty Touring Car



White *Self-Starting* Six Berline Limousine

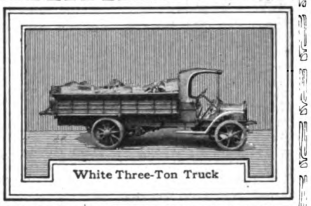


White Five-Ton Truck

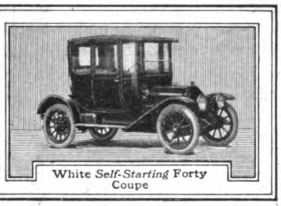


White *Self-Starting* Six-Sixty Roadster

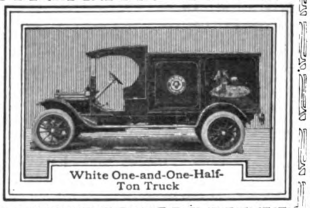
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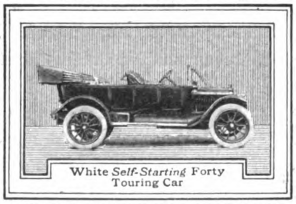
White Three-Ton Truck



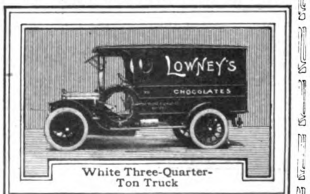
White *Self-Starting* Forty Coupe



White One-and-One-Half-Ton Truck



White *Self-Starting* Forty Touring Car



White Three-Quarter-Ton Truck

THE WHITE COMPANY
CLEVELAND



White *Self-Starting* Thirty Touring Car



White Five-Ton Power Dumping Truck

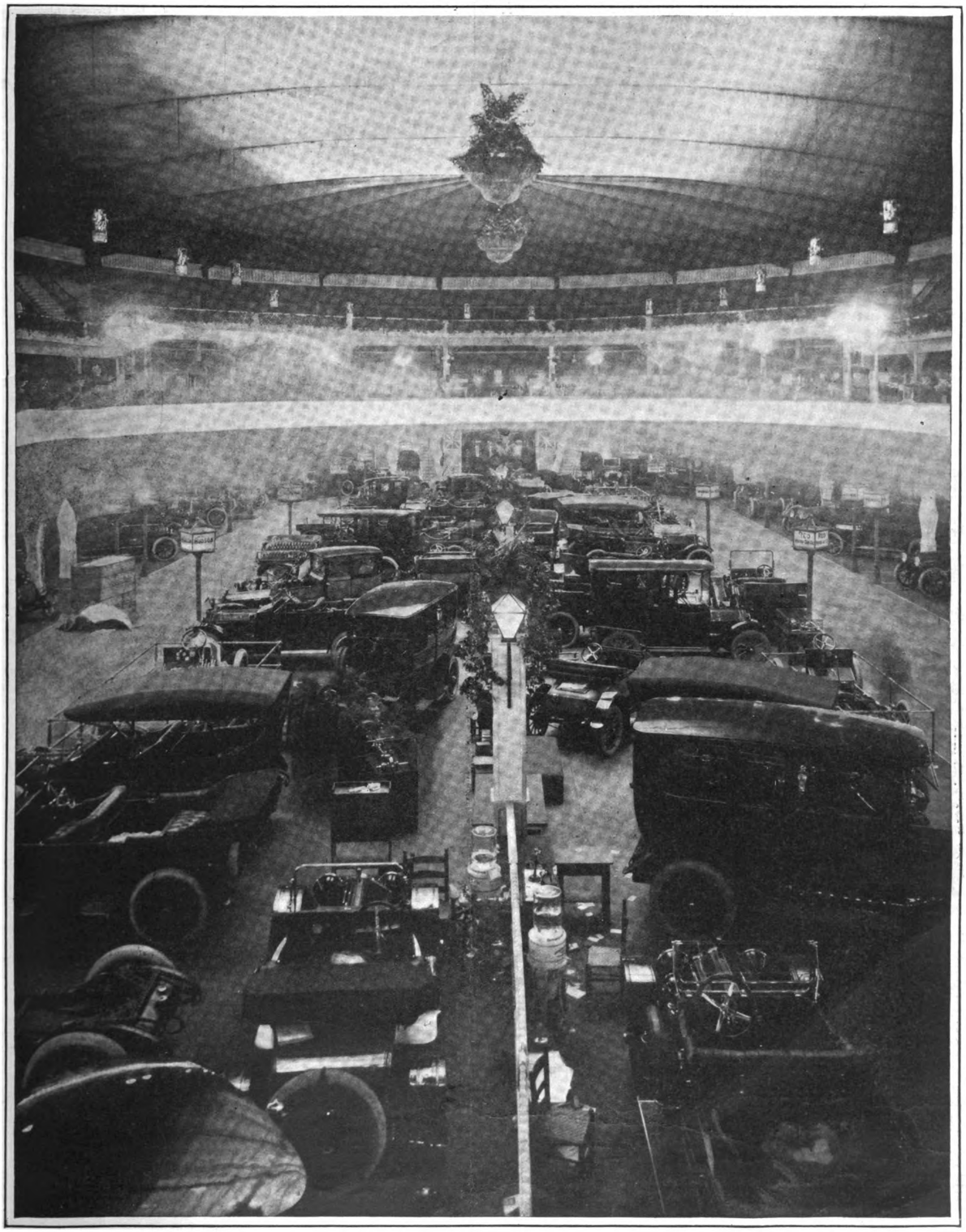


White Ambulance

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. LVII NEW YORK, JANUARY 18, 1913 No. 2926



AMERICA'S GREATEST AUTOMOBILE SHOW

The biggest motor car show ever held in America is now on exhibition at Madison Square Garden and the Grand Central Palace, New York City. Seven hundred and two cars are on view—a record number—at prices ranging from $395 to $7,300. The exposition is divided into two parts, the first composed of pleasure vehicles, the second of commercial cars. The photograph on this page gives a general view of the Madison Square Garden exhibit

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. LVII No. 2926

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES

NEW YORK, CITY, JANUARY 18, 1913

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4.00 a Year in Advance

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, Mexico, Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, Guam, and Tutuila, Samoa. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office Department, Ottawa, Canada. Foreign postage, $1.56

Entered at the New York Post-office as second-class matter

HARPER & BROTHERS

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

LONDON: 45 ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

George Harvey, President, Franklin Square, New York, N. Y.
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COMMENT

There's a Reason

LISTEN to this from the Yonkers *Statesman:*

That dignified free-trade paper, HARPER'S WEEKLY, has laid down an ultimatum to the Democratic party and that is that it must revise the tariff to the point of free trade or it will suffer defeat at the next Presidential election.

One of the most prominent Democrats in Iowa declares that if the HARVEY theory was carried out it would precipitate a panic in this country within the four years and result in the defeat of the Democratic party at the next Presidential election.

There you have the views of the two doctors. The Iowa doctor, perhaps, comes nearest the truth. The New York doctor is influenced by his environments. His newspaper is the organ of the New York importers. His paper was the first to propose the name of WOODROW WILSON for President. He did so because he knew WOODROW WILSON was the representative of the free-trade element of the country regardless of party.

We don't object to being called "the organ of the New York importers" or even a "dignified free-trade paper," if it eases anybody's mind to do it. Those are about the only things we haven't been called at one time or another. And we reiterate without compunction and with increased emphasis and energy:

We favor the immediate downward revision of the existing high and, in many cases, prohibitive tariff duties, insisting that material reductions be speedily made upon the necessaries of life. Articles entering into competition with trust-controlled products and articles of American manufacture which are sold abroad more cheaply than at home should be put upon the free list.

We recognize that our system of tariff taxation is intimately connected with the business of the country, and we favor the ultimate attainment of the principles we advocate by legislation that will not injure or destroy legitimate industry.

That is the only "ultimatum" we have "laid down." And it isn't ours at that. It is the ultimatum of the Democratic platform confirmed by the greatest electoral majority of the American people ever registered in a national election. And we say again:

If the Democratic party fails to redeem its pledge, it should be and will be wiped off the face of the map.

The *Statesman* laments that "Mr. WILSON has much to learn before the tariff is revised, or he will have learned much by the time the tariff has been revised," and groans because "the great tariff experts—DINGLEY, ALDRICH, MCKINLEY, and PAYNE," with the exception of Uncle SERENO—"have passed away or out of Congress. There are others—Uncle JOE CANNON, for example, and a barrel of other great tariff experts. They, too, have just been passed out of Congress. Has it occurred to the inquiring *Statesman* to ask the reason why?

Theory and Logic

Demonstrated efficiency should be the sole test of Cabinet selections, in the opinion of Colonel BRYAN.—*Skowhegan Patriot.*

Then there won't be any Cabinet. Perhaps it is just as well.

Stand Like Rocks, Progressives!

The concerns of the Republicans and the Progressives have so far advanced toward the status of domestic matters, that perhaps there is a privacy about them that newspapers and periodicals ought to respect. We might not mention them if it were not for the strength of an impulse to admire, and expose to admiration, the constancy to principle of the Head of the Progressive Family. Our brother, Mister MUNSEY, in view of the difficulty of beating the Democrats so long as the Republican and once-Republican votes are divided, has proposed a holding party to which both kinds of votes might be intrusted for use against the common enemy. But the Head says No! The rift must be permanent and cannot be closed for any mere purpose of harmonious attainment. It is, as the Head wrote to the faithful at Nashville, when the force of habit rose up strong in them and they were tempted to vote to send SANDERS, a Republican, to the Senate for the short term:

I feel that the Progressives of Tennessee are bound to stand against Senator SANDERS and to refuse in any way to compromise themselves by alliance with the machine Republicans who supported the nominee of the fraudulent Republican convention at Chicago last June. We have a right to expect every Progressive to stand like a rock in this matter, and it would be the betrayal of the interests of the people to take any other course.

That is right! That is fine! Stand like rocks, Progressives, and let the vote split on you! What is the use of sending any more Republicans to the Senate at present? The Democrats, with a good working majority in that body, may either ease the country perceptibly along toward salvation, or else demonstrate their incapacity to do good. Either way you would be ahead. But by helping old-style Republicans into the Senate you would merely be contributing obstacles to progress, delaying perhaps the country's experiment with the Democrats, and doing nothing helpful for yourselves. Until the Democrats have been tried out, no other party can do anything, and there can be no progressiveness.

"Republicans who supported the nominee of the fraudulent Republican convention at Chicago last June"! Do you mind that, Republicans? Could you ask for their votes, Colonel SANDERS? No, no! Stand like rocks, both sides; Scylla and Charybdis, for the Democratic bark to sail between.

Progressive Publicity

Mr. VAN VALKENBURGH'S Philadelphia *North American* (Progressive) having spoken disparagingly of Mr. MUNSEY'S Holding Company, Mr. MUNSEY'S Philadelphia *Times* (Progressive) rises to remark:

As to the charge that Mr. MUNSEY'S eyes are "obscured by considerations of business," and that "he thinks the chief aim of government is to promote business as represented by bank balances, clearing-house reports, and the production of pig-iron, which enterprise, he conceives, embraces the greatest good of mankind," there is no need of this paper giving that despicable accusation the straightforward lie. Mr. MUNSEY'S daily life, always in the limelight, because of his prominence as a publisher, does that more effectually than anything else.

Indignation, righteous; rebuke, warranted. Not only is Mr. MUNSEY'S daily (and Sunday) life in the limelight, but it is firmly maintained upon authority which we are without liberty to cite that he sleeps under a blazing sixty-four candle-power lamp. It was while lying flat on his back that he had his wonderful vision of To Have and To Hold all that is worth Having and Holding of the Republican and ROOSEVELT aggregations. We disagree with those who jeer at the dream as impracticable. All that is needed to effect full realization of Mister MUNSEY'S aspiration is unanimous choice of some one to hold the Holding Company. How about Mr. PERKINS? He does not lack experience in such matters. But where is he? We hear nothing from him nowadays. Is he out of the limelight, or have the patriotic babes got the croup? The weather *is* unseasonable.

A Difference in Method

At Trenton, absorption; at Albany, eruption.

A Sputter from Mamma

The London *Outlook* has become as one with the TORY *Saturday Review* in seeing red whenever it turns its eyes in this direction. Speaking of President TAFT'S intimation—which many think was long overdue—to the Mexican government that more energetic measures might well be inaugurated against destructive rioting, it says:

This new act of pressure by the United States is only another chapter in a long history of continuous plotting against the integrity and independence of Mexico. Outside the record of the United States no parallel can be found for the sublime hypocrisy of a nation at one and the same time fomenting civil tumult in a neighboring country and using the disorder thus created as a pretext for coercion and, it may be, for armed intervention.

Mr. TAFT is depicted as "an Executive eager to pounce upon a pretext to avenge many years of foiled intrigues and diplomatic rebuffs" at the instigation of "the prompter from Wall Street." The motives actuating our shocking conduct the *Outlook* readily discerns to be twofold:

British money and enterprise largely helped to create and develop the railways and the mineral industries of Mexico. Even now, British investors own tens of millions in public companies there, not to speak of private and semi-private undertakings. The American financier would be extremely glad to acquire these holdings at his own price, and if the British owner can be scared into parting with them at a break-up valuation, so much the better. This is one feature of the game. An actual conquest of Mexico would involve such sacrifices as might curb the growing appetite for territorial aggrandizement which is manifesting itself in the States, but a virtual protectorate with the power of applying "squeeze" tactics when concessions are required would serve quite as well.

The fact, of course, as everybody knows, is that our chief reason for insistence upon order in Mexico is the British government's constant importunity to ours to safeguard the very British investments referred to by the *Outlook*. That is held to be our duty under the MONROE doctrine and such, we suppose, it is, although it is one whose performance is at times most disagreeable.

It may be that "the American financier" is as eager to go into Mexico as President TAFT is to "pounce upon a pretext" for unwarranted intervention, but if so the indications are about equally convincing. Practically all recent development in Mexico has been done by foreign syndicates.

Our "growing appetite for territorial aggrandizement," too, is evidenced in a most curious fashion by the installation in power of a political party pledged to grant independence to the Filipinos at the earliest possible moment.

But the matter is hardly worth talking about. We do not suspect for a moment that the English people believe a word of such bally rot. The only surprising thing is that the *Outlook*, which is generally level-headed, should wander so far afield. Perhaps the business of canal tolls got on its nerves.

But we guess there won't be any war.

The Republicans and the South

HARPER'S WEEKLY is perfectly willing to advise the Republican party, at least negatively. It tells it that before it holds its get-together convention it must find a way to have an honest representation from the South. To us in the South that is as funny as if MARK TWAIN had said it. There are so few Republicans in the South that any reasonable representation would be so small as to be laughable. Here in Alabama there are not enough Republicans to hold a state convention in a big hall.—*Birmingham, Alabama, Ledger.*

The WEEKLY has advised the Republican party to reduce the representation from most of the Southern states in its national conventions. It is perfectly aware that in most Southern states the party has no real strength. But the WEEKLY is quite unwilling to accept the *Ledger's* view that in offering this natural suggestion, based on such a well-known political fact, it has earned the right to be compared to a great man like MARK TWAIN.

The *Ledger* is not much of a paper, but its casual remark is interesting, for it illustrates the way too many Southern men and newspapers take the South's political situation. Too many Southern men and too many Southern newspapers accept as final the present arrangement under which they are governed by one party. It was ridiculous, for instance, during the recent campaign to note how, in states perfectly certain to go Democratic, all the orators and editors spent their mind and fury on the utterly hopeless Republican candidates, state and national, and avoided the real and important issues between the factions and candidates of the dominant Democratic party. That, of course, was the way to keep out of trouble; it was the perfectly safe way for men who wanted office and newspapers that wanted circulation to supply themselves with claims on a too unanimous public. We are tempted to use GRANT'S language and say a too damned unanimous public.

Nevertheless, the *Ledger's* time-serving sneer is, like most sneers, unjustified. Taking the South as a whole, the opposition to the dominant party is far more considerable than the language of papers like the *Ledger* would indicate. In two states, Tennessee and North Carolina, it is nearly always formidable. In 1908, when it was united, it showed remarkable strength also in Georgia and elsewhere. Intelligent well-wishers of the South, including many Southern Democrats, would like to see it develop still greater strength. That is

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one of the reasons why the WEEKLY would like to see the Republican party deal more honestly with the situation down there and stop giving power to little cliques and machines that can never win any popular support. For no well-wisher of the South can be content to see its political life unhealthily different from that of the rest of the Union.

Coatesville

Governor TENER recommends to the legislature of Pennsylvania to revoke the charter of the borough of Coatesville because of the failure of the people of that borough to punish any of the persons implicated in the burning of the negro, WALKER, in August, 1911.

Mr. CHAPMAN, then, who held the commemorative prayer-meeting at Coatesville last summer and whose remarkable address thereat was printed in the WEEKLY, is not the only person on whose soul the Coatesville crime lies heavy and who thinks it should not be allowed to be forgotten.

The Navy

We have much sympathy with the objects of the so-called Navy League, headed by General HORACE PORTER and Colonel R. M. THOMPSON of this city. As we understand the petition which the League will address to Congress, there will be two main requests.

The first is that the law be so altered that officers of the navy will come to important and responsible commands while still in the prime of life and that in case of war or any other emergency it shall be easy and natural to put reasonably young men—as young, say, as GRANT was at Appomattox—in control. We do not understand that it is sought to render ineligible men of advanced years who nevertheless retain vitality and energy and are generally accounted men of superior capacity. As we take it, the ideal arrangement in this regard would be such as to render available the NAPOLEONS and NELSONS without disqualifying the LEES and FARRAGUTS.

The other main demand of the League is one which has often been preferred in these columns. It is that in the matter of the building and upkeep of the navy we follow a systematic and reasoned policy, instead of dealing with the matter year by year according to the whims and exigencies of particular Congresses. In a word, it is that we adopt a policy or programme and adhere to it. It may be wise for us to have a large navy. It may be wise for us to have a small navy. It may be wise for us to have no navy at all. It cannot be wise for us to have a navy without any settled notion as to how big it ought to be and with continual vacillation on the subject. Surely, nobody can think it a good thing that the naval appropriation shall be, as it was last year, determined by the feeling of individual Congressmen concerning the amount of "pork" they were allowed for their respective districts.

The League proposes a commission or council, comparable to the sea lords of Great Britain, to keep track of other navies and recommend the amount and character of the increases needed in our navy. Such a body would, of course, take into account precisely what our navy will probably be called on to do and what, in case of war, it might have to do. Such competent forethought seems to us advisable. It certainly seems preferable to no forethought at all; and preferable also to the plan of building men-of-war, not according to the probable need of them, but according to the probable popularity or unpopularity a Congressman will win by voting for them.

Nevertheless, we are quite alive to the importance of "what the people want," and we believe the people of the United States, knowing what their navy has done for them in the past, want it kept up to the highest point of efficiency consistent with a reasonable economy.

Restore the Canteen

The present movement for the restoration of the army canteen is pretty strong. Mrs. ALICE BURBANK, representing the wives and daughters of the enlisted men of the army, brought last week to the House Committee on Military Affairs a petition for it signed by twenty-three hundred women. Secretary STIMSON bears witness that since the canteen was abolished the health of the army "has gone from bad to worse"; Surgeon-General TORNEY estimates from statistics that alcoholism has increased one hundred per cent. since the canteen was abolished. "There is no army in the world," he says, "which has such a bad health record as the American army." Major-General WOOD says:

> A soldiers' club is the solution. There he can read papers, play a game of billiards, and have a glass of beer if he wants.
>
> The enlisted man is now driven into the lowest class of dives simply because he cannot find elsewhere that recreation craved by every young man.

There seems no room for doubt about the effect of the abolition of the canteen on the morals and health of the army. Has not this experiment now gone far enough? Congress knows the truth. It is perfectly well aware that it would not permit the influence of the Women's Christian Temperance Union to prescribe the beverages of its own members, and that past Congresses, in permitting that influence to abolish the canteen, have done the army a great injustice and damage. And Congress must also be aware that its predecessors in dealing with this subject have been cowardly; that they have not considered the good of the service nor the health of the enlisted men, but chiefly politics; and because the W. C. T. U. and its allies could influence a good many votes and the army very few, they have sacrificed the army to the threats of political women.

The experiment has been made, and it has failed. The experiment found the army in a fair condition of health, and it left it with the worst sick report of any army in the world.

It is time the anti-canteen experiment ended; time that Congress had the manliness to do for its wards, dependent on its will for favorable conditions of life, what the most responsible authorities declare to be essential.

The Supreme Court Advances

We see no reason why the Supreme Court should not be permitted to learn. People who called the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust decisions "immunity baths" certainly have no right to object if the court, in dealing with the Pacific railroads, profits by that criticism. If it be true, as is not yet admitted, that the court then used a plan of dissolution that did not dissolve, or if its decision of guilty operated to reward the convicted parties for their misdeeds, is that a reason why it should not be permitted to do its work more effectively next time?

Really, it is hard to talk to some people. The very crowd that is most strenuously insisting on the merely human quality of courts, and ridiculing them for a supposed assumption of infallibility, is the readiest also to ridicule them the minute they do something that looks like a confession of fallibility and a disclaimer of omniscience. Why not recognize candidly that in this business of dealing with the big corporations we are all in a manner feeling our way? Above all, if you are going to deny that the men on the bench know any more than the rest of us, why not permit them, like the rest of us, to learn all they can?

Mr. Rockefeller and the Pujo Committee

Mr. WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER has, we think, made a great mistake in taking the measures he has taken to avoid the summons of the PUJO committee. We have not a particle of animosity to Mr. ROCKEFELLER. On the contrary, fully believing that he is a sick man, we sympathize with him. Moreover, on the other hand, we are not particularly enthusiastic about the committee. It has, we must admit, brought out more facts of importance, and of a nature, if there is statesmanship, to lead to reforms, than we at first supposed it would bring out. But we have not liked its apparent animus and some of its methods.

All that, however, is beside the mark. The committee is properly constituted. It is fully authorized to summon any witness it requires. It has proceeded according to precedent. It may have overvalued the testimony of Mr. ROCKEFELLER, but on that point it has the right to judge for itself. In practically defying it, Mr. ROCKEFELLER has practically defied the government under which he and all the rest of us are living.

He and his physicians may honestly have felt that such a course was necessary to save his life; but if that was their motive they were mistaken in their procedure. Mr. PUJO and his associates are fairly reputable men, and there is no reason to suppose them callous to the impulses of ordinary humanity. Mr. ROCKEFELLER and his advisers would have been far wiser to accept service and then submit evidence to prove that he was physically unable to go to Washington to testify, or even, if the facts justified such a plea, that he was unable to testify at all.

Instead, he and they have chosen for months to use the power of money to escape service altogether. They have exhibited a kind of lawlessness with which the American people are already only too familiar. They have added fresh fuel to a flame of discontent in this country which was already bright enough, in all conscience. They have not lessened, but appreciably increased, the feeling against the class of very rich men to which Mr. ROCKEFELLER belongs. They have given countenance and support to the contention that there are men among us who hold themselves superior to the law. All things considered, they have made a very grave mistake.

The President and the Jews

We do not wonder that President TAFT showed emotion the other day when the order of B'Nai Brith presented to him the medal which it annually awards to the man who, in the judgment of the order, "has contributed most to the welfare of the Jewish cause."

Really, it was a surprising performance. Have these Jews forgotten their cunning? Have they divested themselves of the characteristics attributed to them by all the comic papers? Don't they know that President TAFT was overwhelmingly defeated in the election and is shortly going out of office? What can they expect to make out of paying him such a compliment? Or is it that once more their guile eludes Gentile obtuseness and they did it merely to make us think them capable of gratitude and appreciation, just like other folks?

Well, we for one are quite obtuse enough to be taken in by the manœuver. We do credit them with these human and commendable emotions, and with a very graceful and timely honoring of a man who, after several years' exposure to all forms of insincere praise and commendation, is now doubtless happy in the thought that he can attribute sincerity to men who bring him gifts and compliments. It is true that he has had and used occasions to render services to the Jewish race, and it is natural that he should appreciate their appreciation of what he has done.

Not, however, that he could well have done anything else. He promptly condemned a snobbish attitude toward Jews in one of the services. He stood out, with Congress, against the discrimination of another country against Jews in the matter of honoring American passports. He has time and again in public speech denounced narrowness and proscription as directed against citizens of Jewish extraction. In all this he did well. We would not minimize his performance. But it is hard to imagine an American President taking any other attitude. With an American private citizen it is different. Any one of us can recall countless instances of yielding to the very prejudice President TAFT has so steadfastly repudiated, but as a people we are thoroughly committed to the broader and juster view of racial differences and unlikenesses; and it is no mystical assumption, it is a fact experience demonstrates, that an American President stands in such matters for our common American principle and ideal.

It is a principle and an ideal which will yet conquer the world. For it is not merely morally impregnable; it is justified economically and practically. The state that denies to any race or to any class its actual deserts is bound in the long run to be weakened by its prejudice in the searching competition of modern life. In this respect, as in all others, there is no truer saying than that justice is the health of the state.

Ettor

> If you are compelled to go back under unsatisfactory conditions, . . . go back with your minds made up that it is the unsafest thing in the world for the capitalist to eat food prepared by members of your union.

So the newspapers reported JOSEPH ETTOR, the revolutionist from Lawrence, to have said to striking hotel employees of January 10th. The hotel men are displeased with ETTOR and are for having him put back into jail. And perhaps that should be done if the law of this state provides for doing it. But it would seem that ETTOR at large and talking freely and carefully reported will make very much more rapid progress toward culmination than ETTOR under lock and key and reduced to compulsory silence. The people who have most call to settle with ETTOR are the strikers whom he addressed and to whom he seems to have given ruinous advice. It is to them far more than to the public that he is dangerous.

One and Inseparable

> Woman has always been man's companion, ready to share his exile, espouse his cause, and buckle his armor.—*Miss* ELLEN GLASGOW.

"And man," we hear about a million voices answer, "has always been, and still is, woman's companion, ready to share anything she has, to espouse her personally, and hook her up the back."

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In Spain

SPAIN is your right country for romance. All the romance of the East washed up there on the red shores. To-day the Berbers in the African mountains and the haughty bronzed man of Morocco yet strain eyes across the blue strait, yet hang above each household hearth, beside the polished gun and the crooked sword, the key of an ancestral garden where white Cordova steams in the plain, or of a crumbling palace where tawny Granada hangs on the green hillside below the snows. All the romantics of the West have turned to look across the Pyrenees; have marched and countermarched with CHARLEMAGNE past Pampeluna, down the wide basin of the milky Ebro as far as Saragossa, and back through the broad mountain pass of Roncevaux; or tramped the pilgrimage into Galicia, to the shrine of Santiago. The starry way of Saint James lies right across the sky, and the road below it runs in past Saint Gilles, glittering among the marshes, past the Abbey of Moissac, fallen from its high estate, past Puenta la Reina, where a queen long dead built the pilgrims a bridge, westward and ever westward to Compostella. You cannot miss the way.

It is a land of magic, and who shall say that it is not black magic? Old-fashioned travelers still urge that you must go thither between spring and summer, when the yellow charlock and the poppy spread tatters of the Spanish flag broadcast over every plain, the tall magenta foxglove stands shoulder high on the heathery banks of the North; and the *laurier rose*—the wild oleander—flushes the mountain water-courses of the South. Then you will find in Andalusia a conventional picturesque fit for *The Keepsake* and *The Token*, and in Asturias a little Switzerland fit for TURNER and RUSKIN. But in burnt midsummer and bitter autumn and brown winter the Spanish landscape is infinitely more romantic. It is as exciting as Hungarian music played by a real gipsy band, and as troubling. Only when the wheat is garnered and the brown contours of the soil are throbbing under the fierce white sunlight; only when snows have fallen along every crest and the flanks and spurs lie bare, stained with ochre and sienna and cobalt; only when Castile and Aragon mark with gray and leafless boughs the few watercourses, brimful at last, and miles on miles of tawny plain, lapped and folded together, reveal and again withdraw mysteriously as you travel across their imperceptibly changing breadth, now a waste of stunted vine-stocks, now quiet sheep, lonely and brown, silently watched by a brown and lonely shepherd—only then do you see the land naked and unconcerned. Once the flowers gone, or past the flowers' line, winter and summer make little change. They set small mark on the country, for the mountains are wooded mostly by long-leaved pines and a sort of live-oak, both proof against the summer and the winter solstice. The very squares of the little towns are planted, from sea level up to three thousand feet and more, first with palms, then with magnolia, and last with japonicas, that neither change nor shed their dark and glossy leafage. Everywhere the brown earth lies bare from the very edge of the brown cities. Everywhere the mountains rear their broken bastions. You cannot travel two hours by train but a pale ridge begins to lift against the pale sky. Everywhere the long scarped wall of the hills throws out ravelins and counterscarps, striped in horizontal bands with amber and mauve and reseda, old rose and lilac-blue, green of lizard, dun of toad, wan like a snake. To walk at sunset on the reddened heights of the Tagus's farther bank and look across at Toledo is to see an enchanted city all one wonderful periwinkle-blue. To walk at noon on the ramparts of Pampeluna, ringed about by mysterious mountains, is to move in the heart of a star-sapphire. To enter Catalonia at dawn is to see the Pyrenees flush and burn like a fire of roses, to feel the wind that caresses the gray-green winter wheat into silver shimmers, thrilling it into ecstasy. A strange breath blows over you out of the unknown. You are never near to nature in Spain but you may live in the light of the moonstone.

Not that the Spaniard is himself romantic. He is only histrionic. He is arid, he is caustic. He is eminently practical and perfectly unreal. He has much ado to squeeze out emotion; only the violent stimuli, like blood and gold, can do it. So was he always, and his women are still shrouded to make them interesting, and kept in idleness to make them precious. He likes his flavors strong. Bull-fights and lottery-tickets, saffron, red peppers, and white brandy, strongly accentuated theaters, and a heady sort of dancing—these he affects. Any one highly charged to begin with, any one not below the normal in sheer excitability, would not trust himself in such conditions. The Spaniard, however, is proverbially frugal and temperate. His constitutional indifference has dried him through vein and marrow; about him he wraps the mantle of his egotism—individualism is the civiller term; at his heart coils the irony of the Oriental. Nobody else will ever, probably, understand a Spaniard, and for the outsider he is as a mere moving figure in the landscape, as a part of the enchanted whole, all compact of strangeness and beauty.

He is baffling because he is so consistent, so incredibly of a piece. You reduce him to a formula and he remains a mystery. He is always the same, and always inscrutable. Who shall say what a woman may think behind those provoking and ambiguous eyes? To this day Spanish women are the most beautiful in the world; they have the little feet, the long, white, wonderful hands, the incomparable walk, the supple Iberian figure that sways in at the waist, precisely as when GAUTIER went to Spain in 1840 or Madame D'AULNOY in 1679. Other women wear a flower detachably, and it is usually unlovely or unbecoming; it falls off or fades or sickens. A Spanish woman, though she may come in to wash your floors, puts it on as she would put on a jewel. It becomes an essential part of her dress, as much a piece of her person as her curved dark eyebrow or the soft tip of her ear. She is all put together with a perfection no outsider can master; her embroidered shawl, smooth over the arms and close across the lithe, shapely back, never slips; under her lace mantilla the smooth, brown hair is dressed high, the tall comb planted firm, and the cunning folds and falls are never displaced. When a lady gets down from her carriage to walk in the park for twenty minutes with her sister-in-law, while the coachman reins in his sleek pair and crawls up and down in sight, her walk is as free and sinuous as that of the girl in *alpargatas* who brushes against her with a basket of linen. The *alpargata*, with sole of plaited hemp and two stretched bands of linen, white or blue, prints the dust from the Biscay shore to the Pillars of Hercules. Is it the shoe or is it the race that the men should walk so superbly? that gaunt, brown, and seventy, one should go down the road stepping like young-and-twenty on his *Wanderjahr*? The gentleman in the cities is not unlike other Continentals—a trifle tight in his clothes, a trifle bright of eye and lips. But the countryman and the laborer and the *mozo de cuerda* (public porter) in his red Phrygian cap is as good to look upon as a lean-flanked dog or a chestnut steeple-chaser. So demonstrably looked the Cid, so indubitably looked the royal king and the loyal subject, so had looked in youth the ingenious *Hidalgo* of La Mancha and his no less ingenious creator. The racial type persists pure, troubling, and alluring the imagination. Spain never changes.

Madame D'AULNOY wrote two and a quarter centuries ago, but except that she traveled by litter and not by motor, she might have written last week. The long, delightful letters which a great and generous lover of Spain has lately reprinted still supplement Baedeker from Bayonne nearly to Madrid:

"The Spaniards have always past for Fierce and Glorious: This Glory is mixt with Gravity; and they carry it so far, that one may call it an extravagant Pride: They are Brave, without being Rash; yet they are accused for not being daring enough. They are Cholerick, Revengeful, without showing any Transport, Liberal without Ostentation, sober in their diet, very Presumtuous in Prosperity, too Rampant in Adversity: They Idolize Women; they are prepossest in their Favour, that they shew no Discretion in the Choice of their Wives: They are Patient to Excess, Obstinate, Idle, Singular, Philosophers: And as to the rest, Men of Honor, keeping their Words, tho it cost 'em their Lives. They have a great deal of Wit and Vivacity, easily comprehend, explain themselves in the same manner, and in few Words; They are Prudent, Jealous without measure, Disinterested, bad Economists, Close, Superstitious, great Catholicks, at least in appearance: They are good Poets, and write Verses with great Facility. They would be capable of Nobler Sciences, would they vouchsafe to apply themselves thereto. They have a Greatness of Soul, Elevated Wit, Constancy, a natural Seriousness, and a Respect for Ladies as is not seen elsewhere: They have a Set-Behaviour, full of Affection, intoxicated with their own Merit, hardly ever in this Particular doing Right to that of others."

The character she gives is still true as when she wrote it, and still it can haunt the dreams and tease us out of thought. Whosoever once has Spain in his blood, for him there is no oblivion—

"Not that nepenthe which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena."

Correspondence

A LETTER FROM A MANUFACTURER

PARIS, KEN., *January 2, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—I have just finished reading in the issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY for December the extract of your speech before the Illinois Manufacturers' Association as taken from the Chicago *Tribune*, and it so thoroughly accords with my own views on this great question now before the American people, or perhaps I should now more properly say before the American government, that I want to write you my personal appreciation of *what* you say and *how* you say it. With great clearness and courage you have dealt with the very kernel of the whole matter and have without doubt pointed out the true reason why the American people have risen up in their indignation and swept the Republican party from its long-established seat of power in this nation.

Yes, beyond the shadow of a doubt, or even an honest denial, it is true that the people believe and believe with all their hearts "that undue advantages are conferred upon the rich and that unjust burdens are placed upon the poor: that poverty, not wealth, is taxed"; and "that the requital of toil bears inadequate proportion to the usufruct of gold."

I am a manufacturer myself of some modest pretensions and my line of business takes me annually and several times annually over many states of the Union, as well as sometimes beyond our own borders, and brings me in close and intimate touch with hundreds, if not thousands, of people, and I can assure you that I can bear unreserved testimony to the truthfulness of Senator Root's "startling statement before the Chamber of Commerce in the city of New York." There is a persistent and deep-seated impression in the minds of the great masses of the common people of this country that the "frenzied finance" in the great commercial centers of our nation has built up a moneyed oligarchy whose only excuse for existence is the imposition of grievous burdens upon the helpless for the sole purpose of satisfying its inordinate greed for gain. And also that the great and massive manufacturing corporations of our country are boldly demanding at the hands of our government tremendous and extortionate rates of tariff taxation upon their products, not any longer upon the specious plea of protecting *infant industries*, but for no other intelligent reason than that they may greatly enrich their corrupted coffers with millions of gold with which they may purchase government favor and hold the reins of power over those many millions of the common people from whom they have exacted the tribute, and I believe you have suggested the only means by which this belief can be uprooted and cast out of the people's minds and the people's fears. And I further believe you have suggested this plan to the only class of America's citizens who can do it—the manufacturers themselves.

I thank you again for your words of wisdom and for the distinguished service you are rendering our country at this crucial time of her need. Would that those people to whom you speak had the mind to understand and the heart to believe your wise words of counsel, and to rise to that higher plane of thinking and doing than that which considers alone "the profit." Would that all our citizens who have their hands on the powers of wealth, in whatsoever form it may be, might come to believe and then act upon their faith, that oppression of the needy, unfair burdens upon the poor, and wicked exactions of tribute money from the toiling millions of the nation's producing class have never and can never result in any other way than to unsettle the peace and happiness of the people, engender strife and bitterness and resentment on the part of the oppressed, and end ultimately in the complete overthrow of the institutions of the state if not the government itself. And that the only safe policy and one that will give prosperity to the institutions of the country, create and maintain the confidence of the people, and establish their own business and enterprises upon a secure basis and yield the richest results in the end, is the policy and high principle that places manhood above money, citizenship above the greed of gain, and proclaims "that all men are born possessed of equal rights and that upon no man shall be conferred exceptional privilege."

I am, sir,
HUGH MONTGOMERY.

CIVIL-SERVICE RULES

GALLIPOLIS, O., *December 7, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—Apropos of your editorial on the extension of the rules of the classified civil service over the fourth-class postmasters, permit me to say that the people generally favor civil-service rules when applied fairly. But they do not favor the extension of those rules over many thousands of office-holders when made simply to anchor partisans to a job. Had President Taft announced competitive examinations of applicants for fourth-class postmasterships, to which Democrats as well as Republicans were eligible, his action would have met with general approval; but to sweep 40,000 or 50,000 Republican office-holders into safe harbor at the close of his administration, without subjecting them to the doubtful test of civil-service examinations, shakes one's confidence in the disinterestedness of Mr. Taft's motives.

I say this as a Republican who would like to see every public office filled by members of my party, but the game should be played fairly; and the Democrats who have won political control should not tolerate unfair interference with the post-offices or other offices.

I am, sir,
W. G. SIBLEY.

HASN'T BEEN AWAY

SALEM, ORE., *December 29, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

"Will the Republican Party Come Back?"—HARPER'S WEEKLY, *December 21, 1912.*

SIR.—Why, bless your heart, the Republican party has not been away!

Only on a vacation to help maintain an unwritten law—no third term.

It took Roosevelt a good many years to discover the common people and the Socialist party.

If he will now discover himself, the vacation of the Republican party has accomplished more by defeat than success.

I am, sir,
COLONEL A. FARMER.

WE ARE NOT PREDICTING

BUFFALO, N. Y., *December 19, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—As prophecy with you seems to be equivalent to fate, what would you think of now making the forecast that President Woodrow Wilson would be big enough and broad enough to slate William Howard Taft for the first vacancy which occurs on the Supreme Bench?

I am, sir,
WILLIAM A. ROGERS.

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OVERDOING "MUNICIPAL HOME RULE"

An Interesting Survey of the Tendency toward Imposition and Injustice Engendered by Purely Local Control of Public Utilities

BY WALTER S. ALLEN

THERE is at the present time a movement known as "Municipal Home Rule" favoring the granting of greater governmental power to municipalities. The basis of this is sound. For many years State legislatures have undertaken to limit the powers of cities in strictly municipal affairs involving no questions of general policy, and have laid down narrow rules governing simple administrative matters. Sometimes this has been done for possible political advantage, especially in cases where the largest city in the State has been controlled by the political party in opposition to that dominant in the legislature. Sometimes jealousy on the part of the rural legislators has been the cause. In any event the result has been the same—the restrictions imposed have prevented needed municipal developments.

In the spirit of revolt against this condition, the cities have demanded freedom to manage their affairs without State interference, and have asked complete emancipation from State control, the power to make their own charters, to amend them, to provide their own system of taxation, and to regulate in their own way everything located within their municipal boundaries, including complete power over their public utilities.

Inasmuch as a city can receive its powers only by a grant from the State, the legislatures must give these broad powers, and may give up its right to control its creations; but in any event the people may be changing the Constitution grant to cities these powers, as has already been done in California.

From the standpoint of the public utilities, this transfer of the power to regulate them from the State and its agents to the municipalities is of vast importance. It immediately establishes a dual control over their activities, for, as corporations getting their powers from the State, they remain in everything which affects their corporate activities its servants, yet must deal with a separate governmental organization as soon as they undertake to carry out the objects for which the State gave them powers, and must submit to the whims and fancies of local officials.

The modern public-service company is rarely purely local in its activities. The growth of communities is not confined by fixed political boundaries, and public utilities must follow community growth if they are to render the services with which the State has charged them, no matter in how many political subdivisions the community may lie.

Street railroads have developed from strictly local lines, serving a single community, to interurban lines, serving many communities and aiding in building up suburban areas tributary to the city.

Electric-light-and-power companies have in the interests of cheaper light and power concentrated their generating plants at points where economies in production enable lower prices to be made and where manufacture on a large scale guarantees good and continuous service. From such plants the current is distributed without regard to political boundaries. The rapid development of hydro-electric companies has shown plainly how these must disregard political boundaries to supply the service they offer.

Gas companies distribute natural and manufactured gas beyond the limits of the towns in which they were originally located. The essence of the telephone business is the country-wide system, and local exchanges which are tied together in a network cover the whole country. Water supplies, private or municipal, often supply several places.

Under existing conditions it is manifestly impossible to regard any of the public utilities as strictly local in its nature, and while it may be possible to guess at the proper proportion of investment and of cost of service applicable to a single municipality, such an estimate will always be subject to dispute. If the power to regulate rates and service is transferred from the State to the municipality, a situation results which must lead to constant friction. A company supplying a series of municipalities may find itself called upon to supply service of varying standards, and so be unable to give service of the proper grade. It will usually be impossible to comply with these requirements, and so few of the places served will get what they ask for. Some will get better service and some worse. Each municipality will demand certain standards of service; some will choose these with due regard to their practicability, others will fix the standards arbitrarily on the suggestion of some local authority. This condition exists in the electric street-lighting situation, in which contracts calling for arc lamps of 1,200 and 2,000 candle-power alternate with those calling for 375 watts and 450 watts of current—and councilmen wonder what it is all about and vote as their leader tells them.

For non-expert bodies to deal with questions of standard service is an impossibility, and for them to weigh the reports of experts without prejudice seems impossible. After three reports made to the City Council of Los Angeles, covering the question of the proper charge for telephone service, the council—having in its own mind determined the proper charge—is now looking for an expert who will make figures not on the true cost, but figures to sustain the position of the council.

In Chicago a municipal campaign was fought on the question of seventy-cent gas. No one knew whether this was a fair price or not; it was a catchy campaign slogan and appealed to the voters. Three-cent car-fares carried Mayor Pingree, of Detroit, to fame—but nobody paid any attention to the fact that the three-cent railway was relieved of heavy charges for taxes and paving imposed on all the other railways in Detroit.

A municipality fixing rates for a public utility does so, not on any analysis of costs, but on a basis which will mean the greatest popularity for those fixing the rates, and if it becomes necessary for a company to do something to make up the losses involved in too low rates in a city, the council says: "Fix the outside rates so that they will bring up the revenue. If they are high, that is none of our business; each place must look out for its own interests."

Even municipally operated plants take this position In Manchester, England, the municipal gas-plant supplying areas beyond the city proper charges higher prices outside, not on account of differences in cost, but to swell the profits of the gas-plant.

Under a State commission, the proper kind of service is determined on broad grounds, standards are established which are uniform throughout the State, and these are based on the state of the art. A central commission is in a position to employ a staff of experts to study these questions, and the expense of such a staff is not unduly great when the magnitude of the business in the whole State is considered. For any city to employ competent men to determine proper standards for service means expense out of proportion to the benefits secured.

When rate regulation by cities is considered carefully, it will be found that a situation develops which will speedily become intolerable. The cry has been for years: "Take the public utilities out of politics: they are the source of municipal corruption." This has, in large measure, been done by placing these utilities under the control of State commissions. Under the supervision of these commissions it is no longer necessary for the utilities to concern themselves with the pressure of political bosses or the importunities and threats of councilmen; they have an impartial tribunal to which they can appeal and from which they may ask aid to help them carry out their plans for developing the service. Neither is the public any longer obliged to submit to exactions in prices or to poor service. A tribunal without local prejudices and not subject to local influences is ready to consider cases and give judgment on equitable principles.

To refer these cases to local tribunals means their consideration by a body directly interested pecuniarily in the decision, and still more interested in its political effects. It is as if the plaintiff in a suit for damages should himself and his employees act as a jury to decide the case, a proposition so ridiculous that its mere suggestion would cause the plaintiff to be laughed out of court.

If the city officials are to rule the utilities, the temptation to the utility companies to take part in politics becomes overwhelming. To defend their business or to obtain proper operating conditions, the utilities must have friends in the council, and the situation reverts to one in which the companies will be in politics all the time.

Regulation by central state commissions does away with this political interference. A State board is not concerned with questions of local politics; it can consider a case on the equities and act as an arbitrator between an impetuous public and an arbitrary company, dealing out justice to both sides. A State board, properly constituted and provided with sufficient funds to secure a competent, permanent staff, can fix standards for service which shall be practical, economical, and suited to the needs of all communities. It can study the question of rates from the broad standpoint of community use and deal fairly with all the communities, ignoring arbitrary political boundaries.

A local board will say: "If the company does not get a fair return on its property in this municipality, let it make it up in some other part of its system where the cities are not so sharp as we are in dealing with corporations. In this way it can get a fair return on the whole system." Consequently the burdens will be unequally distributed among communities, and while discrimination between individuals in any particular community may be done away with, discrimination between communities becomes greater.

The community, too, makes no permanent gain when rates for service are fixed too low. Under these circumstances no company will find any inducement to make extensions and improvements, and it will be found impossible to raise money for such purpose, even if it be desired to do so. Owners of capital cannot be forced to lend its use to enterprises which do not promise some return.

A fair-minded State commission can take into consideration the question of the general welfare of the community, can provide a fair return on the money invested, and materially aid in a sound establishment of the public-service industries. It can help the communities to receive the service they need and want, and protect the investors in the property dedicated to the use of the community.

It is only just and right that municipal authorities should have a supervisory power so far as the general police powers and details of construction in the highways are concerned. These are matters legitimately in the hands of the local authorities; but when these powers are exercised without regard to the mutual responsibilities of the community and the company, a central commission to which an appeal can be taken becomes a necessity if there is to be an orderly development of the business.

In the present state of social development, this setting aside of the municipality as a wholly independent community is an anachronism—it takes us back to the medieval walled towns, to the German free cities and the republics of Venice and Florence, when each town was independent, and not only governed itself, but waged war on its rivals and neighbors. Some traces of this period remain, as in the octroi taxes levied in French and Italian towns on food products brought into the cities for consumption.

With the development of rapid transportation and the mobility of the population, social conditions become such as to break down the arbitrary powers of cities, and social solidarity causes the formation of larger units which undertake to act for the common welfare.

The separate American colonies formed themselves into a federation, the scattered towns sent delegates to a General Assembly to legislate for the benefit of all the inhabitants of the colony. From this grew up the control by the State of the many activities of the cities.

With the steady increase in the proportion of the total population living in the cities (the census of 1910 shows 46.3 per cent. in cities of 2,500 and over, as against 29.5 per cent. in 1880), and the concentration of wealth in these places, the same kind of city arrogance as was shown in medieval Florence and Nuremberg is developing. In Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, and New Jersey, more than 75 per cent. of the people live in cities; in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Illinois, California, and Washington, between 50 and 75 per cent. of the population is urban, and the dwellers in these places feel that they are strong enough to demand the right to govern themselves independent of all outside authority; they demand the right to establish themselves as walled towns.

It must be borne in mind that in the United States the States are the ultimate authority: the Federal government on one side and the cities on the other have only such powers as have been delegated to them by the States. Yet, on account of the close intermingling of interests brought about by the development of transportation methods, the States have been forced to the position of allowing the dominant factor in the control of railway transportation to be a Federal agent—the Interstate Commerce Commission—and a very large proportion of the people are clamoring for a Federal control of private business.

Modern social conditions have developed a necessity for State control of those vital interests affecting the whole community. Educational policies are established by the States, but the details of administration are carried out by the local authorities. Health matters, which affect all the people, no matter where they may live, are supervised by State and Federal authorities, State Boards of Equalization of Taxes, State Supervision of Municipal Accounts, State Boards of Charities, of Insanity, of Labor, work for the benefit of all. State regulation of medicine, of dentistry, of horse-shoeing, of barbers, of opticians, shows the community idea in its interference with private business. Banking and insurance are rigidly controlled by State officials, but nobody proposes municipal control of these. Yet the public utilities in their present development are of as vital interest to the larger community of the State as are banking and insurance.

Cities represent the natural evolution of society. Few municipalities are homogeneous; they are made up of districts with many divergent interests, but in the interests of society these districts are grouped together to form a city, and the dwellers within these arbitrary boundaries acquiesce in many things which may be personally unacceptable for the general good. But these same people see a wall along the invisible boundary line when they are asked to treat their suburban neighbors with tolerance.

In New York, the charter, providing for borough government and final action by the Board of Aldermen or the Board of Estimate, shows that many things may be handled locally, but that there must be a central authority greater than any local body, to consider local matters in their relation to the larger urban community.

Modern social development requires that the area of uniform methods of administration be broadened, and regard for the rights of others who may live outside of certain fixed boundaries is essential.

The principle that "Man does not live for himself alone" must be applied to communities as well as to individuals, and central supervision to control local community selfishness is as much needed as control in the interest of the individual.

In the face of the altruistic theory that the individual must be controlled for the benefit of society as a whole, that social justice demands consideration for those who cannot of themselves stand alone, the residents of a populous municipality—conscious of the power of numbers and the power of relatively overwhelming wealth—disregard the rule of the "greatest good to the greatest number," and selfishly undertake to maintain the proposition that the interests of their own little community are paramount to those of society as a whole.

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AMERICAN HUMOR OF THE VINTAGE OF FIFTY-FOUR

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

PICTURES By ALBERT LEVERING



ONE should, I suppose, stand in unhatted reverence in the presence of jests so much older than oneself, jests that had attained distinction and honor before we, who now greet them, began to be born; jests which, perhaps willingly, perhaps with creaking and rheumatic protest, have rendered some kind of service ever since. How old some of them may be, I cannot surely vouch. I detect here and there a Pharaonic or Babylonian tinge. On one, almost erased, I seem to see the letters "C. C." with the date 1492 well-nigh obliterated. Another came over in the *Mayflower*. Yet they have all, like good colonists and adventurers, taken heart of grace and made themselves native in this new land. They have taken out papers, and the seal of the court bears the date 1854. So let us not try to go behind the record, but accept them at their face value.



"Walk down to the office and get your money and passage-ticket"

Varied faces they have, too. Some are shrewd Yankees from the land of codfish. Some are ante-bellum darkies. Some are bush-whiskered Westerners. Yet of each, in this parade of sprightly and unashamed ancients, I have demanded two things: first, that each must carry with him a genuine something of his own State, be it wooden nutmeg or Hoosier, and, secondly, that each must make us smile with genial mirth and not a mere thorn-crackling grin of hard-faced wit.

Let us begin down in the Northeast, with the snow-wreathed pine forests of Maine. It is painful to realize that even sixty years ago the procuring of forbidden liquids was already matter of mirth among the pines. But so it was, as the following tale bears witness: On a wintry night a few years since, says the narrator, I was riding through the little town of Lowell, Maine. My route lay along upon a high ridge of land between the Cold Stream Pond and Passadumkeag stream. The large full moon was just rising in the horizon, looking larger than ever. The sleighing was excellent and my horse, as if charmed by the scene, was trotting off at a brisk rate when from some cause he suddenly stopped. On looking for it I discovered a horse and sleigh driverless. In the sleigh was a mysterious-looking keg, sole master of the premises, and upon looking for the driver I found that individual by the roadside—the keg was evidently master of him as of the sleigh. He was muttering something to himself about a "thundering cold fire" and blaming an imaginary John for not "putting on more wood." Coming nearer to him, I found that he was sitting upon the snow, his feet through the fence, warming them at the moon.

To New Hampshire I find, with what truth I know not, the following tale assigned. This is the one I fancy began life on the banks of the Nile, yet here we find it acclimated by the Hoosatonic. At a recent trial, we are told, the defendant, who was not familiar with the multitude of words which the law employs to make a very trifling charge, after listening awhile to the reading of the indictment, jumped up and said:

"Them 'ere allegations is false and that 'ere alligator knows it!"

Here is a yarn, a little more ambitious, which seeks to render illustrious the mental vigor of the Vermonter. A few weeks since, says the tale, a tall, awkward-looking chap, just from the green mountains of Vermont, came on board one of the North River boats at Albany. His curiosity was amazingly excited at once and he commenced "peeking," as he called it, into every nook and corner of the boat. The captain's office, the engine-room, the barber-shop all underwent his inspection; and then he went on deck and stood in amazement at the lever beam, the chimneys, and various "fixin's" till at last he caught sight of the bell. This was the crowning wonder, and he viewed it from every position, walked around it, got down on his knees and looked up into it, and exclaimed:

"Wall, r'ally, this beats the bell on our meetin'-house a darned sight."

By this time the attention of the captain and several of the passengers was attracted to this genius.

"How much would you ask to let a feller ring this bell?"

"You may ring it for a dollar, sir," said the captain.

"Wal, it's a bargain, all fair and agreed, and no backing out?"

"It's a bargain, sir," said the captain.

Our hero went deliberately and brought a seat and took hold of the bell-rope, and, having arranged everything to his satisfaction, commenced ringing slowly at first and gradually faster and faster till everybody on board thought the boat on fire and rushed on deck screaming with alarm.

The passengers began to expostulate. The captain said it was a bargain. But the passengers became urgent that the eternal clangor should be stopped. All the while there sat our hero undisturbed, ringing away more ways than a cockney chime-ringer ever thought of. At last the captain began to think it time to stop the simpleton, but his answer was:

"A fair bargain and no backing out!" And he rang away for dear life.

"Well," says the captain, "what will you take to stop?"

"Wal, cap'n, I guess I shean't lose nothing if I take five dollars and a free passage to New York, but not a darned cent less!"

"Well, walk down to the office and get your money and passage-ticket," said the captain, which is why even in those days there ran a saying, "Look out for the young man from Vermont."

From the Bay State and Cape Cod comes this contribution: The story runs that on a certain occasion an old gentleman invited a sea captain, a jolly, weather-beaten tar of his acquaintance, to dine with him. They sat down to dinner, and the old gentleman, according to custom, commenced saying grace; but the captain, whose attention had been diverted for the moment, hearing the old gentleman speak, thought he was addressing him, and turning to him said:

"What did you say, Squire?"

"Why, damn it, man, I'm saying grace!"

Now I am going to try an experiment. Often, it seems to me, in our journals of mirth, as well as in those of other lands, there is too much preliminary explanation and too little joke. For my own part, I make a practice of skipping the landscapes in the prologue and getting on to the dialogue. This, then, is my experiment: I am going to tell half a dozen tales without their prefaces, rushing, as Dan Horace counsels, straight into "the middle things." Here goes:

"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth," said the Quaker maiden; "I have greatly feared that my heart was an erring one. I have tried to bestow my love on all, but I may have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thee was getting rather more than thy share."

Here is another: "How comes it, you rascal, that these boots are not of the same length?" "I really don't know, sir, but what bothers me most is that the pair down-stairs are in the same fix."

Yet another: "Wanted: A bulldog of respectable size and bad disposition who can come when called with a raw beefsteak and will bite the man who spits tobacco juice on the stove and steals the exchanges!"

"My dear boy"—this is another tale—"I am ninety-five years old!" "Well, it appears to me you are darned small of your age!"

Here is yet another, copyrighted, as I have said, in the Southern District Court of New York in the year 1854. Let us hope this authentic revelation of its age will cause a twinge in the conscience of a famed English dramatist: "Take care of the paint! as the city gals say ven a feller goes to kiss 'em."

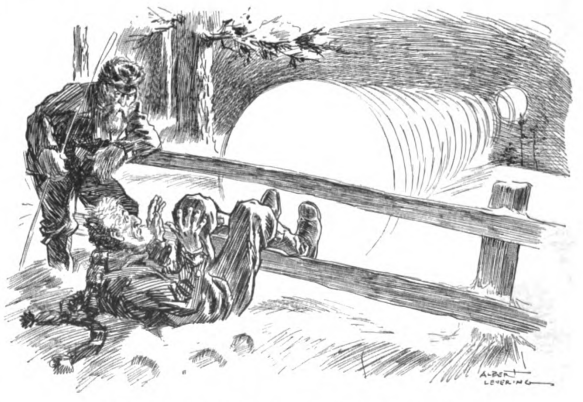
Here again is a little gem which would only suffer from a wordy introduction: "Cut it short, Parson, cut it short! The cows are in the garden playing hell with the cabbages!"

In the early fifties the sons and daughters of the Fatherland were already beginning to increase and multiply in our land. Here is a little story in their honor from which, in pursuance of my plan, I have detached the preface:

"Sohn, mine sohn, come here and I vill tell you a leetle shtory. Now, mine sohn, shall it be a drue shtory or a make-believe? You like a drue shtory? Vell, there vas vonce a goot, nice old shentleman shoost like me, and he had a dirty leetle boy shoost like you. And von day he heard him shwearing like a young villain as he vas. So he vent to de corner and he took der dirty leedle plackguard py de collar dis vay, you see, and volloped him shoost so; and den, mine tear sohn, he bull his ears dis vay and dells him to go to bett without his sopper shoost as you vill dis evening!"

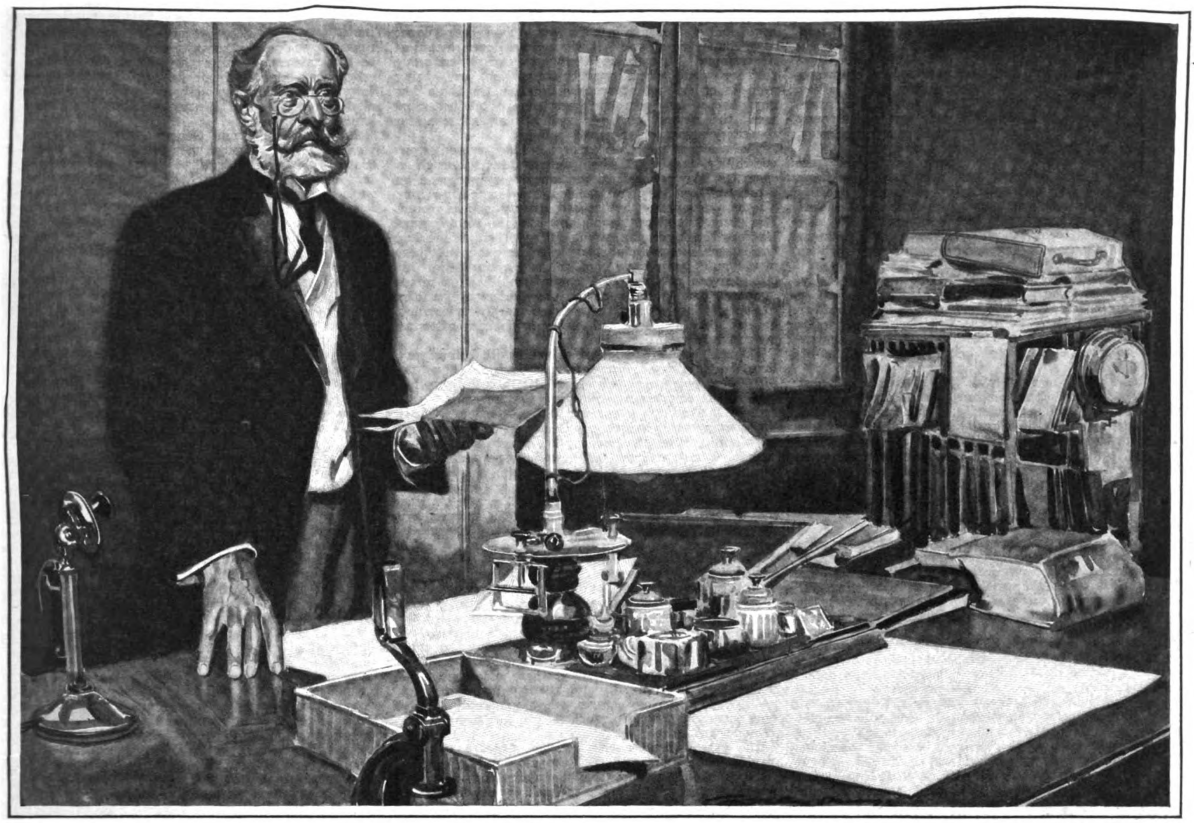
I am admonished that I have so far said nothing of the great and enlightened State which lies immediateley west of the Palisades. Let this apt allusion serve, which is drawn from a book of lay sermons printed in 1853:

"Why, you seem to think," says the exhorter, "I preach just to amuse you and poke fun into serious matters, but it's no such thing. Whatever I say contains a moral, and if you don't profit by it the fault is all on your side and the misfortune on mine. The fact is, if you don't make more inside improvement, I shall go straight over to Jersey and preach to the heathens!"



Muttering something about "a thundering cold fire"

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FIRST AID FOR LAZARUS

The New Science of Almsgiving and the Training Required of Those who Direct Our Charities To-day

BY CROMWELL CHILDE

DRAWING BY F. VAUX WILSON

ON a stage in an assembly-hall in a big American city, one evening within the past year, a dozen to twenty fashionable young men and women presented a series of beautifully staged Austin Dobson "Dialogues." The old-time French costumes so pleased the audience that as the final curtain came down a hasty message was sent around to the "green room" for the players not to change their costumes, but to appear at the dance that was the second part of the programme just as they were. They consented, and for the rest of the evening marquis and marquise, valet and waiting-maid were the central figures.

A grizzled, keen old banker was introduced before the night was over to one of the "stars," a graceful, magnetic young man who looked exceptionally well in courtier's costume and seemed to bear his honors as a matter of course. There was something familiar to the banker about this young man's name, and then he remembered he had heard of him as one of the very popular beaux of the day. The banker was so taken with the personality of the youth that he contrived to have more than one brief talk with him.

"Dorothy," he said to his pretty daughter, as they rode home in their car, "what does that young man—Poundworth, you know—do? It's a long while since I've seen any young fellow that's impressed me so. I'd like to have him in my office."

"Why," said Dorothy, "he's the new secretary of the Charities Aid. He was in Yale with Cousin Harry and afterward took a course in a school of philanthropy somewhere . . ."

"Nonsense!" put in the banker. "Men of that sort don't go in for that kind of work at all. You must be mistaken, my dear."

"Indeed, I'm not," answered Miss Dorothy. "He certainly is the new secretary. They had to make a hard fight to get him, and increase the salary ever so much. Jennie Smith told me about it. She ought to know, for her father's on the board. Two charity societies out West wanted him, and they all bid against one another. He's getting eight thousand here. Oh, and he's a splendid dancer, let me tell you."

It happened a day or so later that the banker met Smith of the Charities Aid Board at lunch. Young Poundworth was uppermost in the banker's mind. He began to ask some questions. While well informed in many lines, he had never gone very deeply into modern practical social science and charity organization management. He was surprised at what he learned.

"Yes," said Smith, "that's right about Poundworth. He's a 'find.' He's a clever lad, too—knows his value to the fraction of a dollar, and is as practical as they make 'em. We never paid more than four thousand a year for a man for that position before, and we're paying him eight. Why? Because, Bondson, the charity organization of to-day, big or little, in any city or town—and when I say 'charity organization' I mean any society that has to do with philanthropic work, the reconstruction of human beings, the bettering of conditions for children, housing conditions, whatever you will—has come to be a business proposition. It's got to be handled by experts who know and have executive ability, just the same as if it were a factory. It's a question of the careful spending of thousands of dollars. And let me tell you, Bondson, the men and women that can turn the trick are hard to get.

"We had to find a man who 'measured up.' There were only four men in the country that we could discover who did. Three of them had' positions just as good, and couldn't be tempted away. Young Poundworth knew the conditions and he simply made us pay. But I tell you he's worth every cent of what he's getting.

"Probably you—like a thousand others who are good to us and contribute when we ask—have no idea that within the past few years philanthropy, the actual management of the big charity movement of America in all its phases, has grown into a distinct profession. Skilled executives and trained subordinates have become necessary in it like everything else. There is so much money to be spent that it has to be spent wisely. You wouldn't take anybody into your banking-house unless he had ability in your particular line of work. I wouldn't put a man on my dry-goods staff that didn't seem adapted. It's the same way with every sort of charity organization now. There are schools of philanthropy to train men and women for the work. Charity in its various fields has become so specialized that it would be exactly as sensible to take an untrained young man out of the street and make him one of the engineers of a big railroad as to put the ordinary, not directly qualified man or woman into one of our organizations."

"But a man of the personality, the magnetism of young Poundworth," began the banker, "a high-class business man of good family connections—"

"Those are the sort of men and women we are looking for and must have," answered the director. "They are steadily in demand, and they are so effective that it makes very little difference how much we pay them. The only trouble is that the supply of the really good ones is so limited and the demand has increased so enormously that in every section of the country we who are interested in the work of modern applied philanthropy don't know which way to turn."

It might be called the problem of the Poundworth and the Miss Poundworth, too, for, if everywhere in America young men of thirty or thereabouts who have special skill and knowledge in the handling of charity appropriations are urgently needed, there is precisely as great a demand for able young women who can adequately fill secretarial positions, go on investigations that need experienced eyes and well-ordered minds, and make clear reports on complicated topics. The schools of philanthropy over the country are turning out such men and women by the score, but not enough for the constantly growing market. Naturally many graduated from such institutions—New York and Chicago have the two big technical schools of this sort—do not prove to have the practical ability, though they are well informed on theory. The situation to-day is a curious one and has been much commented upon. Over the country there are constantly at least a couple of hundred good positions in the expert philanthropy field that cannot be filled. Probably there are many more than that. In the case of men these positions are worth from $2,000 up to almost any figure, in the case of women from $1,000 to $1,800, and here and there even higher. The positions cannot be filled because there are too few really competent men and women in this new science of spending money to help the poor.

It is only a few months ago that a dramatic search was made for one of these Poundworths. The scene was one of the great philanthropic conferences of the country. There are many of these held throughout America each year. As a general thing they get very little mention in the newspapers. The managing editors purse their lips and say that they are dull. Yet social science is yearly made in them, despite the fact that the mill always grinds slowly and laboriously in streams of "papers" and long, complicated discussions. This conference was in a large town in the Middle West. It was a conference of nation-wide importance in its especial field of philanthropy. From everywhere delegates and experts were gathered, many of them young. In addition, there were several score of others, men and women who were quite evidently not in this profession, but showed that they had its interests at heart—prosperous, substantial-looking people, plainly large contributors to and board directors of the movement in one town or another.

Conferences like these are multiplying these days.

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They cover every known branch and specialty of modern philanthropy. In them is traced each year the advance of many movements—the development of housing reform, child labor, prison reform, improvement of social conditions, the beautification of cities, the prevention of tuberculosis, welfare work in manufacturing plants and stores, the employment of young girls, safety devices and the guarding of machinery, playgrounds, labor legislation, and yet others.

Among the people at this special conference were several men from a city at least a day's journey away. All were of middle age, noticeably of executive ability and without a question men of multifarious affairs. One of the conferees, a big business man of the city in which this technical convention was held, knew them, and at the opening session came over with an enthusiastic greeting.

"Glad to see you," he said. "Welcome to our city, and many of them. Put you up at the club, all of you. But how do you happen to be here? How can you spare the time, with the brisk way business is running now? It's a squeeze for me, and I'm managing to give a couple of hours a day to the office."

"That's so, Finlay," said the biggest and most executive-looking of the visitors, the natural leader of the group. "You're perfectly right, and we don't wonder you wonder. We really haven't the time to be here. But we're up against it. When a man gets into a thing he's got to make good. As you know, we're on the board of our town. Our society's been jumping ahead wonderfully. The work has grown, and we've got to have a new executive secretary right away. We're here to get him. The board appointed us a special committee.

"Now the man we want is probably here in this conference. He may not be, of course, though that is rather unlikely. At any rate, we shall hear of him here. If it takes the whole week we shall find our man. We propose to be at every session, to talk with everybody, to get the exact situation up to the moment.

"You know as well as I, Finlay," the big man went on, "for you're in exactly the same position, that in a charity organization to-day a board of directors or trustees no longer does all the work, with a lot of cheap and half-baked people to carry out orders. Very frequently it does not do even the initial planning. The job is too big for it to tackle in that way. There is too much money to be spent, too much detail that's got to be worked out accurately. Some one, well paid and with authority, must be in charge. He must know more about this special business than we do. Our organization's got so far that we shall make every effort to get the best man in the country. None of us care particularly what money we pay, if we only get the right man."

The visiting business men worked as hard in that conference the next few days as if they had a million-dollar deal to put through. They were at every session and met the big men and women of the movement every morning, noon, and night, whenever they could find a chance to talk to them. They heard paper after paper read, and sat through a dozen technical discussions. They studied that branch of philanthropy as they would their own business line, and, being used to quick and accurate estimation, in these few days had a very complete knowledge of methods and men, the newest methods and the ablest men for the carrying-out of approved policies.

The visitors got their expert. They passed every possibility, as they came across him, through a sieve, as it were, and at last unanimously agreed on a man. When they had decided, they went after him. The man was young, but he had already made a record. The shrewd business people saw that he would grow. He was the kind of a young fellow whom, if he had had special commercial knowledge, any one of these men would have been glad to have secured for his own private affairs. The committee did not mince matters. They were much too practical men of affairs for that. They offered their choice exactly twice what he had been getting, and closed with him after an hour of informal discussion.

There is no knowing what salaries will, before very long, be paid to the experts at the top. Thus far $10,000 a year seems to be the limit, and very few men in the country are receiving that, though $7,000 and $8,000 is fairly common. This, however, is fully three times what was paid even a very few years ago. It is well within the memory of directors sitting on boards of to-day when $3,000 was a large sum to pay even the best men. A few years ago a woman in charity work was fortunate and greatly envied if her weekly stipend amounted to over $15 a week. Now the women of really good ability get $50 or over, and $30 a week is a very moderate sum to pay if capacity be considered.

The whole point of view has changed. The scene has shifted. Charity work in 1913 is not the well-meant but unscientific philanthropy of even a few years ago, and the people who are administering it under the eye of the rich men and women are not the people of a generation back. They are not even their descendants. They are of a different race and type, and, except here and there, the older sort have gone. The searchlight of fact showed these older men and women, who undoubtedly did their painstaking best, to be costly, useless figures who knew nothing and were generally "fitted into" their jobs through pity or some influence.

That the difference between the old and the new may be more plain and that the remarkable progress of modern philanthropy may be pictured vividly and practically, let this story step back twenty-five years.

In 1885 Uncle George failed. Uncle George was the one well-meaning commercial ne'er-do-well of a large family connection of able, prosperous men. He had a talent for doing wrong in business. Of dignified, courtly appearance, with a well-trimmed brown beard streaked with gray, he was outwardly the *beau ideal* of the American merchant. As an executive in full charge Uncle George, in time, would have unfailingly wrecked the Bank of England or any other stable institution. As a subordinate he could be depended upon to make the most serious mistakes with the best intentions. Four or five times his relatives had established him in business and exerted themselves to push trade his way, only to see each effort gradually crumple up and the assets they had contributed vanish.

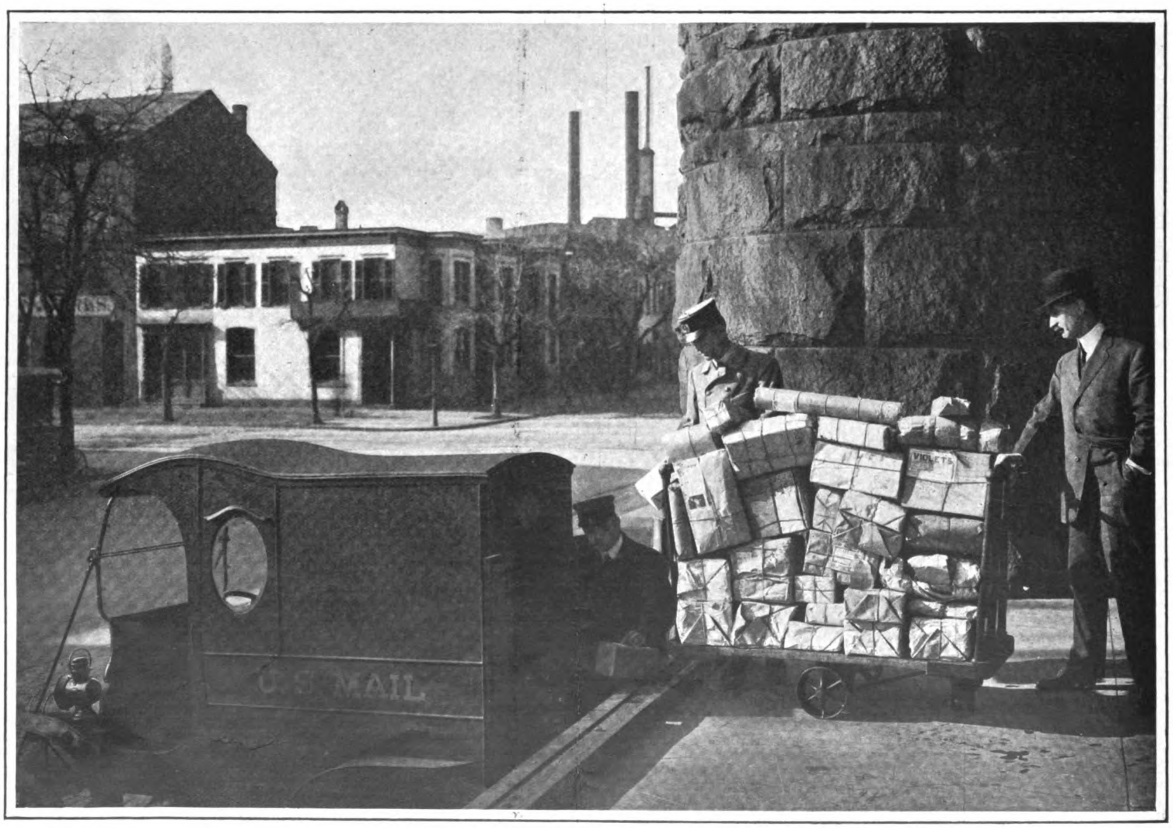
At this time Uncle George was close upon fifty years of age. Every member of the family—the brothers, brothers-in-laws, nephews, and cousins—liked him immensely. He was an honored guest at any of their houses of an evening. Not one of these men, however, would think of employing him in his store or office, not one would recommend him to a friend. And, remembering their dollars that time and again had slipped away, no one was willing to finance Uncle George any more.

The question was, none the less, urgent and vital. What should be done with George? He and his immediate household must be supported. At the moment, as many times before, there was no money left. The dignified middle-aged man and his family could not live upon air. It would have been against the family principles to have simply combined and furnished the Georges with an income, as they were well able to do, and the "failure" would have suffered lamentably if that had been suggested. There was a family conference over the problem.

In the midst of this, William, the eldest of the brothers and brothers-in-law suddenly clapped his hand on his knee. "Foolish of us not to have thought of it before," he said. "I guess this fixes it. Tom Simmons, you know, is president of the Indigent Men's Society this year. Both you and I, James, contributed pretty well in February, when he told us he wanted to make a financial record. He'll do something for George in there. Not much salary, but he can scrape along with it. Come to think of it, Tom said the other day that their old assistant manager had just died. I'll see him to-morrow morning."

Tom Simmons had found more than one profitable contract coming his way through William's friendship, and others were in prospect. Under such circumstances George went in with flying colors. He knew nothing whatever of charity work, but nobody gave a thought to that. If it had not been he it would have been some other man who knew just as little. Nobody ever thought of such a thing as charity experts then. And it must be said that, behind the assistant manager's desk, Uncle George did make a dignified and distinguished figure. His courtliness was much admired by the board who, within a week, took his opinion religiously, whereas they would not have listened to his views upon any of their own business affairs.

The salary was only $1,800, but the place was a haven of rest for the business-beaten and broken man. With much suavity and impressiveness he filled the post and decided numberless important questions, besides having much say as to the expenditure of some thousands of dollars annually, until the day of his death, five years later.



THE PARCELS POST IN OPERATION

THE FIRST OF THE YEAR SAW THE LONG-AWAITED PARCELS POST IN ACTUAL OPERATION. THIS PHOTOGRAPH (TAKEN AT WASHINGTON, D. C.) SHOWS HOW UNCLE SAM'S PATRONS ARE TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE NEW SERVICE

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LINKING UP THE BRITISH EMPIRE

Canada's Proposed Contribution of three Dreadnoughts to the Imperial Navy has brought to the fore the Question of Imperial Federation

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

IF Mr. Taft was right in saying last year that Canada stood at "the parting of the ways," there cannot be much doubt which road she has decided to take. In 1911 she refused—in my judgment, foolishly refused—an offer of commercial reciprocity with the United States. In 1912, unanimously and amid every token of patriotic enthusiasm, she has voted $35,000,000 for the purpose of contributing three Dreadnoughts to the sea power of the British Empire. These are both striking events and the temptation to connect them is well-nigh irresistible. But it is a temptation that ought to be withstood. There is no real sequence of cause and effect between the rejection of the Reciprocity Treaty and the assumption of part of the burden of Imperial defense. Canada would undoubtedly have developed a naval policy of her own even if Sir Wilfrid Laurier had won the general election and the commercial relations between Canada and the United States had entered on the intimacy which both he and President Taft desired for them.

It might not and perhaps would not have taken the precise form to which Mr. Borden committed himself in his memorable speech of December 5th. But that Canada has for many years past been maturing a resolve to bear her share in the expense of maintaining British supremacy at sea and that this resolve would in any case have come to a head very shortly are facts that are beyond question. Moreover, it is to be noted that while the question of a closer fiscal union with the United States was a bitter party issue in Canada, there is no division whatever on the general principle of Canadian participation in the business of strengthening British sea power. The Liberals at Ottawa do not criticize the spirit, but only the form, of Mr. Borden's proposals. Their object is to make the Canadian offer of three Dreadnoughts even more complete by providing that Canada shall not only furnish the money for the ships, but the men to man them, and shall also shoulder the expense of maintaining them. They look forward, in short, to Anglo-Canadian cooperation in naval preparations on a partnership rather than a contributory basis. This, it will be seen, is not a curtailment but an extension of Mr. Borden's programme, and it shows the extraordinary acceptance which the idea of supporting the maritime predominance of the mother country has won among all classes of Canadians. It is an idea that, so far as one can see, is destined to work and to bear fruit whatever the commercial relations between the Dominion and its southern neighbor. With or without Canadian-American reciprocity, with or without a system of fiscal preference inside the Empire, nothing can prevent the vast bulk of Canadian trade from lying with the United States. But if trade sometimes follows the flag it is by no means inevitable that the flag should follow trade. There is no reason, in other words, why Canada should not continue indefinitely as she is to-day, with most of her material interests tending in one direction and her sentimental and political interests and sympathies tending in another; and the notion which has been propagated in certain American papers that Mr. Borden's speech was in any sense an "answer" to President Taft's reciprocity proposals, or represented a choice between two conflicting policies or was either directly or indirectly inimical to American interests, has, in my belief, no foundation at all.

The true and the sufficient reasons for the Canadian initiative are to be found in the elementary facts of the naval situation created by the prodigious growth of German sea power. Fourteen years ago Germany had a navy of nine battle-ships, two large cruisers, twenty-eight small cruisers, and twenty-five thousand men, and her estimates amounted to no more than $30,000,000. Eight years hence, when her present programme is completed, she will have forty-one battleships, twenty large cruisers, forty small cruisers, and over one hundred thousand men, and her estimates will exceed $110,000,000. The efficiency, preparedness, and concentration of this force within a few hours' steaming of the British coast have compelled Great Britain to recall the ships that used to fly the white ensign on all the waters of the world and to mass the great bulk of her strength in the North Sea. Ten years ago she kept 160 men-of-war on foreign and colonial stations; to-day there are only 76; and in the mean time the British naval estimates have increased from $150,000,000 to $220,000,000. The British flag, which at the beginning of the century was predominant in every ocean, is now predominant only in the North Sea; it is to be seen no longer on either the Atlantic or the Pacific coast of Canada; it has ceased to be supreme in the Mediterranean; and many trade routes that are vital to the Empire's continued existence have been left perforce inadequately defended. To round off the picture one must remember that hitherto Great Britain has borne practically the whole burden of Imperial defense and that the strain of coping with the new conditions is beginning to tell even on her vast accumulations of wealth. One must remember, too, that everything she has and is, her very life and Empire, depend on her capacity to maintain the command of the sea; that a naval defeat would not merely damage, but would absolutely destroy her; and that all her dependencies and possessions, in that event, would be cut adrift and would lie open to absorption or attack by other powers. Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that the self-governing dominions, such as Canada, Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand, should be bethinking themselves of how best to assure that naval ascendency on which rests the whole existence of the Empire and of every unit in it. New Zealand has already presented a Dreadnought unconditionally to the British navy; Australia has taken steps to establish a local navy under her own control and manned and maintained by her own people; the Malay States have pledged themselves to a first-class battle-ship; the Indian Princes have a similar or a larger gift under consideration; South Africa is likewise meditating an offer of naval aid; and Canada has now agreed to find the money for three Dreadnoughts to be built in British yards and to be placed at the free disposal of the British Admiralty, subject only to the condition that if at any time the Canadian Government decides to form a Canadian unit of the British navy the three ships may be recalled to Canadian waters—in which case their maintenance would properly fall on the Canadian people.

But perhaps the most important feature in this memorable transaction is the *quid pro quo* that Canada is to receive. She is to be given a voice in controlling and molding British foreign policy; and she is to be given it by having a Canadian representative made a permanent member of the Committee of Imperial Defense. This committee is one of those effective and irregular institutions in which the British governmental system abounds. It is unknown to the Constitution, like a good many other authorities that none the less make the Constitution a working reality; it was called into being without the sanction or knowledge of either Parliament or the electorate; it deliberates altogether in secret and the average man scarcely gives it a thought from one year end to another; yet it is one of the busiest and most interesting and may in time become one of the most potent bodies in the whole range of officialdom. Lord Salisbury laid its foundations by gathering into a committee some representatives of the War Office and the Admiralty for the purpose of working out problems of strategy and reporting on them to the Prime Minister. Mr. Balfour, perceiving its utility, made it a permanent committee and gave it not only its present name, but offices and a secretariat. Under Mr. Asquith it has greatly extended its activities, but without exceeding the mandate originally given to it. It is in no sense an executive committee; its functions are purely advisory; and the Prime Minister has the power to prescribe its membership as he pleases and to place on it any expert whose presence he considers to be advantageous. Besides the Premier there are only two other permanent members, but a normal meeting of the committee would probably include the War Secretary, the Foreign Secretary, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the Secretary for India.

Through a variety of sub-committees appointed as occasions arise, the government is thus able to commandeer the best brains in the army and navy, to concentrate them on any and every problem of a strategic and scientific character, and in this way to keep strategy and policy in close and constant touch. It is the business of the committee, in short, to coordinate and advise the Cabinet in regard to the naval and military plans and preparations that are needed or that may be needed to enforce a given policy. Thus no decision in matters of foreign policy is taken without its naval and military bearings being fully discussed in the committee and without the opinions of the committee necessarily carrying great weight with the Cabinet. Although an entirely irresponsible body in the sense that it is uncontrolled by Parliament and that the general public is never informed when it meets or of whom it is composed or what decisions it arrives at, the Committee of Imperial Defense, it will be seen, is in this way possessed of a very great authority. It is on this body that a representative of the Canadian government is to sit as a permanent member. Representatives of the other self-governing dominions will doubtless be admitted to its membership as time goes on, and the result will be that the whole Empire will be consulted before any important step is taken in the domain of foreign policy. That being so, it is an interesting speculation whether the composition and secrecy and freedom and flexibility of the committee can remain as they now are or whether it will not have to be endowed with a more regular status and personnel. That, however, is a minor and a wholly British affair and one for the future to settle. The important thing, and the thing that concerns the entire world, is that in the Committee of Imperial Defense on which delegates from the dominions will be sitting not as strategical experts, but as representatives of their respective governments, there is the germ, and something more than the germ, of a British Empire Cabinet.

One is so used to speaking of the British Empire as a single whole that one forgets that it is really neither single nor whole. Two distinct empires are, as a matter of fact, comprised in it. One of them corresponds to the old Roman idea of a great central state, ruling with absolute, if benignant, despotism a vast number of varied and scattered dependencies. The other, and this the one most vital to the future of the race, corresponds to nothing that has ever existed. If you look at the relations that obtain between Great Britain, on the one hand, and India or the Malay States or any of the Crown colonies, on the other, you feel yourself in the presence of an organized system. But if you look at the relations that obtain between Great Britain and Canada or Australia or South Africa or New Zealand, you feel yourself in the presence of no system at all. The Empire in this latter aspect presents itself as a haphazard congeries of states, three-quarters independent, and linked neither to one another nor to the mother land by any but the most casual and decorative bonds. There is, indeed, the silken thread of the Crown running through them all; and there are the even stronger ties knit by a common tongue and faith and a common standard of civilization and an almost identical form of government. But there is next to no unity of defense, no policy of commercial preference, no machinery for co-operative action, no visible organic unity. It is an Empire in feeling, but not in fact. The self-governing dominions, almost without exception, tax British goods as they tax the goods of foreigners. Great Britain shoulders almost the whole burden of Imperial defense both in men and money. The relations between the autonomous and the despotically governed portions of the Empire are guided by no settled principle of deference to Imperial interests. South Africa maltreats Indian immigrants, Australia and British Columbia exclude and incense the Japanese without a thought of how such action may affect the wider issues of Imperial policy. Among all the political phenomena that the world has witnessed the British Empire, indeed, is unique—unique in its anomalies, its contradictions, its innumerable confusions, its consciousness of an underlying sentiment of unity.

One of the great difficulties in giving to the Empire a coherence and symmetry and effectiveness it does not now possess is that the last thing the self-governing dominions desire is any multiplication of official ties, and as they develop and prosper, evolving a national consciousness and a national tradition of their own their feeling of dependence upon Great Britain dwindles and their determination to carve out their future in their own way becomes more firmly fixed. All this, I think, is destined to make a final end of the old idea of calling in the representative principle as a solution of the problem of Empire. The notion of an Imperial Council, a sort of Parliament of the Empire, legislating on such affairs as are common to each portion of it, is now in my judgment exploded. At the same time it is clear that if the Empire is ever to act as an effective unit some better means must be found by which its various parts can be kept in touch and consult with one another than a quadrennial Imperial conference sitting for three or four weeks and grappling with a host of stupendous problems that are thrust upon it with a wholly inadequate preparation. What seems to be needed is some perpetual Imperial bureau, composed of representatives from the dominions as well as from the mother country, collecting all the necessary information and data in regard to Imperial problems, and suggesting policies which it will be for the separate legislatures to accept or reject.

There are, however, many other roads to federation besides this one of politics and machinery. There is, for instance, the road of trade. I take it to be one of the centainties of the future that the Empire will eventually be linked by a series of reciprocity agreements admitting British manufactures into the markets of the dominions, and the products and raw material of the dominions into the British market, at preferential rates. Then, too, there is the pathway of Imperial defense along which a certain advance had been made before Canada voted her three Dreadnoughts. That the military forces of the Empire will in the long run be armed and organized on uniform principles, and that the dominions will take a settled and permanent share in providing for the naval defense of the Empire, are matters that admit of very little question. Much, too, might be done for the organized provision of information as to markets, commodities, and modes of manufacture throughout the Empire. Commercial legislation, patents, copyright, trade-marks, naturalization, the appointment and activities of consuls, post and cable services and communications, shipping services and dues and routes, the currency, weights and measures, and emigration, are all problems that lend themselves to a more or less uniform treatment. Cecil Rhodes, again, grasped the importance of making England the educational center of the Empire, and the idea behind his famous bequest has not yet by any means been worked out to its fullest capacity. It is quite possible, too, that an Imperial Civil Service will ultimately be evolved and that Canadians, Australians, South Africans, and New Zealanders will share with Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen, and on equal terms, in the administration of India, Egypt, the Malay States, and the other dependencies. Along all these lines thought is active. The average Englishman's conception of the Empire may not go far beyond a vague pride of ownership, but that pride of ownership is sufficient to make him genuinely Imperial. There is a quite distinct consciousness, for instance, in all classes of British society that the Imperial conferences, when the leaders of the self-governing daughter nations meet for consultation under the family roof-tree, are a spectacle unparalleled in history. If the knowledge of the precise problems they assemble to deal with is capricious and slight, all Englishmen are, at any rate, at one in recognizing their transcendent importance; all feel that there is no such question in the whole sphere of British politics as this of drawing tighter the bonds of Empire, and all agree that Imperial consolidation is the master issue before the British peoples.

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WHERE PROBATION FAILS

BY JOHN J. FRESCHI

City Magistrate of the City of New York

DRAWINGS BY M. L BLUMENTHAL



WHAT would you say of a truly conscientious parent who threatened dire punishment to a child if it did not keep its face and hands clean, and then, having delivered this warning, neglected to furnish the necessary soap and towels?

Does this strike you as a puerile question?

Consider, then, the probation system in our courts. Obviously the prime intent of probation is paternal. It is based on the sound theory that where there is the slightest hope of reforming a transgressor it were better to admonish than to punish. In such cases, where sentence is suspended, the law is the conscientious parent and the probationer the erring child.

In common with the general public I long regarded the probation system as the acme of benevolent measures of correction. Thus the court admonishes the offender: "You have offended, but there is hope for you. You will be given a chance to mend your ways. Do not transgress again or you will be punished. Regard this as a lesson."

Having applied and observed the working out of the system from the bench in many cases, I have perforce modified my views. Experience, the best teacher of all, has tempered my admiration. We have heard much of the tremendous successes of probation, but we do not hear of the innumerable cases in which it fails; and, so far as I know, none of the truly earnest enthusiasts seem to have discerned, or at least to have pointed out, the one vital weakness of the probation system—the weak link, as it were.

That weak link is that the paternal law, saying to the transgressor, "Henceforth be clean," fails to see that the moral soap and towels are supplied. Probation has met with gratifying success in spite of its weak link, and this is a glorious vindication of the theory itself. In countless cases where it failed it might have succeeded. My experience has been that where that weak link is strengthened the failures are practically nil. They occur only in the few cases in which probation would be ineffectual in any event.

Lest the subject lack interest to the righteous citizen, let me point out that the lessons to be drawn from the failures of legal probation have a far wider, more personal application than appears off-hand. There is no relationship in life, no stratum in society, no home, from the cottage to the palace, in which probation, under whatever name, does not play a part in our daily life. Says the father to the child, "If you throw any more stones I shall whip you"; says the wife to the husband, "Unless you stop drinking I shall leave you"; says the mistress to the servant, "If you break more dishes I shall discharge you"; says the doctor, "Unless you alter your habits you will die," and so on *ad infinitum*. As long as we live we cannot escape admonition, which is simply another name for probation. Probation fails in private life for exactly the same reasons as those which cause it to fail in the courts. And here is thought for the world at large: that no transgressor is haled before the courts but who, times without number, has been placed on probation—given another chance—by relatives or well-wishers. Almost invariably when the warning is passed we feel that our duty is done; we do not try to improve or abolish the conditions which inspired or indirectly caused the transgression. It is so in the home; it is so in the courts of law. To be sure, the court will never be able personally to improve conditions about the probationer; but it could, and should, and must—if it would make probation an unqualified success—see to it that conditions are improved by those friends in whose charge the transgressor is placed.

In almost every case that has come before me the complainants needed as much or more to be placed on probation than the offenders against whom they complained. Let me give you a concrete illustration.

Before me was brought a pretty girl of about eighteen, charged by her parents with incorrigibility. The girl had previously been placed on probation by me. Briefly, this was the history:

The girl, a stenographer, had been in the habit of attending dances and sociables, to which her mother had no particular objection. But, coming home late in the evening, it had been her practice to take her escorts into the general hallway of the apartment house, turn out the gas light, and then in the darkness sit on the steps for an hour at a time. The neighbors, scandalized, told the mother. Her advice and finally her threats to the girl had been unavailing. Then, in what she conceived to be her duty, she had taken her before a magistrate to have her *scared* into tractability.



They were intent upon saving him from damnation

And now the girl was before me for breaking her parole. The mother told how she had discovered the girl was deceitful, lying, hypocritical—ominous indexes, she held, of what might be expected unless a halt was called. The daughter was entertaining young men on dark corners! The girl was timid and had nothing to say for herself. I lectured her on the dangers of her course, of her duty to her mother, and finally explained that I could commit her to a reformatory for three years. She was tearfully penitent and promised to obey her mother—and meant to, I was sure.

"Remember," I said, continuing her on probation, "from now on entertain your friends at home."

It was but a short time after that the mother in an anguish of fear had the girl before me again. The daughter had not only broken her promise, but was sinking lower! Pretending to call on girl friends, she had been meeting a young man in the back rooms of cafés, and had even called upon him.

There was no charge that this girl had taken the fatal step; indeed, one had only to talk to her to feel that she was not viciously inclined.

Although the mother was in terror for her daughter, she wanted her given another chance on probation. She wanted me to scare her again, although she had been scared before without effect.

Before I would agree to this I ordered an investigation of the home life of the girl. Although the mother was obviously respectable and conscientious, one remark of the girl had set me thinking: "I'm ashamed to have company at home!"

Thus I got to the kernel of the whole affair. The father of the girl, I learned, was a drinking man who in his cups was quarrelsome and profane. In the congested apartment the incessant fusses between the parents could be heard distinctly in the parlor. It was the father's practice to stalk into the room and order visitors to leave, or else stand in the hall and make insulting comments. The mother, because of the strain she was under, was also irritable, discouraged visitors, and made things generally uncomfortable for them when they came.

Do you see why probation failed in this instance? Here was a girl at an age when all normal girls crave the attentions of the opposite sex. To have admirers was her inherent right—a right that was resistless, immutable, because based on a primal instinct. No man-made laws, no preaching, no threatening, will ever successfully combat normal instincts. We can direct such instincts into wholesome channels, but any measure that takes direct issue is foreordained to failure. That is what these parents had attempted. Granted that the girl's actions needed correction, they went about it improperly.

The parents were responsible for the dereliction of that girl from the very beginning. She had first entertained her escorts in the dark hall, because her home was unpleasant. Then, after she had been placed on probation, the parents had failed to better conditions—the conditions which first drove her out; in fact, had made things even more uncomfortable. Then she had sought the corners in answer to that primal instinct, and finally had sought—or been driven—to find escape from interference in cafés and a man's apartments.

I tried an experiment in that case, being assisted by a lady engaged in practical benevolent work. She was at the head of a boarding-home for self-supporting women. The girl was placed on probation in her charge. She was to have absolute freedom to come and go so long as she merited it, and was to be allowed

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to entertain respectable young men without being spied upon.

The reports were transcendently gratifying. The girl more than vindicated our optimism. Everybody loved and trusted her. She was affectionate, truthful, self-respecting. Indeed, long before the probation period was out this benevolent lady came to me with tears in her eyes. She had a favor to ask. Might the young probationer be married? Why was she tearful? I asked. Was there anything wrong; was marriage necessary?

The lady grew highly indignant. Wrong! No, indeed! The idea! He was a fine young man—a desirable husband in every way. She was crying because they all would miss the girl so much at the home.

This case convinced me that, instead of simply warning the errant ones that they must be good, the courts should pry deeply and seek to discover the contributing causes. There is a cause for every first transgression of whatever nature, and it is continuance of that cause that brings about the lapse of the probationer. Nine times out of ten the fault lies with the very well-wishers of the transgressors—the ones who seek his or her regeneration. They may lack understanding, sympathy with human frailties. They may be intolerant of one who has erred, thinking that this will drive home the evils of misdeeds. They may be over-rigid or over-lax in their care of the probationer, or they may continue the improper environment.

A lesson for parents to be drawn from the experience of the courts is that efforts at reform via probation that fail successively are far worse than no efforts at all; either they make the transgressor defiant, because he thinks the warnings are all a "bluff," or they harden by imbuing him with the idea of the hopelessness of his own case.

There came before me another striking failure of probation, the transgressor in this case being a young married man. He had been before another magistrate previously, charged with quarreling incessantly with his wife, annoying her, and finally striking her. Sentence had been suspended on his promise to mend his ways.

He had broken his parole. He had met his wife coming from a theater with a party of lively friends, her escort being a man. The husband had assaulted the man and made a public denunciation of his wife's conduct.



Jealousy is an instinct that no court order can curb

Before sending him to jail I investigated and unearthed some illuminating facts. The husband was of an intensely jealous disposition, the wife a vain, pleasure-loving, shallow sort of a creature who had never got over her fondness for male admiration. Her actions had inspired the original violent outburst of the husband which led to his arrest.

Who, then, was responsible for the disgraceful scene outside the theater? I do not hint that it is wrong for every married woman to be with an escort other than her husband; but in this case the wife was decidedly at fault. She continued to create conditions which had led to the original trouble in court. Fully aware of her husband's disposition, she had continued to comport herself in a manner that would inevitably lead to domestic disaster, and this flauntingly, because a judge had told the husband that he must "mend his ways."

Jealousy is a resistless instinct that no court order can curb; but it was entirely possible for the wife to control it by tact and prudence. I hold that the woman was more culpable than the man; but his had been the physical transgression, which is punishable. He was a malefactor, she an abused wife.

When I had continued that man on probation and given the wife a lecture, I think she felt that from then on she was as much on probation as he. The trouble is she was not legally so and may discover it. Then this probation will fail again, just as probation fails in thousands of cases from precisely similar causes.

Almost invariably the judge who suspends sentence upon a prisoner does so at the request of the very people who make the complaint, this especially when the latter are friends or relatives. Their motives vary. Some earnestly hope for the reform of the transgressor. Others, as in the case of this woman, desire the man at liberty so that he may continue to support them. But whatever the motive, the way is open for a law that will strengthen the weak link in probation. Before suspending sentence, make it obligatory upon those who plead for the prisoner to conform to corrective regulations in their care of and association with him or her.

The failures in probation crop up in endless variety, almost all pointing to the same conclusion. Take the case of a stevedore who had broken his parole. Drunkenness, failure to support his family, and staying out late every night were some of the charges. And his explanation, backed by other testimony, was that the wife was a gossip who was forever visiting, neglecting her home, and leaving the supper for him to prepare after he got back from work. After supper he had to tidy up the place and look after the children, and then, in disgust, he would go off for just one glass of beer at the corner saloon, where he met jolly companions and everything was pleasant. One drink led to another, of course, with the result that he spent all his money, stayed out late, and went home drunk and in a belligerent humor.

Being placed on probation the first time, he had "sworn off." But the wife did not alter her usual habits. The court hadn't warned her to mend her ways; and she was a highly indignant woman when, after a month of reform, he "started off" again.

Nor is this sort of thing confined to the very humble classes. I recall the rather prepossessing professional man before me on substantially the same charges. His wife was an "advanced woman," the leading spirit of various women's clubs which were working for the millennium, and twice or three times each week there were gatherings at her apartments. He positively loathed such things and sought solace in the cafés, with the usual result. And after he had been placed on probation there was the to-be-expected lapse when the wife had tried to regenerate him by attempting to force his attendance at the uplifting gatherings she continued to entertain.

Think how futile it is to arrest a man for mendicancy, hear his explanation of being out of work and penniless, and then suspend sentence on his promise to offend no more. If his story that he is penniless be true, how is he going to eat and sleep until he gets work unless he begs? When they come back to court again on the old charge, the smug and righteous grieve that these mendicants are beyond help—that for them probation is useless. And so it is and will be until, with probation, the law provides a way for them to be helped to their feet. As it is, one might as well expect a drowning man who cannot swim to get ashore without assistance.

And what of the girl, the stranger in the city, who, perhaps to keep from starving, perhaps for pleasure, goes astray and is arrested before she has trod a hopeless distance along the road to despair? She can be saved. How? Reason with her, you say—put her on probation. True; that would answer were it not for the weak link.

Shall we turn her free, without money, without friends save the fallen, and expect her to win a glorious victory over temptation? Shall we send her to a reform institution, where they too often aim to uplift by keeping before the girl the fact that she is fallen—is a pariah among her sex, who should be happy in these dull surroundings and grateful that she be permitted to save her soul in sackcloth and ashes?

An investigator once told me that he had never known such a girl really to reform. What an arraignment of society! I have no solution to offer, but this I do feel: that the only possible solution lies in probation, not as we apply it now, but as we will apply it some day, when the world concedes frankly that in fighting perversions of human nature we must apply a system based on an understanding of and consideration for the weaknesses which are the very essence of human nature.

I had a boy before me—a bad boy, incorrigible, a runaway. His parents were Scotch middle-class people, frugal, religious, and so intent upon saving the souls of their children that they magnified boyish infractions until they took on the hue of dire, soul-warping felonies.

They felt themselves disgraced. The father in particular seemed fearful that I might think the boy had gone wrong because they had spoiled him. They need not have assured me in this particular.

The lad was before me for breaking an earlier probation. This, I gathered, consisted in running away from home. Hear the history of his case and see how you would judge of his action.

This boy of sixteen had consorted with bad companions—that is to say, he consorted when he was allowed out of the house. Idleness was a sin, the mother held, and so she kept him in the house busy as a usual thing. It was not possible for him to lure companions in, even had they been welcome. So, to enjoy companionship, this boy played truant from day and Sunday schools, took his trouncings as a necessary price of pleasure, continued to repeat his offenses, and so was branded incorrigible. By and by he did become a pretty bad boy, although he was not vicious—except it be vicious to lie, and disobey, and defy, and crib money to secure some of the pleasures that most boys secure without being bad.

What happened after he had been placed on probation? The parents agreed that he had been frightened, repentant. Why did he run away? Remember this boy was already under the burden of changing his life from what had been alluring to what was dull gray. And what course had his parents taken to assist him? They had proceeded on the idea that he was become a branded law-breaker, a recognized black sheep, and so subject to suspicion and rigid repression. They kept him in the house altogether, denied him reading matter save "improving literature," reminded him on the occasion of every boyish slip how bad he was, and of the penalty suspended over his head.

And there you have it! They thought they did right. They were intent upon saving him from damnation. His case called for rigorous treatment, they held. Yet had that boy suffered from anemia they would have called in a physician, who would have prescribed certain rules for his treatment. His physical burdens would have been lightened, his appetite tempted with delicacies; he would have been given tonics.

But this being a moral distemper altered the case. They could not understand that the boy needed the tonics of sympathy and trust, lessened rigor of treatment until he gained strength, and a wholesome diet of pleasures to take the place of the unwholesome diversions he had been stealing.

It is because the theory of probation, despite its failures, has proved itself so great and beneficent a means to moral regeneration, precisely for this reason, that the weak link should receive strengthening without loss of time. Every case that seems worthy of a suspended sentence should be worth a thorough investigation at the hands of law officers selected for fitness and not overburdened with duties. Then, too, there should be some legal means of placing under what amounts to probation those with whom the transgressor will be thrown in constant contact while working out his probation. And I do not mean by this only supervisory direction of the environment and material things.

What is necessary is what might be called a character physician, who, like the modern doctor of medicine, would seek out the causes and prescribe the remedies for each individual, rather than, as now, be satisfied with trying to cure moral ills by combatting their symptoms.

True, it might cost considerable money; but, if conserving good members of society counts for anything, it would be money well spent. Besides, the money spent now would of a certainty be saved ten times over later on in the lessened expense of maintaining the penitentiaries, the reformatories, the poor-houses, and the morgues.

A CHILD AT THE WINDOW

BY M. F. PATTON

God in the heaven,
Who made little me,
Why haven't I
Got wings to fly
Like other things I see?
Why cannot I
Go sailing high
Like bird or bumble-bee?

God in the heaven,
Who made little me,
Why is it I
Wear clothes they buy—
Not feathers to the knee?
Why wasn't I
Dipped in a dye?
I'd so much rather be.

God in the heaven,
Who made little me,
Why was it I
Dropped down near by
A house and not a tree?
Why is it I
Am made to lie
In bed when birds go free?

God in the heaven,
Who made little me,
Why is it I
Came down all by
Myself—not two or three?
Please tell me why
That I am I,
And not a chick-a-dee.

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THE MIRACLE OF THE MATCHES

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

Illustrations by GORDON GRANT

MAUNG HPYAN and his two friends Maung Hla and Maung Gale heard the evening gong boom from the village monastery of Daikpyet and knew that it was time for supper. So they ceased their work in the wet paddy-fields, unyoked the bullocks from the wooden plows, and flung the yokes over their shoulders. Then, leading the brutes by the nose-ropes, they went splashing through the brimming rice-lands on their way home. It was in one of the northern districts of Upper Burma on the Irrawaddy, and the month was Wazo, when the rains are heavy. The silver gong rang on as they picked their way along the bunds and then down the maze of narrow paths through the jungle that bordered on the village. White egrets and herons flapped overhead, swarms of tiny green parrots rustled by. The three boys stuffed their pipes of bamboo root with yellow tobacco, and began to smoke. The pipe-holes glowed in the darkness like live coals, or, as Maung Hpyan would have said, like the red-glass eyes of the sculptured devil beasts that guard the pagoda gate.

Maung Hpyan was their leader. He had long, black hair which he fastened in a topknot and bound up with a turban of pink cloth. He wore a loose white shirt, and his petticoat was of brilliant red cotton, tucked up between his legs for comfort at his work, and fastened at the back. On his short, sturdy legs and thighs the black arabesques of tattooing showed plainly. The younger boys stood in great awe of Maung Hpyan, for his words, despite his years, were full of wisdom, and his eyes of strange dreams. They spoke of the *zat-pwe*, the rude harvest-drama of Burma, the great annual event of village life, and of the girls they would court in the evening. Maung Hpyan was devoted to the sister of Maung Hla, the little Ma Shwe Ban, whose eyes were like those of a gazelle. Now their voices sounded loud and clear, for the gong had ceased, and the silence hung heavy, and the tropic twilight gathered fast.

Suddenly there was a hissing noise, and a spurt of flame and smoke shot from the pocket of Maung Hpyan's shirt. His two comrades stood stock still for a moment, transfixed with terror, then with yells of, "Ameley! Ameley!" they ran toward the village.

Maung Hpyan smiled, beat out the flame with his hand, and pulled forth a spluttering, half-burnt box of sulphur matches which had accidentally ignited in his pocket. He threw them hissing into a puddle and followed after the other boys. He heard their cries and yells and smiled strangely when he passed the Nat-haunted banyan-tree that marked the entrance to the village thorn inclosure.

"A miracle! Flame has burst from the body of Maung Hpyan!" they shouted. "A miracle! a miracle!"

The village elders and trustees of the pagoda were at supper, squatting with their families on the verandas of their houses. Each held in his lap a small red lacquer bowl of rice and fish-paste which he ate with his fingers and refilled with a wooden spoon from a large lacquer bowl that stood on a tiny table in their midst. They lifted their heads lazily as the two half-naked boys dashed shouting through the village.

"Fire has burst from the side of Maung Hpyan! A miracle!"

"We have seen it with our own eyes!"

"Five times since I was a mere *koyin* in the monastery have I heard that tale," said U Po Thu Daw, the oldest man in the village, "and five times it was a lie."

"What! Maung Hpyan, the Nat-struck one, to know such grace!" said another. "As soon might flame burst from my bullock. Soon we shall hear him say that he can dive beneath the ground and find hidden treasure."

"And here comes Maung Hpyan himself," said a third, "not a hair of him singed."

They called out to the boy as he passed, demanding to know what truth there was in the tale told by his comrades, but the lad smiled proudly and passed on without answering. He went straight to his father, U Byaw, who sat on his veranda beside his wife and brother, Ko lugyi. There was an empty place beside the lacquer bowl, reserved for Maung Hpyan. Forthwith his father, mother, and uncle flung their questions at him, adopting the name which elders use toward the younger.

"What is this tale, Nga Hpyan, that we hear told of thee—that flame has burst from thy body?"

"Is it true, Nga Hpyan? Tell us, is it true?" shrilled his mother, frantically. His uncle was very calm.

"You must tell us what has happened, Nga Hpyan," said he, and made a motion to the boy's father to send his wife into the house. U Byaw grumbled something, and sullenly the little brown woman slunk away.

"Now tell thy tale," said the uncle.

Then the boy told of the box of matches which had suddenly caught fire in his pocket. While they were speaking neighbors came running up to see the youth who had been favored by this sign of the god. But his father and uncle bade him enter the house and not show himself. From an inner room, crouching beside his mother, Maung Hpyan heard his uncle tell the simple villagers that the miracle was indeed a mighty and a veritable miracle, that fire from heaven had shot from his nephew's flesh, and that, having been touched by the divine, it was meet that he withdraw himself awhile from the common gaze. Perplexed, excited, and awed, the villagers and neighbors went away.



The word "fire" was about to fall from his lips. Then came the fourth miracle

"Hark you, elder brother," then said Ko lugyi to the father of Maung Hpyan, "though this be no real miracle, yet assuredly it is a blessing sent us by God. And he that has not the wisdom to make use of such blessings is a fool whom God will not help in this existence and degrade in the next."

"What use can be made of the matches that caught fire in the clothes of my son?" asked U Byaw. "It means nothing more than that I must buy a new shirt for him."

"Are we not in debt to Ko Shwe Cyi, the money-lender?" asked the uncle.

"Alas," was U Byaw's doleful reply, "we are, in truth, under his heel."

Cunningly Ko lugyi began to unfold the great plan that had sprung to life in his brain—like the matches in his nephew's pocket.

"You have seen," said he, "how the people will have it a miracle. They know well that when flame bursts from the body of a man it is then a sign of the emanation of the deity incarnate. Is not this miracle so related in the holy scriptures of Cautama the Buddha? And do not the people believe? And, believing, do they not worship? and, worshiping, will they not pay—pay much tribute? And are not land, house, the cattle mortgaged to Ko Shwe Cyi, the money-lender? And all these things being thus and so, U Byaw, is it not meet that we content these jungle folk?"

U Byaw stared before him into the darkness and grunted, but less dolefully than before.

"We must have speech," Ko lugyi went on, "with U Waranda, the village monk and guardian of the pagoda. Roundly he hates the government, for in truth far greater power was his in the days of the Burmese kings. By this sign has Maung Hpyan been proved *Min laung*, a true embryo of royalty—one whose feet are fit to tread on the people's necks and mount a throne."

"It is good, younger brother," said U Byaw, shifting the quid of betel in his cheek. His sluggish fancy began to stir like broth that is troubled by a fire. For three hours that night they sat smoking their great cheroots on the veranda in the moonlight, their heads nodding close together as they built up their plots and plans.

Early the next morning, when the sun was but one palm-tree high, they went to the pagoda to confer with the village monk. They found him strolling in the early sunlight in the courtyard beside the brick image-houses. The golden, bottle-shaped dome of the pagoda glowed like a living coal; beyond it in a garden the white stone walls of the monastery shone like silver. Here in the shadow the young schoolboys sat crouched over their books. U Waranda, the monk, was clothed in bright yellow. His head was shaven. His expression was sober and ascetic, but when he spoke a look of guile and worldliness crept into his face.

"Is there permission to enter, royal teacher?" asked Ko lugyi.

"Enter, royal givers," bade the monk.

The two men made a low obeisance before him and took off their sandals. With ill-concealed eagerness U Waranda listened to the tale they brought him. His twitching brown hand which rested upon the head of one of the grinning dragons that flanked the entrance steps opened and closed.

"Ashin paya," began U Byaw, "in the days of the Burmese kings what power was yours!"

At these words a livid tinge overspread the face of the monk and fire flew from his eyes. The smoldering ambition in him was touched. Great visions of power opened before him as he listened to the story of the two men.

"My royal disciples," said he, magnificently, "by the sign of fire that was given I perceive that it is by the will of God that we spread the tidings of his embryo prince, Maung Hpyan."

He then led them before the schoolboys. Their heads were shaven like his own, and they sat squatting on their heels before the monastery, saying their Pali lessons aloud. To them U Waranda made a brief speech:

"Strive to acquire merit, my disciples," said he, "by doing reverence to our new Burmese prince whom Heaven has sent us to honor and obey, and thus glorify our pagoda and the royal relics enshrined therein."

Cunningly he wrought upon their hearts and brains as they sat silent with upturned eyes. He spoke fervently of how religion had been honored in the days when there were kings in Burma, before the *Kala-pyu*, the white English devils, had dispossessed them of all that their fathers had enjoyed.

Like a fire or a fever the gospel of Maung Hpyan began to ravage the district. Peasants and pilgrims flocked to the pagoda. They brought countless alabaster images of Buddha, great and small, and laid

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many silver offerings in the lacquer bowl that stood near the great recumbent statue that smiled so benignantly toward eternity. Maung Hpyan was seen but seldom, but when he appeared, then wild crowds followed and fell down before him. Other miracles began to happen. Thrice, as he strolled abroad at night, under the protection of his uncle, his face was seen to shine with a livid and luminous glow. One night a great crowd gathered before the pagoda—another miracle was taking place! A mysterious and elusive light was seen flickering about the top of the golden pagoda, and the delicate pinnacle with its circlet of bells smoldered and smoked strangely. It cast a pale greenish reflection into the courtyard and threw a tinge of death over the dark, upturned faces of the village folk. The crowd bent low before the marvel and a loud gabble of prayers went up. All day long and often far into the night little Ma Shwe Ban stood watching the house of Maung Hpyan's father in order to catch a glimpse of her beloved. In her large dark eyes there now glowed a light of wild and passionate devotion, in which the fires of love mingled with the fires of faith. She was now but as dust beneath his feet. Only from afar might she still behold and worship him.

Day after day the adoration at the temple became more fervent and intense. Throughout the district discontent grew huge and rank as jungle weeds. Maung Hpyan was a prince and his own must be given back to him, or why had the sign been sent from heaven to single him out? Such was the question the monk first asked of the villagers until the villagers asked it of one another. There was but one cool head in all the region—that of the wrinkled old headman. One day he stood forth when the people went flocking toward the pagoda, and spoke thus:

"Beware," said he, "lest you arouse the suspicion of the government, the *asoyamin*. Already the very trees are rustling like so many tongues, telling of your folly and madness. In the *asoyamin* there is more strength than in yourselves, or in him you call prince. The fire in their guns and cannon is more potent than the fire from his loins. Beware, likewise, lest the Township Officer come to pry into your houses and your hearts. He is swift to punish. Or he will come and look upon you and say nothing and go away, but in a month the *thathameda*, or tax on families, or the *legundaw*, or tax on land, will be raised. Be wise, sons and daughters of the village, beware!"

But the seditious monk, the uncle of Maung Hpyan, and even his father, who now no longer stood in terror of the money-lender—these three went on preaching the cause of Maung Hpyan. Maung Hpyan himself played his part well, keeping himself in all the mystery and sanctity of seclusion, save for his rare and startling appearances by night. The villagers and the jungle folk, in obedience to U Waranda, the monk, no longer brought statues of Buddha, but much tribute in coin—two rupees here, five there, eight annas here.

"For the royal prince, for the great royal palace and the realm of a true Burmese king!" the monk would cry, and the coins rattled into the lacquer bowl.

All went well, yet the fox-eyed Ko lugyi was ill at ease.

"Without arms we shall be as babes in the clutch of orang-outangs," said he to his brother. "Of what avail are long swords or short swords, axes or spears, against the spirits that go forth to kill from the iron tubes of the Sepoy kalas? How, without such weapons of fire, can we set our prince upon the throne?"

"Can we not purchase such arms?" asked U Byaw. "We have now much money."

"With the much copper, the little silver, and the no gold we have gathered, we could not purchase ten rusty muzzle-loaders from the hills," answered the uncle, contemptuously.

They were talking thus within the house one night. Maung Hpyan, as they thought, lay asleep in the adjoining room. They were, therefore, startled when his voice, firm and clear, and all too humble for a prince, came through the thin wooden partition.

"Please, father and uncle, your slave knows of a place where firearms may be got, and that without payment of gold or silver."

His two relatives lifted their eyes and looked blinkingly at each other. His uncle was the first to speak.

"Hush!" said he. "Speak not so loud, but come hither, Nga Hpyan."

His nephew came and squatted down beside the smoky lamp.

"A two days' march through the jungle," said Maung Hpyan, whose round brown face was smeared with some strange substance, "there is a police station at Tantabin where the Sepoy kalas have a good store of arms. Let me go thither with enough men and soon we shall have weapons enough."

"'Tis well you speak thus," remarked the uncle, "for it is a sign that you have the blood of kings in you, and their valor no less."

A fortnight after five hundred fanatic villagers and jungle-men gathered before the pagoda, where the monk bestowed his blessing upon them. Long swords and short swords, axes and spears, glittered in their hands. They bore ropes and wallets of food. Then Maung Hpyan appeared and a great shout went up, and the multitude made deep *shikos* and prostrated itself in the dust before him. He placed himself at the head of his men and the march through the jungle began. On the first day they captured a Burman forest guard in the British service. But the man escaped the same night and flew like an arrow straight to Tantabin and raised the alarm.

There was no confusion at Tantabin. The Commandant at the police station ordered the white women to be ferried across the river to the other bank of the Irrawaddy. The men prepared the station for a siege. There were on hand a hundred Burmese and twice that number of Punjabi military police. The station, a square two-story building of wood, stood close to the river. On the upper floor was an iron cage for the prisoners, also a room where stores of rifles were kept. This upper room was approached by an outside staircase with a drawbridge. When Maung Hpyan and his followers appeared, the first ghastly rifts of dawn were beginning to thin the darkness. In this dim and leaden light they saw that the drawbridge was raised, but there was no sign of life. Surely the station slept. Then Maung Hpyan went among the followers he knew best and gave to each a small alabaster amulet.

"No bullet shall strike the man who wears this my amulet," said he in his sweet and gentle voice.

To each man he spoke a friendly word. To the poor among them he promised gifts of land or money, to others of higher rank, governorships and offices at his court.

"When we have secured the firearms in yonder station we shall be mighty," said he, very softly. "We shall be masters in the land."

Then he gave the order to attack. His little army yelled, flourished swords and swarmed like ants toward the wooden building. The station still slept, slept until they were but a few yards distant. Then



Again the doors spat flame and a crumpled heap lay twitching on the ground

from the dark windows, from the barred openings of the prison on the upper floor, from the loopholes in the door, flashed sharp and crimson spurts of fire and puffs of smoke, and six or seven of Maung Hpyan's followers shrieked, floundered about, fell, and rolled down the incline toward the river.

Most of the others paused, though some five or six rushed forward and began hacking at the doors. Again the doors spat flame and a crumpled heap of brown legs and red cotton *longyis* lay twitching on the ground.

Then there was silence on both sides. This ominous stillness was unbroken for many moments, until a strange sound arose from within the station. It was harsh and loud and awful—the white man's laugh—a sound that sent a quaking terror into the hearts of Maung Hpyan's men. It was more terrible than the rifles of the police of the *asoyamin*. With it there mingled the shriller cackle of the Sepoys, then a window on the second story opened and in the ashen light they saw the round moon-calf face of the Burman forest guard who had escaped the night before. He grinned and shouted an insult. Suddenly, like torrents undammed, the soldiery, eager, uniformed, glittering with steel, poured from doors and windows. Maung Hpyan and his followers turned and fled as though all the demons of earth, air, fire, and water were howling in their rear. Of the five hundred who had marched forth with the pretender two days before, some three hundred, weary, hungry, and full of fear, slunk back to Daikpyet. Two hundred lay cooped in the station at Tantabin, in the clutches of the *asoyamin*, and stared stupidly at the Sepoys who strolled back and forth with shouldered rifles.

Maung Hpyan disappeared. Some days afterward in company with his relatives he made an attempt to go to Rangoon and boarded a third-class carriage at Mandalay. At Mandalay there was a clever police official who had studied the description of the young rebel until he knew it by heart. His fingers were itching for the reward offered. He seized Maung Hpyan and examined the tattoo marks on his knees. But these did not tally with the description, for Maung Hpyan had been still cleverer—the marks had been altered for him by the village tattooer. So Maung Hpyan was let go, though U Waranda, U Byaw, the father, and Ko lugyi, the uncle, were detained and flung into prison, where they awaited trial for treason and probable acquaintance with the hangman's noose.

"We must make an example of them," said the authorities, "but it is not our wish to exterminate any of the families."

For three months Maung Hpyan lay hidden and the *asoyamin* were put to immense trouble in the search. At Daikpyet they found nothing but a half-empty can of phosphorescent paint in the house of U Byaw. This, when mixed with the cunning brains of Ko lugyi, was all that was necessary to create the miracles of the shining face and the dome that gleamed by night. Then a distant report crept to the ears of the *asoyamin* and a troop of Sepoys marched again toward Daikpyet. From the top of a tall teak tree little Ma Shwe Ban, Maung Hpyan's faithful love, saw them coming along the road one evening, a great square mass in a cloud of dust, shot with gleams of steel and brass. Hastily she clambered down, ran to the burnished pagoda, and vanished within.

When the Sepoys neared the village they saw a spiral of smoke twisting from the shining top of the pagoda. A few moments after and there were flames that licked up the golden shaft toward the circle of bells. The soldiers shouted and ran forward, bursting through the entrance where the stone dragons grinned. The lower part of the pagoda was now a mass of writhing, soaring flame. Through the portals of the enclosure they saw the courtyard flooded with a glare of rose and amber. In the center, on a golden pedestal that had once held an image, sat the naked body of Maung Hpyan in the posture of the Buddha, cross-legged and erect, his hands folded in his lap—his great dark eyes, vacant and oblivious, seemed to be gazing out into infinity.

The *Subadar* of the Sepoys beckoned to the leanest of his men and muttered a few words. The thin-shanked soldier stepped forward, raised his rifle at the word of command, and leveled it at the breast of Maung Hpyan, who sat immovable as bronze with a faint smile on his lips and the red light of the fire trembling over him. The officer drew his sword, the word "Fire!" was about to fall from his lips—then came the fourth miracle. There was a sudden melodious tinkling of the bells on top of the pagoda as though they were stirred by the tongues of flame that licked them. The dome trembled like a great golden bottle on a quaking table. It quivered, then it lurched and swayed, the bells jangled loudly; then with a crash, it rushed downwards like some vast extinguisher, covering the throne of Maung Hpyan, embryo of royalty, pretender to the crown and rebel against the British rule. A burst of cinders and ashes flew into the air. The flames went roaringly to work again.

The old headman now appeared and harangued the villagers and bade them be wise and obey their masters. That evening the hungry Sepoys quartered themselves upon the villagers and feasted royally, and the villagers served them humbly—humbly and in silence.

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TO BE POPULAR WITH THE LADIES BE AN ARGUMENTATIVE ANTI-SUFFRAGIST



InterJudes

THE UTILITARIAN

We sat around the stove discoursing of mighty deeds that we had done; of struggling up the Alps and forcing our way to summits then unwon; of fights with lions and hyenas, of facing grim and ghostly shapes, of dodging bailiffs and subpœnas, and many perilous escapes.

And one sat by, distraught and gloomy, and listened to each stirring tale; his beard was long, his eyes were rheumy, his nose was red, his aspect stale. And this old pilgrim, dour and hoary, on all our pleasure drew the noose; for, at the end of every story, he'd sadly ask: "What was the use?"

I told of how I went a-sailing to Europe in an open boat; the billows raved, the winds were wailing, till I could scarcely keep afloat. The salt sea spray was on my features; I heard King Neptune's angry shouts; I fought with whales and other creatures, and was pursued by waterspouts. I sailed those seas for weeks together, and bore my life in either hand, and very often doubted whether I'd ever bring my boat to land. But still, resolved on winning glory, I sailed along like Captain Loose. The old man broke into my story, and mildly asked: "What was the use?"

Jones told of how, appareled thinly (the thirst for glory warmed his breast), he scaled the heights of Mount McKinley and placed our flag upon its crest. He placed the flag to thwart the scorner, the doubter, and the man obtuse; and then the old man in the corner looked up and asked: "What was the use?"

Brown told of how a cask he entered and floated o'er the Horseshoe Falls, and how all eyes for months were centered on him; in cottages and halls the people joined to sing his praises or level at his head abuse; the old man heard his burning phrases, and sadly asked: "What was the use?"

We smote him roundly in our anger, resolved to cook his ancient goose, and still, above the din and clangor, we heard him ask, "What is the use?"

WALT MASON.

HIS INTENTIONS

"YOUNG man," said Major Blackbrow, with a lowering glance at Chollie, "I happened to see you last night with your arm about my daughter's waist. May I inquire your intentions, sir?"

"Why, sure, Major," replied the blooming Chollie. "I intend to put it there every chance I get."

THE SOCIAL FAILURE

Now Tenderfoot William, for all of his pains, was never quite popular out on the plains. He told a good story, and told it right well, and held all his hearers enthralled in his spell. In humor, in pathos, plain fun, or in wit, old Tenderfoot Bill was undoubtedly it, but spite of all effort to save his poor life he couldn't eat pie or green peas with a knife!

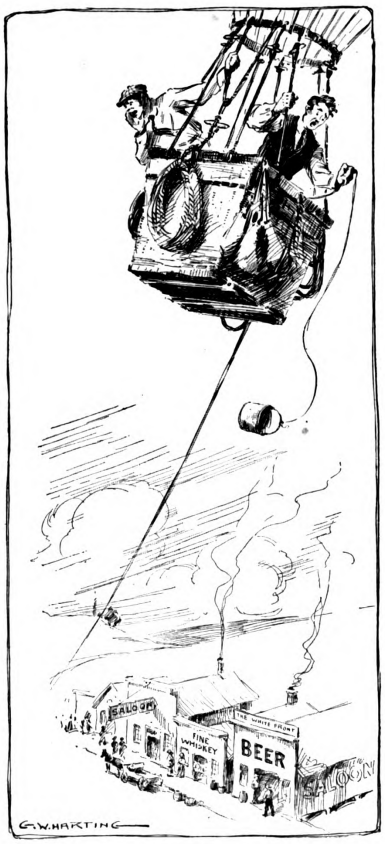
His voice was a dream. Like a linnet's it rang, and the whole blooming camp stood transfixed when he sang. Big Bushwhacker Jim, and his pal Dusty Ike, and all the old settlers out there on the pike, whenever in song Billy's measures were heard, wiped the tears from their eyes as they murmured, "Some bird!" But in spite of it all William never could learn when eating his soup to make sounds like a churn.

At shooting—well, Bill was no novice at that. He'd playfully send seven shots through your hat with never a fear that he'd take off the skin atop of your bald spot that lay hid within. No bull's-eye e'er made could escape Billy's aim, and yet he got nowhere in spite of the same. He never could seem to grow graceful at all in chewing a toothpick when making a call.

At poker the lad was a wizard, they say, and clean as a whistle was ever his play. Dusty Ike and his pals didn't mind when they lost, or care a red shekel whatever the cost, 'twas such a rare pleasure to notice how Bill inscrutably took his good fortune or ill. But yet there was something that caused them to sigh when the spoon in his coffee-cup stuck in his eye!

Good fellow, good pal, and as square as they're made; a friend in all trouble and never afraid; as brave an old boy as the camp ever knew; at heart solid gold ringing perfectly true—yet Tenderfoot Bill to the camp's sore distress could never be made quite a social success. The men liked him well, but the dames thought him crude when no smack of his lips showed his taste for his food!

HORACE DODD GASTIT.



HIGH AND DRY

A PLACE FOR ALL THINGS

WILLOUGHBY was nervously watching the time, and as the minutes passed, and it became evident that the train could not by any possibility reach its destination on time he turned viciously to the porter and began, angrily:

"Of all the dad-binged old heaps of junk this side of the earthquake belt this railroad of yours is without any exception the—"

"Excuse me, boss," said the porter, with a courteous wave of his whisk-broom toward the rear end of the train, "but dere's an observation cyar on de eend ob diss yere train, suh, an' if ah might take de libbity ob makin' a suggestion, suh, you might go back dere, suh, an' make de observations now risin' in yo' midst. De presence ob ladies on diss yere cyar, suh, is mah excuse fo' makin' de suggestion."

Whereupon Willoughby retired to the rear platform and strewed his observations along the track with such effect that one of the ties was seen to be smoking long after the train had passed it.

THE OFFICE-SEEKER

"WHAT are you doing here?" asked Hickenlooper, as he perceived Rippleigh standing outside the White House. "Looking for an office, like the rest of these chaps?"

"No, sirree," said Rippleigh. "I believe that the office should seek the man. I'm just standing here waiting, so that when the office comes out on the search I'll be where it can find me."

SHE HAD

"HAVE you any unmarried daughters, Mrs. De Willoughby?" asked the visitor.

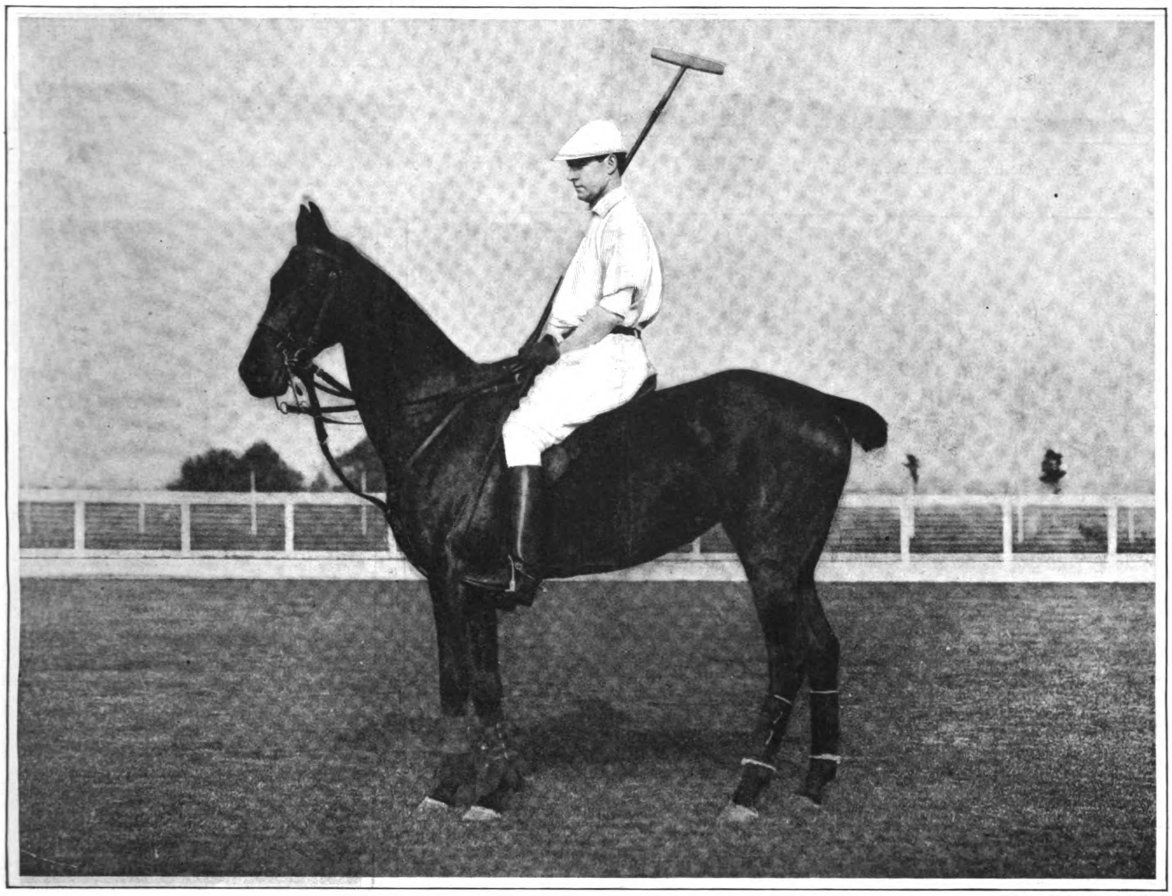
"Oh yes, Mr. Vanderbloom. My daughter Minnie was unmarried last week by Judge Cuttem of Reno," replied the lady.

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SEEKING A FAMOUS TROPHY

Under the Leadership of the Duke of Westminster, Britain's best Polo-Players will Try Again to Recapture the International Championship

BY WILLIAM INGLIS



Photograph by Charles C. Cook

The leader of the American team, Captain Harry Payne Whitney, and the pony on which he did most of his work in defending the International Polo Cup in 1911

LOVERS of royal sport in all parts of the world will be straining their ears next June to catch the echoes of the thunder of hoofbeats and the clash of mallet on ball from the green field of the Meadow Brook Club, at Westbury, Long Island. For the stoutest warriors that the long arm of England can beckon from any quarter of the world will come here with all their skill and all their ponies to try to recapture the International Polo Cup. This cup is more to be desired than great riches. It is emblematic of supremacy at a game which the English believe is peculiarly their own. It was brought to this country from England in 1909 by a team of hard-riding, hard-hitting Americans, headed by Harry Payne Whitney; kept here by a team under his captaincy in June, 1911; and will be defended once more by a team of which he is the captain.

Is the cup safe? is the question that rings in every mind upon hearing this news, and by way of response echo can only answer "safe?" For the question is indeed difficult. On the American side Captain Whitney probably will lead to the field those dashing riders and masters of precision, the brothers Laurence and J. M. Waterbury, and Devereux Milburn, that son of Anak who loves to gallop down the field in pursuit of the ball and send it flying backward far over the heads of the enemy by using his cigar-headed mallet as accurately as a standing golfer would use a mid-iron. That is to say, these four who so ably defended the cup last time will defend it this time—unless some of the rising players who have since come to the highest form shall surpass them. For, with the honor of the country at stake, the American Polo Association will appoint the team of defenders with efficiency as the sole standard. The spirit of sport reckons little with gratitude or praise of past deeds.

England last time sent to the sun-baked plains of India for her team, a quartet and substitutes who played in the loose, open, dashing style characteristic of Americans, rather than in the close order that Britons at home have long believed correct. What England will do this time is still unrevealed. One thing is certain, John Bull is saying to his players about the same thing that St. Paul declared in the ninth verse of the sixth chapter of his Epistle to the Galatians: "And let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." The American invaders had a hard task to get the trophy out of England in 1909, and a harder one to keep it here in 1911; so they know they will need all their skill and speed and the quick thinking that the game demands if they are to keep the patient, ever-striving Britons from reaping success this time.

In the formal challenge sent by Major F. Egerton Green, Manager, on behalf of the Hurlingham Club, he made the following suggestion:

"If convenient to the Polo Association of America it would suit best to play the matches as early in June as possible, as the English players would thus be able to return to England in time to compete in the Champion Cup Matches, which have been fixed to commence on Monday, June 23d, the final to be played on Saturday, June 28th."

In accepting the challenge on behalf of the American Polo Association, Secretary William A. Hazard wrote that the committee selected Tuesday, June 10th, for the first game, and Saturday, June 14th, for the second, leaving the date of the third game, should one be necessary, to be arranged later.

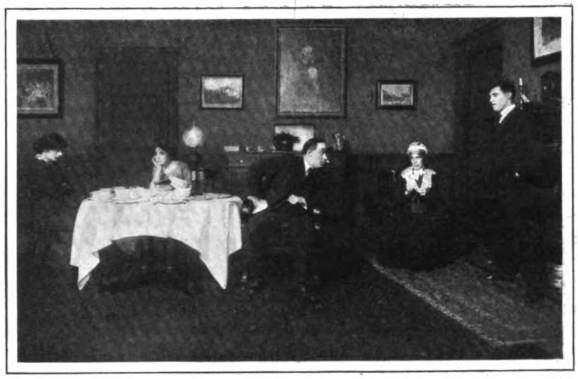
"The committee," Mr. Hazard added, "desires as far as possible to meet the wishes of the Hurlingham Club in regard to all matters connected with these events, and hopes that the dates named will have your entire approval."

Should a third game be needed to decide the international championship, the British players would have very little time to spare in getting home for their national championship; yet they would be the last to imperil the success of the international match for the sake of an event of narrower importance. In view of the facts in the case it is difficult to see how the date of the international contest could be set any earlier than the 10th of June. There is, indeed, a possibility that the field of the Meadow Brook Club may not be in the best playing condition as early as that time. Those who follow the game remember that in 1911 the Americans had to do most of their practice on the fields of Mr. Gould's Georgian Court, at Lakewood, because the sandy soil and the sunnier climate there gave a good, firm, playable footing, when the Long Island field was still soggy and slippery after the spring rains and thaw. The Americans had but a brief time for practice at Meadow Brook before the international matches began. The deed of gift under which the International cup is held specifies that the matches shall be played between June 1st and July 8th.

The same programme that was followed in selecting the cup-defending team in 1911 will be followed this year. Captain Harry Payne Whitney will be in sole charge of the players, and the various committees will aid him in every way possible. There will be a preliminary series of try-out tournaments on the fields at Georgian Court as soon as the frost is out of the ground and the footing is firm enough to let the ponies be worked at a stiff gallop. While Mr. Whitney, whose efforts have been twice rewarded with brilliant success, will lead the defenders, the make-up of the American team will not be decided until the Lakewood tryouts are concluded. It has been officially announced that competition for places on the team will be open to all players of the first class; yet present form indicates that the defenders of 1911 will again take the field against the invaders.

As to ponies, the Americans will have an abundant supply to draw from without having to send to California; while the British team, under the leadership of the Duke of Westminster, will have the pick of the best mounts in the kingdom. The Britons, by the way, have decided to defer their departure from home as late as possible, so as to begin play within a few days of their arrival here. This, it is believed, will bring both players and ponies on the field in better condition than if they had spent a few weeks in this climate.

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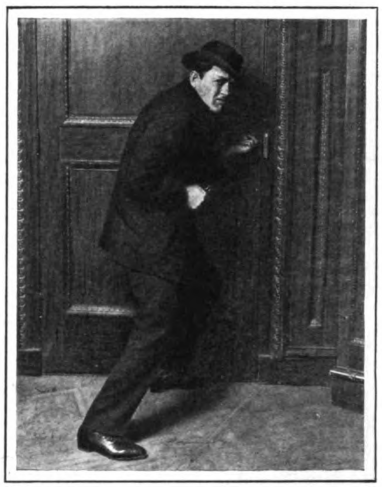
From "Rutherford and Son," at The Little Theater



Laurette Taylor (left) in "Peg o' My Heart," at the Cort



Robert Hilliard and Selene Johnson in "The Argyle Case," at the Criterion



Richard Bennett in "Stop Thief," at the Gaiety



The Boy Who Never Grows Up: Maude Adams as Peter Pan



Lady Constance Stewart Richardson, an Englishwoman of title who is a professional dancer



Mary Lawton, with David Belasco, recently seen in "The Case of Becky"

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Pauline Frederick as Potiphar's Wife in "Joseph and his Brethren," at the Century



Sallie Fisher and Walter Percival in "Eva," at the New Amsterdam



Max Figman and Lolita Robertson in "Fine Feathers," at the Astor



A scene from "Racketty Packetty House," at the Children's Theatre

WHAT THE THEATERS ARE OFFERING

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THE LURE OF THE FILMS

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

ILLUSTRATED BY WILSON C. DEXTER

ADVENTURES to discover how and where the rest of the world amuses itself are rarely as jocund as they sound. But the adventurer of proper spirit is usually content in witnessing the riotous joy of the multitude, however grimly unmoved his own less facile springs of mirth. Oddly enough, an attempt to share in the delights of "moving pictures," widely accepted as the most popular of amusements, can scarcely be counted upon to produce even this vicarious satisfaction. For if the adventurer himself gives no sign of being entertained by the "photoplay" or the "art-film," neither, to his amazement, does the close-packed audience that surrounds him—a fact that is at first inexplicable.

Does all the world demand the "film-show" and then withhold its approval from sheer caprice? And why does it throng so steadily to-day to the very performance whose lack of stimulus it must have discovered yesterday and the day before?

On the other hand, if a random assemblage of this sort gives mysteriously few evidences of active enjoyment, it gives fewer still of displeasure or ennui. To watch it is to discover that it is infinitely tolerant; completely and blessedly immune to boredom. It even betrays no annoyance on being gently approached from behind by some deputy of the management, and sprayed, as a festal touch, with strong, inalienable scent. Daily and hourly—for their patronage is so great that they open either at noon or at nine in the morning—these theaters offer thousands of cases in disproof of all that has been fallaciously said in regard to the restless energy of the American. You wonder how it can be possible, in an alleged busy world, to secure this magnificent total of leisure—to assemble daily, and for long, blank periods, so many people who have nothing to do and who are obviously not worrying about it. Every day, under these roofs, has the stagnant and misleading air of a holiday. And while it may be true that shirking housewives and truant children are never missing, it is nevertheless an interesting fact that three-fourths of the spectators are always men.

Rarely does such an audience betray animation, scarcely ever awareness. Its posture is indifferent and relaxed; its jaws moving unconcernedly in tune with the endlessly reiterated ragtime ground out by some durable automaton—at least, one prefers to believe it an automaton; its dull eyes unresponsively meeting the shadowy grimaces on the flickering "film."

Are these pleasure-seekers resolutely disguising their enjoyment? Or are they, as they appear to be, half asleep? It is true that all the conditions conduce to a semi-somnolence—the unbroken whine of the ragtime; the unnatural "continuousness" of the exhibition, hour after hour, without a moment's interval; the lack of sequence or climax, as of one oddly literal dream succeeding another—varied, at long intervals, by a bolder picture that introduces the strange, noiseless turbulence of nightmare.

In spite of the lack of enthusiasm, there is an indefinable atmosphere of experience and accustomedness. Nobody but yourself is unfamiliar and inquiring. There is rather less suspense and excitement than you will encounter in a trolley-car. You begin to suspect that the phlegmatic audience, having come a great many times before, is quite prepared for the fact that nine-tenths of the programme will be padding and that it does not mind in the least. There is not so much as a change of its expression, much less a sign of applause, as companies of shadow-soldiers are assembled and drilled; parades of a dozen kinds trail their blurred length across the curtain; foreign cities flash out glimpses of their characteristic scenes; ships are launched, corner-stones are laid, medals are presented, and laboratory experiments demonstrating some feature of popular science are painstakingly performed. All "films," in fact, that may be classed as educational or even indirectly instructive, as well as the occasional ones that are of a genuinely artistic interest, meet with frank but unrebellious indifference.



There is not so much as a change of expression, much less a sign of applause

For an hour this may continue. Then you are conscious of a stir in the chairs behind you, and a man's didactic voice begins to enlighten the woman who is with him, in precisely the same fashion that the couple who have sat behind you at the theater all your life have gratuitously explained and perfunctorily listened. You rouse yourself, look about, even glance at the forgotten curtain to discover what it is that has relieved an apathy so general and so profound; and discover that, far from being some unimagined marvel, it is merely a street scene in New York. And you wonder why the "Film Trust" should go to the trouble of contriving historical "playlets" in costume, through which audiences sleep contentedly, when what really stirs them is the representation of something that they see every day of their lives—the life-size figure of a policeman, a trolley-car, a crowd on Broadway. But this is not, after all, a new phenomenon. The ecstasy experienced by persons of a certain degree of simplicity in recognizing on the stage a familiar object or character has never been explained, although producers must long have realized and catered to it, as an incident in many kinds of drama. It has so often been apparent that audiences betrayed a keener delight in the introduction into a play of a cow or a horse than in the exploits of the most accomplished actor. During one long afternoon of widely varied cinematographic devices, the only genuine success was achieved by a youth who came out before the curtain and—made a sound like an automobile! This bit of simple realism did wake the sleeping audience from its dreams and gave them an unmistakably poignant pleasure which they expressed without restraint.

These flashes of sympathetic response are rare and fleeting, but may always be evoked by one other element—the broadly farcical. And it is perhaps unnecessary to explain that, the more nearly this unliteral comedy (for realism plays no part here) approaches that of the comic supplement, the wilder and more immediate its success. An altercation, a practical joke, a chase, are of course the unvarying themes, a chase of anything by anybody, however meaningless, being the acknowledged favorite. Unfailingly popular are the pictured disputes between an impossible mistress and an unnatural servant, in which the maid tumultuously triumphs; or farcical interruptions of the love-making of an ill-suited couple; or rowdy street scenes in which people tumble over each other and somebody gets beaten for an

(Continued on page 22)

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The Gentler View

BY FLORIDA PIER

Middle Age and Other Things

THE almost inevitable result of reading memoirs or collections of letters is a sad query as to whether friendships are compatible with old age. The principal charm of such volumes is the generous view we get of warm friendships. The early lives of most famous men make us keenly envious of their Olympian companionships. In their poorest days they are rich with vital delight in one another. It is their friendships which render their talents fecund as well as their talents seeming almost predominantly for friendship. They make their recreation of weekly meetings over cold sausages in winter woods. They travel distances that they may share meager lodgings and sit up half the night for the joy to be found in talk.

Through all such periods the reader follows them with delight that so many appreciations met together and formed stockade upon stockade about one another in this bleakly arranged world. Then gradually these relationships disintegrate, and though there are the kindliest efforts on the part of all concerned to conceal the dying out of these generous fires, the chill is very real to the reader.

The causes are intangible and difficult to assess at their relative values. As each of the friends mature their individual duties increase. Their growing personal importance makes for more work and more superficial relationships. They can no longer scatter themselves broadcast; they must shield their powers for use in their work. They even harbor themselves a shade grudgingly, and an insidious rise in their standard of comfort takes place which causes them to stay at home and content themselves with writing chastened apologetic notes of affectionate regret. There is a constraint between those who have once gone at quickened speed in each other's society as though they could not forget that by past standard they are lesser people now, no matter what aggrandizement has seemingly taken place.

They are pallid and meanly self-contained when compared with the youthful self who flamed at another's wrongs, praise, suggestions, future. It is less self-revealing to be with a comfortable new acquaintance in the period of evaded friendships. In one's salad days one is strong enough to stand the lash of critical minds; one has the quick circulation to carry off the healthy sting of honest friendship. It is one of the temptations of maturity to limit one's relationships to the enervating ones of family life, with their indissoluable bonds which make the finer tact unnecessary or rather unused. One must understand one's friend if friendship is to continue. One need not understand one's family; the sharing of daily habit will do instead. One cannot quarrel with a friend; for what guarantee has one that the break would ever be mended and made seemly? One has to live with one's family, consequently one must make harmonious all jangled nerves, and as they are always made right they occur more frequently than if cures were less part of family routine.

But friendship does not put up with self-indulgent bickerings. It holds itself in a higher sphere. If one is unworthy in one's treatment of a friend, one is unworthy of the friendship and it ceases. If one is unworthy in one's behavior before one's family, one is a trial to be borne bravely by the family and on such grounds is one's slacking endured.

If friendship which seems so gallant, so probably the unguessed peak of our achievements, is considered but the need of our hotly personal youth, when the necessity for expression pushes us hardest, that surely is an interpretation of cold maturity explaining away its lacks. The plea that middle age is more impersonal and has learned its hard lesson of self-sufficiency is to argue that we give when our gifts are of little value. We exchanged hazards and queries, but when we have garnered conclusions and experiences we keep them to ourselves. Our journey through life makes us content with the small amount of life we find in ourselves and kills our desire to encompass more in the life of a friend. It is an unlovely gray form of argument, and the loneliness of middle age shows what small backing it has and what small comfort it brings.

To let the freest of relationships go and live on a multitude of material distractions is to prepare for ourselves disillusionment, self-scorn, and vain regrets. Youth is not selfish, for in youth one has friends; after thirty, one has routine. After thirty, one really needs a friend; after thirty, one should begin to be worthy of one, and if it takes divine understanding to have one and much self-pricking to realize it, think of the contentment which would be in saying at the end, "I have kept a friend."

No one works in London and no one lives in London. Countless people think they do, but they do not. One goes to their offices at nine, one goes again at ten; at eleven one returns with a vicious determination to rout them out from wherever they are. The clerk is attacked. He admits that they do sometimes come to the office, but he does not think they intended to to-day. In fact, they are down in the country, and he feels almost sure that they would not care to be disturbed. You insist that he call them up by telephone. You hear him arguing and reasoning with them. It is clear that they are protesting against being made to come in and earn their living.

The clerk coaxes and insists and pleads, and finally they say they will come up in the afternoon. The clerk feels that he has done a rather clever thing, and you feel that you have made yourself unpopular. You would feel remorseful if you did not feel so shocked. What do all these impecunious young people do who arrive at work at eleven? Where were they the night before? Has no one told them that they are living like princes? Even when they come it is difficult to talk business to them, for one feels so strongly that it is one's duty to reprimand them for their ways.

"The Monkey Drill"

THE system now in vogue in this country for the training of cavalry soldiers has been in use for nearly twenty years. For a long time, by veterans who did not like it, it was called the "monkey drill."

The "monkey drill" was born at Fort Riley, Kansas. From the Cavalry and Light Artillery School there a troop of cavalry was sent to the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893 to show the world how American boys could ride. Their exhibitions stirred the pride of their countrymen and filled the visitors with wonder. So beneficial has this drill been found in the case of both men and mounts that it has been adopted by every troop in the army; and there may now be witnessed at more than one post fancy riding that quite rivals that of a circus.

For instance, one may see twenty troopers gallop into the exhibition grounds, standing on their saddles like Cossacks. They ride diagonally across the grounds; the leader, circling around, comes back through the center of the line; the men, following him, form a continuous figure eight. Distances between the horses are perfectly kept, and there is not a single collision where the lines cross at the center of the figure.

Unwinding from the figure eight, the men ride to one end of the grounds and form squads of ten each in line. Girths are than unfastened and the men mount in Cossack fashion. Brush hurdles are placed in position at opposite sides of the field, and with flying cinches the squads canter over the hurdles around the field. The saddles of a few troopers may chance to slip, but the men show their skill in horsemanship by freeing themselves from the falling saddles and standing up on their horses' backs.

Then there may follow some cavalry gymnastics. Horses are unsaddled; the men mount, face to the rear, stand up, and turn a front somersault to the ground. They also mount from the rear and turn a back somersault over the horses' croups to the ground.

Horses are led up in column of twos. The ten pairs of men mount, trooper number one of each pair, the outside man, taking both reins. The pairs are cantered at the hurdles. Just before the hurdles are reached the inside trooper dismounts and vaults, as the horses are jumping, over his own horse, mounting double behind his partner. As the ten pairs go over the hurdles, one after another, the men all make clever vaults.

All this is followed by bareback-riding, high jumping for the horses, and a finale in the shape of a mimic charge. In this "stunt" one-half of the men cause their horses to lie down and, taking their positions behind their mounts, the men begin to discharge their pistols. The other ten men form in line at the opposite end of the field and charge through them with pistols.

It is not so difficult to train men to achieve these feats as might be supposed. The recruit may doubt his ability at first even to stick on his mount; but when he has been required to ride bareback for a month those doubts are dispelled.

Salt on the Moon

AT an address delivered before the Royal Astronomical Society in London a new explanation was offered of the long-standing mystery of the bright rays emanating from some of the so-called lunar craters. It is thought that they may be caused by salt efflorescence.



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(Continued from page 20)

offense he didn't commit, while the culprit leers from a neighboring corner. All this is, of course, more or less vulgar, but in the highly unrealistic sense that the comic supplement is vulgar—a harsh, unlovely, shadow-land, repellent, one would suppose, to intelligence and sanity.

The merriment that was set free by the pictured conflict of boy and policeman subsides again into apathy when the first scene in the more ambitious "photoplay" is flashed upon the curtain. For these fragmentary echoes of melodrama seem to be accepted merely as echoes, dim and undisturbing. Their warmed-over quality enables the spectator to remain entirely cool and disillusioned. And yet these plays often present not only the same type of heroine and villain that the old plays did, but the same actors—one would swear to it. The villain's throwing back his head in cruel, contemptuous laughter is a trick he must have learned and often practised on Fourteenth Street. And the malign deliberation of his walk is full of an ancient theatric significance that could scarcely be felt by any traditionless cub, hired to play in pantomime before the camera. On the other hand, that intemperate use of the telephone that characterizes the moving-picture play was of course unknown to melodrama.

The "Indian play"—indeed, the Wild West drama generally—is understood to be a commodity that is ordered in large quantities for contemporary audiences; but the result produces no apparent excitement. While a red man discovers a child left alone in a prairie cabin, and, brandishing cruel weapons, pursues the child through various shadow-scenes, the audience contentedly chews its gum. Further scenes are revealed in which the child's father appears, rescues the child and slays the Indian—but the onlookers are still unmoved. Even the dramatic adventures of the simpering young girl who is menaced by a nondescript villain and rescued at the critical moment by the humble but hitherto neglected suitor are accepted with complete nonchalance. Endangered girlhood is, however, so frequently and persistently presented that the theory must exist that it is a favorite stimulus with these stodgy audiences.

Yet these apathetic groups who now appear, except for their occasional bursts of unjoyous mirth, emotionless, are the same men and women who only a few years ago thronged constantly to the melodramas at the urge of what seemed to be an elemental need, the need of wholesome emotional exercise. No audience was ever disappointed in one of these eminently reliable performances; none was ever bored or critical or sleepy. One knew what one had come for and settled down comfortably to enjoy it. It was of relatively little importance whether the central figure in the tangle of love, danger, sacrifice, villainy, heroism, disaster, and triumph was Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model, or Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl—the succession of thrills was of practically the same character and intensity. What these audiences unconsciously demanded was an excuse to laugh, weep, pity, resent, condemn, and admire, all in strict conformity with the orthodox moral code; and it was this that was abundantly furnished them. It would surely be a psychological marvel if so deep a need could have vanished as the coincidence of a mere change of fashion in entertainments.

But the best and most satisfying feature of the melodramas was their imaginative scope, their denial of logical limitations. The simple, normal mind while it has felt a childlike delight in the occasional realistic detail, has probably always been charmed by the theater in proportion as its spectacle, as a whole, transcended reality. A world as unfettered as the world of faery, whose characters should have the shape and speech of the ordinary wage-earner, would have at any time a compelling appeal. "What attracted me so strongly to the theater," Wagner says, speaking of his childhood, "was . . . the fascinating pleasure of finding myself in an entirely different atmosphere, in a world that was purely fantastic and often gruesomely attractive. Thus to me . . . some costume or a characteristic part of it seemed to come from another world, to be in some way as *attractive as an apparition*." There is no doubt that this is the expression of a universal experience; and that if a sensitive, impressionable child of six or seven could define and express the emotions (too vaguely recalled by the adult) aroused by its first theater, this would form a human document of thrilling interest. And it may be that melodrama at its best supplied multitudes of adult children with an approximation of this delicious and memorable experience of infancy.

In comparison with the popular drama that it has succeeded and supplanted, the motion picture of course provides little or no emotional outlet. It is far from attempting to "purge with pity and terror" the casual multitudes that it attracts. In most cases the interest that it excites, when it excites any, is shallow, fleeting, two-dimensional, like the pictures themselves. It offers no illusion and no mystery. What is left to those who have had to accustom themselves to this thin and unsatisfying *form of recreation, but to acquire, as they have, a self-protective surface of apparent torpor?*

It is easy, of course, *to recall conspicuously* exceptional cases. There is now and then a feverish desire to see the pictured record of some current event of especial interest, particularly when it has to do with sports. But the kind of excitement that would be aroused by the records of a baseball or football game is a very special thing, and is infinity removed from the mere normal desire for amusement. Yet it is fully shared, as everybody knows, by sophisticated childhood. Indeed, the overpowering desire felt by youthful East Side citizens to see certain celebrated "movies" has more than once led them into tragic difficulty. Not many months ago, just after a much-advertised prize-fight, two little boys, whose uncontrollable longing for the admission fee to a picture-hall had led them to upset a grocer's display and barter his goods independently, were brought to the Children's Court. "The price of admittance was five cents?" inquired the judge, examining them. The smaller boy, who was very small indeed, quickly raised his thin, tense face. "Oh, but it was ten cents to see the big fight, judge!" he cried, hoarsely, the tremendous intensity of his manner and expression at once defining the almost irresistible character of his temptation and what he felt to be the manly magnitude of his crime.

But even though its imagination starve, a disaster of which it can scarcely be conscious, it is not difficult to understand why the vast, simple, unexigent public so faithfully follows up the moving picture. Almost any institution that cost so little would probably be patronized, even though the most it did was to provide a convenient and often comfortable lounging place, and, in the poorer quarters of the city, to provide an excuse for social contact. After all, there is no question but that the equivalent of a nickel is usually supplied. Beyond this, there is the fascination of never knowing what one is going to see, which is a far greater lure than an exact knowledge of what is forthcoming. But its strongest hold must be the fact that it makes no demand whatever upon its audiences, requiring neither punctuality—for it has no beginning—nor patience—for it has no end—nor attention—for it has no sequence. No degree of intelligence is necessary, no knowledge of our language, nor convictions nor attitude of any kind, reasonably good eyesight being indeed the only requisite. In the world of amusement, no line of less resistance than this has surely yet been offered.

HOW GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILWAYS WORKS IN JAPAN

BY GEORGE RUST BEDINGER

THOUGH the question of railways occupied the attention of the newly restored Imperial government of Japan as early as 1869, it was not until three years later that the first section of road, eighteen miles in length, connecting Tokio, the new capital, with the port of Yokohama, was opened. For the next eleven years, until 1883, the further development of railroad transportation was carried on entirely by the government, but only 170 miles of track had been laid. The task thus proving too big a thing for the government to monopolize, in 1883 the first private railway company obtained permission to construct a line from Tokio to Aomori, 450 miles in length. In the first year of its existence this single private company laid 63 miles of rail, or more than the government had laid during the four previous years.

Great impetus being thus given to this form of enterprise by free competition, railways soon began to connect the main cities, to skirt the shores of the Inland Sea, to give better communication to the Islands of Kiushiu at the south and Hokkaido at the north, as well as finally to connect both extremities of the long, slender main island. By 1889 the mileage of the private lines exceeded that of the state railways, and by 1901 the private companies owned 2,967 miles of track, whereas the government lines were only 1,059—barely more than one-third of the total. The oldest private line alone, the Nippon, owned no less than 857 miles, and with the Sanyo, Kiushiu, and other companies was not only a vigorous competitor of the state railways, but often surpassed them in service and equipment.

By 1901 the amount of capital represented by railway investment in Japan reached the total of approximately $230,000,000. With the exception of agriculture, no such large investment had ever been made in a single national industry. There was a handsome return on this investment. The state railways for the ten years from 1892 to 1901 yielded an annual average of 9.5 per cent., the Nippon paid 10 per cent. to its stockholders, the Sanyo and Kiushiu slightly less, and some of the other private roads declared as much as 15 and 16 per cent. dividends.

When, in 1906, the government nationalized the principal private roads, the total mileage of the country was 4,783, of which the government owned 1,531—less than one-third. The *Financial and Economic Annual* of Japan, published in 1911 by the Department of Finance, states that: "In order to unify the arrangements of transportation in our country and promote its economic advantages, the government recognized the necessity of nationalizing all private railways intended for public transportation with the exception of small local lines, and presented bills relative thereto to the Imperial Diet, and with its approval issued in March, 1906, the Railway Nationalization Law and the Keifu Purchase Law." This may be taken as the government's official statement. Under this law seventeen of the largest companies, owning lines that aggregated 2,823 miles, were purchased by loan bonds amounting to nearly $238,109,000, which was fully paid by July, 1909.

Though the real motive of the government in taking this step has been often explained as an act to forestall Socialism by making the vast army of railway employees look to the government for their livelihood and thus give it in turn their support, it seems more likely that the public means of transportation was taken over simply as a means of getting further money by a government that is exhausting every device of state monopoly and steady raising of the customs tariff to add to its revenue.

Disregarding entirely the various theoretical arguments for and against state ownership of railways, telegraphs, and telephones, are there not certain serious, practical objections to the nationalization of such public-service companies? First, I believe no bureau of government officials will run the railroad, telegraph, or telephone service on as sound business principles, with a view to getting business by carrying out the wishes of the public, as will be done by a private company or corporation that has this one matter as its excuse for existence. Most governments, and certainly the Japanese government, have too many irons in the fire. Granted that the heads of the Japanese Railway Bureau may be experts of great ability, and that politics, with the desire to wear a striking uniform and hold a soft job, do not enter into the question of the efficiency of government railway officials as against officials of private lines, is it not quite evident that the exigencies of the Ministry of Finance or some other department of the government may hold up needed appropriations that the head of the Railway Bureau has requested? Thus serious delays may ensue; and with all the good intentions in the world, simply because it has so many matters of importance on its hands, the government may be well-nigh helpless to remedy conditions.

The second objection against the nationalization of Japanese railways seems to me to be the spirit of officialdom that has noticeably entered into the railway service since the great private lines were absorbed. The government railways were formerly a division of the Department of Communications, which also included the posts, telegraphs, and telephones. Now there has been created the Imperial Railway Bureau, and a special new uniform has been devised for all railway employees from inspectors down to petty station-masters and assistants. With the possible exception of Russia, I suppose there is no country where official uniforms and badges of office are held in more reverence than in Japan. On their blue military caps the Railway Bureau officials wear a gorgeous gold-embroidered wheel and broad gold band. Officials of certain grades have in addition red stripes upon their shoulders.

The result of making men who, though in a government bureau, are engaged in public-service work, so resplendent is that their bearing becomes more and more important, and the good common folk look up to these little martinets as if they were demigods. Such a spirit of officialdom is bound to detract from real, broad business efficiency. Furthermore, whereas by our American decentralized system of government we seldom have any too much respect for an official simply because he is in government service, there is a glory quite Teutonic that emanates from an official of the Imperial Japanese government. And thus, when your railways are a part of this august central power, are they not by that very fact largely removed from healthy criticism as they are from free competition?

Thirdly, when the government owns a great empire-wide interest like railways, is it not almost inevitable that certain members of the government will be tempted to use that interest as a means of giving places to persons whom in some way they wish to serve?

Thus, after all, the question of the success or failure of Japanese railway nationalization resolves itself into a matter of efficiency. If after nationalization the railways have been run far better than before and given the people much better service, well and good. But from what I have been able to see and learn of the matter during a residence in Japan during the last eleven years I cannot see that this has been the case. The extension and improvement of means of transportation in Japan have not gone ahead as rapidly as they should have. This is due to growing official red-tapeism on the part of the government and the actual blocking of private enterprises for rapid transit, such as suburban tramways, because they would prove local competitors to the state roads.

In Japan there is abundant private capital. That many of the Emperor's subjects live on the verge of starvation and that the heavy taxes cause real misery do not prevent the accumulation of snug fortunes in every part of the Empire. To my mind, the poverty of this nation of over fifty million industrious people has been considerably exaggerated. But the large sums that might be well invested in railways, telegraphs, and telephones now go into cotton-mills, breweries, and great industrial companies. The demand for increased telephone service in Tokio alone is so much in excess of what the government seems willing to supply that many have to wait months, and any person having a registered telephone can always sell it at a premium of five hundred dollars cash down. No private companies are allowed to sell telephones, and yet the government by its "dog-in-the-manger" policy is simply holding back the progress of the country. When the government of such an alert people as the Japanese not only monopolizes these public-utility services and forces out private competition, but then renders such inadequate service to the public as shown by the way the railways and telephones are managed, does it not show that their nationalization has not resulted in increased efficiency for the people?

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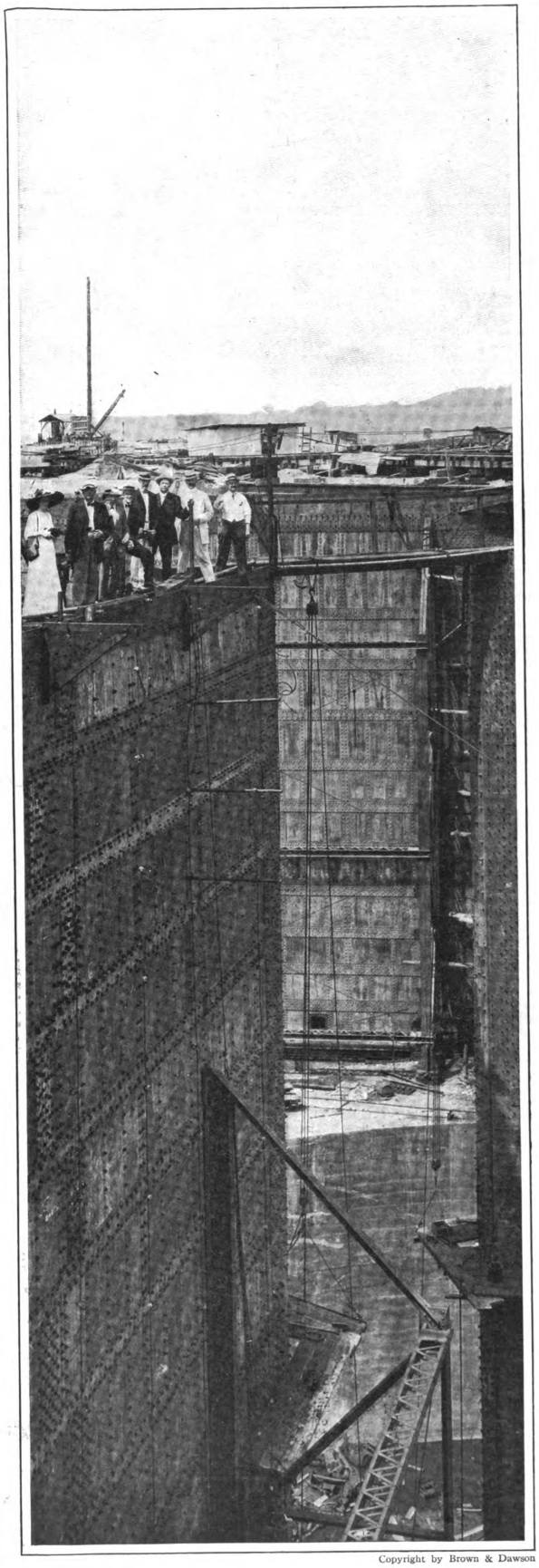
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FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

Paying the Piper

GOVERNMENT BONDS TO THE EXTENT OF HALF A BILLION DOLLARS TO BE ISSUED SOON AFTER PEACE IS DECLARED

FIGURING the number of men engaged in the Balkan War at a little less than a million, and the expense of maintaining the armies at $2.50 daily per man, the total cost of the war works out roughly at $200,000,000. In a report just made public, the Italian Minister of Finance gives $122,400,000 as the amount paid out to the army and navy departments during the course of the recent war in Tripoli—which means that including replacements, pensions, and other attendant expenses, the war must have cost Italy at least $175,000,000. Here, then, during the year just ended was an expenditure for actually carrying on war of not far from four hundred million dollars, to say nothing of the huge sums spent by the powers to get their armies on a war footing and keep them there.

Satisfaction at the cessation of hostilities and optimistic prediction as to the effect on the markets ought, therefore, to be tempered by the realization that, while the worst is undoubtedly over, the influence of what has happened is bound to make itself felt for a good while to come. The fracas, in other words, is over, but the bill still remains to be settled. Carrying on wars or even getting ready to carry on wars is an expensive pleasure—in this particular case cost the powers concerned well over half a billion dollars. That has now got to be made up. Depleted war-chests have got to be refilled. To get along on current resources during the progress of the fight was all very well; there being, in fact, no other alternative. But now that hostilities have ceased and it is again possible for these powers to raise money by selling bonds, bonds have got to be sold in order that the cash spent may be replaced. So far the expense of the war has fallen on the various governments' treasuries. Now it is to be shifted to the shoulders of the investment-buying public.

What is probably a very conservative estimate places the amount of new government securities to be offered as soon as possible after peace is declared at $483,000,000. Bulgaria's requirements are figured at $36,000,000, Italy's at $120,000,000, Turkey's at $87,000,000, Greece's at $15,000,000, Servia's at $20,000,000, Austria's at $30,000,000, Hungary's at $30,000,000. Besides these, a number of government loans held back during the closing months of 1912 are expected to be made in the near future. Argentina, it is reported, is in the market for $25,000,000, China for $50,000,000, Norway for $10,000,000, Rumania for $50,000,000, Sweden for $10,000,000.

Nineteen hundred and thirteen, it is thus apparent, is going to see government financing—that is to say, borrowing by governments—on an entirely unprecedented scale. The public is going to be asked to lend at least half a billion dollars—and offered whatever inducements are necessary to make it willing to do so. How about the money so borrowed; what is it going to be used for? Used? It isn't going to be used. It was used, as a matter of fact, several months ago. It is not because they need half a billion dollars to build railroads or public works or anything else that these governments want to borrow that big amount of money. The reason they want to borrow it is because, in the conduct of the war and in getting themselves prepared to take a hand in it if necessary, they have emptied their treasure-chests and are now under the necessity of filling them up again. It is not that the money may be used in productive enterprise that half a billion dollars is to be asked for from the investing public on this side of the ocean and the other. It is simply that the money may be locked up in treasuries depleted as a result of the wars.

Where is the money to come from? From investors who will buy the government bonds which will be offered, of course. But suppose that these governments were not going to borrow—how, in that case, would the money be used? To buy other securities, naturally—bonds and shares of commercial enterprises.

What is going to happen, in other words, is that capital to the extent of half a billion dollars which would otherwise be available for the uses of trade is going to be diverted into the treasuries of the various governments, there to lie practically idle. Furthermore, that industrial enterprise wishing to obtain fresh capital by the sale of securities will have to put out its securities in competition with the new government issues being offered.

How does that affect us here in the United States? the question is at once raised. We don't go in for Bulgarian or Turkish or Italian bonds. How much American capital, otherwise available for the uses of trade, will offerings of bonds of that sort absorb?

More, perhaps, than a good many people imagine. A month ago when the Austrian government needed funds badly and was unable to raise the money at home it was to the New York market that appeal was made. Austrian bonds? Who had ever heard of selling Austrian bonds here, at least in any considerable quantity? Yet when the Austrian government stated the rate it was willing to pay, it found little difficulty in finding bankers here willing to undertake the flotation of the issue. What if Austrian bonds *were* a new thing in this market? On a six-per-cent. basis the bonds of a power like Austria were too attractive to pass by. To distribute the bonds, the bankers realized, even though they were a class of security little known, would be an easy thing. And that, indeed, turned out to be the case. Twenty-five million dollars of American capital found its way into the new bonds within the space of a very few days.

The American investment public has not, it is true, been educated up to the point of putting its money freely into foreign government bonds, but that the experience of this Austrian issue will be repeated and the bonds of other governments sold in this market on a considerable scale during the next six months is altogether probable. A very high rate of interest will be offered by the borrowers; that has already been shown. If such a power as Austria is willing at the very outset to pay close upon seven per cent. for money, what rate will the minor governments have to pay? The Austrian loan, it is true, runs only for a couple of years, and the rate paid for the money is, therefore, considerably higher than if the issue had been for a long term. But even making the fullest allowance for that, it is certain that if a big power like Austria finds it necessary to pay six and a half or seven per cent. for money for *any* term, the lesser powers will have to pay a good round rate even where they are willing to have the loan run over a long series of years.

The effect will be largely to overcome the chief objection the American investing public has always had to government bonds, namely, that they yield so low a rate of income. A government bond bearing three and a half per cent. interest is a different proposition from one bearing five and a half per cent. or six. In this country there are too many opportunities to invest money profitably for bond-buyers to take any interest in securities yielding the former rate, however safe they may be. But let a government bond be issued yielding five per cent. or better, and the chances are that the investing public will not be slow to take advantage of the opportunity.

Particularly so at the present time when there is so much agitation against the railways and the big industrial concerns, and investors are in such doubt as to what, under the new order of things, the old-established securities may be worth. Houses handling public-service bonds all testify to the extent to which this uneasy feeling on the part of investors in railway and industrial securities has helped to popularize the class of bonds they are offering, immune as they are from investigation and attack. With these new government bonds it will be the same thing. They will not, perhaps, have the safety of British consols or of French rentes. But any one who buys them will at least have the assurance that he is buying a security legally issued, and that when he picks up his paper in the morning he need have no fear of reading that the government has brought a dissolution suit against the company. To a greater degree than many people realize, confidence in existing investments has been impaired. Very large amounts of "frightened" capital, it is certain, will welcome the opportunity of investment in securities which, while yielding a full rate of income, are not subject to the influences which have brought the investment markets into their present state.

Probably not a very great amount of railroad and industrial bonds will be liquidated by investors in order to re-invest the money in the new issues, but that the new issues will compete strongly for fresh supplies of capital offering goes without saying. And that, because of the very large amount of financing which has got to be done during the next six months, is an important consideration. Aside from the new money needed by the corporations, something over $300,000,000 has got to be raised between now and the end of June merely to take care of maturing bonds and notes.

That the competition afforded by the offering of half a billion dollars' worth of new government securities bearing a high rate of interest will not make the process any easier is plain enough. So far as the refunding of maturing obligations is concerned, that will be arranged, of course. But the inevitable effect will be to increase the cost of the money. Just recently a big railroad having an issue of five-per-cent. notes coming due arranged to take care of them by means of an issue of "sixes." That is highly illustrative. Railroads and industrial companies having bonds and notes coming due during the next six months will be taken care of, but will be made to pay a stiff price for the accommodation. And similarly with borrowings of fresh capital. With government bonds being freely offered on a basis to net the buyer five or six per cent., it stands to reason that industrial and railway offerings will have to be given a high rate of interest to make them salable at all.

From the investors' standpoint that isn't a bad thing, but from the standpoint of business and the markets it is. Business, in order to go forward, needs capital—plenty of it and available at low rates. Scarcity of capital, resulting from its diversion into government bonds or any other cause, is one of the most effective restraining influences to which trade can be subjected.

But considerable as is the amount of industrial capital in this country which will be displaced by the issue of these government loans, it is small in comparison to the amount which will be displaced abroad. We have already taken $25,000,000 of Austrian bonds, and shall probably run our purchase of foreign "governments" above the nine-figure mark before we get through; but even at that the whole amount placed here will not amount to more than one-fifth or possibly one-fourth of the total placed abroad. If the issue of the new bonds is to be an influence on the market here, it is to be an influence of far greater importance on the markets of Europe. And that means, of course, that there will be a reactive effect on the market here, for so closely are the European and American markets allied that nothing can strongly influence the one without influencing the other.

From the American standpoint, what particularly counts is that the bringing out of this great mass of new bonds in the foreign markets means that for the next six months the foreigners will be very fully occupied attending to their own financing and will not be able to help us much with ours. Foreign government bonds find a readier market abroad than they do here, and, with the fear of war dispelled, very large amounts of money will be released for investment all over Europe. But even at that, and making the fullest allowance for potential absorptive power, the issue of $350,000,000 to $400,000,000 of new government securities within the space of a few months is an influence calculated to test the markets to their utmost capacity. Faced with the problem of raising that amount of money, the foreign bankers can only be expected to hold their resources well in hand, turning a deaf ear to requests for accommodation from any other source.

Now it happens that, reluctant as we may be to admit it, we do need foreign help in the financing of the three hundred million dollars odd of bonds and notes that come due between now and the middle of the year. Of these securities a very considerable part are held in London and Paris. When, therefore, these bonds and notes—most of them are notes—come due, and the corporations which have issued them try to arrange with the holder to take new issues of securities in payment, instead of cash, the financial position of the holder will make a lot of difference. If he has money to lend, the chances are that he will cheerfully acquiesce in the proposition to accept new notes instead of cash. If, on the other hand, his position is such that he feels that he needs his money for his own use, the refunding proposition is not so likely to appeal to him and he is likely to demand payment in cash instead of new securities.

Some of the notes falling due within the next six months and held abroad will be renewed, but the great bulk of them will not. There will be cases where the terms offered for renewal will be made so attractive that foreign holders will be content to let the obligation run, but in most instances repayment in cash will be demanded. With so large an amount of new securities of their own to look after, the foreigners, knowing very well that we are able to pay off these notes if that is insisted on, are certain to refuse to renew. To do so would be virtually to make us fresh loans—to buy more of our securities. And that the foreigners, in view of their own requirements for cash, can hardly be expected to do. While the marketing of this great mass of new government bonds is going on, we need look for little financial aid from abroad.

We can consider ourselves fortunate, indeed, if the displacement of capital resulting from the issue abroad of all these new securities does not start fresh liquidation of foreign-held American stocks and bonds. By the selling movement which started with the outbreak of the war, Europe's speculative holdings of "Americans" were greatly reduced. But repurchases, it is known, have been on a considerable scale. Will these holdings, as a result of the issue of "governments," be displaced and again sold here? That depends largely upon the amount of difficulty experienced in distributing the new bonds. If the issues are readily taken and without serious disturbance of the monetary position, foreign holdings of American stocks are not likely to be greatly disturbed. If, on the other hand, the foreign bankers find trouble in getting their clients to put up the money wanted by these various governments, we can count upon having a further considerable amount of "Americans" pressed on this market for sale.

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Curious Trade Unions

ACCORDING to a recent report of the Registrar of Friendly Societies in London, there are nearly seven hundred trade-unions in Great Britain.

Next to Lancashire, London shows the largest number of such unions. It also possesses the oldest trade-union in existence, that of the United Society of Brushmakers.

Out of one hundred and forty-two London unions forty-one have fewer than one hundred members, the smallest union being the Cabinet Makers' Federation with but twelve members. Many of these small trade-unions relate to occupations rarely heard of in ordinary life. The Paper Stainers' Union, which has been in existence for fifty years, has only fifty members. The Tin Canister and Preserved Provision Case Makers have but forty members. The Barometer and Thermometer Tube Blowers have a trade-union membership of thirty-one.

An interesting instance of a small trade-union is that of the canal, river, and dock watchmen, who muster thirty-four. Even the keepers of coffee-stalls, which the hungry Londoner patronizes after the cafés and restaurants have closed at 12.30 A.M., have their union. This has been in existence for eleven years and shows a membership of thirty-eight. Another little union is that of the United Kingdom Street Sellers and Peddlers, of which there are forty-two members; and there is a Street Traders' Brotherhood which has thirty-two.



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DR. CARL ALSBERG, THE NATION'S NEW CHIEF CHEMIST

DR. CARL ALSBERG, RECENTLY APPOINTED TO SUCCEED DR. HARVEY W. WILEY AS CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF CHEMISTRY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Africa's Dreadful Snakes

WHETHER Australia, India, or Africa, is the worst place in the world for poisonous snakes, the last-named is quite bad enough. In equatorial East Africa one must always scrutinize the ground cautiously before spreading a blanket for a seat or bed, and the natives have acquired a remarkable keenness of vision in detecting deadly reptiles, which usually resemble the vegetation of their haunts. On the other hand, the non-venomous kinds are often most conspicuous, as, for instance, the *naru*, which has a white skin marked with blood-red stripes, being the only known example of a white snake. The poisonous ones occur in trees and shrubbery as well as on the ground, and there is a black one which lurks in holes in trees, and in ant-hills, where it kills many negro honey-gatherers. Another is a mottled gray, and accounts for the death of large numbers of cattle and goats. A trader lately found one seven feet long ensconced in the hollow base of an elephant tusk in his warehouse; and thought it worth while to pull the whole place to pieces to make sure of getting rid of it.

The infamous and widespread puff-adder has a way of creeping for warmth into the blankets of sleeping men. An elephant-hunter relates that one rainy chilly night in German East Africa he had wrapped himself in his blankets and was falling asleep, when he realized that a snake had crept into his bed and between his legs. In this horrible predicament, where his slightest movement probably meant his death, he kept his wits about him and, explaining the situation to his men, bade them very carefully lift away the covering. This they did, disclosing a large puff-adder. The men then gently placed their hands under his shoulders, and with a quick, strong heave dragged him out of danger.

A small black-and-white cobra is much dreaded because it leaps from the tall grass at men or animals passing. Still more difficult to guard against are certain large greenish snakes which lie in wait on the branches of trees overhanging a path, and strike downward; they are almost invisible in the foliage. At a village in German East Africa a native woman started to walk to another village, carrying on her head a basket of articles, and on her back, securely tied, her child. As she went the infant set up a sharp cry, but was presently quieted, and the mother never suspected, till she had reached her destination, that the baby had been struck on the head by a snake and was already dead.

Transatlantic Navigation

PROPHECIES of the probable dimensions of Atlantic liners have hitherto proved under-estimates. At the first International Congress of Maritime Navigation in Philadelphia last May it was predicted that in 1950 the twenty largest boats of the Atlantic fleet would have an average length of 1,100 feet, with a beam of over 100 feet, and draw nearly 40 feet of water. A previous forecast, however, for 1923 materialized in 1911. Plans for the new locks at Tilbury Dock provide for a length of 1,250 feet, a width of 130 feet, and a draught of 51 feet. The Suez Canal, which so far has been incapable of receiving ships of the size of North American liners, is to be deepened to 39 feet by 1915.

There exists an appreciable difference between port accommodation in New York and Havre. The entrance to the French port has at low tide a minimum depth of 19 feet of water. On the other hand, in New York harbor the Ambrose Channel has a depth of 40 feet.

Big liners to-day cannot wait for the tide. All companies attach importance to sailing on schedule. This is impossible at Havre; hence there are in course of construction there works that will soon give the port a big tidal basin, with a quay of more than 3,000 feet, along which there will always be at least 39 feet of water.

A New Use for Beggars

A HOTELKEEPER in the suburbs of Paris, having been much troubled with mendicants, put a wheel near the entrance to the building, and above it was placed a sign reading: "Charity degrades both him who gives and him who takes. Turn this wheel one hundred times and get half a franc."

Numerous beggars applied for leave to turn the wheel, until the discovery was made that the force employed was utilized to draw water from a well which served a practical purpose in a near-by orchard and hostelry. Then, according to the story, no beggars were seen in the vicinity.

Willow Life-boats

ABOARD one of the ships which sail between London and Rotterdam there has been recently installed a species of life-boat which is quite novel. These boats, which do not weigh more than the ordinary life-boat of wood, are made to hold thirty-five people and are composed of several concentric layers. The exterior is of willow, then comes a layer of wood, then another of canvas, a second layer of wood, and a second layer of canvas. The interior of the boat is of wood. Experiment has demonstrated that this kind of life-boat is practically "unbreakable," and it is guaranteed to resist the kind of shock which so easily overturns the ordinary life-boat. It is also expected that this new boat will keep afloat indefinitely in the stormiest weather.

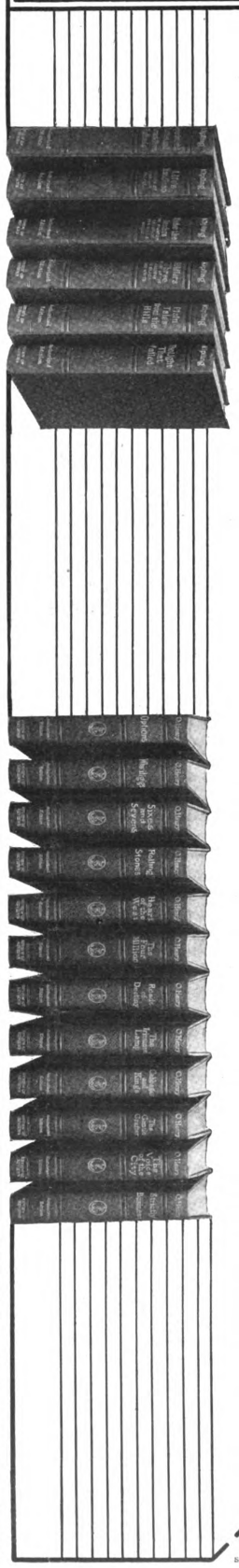
The Harmony of Colors

THE principle that the sensation of white results from the equal excitement of sensations produced by the three fundamental radiations is deduced naturally from an analysis of the rules of the harmony of colors. Colored lights do not focus at the same point; therefore the eye must seize different distances at the same time in order to see when different colored surfaces touch. The difference of refrangibility of the different colored rays causes some colors to stand out and others to stand back. Red is the most "flying" or "tapering" of the colors, a red object always appearing to be farther away than a blue object, though it is seen on the same plane and in the same light.

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Menageries

THE habit of keeping wild animals in confinement first appeared in the form of sacred menageries. Of these dumb deities the ox and the serpent were chiefly popular, although certain cities made a specialty of other kinds of animals and reptiles. Such animals were kept and fed near the inner precincts of temples. The sacred lion of Heliopolis was domiciled in the temple of the Sun and had reserved for him the best cuts of meat, while his meals were eaten in the modern fashion, to the accompaniment of music. Occasionally some live animal was confined with the lion, which attacked and devoured it. Sacred crocodiles were so highly esteemed that they had collars round their necks and rings on their claws. It was the custom to feed these creatures with cakes and scraps of meat, for which they would come at call. Even now in Japanese temples a similar fashion obtains, except that tortoises replace crocodiles.

In Egypt each menagerie had attached to it a plot of cultivated ground whose yield sufficed for the nourishment and upkeep of the animals. Parents, when their children were ill, would realize on their hair to buy offerings to propitiate the sacred beasts. The Athenians preferred more or less domesticated animals as stock for their menageries. The Romans, on the other hand, kept wild animals, for fighting, chiefly. At one time rich citizens owned private menageries and gave exhibitions of the animals at receptions, etc.

To-day the number of menageries is legion. But these establishments have ceased to be regarded merely as places of entertainment, and it is sought to turn to account their scientific value. The ideal menagerie promises to be a kind of sanatorium where animals will exercise their muscles.

The Convenient Cycle-Car

THE increasing popularity of the cycle-car is easily understood. It supplies a cheap means of locomotion that combines many of the advantages of the motor and motor-bicycle. Only lately has it been possible for a man in moderate circumstances to buy and run a four wheeled machine to carry two persons. One such recently covered sixty miles in an hour.

Cheapness of upkeep is a great point in its favor. Many cycle-cars cost but little over two cents per mile. Among other advantages are the initial cost of the machine, ease of storage, and general adaptability, which recommend it to a large section of the public. Meanwhile new designs of cycle-cars are constantly being placed upon the market.

The displacement of motor-cars for certain purposes by these machines is already threatened. As small delivery vans cycle-cars possess the advantages of lightness and easy manipulation in traffic. For the delivery of goods, where house-to-house visits are necessary, much depends on rapid "picking up" and slowing down. Another use to which the cycle-car is well adapted is in the service of traveling salesmen. Here what is wanted is a machine moderate in price and, at the same time, reliable, which can be run cheaply, carry samples, be fairly speedy, and, above all, not require too much attention.

The Sleep of the Elephant

IT is doubted whether, in the wild state, elephants ever lie down. Gordon Cumming thought he had found evidence, in marks upon the ground, that the adult bulls did stretch themselves out at full length for a few hours' rest at about midnight; but he contended that the young and the cows always remained on their feet.

Another authority, Selous, has expressed doubt whether even the old bulls lie down. He tells of one herd that was known to have kept moving and feeding throughout the twenty-four hours. "Except when rolling in mud and water," he says, "it is likely that an African elephant never lies down during its whole life."

However this may be, the most competent authorities seem to agree that this animal sleeps less and more lightly than any other. J. L. Kipling, the father of the writer, has estimated the period of slumber taken standing up to average about four hours in the twenty-four, and this estimate has been employed by the son in an amusing passage for one of his stories, "Moti Guj," wherein the sleep of the elephant is represented as consisting of an hour's fidgeting on one side and a similar period's fidgeting on the other, followed throughout the rest of the night "by long, low, rumbling, soliloquies."



"HOW FAR IS IT TO MARS?"

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One year ago, on January 1st, The Pittsburgh Post took its readers into its confidence and told of its aims and hopes for 1912.

The success which has come to THE PITTSBURGH POST during the last twelve months has come by fair means.

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March	"	28,854	" "
April	"	61,096	" "
May	"	82,572	" "
June	"	78,806	" "
July	"	63,098	" "
August	"	90,048	" "
September	"	94,542	" "
October	"	132,314	" "
November	"	138,544	" "
December	"	107,254	" "
One Year's Gains,		916,566	Agate Lines

But there is a reward—the success which THE PITTSBURGH POST has made is almost incredible. In 1912 THE PITTSBURGH POST gained over the previous year

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The Solitary Wasp

THE remarkable gradation of the social instincts of animals is shown by the "solitary" bee which, by laborious effort, constructs a few cells in a hole in a wall or in an old snail shell, and by the marvelous builders of the hives. At the bottom of the social scale of the vespian world are the "solitary" wasps. Every female of the family builds a nest and lays in provisions for the young she is not to see.

The *Eumenes coarctatus*, one of the family of the solitary wasp, builds a nest of little balls of earth. The nest is first shaped and then covered with a shapeless blanket of mortar.

When ready to deposit her eggs the female *eumenes* catches grubs or caterpillars, paralyzing but not killing her prey by stinging their nervous centers, and drags them home to be reserved, still living, until needed as fresh meat for the young. Her pouch filled with provisions, she lays in it one egg, which she hangs to the top by a thread of her own spinning. This done, she destroys the neck of the pouch, seals the mouth, covers the whole, and goes away, leaving the egg to come to maturity. The egg matures and the larva comes forth and feeds upon the caterpillars; but never does a *eumenes* return to take note of the result of her efforts.

The *Odynerus spinipes* of Europe works in a different way. She makes the future cradle in the ground in places exposed to the rising or noon sun, and hollows out holes twelve inches deep. Many wasps of this species may dig in the same place at the same time, but each works for herself and takes no notice of her neighbors. In case of danger she defends her property and lets the other workers look out for themselves. Usually the ground chosen is hard and the builder is obliged to dampen it before she can dig. In measure as the work progresses the insect uses the ground thrown up, in building a sort of chimney around the opening. When the nest is dug the mother insect stocks it with paralyzed larvæ; lays her eggs, breaks down her chimney, and uses its material to stop the opening, and seals the whole work with other material.

An Ancient Operation

WHILE the medical profession is agreed that some rough form of surgery must have existed from very ancient times, it has always been a matter of wonder that so complex and delicate an operation as trepanning should be also one of the oldest.

There is authentic record of this operation dating back to the time of Hippocrates, who wrote treatises on fractures, dislocations, and wounds of the head, wherein he described the method of procedure to be followed in the case of a fractured skull. His idea was to cut away a piece of bone so that the pressure on the brain might be relieved.

The annals of this era also show that a file was used for this purpose, which, at a time when modern anesthetics were unknown, must have been, to say the least, painful.

According to Holmes, the operation of removing pieces of bone was performed long before historic times. The effects on the skull are easily seen after death and are visible as long as the bones are preserved. From inspection of certain skulls of the later stone age in ancient Britain there has been derived the conclusion that some of these had undergone the operation, which must have been performed with a stone implement.

Sun-Dials

SUN-DIALS are of great variety—horizontal, vertical, polar, spherical, and portable. Of this last description one in use by the Pyrenean peasantry consists of two wooden cylinders, the smaller carrying a stylet and fitting into the other.

The oldest sun-dial on record was that of King Hezekiah about 740 B.C. On a column of a chapel perilously situated upon rock in the Gironde River in France may be seen a sun-dial of 1586. The most recent and remarkable of sun-dials for its size and decoration is that of Juvisy, built in 1910 on the front of the Flammarion Observatory. This has a trapezoidal form, with a vertical surface, and measures about 13 feet in height and 27 feet at the base.

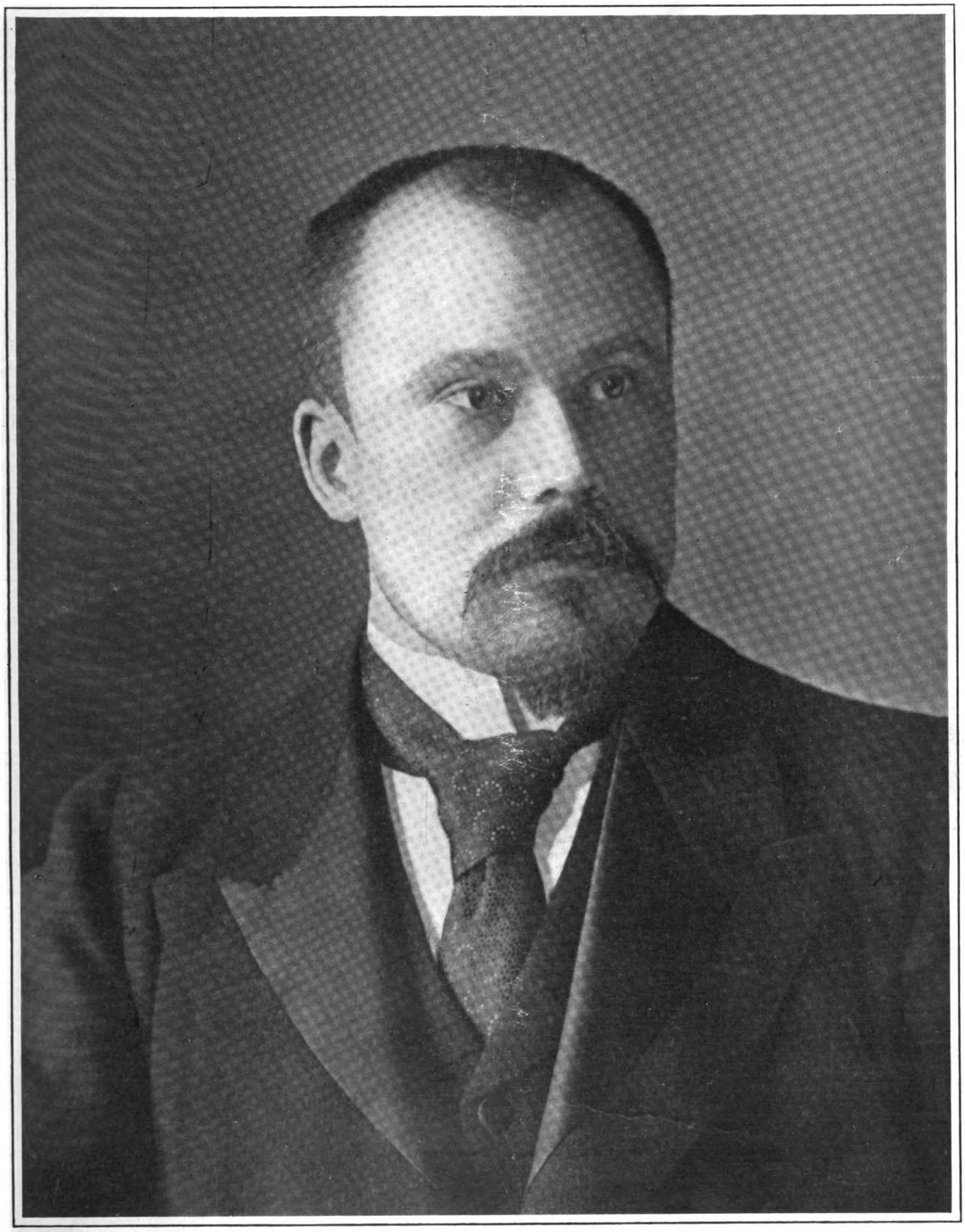
Music and Mosquitoes

IN some parts of India, where mosquitoes abound, it is impossible to play the violin because the music attracts the insects in great numbers. When the first notes are heard the mosquitoes swarm in clouds around the player and make the movements of the hand impossible.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. LVII NEW YORK, JANUARY 25, 1913 No. 2927



THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF FRANCE

Raymond Poincare, who has been elected by the National Assembly to succeed Armand Fallieres as ninth President of the French Republic. He is fifty-two years old and filled several Cabinet offices before becoming Premier in January, 1912. The skill and enterprise which he displayed in localizing the Balkan conflic. won him a high reputation, and his election was the result of a decisive popular mandate. An account of M. Poincare's career appears on page 9

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VOL. LVII No. 2927

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

THIRTY-SIX PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 25, 1913

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COMMENT

Mr. Wilson's Speeches

Isn't it getting to be about time for Wall Street to remove its blue glasses and take a square look at the rest of the country? Nobody else is having spasms over Mr. WILSON's speeches. Why should the Street that May Be Straight, but is Sometimes Called Crooked? And why not try to *get* things straight, too? Here, for example, is our neighbor, the *Sun*, whose accuracy of statement is proverbial, printing the following in its financial columns:

> In these utterances the man that is to be the next President of our country and is to have a party friendly to him in control of both Houses of the national legislature has declared that the business men of the country are substantially dishonest and must change their hearts; that the banking system of the country stands already "convicted" of heinous and dangerous practices; that society in the country is in need of general reconstruction; and that he, the President-elect, has started out with his war paint on and holds a whip in his hand to hurry the reconstructing process. And he has added that if business disturbance results from all this it will be because capitalists have conspired to bring it about and for which they will deserve to be hanged as high as HAMAN. It has been agreed in defense of Mr. WILSON that in speaking as he did he spoke extemporaneously and was carried away by oratorical afflatus.

Now let us see about this. We have read Mr. WILSON's speeches, but we found nothing of this sort in them. He did not "declare that the business men of the country are substantially dishonest." On the contrary, he evinced belief in their integrity and good intentions. But he did say frankly and truly that the country needed to be convinced of their uprightness and unselfishness, and that it was up to them to do the convincing.

There was no novelty in this assertion. Senator ELIHU ROOT, who represents in Congress downtown Manhattan as well as up-State New York, who used to have a law office in Wall Street, and who ought to know what he talks about, made the same declaration far more succinctly and with much greater emphasis in his recent speech to the Chamber of Commerce. These were his words:

> There are hundreds of thousands of people outside the great industrial communities who think you are a den of thieves. There are hundreds of thousands of people who think that the manufacturers of the country are no better than a set of confidence men.

The distinguished Senator then went on to urge his hearers to strive to overcome this impression by their acts. And that is what Mr. WILSON did—just that and nothing more. Mr. WILSON's language was less brusque than Mr. ROOT's, but he aimed at the same thing. And wasn't it good advice? If not, we for one don't know what good advice is.

Then again Mr. WILSON did not say that our banking system stands "convicted of heinous and dangerous practices." He said it stood convicted of general incompetency and specific inability to meet the needs of the country—which is just what everybody in and out of Wall Street has been saying for years.

And Mr. WILSON did *not* say, in either Chicago or New York, that "if business disturbance results from all this it will be because capitalists have conspired to bring it about," and ought to be hanged "as high as HAMAN." What he did say was that if unscrupulous persons should try to fetch on a panic to serve their own wicked ends or to discredit those who are trying to accomplish reforms, they ought to be and would be held up to derision and scorn—held up or hung up as high as HAMAN.

Well, who wants to deny the rightfulness of that proposition? If he had said higher than HAMAN, we shouldn't object. Panics are bad things, very bad things, and no punishment is too severe for anybody caught encouraging them. Maybe it wasn't necessary for Mr. WILSON to say that at this time; we think probably it wasn't; but what he said was all right.

It may be that "it has been agreed in defense of Mr. WILSON" that he spoke extemporaneously, and "was carried away by oratorical afflatus," but if so we should like to know who did the agreeing. Surely Mr. WILSON would not admit that he did not speak deliberately, and there is no reason why he should, for he didn't say a thing that wasn't true. He did speak extemporaneously, to be sure, and that was a mistake, because only segregated and misrepresentative portions of his Chicago speech got into the Eastern papers; but that is the only real ground for criticism we have found or can find.

The *Times'* financier, after due consideration, reaches this sage conclusion:

> There was an undercurrent of hope that the responsibility of office, once it actually rests on his shoulders, will lead Mr. WILSON to weigh more carefully the effect of his public utterances, but the real sentiment of the Street in respect to the influence to be exerted by the incoming of the new administration was pretty accurately reflected in the course of prices of the Stock Exchange. It remained true, none the less, that inferences, perhaps well founded and perhaps not, had as much to do with the effect produced by Mr. WILSON's words as had the direct statement of his views as he expressed them. The Street's own interpretation, in other words, heightened the effect of the President-elect's discussion of the questions which he treated in his address at Chicago a week ago and in his later statement, in which he dealt with the policy which he expects to pursue in the selection of his Cabinet. In this fact lies the possibility that the market effect of this factor was overdone.

The "real sentiment of the Street," we believe, is usually "pretty accurately reflected in the course of prices on the Stock Exchange." It is not uncommon, moreover, to see an effect "heightened by the Street's own interpretation." Sometimes, too, it does happen that the market effect is "overdone" by speculators.

Well, that is Wall Street's business. It isn't Mr. WILSON's. And it isn't the public's. If there are those who think they can make money by selling stocks on their own "interpretations," that is their privilege. It is also the prerogative of others to buy shares for the same purpose on *their* judgment.

Let 'em go it, we say. There isn't any panic or any sign of a panic, and all the stock-jobbers combined couldn't make one in a time like this if they should try. Investors are not alarmed, and have not the slightest cause to be. They haven't been selling any shares, either. It is a strictly "professional" market and unworthy of a moment's attention from Mr. WILSON or anybody else associated with him in gauging real public sentiment.

Two Improvements Suggested

Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS thinks he knows of two improvements that should be made in our system of government. Just two. Others he deprecates for the present. He doesn't care to popularize the government; doesn't care for the referendum or any of the recalls. He respects very much the Constitution as it stands, and would let it alone in almost all particulars. So he told his audience on January 16th in a Founders' Day address at the university of South Carolina. But he favored two changes. He said:

> I would substitute for the present brief tenure of the Presidential office—a tenure well enough perhaps in the comparatively simple days which preceded our Civil War—a tenure sufficiently long to enable the occupant of the Presidential chair to have a policy and to accomplish at least something toward its adoption.

That is one change. The other concerns the method of choosing legislators. Mr. ADAMS said:

> Our legislative does not fairly represent the average good sense of our community, taken as a whole. Hence it has indisputably fallen in public estimation. It fails to command confidence. It fails so to do for two reasons. It is chosen by the process I have not overrespectfully referred to as the counting of noses, and, moreover, by an unwritten law more binding than any in the statute-book that counting of noses is localized. In other words, when it comes to the choice of our legislative, we reduce provincialism to a system, and install it as such. It then becomes the stronghold of mediocrity—the avenue to office of the second and third rate man, he who wishes always to enjoy his share of a little brief authority, to have, also, a taste of public life. In this respect our American system is, I submit, manifestly and incomparably inferior to the system of Parliamentary election existing in Great Britain—itself open to grave criticism. In Great Britain the public man seeks the constituency wherever he can find it; or the constituency seeks the man wherever it recognizes him. The present Prime Minister of Great Britain, for instance, represents a small Scotch constituency in which he never resided, but by which he was elected more than twenty years ago, and through which he has since consecutively remained in public life. On the other hand, look at the waste and extravagance of the system now and traditionally in use with us. To get into public life a man must not only be in sympathy with the majority of the citizens of the locality in which he lives, but he must continue to be in sympathy with that majority; or, at any election, like Mr. CANNON in the election just held, where for any passing cause a majority of his neighbors in the locality in which he lives fail to support him, he must go into retirement. Such a system simply penalizes individuality and sets a premium on moral subserviency. Its operation and influence may be studied to-day in our halls of legislation—state or national.

Both of Mr. ADAMS's suggested changes aim at the same thing—the retention in legislative service of men whose training, experience, and abilities make their services valuable.

This is too big a country to be run successfully by green hands, even with the assistance of all the newspapers. That was recognized by the provision of six-year terms for Senators, and by the plan that not more than about one-third of the Senate shall be renewed at any one election. Representatives, like Senators, must be inhabitants of the states they represent, but they need not be inhabitants of the Congressional districts whose voters elect them. Any citizen of Massachusetts, otherwise qualified, can be sent to Congress from any district in Massachusetts. Any district in Illinois could send back Uncle Joe to his familiar duties at the next election. That much privilege of choice unvexed by locality the voters already have, and sometimes they use it, though rarely. Moreover, it would be an easy matter for any citizen to become an inhabitant of a state that wished to send him to Congress.

But we see no signs of inclination to vary much from our present localized system of choosing legislators. The country doubtless thinks better of its legislatures than Mr. ADAMS does. At the last election Mr. MCCALL of Massachusetts was omitted from the House. We believe he represented Mr. ADAMS's district, a district unexcelled for general intelligence, but his party split under him. Mr. MCCALL is one of the ablest men in the present Congress, and it is a pity to lose his services. Perhaps it was his case that prompted Mr. ADAMS's suggestions. Massachusetts tried to send him to the Senate, but Mr. WEEKS beat him. Now, would any constituency anywhere like to send this admirably competent gentleman to Washington? Perhaps if due assurances could be given him he would inhabit some other state.

Do we hear any bids?

Is Congress Free to Serve the Country?

Chairman GLASS, of the House Currency Committee, made a statement the other day that ought to challenge the attention of the country. It raises a question that the country cannot afford to neglect.

One of the experts called by the committee had been giving his testimony, and it favored the same general plan for altering our banking and currency system which has been favored by the great majority of the experts and men of experience that the committee has heard from. He remarked, incidentally, that the opposition to it was mainly sentimental. Whereupon Chairman GLASS made answer that no matter how sentimental the opposition to the plan might be, there was an insuperable *political* obstacle to adopting it.

Is this true? Is it true that Congress is not free to adopt any particular plan or policy, even if thorough investigation shows it to be, on the whole, best for the country? Is it true that in this matter, peculiarly requiring, as it manifestly does, a scientific and dispassionate handling, the leaders of the new Congress are going to find themselves helplessly bound by a partisan mandate? Is it true that they cannot even permit it to be treated as a non-partisan question? Is it true that they must deny to themselves and their followers the right to study it with open minds and to vote on it in accordance with the best information they can get and in obedience to their honest convictions?

There is no exaggerating the gravity of such a situation. If Chairman GLASS is right, then he has brought a terrible indictment against party government, and in a way against representative

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government. This journal is not consoled, in facing candidly the practical significance of his announcement, by the consciousness that it did all it could to prevent the Democratic party from putting itself in the predicament in which, *if Chairman* GLASS *is right,* it now finds itself. Away back in the preliminary campaign we implored Democratic leaders and candidates not to go off half-cocked on this financial issue. We did all we could to keep them from making it a party question. We take no credit for that course, for any man of sense must know that on such a complex question as this the pronouncement of a political convention in its dying hours, when worn-out delegates are reaching for their hats, ought not to be imposed as authoritative on responsible legislators and a responsible executive. It is no comfort to remember that the Bull Moose crowd at Chicago adopted an even more culpable vote-seeking plank than did the half-dead delegates in that furnace of a convention hall at Baltimore. All that is past and irremediable. We must face now the situation as we find it.

Is Chairman GLASS right?

We Think It Is Free

We readily concede that he and others who think as he does may well be sincere and conscientious—just as sincere and conscientious as we and others who think differently. But we cannot concede, we cannot believe, that Congress is not free in this matter. What is more to the point, we cannot believe that any Democrat in the Sixty-third Congress will not be free to use his own best judgment and to vote for whatever plan of banking and currency reform he himself may think best for the country.

The main reason why we think so is very simple. It is that nothing on earth can ever make it the duty of a representative of the people to speak or to vote against the real welfare of the people as he sees it. It is from them, after all, that he takes his commission and his pay, It is they and not a party that he promises to serve when he takes his oath of office. It is in order to serve them more effectually that parties exist; the instant loyalty to party becomes disloyalty to the common welfare it becomes disloyalty to country, it becomes nothing better than a sort of diluted treason.

That, we repeat, is the main consideration. It should be the controlling consideration. Nevertheless, we have respect for men anxious to harmonize patriotism with their party obligations, and to such we commend a study of the actual facts concerning the most unfortunate plank in the mainly excellent Baltimore platform. It was put in that platform under an arrangement by which the whole was to be submitted, before adoption, to the candidate for President, and no such thing was done. It was, moreover, worded so carelessly and ignorantly that it condemned as a plan for a "central bank" a plan which, according to the best judges, is no such thing, but merely a plan for bringing together all the banks of the country to maintain a common reserve, issue an elastic currency, and in these and other ways intelligently regulate credit and guard against panics.

That plan as it stands is of course open to criticism, to improvement. We trust that Congress will exercise its fullest intelligence in finding faults in it, and will reject it if it is unwise. But it is the plain duty of Congress to enact into law any features of it that are essential to the thorough and complete reform and modernizing of our financial system. Nothing that any political convention has done or may do can possibly free Congress from that obligation. What is true of Congress as a whole is equally true of every individual Congressman, Republican, Bull Moose, or Democrat.

The Philippines

"Do you realize," said the Chief Executive, "that to-day more people speak English in the Philippines than Spanish, and this considering the fact that the United States has had control of the islands for ten years, whereas the Spaniards have been there three hundred years?"

Yes, and if so, that is an interesting fact, though the English speakers are doubtless newcomers, born or brought in within from two to fifty years. Even at the Ohio dinner Mr. TAFT would hardly maintain that the Spaniards who have been there three hundred years are speaking much English.

But as to the intentions of the Democrats about the Philippines, Mr. TAFT has a right to be interested, for he knows much about those islands, and their interests are near his heart. We guess there will not be legislation on that subject without some fresh accessions of contemporary knowledge, gathered by qualified citizens whom our people know and trust. Legislation on the Philippines should be based considerably on the views of people who have been there, and have gone about and seen what is going on. We have a large, expensive, and very varied duty there to about a dozen different kinds of people, all of whom have to be considered in any plan for getting out. The Philippines are our tow. We hope to cast them loose just as soon as they can make steam enough to navigate, but we can't hitch their line to a buoy and turn them adrift.

The Cheap Magazines in Politics

Everybody knows now that "Chautauquas" count in politics. LA FOLLETTE'S discovery of them as a factor in national politics was like JOSIAH QUINCY'S discovery of the French Canadian vote in Massachusetts. QUINCY carried his state with that uncultivated vote several times before the Republicans found out what he was up to. Similarly, LA FOLLETTE, by his clever use of Chautauqua meetings, made things uncomfortable for various Senators for several years before they found out just what he was doing to them.

The cheap magazines have been used quite as effectively. Muck-raking went on for some time before people waked up and began to understand how much ice it was cutting in national politics. Some important public characters went down rather ludicrously before it—and it must be confessed that some of them got no more than was coming to them. ROOSEVELT, naturally, was one of the first to observe its importance, and promptly exhibited his perspicacity both in protest and in cajolery. There was, after a while, a marked repudiation of it. But it was not exterminated. Bright young fellows and cynical old fellows who live by writing for cheap magazines and sensational newspapers still find articles about politics salable in proportion to their cleverness rather than their correctness or trustworthiness, and the magazines still find them good things to print. That means, of course, that a lot of people still like to read them. And unfortunately a great many people believe what they read, quite without any attempt at verification.

Here, for instance, in one of this month's magazines, is an article on "What WILSON Is Up Against," by a regular cheap-magazine writer who is sufficiently characterized as the author of "The Forces Behind TAFT." Neither in the present nor in the earlier article, which we happen to remember, is there a shred of evidence given for any statement; yet both are thoroughly calculated to upset any good citizen. President TAFT, if he had read the earlier one, would have been astounded at the proportions of the conspiracy to re-elect him. If Governor WILSON reads the later one, and believes it, he will undoubtedly take to the woods and refuse to face what is awaiting him at Washington. We feel quite sure he will not be at all comforted by the repeated assurance that he is not only a "political economist" but "the best political economist in America." That assurance would be pleasant, no doubt, if Governor WILSON had ever set up for a political economist at all, but even then it would hardly steady him in face of these authoritative revelations of the perfidious designs and inner motives of Speaker CLARK, OSCAR UNDERWOOD, and others, who have got things all fixed to crucify him just as soon as they get him in the White House.

We repeat, a great many people do read this sort of rot, and they know nothing of the sort of people who write it. They know nothing of the cheap-magazine business. Many of them are good, simple people, to whom it never occurs to ask whether a writer for a magazine knows what he is talking about. They read, and they believe, and they vote accordingly.

It is about time to begin to try to fix the responsibility for this sort of reckless misleading of public opinion.

Home Rule Wins a Battle

One swallow does not make a summer. One passage of a Home Rule bill through the Commons alone does not turn into glorious summer the long winter of the discontent of Ireland. That happened once before, away back in the days of GLADSTONE and PARNELL, and nothing came of it. Even now, in the day of ASQUITH and REDMOND, the veto of the Lords will be effective for a time. Two years must elapse, and the Commons must stand firm and again pass the same bill, before the objection of the Lords shall lose its force.

Nevertheless, a great victory has been won. The scant margin by which GLADSTONE passed his bill, and which of itself indicated ultimate failure for it, is now turned into a majority of over a hundred, which justifies ASQUITH and REDMOND in their confidence. That confidence is further justified by the extreme measure of the opposition in openly threatening civil war if Home Rule is consummated. The threat will not deter ASQUITH and REDMOND from going on to consummate what GLADSTONE and PARNELL began. Neither do we believe that the threat will ever be made good.

From Premier to President

There are few educated Americans who could not instantly name the Premier of England. Most of us also know who is Chancellor of the German Empire. A smaller but still considerable number of us keep up with French politics sufficiently to know who is for the time being—and it is usually for a mighty short time—the French Premier. But there are lots of us who have to stop to think before we can say who is President of France.

Now the French Premier, M. POINCARE, is to become the President. He has made himself pretty widely known as Premier. In that capacity Europe has recognized him as a real force. He has appeared to be something of a man. Nobody was surprised, therefore, that he at first was reluctant to run for President. Now, however, it is predicted that as President he will continue to be decidedly more than a figurehead; that he will not be content with the skilful expenditure of the large sum France allows her President for entertaining foreign potentates and making a good appearance on state occasions.

We trust these predictions will come true. The lack of real power in the President has been a cause of adverse criticism of the Third Republic; and the Third Republic is, as we have more than once remarked, the most encouraging fact in the world to believers in democracy.

"What Good is Life at Sixty?"

So much depends on the point of view!

For example, it is proposed to give pensions to the postmen, and the terms on which the pensions shall be paid are under discussion. We read in the *Times* that the younger clerks favor having them payable on demand after thirty years' service, irrespective of age or disabilities. Older men say that would result in pensioning off some men while still in their forties, and suggest sixty as a proper age for retirement. To that, with fine scorn, retorts CHARLES GARDNER, a Madison Square letter-carrier:

> What good is a man's life to himself when he's sixty years old and over? Give us our leisure while we have life enough in us to spend a year or two in peace. Work us till we're over sixty and you work us into the shadow of the grave, in a few cases, and actually into the grave in all the other cases. I'd like to get my ease in my old age a little earlier if I'm to have a chance at it at all.

Sixty is a little on to begin life, but CHARLES seems to have original ideas about pensions. The common notion about them, though subject to amendment, still is that they should be a provision for what are called "declining years," and by declining years is meant not necessarily the years in which men decline to work, but those in which their energies decline.

Undoubtedly at sixty we are in the shadow of the grave, but so we are at fifty, at forty, at fifteen, at six, and at one. All life goes on in that shadow. It may go on at sixty mighty well and vastly to the satisfaction of the subject. CHARLES should not be discouraged. If he lives wisely, drinks light, keeps his health, and manages to secrete a little sense, he may find life more profitable at sixty than he has ever found it yet, and that, whether he gets a pension or not. If he will read CICERO on Old Age he will get some good points, though sixty is by no means old age.

But, gracious! how folks are reaching out for pensions!

Editor Bailey

ELIJAH PRENTISS BAILEY, of Utica, died last week. For the last thirty years he had been editor of the Utica *Observer*, a Democratic journal with which he had been prominently connected for at least sixty years. Mr. BAILEY was a good man, a good Democrat, and a good editor. Not all good editors are locally beloved, but he was, always, and not only locally, but wherever he was known, and he had a wide acquaintance and reputation. If there were enough editors like him in the country—so honest, so faithful, so wise, so jocund—we would not have to worry as much as we do about government and courts and legislation. Our newspapers would take care of us.

Honor a dutiful man who stuck to his job all his long life and was always a credit to it. Honor Mr. BAILEY.

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Imagination and the Flux of Things

"All things move and nothing abides."

HERACLITUS said it once, Professor BERGSON says it once more, and the eternal flux keeps the imagination on the jump. One tends normally to assume that the precise world into which one was born has existed from the Flood if not before, and will persist until the Day of Judgment. If one is a good American city-dweller, one really does not concretely picture to oneself a world without cabs, or LEWIS CARROLL, or ice-boxes, or germs, or chimneys, or whiskey, or telephones, telegrams, and fast Atlantic liners. One wonders, when illness or grief comes suddenly, what those did who could not have daily news, or speak directly to one another across the miles, or be fetched home on the instant. One wonders even if, with the ease and certainty with which curiosity, anxiety, impatience, can be allayed, we are not losing the fortitude of our forebears, and are not growing more vulnerable to all the pain that life holds in store, and that is inseparable from the human way. Probably self-control was more easily enforced when it was inevitable. Our forebears were great men, but they were different from us in more than their clothes, if we could only see it.

That Nature is invariable, and that Human Nature is always the same, is a favorite among platitudes and falser than most. Science now denies the first part downright, admits that evolution acts by fits and starts, and that the conservation of energy is not so. The historic imagination repudiates the second, and insists that in different ages different emotions become the springs of action. Fear and love have changed their specific gravity. Spiritual fears we have all forgotten, yet there was a time when men were as afraid of hell as we are afraid of a germ, and went as far to escape it. Rich folk and great folk and reigning sovereigns when they marry are now expected to fall in love beforehand; not merely, in making the alliance that circumstances require, to be loyal, stanch, and friendly, but to find, to boot, the emotion that school-girls sigh for and comfortable, homely, well-to-do citizens can afford to marry upon. This is quite new. Kings and queens in the old days bestowed their hands where duty bade, and reserved their affections as a personal right not to be infringed, getting along apparently very well. They kept matrimony and the great emotions carefully apart. A sentimental biographer of King RENE cuts a sorry figure trying to ignore that delightful king's affairs of the heart, and make out that the honest comradeship of his matrimonial alliances included sentimental philandering. It seems a pity to make a great and goodly gentleman look so lackadaisical. In the brave days of old men felt otherwise.

Even the evidence of the senses, so called, changes under scrupulous observation. The plain man if he is frank will say that the Japanese of the color prints are hideous. A Japanese child will refuse to look at American illustrated papers, because every one is making faces, is both ugly and in a rage. To eyes trained by magazine illustrations and Academy pictures the landscape of Italy and Spain looks not so unlike that of Pennsylvania and Arizona, and the backgrounds of the early Italian painters appear remote from reality. But eyes trained by these same early painters can see that certain districts in Italy are still as PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA, or as ALESSIO, or as PERUGINO painted them, and that Aragon is a good deal more like JAIME HUGUET than Señor SOROLLA would have you believe. When the Impressionists, just a generation ago, painted shadows in bright sunlight plainly purple, we all cried, *Out Haro!* But now we know that by the laws of optics the shadows in sunlight have to be purple. Since aerial perspective was invented three centuries and more ago, every one expects to see far-off things in a blur. But in certain aspects of the sky under certain conditions of lighting, aerial perspective goes out of commission: the trees on the distant hilltop stand as bright and sharp as those below one's feet that the coming storm twists and wrenches, the farthest waves under the low cloud-wrack lie as green and foam-streaked as those which curl and kiss just over the side, and the crowd in a cathedral on Easter Day resolves itself into the same row of disparate and vivid portraits that GHIRLANDAJO ranged in fresco on a wall. When CIMABUE and his masters had been painting for centuries exquisite dark majestic creatures, dim and aloof in gold and ultra-marine, frail and intangible in their hieratic grace, and then GIOTTO suddenly plumped down his novel forms, massive, palpable, and simple, though the second cry doubtless was, "This is indelicate!" the first cry assuredly was, "This is utterly unreal!" People don't look like that, every contemporary critic sincerely believed. Just so the critics cry before a MATISSE, "People don't look like that!" And before a PICASSO, "This is utterly unreal!" Well, as to that the centuries shall decide; but remembering the probable emotions current in Florence about 1250, the canny critic in New York in this year of grace sighs, holds his tongue, opens his eyes, and spurs up his imagination.

What the centuries shall decide in any matter, we none of us can conjecture. The imagination can only re-combine old material, and what is to come will be new. In reading any popular anticipation of what the world is coming to, the one thing of which we can be quite sure is that it will be something completely different. If a socialistic state is to be, it will not be so dreary as Mr. WELLS tells us. If Armageddon is to fight, it will not be so summary as Father BENSON tells us. The only part of ourselves that can touch the future is the will. The imagination finds its field in the past, and room for exercise and matter for delight in evoking the lovely shades of what once was and trying to comprehend how men felt and acted and saw when they were other than they are now.

Correspondence

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SOUTHERN NEGRO

DEMOPOLIS, ALA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your issue of December 28th is an article from D. Lewis Dorroh, of Greenville, South Carolina. Mr. Dorroh's views are so different from all that I have learned about the negro in the South that I feel I owe it to our section to point out conditions existing here.

I live in one of the counties with the largest negro population. My home county, Marengo County, Alabama, with the five counties touching this, have a population of nearly eighty per cent. negroes.

I have lived my life in the "Black Belt" of Alabama and have daily come in contact with the negro. I have made a study of the negro from every viewpoint, and believe that the people of my home generally consider me rather capable of dealing with the negro under all circumstances.

For two years I was prosecuting attorney in my home city, Demopolis, Alabama, and for the last two years have been Mayor of my city. I mention this to emphasize the opportunities I have had to know the negro, the criminal as well as the better element.

As the son of a Confederate soldier and an active Southern Democrat, it goes without saying that I demand as much from the negro as any one would, but, on the other hand, I am persuaded that there is much good and not all bad in the negro.

Your correspondent from Greenville, South Carolina, evidently lives in a different atmosphere from our people. There he comes into daily contact with the "cotton-mill operative," a class of whites that every Southern man, with the possible exception of Cole Blease, feels a pity for. It is with this class that there exists a blind prejudice and hatred of the negro, and, unfortunately, their feeling extends to the better element of people, as they (the mill operatives) constitute such a large percentage of the population of that section.

My section of Alabama is the famous black-soil belt of the South, where the handsome old Southern homes still stand, where the large plantations are filled with happy negroes and contented cotton-planters, where the best people of the white race find pleasure in encouraging the negro to become a better, more useful citizen.

That it pays to realize that the negro is capable of bettering his condition can be seen by a visit to this section. Many negroes own their own farms and homes, thousands of them have good bank accounts, and a majority of them are law-abiding citizens. I know many negroes who can borrow at will from our most careful banks and offer no security except their simple promissory note.

My observation is that instead of there being a growing tendency on the part of our people to withdraw further and further from the negroes and abandon the negroes for service or employment, the opposite is true.

The negro is no nearer the white man, socially, than he was forty years ago, and the most encouraging thing I know is that as the negro becomes more intelligent and prosperous he more thoroughly realizes the impossibility of social equality and desires less to attain the impossible. But it is foolish to deny that the negro and white man are not nearer together than ever before in industrial and commercial affairs.

I am sure that all well-informed men of this State will agree with me that Demopolis is one of the most cultured little cities of the South, but here can be found the prosperous, law-abiding, industrious, happy negro, working out his industrial and educational salvation with the help of his white neighbor.

Every barber-shop in Demopolis is conducted exclusively by negroes; there are two negro doctors here. They are both prosperous and both have the good-will of our best citizens. There is a negro drug-store, and not a single case of crime or disorderly conduct has ever been reported from this place. There are any number of negro stores, of course kept up by the trade of the negro. But very often the best white people give orders to the negro merchants, and if they were not giving satisfaction to the trade it is evident the white people would not buy from them.

It may be of interest to some of your readers to know that last fall the business men of this section invited Booker T. Washington to deliver an address at the Black Soil Belt Fair, which is an agricultural fair held each year under the auspices of the business men of this section. It is true that Washington was present on "Negro Day," but he was introduced to the audience by an ex-Confederate soldier who is now an Alabama Congressman. After his speech, many of our leading people congratulated him and told him they hoped he would come again next year.

One young planter who employs several hundred negroes and who, by the way, was much prejudiced against Washington before hearing his speech, afterward told me that if Booker T. Washington ever came to this section again he would pay the expenses of every negro on his place to hear him, stating that Washington gave them such good advice that he considered it an investment to have his negroes get the benefit of the speech.

Personally, I never hesitate to encourage the negro to educate his children, believing that an intelligent negro makes a better citizen than an ignorant one.

The negro question has little to do with the happiness of our people, for we know the negro is rapidly becoming a better and more useful citizen, which will mean a more prosperous South in the future.

I fully realize the weaknesses and difficulties of the negro and fully appreciate the fact that he can never be the social equal of the white man, but it is not a fact that the two races are drifting further and further apart. On the contrary, each day there is a better understanding and less dread of the "race question."

The political agitator in Alabama no longer finds any dividends to be derived from the capital based upon the negro in politics. The negro is out of politics in Alabama, and I am persuaded it is best for both races that he is practically disfranchised, for, removed from politics, he is left more to the pursuit of industrial activities and is not harassed and worried by the unprincipled politician that seeks to make him an issue at each election.

The only negro problem that is serious is to teach the negro to become a home-builder, a more moral citizen, a better workman, and a more steady laborer. Education, fair dealings, and the taste of the happiness of prosperity is fast solving this problem.

I am, sir,

JESSE B. HEARIN.

BROOKLINE, MASS., *December 31, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I am writing, not necessarily for publication, to express the gratification of one of your colored subscribers that you should show such true appreciation of Dr. Washington's *Century* article as shown by your comment on Mr. Dorroh's letter. My criticism of Dr. Washington is that he is too mild in his protestations. I realize that it is partly this reserve that has gained him his book audience; but as I read the Jim Crow incident which he cites I wondered if the *Century* could be prevailed upon to tell the real horrors of these cars; the gentle, cultured girls who are obliged to use them; one toilet for all plantation hands, conductors, firemen, porters, all thrust upon the defenseless woman; no escape through the long night hours; crowded worse than cattle.

One of your delightful special writers, in a recent article, spoke of a colored woman who was "that rare thing for a negro—a skeptic"; he does not know his negro of to-day.

America does offer the negro the best chance to make money, to get a living. America can't help that—it offers better living chances for *all*, or else the immigrants would not be flocking here; but it is only when the negro runs away from America, crosses the Atlantic perhaps for a holiday, as he is struggling to do now and more often, that he draws a breath of real freedom. A white American never realizes the feelings of a black American in Paris, for instance. To be treated as others, unhampered, with no organized and systematic oppression to guard against, that is worth—how much?

Did we not sometimes protest we would be worthy of all the implied insults of Mr. Dorroh's letter.

I am, sir,

FLORIDA RAFFIN RIDLEY.

"THE HOUSE IN ORDER"

DEPARTMENT OF LATIN,
ACADEMY OF RICHMOND COUNTY,
AUGUSTA, GA., *January 4, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have been an interested reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY for years, but I do not recall an article which deserves more thoughtful reading than the one entitled "The House in Order," published in the issue of January 4, 1913.

The alarming increase in suicides and the growing disregard for human life is one of the menaces to our civilization. Life has become so cheap among men at large and its responsibilities have weighed so heavily at times upon men that they have been willing to snuff it out, hoping thereby to cancel all its obligations and to relieve themselves of its intolerable burden. But your article presents another and a far better consideration to the man planning to "pass through the open door"—that of setting his house in order and of discharging not only financial and business obligations, but all those little debts of kindness, of gratitude, and of love. To the man who catches this thought and then lends his energies to its accomplishment, life glows with its possibilities of usefulness and service, and the morbid spirit of selfishness and cowardice sneaks away. Your article is a most timely and thoughtful one to all those despondent and downcast souls who seek to drown life's troubles in the oblivion of self-inflicted death.

I am, sir,

J. W. FARMER.

FURTHER INFORMATION WANTED

BOSTON, MASS., *January 12, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Albrecht Hartung writes you from Bellaire, Long Island (letter published January 11th), that he is one of a colony of twenty-four persons of Swiss-German descent who distrust American bankers, manufacturers, and politicians. I wish he would write you again and explain why he and the rest of his colony persist in living in such a God-forsaken country.

I am, sir,

S.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

SWIFTWATER, PA., *January 8, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your issue for January 4th it appears that Mr. Ryerson W. Jennings thinks the Wilson administration will be so radically progressive that the so-called Pregressive party, in order to secure a distinctive title, will be obliged to select a new name, and he wonders what it will be. Here's an instance where Juliet's soliloquy will fit most appropriately: "What's in a name? What which we call a Roose-(velt) by any other name would smell as sweet?"

I am, sir,

WILLIAM R. FISHER.

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CONGRESS AND THE POETS

By H. REA WOODMAN

Drawings by F. STROTHMANN



"SOME poets are born great," remarked a Washington newspaper a few months ago, "some achieve greatness, and some have their effusions quoted in the *Congressional Record*." Having been for a long time curious about the quality of poetry quoted in Congress, I pondered the newspaper's remark and it roused me to drastic action. Here, I said to myself, are hundreds of men more or less deliberately chosen by the sovereign people to look after the welfare of the country: men of letters, men of affairs, professional men, soldiers, editors, politicians, financiers, farmers, merchants; men presumably of education, intelligence, and wide experience with books and people of every sort; men sprung from every variety of parentage, every combination of heredity and environment, paid to talk loud and long day by day on themes of great import, themes which in their nature stir the best sentiments of personal honor, love of country, and enthusiasm for humanity. These men are daily exposed to unexcelled opportunities for rhetorical display and fervid oratory—many men of divers minds talking on myriad themes under conditions most conducive to the effective use of good poetry. Now, as a matter of fact, do these men use much poetry? If so, what is the quality of the sort they use? What poets do they quote? When do they quote, and how? Do they use long quotations or short? Do they quote as lovers of poetry or as professional spellbinders? Do they use poetry for material or ornament? In its effect is the poetry thus quoted persuasion or decoration?

To answer some of these questions I formed a daring scheme—an investigation of the poetry quoted on the floors of both Houses for two decades, from 1884 to 1904. I pre-empted an alcove in the gracious library devoted to Congressional needs and ordered the *Congressional Records* for the periods aforesaid. After some weeks I emerged from my self-imposed incarceration with facts and facts, facts enough to give pause to the most confirmed statistician. The weight and responsibility of these facts I would now share with others, for much the same reason that made Mark Twain recite the street-car-ticket jingle to his happy friend; you remember that the friend went away sadly laden, but Mark was lightsome, and self-preservation has always been held justifiable.

At the outset the melancholy impression of the facts as a whole may be admitted. Poetry in both Houses is an alien thing. The Muse is a welcome guest, but she is bunglingly received; one feels that her hosts would be delighted to do her honor—if they knew how! Like shy and awkward school-boys watching a pretty "new" little girl, their advances are timid and unconvincing, though their sincere admiration is the more apparent. Whether this timidity has its source in the feeling that poetry is purely ornamental and our statesmen become over self-conscious when deliberately using ornamentation as such—a supposition highly honorable to the gentlemen; whether they "woo the Muse" so seldom that they are in a state of perpetual bashful trepidation, or whether the higher forms of imaginative literature cannot be acclimated in legislative halls—whatever the reason, poetry is an alien in Congress. It is quoted, often with gusto, sometimes with finesse, occasionally with exalted and noble sympathy, but it usually has the effect of an importation—a something brought over for the occasion "to be returned when exhibited."

How far this effect of importation is an effect only, and how far the effect itself is a matter of method, it is, perhaps, impossible to determine. The fact is the Congressional method of handling poetry is most unfortunate—most unhappy. The average Congressional speaker drags a poetical quotation in by the hair of its head and impales it against the outer walls of his speech as Bluebeard hung up his wives, and the process is as fatal to the poetry as it is reputed to have been to the lamented Mrs. Bluebeards. I do not mean by this that the poetry quoted is not pertinent; it is not a matter of relevancy, but of method. Congressional poetry is hardly ever irrelevant; the best that can be claimed for it is its immediacy—its direct and instant bearing on the thing in hand. The difficulty is in the method.

In other words, quoted lines of poetry are usually—and traditionally—introduced by such phrases as, "May I recall a verse which has much sense and more melody?"; and "further, in the words of England's Laureate, let me express the sentiment . . .": "As Tennyson so truly remarks . . .": "As the devout Milton has so impressively expressed . . .": "Let me express, in the language of one of the world's greatest men and sweetest singer, my own sentiments"; or, "It was one of the South's noblest poets who has said . . ." Shakespeare is commonly introduced as "The Immortal Bard," and his best-known lines, lines that have been a part of our household speech for more than one hundred years, are heralded with pomp and circumstance.

"I consume sufficient time," says one member, solemnly, "to recall the last stanza of that beautiful anapest, 'The Last Rose of Summer,'" whereupon he quotes a stanza. Possibly nowhere else in the world would Moore's lovely lyric be called "an anapest," yet the scientific name is quite in harmony with the best poetic traditions of the House. And another member, after remarking that home is dear to every American heart, gravely paraphrases "Though it be lowly and humble, though it have no architectural pretentions and no artistic merits," and so on, and so on, for half a *Record* column and closes with the words, "The author of America's sweetest song never touched a truer chord than when he sang, 'Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.'"

The effect of this method is inevitable, and the reason for it would not seem far to seek. At least, one very obvious reason is at hand. In face of the facts, it would appear that the average Congressman is not only not a lover of poetry, but that he is not even a casual student of it; that to whatever intellectual pleasures he turns for relaxation and spiritual refreshment, poetry is not one of those pleasures. Only years of close and patient and self-forgetting devotion to the poets can make a man capable of using their language effectively with the ease born of intimacy; and to a man of action, a man of affairs, such devotion is rarely possible even did his tastes incline him to such study, which they as rarely do. The members of the House handle facts and figures and tabulations with astonishing dexterity—with the abandon of familiarity. There is nothing stilted or lugubrious in their method of presenting quotations from newspapers, magazines, stock reports, departmental literature—in brief, the prose of contemporaneous life. It is only when they attempt to handle historic poetry, to quote from the metrical survival called "poetic literature," that this formidable urbanity gets the better of their pleasant home manners. Poetry is "company"; it is escorted hither and thither, and in the rigid courtesy of the escort there is both awe and distrust.



Shakespeare is commonly introduced as "The Immortal Bard"

But there was nothing of rigid courtesy in the manner of John J. Ingalls when he quoted poetry, not in Vest's manner, nor in Logan's, nor in Senator Morrill's. These men were students of poetry for its own sake, and the ease with which they handled it, played with it, sparred with it, battled with it, used it for weapon of defense and dalliance, proves "the case" against the generality of their lumbering colleagues. When Ingalls or Vest, those wondrous archers of winged phrases, used historic poetry, it went singing on its errand, instant, unerring, secure. No heaviness there, no formality, no distrust, just the deft certainty of the master, or, better still, the graceful confidence of the lover.

There are times when "Congressional poetry" is essentially artistic—a response to environment; and that it is not more often artistic may be because quotations occur, for the most part, in prepared speeches. The speech is written in the quiet of the midnight study; it is delivered in the light of common day, when a hundred subtle forces of personality, self-interest, and cross-motive make up "the atmosphere," a complex, vagrant emotional ether, as it were, hard to gage and harder to "nail." Our House of Representatives is especially mercurial in temperament, hence the effective quotation is extempore—the spontaneous response to the immediate need. Sometimes, even in a prepared speech, if it be delivered at the psychological moment, and be fraught with enough emotion to "carry" great poetry, a "quotation" will throb through the human silence of the mighty chamber.

An unforgettable effect of this sort, poignant in its beauty, was Senator Thurston's use of the last stanza of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" in his war speech in the Senate, in March of 1898. Back of the speech, for "atmosphere," an aroused nation was waiting with gallant patience; in Cuba, a starving people was waiting; soldiers were waiting, ships were waiting—it was this strain of repression, this national passion in leash, the momentary lull before the onrush of war, that made the use of the lines a triumph, their meaning a clarion:

> "In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
> With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
> As He died to make men holy, let us die to make them free,
> While God is marching on."

All the extempore quotations, called out from the memory hoard in every man's heart, have this inevitable quality. That is, they are an intrinsic part of the occasion that gave them birth; "they belong," as Dick Heldar says. Often humble bits of folklore, of nursery rhyme or school-reader poetry, they are the most effective quotations one hears in Congress. Even in the yellowed, closely packed pages of the *Record* they are charming, so precious and inimitable is naturalness, in Congress or out!

As every one knows, the primary use of poetry in Congress, one might almost say the official use of poetry in Congress, is elegiac and eulogistic. Out of the twenty-eight hundred quotations used during the twenty years under consideration, about two thousand were used in memorial addresses, and there seems to be a growing acquiescence in the tradition that here poetry is most fitting and decorous. In the Senate the average number of poetic quotations in a memorial address is ten, and they run a little "thicker" in the House. Now, as the memorial addresses average about ten a session, and the quotations average from five to seven lines each, it follows that there are, at the lowest, some 500 lines of elegiac and eulogistic poetry quoted during a typic session of Congress, or some 5,000 lines a decade.

Now, when you consider that this 500 lines a session is the comparative total for the memorial addresses only, and that Congress does not confine its poetry to memorial occasions, you realize that in the course of its official duties Congress probably listens to more poetry than any other body of working-men in the world. Compared with the amount of poetry the common, every-day American hears—and consumes!—during an equivalent period of time, Congress may be called the Conservator of Historic Poetry in America. Rather startling, is it not?" And imposing, too.

Naturally, it is in the memorial addresses that the highest type of Congressional poetry is used, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Gray, Longfellow, and Bryant being the preferred favorites, and "Hamlet," "Julius Cæsar," the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," the "Psalm of Life," and "Thanatopsis" being

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the popular quarries. There is a curious fact about this elegiac poetry, a fact that has been remarked by many regular and habitual readers of the *Congressional Record*—that is, the constant recurrence of certain stock lines and stanzas. For instance, and using figures that are fairly reliable—considering the amount of material sifted—Gray's stanza beginning "The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of Power," has been used at least 26 times during the two decades; Longfellow's "There is no Death," 19 times; Bryant's exhortation, "So live, that when thy summons comes," 24; and Mark Antony's tribute to the dead Brutus,

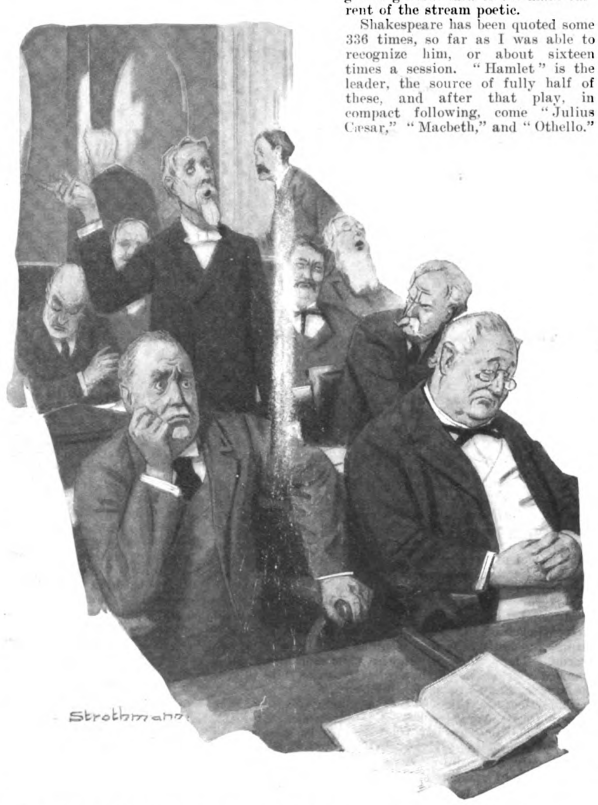
> "His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, 'This was a Man,'"

has been used so many times that memory totters beneath the figures. These several quotations are used, practically, once every session, and certain other popular lines from "Thanatopsis," the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," and the "Psalm of Life," occur year after year with the regularity of seed-time and harvest.

Anent this persistent repetition, and in spite of one's conventional reverence for "the situation," the wonder will intrude itself that when a Representative or a Senator finds himself "booked" for a memorial address, he does not "bone up" on what his colleagues said the year before, and the year before that, then seek a new quarry. It is almost inconceivable that the lives of all our dead legislators were "gentle," and the elements mixed in them in precisely the right proportion that Nature might boldly give them her unqualified endorsement. Where are our public men of rugged impudence, of dynamic power, of sporadic genius? Mark Antony's felicitous eulogy seems to have reduced all our dead legislators to a common denominator.

And now to be statistical—and stupid!—for a little. That is, to be comparatively statistical, for in such a case figures have no rigidity. Scanning thousands and thousands of the closely printed, warped, fast-yellowing pages of the *Congressional Record*, one is apt to miss many short quotations, and sometimes, in sheer weariness, to see double. Using round numbers, there were some twenty-eight hundred poetical quotations used in Congress from 1884 to 1904. Of this number, there were hundreds the investigator could not place, several hundred from current periodicals, songs, and parodies, and several hundred recognized and located, but which cannot be classified as to authorship. But as it is possible to get an impression conformable with truth even from partial and fluctuating figures, I set down a few of these wavy figures. They will at least give a general idea of the main current of the stream poetic.

Shakespeare has been quoted some 336 times, so far as I was able to recognize him, or about sixteen times a session. "Hamlet" is the leader, the source of fully half of these, and after that play, in compact following, come "Julius Cæsar," "Macbeth," and "Othello."



Congress probably listens to more poetry than any other body of working-men

"Henry VIII." is quoted from 12 times, "Lear," 3; "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Tempest," 17 each; "Romeo and Juliet," 9; "Antony and Cleopatra," 2; the remainder of the Shakespearian quotations being scattering, here and there, a sort of an "also ran" vote. The quotations are almost invariably popular lines, lines from Hamlet's "To be or not to be" soliloquy, Polonius's advice to his scapegrace son, Wolsey's farewell to power, Juliet's scorn of the intrinsic value of a name, Portia's homily on mercy, and similar well-conned parts. The Sonnets are never quoted, nor the Shakespearian poems, nor many of the purely poetical and imaginative passages.

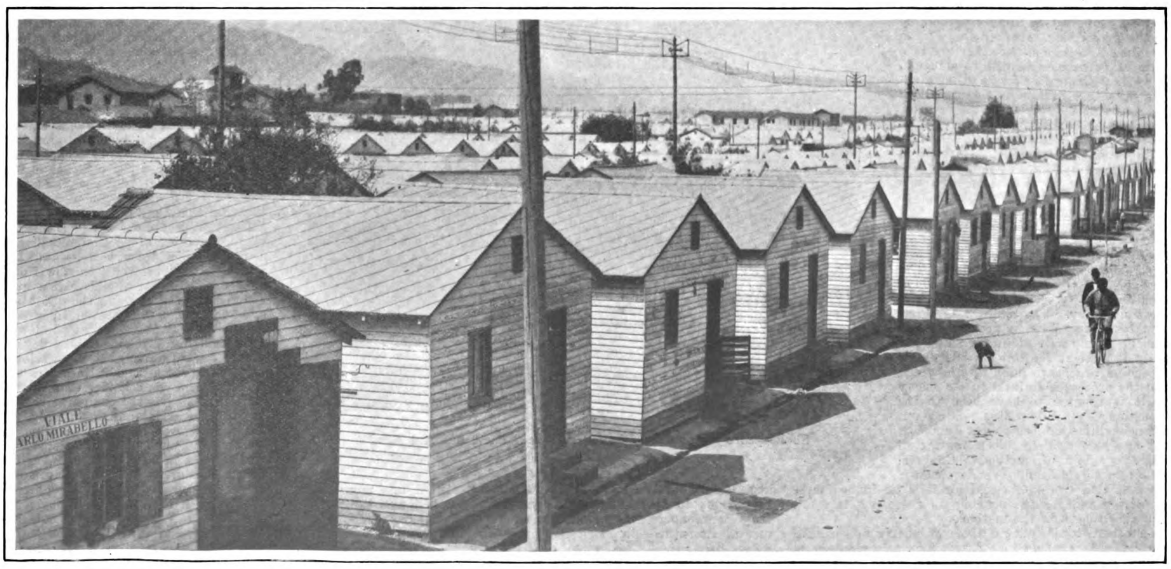
Next to Shakespeare, procession-wise, comes Tennyson, with 98, largely drawn from the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," "Locksley Hall," "The May Queen," and "Maud," with a half dozen from "In Memoriam." Longfellow is next, with 62, the lines being from "Resignation" and the "Psalm of Life"; then come Bryant with 49, all from "Thanatopsis," most of them the closing division of that poem, "So live, that when thy summons comes"; Thomas Gray with 46, all from "The Elegy"; Whittier with 38, from "The Eternal Goodness"; Alexander Pope with 32, from "The Essay on Man," with a very few from "The Universal Prayer"; Oliver Goldsmith with 29 from "The Deserted Village," and James Russell Lowell with 21.

At the end of the procession, "Citizens in Carriages," as it were, come Burns and Scott, with 20 each; Milton with 17; Wordsworth with 15; Tom Moore with 12; Addison and Tom Hood with 9 each, the Addison lines being from "The Spacious Firmament on High," which was written by Andrew Marvell, a fact somewhat too recondite for Congress; Fitz-Green Halleck with 7, "Green Be the Turf above Thee"; Shelley and Kipling with 5 each; "Bulwer" (as Lord Lytton is universally known in America) and Byron with 6 each; Theodore O'Hara, with 8, all from "The Bivouac of the Dead"; William Knox with 8, from "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud," said to be Lincoln's favorite poem; and the Bible is quoted many times, as is the Common Hymnal.

The small-boy mêlée at the end of the end of the procession contains some 85 historic names of British and American poets, fairly well known, many living writers of newspaper and magazine verse, and forty historical names more or less obscure. Among the first, some of the prominent poets, none of whom are quoted above three or four times, are the Brownings, William Cowper, Leigh Hunt, James Montgomery, Coleridge, Southey, Thomas Buchanan Read, George Morris, Charles Kingsley, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Nathaniel P. Willis, Dryden, Cowley, Mrs. Barbauld, Macaulay ("Lays of Ancient Rome"), Owen Meredith, Chaucer, Spenser, Æsop, Mother Goose, and—Shakespeare's Epitaph!

The typical Congressional quotation is of the obvious sort, the meaning on the face of the words, and no chance for mistake. It is the exceptional thing to hear symbolic, imaginative, or philosophic poetry quoted in the Senate, and never, or hardly ever, is it heard in the House. A good half of the quotations are lines popularized by common usage. The quotations are not woven into the texture of a speech; their use is formal and conscious. The poetry is not in the blood—it is in the book, whence it is taken out, brought over, and inserted neatly in the speech as part of an academic process.

In twenty years the poetic habits of Congress, and particularly the House, have changed for the better. The growing tendency is to use shorter quotations, to abandon the formal introductions, to quote extempore, and to use slightly finer material. A quarter of a century ago the poetry was apt to be of the extremely sentimental sort or the blatant sort—either weak and weepy, fiery or thunderous, didactic or lugubrious. Now you hear, for instance, Browning sometimes, Omar not infrequently, and Swinburne now and then. The reasons for this change are too far to seek here, even were it possible to find them in the intricate and transitional social conditions that go to make our federal legislative body what it is. Birth, parentage, education, family tradition, environment, individual taste and temperament, conventional culture—the "reasons" lie deeply bedded in these far-rooted things.



MESSINA FIVE YEARS AFTER

THE CITY OF MESSINA, SICILY, AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY. IT WAS TOTALLY DESTROYED BY AN EARTHQUAKE, ON DECEMBER 28, 1908, AND WAS REBUILT WITH LUMBER SHIPPED FROM AMERICA AND ERECTED BY THE AID OF AMERICAN SUBSCRIPTIONS

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THE FIRST CITIZEN OF FRANCE

Raymond Poincaré, the Next President of the Republic, and His Remarkable Career

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

RAYMOND POINCARÉ stands out as the foremost man in France to-day. Until last summer he was not widely known beyond the frontier of France, or known only as one among many brilliant parliamentarians. Then came his journey to Russia, with vital conferences between the Tsar and his ministers and the Prime Minister of France, which infused new life into the Triple Entente. Almost immediately followed the Balkan War, and then, at last, events gave the true measure of Raymond Poincaré, who stood out as one of three or four men working with the power of genius to preserve the peace of Europe and Asia, for both would be involved in any general war. Wisely, forcefully, with courage and courtesy, and with keen intuitive insight, Poincaré met one perilous situation after another, in each case gaining a victory for peace and a victory for the honor of France. A few days ago, speaking in the French popular house, the Chamber of Deputies, he described the steps of his world policy:

"From the beginning of 1912, without a moment's break, we have been exchanging ideas on the situation with our friends and allies, and in these daily conversations, which showed a hearty agreement between Russia, England, and France, these three nations set themselves to bring about a general good understanding among all the great European powers. We held that we owed it to our ally to give a striking testimony of our effective and active fidelity. Honor and interest equally commanded this course. And our task was made easy by the clairvoyance and surety of judgment which M. Kokovtseff showed in his last speech. As for England, our relations with her have never been so cordial and close. Therefore, it is in full community of view with our friends and allies that we are watching the march of events. But France has not been content to count on a systematic opposition of international groups to solve the difficulties of the moment. On the contrary, we have held that the hope of arriving at a peaceful solution depended wholly on the possibility of bringing about general negotiations, and we have worked from the outset to open the way for these negotiations.

"So the powers considered the possibility of offering their collective mediation to the belligerents. But in order that this offer might not be rejected by the victors, it was necessary to guarantee to them that none of the mediators sought to appropriate all or a part of the fruits of their success. Therefore, France proposed, in the offer of international mediation, to insert a clause of disinterestedness. None of the Balkan States misunderstood our purpose and all have expressed their thanks to us. While reserving our rights and respecting the interests of others, we were able to propose to the great powers the repudiation of all territorial annexation. This was, in regard to the Balkan States, an act of wisdom and of justice. But will an agreement be reached? That is the secret of to-morrow. If, unhappily, a rupture should take place the rôle of Europe will not be ended. Europe could not show indifference before a renewal of hostilities which would risk now, perhaps, more than ever the expansion of the area of conflagration. Europe would, no doubt, return to her first ideas of mediation. France would in any case continue with all her power to second and, if necessary, to urge the efforts of the powers in favor of peace. But however sincere may be our pacific intentions, of which, since the beginning of the crisis, we have given repeated proofs, yet we are firmly determined to defend our interests and our rights without yielding, to maintain the great traditions of France in the Orient, and, above all, to safeguard that intangible and sacred thing which is called national honor."

These sentences reveal the man better than any descriptions: his lucidity, his logical force, his considerate courtesy, his courage, his high ideal of honor. While these qualities were innate, his life and training did much to develop them. He was born at Bar-le-Duc in 1860. His father, Nicholas Poincaré, who belonged to an old family of the Meuse Valley, was a man of culture and scientific attainments. A few years earlier was born at Nancy, half-way between Bar-le-Duc and Strasburg, a cousin of the future statesman, Henri Poincaré, the world-famous mathematician, who died last year. The generation of Frenchmen to which they belonged is marked by a certain severity. "The breath of the lost provinces" has filled their hearts. As M. Raymond Poincaré himself has said, the patriotism of a Lorrainer, adolescent in 1870, is necessarily of supple steel. Such a one is better informed, more awakened, more sensitive. He need make no effort of memory to recall the trials of the past. They have left before his eyes ensanguined traces which are not effaced.

Raymond Poincaré passed his school-days at Nancy, and he has given a delightful and humorous account of his trepidation before the examiner, Emile Gebhart, to whose chair in the French Academy he succeeded, and a eulogy on whom, according to the graceful custom of that body, he was called on to pronounce. Soon after he gained his bachelor's degree, Paris began to exercise her fascination on him. There he completed his studies, took his doctor's degree, and was called to the bar. At twenty-three he was first secretary of the conference of lawyers, and in that capacity pronounced a eulogy on Dufaure which won admiration. From 1883 to 1886 he wrote for the *Voltaire*, when his fellow-Lorrainer, Develle, then Minister of Agriculture, made him chief of his department. Raymond Poincaré, who was then twenty-six, had already made his mark as a lawyer and a writer. A seat in the popular house, that for Commercy, a few miles from Bar-le-Duc, his home, falling vacant in July, 1887, Raymond Poincaré became a candidate as a "Liberal Republican" and was elected by an enormous majority. He represented this electoral district uninterruptedly until 1903, when he was elected Senator for the Department of the Meuse, which includes both his birthplace and his old parliamentary constituency.

From his first day in the popular chamber Raymond Poincaré showed the wonderful union of force with tact which marks all he does. Conscious of his own force, he set himself quietly to work, making himself effective rather than conspicuous, thus winning friends without arousing enemies. "He aroused no enthusiasm and was not anxious to create any. This was his first power. Then he called forth no envious hatred. This was his second power. And little by little Poincaré revealed himself. He spent no hour profitlessly; every word, every gesture made for the realization of the plans which he thenceforward held, plans for the gradual growth of his personal force. Never to scatter his forces, this was his first principle; he always sought to bring them to a focus. And his second principle was always to be engaged in effective work, devoting his fresh energies to practical aims." There is a certain resemblance here to Gladstone's early parliamentary life. Both were men of imagination, born orators, writers; yet both first made a mark in the field which seems least favorable to eloquence, the department of finance. Gladstone became the author of budgets. Poincaré became the critic of Finance Ministers. "His eloquence was as limpid as his subject was obscure."

In 1893, when Raymond Poincaré was thirty-three, M. Dupuy formed his first cabinet. Poincaré seemed indicated as his Minister of Finance. But Dupuy offered him instead the portfolio of Public Instruction. Here was an opportunity for the development of a second side of his character. The practical lawyer had had his opportunity. It was now the turn of the cultivated scholar.

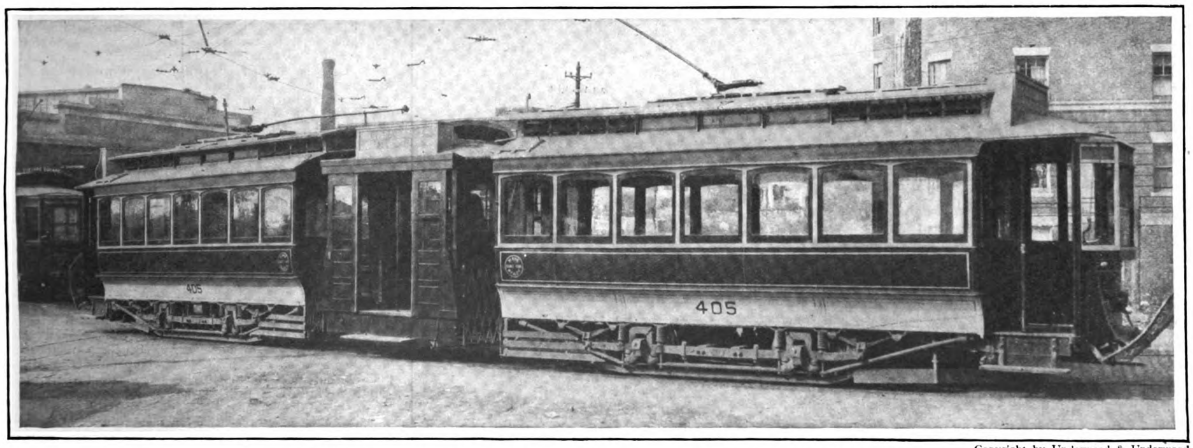
After eight months, Dupuy's cabinet fell. The second Dupuy ministry was soon organized, and this time Raymond Poincaré became Minister of Finance. On the fall of Dupuy, Ribot formed a cabinet in which Raymond Poincaré for the second time held the portfolio of Public Instruction and undertook a thorough reorganization of the provincial universities, infusing into them new energy and enthusiasm. This was in 1895. For the next two years he was vice-president of the Chamber of Deputies and leader of the "party of progress" in the popular house. He was steadily gaining the confidence of the nation as a man who made no promises that he did not keep, who was conservative in design and daring in action, who was the essence of upright loyalty, at once lucid and full of energy. All these qualities were manifested in the part he played, in the closing days of 1898, in the Dreyfus scandal, which shook France to the depths and whose echoes within the last few days have shaken the Poincaré Cabinet.

About this time Raymond Poincaré began to show that clear insight into the dangers to national and individual liberty which are hidden under the glowing promises of Socialism and became one of the group of French statesmen who have brought about the reaction in France from Socialist dreams to greater sanity. The changes in the political kaleidoscope brought Poincaré back to his practice at the bar, and there his high gifts of insight, lucid eloquence, and force won him a considerable fortune. But this born parliamentarian was not destined to remain long without a leading part in the destinies of France. M. Sarrien succeeded M. Rouvier as Prime Minister in 1906 and asked Raymond Poincaré to become his Finance Minister, an offer which was accepted. Then Sarrien fell in the unstable equilibrium of French parliamentary groups, and Georges Clémenceau, "the old débutant," who had hitherto been a destroyer of ministries, was called upon to construct a ministry in his turn.

Under Clémenceau, Poincaré held a less conspicuous place, but with not less conspicuous distinction. Further revolutions of the wheel of political fortune followed, and at length Raymond Poincaré was called on by President Fallières to form a cabinet of his own, as a result of certain Central African questions which compelled the retirement of his predecessor. He succeeded brilliantly, constructing a "cabinet of all the talents," which contained more men of genius and more distinguished parliamentary leaders than had ever before composed a Council of Ministers in France.

One of the chief internal questions which he and his colleagues have had to face is the new militant policy of the revolutionary Socialists, the policy associated with the words "syndicalism" and "sabotage," which means collective violence and destruction applied as a weapon in "the struggle between capital and labor." We have had illustrations of the spirit of this new movement in this country. We shall in all probability have still further illustrations of it. And when we realize its full scope and its menace to the very elements of personal and national freedom we shall be better able to understand the work which has already been done in France to conquer it by men like Georges Clémenceau, Aristide Briand, and Raymond Poincaré.

Of the great external problem which the Poincaré ministry has been called on to face, the Balkan War and the danger of a general conflagration, we have allowed M. Poincaré to speak on his own behalf. In both interior and exterior difficulties he has shown himself a great statesman, wise, courageous, the soul of honor and rectitude.



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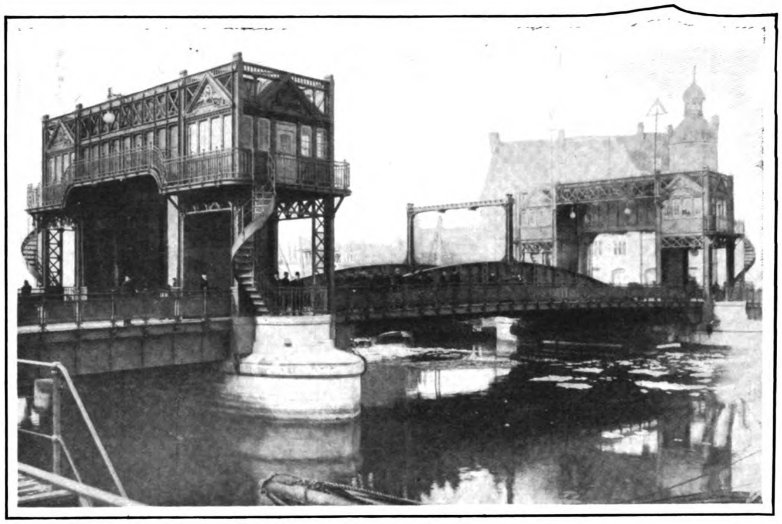
BOSTON'S NEW "SNAKE-CARS" FOR BUSY HOURS

THE NEW ARTICULATED CAR NOW IN USE IN BOSTON. THE SHORT CAR SERVES AS A JOINT, ENABLING THE FRONT AND REAR CARS TO NEGOTIATE CURVES WITHOUT DANGER WHEN UNITED, WHILE THE "RUSH" PROBLEM FINDS ITSELF SOLVED, OWING TO THE INCREASED ACCOMMODATION. THE CONDUCTOR MANIPULATES THE DOORS FROM THE CENTRAL SECTION, WHICH HAS AN AUTOMATIC FARE-BOX

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Triumphs of the Bridge Engineer

BY J. B. STRAUSS, C.E.



A double-leaf city bridge of the trunnion type at the entrance to the port of Copenhagen, Denmark

LESS conspicuous than most of its kindred sciences, but no less marvelous in its development, is the modern art of bridge-building. Only a hundred years ago the maximum length of a single span was hardly more than a few meters. There were only two types of structure, both of the most limited range—namely, the timber bridge and the stone bridge; and movable bridges were limited to mere toys, while the science of stresses and strains was as yet unborn. The modern achievement of building single spans of steel up to 700 feet in length and cantilever and suspension spans of nearly 2,000 feet in length, of combining steel and concrete in magnificent arches of unprecedented size, and of constructing bascule and lift bridges so huge as to astonish, all developed simultaneously with a complete and exact science, marks an era of progress unexcelled in any other art. In spite of these achievements, the bridge engineer seldom comes before the public eye. His deeds are unheralded. Unlike the architect, the physician, and the attorney, he labors in a silent calling, alert, persistent, with all his trained faculties in leash, constantly struggling with the difficult problems created by the necessities of modern traffic, solving each new issue as it arises, preserving and extending the arteries of communication by land and rail and water, so that our commerce, our markets, our comforts, and, in fact, the well-being of the nation itself may be furthered.

With the commercial development of iron the science of bridge-building took its first mighty leap forward. The second advance was simultaneous with the transition from iron to steel. Then came the era of reinforced concrete. At present the reinforced concrete structure and the steel bridge find equally vast fields of usefulness, the former with its largest possibilities in arch spans for highway bridges, the latter serving both highways and railways for their longer and heavier spans. Illustrative of heavy steel bridgework is the magnificent Hell Gate Bridge, a remarkable conception in steel, which, when completed, will stand for centuries as a monument to engineering skill. This structure forms the main section of the New York Connecting Railroad, a link between the Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, saving the long haul by car ferry through the harbor of New York. The amount of metal required in this work is so great that it will tax the capacity of two of the great American bridge-manufacturing companies for the greater part of a year.

New York is unique in having other unusual examples of the bridge engineer's best work in steel, such as the Brooklyn Bridge, the Blackwell's Island, the Williamsburg, and the Manhattan bridges. These structures give this metropolis a distinctiveness and impressiveness not equaled by any other city in the world. But outranking even these monsters is the mammoth Quebec Bridge, several hundreds of miles inland, now rebuilding under the direction of a Canadian chief engineer. With one sweep of its arms this great cantilever will stretch from shore to shore of the St. Lawrence, standing on the site of one of the few grave bridge disasters which have attended the forward march of the American bridge engineer.

Hardly less notable than the above are the massive concrete arches of 200, 250, and 280 feet, which, graceful in spite of their size, loom up in the environs of Philadelphia, Cleveland, and elsewhere, or the remarkable concrete viaducts of the South, with



A single-leaf trunnion bascule railway bridge

arch after arch stretching its spandrels across the sea for a dozen miles, forming a solid road-bed which no turbulence of wind or wave affects. Throughout the country, across brook and stream, over railway tracks and boulevards, in city, village, and country, white-clad bridges of concrete flash upon the vision by the hundreds, now arches, then girders, and again viaducts, some stately in their boldness of design, others beautiful in their graceful contour and pleasing architectural treatment.

Of movable bridges the foremost type is now the so-called "bascule" bridge (from the French word "basculer," meaning to rock). At one time an object of interest because of its rarity, the bascule is now a standard construction throughout the United States and Canada. Almost every street which crosses the tortuous Chicago River is served by double-leaf bridges of the bascule type, while in Milwaukee, Cleveland, Winnipeg, Quebec, Montreal, and other cities throughout the continent these bridges appear in ever-increasing numbers. Bridges of the bascule type are quick operating and easily controlled. They are safer than swing draws for street traffic because they block the open ends of the street. For the smaller craft they are only slightly lifted. Often, therefore, they may be opened and closed, and traffic resumed, while the old-fashioned draw, which must turn through the entire angle for all vessels, large and small, is still swinging.

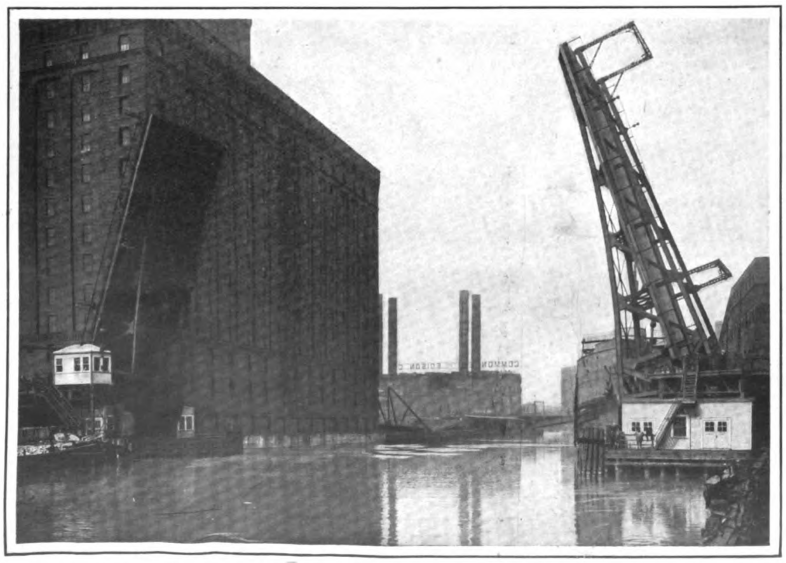
The bascule bridge, like most other bridge types, originated in Europe, and there found its highest development in the great Tower Bridge in London, built in 1892 and still in satisfactory service. In this country, however, it has reached a far greater development, and the types produced in the United States, and more particularly in Chicago, have now superseded almost all the earlier types developed in Europe. Excellent examples of American types of bascules are found in the double-leaf "trunnion bascule" bridge at the entrance to the port of Copenhagen, Denmark, an unusually artistic structure, and in the great Palace Bridge at St. Petersburg, Russia, leading to the Winter Palace of the Tsar, across the great Neva River, 1,000 feet wide and 60 feet deep. This structure will be 90 feet wide and will cost when completed $2,225,000.

It is in this country, however, that every prediction as to the maximum length of bascule spans has been exceeded, and the limit of size and weight of spans is still being advanced. Across the Calumet River at South Chicago the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad has just completed a single-leaf, double-track bascule of the trunnion type, which is 235 feet from center to center of end bearings. This bridge when open stands higher than an eighteen-story office-building. Its construction involved 1,500 tons of metal, while 2,000 tons of concrete counterweight are used to balance the weight of the leaf. This balancing is so exact that the bridge can be fully opened and closed for the passage of trains in two minutes. The operation of this structure (and bascules generally) is wholly electrical, the operator being housed in a little cabin at the side, with his controller, brake, and signals by which he controls his great charge with absolute precision and consummate ease.

Across the United States Ship-canal at Sault Ste. Marie there is now under construction another noteworthy "trunnion bascule" bridge with two leaves instead of one, these two leaves so designed that as they close they automatically interlock to form a single span 336 feet in length between end supports. This will not only be the longest bascule span so far attempted, but the boldest design ever undertaken.

Among the types of movable bridges introduced into America is one in which the span to be lifted moves vertically. Up to the present the only way this could be accomplished was by means of cables or chains, on the principle of an elevator. Recently a substantial advance was effected by the elimination of the cables and chains and the substitution of a system of counterbalanced levers, a radical departure, opening up immense possibilities.

The achievements of the bridge engineer place him among the foremost factors making for the world's progress. His is the front rank. With his fellow-engineers he paves the way over which civilization travels. None could perform worthier service, nor could they accomplish so much with greater humility and less vanity than that which distinguishes the true bridge engineer.



A city bridge at Polk Street, Chicago—a type of the double-leaf trunnion bascule

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CHICAGO AS A FINANCIAL CENTER

BY THADDEUS S. DAYTON

CHICAGO is among the youngest of the great cities of the earth. A little more than three-quarters of a century ago it was a frontier trading-post where the mediums of exchange were pelts and powder and ball. There were neither banks nor money in the days of Fort Dearborn. To-day only three cities in all the world outrank Chicago as centers of finance. Two of them—London and Paris—have been capitals of money kings for many hundreds of years. The third is New York, which was nearly two centuries old before Chicago appeared on the map of the United States.

In the capital invested in its banking institutions, in their resources, deposits, and clearings, Chicago is the second city in America. Its bank clearings almost equal those of Boston and Philadelphia combined. They are but little less than the total clearings of the ten next largest cities of the United States. Last year the exchanges of the Chicago clearing-house amounted to nearly fifteen and a half billions of dollars. The better to visualize the immensity of this sum, let us suppose that it should be divided equally among the inhabitants of Jacksonville, Illinois, which had a population of 15,326 at the time of the census of 1910. If such a distribution of this money should be made it would make every man, woman, and child in Jacksonville more than a millionaire.

The tremendous growth of Chicago as a financial center has been within the last forty years. When the Chicago clearing-house was organized in 1865 its business was about $400,000,000. Compared with the figures for 1912, the increase has been 3,745 per cent. There was a gain of 10.5 per cent. in last year's business over that of the year before. New York's gain was 9.1 per cent.

The great fire which destroyed Chicago in 1871 was a blow that would have obliterated financially a less vigorous community. But, two years later, in 1873, the banks of Chicago were a greater power than ever in the Empire of the West. In 1873 there were thirty national, state, and private banks with a capital of nearly twelve million dollars. To-day there are sixty-five banks in Chicago and their combined capital is nearly eighty millions. Their deposits are close to a thousand millions, and their loans considerably more than half that. Beside these figures those given by the first clearing-house statistics, showing deposits of a little more than forty millions, seem insignificant.

Chicago's first banker was Gurdon S. Hubbard. He lived in a log cabin near the protecting stockade of Fort Dearborn, away back in the dawn of Chicago's history. He had some money on deposit in a Buffalo bank. Hubbard did quite a bit of business selling exchange on Buffalo, which then was called the metropolis of the Middle West. Chicago's first real bank was a branch of the Illinois State Bank. It opened for business in 1835, at the corner of La Salle and South Water streets. In the first three months its deposits averaged around $700 a day. It flourished a little less than two years—until the "crash of '37," which our grandfathers used to tell about, when the whole country was swept with financial disaster. Chicago's first bank received a mortal wound at this time, but lingered as an agency until 1843.

Those were the all-but-forgotten days when most of the actual currency in circulation was city and private scrip. It was an era of fortune for George Smith, a Scotchman who came to Chicago in 1834. Smith was the first of Chicago's long line of great bankers. He conducted a private bank in Chicago from 1839 to 1860, and then retired to London to enjoy the fortune—big for those days—that he had accumulated. It was a day of "wildcat" banks, but never a piece of paper with George Smith's name on it but was redeemed on demand. In the course of his career as a banker he had millions of dollars of his private scrip in circulation throughout the West, and contributed in a great degree to the development of the city of Chicago and the region round about. The financial panic of 1857 put most of the private banks out of business. Only one of the many banks that were in existence then still survives.

The National Bank Act dates from March 25, 1863. It was not until May 16, 1864, that the bankers of Chicago announced that on and after that date they would "receive on deposit at par, and pay out at par, only legal tender notes, national-bank notes, and the notes of such other banks as redeem at par in the city of Chicago." This marked the beginning of the era of national banks in Chicago. A little more than a year later there were seven national banks in the city.

The next great crisis was the fire of 1871. While the city was still a blazing ruin its bankers met for a conference. They feared that when they came to open their vaults they would find only ashes instead of money. The question was what percentage of their deposits should they pay on demand. The Comptroller of the Currency settled the question by notifying the national banks that they must pay their depositors in full or he would not allow them to open at all. This made the bankers' hearts sink, but it restored the confidence of their country correspondents. When the vaults were opened and their contents found undamaged there was a sigh of relief. No run on the banks ensued, and in a little while they had greater deposits than before.

Chicago entered upon its present era as a great financial center of America about fifteen years ago. Millions of dollars of funds for the organization of new enterprises were placed in its banks. Several corporations capitalized at forty, fifty millions of dollars and more were launched or underwritten by Chicago financiers. Its banks furnished a considerable proportion of the capital for these vast enterprises. They also began lending money on a large scale in New York, London, Paris, and Berlin. Whenever money rates go up elsewhere the Chicago banks always have many millions to loan on good security.

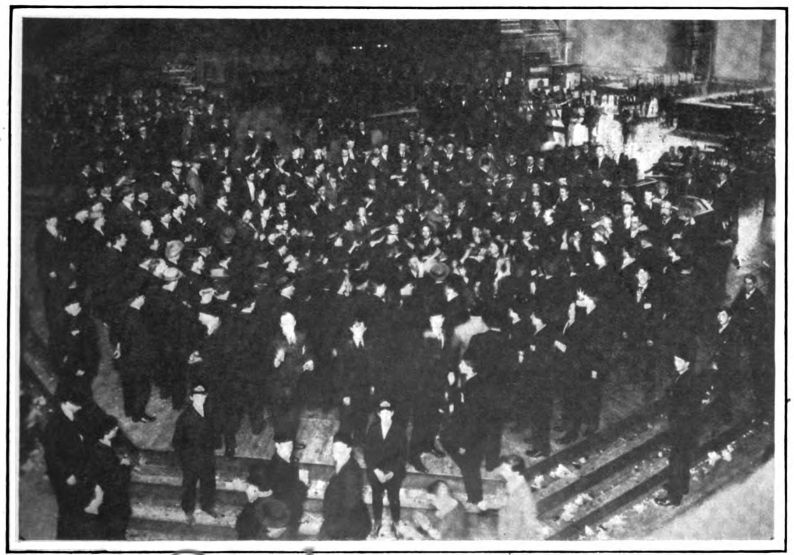


A view of Chicago, looking northeast from the Republic Building

One reason for Chicago's tremendous growth as a financial center is its strategic location as a distributing point for practically the whole United States east of the Rockies. It is the commercial and industrial as well as the financial capital of a vast territory of incredible richness. It is the world's greatest railway center, the greatest lumber mart on earth, and the most important meat-collecting and distributing point. It is the largest shipping port on the Great Lakes—the tonnage of its vessels makes it one of the biggest ports in the world, in fact.

All these things make Chicago the metropolis, the center toward which is drawn a vast amount of wealth. By very force of circumstances Chicago has become a huge mart for money as well as for merchandise. There are many thousands of country banks that have money on deposit with the great financial institutions of Chicago, just as there are other thousands of big and little banks that, as a necessity of their business, place millions of dollars on deposit with banks in New York City. Indeed, Chicago's banks and trust companies have as their clients and depositors quite as many as if not more out of town banks than New York City's bankers have. There is one bank in Chicago which has the accounts of about six thousand of these "country banks." The president of this Chicago bank—which is one of the largest in America—was a farmer boy. No man in America is in closer touch with the small towns throughout the United States than he is. Every moment he can spare from his routine duties he devotes to studying the country newspapers. That is one of the things that have made him great, and it is because there are so many such men in Chicago, who realize that the greatness of the city is due to the natural wealth of the Western Empire, that Chicago has achieved the financial pre-eminence that it has.

Ask any Chicago banker where the financial center of the world will be half a century from now, and he will answer unhesitatingly, "Chicago." That it will be in the United States is hardly beyond question. Chicago has risen in a few years to be the fourth of the world's cities in population. It will not be long before it passes Paris and ranks third. Thirty years ago its population was half a million. Now it is nearly five times that. In its workshops and on its streets it talks the tongues of Babel, yet as a city it is typically American. No one would be rash enough to say that some day it may not become the financial capital of America, if not of the world. It is a long stride from the peltry market at Fort Dearborn to the Chicago of to-day.



The famous Chicago wheat pit, where financial Rolands have met their Olivers

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CHICAGO AS A DISTRIBUTING POINT

The City as a Natural Gateway for Transcontinental Traffic

BY ROLAND HARTLEY

THE military camps of the all-conquering Romans and the trading ports of the all-pervading Phœnicians determined the locations, many centuries ago, of most of the great commercial cities of the Old World. The sites of the cities of America were chosen, as a rule, by accident: by the pioneers, the trappers, and the traders who dealt with the red men. The lakes and rivers were the great thoroughfares. Trading-posts and forts were established at points where there was the greatest facility for receiving and distributing objects of barter.

The narrow portage between Lake Michigan and the Desplaines River was the natural accident that determined the site of Chicago. East and West and North and South there stretched an empire greater than that of the continent of Europe in extent. Between the mountain walls beyond which the sun rose and set there stretched two thousand miles of land comparatively level, threaded by watery highways that led from the edge of the Arctic to the edge of the tropic zone.

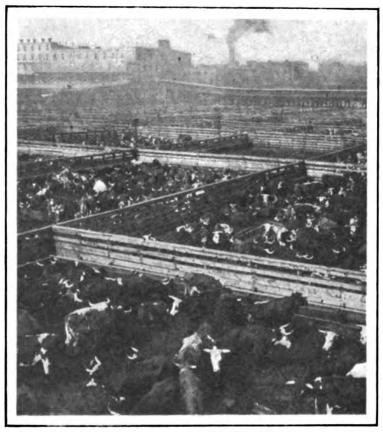
This first made Chicago a great distributing point while yet it was only a dot on the edge of the unknown. It has been the tireless energy of its citizens in these latter days that has raised it to its present world supremacy in this respect.

Fleets of steamers and sailing craft, huge whalebacks and great barges now bring the sack of the whole earth to Chicago. Over tens of thousands of miles of railways march endless processions of freight trains loaded with the produce of the soil, animal, vegetable, and mineral. The city receives it all. Some it transmutes in its vast manufactories. Some it ships throughout the great territory that is tributary to it. Some it unboxes and spreads upon its counters for sale. But the larger part of the raw material, especially the foodstuffs, is distributed in its original form from this central point. By land and sea it goes to every corner of America and of the world.

One way of measuring Chicago's growth and greatness as a distributing center is by its manufactures. In a score of ways—helped by the easy accessibility of boundless treasure-houses of raw material—Chicago has become one of the greatest manufacturing centers of the world. The city stands at the natural gateway for transcontinental traffic. Land and fuel are comparatively cheap and always have been. The army of domestic and foreign buyers that turn to Chicago for their supply of manufactured products is increasing tremendously every year.

Ten years ago the value of Chicago's manufactures was but a little past the thousand-million mark. Last year it reached the astounding total of nearly two thousand millions. So great has been the increase—so swift the pace set by Chicago's manufacturing interests—that municipal questions dealing with public utility, safety, and convenience have had to be solved with almost breathless haste in order to keep abreast of the city's needs.

Chicago in itself is a great factory. Its dirt and grime and smoke and worn pavements that hardly can be renewed fast enough are indicative of the fierceness of its toil. The myriads of people surging through its streets day and night, speaking all the tongues of Europe and all the dialects of America, have been attracted thither by the stupendous tasks that have to be performed to meet the incessantly increasing demands for more and more machinery and merchandise and foodstuffs and other things for which Chicago is famed throughout the world.



A general view of Chicago's stock-yards

The city is surrounded by a cordon of tremendous manufacturing plants, as Paris is surrounded by double and triple lines of forts. But around Chicago every break in the sky-line, every blazing furnace cupola, every high-walled elevator or factory, is adding to the wealth of America.

The Chicago manufacturer is as progressive and has as much civic pride as any citizen in the world. He takes a keen interest in the government of the city. He realizes that good schools and plenty of them, great parks where the people may rest and breathe pure air, and all the other things that make for good citizenship, are the fundamentals of the city's growth and power. He makes his plant the most modern of its kind and is keen to adopt every new invention. He goes farther than that. So that his workmen may be of the best, in skill and health and intelligence, he realizes that their home surroundings must be made as attractive and sanitary as possible. Therefore, scores of great model industrial communities have been established in the neighborhood of the great manufacturing plants. The best in similar communities here and abroad has been adopted.

Twenty-five years ago Chicago's manufactories employed less than one hundred thousand wage-earners. To-day this industrial army is more than five times as great, and the total of its annual wages reaches a quarter of a billion dollars.

Last year the sales of the leading packing concerns aggregated not far from a thousand millions of dollars. A harvester company sold its goods to the value of a hundred millions all over the globe. And so on through the long list of things that people use.

Chicago's wholesale and retail establishments cause more than double as much money to change hands as do its factories. Its department stores are mammoth affairs, some of them the largest in the world. Chicago is the metropolis of America to the country beyond the Mississippi. Its commercial dominion extends eastward until it meets that of New York, and North and South almost without limit. Merchants from all over this great territory buy their goods in Chicago.

From the granary of America, by rail and water, come the vast floods of wheat and corn and oats to Chicago. A portion of this tremendous volume of foodstuffs stays in Chicago and is converted into eatables. A large quantity, however, remains in the grain elevators only a short time, and then is distributed from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, and to lands beyond the seas.

Chicago is famous the world around for the products of its packing-houses. No other city on earth prepares for food so many sheep, hogs, and cattle. In refrigerator-cars and in steamships Chicago's dressed meats travel far. Chicago's canned meats are eaten almost everywhere in the world. If this one industry should cease, millions would go hungry until they found some other food-supply.

The trains and boats come fully laden to Chicago. Fully laden they return or embark on new journeyings with other merchandise from this great mart. The stupendous scheme of distribution is marvelously balanced.

It would take a volume of statistical tables to tell exactly and analytically what Chicago does as a distributing center in the course of a twelvemonth. But mere figures cannot convey a graphic idea of Chicago's supremacy in this respect. Neither does the statement that Chicago leads the cities of the world in the immensity of such operations, or that the combined values of its production and distribution last year were more than four thousand millions of dollars. A single day's systematic sight-seeing in industrial Chicago will impress one more than a year's reading.

HOW A GREAT HOTEL PROTECTS ITS GUESTS

The Safeguards Which are Thrown About Their Every Movement

BY ERNEST J. STEVENS

THE ideal hotel proprietor twenty years ago was a genial, hearty man whose principal asset was his geniality. The man who could always be a good fellow and was most adept in the art of conversation was generally considered the best manager. A necessary and important qualification was "front." In those days the service, comfort, and accommodation afforded to the guests and the matter of safety and protection from the various dangers which are always imminent were seldom thought of either by the guest or the hotel proprietor. The hotel was not even considered as a commercial institution, nor was it operated with much regard to business principles.

The operation of a great metropolitan hotel to-day is on a plane with that of a high-class manufacturing or mercantile institution, and the same great principles of scientific management are applied. The most successful and most popular hotel is the one conducted by a man who realizes the importance of specialized effort, thorough attention to details, scientific division of labor, physical and chemical analyses of the various articles and products which are employed in the operation of the business, cleanliness, and the character and condition of the employees. In a modern hotel properly operated there are scores of specialists employed for the sole purpose of protecting the health, property, and lives of the guests.

The personal safety of the guest in the room is carefully considered. Each floor is operated as if it were a separate hotel. The floor is in charge of a woman clerk, and it is so organized that all the details of the guest's personal requirements have immediate and satisfactory attention. No one can step on to the floor by way of either the elevator or the stairs without being seen by the clerk. Any one desiring to call upon a guest must first obtain from the floor clerk the information whether or not the guest is in and wishes to see him. A record is kept of every access to guests' rooms. The employees whose duties require them to enter the rooms are before employment thoroughly and carefully investigated. Each one is well recommended and furnishes a bond.

At one time there was a great prevalence of hotel thieves, but under modern conditions properly managed hotels to-day have special detectives whose long experience on the police force before becoming connected with the hotel has fitted them for their work. These men are constantly on duty day and night.

The prevention of disease and the cleanliness of employees and of all articles used in the hotel are important to the progressive manager. In order to prevent the carrying of contagion of any kind into the rooms each employee is examined by physicians periodically, and no diseased person and no one living under such conditions as to be capable of transmitting disease is permitted to work in the hotel.

The linen used in bedrooms and bathrooms, as well as the restaurant linen, is thoroughly washed and sterilized every day. Each room is carefully inspected every day by an assistant housekeeper. In the best hotels to-day special men are employed whose sole duty it is to keep the lockers and rooms of hotel employees in a sanitary condition at all times. The clothes therein are examined and fumigated in order to absolutely prevent the possibility of germs. Extraordinary precautions are taken in the employment of cooks and all other kitchen employees. Each must pass a physical examination before being employed, and he is required before going on duty each day to make himself thoroughly clean and dress himself in linen throughout which has been thoroughly laundered and sterilized the previous day.

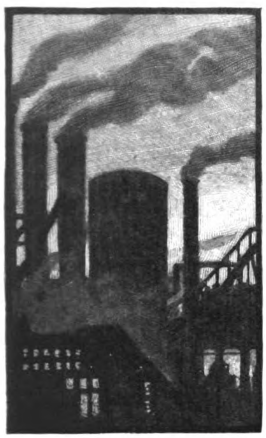
The greatest possible care is exercised in buying, handling, preparing, and serving food. The steward in a great hotel is an expert buyer and he purchases only the purest and freshest articles obtainable. Chemists and physicists are employed to test and analyze the various foodstuffs used. Milk is apt to be a vehicle of contagion, and for this reason every can of milk or cream which is delivered to the hotel is tested for bacteria and butter fat before being put into service. Butter, lard, eggs, canned goods, coffee, vegetables, and cheese are subject to special investigation at all times. An expert inspects every piece of meat, poultry, and fish which is delivered to the hotel, and he must reject everything not absolutely fresh.

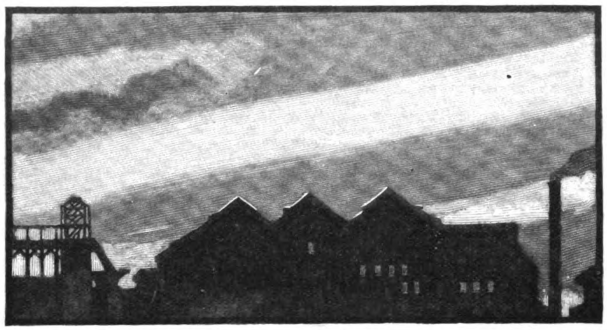
As a precaution against adulteration and fraud in the handling of wines and liquors, a large hotel maintains a chemist in charge of a zymotechnic laboratory almost as complete in equipment as those installed in modern breweries and distilleries. All wines purchased in bulk and all liquors not bottled in bond are chemically analyzed. This chemist makes hourly tests of the drinking-water and daily tests of the ice manufactured by the hotel. All china and glassware is thoroughly washed and sterilized after each service, this department being in charge of a competent man specially trained in the work. There are special departments devoted to keeping the kitchen and dining-rooms in a sanitary condition at all times. All utensils used in cooking are thoroughly sterilized.

The precautions taken to protect against fire are most thorough. The men who run the elevators and the engineers who operate the power plant are selected with special regard to their sobriety, reliability, honesty, and stability. The chief engineer of a great modern hotel ranks very high in his profession. The power plant and elevator system are so carefully supervised as to make it almost impossible for an accident to occur. Each elevator is inspected every night by competent experts, and no elevator which is not in absolutely perfect condition to operate is allowed to remain in service.

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OUR NEW INDUSTRIAL CONSERVATION







BY ROBERT SLOSS

ILLUSTRATED BY RAYMOND L. THAYER

II.—The Responsive Element

This is the second of three articles in which the author deals with various aspects of the movement for improving the efficiency of labor and regulating its relation to capital. The first* of these articles appeared in the issue of "Harper's Weekly" for November 30, 1912

TO substitute a mere truce of bargaining for open warfare would be but a poor beginning of industrial conservation. We do not want an armistice; we want peace with public welfare, and public welfare cannot exist side by side with "industrial unrest." The monarchies of Europe are floundering in a tidal wave of it. How shall we prevent it in the Republic?

Unrest affects industry much the same as does a "still panic" in the money-market. Both are based on distrust, and distrust breeds real and imaginary grievances thick and fast. It is high time to scrutinize those grievances in a national way and find out how to banish them.

Sir Robert Perks recently passed through this country, and observed that here, as in Europe, is "the necessity for a readjustment of the conception of the relationship between employer and employed. The working-classes have become educated to conditions, and they cannot much longer be deceived. They know that they are entitled to a fair share of the profits from the articles they make, and they are bound to get it." Thus a British railroad capitalist and contractor paints one side of the shield.

John Kirby, Jr., president of the American Manufacturers' Association, at its last annual dinner recently, painted the other: "No country can exist half free and half throttled by criminal unionism"—for encouraging which he blamed "men and women who are carried away by whimsical notions about 'philanthropy' and 'uplift.' They mean well enough, but they are given to worshiping fads and don't get under the surface of things."

There are two of the grievances. If the public would get under the surface of things it would find that the most potent encouragement ever given to "criminal unionism" comes not from a lot of unpractical philanthropists, but from the very practical philosophy of one man—Georges Sorel, the father of syndicalism.

Syndicalism lay at the root of England's great coal strike. It has pervaded her industries to such a degree that Lord Northcliffe lately opened in the *Daily Mail* "a sort of grand inquest of the nation into the causes and significance of the ferment." H. G. Wells, who was the first to contribute, advanced the view that England has definitely entered on a revolutionary period. He says: "The real task before the governing class—that means good government—is not to get the better of the argument or the best of the bargain, but to lay hold of the imaginations of this drifting, sullen, suspicious multitude which is the working body of the country."

Mr. Wells believes in socialism—the suppression of private property by the state. Georges Sorel and his syndicalists simply ignore the state; it is not worth bothering about, they say. They are out strictly for themselves; they go the socialists one better. "We are something more than they are," says Georges Sorel in his *Reflections on Violence*—"rebels every hour, men really without a God, without masters, without a country." In Europe, and especially England, if Mr. Wells is right, the attitude of labor has changed thus: First, trades-unionism said, "Give us our fair share of the profits." Then socialism urged "Turn your property over to the state, and let the state manage it for the public welfare." Lastly, syndicalism threatens, "We will get your property and we will manage it for ourselves."

Writing quietly but persistently in a little French town, Georges Sorel has made this idea a dominant force in the industry of France within the last decade. It has permeated European industry; it has invaded America. It seems distinctly an un-American idea. Are we going to find something else to lay hold of the imaginations of our working body or are we going to "let Georges do it"?

Let us not be alarmists; let us understand syndicalism. It seeks to accomplish its purpose by the "general strike" of an entire industry—of all industries if possible—not called because of specific grievances, though grievances are seized upon or invented to foment it. It is called again and again as grievances serve, till finally the employer's business has become so unprofitable that he gets out in disgust; gives the whole thing over to the workers to do with as they please.

Between strikes there is no cessation of hostilities. By *sabotage* or the "irritation strike" a continuous effort is kept up to cripple the employer, to put him out of business. Emery powder is slyly put in the bearings of machinery; rumor gets abroad that the workers in a certain bakery are slipping powdered glass in the bread—in a myriad dastardly ways the "rebels seek to crush their opponent with no care for the effect of their acts on any one but themselves."

Syndicalism is no fad; it is almost a fanaticism. In 1899 M. Briand told the Socialist Congress at Paris that the general strike was the best weapon of labor for coercing the non-productive middle class. If labor walked out in a body, he said, the state would find its military arm too short to cope with disorder, and would have to choose between making immediate peace or arming labor itself. Ten years later Briand, as Premier of France, was confronted by a general railway strike full of shocking violence. He suppressed it like a man, though it cost him eventually his political eminence.

That strike was fathered and fostered by the C. G. T. (Confédération Générale du Travail), founded in 1902, the hierarchy of syndicalism in France. Only about one-third of the trades-unions of France belong to it, and each has but one vote, irrespective of numerical strength. But the remarkable thing about the C. G. T. is its apparently unquenchable spirit—the spirit of Georges Sorel—that flares up and lays hold of the imaginations of wage-earners beyond the belief of any one that does not "get under the surface of things." Violence is an assured feature of that spirit, at least in France, where it has added to the trades-unions the anarchist element and the militant socialist element of the industrial community.

What is to be opposed to syndicalism? Not the state's military arm if possible. The syndicalists make the most of martyrdom and persecution. They are zealous evangels, howling about the right of free speech in this country, and when they exercise it—as in New York the other day—requiring a strong police force, plus the sheriff and his deputies, to prevent them from insulting the flag. But we must deal with them more wisely than we did with the Chicago anarchists years ago. If the syndicalists can gain sufficient "sympathy" and numerical strength, we may have repeated in the nation the situation some years ago in the strike at Cripple Creek, when the Governor telegraphed to know if he should send troops and a member of the State Legislature replied, "No need of troops; miners in peaceful possession of the mines."

How long the peaceful possession of the industries of a country by the syndicalists would last we need not inquire. The thing to remember is that we are not dealing with a mass of demons in industry in this country, but with a mass of human nature under certain conditions. We must form an opinion of those conditions. Even in France the ambitious general strike of the postal, telegraph, and telephone em-



A workman gets damages for a slight, perhaps feigned, accident

*Since the publication of the first article of this series the bill providing for the establishment of a Committee on Industrial Relations has become a law and President Taft has appointed the following men to serve as members of the committee: To represent the public—Senator George Sutherland of Utah, George B. Chandler of the Conn. Assembly, and Charles S. Banet of Georgia; to represent capital—F. A. Delano, receiver of the Wabash R. R.; Adolph Lewisohn of New York City, and Ferdinand C. Schwedtman, vice-president of The National Association of Manufacturers; to represent labor—Austin B. Ganithor of Iowa, president of The Order of R. R. Conductors, John B. Lennon, treasurer of The A. F. L.; and James O'Connell of Washington, D. C., third vice-president of The A. F. L. This committee may make recommendations to Congress at any time. Its final report is due in 1915.

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ployees in the spring of 1909 fizzled out though syndicalism was back of it, because public opinion was adverse.

Syndicalism was planted on American soil ten years ago when W. D. Haywood, Eugene V. Debs, and other unionists, socialists, and anarchists formed in Chicago the Industrial Workers of the World—the I. W. W. Recently it was clashing very acutely with public opinion in San Diego, California. The I. W. W. was carrying on what it calls a "free speech" fight out there. The citizens don't seem inclined to hear about Georges Sorel's "metaphysics of violence"—especially since a score of bombs were discovered in various houses and an attempt to dynamite the city's water-supply was barely frustrated. The citizens have formed themselves into Daylight Vigilantes and have already done one rather amateurish job of tarring and feathering. They may acquire the skill of old California days: for they are determined to drive out the I. W. W. and all its works. "We are fighting for our homes," said one of them; "nothing but troops sent for our protection can stop us."

This sort of public opinion in California may be regarded as encouraging or deplorable, but it is not industrial peace; it is not conservation; it is very close to anarchy unless the State can cope with it. We must oppose something more than force to syndicalism. We need to know just what grievances, real or fancied, have made any considerable body of American workers so "sore" that they will listen to leaders who revile the flag of our country.

The mill-hands at Lawrence, Massachusetts, complained that they did not get enough out of their work to keep body and soul together. To whom were they to appeal? Not to their employers; they did not consider it good business to look into such a complaint. Not to the United Textile Workers, the union of their industry; that had been beaten and almost annihilated at Lawrence in the clash of collective bargaining. Not to the State; except to provide by law sanitary factories for them to work in, the State had never paid attention to them save through the police. No well-meaning philanthropists had ever made a "survey" of the conditions in which they were compelled to live. Public opinion had never heard of them until they struck. What did finally lay hold of their imaginations? Haywood and Ettor, the high-priests of syndicalism in America to-day. The same men laid hold of the striking mill-hands at Paterson, New Jersey, but with less violence. Yet we, a nation that prides itself on not competing with "the pauper labor of Europe," have as yet formed no opinion as to whether these mill-hands were receiving a living wage or not.

We content ourselves with the assumption that they are excitable foreigners. England's striking coal-miners were not excitable foreigners, yet syndicalism laid hold of their imaginations. The nation declared that they should not receive less than a living wage, and they returned to work. So far the decisions of the district committees as to what that minimum wage shall be have caused intense dissatisfaction among the miners, who are threatening to strike again.

The time has come for national "surveys" of the actual conditions of industry. The British know that they must have one if they are to make good the boast of the Duke of Wellington, that "there will be no revolution in England without Act of Parliament." We need a thorough "survey" in this country, if only to test the truth of John Stuart Mill's assertion that there is no psychological reason why a man cannot be made as proud to carry a shovel as a musket. We have found out more about psychology than Mill knew, yet we have not yet managed to make the idea of the "dignity of labor" under our flag lay hold of the imagination with any approach to the appeal of militarism or even violence. There is glory in fighting for a cause; there is satisfaction in working for a cause. What common cause have we set up to work for in industry?

"The country needs business patriotism and patriotism from business men," says George W. Perkins. But there must be something for people to be patriotic about. What is that something in American industry and how much of that something is lacking? That is one big question a Federal Commission on Industrial Relations might answer for us to-day.

Getting under the surface of things, it might find one very practical reason why a man might prefer to carry a musket instead of a shovel. He is actually safer with the musket. Since John Stuart Mill wrote the dead and wounded in industrial pursuits amount to more than the toll of all the wars Christendom has ever fought. We cudgel our inventive genius and spend millions to make war "safe." The United States Steel Corporation has spent two million dollars in the past two years on industrial safety and has reduced the number of preventable accidents in its mills by sixty-six per cent. The safety of war is a theoretical absurdity; the safety of work is a practicable possibility. Our slowness to make it an actuality has aggravated one of the sorest spots in industry.

What is a fair sum to indemnify a man injured at his work, is a constantly recurring question that has done as much as anything else to embitter employer and employee. Employers as a class have pointed out the undoubted fact that most avoidable accidents are due to the "contributory negligence" of the injured man or to that of some "fellow-servant." Besides, they say, if a man engages in a hazardous occupation it implies "assumption of risk" on his part. These defenses the common law allows in damage suits. The employee has taken the attitude of getting all he possibly can for an injury, and the employer has fought every claim irrespective of its humane aspect—not because he is inhumane, but because it has seemed to



They will listen to leaders who revile the flag

him "good business" to even up his accident expenses in this way.

We are beginning to see that it is poor business. A workman gets exorbitant damages for a slight, perhaps a feigned injury; a disabled man uncompensated becomes a public charge—in either case we pay the bill. That has been recently recognized in the State of Washington by a law under which workmen injured in hazardous pursuits are compensated directly from the State treasury, claims being investigated and settled by a public commission. In twelve other States laws now exist making it either compulsory or elective for industries to adopt some scheme of general compensation or insurance for accidents. Laws making this elective either abrogate or modify the common-law defenses of corporations in accident suits. In Kansas, for instance, the law declares that an injured employee's claim cannot be thrown out by simply proving "contributory negligence" upon him; the negligence of the employer must also be considered—where the one is slight and the other gross, or *vice versa*, damages must be fixed accordingly. This law has just been declared constitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States, and the decision opens the way for the States thus to modify the common law.

Meanwhile a Federal act providing compulsory compensation for all employees injured on duty on interstate railways was passed by the Senate by a vote of 64 to 15. The compensation is "exclusive"—that is, when accepted precludes further redress under State laws, and an adjuster is provided in each judicial district in an effort to wipe out accident litigation in future. There was much filibustering against the bill on the part of radical Democrats, because, it was said, the business of a large number of claim lawyers, constituents of certain Senators, would be ruined. The bill was framed after an extensive investigation by a non-partisan commission of experts and Congressmen.

Whatever merits or defects may be found in such laws, they are a first effort to remove a long-standing grievance and irritant. They show a growing tendency to place the expense of compensation for injury squarely upon the employer, by him to be passed on in a businesslike way to the public. He will not find it good business then to have heavy accident expense and will come to regard safety as an indispensable asset.

Some of the States are wisely endeavoring to profit by the experience gained through private initiative and to establish public standards of proved merit. Illinois has a most progressive Department of Factory Inspection. The whole movement needs nationalizing. We have already a Federal Bureau of Mines that is doing efficient work in devising and securing the adoption of safety devices and appliances. That is because mine disasters, taking such heavy human toll in one appalling blow after another, have at last stirred the public conscience. We need uniform and universal reporting of industrial accidents throughout the land, not only so that we may appreciate their terrific total, but so that we may study the conditions under which they occur and find out what are the really "dangerous parts" of machinery. No one, for instance, would think there was much harm in a set-screw on a revolving shaft till statistics showed that it is one of the most fruitful causes of injury. It should be countersunk.

We need equally the uniform reporting and study of occupational diseases—the hatters' "shakes," the potters' "rot," the painters' colic and "wrist drop," . . . the brass-workers' chills, the boiler-makers' deafness, the glass-blowers' cataract, the miners' asthma. In twenty-seven trades the workers are constantly menaced by arsenic-poisoning, in one hundred and thirty-eight by lead-poisoning—and so on down the list. We held our first National Conference on Industrial Diseases two years ago, when we learned from a committee of experts that there are probably 13,000,000 cases of illness annually from industrial diseases in this country, involving a money loss of near three-quarters of a billion dollars. At least one-fourth of this incapacity for work can be prevented. Yet it was not till last year that we prohibited the use of white phosphorus in our match factories, being the last civilized nation to banish from industry this inevitable breeder of horrible necrosis of the jaw.

We need a national inquiry into this whole question of human waste in industry and a national public opinion about its prevention. At no point can conservation of industry begin with greater assurance to the public welfare than here. The efforts already begun, if vigorously prosecuted, will go far toward securing permanent industrial peace. Hitherto the worker has said of the employer: "He regards me as of less account than a mere piece of machinery. If I break down, he is done with me because I can be so easily and cheaply replaced. I must get all I can out of him while I last." Remove that feeling by conservation of safety and health and you have struck a heavy blow at the doctrine of Sorel, that if you are a pessimist about the system you should be a pessimist all the way around to dynamite.

Besides, it is a business proposition. We are finding out that altruistic employers do not "go to the wall." In a recent address William C. Redfield, a progressive and successful manufacturer and member of Congress, pointed out that the report of the Tariff Board reveals that a large proportion of the machines in our woolen mills have been in use over a quarter of a century, while the entire development of many of our industries has taken place in that time. A great majority of our industries, says Mr. Redfield, are not nearly so up-to-date in mechanical equipment as we fondly suppose. Keeping abreast of the times depends upon constant and minute study of mechanical outfit for improvement, better adjustment, and replacement. Even where this exists and its results bear fruit, Mr. Redfield conceives still another careful study profitable. He says: "The man is infinitely well worth study and infinitely more difficult to study than the machine. . . . Your machines are complex; how much more so the man, with his human mind and heart! But if the patience is exercised there is in the man the responsive spirit the machine lacks; and that spirit, led and not driven, guided and not abused, is a power in industry of which the wisest of us do not yet dream. Without it we may be able, or we may not, to profit temporarily. With it the age of industrial conquest opens to us."

THE SHORE LIGHT

BY ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

Haul up your nets! haul up your nets!
  Storm gathers in the east;
Now on the shore the long tide frets,—
  The seas prepare their feast.

Gather your wealth of emerald scales
  Won from the moonless night.
Run up your sails! your sad brown sails!
  Head for the double light.

Out of the perilous deep-sea ways,
  With brown hands toiling in,
With laboring oars through blind sea-haze
  Until the light you win.

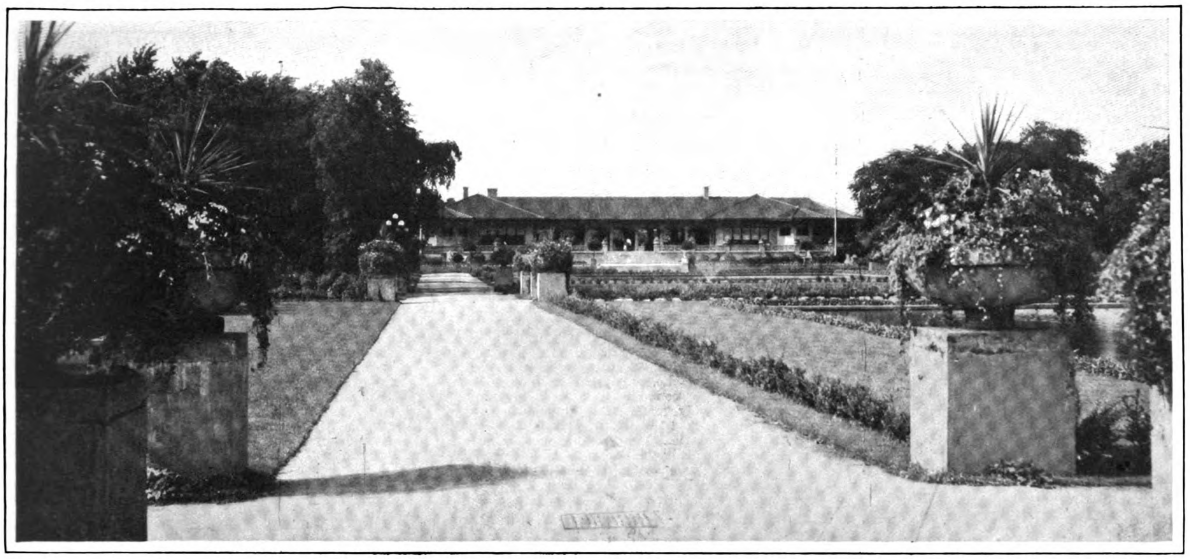
And down the narrow path again
  Between the long twin piers.
Through the white storm of wind and rain
  Salt as a woman's tears.

Utter no words for vain delay—
  Up with your homing sail!
Hark! on the wild air, leagues away,
  The gray wings of the gale.

But hasten round the point to come,
  And guide you safe by night:
For all night long to speed you home
  Shines clear the double light.

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HOW CHICAGO TAKES ITS PLEASURES

BY STEVEN D. THATTON

COMMERCIALLY and industrially, Chicago is a magnet that attracts hundreds of thousands of visitors each year. Other myriads come to the many conventions that are held in Chicago. The city entertains these great crowds with a freshness of enthusiasm and civic pride that is unique. It is a hospitable city. Chicago has some of the best hotels in America, and that means anywhere in the world. It is the ambition of Chicago to become a beautiful as well as a useful city. It will not be many years before Chicago has the greatest park system of any city on the globe. Its plans to this end are being carried out rapidly. It is a great theater city. It is adding to its indoor places of amusement every year at an incredible rate.

The summer sight-seer should not miss seeing Chicago's parks. They are already so great in extent that it will take some little time to visit and explore them all and to traverse the noble driveways that connect them, but the time will be well spent.

Ultimately Chicago's system of public pleasure-grounds will cover nearly 40,000 acres. They will girdle the city of the future and broad breathing-places will be almost at the doorstep of every resident, rich or poor. There will be parks in the densely populated centers of the city within the area bounded by the present park system and Lake Michigan. Lincoln Park will be enlarged. Then there will be an outer belt of forest and meadow parks connected by broad driveways. These will encircle the city of to-morrow. Ultimately will come the complete boulevarding of the east edge of the city along the lake shore for its entire length, except where parks or boulevards exist already.

Chicago's parks had their beginning in 1860. Eight years before that the city had secured a tract of fifty-nine acres between Webster Avenue and Menominee Street and Clark Street and the lake. There was an epidemic of cholera in those days and this land was intended for quarantine and cemetery purposes. It cost a little more than $8,000. It was a sandy waste, with here and there clumps of scrub oaks and willows, until about 1864, when the first steps toward its improvement were taken. At first it was called "Lake Park." In 1865 its name was changed to "Lincoln Park," its name to-day. In 1869 the necessary state legislation was secured, park commissions were established, and the acquisition and beautification of large tracts of land for park purposes actually began. In 1870 the park area had grown to 1,887 acres, and in 1880 there were more than 2,000 acres of parks. The movement for the present great park system was started in 1900.

As the years went on, Garfield, Humboldt, Douglas, McKinley, and Gage parks on the West Side were established and became places of beauty. Garfield Park contains 188 acres, Douglas about the same number, and Humboldt Park 206 acres. They are connected by magnificent driveways. With its connecting boulevards Lincoln Park's present area is more than 500 acres. It is the most popular playground in Chicago and the most famous park in the West. Its zoological gardens are among the most noteworthy in the world. Its statues and monuments are also remarkably fine. The most striking among them are those of Lincoln and Grant.

The total area of the south parks and their boulevards is about 2,000 acres. Jackson Park is especially remembered as the site of the Columbian Exposition. It has magnificent drives and vistas. Its beauty is enhanced by its splendid water front and the lagoons and wooded islands that the skill of the landscape architects has created. Then there is Grant Park on the lake front, which has been much enlarged of late years, and a score or so of parks of lesser size. These smaller ones are more than mere breathing-places. Many of them have gymnasia, baths, and other things which make them particular centers of neighborhood interest.

In addition to its park system, Chicago has a highly developed plan of municipal playgrounds. These are scattered throughout the city and are thronged with children except in the coldest weather.

In country clubs—the places of amusement and recreation for the well-to-do—Chicago is particularly rich. These places are, for the most part, outside the corporate boundaries of the city. The "Newport of the West"—Lake Forest—is the home of a club that is famous for its golf and polo contests. Another big country club is just outside Blue Island and is one of the largest in the Middle West. Up along the "north shore" is still another—at Highland Park. One of the newest and largest is down on the "south shore" in the edge of the South Park system. In fact, hardly a residential suburb of Chicago is without its well-appointed country club.

For those who live in the city or for visitors there is no lack of indoor amusements. Chicago has about fifty first-class theaters. Some of them have been established for many years, as Chicago reckons history. They are "old" only in their traditions of the famous men and women who have played there. There are many other theaters which date back to the nineties and still more that are of recent construction. By continual reconstruction and improvement the older theaters have kept pace in modernity with the newer ones. Many of Chicago's playhouses are imposing in size and magnificent in their appointments. Each new one strives to outdo its rivals in luxury, comfort, and convenience.

One has a wide choice of amusements in Chicago. The grand opera is firmly established there, with some of the greatest singers in the world appearing each season. The Thomas Orchestra, one of the three or four great musical organizations of the United States, is a permanent institution. There are a couple of dozen theaters where one may see the reigning musical or dramatic successes of New York, London, Paris, or Vienna. Then there are the big amusement places, like the Coliseum and the Hippodrome, which seat thousands of persons. Vaudeville fills a large number of playhouses every evening. Chicago is one of the most important milestones in the far journeyings of the vaudeville artists who range from the cities of England and continental Europe to those of America.

Chicago's prominence as a theater city is further evidenced by the steadily increasing number of important plays that have their first production there. First nights are becoming more and more numerous and significant. The number of theatrical companies sent out from Chicago to tour the South and West is beyond computation.

As a hotel city Chicago stands in the first rank. Some of its older hotels are as famous as any in America. Its newer ones cannot be excelled anywhere in the world in their perfection of appointments, general lavishness, and excellence. The city has so many hundreds of thousands of guests to entertain each year that its hotels are all prosperous in the highest degree.

RUNNING A PUBLIC-SERVICE CORPORATION

BY WILLIAM H. HODGE

IN few lines of industry is there a more insistent demand for large amounts of additional capital than that which comes from the electric light and power, gas, and street-railway companies. Thirty years old, the electric-light-and-power business in this country represents not less than two billion dollars, or more than twice the money sunk in the century-old gas industry, while the capital account of electric railways—younger still than electric lighting—is considerably more than the two first mentioned combined.

Great as the physical property is that lies behind the bonds and stock held very widely by the investing public, the work of development and construction is by no means finished, although the period of experimentation is closed. So rapid is the normal growth of the business of these corporations that the urgent necessity for physical expansion continues in increasing measure, and the financial markets are constantly called upon to supply the cash. There is at present a tendency to look to Europe for part of the heavy annual financing. It is not a difficult task to interest capital on the other side of the Atlantic in industries which have shown the commercial hardihood of American utilities in times of stringency and depression.

It is estimated that the new capital actually required for the proper development of the electrical industry alone now aggregates $200,000,000 yearly. The gas industry does not require nearly so much, but electric railways probably can absorb profitably as much or more.

The American investor no longer has any doubt of the normal earning ability of well-managed utility properties. He has been convinced that these utilities are now part and parcel of municipal civilization; are of common use and necessity; vital in many ways to the people; capable of returning a satisfactory yield on capital and not vitally subject to fluctuations by the rise and fall of commercial prosperity.

The cause of many an investor's hesitation before placing his money in utility corporations is what he reads in the newspapers regarding public ownership, agitations to lower the rates charged for service, contests over franchises and municipal contracts, and threatened or actual competition from public or private plants. He fears that where there is so much smoke there must be some fire, and sometimes, without investigating further, he decides not to risk the presumable burning of his money in this particular way.

As a matter of fact the financial hazards which he conjures are more possible than probable, provided his money is invested in a company that has the benefit of what may be styled "progressive management." Even in a non-progressive company the money represented in senior securities is reasonably sure of safety.

Up to recently the average citizen heard a great deal more about the benefits of municipal ownership than he did regarding the efficacy of regulation by commissions or the progressive management of utility corporations. The politicians dazzled him with tales of public-ownership achievements, principally abroad, where individual profits long ago produced a leisure class content to direct its ability toward the efficient

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conduct of community affairs. Too often sharp differences in conditions, costs, and wages, and marked dissimilarities in the character, value, and extent of the service were ignored. There is not much use in comparing nations in which the entire tendency is for cheapness with a people whose demand is for the best.

Yet after all the talk and political campaigning centering on municipal ownership, there is in reality comparatively little of it in the United States. Many municipal-ownership campaigns are carried on merely to secure concessions in rates. The people seem to mistrust official bureaucracy and political inefficiency applied to commercial and technical undertakings. The man who has tried vainly for a year to get a municipally owned water main to his new home in a new subdivision, and who has enjoyed gas service and electric service from privately owned corporations from the day he moved in, has had an object lesson in the contrast between ordinary public ownership and progressive private ownership that he does not soon forget.

The municipally owned and operated street railways in the United States number one or two; the city-owned gas plants about two dozen, and in the electrical industry the municipal plants do less than ten per cent. of the total business, although hundreds of small communities have had to install their own plants because private capital could not be interested.

Most of the principles of action of progressive utility management are simply time-honored platitudes *put into use*. It is being recognized that the executive positions in utility operation call for types of ability of a very special order. The men who can fill these places successfully must cherish and practice the finest of commercial ideals. They must be not only acute business men and good managers of other men, but blessed with broad sympathies and endowed with the spirit of true co-operation—namely the desire to give as well as take. These managers and sub-managers have as their cardinal task the popularization of their companies, and it is clear that their faith in human nature must be deep and the enthusiasm for their work boundless.

It is necessary that progressive utility management proceed from the basis that its franchises are in the nature of public trusts, to be administered quite as much in the interest of the public, which confers them, as the stockholders who supply the capital. Profits must be moderate; service good; service rendered to the greatest possible number of people; rates as low as possible. The company, being one of the beneficiaries of municipal growth, must do its part in all movements for the public good. It must treat its customers as valued patrons, not as necessary evils.

The real leaders in utility operation in this country have divined the actuating impulse of a "cause." They know that genuine obstacles require more than strength, and brains and ingenuity to surmount, and they believe that if they can put ideals in public-utility operation, the men who care for ideals will be found. Some have tried, and the theory has proved wonderfully effective. There are syndicates and companies to-day whose personnel follow their leaders with a loyalty and devotion that has rarely been matched in commercial history. These men have found progressive utility operation the squarest and cleanest business they know. They have been helped, too, by such splendid, high-minded organizations as the National Electric Light Association, which has more than twelve thousand members.

The regulation of utilities by state commissions has spread over the United States very rapidly, and apparently is working to the best interests of all concerned—the public, the investor, and the companies. Provided these commissions proceed justly and wisely, the policy of regulation will become permanent and represent a fixed solution of public-utility problems.

The corporations least of all should desire favoritism or undue leniency, since such administration would disgust the people, and the public's conclusion would be that justice can be obtained only through municipal ownership and direct competition. It would not appear, however, that such a contingency exists or is prospective. Clean, even-handed justice is all that either side should obtain. In Massachusetts, Wisconsin, New York, and other states the decisions of the state commissions have been upright and sensible, and the precedents set by these three great pioneers in public-utility regulation will have extraordinary value for many years.

Most of the franchises granted by cities to utility companies are limited, and will in due course expire. The renewal of these franchises will be influenced by the previous administration of the property and also by the regulatory commissions. The indeterminate-franchise idea, as adopted in Wisconsin—namely, franchises terminable by the commission for cause—has certain elements of strength which may cause it to be widely followed. Although a company operating under an indeterminate franchise has no fixed tenure of its right to occupy and use the highways, it must be remembered that the so-called perpetual franchises in themselves have sometimes produced much damage to corporations. Whenever a fixed or unlimited term franchise becomes onerous to the public, ways can be found by that community to seriously injure, if not ruin, the company. It is not necessary to annul the franchise.

The security of any corporate investment, after all, lies in the character of the management of the corporation, and it appears to many that indeterminate rights are well calculated to spur the management to efficiency and sensible conduct. The weakest link, of course, lies in the necessity for an absolutely fair and able commission or court to decide when and why a company should be deprived of its franchise. We must, however, assume that there will be fair and honest courts in the future, unless we are prepared to admit national dissolution.

During the last few years the relations between utility corporations and the public have been studied as never before. This study and its resultant production of "experts" has swept away many of the wildest and most fantastical notions regarding both alleged evils and nostrums prescribed therefor. A public-utility operator to-day would much prefer leaving his case with an expert committed professionally against him, than to a shyster or crank who would not or could not give genuine study to the issues and their underlying circumstances. Therefore, in framing new franchises, it is fair to assume that there will be more knowledge and reasonableness by the representatives of the public and greater tact, ability, and liberality on the part of the corporations.

Syndicate management has given many small cities and towns metropolitan service. It has given day and night service to many villages previously without service at all, and is rapidly reaching out to the farmers wherever possible. Service to the farms will do much to popularize the corporations and will be of material significance in state legislation in which the rural representatives heretofore had small opportunity to know anything of the utility company's problems or the value of the service.

All in all there are, perhaps, less grounds for an *impasse* between utility corporations and the public than in any of the other industrial problems of the nation.

RETAILING GOODS BY MAIL

BY DAVID GIBSON

RETAILING goods by mail—the mail-order business — practically had its origin in a small way in one of the New England states about half a century ago. Since then this idea or method of reaching the consumer direct through the mails, without the employment of travelers or other agents, has spread everywhere. It has reached its greatest development in Chicago. Two of the greatest mail-order houses in the world are located there.

To-day nearly every person in business sells his goods by mail to a greater or less degree. Within the last ten or fifteen years tens of thousands of corporations, firms, and individuals have embarked in this method of selling, either exclusively or as an adjunct to their other activities. Nearly two-score magazines and weeklies are devoted to it. The mail-order business in America has grown to such gigantic proportions that it has become a social and economic consideration.

To trace the development of the mail-order idea is interesting. The large dry-goods stores, in the great centers of population, a generation or two ago, were among the first to discover the mail-order principle. Originally a merchant's point of contact was largely personal. He stood in the doorway or in the aisles of his store and greeted his customers. When his business lagged he found that he would have to devise other means of attracting customers from a wider radius than his own neighborhood or his own city. His stilted, dignified advertisements, which occupied an inch or so in the newspapers, would not accomplish his desires. Then he discovered that by printing a picture of a particular garment or household utensil or other article, by telling something about it and giving its price, he could extend his selling effort immeasurably. Mail orders began to come in from the adjoining towns.

It took a good many years for the merchant to realize that by making his advertising pictorial and descriptive in the highest degree he could bring practically the contents of his store before the eyes of even those who dwelt in the most remote countryside. The next step was the publication of elaborately illustrated catalogues to supplement his advertising in the public prints. To-day the catalogues and price lists of American business houses flood the United States and reach every corner of the globe.

Even the country merchant has gone into the mail-order business. Many "syndicate" catalogues are being printed. They contain illustrations and descriptive text of a large variety of manufactured articles. These catalogues are sold to the country merchant with his name printed on the outside, and by him are distributed far and wide in the region where he lives.

The origins of some of these great mail-order houses of the Middle West read like romances. The founder of one of them was a station agent on a Western railway thirty years ago. His salary was $40 a month, for it was a small station. In his mail one day he found a watch. It was addressed to some railroad man "in care of the agent." The man did not call for it, and the agent ascertained that he had departed without leaving his new address. The agent wrote to the makers of the watch telling them the circumstances. They replied to sell the watch and send them the money, keeping for his trouble and profit whatever it brought above the price they named. The agent made two dollars by this transaction.

It was a good watch. The agent was pleased and the customer was pleased. The agent sent for two more and sold them at a similar profit. From the very first he told every purchaser that if he was not satisfied with his purchase he could have his money back immediately. This is the vital principle of the mail-order business. This station agent sold more and more watches, and finally bought a watch factory. He still continued his old plan of absolutely guaranteeing what he sold.

One day a man came to him with one of his watches covered with mud. He explained that he had dropped it on a rock and that it had fallen into a puddle. The former station-agent did not wait for the man to finish. He handed him a brand-new watch. The man protested that the accident was his fault and that he was only joking.

"We guarantee our watches not to fall out of people's pockets and bounce in the mud," responded the former station agent. This incident was widely told. It is said to have been worth more than $100,000 as an advertisement among railroad men.

As the years went on, this watch-dealer added more and more lines to those he was selling by mail. To-day the concern he founded is one of the two largest mail-order houses in the world. Each of these two concerns distributes between six and seven millions of catalogues a year. They contain thousands of pages and weigh so much that it costs about fifty cents postage for each. These two great mail-order houses do a business that aggregates nearly two hundred millions a year. Of this vast sum ninety-eight per cent is in cash. The money comes with the order.

These concerns—after which many others large and small have been modeled—own nearly two hundred factories and control the outputs of many more. They sell every article that is manufactured. Of vehicles alone they ship nearly 200,000 a year—from light buggies to motor trucks. Pianos they sell by the tens of thousands, and shoes by the millions of pairs. It takes an army of girls to sort the hundreds of thousands of letters that come in every day, and about four tons of pins a month to arrange the correspondence. The records are kept on acres of card indexes. The correspondence that need not be filed furnishes a good share of the fuel for the plants' big boilers.

From supplying the Middle West the Chicago mail-order houses have spread all along the Atlantic seaboard. They have thousands of customers even in New York City. Their biggest business is in such states as Pennsylvania and other old-settled communities.

In addition to these huge mail-order houses that deal in everything there are others—very large concerns, too, with millions of capital—that specialize.

Sociologically there is no doubt that the mail-order house is doing much to solve the problem of cheaper distribution and of the high cost of living. But the country merchant has a violent prejudice against the mail-order house. This prejudice has been spread to such an extent in some communities that the mail-order house's customers frequently ask that their goods be shipped in packages that will not show their point of origin.

But the country merchant's fear of this sort of competition is based on false premises. He was opposed to good roads and to the electric traction lines, a few years ago, for the same reason. Later he fought the introduction of the parcels post. His theory was that good roads and interurban traction lines would make it so easy for the farmer to get to the city or to the nearest large town that he would no longer buy goods of the country merchant. But the country merchant to-day is doing larger business than he ever did. Better means of communication have increased the population of the rural districts. By making it easier to get to the city the farmer has become educated to the use of more goods and better goods. This has forced the small dealer in the country to bring his stock up to date. Now he finds that he is able to carry a larger stock of greater variety and to turn his stock over more times a year with a smaller proportionate investment. In the Central and Far West, especially, the country merchant is now developing a mail-order business of his own. As the matter is working out now it seems that the business of the mail-order houses will grow and the business of the country merchant will grow. One will never destroy the other.

The fundamental principle of the mail-order business is confidence. This has been recognized, almost from the very beginning, and without it this vast commercial structure never could have been built up. The customer has to rely on the truthfulness of the description of each article advertised. Having decided this, in his own mind, he scrutinizes the price. He compares it with the price at which he can buy a similar article elsewhere. There the mail-order house has one of its great advantages. Whenever the volume of trade in some particular thing becomes large enough it seeks the best factory producing it and makes a contract for its entire output. It buys at the best possible price because it generally pays cash. If the demand increases, the mail-order house will either buy the factory or put up one of its own, thus eliminating the manufacturer's profit.

A force of traveling men costs a good deal of money. Their influence is ephemeral. The mail-order catalogue is always available. It will show goods and quote prices at any hour of the day or night and at any place that can be reached by mail. Because cash is received before the goods are shipped there is no army of bookkeepers keeping customers' ledgers, no staff of credit men to pass on orders, no collection department, no bad debts. In the vast army of employees of a mail-order house practically every one is a producer.

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THE PORT OF MISSING MEN



Interludes

THE CLASS IN HUMOR

"TO-DAY, young gentlemen," said the Professor of Humor, "has been set apart for your essays in what scientific students in the art of humor term the Progressive Idiocy School. What is the leading branch of that particular style of humor called, Mr. Batears?"

"The I'm-the-Guy-Section, Professor," said Mr. Batears, languidly.

"That is correct, Mr. Batears, and it consists of what, Mr. Slabsides?" said the professor.

"Intersyllabic puns, sir," replied Mr. Slabsides.

"You may give us an example, Mr. Doodlepate," said the professor.

"Well, sir, if you should meet an intoxicated chauffeur on the street and you should ask him his name he would reply that he was the guy that put the gin in the engine," said Mr. Doodlepate.

A spasm of pain crossed the professor's face, but he pulled himself together and went on.

"And suppose, Mr. Dinkybrow, you were to meet a Kansas farmer on Broadway, wearing a chin whisker three inches long, and were to ask him who he was, what would be his reply?"

"Why, Professor," said Mr. Dinkybrow, "I imagine his reply would be that he was the guy that put the goat in goatee."

"I am afraid that would be the case," sighed the professor, swallowing a tablespoonful of smelling-salts. "And if you were to meet the chairman of a senatorial investigating committee coming out of the Capitol, Mr. Nitbrains, and should ask him his business, he would pause and reply—?"

"I'm the guy that's looking after the wash in Washington, sir," replied Mr. Nitbrains.

"Referring to Booker Washington?" continued the professor.

"No, Professor," replied the bright young man. "In this instance it would be a case of White-Washington."

"Is there any purely British variation of this particular style of humor, Mr. Slapstick?" asked the professor, feebly.

"Yes, Professor," said Mr. Slapstick, bursting into tears under the nervous strain. "I regret to say, sir, that there is. A man having been pointed out to a British visitor to the United States as the guy that put the fish in efficiency, the Briton returns to London, and—oh, Professor, must I go on?"

"Yes, Mr. Slapstick," quavered the professor. "The trustees under the endowment of our School of Applied Humor require me to insist upon an answer."

"Well," trembled the quivering student, "the British visitor returns to London and endeavors to repeat the joke, and—and—"

"Go on, Mr. Slapstick—let's get through with this as fast as we can," cried the professor, clutching the sides of his chair.

"And he tells his hearers at a public banquet that in America among other interesting sights he encountered the guy that put the shad into the conscientious performance of his daily tasks," groaned the unhappy student.

It was at this point that the bomb in the professor's bombazine umbrella exploded and completely wrecked the class-room, causing an adjournment until further notice.



THE HOOP-SKIRT IS CERTAINLY THE ONLY COSTUME FOR LADY AVIATORS

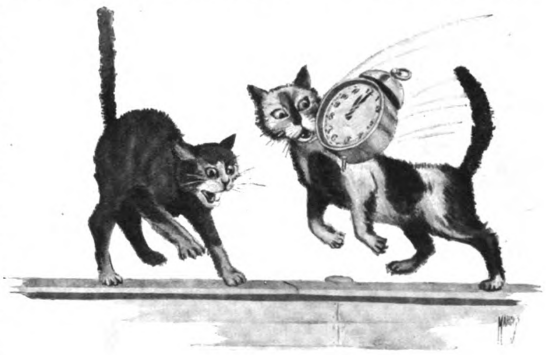
A DISTINCTION

"How do you pronounce the word P-A-P-A, Miss Jibley?" asked Hickenlooper—"pup-paw, or popper? I am writing an article on 'How American Girls Speak.'"

"Why, I say pup-paw, of course," replied Miss Jibley. "I want to distinguish my father from my fiancé, who is my popper."

FINE!

"THERE," said Mrs. Strongmind, as she held up her baby daughter. "Don't you think she's a pretty fine specimen of a girl, even if her mother is a Suffragette?"



THE CLOCK STRUCK ONE

"She certainly is a fine, manly little tot!" said the diplomatic Binks.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

"WELL, now really, Miss Jeerwell, I should like to hear what you would consider the ideal man," said Bildad. "Define him for me, won't you?"

"I couldn't," said Miss Jeerwell with a pleasant smile. "The terms are essentially contradictory."

NOT BECOMING

"I DIDN'T think Mrs. De Browne looked very attractive at the opera last night," said Dubbleigh.

"So? Why, usually she is radiant—what did she have on?" asked Winkletop.

"A large-sized grouch," said Dubbleigh.

SHAKESPEARE ON THE ROAD

HAMLET had just been hit by a cold-storage egg. Whereupon he turned gravely to his audience.

"How truly spoke the good Marcellus!" quoth he. "Something *is* rotten in the State of Denmark!"

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Let Us Have Peace

By Homer Saint-Gaudens
Illustrations by Gordon Grant

RIFLES crackled and bullets sang through the banana plants, where the outlying huts of the town shrank as though seeking cover beneath the jungle-wooded mountain. In the weedy Plaza before the Capitol the fate of the government, even of the rubber concession, was at stake.

For a week, as a so-called war correspondent, I had watched this cinematographic flutter of elusive patriotic leaders, past, present, and potential. Yesterday, beneath the lead statue of the Fourteenth Liberator, the ranks of the national army had been stiffened by their President, if tiny troops in rags and sombreros could be said to be stiffened by a man with a slim bamboo cane and a hat that flapped like a palm frond. To-day, in the shadow of the same battered monument, they had acclaimed the insurgent general. Mastery was in his every move; his eye was the eye of a Pullman porter, his nose gorgeous enough to frame. To-morrow a new government might sit upon the red sashes and gold lace of the old. For what are elections to Central-American politicians? Yet through that week of jumbled explosiveness whenever I looked oceanward I could see, two hundred yards from shore, the motionless, dreaming, rust-streaked apotheosis of peace—a torpedo-boat!

I had asked questions only to be met with humid evasions. So now, when a mud-colored individual with a bent-in nose and pop eyes drew near, running dolefully beneath a prehistoric firearm, I halted him abruptly by the underbrush he called his hair.

"Soldier boy," I asked him, "what ship is that out yonder, so serene in all this fuss and feathers?"

He was afraid to answer me. But, even more afraid of certain of his countrymen who wished to hang a junk sign on him, he replied, in a voice like a squeaky door, "That, señor, is *El Venus*, the ship of the government."

"Why, then," I went on, "does the *Venus*, the ship of the government, remain peacefully at anchor? Is she not the key to the situation? Does she not possess all the artillery of this great nation?"

He would have answered me, but a bullet sang in our ears and he developed the attributes of a first-class sprinter.

Moreover, my own desire increased to vanish from the storm center where I waited but to name for my paper which group of patriots had seized the goose that laid the gutta-percha eggs. Therefore, I quickly loitered down through the ceiba trees into that strange and lonely zone of safety where the mangrove swamps fringed the ocean, brilliant as an abalone shell. Within the radius of a half-mile about the *Venus* nothing of man or nature stirred beneath the heavy scent of orange and lemon blossoms; also the water was a refreshing seventy degrees and the sun a blistering one hundred and ten. Therefore, I discarded my clothes and swam out toward the craft.

There were men aboard her; I could soon see that. Yet no explosions from the hills, however violent, served to stir from their siesta and their cigarettes the four sleepers astern beneath her awning. Nearer I drew, to notice that one figure was topped with a two-thousand candle-power thatch of Titian hair. Thereat I climbed aboard over her propeller guard.

"And he came right here to pay me money?" said a voice from pink pajamas.

In all my nudity, for all my bare and tender feet, I danced upon the rivets of that iron deck. They were white men, not brownies. They were white men; and, what is more, once upon a time I had drunk with them, of a night, ship-made drinks—drunk with them close by the side of the superstructure of the U.S.S. *Utaho*, close by the side where the incriminating bottle might swiftly fall into the sea.

Yet the only answer my surprise permitted was, "Tenney, lend me a pair of pants."

"Now wouldn't that wrinkle your liver!" he exclaimed. "Hey, Halley, Scribner, Collins, you redheaded gee, you, look at this anemone a shark's coughed up! It's our only-original - avoid - substitutes 'Local Color' from the old *Utaho* paying off his taxi-whale!"

"Why? How? When? Why haven't I run into you before?" I gasped, after I could make myself heard.

"'Cause, though we're the nation's navy, we don't float in hot water," Tenney answered.

Collins made an effort to explain. "We've jammed it deep in dese Gugus's noodles dat in time of war de navy's neutral."

"Neutral?" I repeated, puzzled.

"Neutral! This navy is stationed right here to keep the peace. And we keep it," said Tenney, as he took me by the arm and led me up to the bow three-inch rifle. "Look through that sight. You can see all right. It ain't no government telescope. What's it pointing at?"

"The President's mansion."

"Come here. What's this one got a bearing on?"

"The Treasury," I said, duplicating the performance aft.

"And every banana baron in a head waiter's jacket plastered with dog licenses and gold baggage checks is wise to it."

I gasped. "I thought after you four left Uncle Sam's service you bought out a 'Frisco saloon."

"Yes, when we tied up behind that bar we decided we'd gone into reserve. Us for the green umbrella," Tenney began, in the voice of a dreaming child. "That was August you seen us. September time a party made us a Gotham proposition that listened like falling off the roof and landing in a hammock. Bang! He cut the hammock lashings and we hit the deck. Therefore, come December and we'd a corner on New York gold bricks, and the weather colder than a banker's heart. 'Bout then we took to dropping into a lugubrious bar down on Irving Place. You know; it's where all the Colorado Claros between the thirtieth parallels plan their revolutions melodious as cats.

"Here we come across the antique mahogany highboy, the occasional Minister of War of this orchid conservatory. You've seen him—a skinny, black minister, a sad-looking minister. They could arrest me for what I think of him now. But then, with his hat tucked under his short ribs and smoking a joss stick he called a cigar, he certainly talked to us slippery as wet asphalt.

"He was looking for recruits to man and maintain a fully officered navy. He had just the sort of a berth we wanted. We would be far from gas and grafters. We would no longer cut our hair or strain our lunch-hooks for food.

"Consequent we orders our court of inquiry. We says, 'Sailormen, the world has spoke to us worse than a parrot raised in a slum. Therefore, sailormen, we'll forsake the world!'—for sleep.

"'Course we had to pass out some sort of a four-flush to demonstrate our ability, so Scribner read up a little navigation. Collins took over the guns. Halley and I studied her engines. Yes, sir, she sure can travel faster than a light-draught duck.

"Nevertheless and notwithstanding, just when we was beginning to lapse into the error of our comforts, the admiral, a jumping-jack of a card in a blue, red, gold, yellow, and white uniform and a regular comic-opera hat, came down and did a fit on the dock. In a fierce line of palmetto jargon he explained that an alcohol smuggler was going to bust the excise law unless we got up steam to head her off. As we figured we could work just as hard as that right at home, we protested to him gentle-like, 'Your Altissimo, such a proposition, when it's already hot enough to melt your false teeth, ain't our idea of life as she is lived in a land of complaining concertinas and sad guitars.'

"No use. And the worst of it was we never saw as much as one single finger of that natural fusel-oil we towed into port.

"Consequent, the second time Mr. Maduro Disinfecto turned up, hinting that we go smuggler-potting, at just the hour our shredded spirits was taking the morning's vote would we get up or would we sleep, with it unanimous to nothing in favor of sleep, we warned him somewhat further against the fatal effects of too much energy.

"No use.

"So this trip we took to hoping that for the sake of peace that leather-faced son of obliquity be effaced.

"He was.

"Because, casting off, we soon got to bucking a sizeable swell and noticed he was losing his grip—and other things. Then some of the *Venus's* steam gadgets went wrong. Accidental, of course. So she dropped into the trough while adjustments were being completed. Lying flat on a walloping deck ain't good for red sashes; but a real picturesque bunch of color that comandante made with his olive-complected features turning chalky. Yes, he was plumb disgusted, and said so in assault-and-battery language that sounded like splitting a plank. For the first hour we were dogs, the heirs of dogs, the ancestors of dogs. Later, when he'd about as much life as a tin rabbit that hops when you squeeze the bulb, he grew some plaintive in his unprofane fragments and promised when we got him home he'd attach himself permanent to the Bureau of Navigation.

"He did.

"After that for the better part of a month we only broke our rest to replace new hawsers when the old ones wore out. The *Venus* was tied to the dock those days. 'Course, all this time we knew that our President was a resourceful cuss. But nevertheless we ain't suspected that civic conscientiousness—note the ten-dollar word—civic conscientiousness would rouse the progressives against him quite so hard.

"What primed the explosion premature was that the reform candidate late one night gobbled a fruit that should have stayed on its limb a few hours longer. You know him, the general—the one who's trying to tie the can on the government again now; him with the nose like a summer squash; not the smiling kind of a squash, but a yellow, crooked, warty squash. We could have slept through it, howsomever, 'cept each side having put a purple ink ring around the notion that our guns would give 'em the town turned the opening event into a half-mile sprint to the bay. The Minister of War heretofore referred to, the one with the morocco-bound features, led for the government. But he hustled that fast he hadn't time to slip his gold lace over his frock coat, so it trailed behind his beer-bottle shoulders, and the Insurrecto gent won by his nose. Of course we told 'em the minister labored under excessive handicap, called it no race, and requested polite that they stop blistering our paint and leave us finish our nap.

"No use.

"In fact, when it began to listen like the blood-hound scene in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' we had to warp the *Venus* off the dock, where for a time it was A No. 1 fun to watch the caucus. The Gugus was shooting an almighty lot, assaulting both the lizards on the land and the mullet in the sea. Gradual, however, they grew careless-like, bringing us to the conclusion we'd pose better as a lead smelter than a life-insurance risk. At the first blind we was tight squeezed to cipher out how to euchre them without damaging any one. But then of a sudden the government Generalissimo, him with the lobster-colored breeches that make him look like a split carrot, appeared on the beach striding his charger, a blind mule, boy's size. With one step I grasped the situation.

"'Collins,' says I, 'as president of the local S. P. C. A. I'll award you that last bunch of bananas Scribner stole if you shoot the head off that poor blind mule without having to notify the widow of the gent with the beard like a cocoanut husk who's sitting on him.'

"'Aw, you make me weep!' answers Collins, and lays his sights.

"Well, sir, when the shell arrived and we could see the Generalissimo emerging from the reek of battle, that mule certainly hadn't any head. And while the government troops wiped the blood from their fallen leader and mourned the loss of their cavalry our Insurrecto friend marched his particular brand of butter-brained followers up the Capitol steps to a song of joy of the usual pattern, color brilliant, statistics accurate as a lady's watch.

"Consequent, then, after we'd rested some, I, too, meanders to the money incubator where they'd begun to inflate the national debt and to skim the surplus off the treasury.

"'How much do you want, admiral?' the new head to this latest bunch of wax-works asks me, cooling his fingers in a pile of silver-and-shin-plaster currency.

"'Nothing but my rightful pay and this,' I answers, foolish-like. '"Let us have peace" is the motto on the chromo at the head of our contract.' . . .

"Then they began again, plotting in saloons and on street corners and other inconspicuous places. And then come a night when Scribner called my attention to the fact that the barometer was considerable down

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and the air thick as butter. So it was right and natural that about five bells, mid-watch, even I should roll out nervous-like to see what's what. It was blowing strong from the land, the sky full of greasy fat clouds sailing off the mountains; and as the bow and stern of the *Venus* projected beyond the dock end, I allowed it was her tugging at her hawsers a-creakity-creak that woke me up.

"While I was figuring on this I looked north along the beach, where it seemed as though I piked an army sleuthing for the dock quieter than ghosts scuffling in a mist. At that I picked up the night glasses and turned 'em south. There I piped the other army taking its constitootional. It would have worn gum-shoes if it hadn't been barefoot. North was our dignified and former President, with his sad frock-coated Minister of War and his gay old Generalissimo, a dressmaker's model on a hobby-horse, leading their assorted bunch of undeveloped cerebellums. South was our present reform ruler; I could catch the shadow of his nose in the moonlight, with his Minister of the Interior, the pro tem quartered-oak-finished Insurrecto Number Two, wearing pompydore hair. Sad? I was that exhausted I had to go below and take my temperature.

"But I didn't stay long, 'cause before I could make the deck, having dug out these here three sleepy gringo plugs as exhibits themselves as my friends, the game was called at the pier head, the opposing columns screeching like hack-saws. Now we could stand being waked in the daytime. But any noise at such an hour was worse than drays on the pavement Sunday morning. So again we pleads with 'em that the navy was no place for violence, especially at half past two at night.

"No use. They keeps on packing our decks tighter and tighter. Just as before, mostly, both allotments began by shooting the fixed stars out of heaven. But then somehow one of their depressed shots smashed certain of Halley's steam gauges and his face turned the color of a toy balloon. Next a Spickadee put a set of Collins's sights out of commission trying to train a gun on the government building, the which made Collins's eyes pop like raw oysters. And, last but first, a hunk of lead bust up a royal straight flush framed in four-leaf clovers that Scribner had brought from the States. As Scribner is sore all the time he's awake, he explained what happened to him hereupon by saying that something riz in his right side like foam on beer.

"Naturally, I seed that if I didn't invent a peaceful way to adjourn this mass meeting we was due for the ambulance call. Consequent, I just snook off and cut the hawsers, so that, what with our land breeze, in two minutes the *Venus* had ten feet of water 'tween her and the dock. 'Course, not an Insurrecto or a Conservative grafter noticed, being so busy scrapping. But as I made the bridge once more, with most of my coat buttons still on, I was met by Scribner.

"'I glimpsed you—and we'll have to get up steam to fetch the dock again' this wind,' he cries, also slapping a climax on to a hot wax figure of speech.

"'We'll make steam right enough. But I ain't in no hurry to tie up.' I explains, hauling myself above the mêlée. 'How far can these boggle-eyed beauties swim?'

"'Wouldn't call it more'n two hundred yards—not unless you strip off their corrugated cartridge-belts,' Halley answers, with a grin like a breakfast-food ad.

"'That's the range now, boys,' I remarks. 'Chuck the ones with the boots on down the ward-room steps and dispense with every other monkey in the precinct.'

"And we did; though by the time we'd cleared the decks of that tearing, squealing aggregation and had the ward-room humming with the élite like a dynamo working overtime the wind was drifting us down the bay at a four-mile clip.

"'Now what?' Scribner moans. 'You know bloomin' well the anchors is ashore being painted, and before we get steam up we'll be at sea, with the storm rising every minute.'

"'Boys,' I explains, 'remember, we've already seen one of this seasick bunch out here as happy as a girl with a stiff neck dodging a June bug. Did he interfere afterward with our rightful rest? And now ain't these below all of the light and leading, such as owns the sarsaparilla concessions, to say nothing of the insurgent President with the nose and the resurgent President without the shoulders?'

"Right then they glimpsed my layout.

"'Correct, beau! We'll give this a whirl,' yawns Scribner. 'Make your steam before that swell yonder rolls us over.'

"'I may die for sleep; but pass coal for it? Nixie,' I replies. 'How many do we need at the fires? Six?' Therewith I lifts the lid; and the first half-dozen as jumps out Halley hits 'em a soporific over the head to fit 'em to learn machine politics.

"The Minister of the Interior is lowered into the boiler-room by his pompydore; likewise his boss the reform general President. This way Halley sets all the government heads shoveling that best natural steamless coal they gave us. For the insurgent politicians I drops in the hook again and hauls out our one-time President, his Minister of War, and the lady-like Generalissimo as deck force, while Scribner boots the Comandante on to the bridge for quartermaster. I may say that all of them showed a pitiful neglect of Sunday-school in their early days.

"'Twan't long before Halley made steam on her. But right away she started to duck and swing and crawl over things, so that when I looked at that bunch turning banana-colored I near forgot to go below to be certain her engines were running smooth. Consequence was we were clean down by the harbor mouth when I came up again for a breather. At that psychic moment we took a swell green over the bows and continued to do so. It certainly moved our patriots around most impolite. Other times they was just holding on.

"Then Halley passed out from the fire-room, Nosey and Pompydore looking like them who'd just been married—or hung. Also Halley hollered for recruits. They weren't popping up this time. I had to go fetch 'em, though most of 'em wouldn't have got by a meat inspector. And while I was about it I made a clean shift of watches, calculating that soon I'd want to bunch the special articles of my invoice in the ward-room, as I intended busting my silence, busting it with a' ax.

"Right-o! I hadn't more than stowed 'em away when there rose a beam sea which even that wind certainly didn't warrant. So as Scribner figured our old hooker was carrying all that was good for her, I judged the market ripe for my proposition and passed below again. They was slumped on the floor like wet fish-nets.

"'We are now halfway between the accident ward and the coroner's office,' I says, talking, of course, in their own hinkey-dink. 'You all would wake us up. Consequent, we're going to drown ourselves so that our noble land may sleep at the cost of our noble sacrifice. And to be certain we drown dead we'll do it out of sight of said land. Death or peace. We've decided on death—though you might persuade us out of it.'

"I waited to let my idea shudder into them. Of course, it was a bluff. Nine times out of ten no one calls, and you rake in your chips. But did that take the crimp out of their curls? Not on your life! Their dignities was hurt! The old President just smoked three hemp cigarettes to the minute while the Comandante's language would have fussed a ship's goat. The rest was otherwise occupied with their insides. Sick? Were you ever on an army transport one day out?

"Therefore, I leaves 'em to think it over. And to assist in the process I cut loose a spud-locker or two and the dinghy. Also not having furled our awnings, I slashed a few lashings, so what with the slatting canvas you'd have thought most of Uncle Sam's navy was using the *Venus* for a battle-practice target.

"Scribner, howsoever, was looking that worried when I joined him on the bridge that I beat it right aft again, to find my diplomats flung out like starfishes round the ward-room groaning, quivering, moaning, shivering, calling on two hundred thousand saints and virgins.

"'We're a peace conference—cut out for the undertaker,' I whispers to them at my heart-throb entrance. 'I move that hereinsoafter the navy be maintained in time of peace at its fighting efficiency. But that in time of war its attitude become plumb neutral, and that it be permitted to sleep.'

"Well, sir, they were coughing like alligators; yet the President and Comandante, who still could loose some of that guttural monkey talk, just gushed one steady flow of curses that boiled down and drained off most uncomplimentary to my ancestors. The rest of their statements came from under their stomachs, where I couldn't quite get their drift.

"'You know just how much your lives are worth,' I answers. 'Without peace we'd call ours dear at thirty cents. Don't be bashful about occupying the ocean. Except for the little we need, it is all yours. Take it or leave it. This tube communicates with the bridge.'

"Then I deserts 'em again, this time forgetting to close the hatch, realizing that 'most every thirty seconds comes an extra big sea, the tongue of which natural-like would go hunting 'em below.

"That trip I didn't need no stage thunder. We was getting ours for keeps. Scribner and Collins had lashed 'emselves to the searchlight braces either side of the wheel, and Scribner was muttering it was all he could do to hold her head up. Nevertheless, we allows we'd see it through and take the bunch to the bottom rather than let 'em call our bluff—and keep us awake nights. What is life but a chance to sleep?

"So there we stayed and stayed till we concluded we'd about as much chance as the crew of a French marine when the old speaking-tube squeals.

"Prompt-like I loitered down from that bridge—my natural instincts bolstered with the memory that I was dealing with the greatest bluff artists who ever used up domestic air—and floats below, oozing an unconcern that near reached fatigue.

"There sure was some lather on the ward-room floor; and therein lay as measly a collection as I ever saw either for looks, wear, or to wipe your feet on. So after a solemn stage wait I announces to them, with languid devastation: 'Hem! Girls, St. Peter is liable to butt in any minute. Brace up! Take hold of something!'

"The conclusive hunk of that remark scared 'em clean to the callouses on their soles.

"'Get us home dry—that is, no wetter—and we'll discuss terms,' agrees the Comandante.

"'No, sir, we discuss 'em here and now,' I answers, in a voice of perfect calm. 'Perhaps we'll live, probably not. But we won't even try 'less you agree to the following. None of us care which end of this see-saw plank is up.

"'But if any future stump-tailed President with a clouded title comes aboard what may be left of this ship in time of war, the crew is herewith instructed to take the officers by their long prehensile snouts and lead 'em offshore and root up a cyclone and drown 'em. And congress meeting in extraordinary session will vote to concede every demand of the ultimatum presented by the peace commission.'

"That butterfly Generalissimo was the first one to cipher my Spanish. 'There's argument on your side. Also the bulk of the advantage. I'd admire to humor you.' I translate his polite admission.

"'Yes, sir,' agrees the Insurrecto Nosey, looking like a dropped egg as has slipped off its toast. 'The vote is unanimous. For your troubles this day you will be given a permanent rest.'

"There rolled through my innards that same tranquil wave of pleasure felt by a Georgia Democrat election day. However, I goes on with all the dignity not bounced out of me. 'I have your word. Now I'll tell you what we'll do so's we can believe it. If ever we get home alive we'll moor the *Venus* offshore with a gun trained on each government building. Then you can escalade one another and amputate and reconstruct one another with your snickersnees all you've a mind to up on the hill. But I might say that if you hit the beach again we'll turn your battle-field into a slaughter-house without waiting to go to sea.'

"Well, sir, you may have noticed we got back alive. And we rolled the bunch on to the dock like Bowery clothing-store dummies—rolled 'em into the hands of their weeping families. That's all. We was the nation's deliverers, to be thanked as such; for, of course, our passengers never gave us away, though if we say 'Git!' they don't wait to part their hair. So now when a foreign power comes along we let the admirals stay aboard while we drift out to meet the fleet with this our battle-ship destroyer. Otherwise we sleep."

The sound of firing had ceased. A ragged cheer floated down from the Plaza.

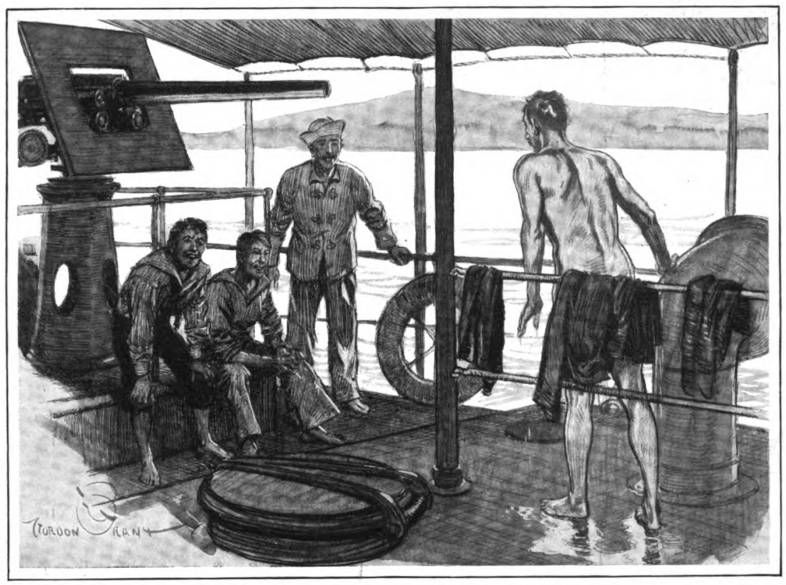
"De fight's over; Nosey's won for de insurgents," said Collins.

Then Halley added to me, with a yawn. "Say, 'Local Color,' why don't you chalk up your name for next President?"

"Oh, put ice on that!" Scribner exclaimed. "If one white man started running we'd all want to snap a ring in the nose of the gee ahead. No, sir, we rest right here with *Venus*."

"Correct," agreed Tenney, reminiscently. "I've got a meal-fed wife somewhere living with her pa. But this ship of war is the one blessed Venus I've ever known who can frame it up with Peace."

"Then knock me down to her," I grinned. "Only first, for form's sake—a pair of pants!"



"Look at this anemone a shark's coughed up"

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WONDER-WORKING FARM IMPLEMENTS

BY HERBERT RICHARDS

POWER and power-driven machinery are very largely the basis of modern civilization. Since James Watt harnessed steam, larger and larger engines have run greater and more complicated machines, and more of them, bringing workers together in numerous groups to do bigger things than ever could have been achieved by the same number of men working as individuals. Power centered in the factory created during the last century our great modern industries. With the substitution of the steam locomotive for the horse-drawn stage coach and of the steamboat for the sailboat began the modern era of transportation. About a decade ago the use of power and power-driven machinery began to spread to the third and greatest field of human endeavor, agriculture. Since earliest history the greatest task of mankind has been that of plowing once every year the whole cultivated face of the earth and of cultivating, tilling, and harvesting the crops. On the farms the industrial revolution that has made such progress in the cities and in our transportation system is just beginning, and already the American farmer uses more gas-engine horse-power than all other industries combined. The American farmer carries an investment in farm machinery aggregating $1,300,000,000.

Nearly six hundred millions of dollars have been added to the country's farm machinery investment in a decade—more than sixty per cent. to the investment for each acre—and, as fast as the need for greater production arises, inventors respond with machines that keep the farmer that can afford them in control of the situation.

The high cost of labor makes it imperative that farmers use all the labor-saving machinery possible. The farmer, as yet, cannot control the market price. He can increase his profits only through cutting unit costs—either by increasing yields or reducing operating expenses.

Until after the Revolutionary War, the farmers of this country used the same tools as were used by the Egyptians and Israelites. As late as 1837 the iron plow was rejected by New Hampshire farmers on the ground that it poisoned the soil, checked the growth of useful plants, and promoted the growth of weeds, a state of mind as commendable as the ancient belief in Ceres as the founder of agriculture, and the fear of arousing her wrath by adopting any change in methods.

The modern plow; the grain drill; the binder; the threshing machine; the harrow, disc, and pulverizer; the mower, rake, hay loader and baler; the corn planter, cultivator, binder, shredder, sheller, and grader, with the ensilage cutter on the side; the cotton planter, and soon the cotton picker; the potato planter and the digger; the stationary engine and the tractor—all these have constituted distinct steps forward in general economics, as well as items in promoting individual comfort and prosperity.

Three-fourths of the corn crop stays in the neighborhood where it is grown and makes its public appearance as steaks and chops. But corn equals in value wheat, oats, and cotton combined, and the total possible saving in its production by using machines in place of hand methods would more than buy the total crop of any one of the other three. That is why we are now teaching our salesmen to sell corn-shellers and huskers along with threshing machines.

A man can cut and shock an acre and a half of corn a day. Two men, the old sled harvester, and one horse did as much as three men unaided. With the corn shocker another man is replaced by a horse and the remaining man merely sits and drives—an intelligent spectator, with nominal duties. The corn binder, with one man and three horses, cuts faster and binds the stalks in addition. The corn picker substitutes itself for two men and three wagons and manages to pick the corn in the same time, at the same cost.

The bushel of corn takes more labor than wheat, or about forty-one minutes, but it took nearly four hours longer than that in 1855, before the development of corn planters, cultivators, and binders for cutting. Less than one-third the former labor cost is put into each bushel. The farmer receives more for his labor, and the consumer can pay the profits of handling all along the line, and still eat cheaper corn-bread than the second or third generation back. Shelling corn for the "johnny-cake" takes but one per cent. of the time that it did eighty years ago, and the energy consumed in the operation is negligible compared with the former tedious callous-producing experience.

A hand corn sheller lets one man do what thirty used to do by hand. A small power sheller, run by an engine, will shell and sack eight hundred to twelve hundred bushels a day, and the cobs pay for the cost of it all.

A typical one-mule negro's cotton and corn equipment costs about $30, often including a rickety old mule—as compared with $150 for an average Iowa farmer's corn machinery, and the negro works five times as long and as hard on an acre in consequence.

In these days of automobiles the hay crop may not seem as important to the city man as it did in grandfather's time, yet hay often almost equals grain in price per pound. Into the ton of hay goes now only $1.25 worth of fairly easy human labor, where $3 went sixty years ago, to pay for thirty-five hours of the hardest back-breaking work.

A cubic foot of hay in the mow weighs four or five pounds. After baling it weighs sixteen to thirty pounds, and the conscientious farmer can store his whole crop in a smaller barn with less fear for our future lumber supply. A dollar a ton converts hay, a bulky, easily inflammable product, into baled hay, an article with value in a wide market, sufficient to pay a profit on the baling as well as the fertility it removes from the soil.

The grain drill saves in labor and cost over hand methods. Birds don't get the seed, and by accurate and uniform planting the yield is increased ten or fifteen per cent. Broadcast seeding, like broadcast advertising, lump sum overhead charges and estimated production costs, is giving way to the surer concentrated methods.

The old method of skimming milk by hand wasted from twelve to fifty pounds of butter per cow every year.

The modern cream separator skims within one-tenth of one per cent. perfect and only the aristocracy among dairy cows could produce enough to waste a dozen pounds a year from a single cow.

The harrow cart saves the driver a walk of fifteen to twenty miles a day, over soft ground. The bundle-carrier saves a mile of walking to the acre, and the automatic shocker cuts it all out. The shock-loader and the hay-loader make the team do all the lifting. The manure-spreader saves the work of scattering the load and does it more scientifically than the man can do it. It has been necessary only to name a want to have it supplied.

Farm machinery of all sorts has been substituted for men, but, in reducing the labor and increasing the profits from quantity production on virgin fields, we have gone too far in the wrong direction. When machinery made it possible for a man to market a bushel of wheat with only three cents of his own labor represented in it, the export market rose to take our cheap surplus. The millions upon millions of dollars' worth of soil fertility from our capital stock was sold in foreign countries.

A FLORAL ZOO

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

DRAWINGS BY PETER NEWELL



When Horace Binks, the Keeper of the Zoo,
Had reached the ripe old age of sixty-two,
Worn with his labors hard, the rush and strife,
First of the Hunter's, then the Keeper's life,
He thought 'twere well to give up active toil
And live on his accumulated spoil,
And started then a little garden patch
Which for a Zooish interest none can match.



His beds were made in cages and in one
He kept fierce Tiger-lilies, with a gun
Placed close at hand that he might be in shape
Should any one of them try to escape.
Another held in check with steel bars cold
A herd of Dandy Lions, fierce and bold,
And when his daily tasks were haply o'er
Binks used to sit outside and hear them roar.

And still a third he called his Panther Lair
And raised a goodly crop of Catnip there,
Which grew, he liked to think, "with stealthy tread,"
And ere one knew it covered all its bed.
His fondness for the boar he kept in mind
By building a small pen this lair behind,
In which to harvest Pigweed was his stunt,
And Binks averred that he could hear it grunt!



Skunkweed he had and Foxglove glorious;
And for his much-loved Hippipitimus,
Best he could do—for the supply was slack—
Was just a small patch of wild hippecac!
Then for a hedge about this wondrous spot,
To hide it from the highway, dusty, hot,
He placed a line of bush to stave off ruin
Of Black-Bear oak, fit substitute for Bruin.



And now at ease he sits and takes his rest,
With a well-earned considerable zest,
Surrounded by the floral symbols there
Of old companions, formerly his care.
He feeds and waters them and sees that they
Want nothing he can give by night or day.
A faithful Dogwood-tree beside his door,
His Indian-pipe in hand—he wants no more!

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First-Mortgage Real Estate Bonds

By S. W. Straus

THE depreciation of standard investment securities all over the world during the last six years is one of the most serious financial problems. Its seriousness is most felt by the investor who has been compelled to market bonds this year at a loss of many points from the high prices of 1906. Ever since that time interest rates have been steadily going upward. There has been a wide-spread demand for new capital. The cost of living has been rising.

As a result the older securities, bearing low rates of interest, such as railroad, municipal, public utility, and even government bonds, have fallen in price.

It is a curious fact that the more conservative the bond, generally speaking, the more it has declined. United States government 4's have fallen eighteen points—from 132 to 114. The government bonds of Holland, bearing 2½ per cent. interest, have dropped from 79 to 66½. Danish government 3's are now quoted at 76, a decline of fifteen points. Three-per-cent. bonds of the German Empire have fallen from 88 to 79. Austrian 4's show a loss of three points—from 99 to 96. British consols, bearing 2½ per cent. interest, were last quoted at 73⅝. Thirteen years ago they stood at 112. French rentes, bearing 3 per cent., declined 7½ points—to 91½.

The decline in railroad bonds is a familiar story. Municipals have suffered likewise, although to a less extent. Great forces have been at work all over the world readjusting the interest rate for us, and not even E. H. Harriman, were he alive to-day, could borrow at 3½ per cent. for any of his railroads, no matter what security was offered.

This decline in prices has served to concentrate the attention of investors on one point which is too seldom given due consideration in making investments—that of stability. Standard investment bonds, such as municipals and governments, are supposed to be most stable and to be less affected in price by the causes which affect the stock market in general. Yet the figures above given show that the most conservative government issues on both sides of the world have declined in the last six years.

"Stability" is only a relative term when one speaks of securities which have a broad general market and are extensively bought and sold on the stock exchanges. The investor who demands absolute stability and wishes to be certain that his investment will never depreciate and will always be worth one hundred cents on the dollar must seek elsewhere.

The only securities, so far as I know, which are absolutely stable, which never depreciate in value, which are always worth one hundred cents on the dollar, and which are never affected by stock-market fluctuations, are real-estate first mortgages and their modern form, first-mortgage real-estate bonds.

For generations mortgage-buyers have been classed among the shrewdest and most conservative of investors. A properly drawn first mortgage on improved real estate, with an ample margin of security, is as safe as any security in the world and has the further advantage of returning a higher interest rate than other equally safe securities. By their very nature mortgages do not fluctuate in value, for the simple reason that they are not bought and sold in a broad general market, and their figures are not subject to a law of supply and demand.

But mortgages usually come in awkward and irregular amounts and are not convenient for general investment. About ten years ago in Chicago a great improvement was made in real-estate securities when the practice was adopted of splitting up a large first mortgage into an issue of first-mortgage bonds. In this way mortgages were made available to investors generally.

If a mortgage is safe, it is obvious that the issue of bonds into which it may be divided is equally safe and that any one of these bonds is no less so. If the property is double in value the amount of the loans it secures, if it is well located, attractive to tenants and readily rentable, if title is guaranteed, if ample insurance is carried, and if all the details of the loan have been seen to and safeguarded by a conservative and experienced investment banking-house, first-mortgage real-estate bonds have no superior among investments in regard to safety.

Such bonds, secured by property in Chicago and other Western cities, return 5½ to 6 per cent. interest, which, it may be justly said, is a higher income yield than that of any other thoroughly safe bonds.

Many investment houses dealing in this class of securities have made it a practice to repurchase bonds from clients, on request, at par and accrued interest, less a small handling charge—usually one per cent., thus giving these bonds a ready market and making them as an actual matter of fact more readily convertible than some issues listed in the stock exchanges. One Chicago house, in fact, has the record of never having refused to repurchase a security from a client, on request, in the thirty years it has been in business.

First-mortgage real-estate bonds, then, combine all the advantages of real-estate mortgages and of bonds in general. They are safe, they are more stable in value than any other bonds whatever (not even excepting government bonds themselves), they return an attractive income, and, when issued by the better grade of investment houses, which make and protect a market for their offerings, they are readily convertible. Indeed, I know of no other form of investment which offers so many advantages to the conservative investor.

Non-participating Life Insurance

The Extraordinary Growth Within Recent Years of Guaranteed Cost Insurance

IN the early days of the legal reserve life-insurance business, when but little was known as to the actual operations of the mortality table as applied to a few thousands of lives insured in a single life-insurance company, the insurance managers, to make certain the permanency and solvency of the insurance institutions, added to the net insurance rate, including the amounts necessary for the self-insurance fund or reserve and current mortality costs, a very large additional sum which was described as the "loading," out of which expenses were to be paid, and any balance remaining was credited to the company's surplus account.

After a few years it was noted that the surplus accounts were growing very rapidly; in fact, it appeared as though an unnecessary and unwieldy amount of money was likely to be piled up from which no benefit was to be derived by the policy-holders.

For reasons that are readily understood, insurance managers were not inclined to curtail surplus accretions by reducing premium rates; therefore, the plan was devised of paying back to policy-holders at the close of each policy year such excess of contributions to expenses as had been individually made and as, in the opinion of the insurance managers, each policy-holder was equitably entitled to receive. Not wishing to concede the fact that the premium rates were entirely too high, which concession would have, naturally, aroused a demand for lower premium rates, the happy thought occurred to the insurance managers that these annual returns of over-payments should be heralded as "dividends," indicating to the insured that the institution was being run along such conservative and profitable lines as earned for him a dividend on his policy each year.

Within recent years the true facts as regards so-called dividends on life-insurance policies have been brought forcefully to the attention of the insuring public, with the result that not only is that form of insurance declining in popularity, but a great impetus has been given to the development of guaranteed cost, or non-participating insurance.

Ten years ago the non-participating insurance issued in the United States was about three per cent. of the total written. Year by year the proportion of non-participating insurance has steadily increased until, as the following figures, taken from Best's "Life Insurance Reports" on the various kinds of insurance in 1911, show, the volume of non-participating insurance written is about half as great as the volume of participating business.

Annual dividend	$1,155,281,096
Deferred dividend	62,676,210
Non-participating	655,334,611

Perhaps the greatest reason for the great popularity of non-participating insurance is the fact that the people who buy insurance know more about it now than ever before. They evidently prefer insurance at a guaranteed cost and are not so much attracted by the possibility of having a portion of their premium returned each year as they are by the guarantee that the cost shall never exceed a certain stipulated price.

Duplication

THE first copying-press is said to have been made by Benjamin Franklin, who sanded the wet ink of his manuscript with emery and then passed the manuscript between rollers in contact with a soft, highly polished pewter plate. This received the impression from the emery, from which numerous copies could be made by the copper-plate printing process. In 1780 James Watt adopted the simple plan of pressing transparent, porous paper against the damp manuscript, so that the writing would be transferred as on a blotter and then read from the reverse side. Business soon began to require quick, cheap, and successful duplicating processes for handwriting and, later, for typewriting. American genius did not fail. In 1878 the world's greatest and most noted inventor invented the wax stencil now so commonly used. He used the earliest known instrument of writing—the stylus—together with the wax of the Greeks and Romans. He used a paper instead of wood or ivory. This sheet of tough paper he perforated with the letters in connection with a steel plate of exceedingly fine lines, and then forced ink through the perforations upon another sheet of paper, thus making a real facsimile copy in every detail. This process became known as mimeographing. The ink of the ancients was made from the black fluid of the cuttlefish or of lampblack, charcoal, or gum, some of which ancient ingredients are still in use. The ancient inks are supposed to have been more durable than those of the present day. The writing on ancient Egyptian papyri is legible even after the lapse of thousands of years. But mimeographed copies of writings are just as legible to-day as when first used. Mimeographing was immediately recognized as a great help to business and its popularity has since spread the world over, so that it is to-day recognized as the standard process. The basic elements of the process have never been changed by the makers, nor has any one discovered accidentally or invented purposely some better process or method to take its place, though many attempts have been made. With it anything that can be made with pen, pencil, or on a typewriter can be reproduced in practically an unlimited number of copies. The mimeograph will also print in colors.

On the Subway Train

THE children quarrel when I'm home,
The factory blurs my brain,
So back and forth from work I like
The quiet of the Subway train.

The guards cry out; the doors are slammed;
The noisy whistles bray;
Then quiet is shut in with me,
And I can close my eyes to pray.

I do not move; I do not feel;
I think of silent things;
And peace comes to me presently,
And covers me with shining wings.

The noises and the rush of life
Go shrieking, whirling round
A quiet central place of peace,
Where God sits in a silence bound.

He never speaks; He never stirs;
The silence is so deep
That moving things will make no sound.
And music comes to you like sleep.

Some days the train stops suddenly—
I am surprised to see
That all the other people, too,
Sit thinking quietly like me.

I wonder if they like the train
And if they try to be
What I am when I shut my eyes,
The spot where God sits silently.

M. F. PATTON.

Fencing

FENCING as a pastime has much to recommend it. It is convenient for men who work in town or country, does not consume as much time as golf, and is never stopped by bad weather.

Hitherto the expense has been against its popularity. On the other hand, were there more students of fencing the high subscriptions charged by schools would show abatement. In France, for instance, where the art is an almost universal accomplishment and a compulsory subject, so to speak, for army men, expenses are quite moderate. The lowest estimate for a fencing outfit is $4.50. This includes a pair of foils, jacket, mask, and glove. A pair of small swords costs from $3.50 to $5. This last weapon is more easily managed than the foil, which calls for a preliminary training with the sword. Practically all fencing equipment comes from France.

It is suggested that fencing clubs be established on the lines of similar institutions of golf and boating. Good fencing masters can be secured on the continent of Europe for $10 a week, which it is the custom to supplement by private lessons. French teachers are best, not on account of their nationality, but because they are carefully taught to teach.



At Your Service Instantly

The New Food-Drink

Instant Postum

Requires No Boiling.

Those who have tried this new table beverage are enthusiastic about it.

There are many reasons that pleased people give us, and here are some:

"It has a rich flavour that we have been unable to get out of coffee altho we have tried several brands."

"Instant Postum has broken us of the coffee habit. 8 days after leaving off coffee I feel infinitely better—but what an appetite."

"It has relieved me of nervous headache and gas which I suffered with when drinking coffee."

"I like it because I can fix it myself in a few minutes. If I use coffee I can't sleep. I slept so well last night after using Instant Postum."

"We find it better and more healthful than coffee."

You can please yourself with this wholesome, healthful hot drink by ordering a tin from your grocer.

100-cup tin, 50c.
50-cup tin, 30c.

Or if you desire to try before buying **send us a 2c stamp (for postage) and let us send you a 5-cup sample tin free.**

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

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A Million People

Give These Stockings and Sox the Hardest Wear Hose Know. They

Buy Them for Style

and Consider the Wear as Merely an Extra Advantage. Could any but the Best in a Product Gain such an Overwhelming Preference?

We are making a wonderful hose in "Holeproof." Skate in them, walk in them, dance in them. Every stitch is guaranteed for six months; not just heels and toes. Here are hose that will stand the most strenuous sports, or give, in a ballroom, that "wear-but-one-evening" appearance. We even guarantee, for men and women, three pairs of *silk* Holeproof Hose for *three* months.

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Sold in Your Town

The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance. Six pairs of cotton hose, guaranteed six months, for men, cost $1.50 to $3 per box: for women and children, $2 to $3 per box; for infants, $1 per box of four pairs. Several weights: all sizes and colors. Three pairs of silk "Holeproof" guaranteed three months, for men and women, cost $2 a box for men, and $3 a box for women. All colors.

Silk From Japan

We could buy common silk for the silk "Holeproof." But we send to the North of Japan for ours, for there it is grown as it is nowhere else.

74c Cotton Yarn

We could buy ordinary cotton yarn for as low as thirty-two cents per pound. Yet we pay an average of seventy-four cents. Our inspection department alone costs us $60,000 a year.

For the past thirteen years, since "Holeproof" were first made, 95% have outlasted the guarantee. Try it—buy six pairs of "Holeproof" today. See how they are wearing six months from today.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., Milwaukee, Wis.
Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Can.

Holeproof Hosiery
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906
Cast-Iron Welt

Are Your Hose Insured?

* GIBSON'S RYE
A WHISKEY OF TRADITIONS

TRADITIONAL for high quality, absolute purity, satisfying richness, velvety mellowness, delightful fragrance—nearly 80 years the whiskey standard of the world. Every drop of Gibson's is made from selected, matured rye and sparkling spring water; ripened in a fixed temperature, and held in the original wood. We especially commend the distillation of 1900—the finest old whiskey money can buy. Shipped from our warerooms to order of your dealer, or direct to you, in sealed demijohns, express prepaid—at $10 per gallon.

The Gibson Distilling Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gibson's

FOR A PURE
TONICAL STIMULANT, FOR CHEER OR COMFORT, STRENGTH AND HEALTH, FOR RECUPERATION AND RESTORATION



HUNTER
BALTIMORE
RYE



IS ABSOLUTE PERFECTION
GUARANTEED UNDER THE NATIONAL PURE FOOD LAW

Sold at all first-class cafés and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

The Mystery of the Fig-tree

ALTHOUGH the fig-tree has been cultivated for thousands of years, there are many matters concerning its mode of reproduction and its relation to the fig-wasp that have only come to be understood in recent years. When fig-trees were first introduced into California they quickly established themselves and flourished—but they bore no fruit. The reason for this was discovered to lie in the fact that pollination did not take place, owing to the absence of a certain insect, the blastophaga, which belongs to the wasp family. The right insect was introduced from the Orient, and the practise of "caprification" was established, and with this the fig industry became possible in California.

Dr. Ruggero Ravasini has been making a more intensive study of the biology of the fig-tree and of the fig insect in Italy, under the direction of Professor Tschirch of the University of Berne. He studied the wild fig-tree and thus found some interesting facts about the history and behavior of the cultivated plant.

The fig-tree produces "imperfect" flowers; that is, the stamens and the pistils are never found in the same flower. The flowers are very small and occur in crowded clusters or heads, which one might compare to the head of a daisy, except that in the fig the receptacle bearing the flowers is hollow, with the flowers on the inside, and having a narrow opening to the exterior. In the wild plant each tree bears three kinds of inflorescences or heads. In the spring there is a head that bears fertile pollen-flowers and sterile pistil flowers; in other words, the stamens produce live pollen, but the pistils can never bear seeds. Later the tree bears another set of heads in which there are only fertile pistilate flowers and no stamen flowers. And finally, in the autumn, there are inflorescences in which there are only sterile pistil flowers. It is evident, therefore, that only the summer flowers are capable of producing ripe fruit. The spring inflorescences drop off after the pollen is removed, but the summer heads become enlarged whether pollination takes place or not; however, if pollination does not take place, the seeds will not ripen. The fall inflorescence remains on the tree throughout the whole winter and never "ripens."

The blastophaga lays her eggs in the sterile ovaries of either the spring or the autumn inflorescence, one egg in each pistil. The eggs hatch during the winter, in the latter inflorescence, and the fertilized females immediately fly out and lay their eggs in the spring inflorescence. From these eggs the young hatch out in a short time, the males emerging first. These animals have no wings and very poor eyes, so they do not travel about much. But they crawl about inside the green fig, and bite open the pistils containing the females.

The females crawl out and fly about in search of a place suitable for their eggs. By this time the summer inflorescence is open, and into this the wasps come in large numbers. As they crawl out through the narrow opening of the spring inflorescence they are obliged to crowd past the open stamens, and their bodies become covered with masses of pollen. This pollen is thus introduced into the summer inflorescence of fertile pistils. The insects do not lay their eggs in these flowers, as their instincts seem to limit their egg-laying to the sterile or so-called "gall-flowers." Thus most of the spring brood perish in pollinating the fig-tree. Those females, however, which hatch out very late in the summer, are in time to enter the fall inflorescence, which bears, it will be recalled, only sterile flowers, and there deposit the eggs which develop during the winter.

We may thus see the close adaptation between the life history and habits of the insect, on the one hand, and the habits and reproduction of the fig-tree on the other.

The early cultivators of the fig propagated the plant by means of cuttings, rather than through the use of seeds. This method has the obvious advantage of giving fruit-yielding plants in a much shorter time. But curiously enough, in using this method they unconsciously produced distinct varieties of the plant. For if a branch of the wild tree that bears spring inflorescences is set out as a cutting, the resulting tree will bear only spring flowers—that is, fertile staminate and sterile pistilate flowers. If a branch is cut bearing the summer inflorescence, the resulting tree will bear only the summer type of inflorescence; and similarly for the wintering branches. As the so-called caprifig or "male fig" is alone capable of harboring the wasp during the growing period of the latter, the cultivators have been obliged to grow numbers of these "unproductive," or goat, trees in their groves; or they would make use of the corresponding branches of the wild fig-tree. Branches of the wild fig or of the caprifig would be hung in the cultivated trees, and thus the wasp emerging from the spring inflorescence was given an opportunity to pollinate the summer inflorescence, leading to the ripening of the latter. This *explains the* origin of the practice of "*caprification*." It is by this means that the *best commercial* figs are produced. The figs *that* "*ripen*" without pollination not *only fail* to set seeds, but they do not dry *properly* and so cannot be preserved in the *usual* way, although they may be eaten *fresh*, and are consumed in this state in large quantities.

The recent investigations have shown that the caprifig trees and the "true" fig trees are not in reality two distinct varieties. For one thing, the two forms have been produced repeatedly by growing cuttings from different branches of the same wild fig-tree. Another proof lies in the fact that trees grown from the seeds of the "true" fig-tree bear the three kinds of flower heads, the same as the wild tree. Moreover, it has been argued that as the fig wasp can fly but a short distance, the ancestor of the cultivated fig must have borne the stamens and pistils upon the same tree; these ancestors could not have maintained themselves with the help of the wasp that cannot fly from tree to tree, in a state of nature. Of course it is possible that some other insect, capable of prolonged flight, performed the office of pollination for some dioecious ancestor of the fig-tree—that is, some plant in which the stamens and the pistils are produced upon separate individuals, as in the case of the modern cultivated fig; but the other evidence is quite conclusive.

Through many years of careful selection the fig-growers of Italy have succeeded in establishing a true variety of fruit-bearing fig-tree, which yields a large, juicy, sweet, and seedless fig that requires no pollination for its "ripening." This fruit has, in addition to the advantage of being seedless, the further advantage of ripening at less cost than the other, for the labor of "caprification" can be saved entirely. The only drawback lies in the fact that the fruit cannot be dried and packed for shipping or preservation, as the old-fashioned fig can. But perhaps the scientists will overcome this defect in time.

The Amber Industry

THE business of obtaining amber from the ocean has been for long a state monopoly in Prussia. The chief center of the industry is in the province of eastern Prussia. The gathering of the amber goes on throughout the year, but it is most profitable at the time of the equinoctial storms, when the winds and the waves throw it ashore. After a storm the fishermen drag the beach. They deposit the haul upon the strand, where the women and children pick out the pieces of amber from among the seaweeds. The pieces are assorted according to size, color, and form. The value of a piece of amber is enhanced when it bears the impressions of plant or animal substances. The prices of the pieces vary from about 13 cents to 75 cents, but may reach to $100 or more. The price per pound runs from about $1.25 to $7.50. A very large piece sometimes attains the weight of sixteen or seventeen ounces. The color is most commonly the familiar yellow, but it may be reddish brown or emerald green or creamy color, and some pieces are quite white. The total yield is valued at $1,500,000 a year.

A GOOD BREAKFAST

Some Persons Never Know What it Means

A good breakfast, a good appetite and good digestion mean everything to the man, woman or child who has anything to do, and wants to get a good start toward doing it.

A Mo. man tells of his wife's "good breakfast," and also supper, made out of Grape-Nuts and cream. He says:

"I should like to tell you how much good Grape-Nuts has done for my wife. After being in poor health for the last 18 years, during part of the time scarcely anything would stay on her stomach long enough to nourish her; finally at the suggestion of a friend she tried Grape-Nuts.

"Now, after about four weeks on this delicious and nutritious food, she has picked up most wonderfully, and seems as well as anyone can be.

"Every morning she makes a good breakfast on Grape-Nuts eaten just as it comes from the package, with cream or milk added; and then again the same at supper, and the change in her is wonderful.

"We can't speak too highly of Grape-Nuts as a food after our remarkable experience." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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PENN STATE

Three Stages in the Wonderful Electrical Development of Chicago

1887: Chicago Edison Company organized with $500,000 capital.
1892-3: World's Fair Period; Mr. Insull accepts Presidency of the Company; Harrison Street Power House built; load jumps to Quarter of a Million 16-Candlepower equivalent.
1903-1913: Central Station Demonstrates its Economic Right to Supply Entire Electric Requirements of the City; Fisk Street and Quarry Street Steam Turbine Power Houses built. Chicago Leads the World in Producing and Selling Electric Energy. First Section of Northwest Power House Built and in Operation.

THE Commonwealth Edison Company, Chicago, stands for the greatest Central Station development of electricity supply in the world; it is the first in the total capacity of its generating equipment, first in the breadth of the development of its market for the sale of energy, first in the total output of electric energy, and first in the actual number of customers supplied.

The present company is the successor of several smaller companies, chief among which was the old Chicago Edison Company, whose territory included the business center of the city. That company commenced business April 29, 1887; consequently the quarter centenary has been passed; it was appropriately observed in Chicago on April 29, 1912, when Mr. Samuel Insull, who has been president of the Commonwealth Edison Company and its principal predecessor, the Chicago Edison Company, since 1892, addressed a gathering of some twenty-five hundred employes in Orchestra Hall, his subject being "Twenty-five Years of Central Station Development in Chicago."

The first stage of development consisted in introducing Central Station electric service for lighting and power to the people of Chicago, and the gradual building up of the generating and distributing system, from a small start to what was considered at the time to be a splendid culmination: the erection of the power house at Harrison Street and the south branch of the Chicago River. In those days (1892) the connected load amounted to 88,259 incandescent lamps of 16 candlepower, 1,826 horsepower in electric motors, 2,320 series arc lamps, and 1,095 low-tension arc lamps on meter service; the total equivalent being 155,000 lamps of 16 candlepower, or approximately 10,500 horsepower. Compared with present figures these seem small indeed.

The rates for various classes of service were comparatively, and unavoidably, high. Electric power was regarded as expensive and private plants consequently flourished in great numbers. But in spite of the most serious competition, the principle of Central Station electricity supply being fundamentally sound, its superiority was demonstrated in a great variety of applications, and the volume of business as well as the connected load increased 100% from 1891 to 1892, and 65% from 1892 to 1893.

Aggressive selling methods continued to increase the company's connected load, and additional equipment was constantly installed to take care of it.

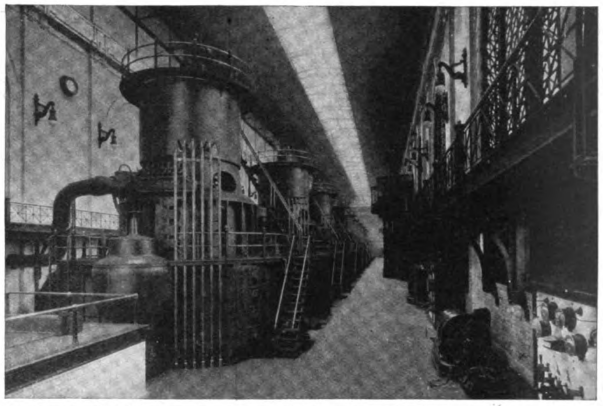
During this period the wonderful inter-connected system of principal and subsidiary power houses, for which the Chicago central station interests became famous, as they were really world pioneers in all of this development, was built up and transformed from a widely differentiated equipment inherited from various small companies to a homogeneous system, each part of which was able to depend upon or assist another part as conditions required.

Aside from the sale of electricity for industrial power and commercial lighting, a great deal of work was done by the well organized new business department in introducing electric light into the average home in the great residential districts of the city.

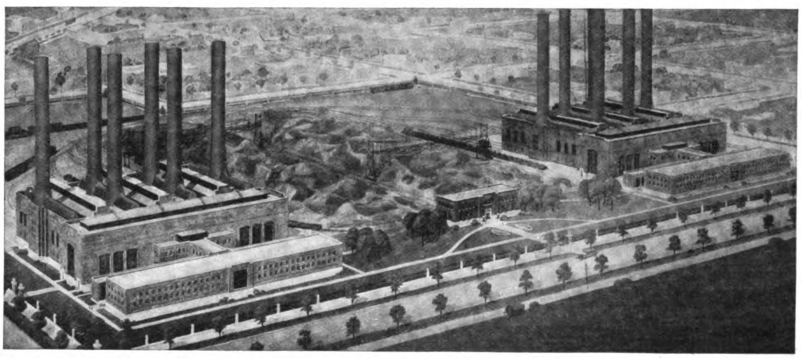
Many houses were wired for the use of electric light. In a short while a notable improvement was effected. The connected load of the two companies increased rapidly until, in 1900, it was seen that a still bolder course of physical development of the Central Station system, providing for a more universal application of its output, would be justified.

With characteristic courage and foresight the great Fisk Street power house was projected and planned in the fall of 1903, and the first 5,000-kilowatt Curtis vertical-steam turbine electric generator in the world installed there and put into service. This departure from the reciprocating type of prime mover attracted world-wide attention, but was a pronounced success from the start. By the time the fourth unit at this station was ordered its capacity was considerably increased. This power house now contains ten units of 12,000 kilowatts sustained maximum capacity each, a total of 120,000 kilowatts, or 180,000 horsepower. There is now being built for this station the largest turbine unit in the world, which will shortly be installed there.

Long before the Fisk Street Station was thus far completed it was seen that the requirements would far exceed even this gigantic provision, and the Quarry Street power house was started just across the river from the Fisk Street Station. Here six 14,000-kilowatt, 21,000-horsepower steam turbine generators have been installed. This enormous equipment, matched by the simultaneous development of the entire distributing and transmission system, was the direct outcome of the large plans of the men who direct central station enterprise in Chicago. Their object was to supply not merely light and power requirements for private concerns, factories, office buildings, and homes, but also to lay a very broad foundation for the operation of these enormous power houses on the most highly economical basis by entering into long-term contracts with local transportation companies for the supply of their large requirements of energy for the operation of surface and elevated traction systems. All this has successfully been brought about, and voluntary annual rate reductions for electricity supplied to the general consumer were rendered possible by the combined operation of these master policies.



Showing ten 18,000-horsepower steam turbo-generator units in the turbine room of the Fisk Street power house, Commonwealth Edison Company, Chicago



Northwest power house, Commonwealth Edison Company, Chicago, from architect's drawing. Part of the section shown at left is built and in operation with two 27,000-horsepower units

This brings us to the third or present stage of the Central Station business in Chicago. Successive reductions of rates and aggressive business-getting methods, together with absolutely fair and impartial dealing throughout its entire history, have built up the business at the rate of 1,000,000 lamps of 16 candlepower per year, which growth has been maintained for the last three years.

The present rates for electric light and power to the average consumer are practically one third or less of what they were only twelve years ago. To epitomize the situation, the Commonwealth Edison Company supplies one third more energy to one third more customers for one third less dollars per year than any other Central Station enterprise.

In 1908 ELECTRIC SHOP was instituted to assist in educating the public to the use of electric service in all its applications in the home. It is a beautifully appointed store carrying over two thousand things electrical, and splendidly located at the corner of Jackson and Michigan Boulevards.

A generous advertising policy has been pursued, the principal medium being the daily newspapers.

The broad-gauge policy of the company toward its employes deserves a word of mention. There are fine tub and shower baths for the use of power-house employes, and reading-rooms and rest-rooms in the office buildings. The Employes' Saving Fund is a generous provision for encouraging thrift and affording opportunity for the employe to become a stockholder. The Service Annuity System provides for the payment of substantial sums annually to employes after the retiring age for long and faithful service. All employes are graded and marked on a Merit System. There is a well-stocked library with several branches located in various company properties.

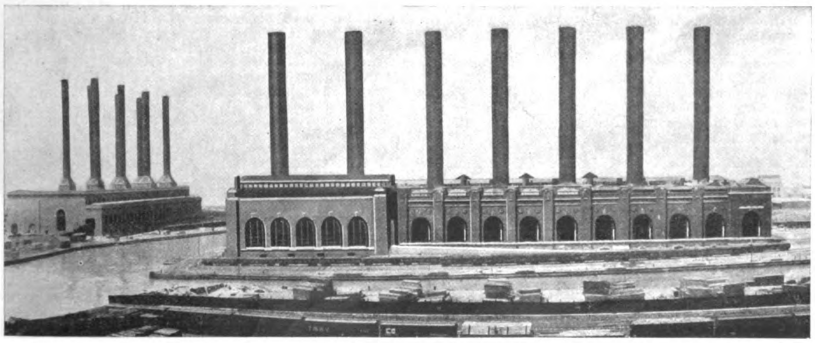
The company section of the National Electric Light Association offers exceptional opportunities for education, both along broad general lines and specifically in connection with the company's business. It has over 1,700 members among the men employes. The Electra, the organization of the women employes, is more for recreation purposes, although its members participate in many of the advantages of the other organization. In general it may be said that the Commonwealth Edison Company is as much in advance in its public policy and its policy toward employes as it is in the material growth which we have briefly outlined.

This almost romantic record was not achieved without the ablest financing. It was necessary time and again to increase the capital stock, and from time to time bonds have been sold, the company's securities finding a market both here and abroad, even in the worst financial times through which it has passed. Starting with $500,000 capital in 1887, it has reached the sum of $37,764,080 in 1912, with bonds and other outstanding securities bringing the total up to something more than $70,000,000 now actually invested in the business. On this large capital the annual income is now approximately $16,000,000. The total output of energy is fifty times what it was in 1896. The company employs a total of 3,500 individuals, of whom nearly 500 are holders of the company's stock. Over 1,000,000 tons of coal are burned each year. One thousand two hundred and fifty miles of electric railways are supplied with electric energy. Annual taxes and municipal compensation are together considerably in excess of $1,000,000. The total area supplied covers a territory far greater than the city of Chicago, as there are lines reaching out in connection with other Central Station enterprises, supplying more than 2,500 square miles in northern Illinois.

The total estimated connected load December 31, 1912, is as follows:

	Kilowatts	Equivalent in 16-c.p. Lamps	Equivalent in horsepower
Light	240,000	4,800,000	321,716
Power	175,000	3,500,000	234,584
Railway	129,800	2,596,000	173,995
	544,800	10,896,000	730,295

Commonwealth Edison stock pays seven per cent. dividends; the rate of interest on the bonds is five per cent. There is comparatively little fluctuation in the market quotations for these securities, and they are regarded as gilt edged in every way, and are bought by conservative investors on a five-per-cent. basis.**



Panorama showing Commonwealth Edison Company's properties at Quarry and Fisk Streets and the Chicago River. Quarry Street power house contains six 21,000-horsepower steam turbine generators. The capacity at Fisk Street will be 215,000 horsepower this summer

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PENN STATE

The Marvel of the Silent Salesman



Their Park with Sunken Garden, Lily Pond, and Pergola

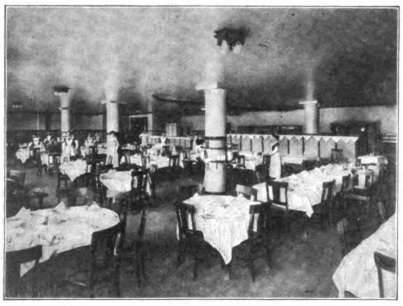
IT is only a matter of seventeen years since Sears, Roebuck & Co., of Chicago, began business with their Silent Salesman as the only agent they sent to their customers, and yet within that short space of time their sales have grown to the astounding total of $65,000,000 for the year 1911 and are expected to reach nearly $80,000,000 in 1912. The story of their success is as amazing as the tale of Aladdin and his lamp; yet the whole thing is very simple when one resolves it into its elements.

1. To use printer's ink as their only salesman.

2. To sell direct to the consumer, thus giving him the profits that would otherwise go to jobbers, agents, commission houses, retailers, etc.

3. To call things by their right names, giving in their catalogue an exact description of every kind of article sold, and to refund cheerfully the price of any article returned by a customer—giving him *all* his money back and charging not one cent for freight or expressage on the goods in either direction.

Very simple? Yes. So is it very simple to flood a vast building with light by merely pressing an electric button; but before that simple act could accomplish its brilliant result there had to be a great deal of investing and planning and many days and nights of the hardest kind of labor. To describe Sears, Roebuck & Co. merely as "universal providers" or a "mail-order house" is very far from telling what they are and what they do. To begin with, they laid the foundation of their business upon the proposition that they would supply to American consumers the best that the world's markets afford at a price which should not include a series of profits to innumerable middlemen. They believed that the people could be well served by delivering to them the products of field and factory at a price so low that it represented the bare



The Main Dining-room of their Restaurant

cost of production plus the small percentage of *one* low profit.

Think for a moment how this plan cut out the usual expenses of selling, packing, shipping goods by wholesale, then reselling, repacking, reshipping the same goods through the hands and houses of the various costly agents who get between the maker and the user. Then, as an additional stimulus to business the firm guaranteed "satisfaction or your money back." This was no boast: it was a solid fact. The money was returned not grudgingly, but promptly, cheerfully, willingly, and hopefully.

Hopefully, and the hope was well justified; for the attractions of this selling plan were too great to be resisted. The customer looked at his catalogue in which the goods he wanted were described most accurately and priced lower than anywhere else, he made his selection and sent his order; the goods were shipped to him immediately, and then, if he didn't like them, he could send them back and get every penny of his money returned to him right away. Under these generous conditions it is no wonder that very few purchases are sent back by the customers.

Old merchants caviled, rivals sneered or clumsily imitated, but the business of Sears, Roebuck & Co. grew enormously. Year by year it doubled or trebled, until early in 1904 the firm had to buy a tract of forty acres in the heart of a populous residence district on the west side of Chicago, and there began to build the new plant of the giant merchandizing business of the world. The most expert engineers and architects made the plans. The City Council of Chicago closed sections of certain streets so that the various buildings should not be limited in size. The forty acres of land were transformed into a beautiful park, and in the midst of this the five enormous buildings needed for the carrying on of the business were erected. Seven thousand laborers, mechanics, artisans, etc., worked on the job every day for more than a year. In all the buildings, which are of brick and terra-cotta construction, giving free access of air and light on every side, the following materials were used: in caissons for foundations, sixty-five thousand cubic yards of concrete; in the superstructures, twenty-eight million brick, twenty-five thousand barrels of lime, one hundred and thirty thousand barrels of cement, fifteen million feet of lumber, and twelve million eight hundred thousand pounds of steel and iron. Yet the mere figures indicate very little as to the colossal size of this plant. Consider a moment: The average forest produces in finished hardwood lumber not more than five thousand feet to the acre. To supply the fifteen million feet of lumber used as a small part of Sears, Roebuck & Co.'s buildings three thousand acres of forest were laid bare—a tract as big as a town.

The merchandise building alone is almost a quarter of a mile long, a full city block in width, and nine stories high—equal in space to more than three hundred average city stores of forty by eight feet, with three stories of height. In this enormous storehouse there is kept constantly on hand goods worth more than six millions of dollars, which are divided among sixty-five different departments.

In the administrative building the president and executive officers of the company and the clerical force which

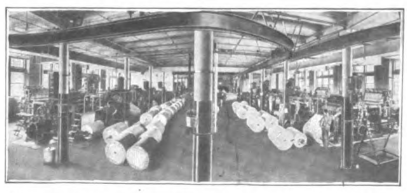


General View of the Plant: Printing, Administration, and Merchandise Building

receives the mail and despatches the orders to the merchandise building have their headquarters. This is a fine, fireproof structure four hundred and fifty feet long, more than one hundred and forty feet wide, and four stories high. In this beautiful and splendidly appointed house ninety thousand letters are received every day by an army of twenty-five hundred expert clerks. They make the records and handle the correspondence involved in this great business. Here the orders for the goods are entered and the order tickets prepared for the sixty-five merchandise departments; here the merchandise is routed by the routing experts so that the customer will receive his merchandise in the shortest possible time and at the lowest possible transportation expense, and these orders, when routed and ready to be filled, are carried by an elaborate system of pneumatic tubes down through the tunnels and up to each department in the merchandise building. As each of these tubes will deliver twenty carriers per minute and there are dozens of these tubes, you may gather some idea of the rapidity with which this enormous volume of order tickets is despatched when it is noted that they handle as many as one hundred and five thousand in a single day of nine hours.

One of the striking features of this building is its wonderful arrangement of floors and offices, which are so laid out that the use of artificial light is seldom necessary at any hour of the day. In one room in this building, occupying a floor space of ten thousand eight hundred square feet, five hundred and fifty persons occupy desks, and every corner of this vast office is thoroughly lighted without the use of electricity or gas. Architects have commented enthusiastically on this remarkable feature, inasmuch as it is believed to be the only office building of its size in existence so planned that daylight reaches every nook and corner within it. Those who have been compelled to work by artificial light will realize how much this means to the thousands of pairs of eyes which pore over the books and records of this business from day to day, how much more satisfactory it is to work by daylight than by artificial light.

In the index department—a large room filled with filing-cabinets—are the records containing the names of more than six million customers, with a complete record of each transaction with each one of them. In the entry department from five to six hundred young women are daily employed in entering accurately the orders received from customers. They write all the order tickets for the merchandise departments—from sixty thousand to one hundred thousand a day.



The Press-room with a Capacity of 7,200,000 Catalogue Pages an Hour

More than ten thousand letters are written every day by some two hundred



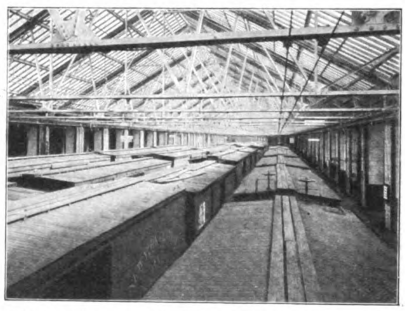


Cutting-room of Men's Ready-to-wear Tailoring Department

An Aisle in the Department where they sell Everything for the Baby

young women experts in the stenographic department. Every letter received is answered within two hours. Most of the letters are first dictated by the senders upon graphophone cylinders. In the traffic department a corps of most competent and widely informed men make a constant study of the quickest and surest way to get the customers' goods to them. In the routing department the shortest, fastest, and cheapest routes possible are chosen for each shipment, so that the customer may receive his order in the shortest time and at the lowest expense for transportation. The space on this paper does not permit a description of the fifteen miles of pneumatic tubes used for shooting letters, orders, or papers from one building or department to another, nor of the intricate network of chutes for parcels extending from every part of the merchandise building to the shipping department on the lowest floors. To see this seemingly complicated though really simple machinery at work is to look on at the doing of magic, and one wonders how it is possible to create order out of the whirling, speeding maze of activity. Yet everything is done accurately, though at the highest speed. And so exact is the system of checking and inspection that a mistake is the rarest thing in the world—practically never happens.

The government of the United States maintains a branch post-office in Sears, Roebuck & Co.'s establishment for their sole use. Their mail is sent by special wagon four times a day from the main post-office. By a subdivision of the operations of time-stamping, opening, and examining the letters, and by the aid of machinery, the orders are handled at the rate of twelve thousand an hour. Then they are examined in the mail-auditing department to make sure that the remittance enclosed corresponds with the order; after which the goods are shipped. In one day's mail the firm has received customers' orders, accompanied by checks, drafts, currency, express and post-office money-orders, up to the amount of $500,000—which would be a fine amount of business for the ordinary successful merchant during an entire year.



Their own Freight Sheds accommodating 40 Cars at a Time for outgoing Freight

Yet, after all the wonders of the establishment have been noted, the greatest interest centres in the Silent Salesman—the enormous catalogue issued twice a year by Sears, Roebuck & Co. Within the covers of this book one can find accurately described, pictured, and priced almost any article that he needs to eat or wear or use. And since this catalogue is the solitary selling agent of $65,000,000 worth of goods in one year, it fully deserves the title of the world's greatest salesman. The book is eleven inches high, eight and a half inches wide, and two inches thick. It weighs nearly four pounds, and contains more than thirteen hundred pages, in which are enumerated practically all the material things that man can desire. Five and a half millions of copies of this catalogue are issued annually. They are not scattered broadcast, but distributed systematically among customers and persons likely to become customers. It requires $500,000 worth of print paper, $150,000 worth of highly calendered paper, and $50,000 worth of ink.

To make the great catalogue and the special catalogues, as well as to do other printing for the business, an entire four-story building, ninety by two hundred and fifty feet, is used. Here twenty of the most modern printing-presses are in daily use. In the course of one year these presses consume enough white paper forty-six inches wide to wrap nearly ten times around the world. The mind can hardly grasp these figures. For postage alone the firm pays the United States Government $5,000 a day. To really appreciate the marvels of the establishment one should see it. ***

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THE CENTRAL GROUP OF THE BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

THIRTY-FIVE years ago there was not a telephone within the boundaries of the states of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, and Wisconsin.

To-day a single unit of the Bell System, known as the Central Group and embracing the Chicago, Central Union, Wisconsin, Michigan State and Cleveland Telephone Companies, is devoting its energies to meeting the demand for telephone service in those five great states.

An instance of present-day development is found in the City of Chicago. The Chicago Telephone Company employs no solicitors nor does it make an active canvass for new business, other than through a limited amount of advertising in the daily press.

Applications for service, however, pour in to the Commercial Department at the rate of 300 for every business day, the largest daily average of any telephone company in the world.

The Company's efficient organization enables it to handle this enormous business economically and expeditiously.

While the age of the telephone covers a span of thirty-five years, its most wonderful development has been attained within the last fifteen years, and in the states which thirty-five years ago could not boast of a single telephone, the Central Group operated in 1911, directly and through connecting companies, 1,600,000 stations, connected up by 2,250,000 miles of wire and handling an average of 5,250,000 originating calls a day, or 1,600,000,000 for the year, and, in addition to these, long-distance calls, averaging daily 53,000, totaling for the year, in round numbers, 1,600,000.



B. E. Sunny, President

These figures, some of which can be apprehended rather than comprehended, serve to illustrate the magnitude and importance of the Bell's Central Group of companies in relation to the business and social life of the mid-western commonwealths.

Some statistics touching the investment and human factors entering into the telephone equation presented by these associated companies will prove interesting.

The investment value of the associated properties June 30, 1912, was $104,600,000.

The value of land owned, as of same date, was $1,300,000 and the value of buildings, $6,750,000.

Of the 147 owned buildings, 130 are exchanges; the balance being construction headquarters, warehouses, repair shops, stables, etc.

In the exchange buildings, all of which are fire-proof, the Bell System provides pleasant, healthful, and sanitary surroundings for its employees.

In 1911, the number of people employed in the five companies was 29,957, of whom 17,409 were women and 12,548 were men.

The expenditure of the Group for wages and construction, for six months ending June 30, 1912, amounted to more than $7,000,000.

In Chicago, the Chicago Telephone Company has recently erected a new office and exchange building twenty stories high, and costing $2,500,000, located at Nos. 212-226 West Washington Street, which is practically completed and will be ready for occupancy in the early fall. In it will be located the executive offices of the Central Group. Here, B. E. Sunny, President of each of the five operating companies, formulates their business policies and, with the executive officers, exercises supervision and control over the army of 30,000 employees.

The organization is not unlike the military in its formation and operation. President Sunny and his aides, directing the business campaign throughout the territory, constitute a body similar to the General Staff. The General Managers, one for each of the five states, may be likened to Division Commanders, while District Managers if regarded as Brigade Commanders serve to carry the simile still further. And so it ramifies down through the organization to the linemen and the operators—"The men behind the guns"—all going to form a well-drilled and thoroughly equipped industrial army moving with orderly precision in its battles against time and the elements, that business may move with regularity and dispatch.

In addition to the conflicts incident to progressive commercial activity the Central Group has been the storm-center around which has raged a ruinous competitive warfare, which has made it necessary for those charged with the responsibility of preserving the efficiency of the organization, while meeting the attacks of competitors, to face more complex and delicate problems than usually fall to the lot of Bell executives.

It was in the Middle West that the independent telephone movement reached its highest stage of development. But while formidable at the outset, elements of weakness soon appeared which boded ill for its permanency.

There was no central financing organization, with an established credit in investment circles, upon which to lean in times of stress. Adequate provision for depreciation and obsolescence had been overlooked.

A most serious flaw, also, was the refusal of independent operators to recognize the well-established principle, inherent in telephone practice, namely, the abnormal increase of the cost ratio to the increase in business due primarily (1) to the increased use of the service which requires the employment of more operators and expensive extensions of switchboard facilities, (2) longer lines involving greater cost of maintenance, and (3) the diminishing returns per telephone as the exchange is compelled to reach out to the more sparsely settled districts and take on business at lower rates.

In the early days of independent promotion there was no lack of capital. Men of means readily subscribed for the independent telephone securities on the promoters' representations that Bell rates could be cut practically in half and still show handsome returns.

As a matter of fact few Bell companies, outside of metropolitan centers, were making any money. The business was new and the demand for service so great and the changes in apparatus so frequent and expensive that every dollar of earnings and much more besides had to be put back into the properties, and an organization financially less powerful than the Bell System could not have successfully met the demands made upon it.

The independent companies seemed unable to cope with the situation and the demand for funds to meet replacement and increased operating charges became so acute that credit was strained to the breaking-point.

A further complication appeared at this juncture, when financial difficulties bulked large, namely, a country-wide demand for the abolition of dual service. In many communities this was a complete reversal of public sentiment.

The most recent and noteworthy example of the change in public opinion is to be found in the order of the Railroad and Warehouse Commision of Michigan sanctioning the purchase of the Home Telephone Company of Detroit by the Michigan State (Bell) Telephone Company, which said in part:

"On the question of expediency, the Commission is likewise persuaded that the merger or consolidation of the various properties is in the furtherance of the public interests, as there is every reason to believe that such a consolidation will result in improved facilities and better service by the combined properties. In the City of Detroit, as in the country generally, no doubt, the development of telephone facilities has been much promoted and stimulated through healthful competition, but it is now generally understood that the greatest ultimate good cannot come either to the private interests which supply telephone facilities, or to the general public which use and support them, through their duplication within identical areas. The telephone from its very use is a natural monopoly; it will not reach its fullest efficiency until within the limits of the appliances themselves any one who has a telephone can converse with any one else who has a telephone. Heretofore reasonable rates and the extension of service have been promoted, if not wholly insured, by competition, but competition cannot develop the highest degree of telephone efficiency. With statutory machinery effective to insure adequate facilities and proper service at reasonable rates, duplication of telephone facilities is economic waste and a limitation upon the fullest possible use."

The public service commissions of Wisconsin, New York and Ohio have made similar findings where questions of competitive telephone operation were involved. ***

Commercial Banking Service

Coincident with the marvelous growth of Chicago and the area of which it is the center, Chicago banks have grown to properly meet the demands of this great commercial territory.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CHICAGO

is now and since 1863 has been one of the great commercial banking units in the United States; and it has attained this place by the experiences of nearly fifty years, during which time it has kept pace with the development of Chicago.

An intimate knowledge of the demands of manufacturers, merchants and other business men has been gained by the official organization of THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK, and in that knowledge lies the value of a connection with this institution—the ability to serve that is appreciated by financial and commercial interests from coast to coast.

Correspondence is invited relative to the facilities afforded and the accommodations extended by this old, strong and conservative banking institution.

CAPITAL and SURPLUS
$20,000,000

JAMES B. FORGAN
President

THE

CORN EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK

OF CHICAGO

Capital - - - - $3,000,000
Surplus and Profits - 6,000,000

This Bank does a general banking business and Invites the accounts of individuals, firms, corporations and banks

OFFICERS

ERNEST A. HAMILL, President
CHARLES L. HUTCHINSON, Vice-President
CHAUNCEY J. BLAIR, Vice-President
D. A. MOULTON, Vice-President
B. C. SAMMONS, Vice-President
JOHN C. NEELY, Secretary
FRANK W. SMITH, Cashier
J. EDWARD MAASS, Assistant Cashier
JAMES G. WAKEFIELD, Assistant Cashier
LEWIS E. GARY, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS

CHARLES H. WACKER, Capitalist
EDWARD B. BUTLER, Pres. Butler Bros.
MARTIN A. RYERSON, Capitalist
CHARLES H. HULBURD, Pres. Elgin Nat. Watch Co.
CLYDE M. CARR, Pres. Jos. T. Ryerson & Son
CHAUNCEY J. BLAIR, Capitalist
FREDERICK W. CROSBY, Capitalist
BENJAMIN CARPENTER, Geo. B. Carpenter & Co.
WATSON F. BLAIR, Capitalist
EDWARD A. SHEDD, E. A. Shedd & Co.
CLARENCE BUCKINGHAM, Capitalist
EDWIN G. FOREMAN, Pres. Foreman Bros. Banking Co.
C. L. HUTCHINSON, Vice-President
ERNEST A. HAMILL, President

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Rufus C. Dawes

The gas and electric business is essentially a monopoly. Both commodities have become necessities of life, and the companies which distribute them enter into every home and share a portion of every man's income. This basic fact has made the public-utility business the most stable enterprise of the country to-day, as evidenced by the records of the securities of the companies which have carried it on.

This very consideration, however, that every man must buy these commodities from one concern, places the operator of a public-service corporation in a position which calls for all the keen and progressive conservatism of the business man, coupled with the breadth and patience of a statesman. A bright and shining mark for the ambitious demagogue and the mercenary publication, the only path to permanent



Rufus C. Dawes

safety is to secure the good-will and loyal support of the man who buys its product. To secure this desired end, low prices, liberal extension of service to undeveloped districts, and unvarying patience is the policy of Rufus C. Dawes, of Evanston, Illinois, to whose initiative, judgment, and decision is to be credited, in great measure, the notable development of the numerous gas and electric properties of the Dawes Brothers, of Chicago.

Having graduated from Marietta College in 1886, at the age of nineteen, and after a brief experience in the wholesale lumber trade, Mr. Dawes removed, in 1897, to Chicago, and entered the gas business as president of the Evanston Gas Company. His immediate success in the management of this property placed him at once in the front rank in the development of public-utility enterprises, until he became and remains at present the directing force in many large companies, operating in a string of important cities and towns extending across the continent. The cities and towns in which public utilities have been owned and operated by the holding companies of which Mr. Dawes is the head exceed thirty in number, and most of them are still under his direction.

His judgment of the capabilities of men has resulted in surrounding him with a perfect organization of loyal and enthusiastic subordinates, skilled in the technique of the gas and electric business, and trained to an attitude of common sense and courtesy toward the public, in consequence of which arise the satisfactory local conditions and prosperity of the Dawes companies, all of which are widely known as representing in a high degree the advanced ideas of progressiveness and zeal in serving the public. The company's responsibility to the people for good service, and the people's duty to the company in giving it a square deal, form the basis of the mutual understanding and confidence that have brought about such gratifying results.

Believing it the duty of every American citizen, as well as every man interested in public-service enterprises, to give close attention and study to economic and social questions, Mr. Dawes is a student of governmental and economical policies and conditions. He is one of those who, seeing clearly the dangers of impulsive action, never hesitates to lift his voice against the alluring fallacies so often and so eloquently expounded by statesmen and writers who have lost sight of the original and real aim of the founders of the American republic.

Being deeply interested in educational progress, Mr. Dawes is a trustee of Marietta College and president of the Board of Education of the city of Evanston, where he has a beautiful home on the shore of Lake Michigan and spends his leisure hours in the midst of a charming family.

He has for years been a prominent factor in the club life of Chicago and Evanston. ⁂

Continental and Commercial National Bank

OF CHICAGO

Northeast Corner Adams and Clark Streets

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, $31,000,000.00

OFFICERS

GEORGE M. REYNOLDS, President

RALPH VAN VECHTEN, Vice-President — HARVEY C. VERNON, Asst. Cashier
ALEX. ROBERTSON, Vice-President — GEO. B. SMITH, Asst. Cashier
HERMAN WALDECK, Vice-President — WILBER HATTERY, Asst. Cashier
JOHN C. CRAFT, Vice-President — H. ERSKINE SMITH, Asst. Cashier
JAMES R. CHAPMAN, Vice-President — JOHN R. WASHBURN, Asst. Cashier
WM. T. BRUCKNER, Vice-President — WILSON W. LAMPERT, Asst. Cashier
WM. G. SCHROEDER, Vice-President — DAN NORMAN, Asst. Cashier
NATHANIEL R. LOSCH, Cashier — FRANK L. SHEPARD, Auditor

EDWARD S. LACEY, Chairman of Advisory Committee

Continental and Commercial Trust and Savings Bank

Capital and Undivided Profits, $4,600,000.00

OFFICERS

GEORGE M. REYNOLDS, President — CHARLES C. WILLSON, Cashier
JOHN J. ABBOTT, Vice-President — FRANK H. JONES, Secretary
GEORGE B. CALDWELL, Vice-President — WM. P. KOPF, Asst. Secretary

The Hibernian Banking Association

Southeast Corner Clark and Monroe Streets

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, $3,000,000.00

OFFICERS

GEORGE M. REYNOLDS, President — JOHN W. MacGEAGH, Cashier
DAVID R. LEWIS, Vice-President — FREDERIC S. HEBARD, Secretary
HENRY B. CLARKE, Vice-President and Manager Savings Dept. — EVERETT R. McFADDEN, Asst. Secretary
LOUIS B. CLARKE, Vice-President — JOHN P. V. MURPHY, Asst. Cashier
GEORGE ALLAN, Asst. Cashier

Combined Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits

$38,600,000.00

Resources of Affiliated Institutions
Over One-Quarter Billion Dollars

The National City Bank of Chicago

UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY

Southeast Corner Monroe and Dearborn Streets

Capital $2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits . . . 603,771.99

GROWTH OF DEPOSITS

February	5, 1907 (Opening Day),	$2,198,337.25
December 31,	1907 . . .	6,201,815.87
December 31,	1908 . . .	12,344,125.88
December 31,	1909 . . .	15,243,602.94
December 31,	1910 . . .	22,965,928.59
December 31,	1911 . . .	27,524,223.90
June	14, 1912 . . .	31,041,046.16

NEW BUSINESS SOLICITED — CORRESPONDENCE INVITED

OFFICERS

DAVID R. FORGAN, President

Alfred L. Baker, Vice-Pres. — W. T. Perkins, Asst. Cashier — Wm. N. Jarnagin, Asst. Cashier
H. E. Otte, Vice-Pres. — W. D. Dickey, Asst. Cashier — Walker G. McLaury, Asst. Cashier
E. A. Crandall, Vice-Pres. — Henry Meyer, Asst. Cashier — R. U. Lansing, Mgr. Bond Dept.
L. H. Grimme, Cashier — A. W. Morton, Asst. Cashier — M. K. Baker, Asst. Mgr. Bond Dept.

Fort Dearborn National Bank

United States Depositary

Capital . . . . . $ 2,000,000
Surplus and Profits . . 700,000
Deposits 31,000,000

WM. A. TILDEN, President
NELSON N. LAMPERT, Vice-President
J. FLETCHER FARRELL, Vice-President
HENRY E. KENT, Cashier
GEORGE H. WILSON, Ass't Cashier
CHARLES FERNALD, Ass't Cashier
THOMAS E. NEWCOMER, Ass't Cashier
WM. W. LE GROS, Ass't Cashier
H. LAWTON, Mgr. Foreign Dept.

COMPARATIVE SHOWING OF DEPOSITS

February 11, 1908	$ 9,887,954.84
February 5, 1909	11,617,691.24
March 29, 1910	15,041,357.21
March 7, 1911	21,574,956.79
September 1, 1911	24,500,575.82
December 5, 1911	25,445,199.89
February 20, 1912	26,207,446.32
April 18, 1912	27,287,752.30
June 14, 1912	28,433,856.35
September 4, 1912	31,041,482.12

We solicit accounts of banks, corporations, firms and individuals, and we endeavor to give prompt and efficient service by personal and courteous attention to our customers.

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS — ***Corner Monroe and Clark Streets***

Fort Dearborn Trust & Savings Bank

Security and Conservatism

THREE PER CENT INTEREST ON SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

Deposits made before the tenth of each month bear interest from the first.

WILLIAM A. TILDEN, President
NELSON N. LAMPERT, Vice-President
JOHN E. SHEA, Cashier
CHARLES A. TILDEN, Ass't Cashier
F. C. GLENNY, Sec'y and Trust Officer
STANLEY G. MILLER, Mgr. Bond Dept.
F. A. MYREN, Mgr. Real Estate Loan Dept.

The same conservative policy which has governed the Fort Dearborn National Bank for twenty-four years also inspires the management of the Fort Dearborn Trust & Savings Bank.

The Directors and Officers, believing that steady and healthy growth indicates plainly that this policy has found favor, bespeak for the Fort Dearborn Trust & Savings Bank a continuance of the favor that has been extended the older institution.

E. W. Wagner & Co.

THE house of E. W. Wagner & Co., 25 years established, is devoted to the strongest interests of grain raisers, shippers, and of the Board of Trade. The concern enjoys the highest reputation, being a leader in computation of grain estimates. Their literature has probably the widest circulation of any grain house. Several hundred crop reports are received weekly, to which general publicity is given. Cash grain is received on consignment and bids will be made.

They are connected by private wires with the principal points in Iowa, Illinois, Ohio, and Indiana, also with the New York Stock and Cotton Exchanges. E. W. Wagner was born in 1864, in Chicago, and is a son of Dr. Wagner, a veteran of the Civil War (Surgeon 24th Illinois).

E. W. Wagner & Co. make the fullest use of their vast connection with the grain raiser and shipper in collecting information. They are great believers in system and service. They believe unremitting service is the greatest investment consideration. Their service embraces the latest news, intelligent digest of reports, attention to orders and market changes.

Their central offices at the Board of Trade, Chicago, are a visiting point for farming men from a vast section. The house receives consignments of grain from Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, and South Dakota.

The security and cotton business of this concern is growing steadily. The popularity of Mr. Wagner in the grain belt is a notable affair. It is based on his broad views and remarkable forecasts of the grain markets.

The house makes a specialty of seeking conservative investment business. Their issue "Grain Investments" is regarded as a grain classic, and their Crop Booklet, published annually, is the best statistical digest of its kind.

In 1911—The Wagner Correspondents were first to recognize the Corn Drouth—oats partial failure and terrible hay heat loss. Mr. Wagner's views are sought in all sections. The house is accorded a wonderful reputation for soundness of its long-distance digests.

In reviewing the speculative history of 1912, the Wagner reports were successful in indicating the remarkable early year upturn in corn, the sensational Central West wheat failure—the wonderful oats crop—the amazing rally in the corn condition following the latest planting in years—steady growth of Spring wheat. ⁂

Rumsey & Company

ONE of the oldest names linked with the activities of the Chicago Board of Trade, since its early days, is that of Israel P. Rumsey.

Mr. Rumsey, as a young man, joined the Board of Trade in the winter of 1858–59 and was employed by Flint & Wheeler, later succeeding to their "receiving" commission business in the firm of Finley, Hoyt & Rumsey.



The firing upon Fort Sumpter, April 12, 1861, awakened such spirit of patriotism he immediately took steps to help organize a Battery of Light Artillery for the field, and left for the front June 4th, 1861, serving under Generals U. S. Grant, W. T. Sherman and John A. Logan, through their many successful campaigns, rising to the captaincy of the battery at the siege of Vicksburg.

Returning at the expiration of enlistment, and after one year's clerkship at $1800, he again commenced business as flour broker with his brother, Lieutenant J. W. Rumsey. Following three years' successful brokerage business they bought Culver & Co.'s flour receiving business under the firm of Rumsey, Williams & Company.

During the forty-five years past, the firm has changed to Rumsey & Walker; Rumsey & Buell; Rumsey, Lightner & Company; and now stands Rumsey & Company, with Frank M. Bunch, president of the Board of Trade, and his son Henry A. Rumsey as partners.

The changes in methods of handling the grain of the country have been very marked, and whereas in the past a large percentage of the grain handled in Chicago was shipped to that market on consignment to be sold by the receiving house, to-day the bulk of the grain is brought here by means of direct purchases on the part of elevator interests and commission men, from the country dealer. ⁂

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PENN STATE

Russell, Brewster & Co.

In looking into the financial growth and development of Chicago, it is of interest to note the enviable position the well-known banking and brokerage firm of Russell, Brewster & Company occupy therein.

The late Edward L. Brewster was born in Rochester, New York, in 1842, and entered into the banking and brokerage business in the city of Chicago in 1872, under the firm name of "Wrenn & Brewster," founding in 1875 the firm of "Edward L. Brewster & Company," which for a period of nearly thirty years he continually dominated and controlled. In 1904 he gave up the active management of the firm to younger men and the firm name changed to that of the present one, Russell, Brewster & Company.

The firm of Russell, Brewster & Company at its organization was composed of Edward P. Russell and Walter S. Brewster as general partners and the late Edward L. Brewster as special partner. Mr. Russell, a native of New Bedford, Mass., became identified with the firm of Edward L. Brewster & Company in 1885 and was admitted to partnership therein in 1896, assuming largely the responsibilities of the management of the firm in carrying out the "Brewster policies."

Mr. Walter S. Brewster, son of Edward L. Brewster, Yale graduate of '95, became identified with the firm in 1896, and was admitted to partnership in 1898, succeeding to his father's membership on the New York Stock Exchange, upon the organization of the present firm.

Mr. Cordova L. Peniston, the junior partner, a native of Bermuda, received his education and early business training in Canada, and became identified with the firm of Edward L. Brewster & Company in 1898, and was admitted to partnership in the present firm in 1906.

It is interesting to note in connection with these firms that with the exception of a few months' period in the early 70's there have been but five partners in the house whose business activities cover a period of about forty years.

The firm has been a member of the New York Stock Exchange continuously since 1881, and has the distinction of being the first brokerage firm to maintain an exclusive private wire service between Chicago and New York.

It has been and still is affiliated and represented with most of the large public utility corporations of the city and communities, acting as fiscal agents for a number of these corporations. ***



The Moraine

On an elevated plateau at Highland Park, Illinois, overlooking Lake Michigan, twenty-three miles by rail north of Chicago, stands The Moraine—a hotel that combines all that is best in the most elegantly appointed private residence with such efficient service and perfect cuisine as are hardly to be found anywhere except in hostelries of the highest class.

That the hotel offers attractions of a very exceptional character is the universal testimony of those who have shared its hospitality. There are many who have toured the round world who are wont to declare with enthusiasm that nowhere else have they found a hotel so much to their liking.

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When one considers the fact that the want of title may involve not only the loss of the buildings and improvements upon the land, but the very land itself, with all it contains beneath and above its surface, one is led to wonder why the insuring of buildings and improvements against loss by fire or other destructive elements should have been an established institution for so great a number of years, while the business of insuring land titles is of such comparatively recent origin.

This peculiar situation is explainable, however, when we bear in mind the growing and shifting necessities of advancing civilization. In early days, when the country was but sparsely settled, the history of the title to any particular tract of land was generally an open book, the possession of the land being then so well known to those living within its vicinity as to preclude almost all danger by reason of possible defects in title, and therefore in those early times the insurance of buildings against loss by fire was, naturally, considered of paramount importance.

With the growth of the commercial spirit, however, and the advent of the speculative dealer in town lots and blocks for residence and business purposes, time has wrought many and decided changes. Unlike the early settler, the present proposed purchaser of a city lot can no longer draw from his own knowledge, or the information gained from well-informed neighbors and friends, a safe conclusion as to the status of the title to the land he wishes to purchase; nor can he now with complete safety to himself rely on the statement of title of a lawyer, in view of the great diversity of opinion which the bar is known to possess as to questions material to a title, as well as the uncertainty as to how courts may construe the provisions of wills or the powers of trustees, etc., and the further fact that so many serious defects in title may exist which the record does not disclose.

It is now generally admitted that title insurance is not only a convenience to buyers of real estate, but an actual necessity, at least within the more populous districts of the country.

Title insurance, as it would seem logical, began in the great centers of population of the East, notably in New York City and Philadelphia, but was soon firmly established in Chicago and other great central cities, and thence has been rapidly extended in every direction across the entire United States. Wherever population increases and business enterprise shows greater activity, there title insurance must soon be adopted as the most effective means known to insure safety alike to buyers of homes, builders of stores and factories, and tillers of the soil.

The percentage of loss suffered by title-insurance companies is necessarily but a trifle when compared with the loss suffered at times by life and fire insurance companies. The ravages of contagious diseases or the ruins of devastating holocausts may possibly imperil the existence of the latter companies, although and notwithstanding such risks fire and life insurance have still proven satisfactory and indispensable to the people. Title-insurance companies, however, face no such serious perils, and with prudent management, reasonable capital, and a competent and careful legal staff such losses as title-insurance companies may meet must necessarily be of infrequent occurrence and of comparative unimportance when measured with the total volume of business transacted.

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Finance

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

The North-and-South Railroads and the Panama Canal

Out of the troubled waters of doubt and conjecture as to what is going to be the effect on railway earnings of the opening of the Panama Canal one fact rises with the prominence of a rocky headland—namely, that whatever else may happen, there is bound to be a strong drift of traffic down the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf of Mexico. How much business the Western transcontinentals are going to lose is a good deal of a question. So is the amount that the Eastern trunk lines are going to gain. But about the fact that the opening of the waterway is going to mean a great deal to the North and South roads which get down to the Gulf there isn't any question. Making the fullest allowances for the not unnatural enthusiasm of those having the Gulf ports' material interests at heart, it is nevertheless plain that when once the Canal is opened, a lot of additional business is going to be routed down that way. New Orleans is less than 1,400 miles from Panama; Galveston less than 1,500. Why freight originating in the Middle West and headed for the Canal should go *via* those ports instead of being dragged all the way to the Atlantic seaboard and sent around from there, is too evident to require explanation.

It will be a great thing for the north-and-south roads—there is no doubt about that. In the manufacturing territory around Chicago and to the south there originates a tremendous amount of tonnage which now flows east, but which, when the Canal route is once in operation, will naturally seek the nearer outlet on the Gulf. Then, in addition, there will be all the Canal-bound business coming over the trunk lines from both directions into the assembling-yards at Chicago and St. Louis and Kansas City, and requiring to be shipped southward. No wonder that each of the big railroads has its representatives at these southern ports, watching, calculating, negotiating for greater facilities. No wonder that by those who have looked a little into the matter, the earnings prospects of the roads that are in line to get the benefit of all this additional business are painted in roseate hues.

There is hardly a north-and-south road running down through the middle of the country that will not be benefited, but the location of certain properties so especially favors them that they challenge particular attention. Of these the most important are Illinois Central, Missouri, Kansas & Texas, Kansas City Southern, Louisville & Nashville, Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, and St. Louis & San Francisco.

When a north-and-south route from the Lakes to the Gulf is spoken of, the first of the properties mentioned, Illinois Central, comes naturally into most people's minds. Double-tracked practically throughout, the road is able to offer facilities which few, if any, of its competitors can rival. A water-grade line and the shortest route between Chicago on the north and New Orleans on the south, Illinois Central is particularly in a position to bid for Middle-Western business southbound.

A combination, last year, of floods which cut down gross earnings, and strikes which brought about a big increase in operating expenses, resulted in Illinois Central's being temporarily pushed out of the class of roads that earn a big surplus over their dividend requirements, but no one believes that that will be for long. To have the road, for its fiscal year ending last June, show earnings of less than half the amount needed to pay the seven-per-cent. dividend was unpleasant, but in view of the road's great record of earnings, not particularly disquieting. Everybody knows that as a result of the floods and the shopmen's strike Illinois Central has, for the time being, been "up against it." But that the property is a wonderful earner and that, with a year or two of merely normal business, last year's losses can easily be made good, is also very generally realized. A good many investors, indeed, are coming to perceive that by troubles purely temporary the property has been put in a position where its response to the opening of the Canal will be even more striking.

Very much the same thing is true of Missouri, Kansas & Texas, with its line from St. Louis down to Galveston and its very considerable branch mileage. By the floods the "Katy" was hard hit—so much so that during its last fiscal year the road showed a deficit, after payment of the dividend on the preferred, of over half a million dollars. How that came about will readily be seen when it is considered that last year transportation and traffic expenses consumed forty-four per cent. of gross earnings. Cost of conducting transportation alone used up forty-one per cent., or what the road was able to earn, that being full three per cent. more than the average for the past five years. Operating under such circumstances, it is no wonder that nothing was earned on the common.

Missouri, Kansas & Texas has not back of it the same accumulated resources as Illinois Central, and another year like last would be disastrous, but it is safe to assume that it will be a good while before such operating conditions are seen again. And since the end of the last fiscal year recovery has been rapid, net earnings for the five months showing an increase of no less than $1,594,748. Operating under normal conditions and getting the benefit of this season's big corn and cotton crops, "Katy" should show a substantial percentage earned on the common this year. Indeed, if, a year or two from now, when the road is getting the benefit of the north-and-south traffic which will be developed by the opening of the Canal, earnings should be on such a scale as to warrant the commencement of dividends on the common, it would be anything but surprising to those who realize the road's capabilities for handling traffic.

Kansas City Southern, whose main line practically parallels that of the "Katy," has no such branch mileage to gather in traffic which after the Canal is opened will be southbound, but, to offset that, has a ninety-nine-year traffic agreement with Union Pacific which assures it of a very large amount of through business. In its being made a Gulf outlet for traffic coming into Kansas City from east and west, indeed, lies Kansas City Southern's principal hope of profit from the putting into operation of the Canal route. Should Union Pacific and one or two of the other big roads that get into Kansas City decide to use Port Arthur largely as their terminal on the Gulf, the amount of business going over Kansas City Southern would result in earnings warranting the stock's being put on a dividend basis in short order.

Further over to the east Louisville & Nashville, with its lines dropping straight down from Cincinnati and Louisville to the main ports on the Gulf, is so located that it will naturally get the bulk of the new business in that territory. As against this lack of competition from other north-and-south lines there must, however, be considered the fact that, the further east, the less will be the southward drift of traffic induced by the opening of the Canal. The Atlantic ports, it must be borne in mind, have very greatly superior facilities, and the big Eastern trunk roads will naturally make every effort to get Canal-bound business originating along their lines to flow east instead of south. And for some time to come, at least so far as the territory east of Chicago is concerned, they are apt to be pretty successful. Later on, the logical development of the Gulf ports will tend to counteract this influence, but in the mean time, in the territory in which the Louisville & Nashville operates, the amount of new Canal-bound business developed will be a good deal less than in the territory lying a little farther west.

Rock Island is not generally thought of as a north-and-south road, but does get all the way from Chicago down to Fort Worth, Texas, and from there, over the Trinity & Brazos Valley (control of which it holds jointly with Colorado & Southern) into Galveston. The fact, moreover, that Rock Island's lines extend so widely to the east and west will enable it to gather in a large amount of business to be routed over its Gulf connection. Rock Island, however, is such a big system that the additional business, considerable as it will be, is hardly likely to make much of a difference in the total of earnings.

St. Louis & San Francisco is similarly located both with regard to its north-and-south line and its ability to gather in local traffic, but with the important difference that its connection with the Gulf ports is made over a piece of line owned by another system. To all intents and purposes this connecting link, the Houston & Texas Central, is part of the 'Frisco System, but the fact remains that it is owned by some one else and that continuity of the north-and-south line is thus broken.

Of the new business St. Louis & San Francisco will get its share, but as is the case with the Rock Island, the system is so big that the additional earnings will not, probably, greatly influence the totals. In the long run, however, the general development of the territory operated in by the 'Frisco which is expected to follow the opening of the Canal ought greatly to help the road's earnings.

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Tyrian Purple

THE source of the purple pigment which the ancients prized so highly that it was actually sold for its weight in gold, and is said to have been the basis of the commercial prosperity of Tyre and Sidon, has been long in doubt, although it was known to have been derived from certain marine gastropods or "snails." Professor Raphael Dubois, the physiological chemist of the University of Lyons in France, has succeeded recently in reproducing this pigment.

The purple is derived from snails of two genera, *purpura* and *murex*, the latter a bristling periwinkle sometimes called the rock snail. The species of the former genus used was *Purpura lapillus*, while of the Murex there are two species available, *brandaris* and *trunculus*. The three species yielded coloring matter of three distinct shades. The brandaris gave the most brilliant pigment, which corresponds probably to that produced at Tyre. The species trunculus furnished amethyst purple and was chiefly prepared at Sidon. The pigment from the lapillus is of a deep violet, more red than blue, having a shade intermediate between the other two.

It is not at all improbable that the dyers of olden times added coloring matter extracted from the madder plant or from the cochineal insect, even in large proportions. This seems to have been a common practice in Toulon, where there are still the remains of an ancient Roman dyeing establishment, but where no traces of the shells of these snails can be found.

In the cavity enclosed by the "mantle" of the snail there is found, in addition to the gills and other organs, a small whitish gland which secretes a colorless fluid. Under certain conditions this fluid acquires a pink or violet tint, and this was the basis for the highly prized dye.

The changes in color seem to be the result of a fermentive action, like so many physiological processes. In the gland and in the secretion Professor Dubois finds an insoluble ferment or "zymase," which he calls *purpurase*. This ferment is present in all three species, and is identical in all. Dissolved in the secretion there is a substance which he calls *purpurine*. This is different in each species, and is acted upon by the ferment in such a way that there results a conversion of the purpurine into a chromogene or color-maker. The chromogene then changes into a pigmented substance, becoming at first yellow, then green, and finally purple, under the influence of heat or light. Accompanying this change from the chromogene to the pigment there is an elimination of a peculiar substance with a strong, disagreeable odor resembling asafetida. The pigment produced from the chromogene is quite insoluble in water, which accounts for its permanence when used as a dye. The color becomes even more brilliant from long exposure to the light of the sun.

The method of dyeing followed by the ancients has not been understood, but the researches of Professor Dubois make it clear. According to Pliny the linens were dipped in a juice that was yellow or green, and the light and air did the rest. It is also known that the ancients placed the glands of the animals, as soon as removed, into salt or flour. We can now see that this not only prevented the putrefaction of the precious material, but also retarded the secretion of the juices and inhibited the fermentation of the purpurase, since the salt or flour rapidly removes the water in the tissues. On removing the material from the drying salt or flour, the dyers added water, and immediately the fermentation began to act upon the purpurine, producing the yellowish or greenish liquid. On boiling the liquid, the fermenting action was stopped, and the organic scum was then skimmed off. After soaking the cloth to be dyed in this bath, the textile was exposed to the light, and the change in color from green to purple resulted. It was then necessary to remove the stench that was formed by the decomposition of the chromogene, and the cloth was again boiled. As it is impossible to remove this odorous substance entirely, the purple cloth of the distinguished citizens would give off the characteristic odor whenever it was moistened by the rain.

It is very likely that the dye of commerce which the ancients preserved and sold was not "purple" in color, but of a yellow or green tint, and that it was kept always in the dark. It is impossible to use the purple as a dye, since it is quite insoluble.

The Arsenic that We Eat

IT is known that arsenic exists normally in the tissues of the human body without doing harm. It is a constituent of peas, almonds, and beans. Fresh lettuce, though rich in water compared with almonds and beans, reveals scarcely less arsenic. The foodstuffs poorest in arsenic are the banana, chestnut, and leek.

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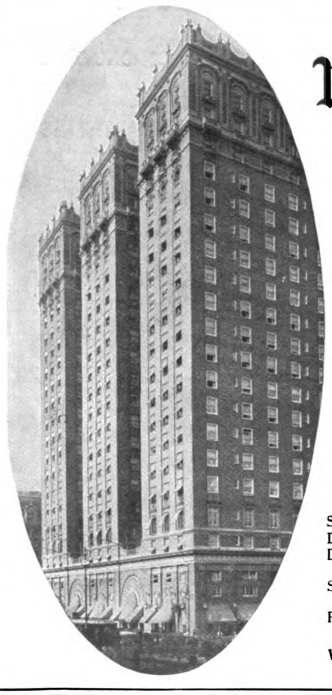
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A Wooden Almanac

ALMANACS were not allowed in the hands of the common people of Rome until about 300 B.C. Until that time all knowledge of the calendar was entirely in the custody of the priests. Did one wish to know the date of a feast day, the hours of the sun's rising or setting, or when there would be a new moon, he must consult the priest, as these occult laws were only to be revealed by him. But one day a presumptuous layman named Flavius, secretary of Appius Claudius, obtained the secret either by stealthily obtaining access to the documents or by repeatedly consulting the priests. He engraved his records on white tablets and exhibited them openly in the Forum and so became the publisher of the first almanac.

The almanac from the time of Flavius assumed many odd forms from the cubes of stone and marble, mostly in use in Rome, down to the wooden almanac known as the "clogg." This was the first popular calendar to appear in England and was used as late as the end of the seventeenth century. The clogg was a block of hard wood eight inches in length and three inches in breadth and thickness. This was notched along the edges of the four sides to correspond to the days of the year, every seventh day having a deeper mark. Golden numbers of a cycle, saints' days, the moon's phases, etc., each had its own peculiar signs. The Epiphany, January 6th, had a star; St. Hilary, January 13th, a bishop's double cross; the conversion of St. Paul, January 25th, an ax; St. Valentine, February 14th, a true lover's knot. All feasts of the Virgin were marked by a heart. Earliest in England was a calendar in the twelfth century, and one is ascribed to Roger Bacon in 1292; but the oldest one preserved in the British Museum that is in the English language is for the year 1431.

During the reign of Elizabeth the exclusive right to sell "Almanacs and Prognostications" was given to two members of the Company of Stationers. This was extended by James I. to the two universities in addition to the existing company, and the universities commuted their privilege, taking an annuity from the company.

About a hundred years after this Thomas Carnan, like Flavius, rose up against the trust. Defying the monopoly, he for three years published an almanac and was three times imprisoned. Finally, in 1775, the case was decided in Carnan's favor by the Court of Common Pleas.

All sorts of additions crept into the making of almanacs—astrological predictions as to the influence of the heavenly bodies on the affairs of men, poetry, proverbs, and prophecies. In France the people were so influenced by the occult predictions that Henry III., in 1579, prohibited the publishing of any almanac making prognostications. In the time of Napoleon there was an almanac which every day recorded some achievement of the great Emperor.

The first attempt to issue a practical British almanac, useful to all classes, was made by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge in 1828.

First in America was the almanac of William Pierce of Cambridge, 1639, while the most famous was "Poor Richard's," published by Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia, under the name of Richard Saunders, and embellished with wise and witty sayings.

The Nautical Almanac, which aims to give with the utmost precision the exact position of the heavenly bodies, is indispensable to navigators and astronomers.

Man's War Against the Sands

IT is calculated that nine-tenths of the coasts of the world are covered with sand. What is the origin of this sand, and to what circumstances is its abundance due? Men of science have explained this in part by saying that it is due to the erosive effect of the waves upon the rocks, but it is generally admitted that this is not sufficient to account for the vast quantity of sand which borders our beaches. Undoubtedly a very considerable portion represents the material carried to and toward the ocean by the storms and glaciers of the Ice Age. The distribution of sand on the coast depends, in the first place, on marine currents and the topographical aspects of the coasts themselves. Where there is no protection in the shape of cliffs the coasts are covered with enormous quantities of sand, but its advance is checked by plants and vegetable growths. Sprouts, trailing vines, or dragging roots serve the purpose of keeping the sand in place and giving consistency to the appearance of the average beach. Of these vegetable growths, those are calculated to serve the purpose best which are most abundant and whose resisting power is strongest. In the time of Elizabeth a law was passed prohibiting the destruction of such beach plants, as they tended to keep back the sand, otherwise carried by wind and rain to the detriment of crops.

It was thus early recognized that plant life had an influence not to be despised in the formation of sand-hills, such as one sees in such plenty on the coasts of England and Flanders. These banks, called "dunes," are either stationary or movable, as the case may be. When the sand deposited on the coast by the waves is not excessive and the wind blows intermittently, one may see behind the sand-hill the vegetable growth that is giving solidly to the mass from its roots up. In this way are formed the stationary dunes. When the vegetation is extended as far as the sea, the dune grows in this direction and the curious spectacle is seen of the ocean receding before the advance of the coast. A well-known building in Southport, England, was built on a beach formed in just this way. The moving dunes, although the same in origin as the stationary ones, owe their special characteristic to their great mass and the direction and constancy of the wind, which prevents their finding a base strong enough to constitute a hold in the earth. These dunes are tossed about, often advancing into the interior over cultivated ground, to the despair of agriculturalists.

On the coasts of Gascony there are points where the dunes push forward more than four yards annually. In 1780 the advance of sand upon the land of Bordeaux was the occasion of despair to horticulturalists and crop-growers, and the engineer, Brémontier, made himself celebrated by converting movable into stationary dunes. The task undertaken by him was to form a wall against the sand invasion by making a palisade of the dunes a little more than a meter high and putting planks between each pair. When the sand swept over the boards it had to break up its volume in the effort, and little by little a stationary dune would form with an inclination of seven to twelve degrees in the direction of the sea. Behind this palisade was conveniently disposed a wide zone of the hardier shrubs.

France is by no means the only country that has undertaken to contest the advance of sand. In Holland and also in Denmark the problem has been studied for centuries. Laws have been passed prohibiting the pasturing of cattle within a certain radius of the sea in places where there was danger that they might kill, trample down, or destroy beach plants.

Negro Poisoners

THE Central African native is a master in the art of poisoning and always on the watch for it. He will never take a drink of water or beer or eat of a dish, even when offered by a peaceful acquaintance, until the host has eaten or drunk some of it to pledge its harmlessness. He is always in fear of treachery, and with good reason, for an assassin is cheaply hired. Vegetable poisons may be made by almost any one, and the methods of administering them are cunning beyond description. One of the cleverest ways, often resorted to when a man gets into his head an idea that a neighbor is injuring him by witchery, is to kill the unsuspecting victim by means of poisoned stakes and, at the same time, avoid suspicion, which would inevitably lead to a similar vengeance. Procuring little sharpened sticks, the murderer hollows their points and inserts poison (usually made by boiling down the juice of certain shrubs or creepers) into the cavities. These he secretly plants upright, but leaning a little along the path which leads from the doomed negro's hut to his garden. Sooner or later the intended victim slightly lacerates his bare foot by hitting one of these sharp stakes. He takes no notice of the scratch, for he is used to such trifling injuries; but in a few moments his foot and leg begin to swell and an hour or so later he expires in agony.

The bark and roots of several trees and shrubs yield virulent poisons when properly brewed, one of which has the peculiar effect of at once paralyzing the organs of speech. The gall of the crocodile, when dried in the sun and pulverized, is also very deadly. The most fatal poison, however, is that prepared from an ugly, whitish tree called *ujungu* in German East Africa. It grows in only a few localities, and few natives will venture to cut it down, for a mere prick with a splinter will cause terrible and sometimes fatal inflammation. The negroes say that neither moths nor snakes will go near it and that birds never rest in its branches. To make this poison the wood is burnt and its ashes are mixed with water and then boiled down to a thick paste. The natives will travel hundreds of miles to procure this paste, with which hunters anoint their arrows and spears and the bullets of their guns, dipping them, after the smearing, in hot bee's-wax to form a protective covering against loss of power as well as against accident.

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TROY LAUNDRY MACHINERY CO., LTD.

FOR more than a generation Troy has been known as the greatest producer of shirts, collars, and cuffs in the world. The various brands it manufactures and their makers have become almost household words and no aspiring rival has arisen to threaten the city's unique supremacy.

Troy's laundries long kept pace with its factories and it has only been in recent years that the phenomenal development of the power laundry has robbed it of its other title—"The world's greatest laundry city." For years the critical dresser was accustomed to send his linen hundreds of miles to secure the care and skilled attention for which Troy was famed, and to-day the name is a synonym for quality in laundry circles.

Efficient as their machines were at that early day, compared with the crude and primitive appliances in general use, a number of Troy's progressive laundrymen realized that in neither quality nor capacity did they meet the standards they had set themselves or the demands of their rapidly increasing business. They formed a co-partnership in 1879, for the manufacture of laundry machinery, under the name of the Troy Laundry Machinery Co., which became the present corporation three years later, in 1882.

The pioneer in the building of laundry machinery, the Troy Laundry Machinery Co., Ltd., has grown consistently along the same lines that marked its establishment. Its founders were practical, successful launderers, thoroughly familiar with the needs and problems of the business. The machines they built were the outgrowth of their practical experience and met the tests of actual service in their own plants, for which they were originally designed, before they were offered to the trade at large.

The company has remained true to its traditions in all stages of its growth, and never more than in its last ten years when its output has increased threefold. No Troy machine goes into a launderer's plant until it has passed through months of taxing tests. Nor does ordinary efficiency content its builders. Because a machine does good work and is thoroughly satisfactory to its purchasers has been no reason why the quality of that work should not be bettered if possible. It is a revelation in painstaking thoroughness to follow a Troy machine through the various stages of construction, but a greater one to watch the later changes that make it even more efficient, prompted by the records kept of its results. The founders of the company had little use for theory and their successors hold the same views.

One of the most interesting exhibits in the company's salesroom is the representation on the shields of one of its mighty twelve-ton ironers of its two plants; that in which its business life began and the present factory, whose general offices have twice the space of the original plant, and this representation of material growth is but an index of the increase in the number of machines manufactured and the improvements in their quality. This is no disparagement of the products of the earlier days. The machines built in the first twenty years were, as now, the "Best Value" attainable, and the same "Honest Construction" that has been the company's watchword was equally manifest.

At an early date it was found desirable to locate a factory in Chicago because of convenience of distribution and nearness to the source of supplies. More and more business was done in Chicago, until the Troy factory was finally closed. Although the growth of the business had been gratifying, the development within the last ten years has been notable. Buildings have been erected to care for the larger volume of business, only to prove inadequate and necessitate the building of additions as great as the original structure.

In 1906 the first part of the present building was completed. It was believed to be large enough to meet any increase that might be expected with its four acres of floor space. Hardly was the company located in its new home when it was discovered that more room was needed. Plans doubled the plant's capacity. This at the north end was completed in the fall of 1911. The factory now occupies the entire block bounded by South LaSalle Street, West Twenty-third Street, the Rock Island tracks, and West Twenty-second Street, and contains ten acres of floor space. When another addition will be needed is only a matter of time. It will be needed as certainly as its predecessors.

The factory has been regarded as a model in its equipment, organization, and administration, and as such has been studied by trained observers of industrial conditions. That these contribute to the quality of the product is self-evident. No more gratifying tribute to this has been paid the company than this letter from one of the best-known university critics of industrial problems, after a comparison with others in like lines:

"As I think of your plant in comparison with others manufacturing similar lines of goods I am impressed with the fact that the high quality claimed in your advertising is discoverable in your factory. The men appear to be high-class workmen and they seem to be working for quality instead of quantity. You could easily 'speed up' your men so that they would turn out twice their present output, but, of course, the quality would be reduced. I am rather surprised that you find it profitable to put so much painstaking work on the various articles which you are manufacturing. I should assume that your competitors could easily manufacture more cheaply than you and that your reliance is placed on the fact that your customers want the best, even if it cannot be had so cheaply."

Despite its amazing growth in its recent years, the laundry industry is still in its infancy and its greatest development is yet to come. The Laundrymen's National Association by its publicity campaign has directed the attention of the public as never before to the merits and advantages of the power laundry. This is leading to a larger patronage, and a patronage covering a much wider range of items. More people are patronizing the commercial laundry than ever before, more, too, are sending more each week to the laundry, and many a housewife is recognizing its superiority over the washerwoman's unsanitary methods.

The laundry's largest development will not be in the commercial line, but the institutional one—hospitals, asylums, and the like. The increasing care shown the unfortunate and the mentally unsound is not confined to the great state institutions. The homes set apart for them in smaller territorial divisions, the county asylum or poor-farm, are being supplied with modern laundry equipments, alike from charitable and economical motives.

Another field where the development is more pronounced than that of the institutions is the modern hotel. The great city and resort hotels have many of them magnificent plants. The modern hotel plan makes provisions for the laundry, and the architect is calling more and more upon the laundry-machinery builder for the practical help his experience has given him.

The pioneer and path-blazer, the Troy Laundry Machinery Co., Ltd., has continued to point out the path to more and better business. It has deemed it its duty to discover new avenues of profit for the launderer and the means of entering them rather than to await the insistent demands of the trade.

Troy plants and machines are to be found to-day not merely in every American town and city that boasts a power laundry, but in every European country and every continent. Through its publication, printed in three languages—English, German, and Spanish—the *House of Troy* visits each month every known plant in the world, bringing the latest news of its output and a message of practical helpfulness. Its representatives are to be found in the world's great commercial centers, giving to the trade that prompt, intelligent, and comprehensive service that is the company's pride.

And its greatest growth, let it be said, has been in the twelve years since Mr. H. S. Wilcox, for thirty years in the service of the company, came to Chicago as its treasurer

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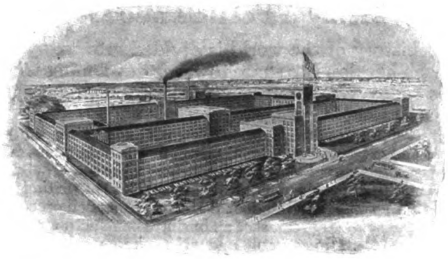
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THE DRAGOMAN

By George K. Stiles

PREDICTIONS are always hazardous, but the publishers of "The Dragoman" believe that this book has in it qualities which will make it one of the most talked of and successful novels of the new year.

The heroine is an American girl. The hero is a young Englishman. The scene is Egypt—not the Egypt of hotels and tourists, but the grim hinterland of the upper Nile, where few white men ever venture. The East and its mystery, the inner workings of international diplomacy, the mighty power of Mohammedanism, are all elements which make the story one of extraordinary and fascinating interest.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

National Bird Reservations

WILD birds, like wild men, enjoy a special system of protection. The bird reservations set apart in the United States and her dependencies for breeding and shelters during migrations number fifty-six and with few exceptions are either small rocky islands or tracts of marsh land. These protected areas vary greatly in extent and most have yet to be surveyed. Among the smaller reservations are Green Bay, Wisconsin, which contains two acres; Pelican Island, Florida, with less than six; and Stump Lake, North Dakota, of about twenty-seven. On the other hand, the Niobrara Reservation, Nebraska, covers between ten thousand and twelve thousand acres; Klamath Lake and Mathew Lake reservations in Oregon each comprise big strips of marsh lands; the Yukon Delta Reservation in Alaska takes in the tundra between the mouths of the Yukon and Kuskokwin rivers; and the Hawaiian Islands Reservation includes the islands in mid-Pacific over five degrees of latitude and twenty degrees of longitude. All birds on these reservations are protected by State game laws and by a special act of Congress.

IN the Gulf reservation district, which includes ten reservations in Florida, four in Louisiana, and one in Porto Rico, the principle protected birds are brown pelicans, gulls, terns, herons, and ducks. At Pelican Island the only species which breeds is the brown pelican, and on the Tortugas Reservation the birds that breed are chiefly sooty terns. Herons of several species frequent Mosquito Inlet and other reservations on the west coast of Florida; at Passage Key, Breton Island, and East Timbaliea are to be found laughing gulls and terns of different sorts which also nest. Dotted along this coast and that of Louisiana are breeding colonies of brown pelicans, while the Breton Island Reservation affords a harbor of refuge to ducks which winter in the delta of the Mississippi River.

Gulls, ducks, and white pelicans are the most frequent visitors in the Lake district, which comprises two reservations in Michigan, two in North Dakota, and one in Wisconsin. The two in Michigan contain the largest known breeding colonies of the herring gull on inland waters, and the new reservation at the mouth of Green Bay, Wisconsin, has as well a breeding-colony of these birds. The reservation at Stump Lake, North Dakota, lies surrounded by breeding-grounds of several species of ducks. At Chase Lake are considerable colonies of white pelicans and ring-billed gulls.

With the exception of Niobrara Reservation, Nebraska, noted as a breeding-ground for sharp-tailed grouse and prairie-chickens, and that at Lock Katrine, Wyoming, reservations in the mountain district are located on Reclamation Service reservoirs and chiefly valuable as refuges for water fowl and shore birds during spring and fall migrations. This group embraces twelve reservations in the Rocky Mountain States, South Dakota, and Nebraska.

Reservations in the Pacific district include three in California, four in Oregon, and eight in Washington.

The Length of the Day

SCIENTISTS have indulged in some interesting speculations as to the possible increase in the length of our day.

It is pointed out that when once the earth has started in motion about an axis, no matter how the motion came about, it must, of course, continue forever and at the same rate, thus making the day always of the same length, unless something is happening or will happen to interfere with that motion. Now there are several causes in operation that affect the period of the earth's rotation, some of which tend to make the period less and others to make it greater. The influence of each of the causes is, of course, very small. They are generally easy to understand. A very simple experiment illustrates one of them.

A stone is attached to one end of a string, the other end of which is held in the hand. The stone is then whirled around a circle. When its speed has become nearly uniform the string is allowed to wind up on the finger. It is noticed that as the string shortens the velocity increases. In the same way, if the matter forming the earth should in any way be drawn nearer the axis of rotation, it would turn faster and the day would be shortened.

By continual loss of heat a shrinkage of the earth is probably in progress; and although the process is exceedingly slow, it certainly tends to diminish the period of rotation. On the other hand, any [illegible]ion of matter from the outside will [illegible] to increase that period and make [illegible] day longer. There seems to be no [illegible]stion but that slight additions to the [illegible]s of the earth are constantly made by the arrest of meteoric bodies passing through the atmosphere. Their influence is opposed to and tends to neutralize that of any earth shrinkage that may be taking place.

The most important interference with the rotation of the earth of which we have knowledge is that of the tidal waves, which are due to the attraction of the sun and moon, but more largely of the latter. It is easy to see that this is a resistance against which the earth turns, and its effect is to increase the length of the day.

Astronomical observations extending over a period of two thousand years have failed to show any sensible changes in the day, but the influence of the tides must become evident after the lapse of a great many years. One authority has declared that the day may lengthen until it is at last fifty-five times as long as it is at present; and that would also be the period of the revolution of the moon about the earth. A day of thirteen hundred and twenty hours is not, however, likely to come for some millions of years.

The Mole at Work

THE mole at work presents an interesting sight. His nose sinks into the soil as if it were a brad-awl with a half-boring, half-pushing motion, and in a twinkling half the creature's head is buried from view. Then up comes his powerful right foot sliding close along the side of his nose. The foot, which is a kind of fine-pointed chisel, cuts the earth vertically until it extends as far forward as his short reach will permit; then with a rapid motion he pries the earth sidewise from his nose and so makes an opening. Very quickly the left foot performs the same operation on the other side, and meanwhile the gimlet-pointed nose has continued to bore.

In a few seconds his body is entirely out of sight and only his queer little tail is visible. In three minutes, it is said, a mole will tunnel for a distance of a foot if he be in the least hurry to go about his business.

A naturalist once conceived the notion of ascertaining the amount of work a mole could accomplish in a given time. Accordingly the experimenter turned a large specimen loose in the middle of a five-acre field. Five seconds, it is averred, after this mole received its freedom, it had burrowed out of sight, and the observer, with his assistants, after driving a stake at the starting-point, retired and left the little digger hard at work.

The start was made at eleven in the morning, and the direction taken was to the east. By six o'clock in the evening this mole is said to have dug some twenty-three feet in an irregular course, keeping, however, in the same general direction and not attempting any side galleries. Twenty-four hours after the start the tunnel had been driven thirty-one feet further, with a number of side galleries, and four feet had been added at the extremity, making sixty-eight feet of the main line and thirty-six and one-half feet of branches, or a total of 104½ feet of tunnels dug in twenty-five hours.

The bottom of the tunnels ran very evenly, about four inches below the surface. At certain points the hole was elliptical in shape, measuring one and one-half inches in width by two inches in height, and sometimes it was triangular, measuring two inches each way. The surface of the ground was usually cracked and raised about an inch along the course of the tunnel.

Cholera and Tobacco

FOR a long time it has been noted that smokers are relatively immune to certain epidemic sicknesses, especially cholera. Dr. Wenck, professor of the Imperial Institute of Berlin, has found that by manipulating cigars in water containing 1,500,000 cholera bacilli per cubic centimeter the microbes were destroyed in the course of twenty-four hours. The same doctor has proved that tobacco smoke rapidly kills the cholera germ. In a tobacco factory in Hamburg not a single case of cholera was found among the workers during the last great epidemic, though they lived in districts most affected by the plague.

Birds and Cyclones

IT has been suggested that birds habitually make use of storms in traveling from one part of their range to another. It is pointed out that if a bird cannot find shelter it must be more comfortable on the wing than on the ground during a storm, because in the fiercest gale it flies in a moving medium, like a swimmer in a strongly flowing river.

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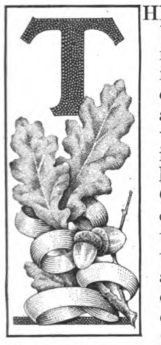
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THERE are innumerable units in the theatrical business of the United States, some of them relatively small and unimportant, and others imposing and influential. Each metropolitan city has its predominant theatrical interest, and probably no one familiar with conditions would deny that the Kohl Castle Company is the ranking theatrical influence in the lively, and by no means shrinking, city of Chicago. Length of service, extent and success of operation, and scope of financial and theatrical business might be considered as a test of relative importance, yet comparisons are odious, and need not be carried to the extreme of irritation. It is enough to say, on the theme of precedence, that the Kohl Castle firm has been familiarly known in Chicago for a quarter of a century, and now, passing toward the second generation in ownership, has broadened out in scope until it is the dominant influence in the theatrical affairs of Chicago, managing standard dramatic houses, the leading vaudeville houses, popular price theaters, and booking innumerable other theaters in Chicago and elsewhere through the big agency belonging to the firm, and called the Western Vaudeville Managers' Association. The principal theaters in Chicago owned by this interest are the Majestic and the Palace, great and beautiful vaudeville houses, the Chicago Opera House, the Olympic, and the Academy. Outside of Chicago the Company is interested in dozens of theaters, and is closely allied with the big Orpheum Circuit and the United Booking Offices of America. The late and deeply lamented Charles E. Kohl was the principal architect of this great business, the predominating influence of which is now exerted with brilliant ability by his widow, Caroline E. Kohl, and his eldest son and namesake, Charles E. Kohl. The other big capitalists and operators active in the management are Martin Beck, George Castle, Morris Meyerfeld, and Max Anderson, all of them conspicuous figures in the most important theatrical combinations.

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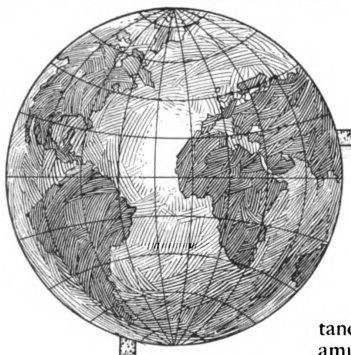
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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. LVII NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 1, 1913 No. 2928



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A WEDDING OF NATIONAL INTEREST

The marriage of Miss Helen Gould to Mr. Finley J. Shepard, Eastern representative of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, which took place at Lyndhurst, New York, the bride's country home, last week, was an event of national interest. Miss Gould's life of modest philanthropic activity had endeared her to all classes, especially to the men of the military and naval services, who presented her with gold and silver loving-cups. One thousand of the Bowery poor were feasted in celebration of the occasion. This photograph of the bride and bridegroom was taken immediately after the ceremony

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. LVII No. 2928

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 1, 1913

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4.00 a Year in Advance

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, Mexico, Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, Guam, and Tutuila, Samoa. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office Department, Ottawa, Canada. Foreign postage, $1.50

Entered at the New York Post-office as second class matter

HARPER & BROTHERS

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

LONDON: 45 ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

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COMMENT

The Pujo Inquiry Pauses

THE PUJO investigation has come to an end for the time being and probably for this session. Mr. UNTERMYER will now write a report, and the committee will pass it on to the House and to the people.

There has been a good deal of jabbering for and against this inquiry. To our mind it has been a good thing. Whether anything practicable in the way of remedial legislation will be evolved is a question yet to be determined; possibly the report will afford an answer.

But the testimony has been enlightening and helpful. It has contributed to that better acquaintanceship of which the country stands sadly in need. Folks know a great deal more than they knew before about the theory upon which our great financiers act and do business. They may or may not approve it, but at any rate they have actual information instead of mere suspicion to base judgment upon.

That is all to the good.

Two facts are certain. Nobody can help admiring and appreciating the candor and spirit manifested, especially by Mr. MORGAN and Mr. DAVISON. And no fair-minded man can complain of the way Mr. UNTERMYER has conducted the investigation. He has been firm and insistent, as he had to be to get results, but he has been courteous throughout and commendably patient under unwarranted criticism.

Now let us have his report and get down to business, and see if some way cannot be devised to fetch our antiquated banking and currency system up to date.

Knox and Taft for the Defense

Secretary KNOX is a good lawyer. It is also very probably true that in preparing his answer to Sir EDWARD GREY anent the Panama Canal tolls he took counsel with another eminent lawyer, to wit, the President. At any rate, the answer, considered merely as an argument for the American side, as a defense of the position America now occupies, is a clever and able one. From that point of view there is no cause to be ashamed of it, or to feel that the Secretary has not held his own as a diplomatic controversialist. It is excellent in form, and it is a safe guess that the line of defense taken will strike many of us as one we had not thought of at all.

A paragraph can do no more than indicate how the Secretary applies it to the main point in controversy, which is, of course, whether or not the exemption of our coastwise trade from paying tolls constitutes an infringement of Great Britain's rights under the HAY-PAUNCEFOTE treaty.

In answering Sir EDWARD'S claim that it does, Mr. KNOX does not attempt any interpretation of the treaty at all. He simply takes up the two specific complaints of Sir EDWARD and replies to them. The first is, that existing regulations would not prevent our toll-free coastwise vessels from engaging in what would really be foreign commerce, since foreign cargoes might be landed on one side of the continent and then shipped in exempt vessels to the other side. But that, says the Secretary, is merely a suspicion as to what may happen, and we cannot arbitrate a suspicion. And so, too, he holds, as to the other complaint, which is in substance that the exemption will prove inequitable to British and other foreign vessels, since it will throw upon them more than a fair share of the up-keep of the canal. Not only, says Mr. KNOX, is this a mere conjecture, but it is a conjecture right in the face of the facts up to date. For we now have the President's proclamation actually fixing the tolls, and they are fixed on a basis which *includes* our estimated coastwise trade. In other words, they are just what they would be for all other trade if there were no exemption at all; the burden of the exemption falls, therefore, on the United States alone; it is merely a subsidy, such as any nation has the right to grant.

So the Secretary argues that there is as yet no occasion to arbitrate anything. Great Britain, of course, has the right to question and investigate his statement of the facts, and if she decides to contest it, then a commission of inquiry might be in order, and for that this country is willing to make provision.

We repeat, it was a clever line to take—probably the strongest line open to our official advocate in this matter. That is not saying, however, that we think Sir EDWARD GREY will be unable to find a rejoinder. Neither is it saying that the controversy will probably be adjusted in the way the Secretary proposes and to match his contention. Mr. KNOX gives Sir EDWARD some new information about the tolls, and that will involve a reply from Sir EDWARD, and by that time it will be so close to March 4th that the next step in discussion will doubtless be left to Mr. KNOX'S successor.

Unless, meanwhile, Congress cuts in and settles this troublesome matter by an amendment to the canal bill which will dispose of the objections based on the treaties. And that, we hope, Congress in its wisdom may see its way to do, especially since the country seems very mildly interested in the remission of the tolls on our coastwise ships, and since a great many very decent people are very much concerned that we shall respect our treaty obligations to the letter at whatever cost to ourselves, which in this case would be nothing.

Inaugural Ceremonies

The responsibility for the elimination of the ball from the inaugural ceremonies is Governor WILSON'S. —*Savannah News.*

It is. Also it is a responsibility which he may well accept with pride and satisfaction. The function had become worse than absurd, worse than vulgar; four years ago it was a positive disgrace. We hope the hand-shaking foolishness will be eliminated, too. It is a ridiculous and dangerous practice, and it ought to be abolished altogether. Even a President is entitled to some consideration.

Overdoing the Baby Act

It was an excellent point which Congressman KITCHIN made the other day at one of the tariff hearings. The Ways and Means Committee was, as usual, listening to the same old plaint that American manufacturers cannot compete with foreign manufacturers without protection because we pay such high wages in America. As it happened, it was the cotton people who were chanting this old refrain when Mr. KITCHIN brought them up sharply by calling attention to the use foreign manufacturers are right now making, in neutral markets, of precisely such statements as these American gentlemen have been making.

As everybody knows, the cotton men and other American manufacturers do compete largely, on equal terms, in countries like China with European manufacturers. Yet here they are declaring their inability to compete on equal terms for their own home market! According to Mr. KITCHIN, their confessions to this effect are being advertised in Manchuria and elsewhere as evidence of the inferiority of American goods when sold as cheaply as German and other European products.

There is nothing whatever the matter with such reasoning as employed by European manufacturers. If it is true that our manufacturers must have protection to sell goods here at home, then how can they possibly sell in Manchuria or South America products quite equal to those of Europe at prices equally low?

Fortunately, there is the fact that they *do* compete successfully in such foreign markets. It is a fact which will have to be recognized, notwithstanding their doleful protests to this and other Ways and Means committees.

Facing the Situation

In our judgment, the Southern cotton manufacturers, led by LUCIUS PARKER, of Columbia, a really able man, are showing better judgment than their friends from the East. They have gone before the Committee on Ways and Means with proposals and suggestions which plainly accept the fact that this country is bent on revising the tariff downward—substantially downward. They have accordingly tried to show the committee what cuts in the duties they can stand, and why, and what cuts they think they can't stand, and why.

Quite possibly it will not do for the committee to accept their specific recommendations, or, as one says, "take their word for it." The committee cannot content itself with taking the word of any interested party. But the committee will naturally be disposed to listen to men who credit it with sincerity, and who credit the country with some sense on this tariff question. On the other hand, the committee and the country will be only human if they show little patience with men who act as if there had been no election, no discussion of the tariff question, no repudiation of the stand-pat contention—in a word, as if CANNON and ALDRICH were still running things.

We have no animosity to the New England cotton men and other manufacturers who still think that the only way to deal with government is to play Oliver Twist and keep holding out the bowl for more. As CLEVELAND put it, "All are our countrymen." We go farther, and freely admit that it is not their fault only, it is everybody's fault, if they have got the notion that our government can be worked to the limit. We merely suggest to them the idea that after March 4th Washington is not going to be like it used to be. However, advising people who want government pap is not exactly in our line.

Shall Congress Pay the Militia?

Our neighbor, the *Evening Post*, may be a bit too inclined to take things seriously, but we fear it has only too good reasons for taking very seriously indeed the entire scheme for paying state troops out of the Federal treasury. Congressman SLAYDEN of Texas, in a very able minority report from the Committee on Military Affairs, has set forth excellent reasons why we ought to think a lot before we enter on any such policy. Of course, nobody objects to the Federal government's paying militiamen whenever they are called into the nation's service, but the idea of its paying them at all—no matter how little—for services rendered to their states, and while they are still altogether under state control, is something very different and far too big a change to be made for any but the amplest reasons.

Mr. SLAYDEN and the *Post* fail to find any such reasons for this radical innovation, but they are more concerned with the reasons against it. They remind us of the astounding history of the growth of our pension list and point out the danger of getting such a highly organized and influential body as the National Guard into the habit of demanding money from Congress. They argue that the Guard would prove even more politically potent than the Grand Army, that such demands invariably grow by what they feed on, and that the Guard itself would grow steadily in numbers and in influence under this new policy. Speaking of the pressure of the first step in the new direction, Congressman SLAYDEN puts his anxiety in a single very disturbing sentence:

> If it is difficult to resist such pressure now, how infinitely more difficult will it be in the future to resist similar pressure from a greatly enlarged militia, flushed by the victory of the passage of the bill, and encouraged by it to make further demands and to support them by the methods that have already been found effective!

It is no attack on the National Guard to entertain such anxiety; it is simply ordinary prudence based on a knowledge of human nature and of our own experience. Neither, on the other hand, does such reasoning commit one to the position that the Guard is all it should be or that we can do nothing to improve it and to correlate it more effectively with the regular service. We can do and are doing something along that line. But what good reason is there at this time for making, in the face of such obvious dangers, such a radical and extreme departure from the usage that has prevailed ever since we have had either regulars or militia?

The Rockefeller Foundation

The House has passed the Rockefeller Foundation bill by a two-thirds majority, which sends it very prosperously on its way to the Senate. Since it was last submitted to Congress it has been modi-

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fied in various particulars. Provision has been made to dissolve it and distribute its funds at the end of fifty years by a two-thirds vote of its trustees, or at the end of a hundred years if Congress so directs. The endowment has been limited to a hundred millions, the income to be spent and not added to the principal. The election of new trustees is to be subject to a veto by the majority of these persons: the President, the Chief Justice, the President of the Senate, the Speaker, and the presidents of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, and Chicago universities. Finally the charter is to be subject "to alteration, amendment, or repeal at the pleasure of the Congress of the United States," at any time whatsoever.

We are willing to let it go at that, and shall not lose any sleep if the bill goes through as it is. The Springfield *Republican*, always vigilant, will feel easier if dissolution and distribution are made mandatory at the end of a century, and if the body which is to have a veto on trustees includes the presidents of Wisconsin, Kansas, and California universities, instead of the presidents of Yale, Columbia, and the University of Chicago. Its reason for this last proposal is that:

> The five university presidents named are the heads of privately endowed and privately managed institutions. Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, and Chicago universities are likely to be during the next century, moreover, conservative in leadership and atmosphere. There is but one Western university president in the list—and that institution happens to be the creation of Mr. ROCKEFELLER'S money.

Will the East Be Conservative?

We don't accept this conclusion that the Eastern universities are likely to continue for a century to be more conservative than the Western ones. Perhaps they may for another generation, but it seems a fair gamble that the West will have more radicalism than the East in the next few years, and then a harder reaction. In many ways the East is much more liberal than the West already. It is less Puritan, and more jealous of restriction of personal liberty. The East is the frontier nowadays, not the West. All the revolutionary ideas that are churned up in Europe hit this coast first, as do also all European revolutionists. As the West gets richer and more populous and emerges more from the simple life, it will think more of protecting its own property and a little less of devising means to get other folks' property away from them; and as the East grows relatively poorer and is extensively repopulated in its farming districts by new immigrants from Europe, it will doubtless give its mind more and more to theories and experiments looking to the provision of equality of opportunity. Nothing works harder to make countries radical than the pressure of population on the means of subsistence (look at England), and that pressure the East will feel before the West.

Some Tar Heel Amenities

We gather from Brother JOSEPHUS DANIELS'S paper, the Raleigh *News and Observer*, that there is some feeling between the HENNESSEES and the PITTSES, two prominent families of Glen Alpine in Brother JOSEPHUS'S state. It appears that certain representatives of the two families had a little controversy recently, with the following net results:

> Dr. HENNESSEE has about a dozen scalp wounds, his ear is mashed, his nose bruised, his jaw broken, and a bone in his right hand broken. He has a bullet in his left shoulder, one in the left side of his chest, another in the left thigh, another in the right leg, and a slash across the back of his left hand. His forehead was creased by a bullet early in the fight and his face is beaten to a pulp.
>
> GERMAN PITTS has a cut on the left wrist, a stab in the right leg, and a serious knife wound in the left chest, leading down into the abdomen over the liver about the fifth intercostal space. . . .
>
> ERWIN PITTS has a stab wound in the left chest, penetrating the lung, a cut in the left arm below the shoulder, and a bullet in his right leg. . . .
>
> ABE PITTS has a stab wound in the left shoulder and a cut flesh wound under his left arm. He is able to get around.
>
> NASH HENNESSEE has the mold of a brick on his face below his left eye.

These were the only gentlemen who participated in the exercises, but it is added:

> SAM BENNETT, the peacemaker, had part of his left side removed by a load of buckshot.

According to local public opinion as duly reported by Brother JOSEPHUS'S representative, there will probably be another meeting when these various parties get out of the hospitals. We venture the prediction, however, that peacemaker BENNETT will not again obtrude his service on the gathering. As Brother JOSEPHUS withholds editorial comment, we are left in doubt as to whether the proceedings at the first meeting are considered progressive or reactionary.

Mothers, Babies, and Education

College women will perhaps take issue with Dr. CLAXTON, United States Commissioner of Education, who in a recent address before the college woman's club in Washington inquired, "When her little baby is ill, what good is it going to do her to read CICERO or do problems in solid geometry?"—*Springfield Republican.*

If the baby is sick enough, the mother will send for a doctor whose mind has been prepared by CICERO and solid geometry to give intelligent consideration to the baby's case. Latin and mathematics are intended to develop the powers of the mind, especially the guessing powers. More and more the medical schools require proficiency in these preparatory branches from applicants for medical education. So far as is yet known, the studies that improve men's minds also improve women's minds. The mother of the sick baby may be abler and more intelligent in any situation for having had her turn at CICERO and solid geometry. But those studies in themselves are mighty little good to a sick baby, and if the mother has pursued them to the exclusion of practical knowledge she and the baby will be losers.

Latin and mathematics are the preparation of the soil, but they are not the crop. That must follow them; must be planted and harvested; and unless there is a crop the preparation is little worth. We see fine crops of ability and achievement grow without this preparation, and we see quantities of preparation that seem never to get to the productive stage. This last is what made JOWETT say that education is the grave of the mind; and that makes so many people impatient with the expenditure of public money in teaching in the public schools so many things that are not likely to be practically useful to the scholars who are set to learn them. We suspect that if the whole of what Dr. CLAXTON said to the college woman's club was set forth, it would be seen to be sound enough. If you can give only a limited amount of education to children, the thing to do is to teach them how to live, to give them the necessary rudiments — reading, writing, arithmetic—and then the sort of knowledge that qualifies them to take hold somewhere and help do the world's work. The amount the average "educated" girls of twenty and upward don't know about the ordinary business of life is appalling, and makes one feel that the best schools for girls, after all, are those that are kept, at home, by competent mothers.

But schools of that sort seem to be scarcer than they used to be. For lack of them the public schools have tried to undertake their duties, and now compulsory-education laws may tie the hands of such mothers as are competent. A school trustee in a rural New York county complained grievously the other day about that. The children of his district, he said, were compelled indiscriminately to study things which for many of them were hopelessly unsuitable, and worse than worthless as a preparation for the out-of-door agricultural lives for which most of them were destined. And as for the girls, he said, the compulsory-education laws deprived mothers of even the emergency help that they needed at times from their older daughters. If a woman with a new baby, without means to employ a nurse, kept her ten or twelve year old girl at home to help her after her confinement, down on her swooped the truant officer, and drove the girl off to school. And if the school trustee excused the child the truant officer shook the statute in his face and sent the girl back to her studies, leaving the mother and the new baby to shift for themselves. Repeatedly, said this trustee, this thing had happened in his district, and it would continue to happen, and he could do nothing. And yet what is there a twelve-year-old girl can learn in four weeks in a district school in rural New York that is so valuable as four weeks of practical experience in taking care of a mother and a baby?

Candidate Bird

The venerable FRANK SANBORN writes to the Springfield *Republican* that as a result of dissatisfaction with Republican leaders in Massachusetts for sending "at the beck of the bankers" first Mr. LODGE and now Mr. WEEKS to the Senate, "CHARLES BIRD is likely to be the next Governor of Massachusetts, having already the allegiance of the only stanch Republican daily in Boston, the *Advertiser*, and, of course, that of the expanding *Journal*."

Mr. BIRD made a very energetic canvass last fall and came out pretty well in votes, favor, and personal condition. He seemed to enjoy running and disclosed unexpected proficiency in oral speech. We should like to see him run again when his candidacy is not implicated with that of any Presidential third-term candidate.

With Mr. BIRD in the field as candidate for Governor the Republican leaders in Massachusetts cannot afford to fool much with the feelings of their constituents.

Still Learning

To a friend who asked him how he could vote for WILSON, Mr. SANBORN said (so he reports):

> We had got to have a President, and nothing would induce me to vote for ROOSEVELT or TAFT, and I never saw a candidate who was learning his lesson faster than WILSON, so I voted for him to encourage progress in politics.

Governor WILSON as President-elect is learning quite as fast as he did as candidate. Last Saturday he visited Ellis Island, last Sunday he met a company of social workers at Hoboken, and at both places he gave out and took in information. The paper says the social workers felt that they had him with them, and no doubt they have. But he found opportunity to tell them that such Federal control of child labor as most of them want is contrary to Democratic states' rights and must not be expected. What the general government can do in that line, he said, is to gather and arrange information, and that is an important and may be a very effective service.

The Lincoln Memorial

Those people who want the LINCOLN memorial to take the form of a road from Washington to Gettysburg are still talking about that project and pressing it on Congress.

It is to admire their blessed assurance.

The appetite for roads is more or less praiseworthy, but it is hardly controllable nowadays when states and counties furnish the money. If the voracious road-builders succeed in breaking into the national treasury, what will be the end of it? To build a road as a memorial to LINCOLN is nonsense, of course, especially in view of the ability of the motor-cars to use a road up in five or six years.

The general sentiments of Uncle JOE CANNON lately expressed on this subject were sound; something it has not always been possible to say of his views on matters concerned with art. He favors a memorial bridge, which would be a true memorial and seemly. Another proposal is that the monument should take the form of a great states' building and convention hall, and there is something to be said for that, especially for the convention-hall end of it. The fact that there is no fit place in Washington in which to hold an inauguration ball shows the city's need of a convention hall, though as for the ball it is no loss not to have it.

Please Amend

It is our scholarly neighbor, the *Evening Post*, that observes that

> The most resplendent shirt fronts in New York, sheltering the largest diamond studs, are to be encountered at the annual ball of Tammany's district associations.

Please amend, and for "sheltering" read "sheltered by." When the plain shelters the palm the shirt front will shelter the diamond stud.

Why Is a Bagpipe?

> Where, we desire to know, did the Scot get the notion that a bagpipe is a musical instrument? Or isn't that the idea?—*From the Atchison Globe.*

What Scot ever called the pipes a musical instrument? Isn't Brother ED HOWE a practical man? Surely he knows the origin of the pipes. In the old wicked days bands of predatory English marched over the border. They were as bold and sturdy as the Scots and far greater in number. CLUNY MACWHAUPPERT, the Laird of Glengarramoyle, in desperate need of a sure defense, invented the pipes in secret and never let a skirl out of them till he faced the invading Sassenach on the bloody field. Then CLUNY blew a melody so fierce, so eldritch, so grinding and blistering to the soul, that every clansman ripped and slashed his way through the English hordes, intent on only one thing—to escape the fiendish screeching of the pipes. And that is why every grateful Scot to this day cherishes the bagpipe, the preserver of Scottish independence. He has beaten his sword into a plowshare, but he will always uphold the pipes to beat the band.

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Charles Elliot Norton

By John Jay Chapman

PROFESSOR CHARLES ELIOT NORTON was an important influence in undergraduate life when I was at Harvard; in some ways he was the most important man there. He took a personal interest in the student. You heard about GOODWIN; you heard about LANE; but you knew NORTON. Every one knew him. He was an academic power of the first magnitude, a great individuality through whom the best traditions of American college life were continued. He gave to his students not only what he knew, but what he was. To do this implies greatness: and it is really by this kind of greatness that men are judged, whether they be teachers or men of action: it is this unique part of a man that makes his value. If we cast an eye back over the last half-century in America we shall not see so many great individualities that we are tempted to pass by or forget the figure of a great professor. Our age has been an age of management, not of ideas or of men. Our problems have been problems of transportation and housing, not of thought. Our great men have been executive persons, whose merit was to serve the public convenience in practical ways. Our greatest pedagogues have generally been mere administrators. As for teaching in the mystical and personal sense—teaching in its religious and spiritual meaning—we have not had time for it. Yet there have been a few sages even in our generation. Some of them have been masters and under-masters in schools; some of them have been private persons—mere characters of eminence. Let us acknowledge our debt to these men as we should to a spirit; for through them we are united to the larger interests of humanity, and our children's heritage has passed through their devout hands.

One of these sages was Professor NORTON. The most powerful part of his work was not that which played directly on the great public through his writings; it lay in his enormous influence over the youth who sat under him; and his image as it rises out of the past carries inspiration to professors everywhere. He was a man of much complexity of disposition, and it is impossible for any one to give a true account of him who knew him as slightly as I did. But I will tell my impressions of him—both the earlier ones and the modifications of them which came about through time. For, as NORTON grew older, the core of him began to shine through its coverings; and at the age of eighty he was plainly nothing else than a darling old saint, with a few sophistical hobbies which, when you went to see him, he drew from his cabinet and showed you with glee—old philosophical gimcracks. These things you perceived at once to be of no importance; while the man himself was everything.

In 1880 he was a man of fifty-three whose face showed immense character. He had the stoop of the student, the measured, accurate speech of the New England man of letters, a manner of speech, indeed, which betrayed all things at a clap. It betrayed early piety, later scepticism, the interest of the amateur in the fine arts, consciousness of caste, immense force of character, and a fundamental goodness. His speech both betrayed and concealed a personal feeling of interest and kindliness, a real unselfishness and power of sacrifice which was the mainspring of his life and was the cause of its immense utility.

Yet in spite of his forthcoming quality there was in NORTON something that balked. If GOETHE could say of SCHILLER that he was like a camel, I may be permitted to say of NORTON that even his greatest admirer or best friend felt in him an element of mulishness which nothing could quell or guide save the power that made him. He was not a bad mule; he was good; but you felt that he was putting his feet down somewhere and was prepared to resist. Even before you spoke you received an ultimatum. This quality is often developed during adolescence in people who live in an uncongenial domestic atmosphere. A saint born among Philistines is apt to have it, or a Philistine born among saints. It is the price of victory often paid by strong natures who assert themselves successfully against tyranny. I imagine that the overpowering theological interests in the household of his father, the famous ANDREWS NORTON, found in the young NORTON antagonisms of kindred strength. Let us remember that this strength and these early battles were what liberated NORTON and what made his value. If it were not for them his countrymen would not now be writing memoirs of him.

At the time I first knew him he was a widower, and his many children surrounded his board and filled his comfortable old mansion at Shady Hill. To this home he brought many a student for dinner or for supper with the family. There was nothing he would not do in the way of opening books, and of showing objects and inducing his children and his young guests to talk upon literature and on the topics of the day. The household itself made a happy picture, and one of NORTON'S passions was to fill his house with the poor and the needy. On Christmas Day he made of Shady Hill a refuge for all the students who came from such distances that they could not go home for the holidays. But Cambridge was not NORTON'S only home. He had a country house at Ashfield, Massachusetts, and in this community he made of himself a village sachem, a friend of the country-folk. There was held at Ashfield a yearly harvest-home feast at which he used to preside and GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS and other worthies used to make speeches. It was a charming and a sincere celebration, and showed that rarest of all phenomena in America, the relation of the man of intellect to the soil.

We all know what solidarity of innate power arises out of the family feeling of class and county. Tiny nations and small cities have had it. It is the foundation of art and of character. It is the invisible arm behind the stroke of wit. It stages intellect and makes every man speak with the voice of a nation. Without this reservoir of sentiment behind and above him a man is a bag of clothes and his personality is tinsel. The constant change of habitat of men in this country, and our jumble of nationalities, is like the tossing of the Persian princes in a blanket: it makes men aliens and non-conductors; they die for lack of rest in one another.

NORTON knew or felt this, and he fastened himself to the ground by such anchors as he had inherited or had forged for himself. This instinct was part of the strong side of him and it coexisted, as we shall see later, with a habit of caviling at his own nation, as if he were some sort of foreign-born *macaroni*. To do this, however, is a human foible to which any man may fall a victim. I had a classmate at college who had never been far from South Boston, and one evening while dancing at the Dorchester Assembly he slipped and fell to the ground. He arose at once with great aplomb, remarking, coldly, "These cursed American floors!"

Esthetically NORTON was weak; he had the stiff New England brain which (naturally) had never come in contact with the fine arts in childhood, but had learned them as a grown man learns French. He was thus in the position of a demonstrator or magician in regard to all the subjects which became the passion of his life. He handled these subjects well; he was not a part of them. Most of us occupy the same somewhat tragic relation to the plastic arts, and we have grown astute to discount our own impressions and to remember the complexities of the matter. The American scholar of to-day is modest about Italy. But the pioneer American scholar who discovered the fine arts and returned to America from a North Pole expedition to Italy, where he had found them and staked them out—could not know his own limitations. It always requires a long time for a young nation to become initiated into the fine arts.

Before settling down at Harvard, NORTON had not only discovered the fine arts in Italy, but he had fallen in with that brave band of Britishers who had also discovered the fine arts (especially the fifteenth century), and he became a friend of RUSKIN, and of all those extremely purposeful, artistic, and literary English people—the pre-Raphaelites. It was a band or gang that he joined in England. That was the trouble with it—it was a movement. NORTON stood toward this group of men in the position of a satellite—so strongly marked was the division in him between a powerful moral nature (which was never satellite to anything or to anybody) and a slightly flimsy esthetic understanding, which in early manhood had fettered him to this school.

It was probably this scholastic attitude which offended the young and not unself-conscious student who accepted the hospitalities of Shady Hill, yet winced under the powerful preciosity of its master. There was something in all the members of the Boston Clique of Letters which at the age of twenty I deeply resented. With the exception of HOLMES (for EMERSON did not belong to Boston), the Boston Pundits had a pose. I rather believe that all literary sets have a pose, just as actors often have; and to persons who know the world a pose is a pardonable weakness. But the pose of the litterateur appears to the very young person to be case-hardened and supercilious. Professor NORTON was particularly kind to me and often asked me to his home; and yet I did not more than half like him. If he handed you a curio or a remark, it was done with the assumption that he knew more about such things than you could ever know. He had that false relation to the things of the mind—you might call it the Platonic relation, for PLATO is the greatest exponent of it—a relation which assumed that they were playthings and that he knew the game.

The man who dealt with ideas in this patronizing manner was no mere dilettante. He was a patriot whose health had disqualified him for military service, but who had served his country throughout the war in the arduous, obscure, and useful work of the Loyal Publication Society. He was a whole-hearted man whose devotion to his friends, whose public spirit, whose rectitude and simplicity of life, ranked him with the Good Man of the Psalms and with the Staunch Citizen of HORACE.

Everything that NORTON did had a certain natural force in it. He belonged to the Puritan race and was first cousin to President ELIOT. He shared with ELIOT a pity for the poor, an extreme tenderness and goodness toward poor student. He shared with ELIOT an incorruptible obtuseness as *toward things* unborn—things creative, poetic, and of *the* temperament. In fact, he was very like ELIOT. He resembled ELIOT in his effectiveness; and—since I have put it off till now—I must say that NORTON'S life-work consisted in making the unlettered, rough youth of America understand that there were such things as architecture, painting, and sculpture. NORTON could do this on a grand scale, to two hundred men at once; he did it as a giant crane-shovel digs the Panama Canal. He did it with great strokes of natural power, often with tears in his eyes, sometimes with sarcasm, sometimes dogmatically, but always successfully. More men have told me what NORTON did for them in opening their understanding to the influence of art than have ever spoken to me of all the rest of Harvard's professors put together.

It was strange to see doctrine which—intellectually speaking—was a thin wash of estheticism, being ladled out like hot salvation to the hungry and shivering youth of America. Yet the sincerity on both sides was perfect, and the needs both of the giver and of the receivers of the doctrine were satisfied. It was only equality that NORTON did not understand; to suppliants he was as sweet as summer.

He had another quality which combined oddly enough with his zeal. He loved to tease; he was naughty. He liked to use his scepticism in religious matters as a prod to excite conventional-minded persons; he liked to make disparaging remarks about his countrymen and about their all-too-obvious deficiencies. The enjoyment of a notoriety which came out of these smart sayings and old-maidish whimsicalities of opinion must be classed as a weakness in NORTON; but it must also be classed as a trifle. His social contemporaries were apt to have a sneer for him, because from his early youth he had gone his own gait and followed the bent of his own character and talents. The most famous of these jibes deserves to be recorded for its own sake. A college-mate of NORTON'S while traveling in Italy wrote home to a friend, "At Florence I ran across CHARLES NORTON—sowing his *tame oats*." It seems to me now that the idiosyncrasies of such a man (especially in America) are in themselves a blessing to his generation; or, at any rate, that all of NORTON'S foibles were as nothing compared with his merits. In England and France people take pride in the mental nodosities of their great men; people know that character and eccentricity go together. At the time I first knew him NORTON was often designedly irritating; and it required more philosophy than most Americans are masters of to forgive him for his sallies.

As for NORTON'S yeoman's work in translating DANTE, in writing memoirs of his friends, in editing letters, in providing prefaces for many kinds of works, in being an accurate scholar and faithful slave to good literature, I think no one can deny that his times are in debt to him. He was one of our best men in those fields of work. Here, too, in editing and writing (as in teaching), he had a genius for utility. He regarded himself as a useful drudge, and up to his very last hours he was engaged in serving the cause of sound scholarship to the utmost of his power.

During his last years he lost all his acidity and he retained all his affectionateness. He must have found out that his earlier exclusiveness and pose of cultivation were not worth keeping up, for they dropped from off him, and left him rosy. He was a beaming little old gentleman with a note as sweet as an eighteenth-century organ—such an organ as you find in the hallway of an English country house—mellow, gentle, and touching in the extreme. He remembered his scholars and welcomed them back; he always made time to see them, and he really became beautiful as a picture and a presence. Happy are they who have him to look back upon in their lives.

How impossible is it to predict which of two young men has the main talent—which of them will end by establishing himself and forcing his times to accept him. The greatest talent of all is a talent for life; and this often lies hidden under a mound of golden inertia, or of frivolity and incompetence, and is brought to the surface by those slow upheavals which run through the world and bring the slow men to the top. When I look at a row of little boys I often wonder which one of them it is who is hiddenly in touch with the enduring powers of the world, and how they will each look forty years later. There seems to exist no key to these enigmas. The dunces of genius and the real dunces look very much alike; and boys of brilliant promise cannot be prophetically classified.

Professor NORTON was certainly a man of long wind and endurance; and he lived to impress himself and establish himself, to survive and continue till he appeared to be one of the chariot-wheels of society, and his whole life seems like a triumph. And yet he must have been a curious and horrid little boy. At the age of six he was taken sick with diphtheria and his life was all but despaired of. As he lay in bed he heard some one of the family speak of his danger, and he cried out: "I want to live! I want to live to edit papa's sermons." And, as it turned out, he did live to edit the sermons twenty years later; they were the subject of one of his earliest literary labors.

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TURNING LEMONS INTO PEACHES

What Happens when an Irresistible Opportunity Meets an Immovable Business Acumen

BY CROMWELL CHILDE

DRAWINGS BY J J GOULD

SOME twenty-five years ago a Westerner found himself facing ruin. His silver-mine which he had thought would bring all his dreams of riches to realization had come to to be a silver-mine no longer. There was metal enough in the vast hole in the ground where he had been steadily grubbing, but it was a baser, a comparatively worthless metal.

A few years later the "lemon" had turned out a "peach." The despised metal, copper, was making millions for him. It had become one of the great producing properties of the West, with every ounce finding an eager market. His dreams had never bulked a tenth as large, even in his wildest moments, as this reality.

Every day many such business transformations are taking place over America. "Lemons" are being turned into "peaches," success built up on failure. In one man's hand an enterprise that is full of promise and seems worthy of the investment of any amount of capital sags, droops, and finally goes under. In another's, or perhaps because of a change of circumstances, it revives and develops triumphantly. Sometimes, again, a project that has the gloomiest of outlooks to begin with stalks into great prosperity because of the far-sighted, practical views of some man.

A ranch in a Colorado valley was nearly swamped with debt. A dispassionate observer would have called that corner of the world a "lemon" if there ever was one. It was away off from nowhere and there seemed no possibility of ever paying off the $4,500 with which it was encumbered. The coming years proved that this was all wrong. That ranch proved one of the most profitable pieces of land in all the world. On it now stands the town of Cripple Creek, a gold region that is scarcely surpassed for production anywhere on the face of the globe. Scores of millionaires and hundreds of lesser financial lights to-day can testify to its having proved truly a "peach."

But Mother Luck is not the sole or even the big factor in transformations like this. Relatively little in the march of prosperity depends upon chance and fortune. Men who think and use a pair of good hands and their muscles are the real fairy godmothers. Take the case of the vast vacant lands of the Northwest.

When, not so many years ago, railroad pioneers of the Northwest commenced banding a great, all but unknown country with strips of steel they received vast land grants. Even as gifts these big ranges of country seemed anything but worth while. Nothing could have been more valueless. Hundreds of miles from the outposts of civilization, nobody would buy them, no one would visit them. It was conceded, it is true, that in time the country would grow out to these lands, but that meant several generations, a century in all probability. A kingdom large enough to satisfy almost any European prince might have been carved from them. Such a monarch would have reigned in isolated grandeur.

So, year after year, the cross-continent railroads completed, trains ran across these valueless lands. There was nothing for them to stop for. Never was there a "lemon" of this size. It might be one to this day had not men started thinking. They thought to good purpose. They organized great colonization schemes. Family after family was placed on farms, towns were nursed into being, industries hunted for and helped to stand on their feet. Every new-comer meant dollars in the near future. The valueless was beginning to be of value.

Now all that great Northwest territory has come to be worth millions. The "lemon" has grown into a "peach" so luscious commercially that it can scarcely be believed there was once a day and within the memory of middle-aged men when a square mile would not have been thought worth the taking. It is difficult to realize anything that looked more hopeless than these spreading, unoccupied lands of thirty to forty years ago.

Brains and a settled, consistent policy are what generally turn the scale. Real ingenuity is what makes the typical "lemon" into the typical "peach." The business man who, given a certain situation, knows just what to add or leave out is the conjurer who makes success out of failure.

The methods are so simple and logical when they come to be told that it would seem as if any one ought to think of them. When, in after years Smithkins, drawing a large income from the biggest shoe-store in his part of the state, leaned back in his automobile and considered his rapidly growing investments, he sometimes wondered why under the canopy the same ideas hadn't come to him that had to Gratting. They were the only really logical ideas. And yet it was undeniable that before Gratting joined forces with him he was going faster and faster down-hill.

He remembered the days when business could not be induced to come, when the most tempting "ads" were "frosts," and week in and week out he found himself on the ragged edge. It was not because he was not a good salesman and a good buyer as well. Gratting frequently complimented him on his skill in both. But he himself could not get the trade.

Gratting was one of those men who have a genius for discovering a business run down at the heel and all but hopeless, buying an interest in it and transforming it. He looked in at Smithkins's shop one day, bought a pair of shoes, and got talking. He came from a city several counties away and was keeping his eye open for a good business opportunity. He had a few, a very few thousand dollars to invest.



They began to sell shoes that first day

"There wasn't enough money," he told Smithkins a few years later when everything was booming along, "to buy an interest in anything big. I had to find something little that had possibilities. Your store pleased me. It was tasteful; you were evidently a smart man in your especial field. The store was off the beaten path, in a side street away from the crowd. That meant very low expenses. The question was, could I turn the crowd into coming there? I studied over it and I saw I could."

When Gratting arrived Smithkins was tied hard and fast. He had a lease to run three more years. If he had been able to sublet and move there was no available store in the little city's center. The trend of trade was away from him. He had an excellent stock and by force of personality could sell and please every man, woman, and child that came. But few did come. Any one else than a man of Gratting's ingenuity and special qualifications would have said that here was only an opportunity of throwing good money after bad.

The new partner before the papers were signed made some very particular stipulations. These were eagerly agreed to, for any port in a storm is acceptable. Smithkins realized that by himself he would be in the bankruptcy courts within a year. Gratting arranged with Smithkins to buy the stock and sell it. His was to be the end of getting the customers in. "How will you do it?" cried Smithkins, the first real hope for many months swelling in his heart. Gratting carefully winked one eye. "You'll see," he said. "You'll see."

The next morning's papers contained nothing about Smithkins's wonderful bargains, but a simple announcement to the effect that for the next six days two ice-cream soda checks, good at the most expensive "fountain" in the city, would be given with each purchase. The afternoon's papers contained the same statement, and those of the next day and the next. Smithkins—Soda—Shoes was just about all these "ads" contained. Every reader was airily supposed to know just who Smithkins was and where to find him. As a concession to the possibly ignorant the address was stuck down in one corner in very little type.

Smithkins was astounded at the way the customers kept coming in. He and his clerks were fairly swamped. They began to sell shoes that first day. The second day more and more people poured in and they kept on coming. The ice-cream soda bait, small as it was, aroused attention. By the time three or four days had gone by the other shoe-dealers were worried. Location and continued pre-eminence did not avail beside the lure of the checks good at the best drug-store.

Before a week had gone by several other dealers were offering soda checks too. But the bloom was off that offer. Gratting now announced that while soda checks were still procurable the concern would present two



Anybody could come in and get this coffee free

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street-car tickets with every article sold. This gave the store an added boost and increased popularity. Gratting did not stop here. He thought up other "free gifts," ten cents' worth in each instance, always keeping ahead of his competitors, constantly advertising this feature.

The scheme held good through the unexpired three years of the lease, trade growing so that it was with difficulty the side-street store could accommodate its customers. Meantime Gratting was keeping an eye like a hawk on every possible location on the main street. He finally picked his store and the concern moved in. By this time it had come to be the most-talked-of store in that part of the state and its fame brought it business from other near-by towns. It was then that Gratting made his great play for trade, carrying out an idea which he had long been waiting to put into effect. He reversed the policy from the first day the concern went into its new quarters. The new idea came as a grand climax that no one was prepared for, the opposition dealers least of all, and it roused talk that was worth pages of paid advertising.

Gratting's new bomb-shell was very clear and startling. No more checks or tickets were to be given away. That week would see the last of them. Instead, on each side there was to be a straight reduction of ten cents—that is, with every purchase the customer got, in effect, a present of ten cents to buy what he wanted when he wanted it.

It had taken a short, sharp, brisk campaign of three years. The "lemon" had vanished and in its place was a "peach" that every one envied.

A well-meaning, hard-working young man, in an Eastern town of considerable size fell heir to the department store that his uncle had owned. A generation before this department store had possessed the best of the community's trade and it still had some part of it, but newer and more up-to-date firms had made serious inroads, very much increased by the fact that in his later years the old man had been "set" and crotchety.

The youth, though he knew little of store-keeping, could not help but see the gravity of the situation. It was not a question of immediate money being needed, for the old gentleman had left some funds, but the certainty that the establishment was very swiftly running down-hill. The young man saw all his resources swept away, and that very soon. Beside its competitors his establishment looked old-fashioned, shabby, poorly supplied. And the new owner could not see what to do.



He called personally on every farmer and explained the nature of his business

"It's a 'lemon' for sure, Tom," said his friend, Clement Hopkins, a budding lawyer without much of a business but with indomitable energy. "I should think it would make you sick to see that."

He pointed across the street to the trim windows of Burgomeister's, the newest and the crack store of the town. A dozen people were looking into the windows. Not one was paying any attention to Tom's, opposite.

The little lawyer took off his hat with a sweeping bow as a town belle passed with an opulent-looking papa.

"Miss Anna trade with you folks, Tom?"

"No," growled the young storekeeper, disgustedly.

"By Godfrey! let's make her. Tom, you haven't got the pluck and go of a mouse. I—oh, well, Tom, what's the good of talking! You know my law practice isn't much and it never will be. This proposition of yours—say, Tom, take me in as a partner and give me swing, won't you?"

No bigger, more unexpected streak of luck could have come to the young helpless business man. He had the same sense of relief that a swimmer seemingly about to drown feels when he suddenly touches solid ground.

From the time when Clement Hopkins stepped into that store the next morning a new spirit began to come over it. The former lawyer started in to draw trade. He had no trouble in instantly finding a way that inside of a week began to be talked about all over the city. Its basis was a card index of people. The card index was really only a part and portion of the new store policy of looking for trade, but it was the striking feature of it.

Every clerk was instructed, if he failed to sell to any one, to get that person's name and address and, if the customer had a telephone, to get that too. This information, together with a note as to what the prospective customer seemed to want and had not obtained, was sent to the office. Within a few hours it had been carefully typed on a card, and as fast as they were received these cards were classified by the ex-lawyer himself, who started the system and handled it alone until it got too big for him.

That did not happen for some months, however. Meantime the new manager was familiarizing himself with hundreds of names and their wants. A woman, for example, would inquire for a certain kind of lace. It would be shown her, but she would decide the price was greater than she cared to pay. She would come again when there was some less expensive on sale. By the new system she would be called up the very day that lace arrived. She would be pleased and complimented. Hopkins extended his card-catalogue scheme until it included the special wants of thousands and even embraced scores of the city's bargain-hunters, who he realized would be valuable to them because they talked. It got to be almost a mark of honor in that town to be known as being on this card-catalogue list. It seemed to indicate you were worth taking into account. Hopkins quickly appreciated this and added all the names he could.

After a while young women were sent out each morning to inform possible purchasers that the articles which they had asked for some days before and had not been able to get were now ready and at their disposal. The telephone service was but one end of the new service, and the business was now past all possibility of not succeeding. Its activities had given it a new look, that of prosperity.

In the mind of a certain energetic man a grocery-store on the "Broadway" of a mid-Western city seemed to be wasting its opportunities. This store had the best location in the town and was well lighted. It paid a high rent, had some trade, and was well thought of. But somehow there was no appeal to the general public in it. A profitable business had never developed and the owner was disgusted. It was evident that he would be willing to sell at almost any price.

The keen eye of the energetic person who was looking for something down at the heel and capable of being built up saw that the public was not at fault in not patronizing the store. Though its fittings were costly, they were not inviting. The proprietor did not meet his customers and fraternize with them. The store did not seem to be reaching out for business and was certainly not getting it. While highly respectable and with its credit still good, it was a failure.

Casual inquiries convinced the energetic man that the city as a whole did not know this. The store itself had not lost any reputation. People generally did not know how poor a business it was doing. As a matter of fact, they did not know much about it. There was little advertising, and that of a stodgy sort. Conservative families, for the most part, patronized it, finding the goods excellent and the prices reasonable. In addition to the small trade, a relatively heavy amount of credit had to be given, an additional burden. The owner, the new-comer found, had been running the place in just that way for four years. Every year he had sunk money and every year he continued in precisely the same fashion.

It took but a short time for the energetic man to analyze the whole situation and make an offer. It was a low offer, but it was accepted immediately. The owner was like a boy when he was relieved of his incubus. He confided to the buyer, as soon as the papers were signed, that he had tried his best but never could get the "hang" of it. "I ought to have succeeded," he went on, mournfully. "I don't know why I haven't."

Talent is not confined to books, art, music, or invention. There is the talent that is even rarer and in some ways more precious and important, that of meeting people's needs, especially the needs they are not conscious of until these are explained to them. The energetic man possessed this talent in a high degree. In an incredibly short space of time he transformed this store and commenced to attract trade.

To hold the conservative patrons this had to be done with diplomacy and not in a mad rush. The energetic man's first move was to tear out all of the wooden shelving, replace it with glass shelves, and cover the rest of the wall with mirrors. Then all the wooden counters went out and glass counters came in. It was a well-lighted store, as has been said, but incandescent lights in the relatively dark places made every square inch of it as light as the street.

People noticed that store. It was worth visiting. The new proprietor made it still more attractive and talked about by instituting a "coffee afternoon" each week, when the best of hot coffee was served, made on the spot in a percolator. He even cleared a space for little tables, that people might be more comfortable. Anybody could come in and get this coffee free, no matter whether a customer or not.

Before the "coffee afternoon" novelty had worn off two pretty young matrons of the city, fairly well known and specially engaged, were to be seen twice a week showing how to prepare a cold lunch. All visitors could look on, ask questions, and get a few morsels. Once a month or so a gas-range was put in a prominent place and pastry was made in it, this to be sold. The pastry was so good, by the way, that every crumb of it was readily disposed of.

A second-hand agricultural implement emporium was going through very hard times. A bright young fellow from an adjoining town came along one day. He knew the proprietor and stopped to sympathize with him. They got to talking more and more and finally the young man said:

"Mr. Ross, I can double your business in thirty days."

"You couldn't," answered the middle-aged man, despondently.

"Yes, I could. Say, we can make some money out of this. Look here."

The two talked earnestly, and the upshot of their confab was that the young man became a partner. He advanced no money except the amount necessary to purchase a second-hand motor-car. His method of building up the business was simple. He scoured the country and obtained from the farmers for a small amount down, or on consignment, practically every piece of machinery they desired to get rid of. These he had repaired and painted. Then he made an attractive catalogue.

He called personally on every farmer, explained the nature of his business, and left a catalogue and a price list.

The old implements looked every whit the same as new, but they were second-hand and were sold as such. The polishing and the painting had worked wonderful transformations, and it was not long before the firm had sold all of the old stock on hand.

All the repair work was first class and the very highest standard of excellence was maintained. The second-hand atmosphere of the store had been changed and the place teemed with activity. Everybody was busy and attentive, and the emporium soon became one of the biggest money-makers in the region.

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The proposed Memorial in Potomac Park as it will appear viewed from Arlington Heights

THE SITE FOR THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

BY JAMES BARNES

THE grandchildren of the present generation, it is to be hoped, will see in the national capital a city very different from that which the visitor of to-day views on his excursions.

It is over a century since there was laid out, by a gifted Frenchman named L'Enfant, who had come to America at the time of the Revolution, a scheme embodying wide avenues, vistas, and parks. Eleven years ago, when the National Park Commission, composed of Daniel H. Burnham, Charles F. McKim, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., reported their plans for the development and improvement of Washington, they practically adopted those submitted by this long-forgotten and unknown engineer, who died with no promise that his work would ever be carried into effect. Latrobe, one of the architects of the Capitol, draws this pathetic pen picture of the man who first sought to make Washington beautiful. Under date of August 12, 1806, he writes:

"Daily through the city stalks the picture of famine, L'Enfant and his dog. The plan of the city is probably his, though others claim it. This singular man, of whom it is not known whether he was ever educated to his profession or not, had the courage to undertake any public work that might be offered to him. He has not succeeded in any, but was always honest and is now miserably poor. He is too proud to receive any assistance, and it is very doubtful in what manner he subsists."

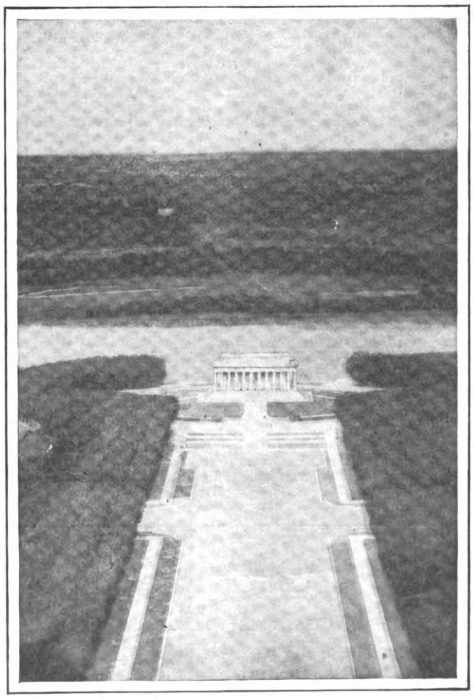
The original plan of L'Enfant consisted of spreading avenues diverging from the Capitol, and a wide parkway or esplanade stretching in tree-bordered walks and greensward from the Capitol to the Potomac. The first park commission, when they adopted this, saw fit to place the proposed Lincoln Memorial on the riverside at the end of this parkway, on the axis made by the dome of the Capitol and the Washington monument. This site is in what is now known as Potomac Park, and is near the approach to the memorial bridge that will connect the city of Washington and Arlington.

The Fine Arts Council that was appointed by President Roosevelt, a body of thirty artists—architects, painters, sculptors, and landscape gardeners—confirmed this judgment. Later, on May 17, 1910, a Commission of Fine Arts, serving without pay, was appointed under an act of Congress by President Taft. It was composed of the following distinguished members: D. H. Burnham, F. D. Millet, Thomas Hastings, Daniel French, Charles Moore, and Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr. In their report of July 17, 1911, this commission unanimously concurred in the views of their predecessors as to the most advantageous site for the memorial.

John Hay, a man of taste and judgment, had in these words given his opinion:

"A I understand it, the place of honor is on the main axis of the plan. Lincoln, of all Americans next to Washington, deserves this place of honor. He was of the immortals. You must not approach too close to the immortals. His monument should stand alone, remote from the common habitations of man, apart from the business and turmoil of the city; isolated, distinguished, and serene. Of all the sites, this, near the Potomac, is most suited to the purpose."

The Commission of Fine Arts placed in nomination for the position of architect for the Lincoln memorial Mr. Henry Bacon, of New York City; and the Lincoln Memorial Commission, made up of President Taft, Senators Shelby M. Cullom, H. D. Money, and George Peabody Wetmore, and Representatives Joseph G. Cannon, Champ Clark, and Samuel W. McCall, appointed Mr. Bacon to design an appropriate memorial.



The Memorial will occupy this site along the axis of the Capitol and the Washington Monument

Two or three other sites have been suggested, but Mr. Bacon, after a careful survey, also became convinced that the Potomac Park site was the only proper one. With an eye to the natural surroundings, which are capable of great development, he evolved a plan, comprehensive and dignified, whose position is shown by the accompanying illustrations. In some measure resembling a Greek Temple, the memorial is, to quote from a recent description: "A rectangular, windowless building, being surrounded by a colonnade composed of thirty-six Doric columns forty-four feet high and seven feet five inches in diameter at the base." The material will be white marble. This colonnade, with the building it incloses, will stand on a terrace bounded by granite walls. The thirty-six columns will represent the states in the Union in Lincoln's time—the Union which he preserved. On the frieze over each column will be carved in high relief wreaths made of pine and laurel, and to the right of each of these will be cut the name of a state; while on the attic, the extension of the cella appearing above the cornice, will be carved memorial garlands of festoons of immortelles and wheat, one for each state in the Union at the time the memorial is erected, which, presumably, will be forty-eight.

Thus the building will typify the Union, the great idea which was conceived by the builders of the Republic, and which Lincoln helped to preserve and perpetuate—an idea which survives. In no better way could Lincoln be memorialized.

The size of this memorial will not be alone its claim to one of the world's great monuments, yet the terrace will be 256 feet long by 186 feet wide, the colonnade 188 feet by 118 feet; the cella will measure 153 feet by 85 feet, and the ceiling will be 60 feet above the floor, the interior Ionic columns being 50 feet in height.

It is the intention that a statue of Lincoln will stand directly opposite the main entrance and that on the walls will appear at opposite ends the immortal words of Lincoln's Gettysburg speech and his second inaugural speech.

Fronted by a wide marble-rimmed lagoon, led up to by the long vistas of the tree-lined avenues, and surrounded by the open verdure-covered spaces, this memorial should have a character of isolation typical of the great man who in his loneliness of soul stood not purposely aloof, but remote, with a grandeur all his own like a monument.

The reports of these various commissions have received the approval of the United States Senate, and the matter, having been brought before the House of Representatives, has been referred to the Library Committee.

It is to be hoped that before long the work on this memorial will be begun. It will be a step toward the beautifying of Washington and a worthy monument to Abraham Lincoln.

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HOW MOTOR-TRUCKS ARE SOLD

The Methods and Qualifications of the "Corporal's Guard" of Salesmen who Bring the Purchaser into Touch with the Manufacturer

BY THADDEUS S. DAYTON

IT takes one type of man to be a star salesman for pleasure automobiles; a man of quite another type, address, individuality, and business talents is required to sell motor-trucks.

Early one morning a scholarly, scientific-looking person, bag in hand, walked into the office of a big motor-truck concern on upper Broadway, New York. The bag was heavy and its owner seemed tired. He had good reason to be. For a week he had been working sixteen hours a day in the plant of a big Middle-West factory studying its transportation system. A one-hundred-thousand-dollar order hung in the balance. There was a good chance to replace an expensive horse equipment with motor-trucks, and the task that he had in hand was to prove that substantial operating economies would follow.

The bag the man carried was full of papers, calculations as to what the horse-drawn vehicles had done, and the field that was to be covered. He was the engineer of the company, the special expert whose job was to study and report on conditions of prospective customers. After consultation with the company's executive and the salesman who had originally opened up the business, he set his staff to preparing charts and a detailed technical report. Inside of a week these figures, finally reduced to a few totals, had to be in the office of the Western factory.

The consultation took place; draughtsmen and clerks worked overtime. Before the week was up a neat set of charts was ready and engineer, executive, and salesman were hurrying to the factory. Once there, only a brief conference was needed. The ground had been covered with great care. The manufacturers were shown that with thirty motor-trucks they could actually save seventy thousand dollars in their delivery system each year at an installing expense of little more than that sum. There was no delay in closing that contract.

It is in ways like these, or very similar, that motor-truck selling is most successfully carried on to-day. The salesman who wins honors does not need much of the magnetism, cleverness, and adroit tricks of talk that have long distinguished the sales forces of automobile firms. Usually he is not a "mixer" at all; neither is it essential that he be a "prince of good fellows." He is most commonly a prosaic man who has but one idea: the lower cost of operating with a motor-truck—an idea that he has carefully systematized figures to prove. There is nothing spectacular about the way he goes to get business. He has a product that will sell on its merits, because it means economies that justify a large investment.

The motor-truck salesman by no means always needs the aid of his company's engineer and the head of the concern to close big contracts. But that is recognized as being a very advisable policy nowadays. The interests at stake are very big. An order of the value of from forty thousand dollars to one hundred thousand dollars is not unusual for motor-trucks to-day. It is not as if a standard type of goods was being sold, but in each case there is the difficult problem of exactly fitting a product to a customer's needs. Clever talk and "hot air" might land many a contract. Merely getting a contract, however, simply selling goods, is not the motor-truck manufacturer's sole aim. He must get business, it is true, but he must never fail to have each sale a marked success. On this the entire future of his market depends.

So a salesman who has the art of looking at a sale from the customer's point of view is first secured. Then a cleverly devised supporting organization is put back of him, a group of men that can be called upon at any time. The motor-truck salesman who succeeds is the man who makes it his first and only purpose to discover what the probable customer's needs really are and to fill these and no more, rather than to sell all that might be bought in the enthusiasm of the moment. That principle prevails very generally among salesmen of the better sort and the greatest ambition in all lines, but among those who sell motor-trucks it is far more developed. The reason is plain. Just what a motor-truck equipment shall be for a factory or department store that has a vast and complicated delivery system and is willing to make a change from horses, if it can be shown that it will pay, is a matter of the nicest scientific calculation.

The salesman of motor-trucks, therefore, often needs his company's chief technical man and the broad view and experience of his executive, not so much actually to "land" the business as to make certain that the buyer is getting a contract that will be advantageous to him. There is much skill in the way in which experts can plan delivery systems capable of being operated by astonishingly few trucks and with the minimum of expense, offering a company a chance to develop profitably and soon to need more trucks. Here is where the salesman scores very greatly to his own benefit in the further orders that flow in. But with a big proposition this is almost never the case unless he, the salesman, has had his engineer study this particular concern's needs as carefully as a tailor studies the figure of the patron he is fitting.

Even in the cases where there is this supporting organization at its best and engineer and president or general manager are tireless, resourceful, and very able, it is difficult to get proper salesmen. The motor-truck proposition is altogether too new. It is less understood and its future is less understood than any other American business. It has comparatively few affiliations with the automobile business as it was understood five years ago. The cleverest automobile salesmen are useless in it. A man of unusual characteristics has to be found by hook or crook. He must be far-seeing, an enthusiast, and possessed of a knack of estimating correctly the present and future business of other people and appreciating conditions. In the ordinary sense he does not need to be a selling expert at all. He comes to stand in the eyes of men very much as a lawyer does who advises in emergencies and whose advice is invariably found to be good.

The man who can sell motor-trucks so that he pleases buyers, first convincing them, then having his vehicles prove themselves in the cold, hard light of cost operation, can make to-day the handsomest of incomes. There is one New York salesman—that is, his home office is in New York, though he travels all over the country—who clears at least forty thousand dollars a year in commissions. His concern needs no other salesman than he. He keeps the plant busy. The way he does it is interesting.

He makes himself—he has done this for five years now—an expert in the delivery problems of certain lines of trade. "Makes" is used advisedly instead of "has made." He is as thorough a student of delivery questions to-day as when he first began. He does not attempt to specialize upon too many different business lines. If he did he could not "get under the skin" of each so effectively, and this is essential. His specialties are those with which he began and where he shrewdly saw the biggest, most profitable market—department stores, retail coal-dealers, and breweries. Though personally he is not a widely known man, a score at least of the best-devised delivery systems throughout the country in these special businesses were evolved by him. His ideas in the rough were worked out, changed here and there, elaborated, condensed, "touched up" by the scientific men of his company, and further improved by suggestions from his chief executive. But in each case the original plan was his.

This salesman spends at least five-sixths of his time in study and observation. He is traveling about constantly, seemingly with no fixed purpose. Meantime the factory is busy filling his latest big order. Then one day, having heralded his return by wire, he drops into the main office. Out in St. Louis there is a manufacturer whom he has interested, or it may be a great merchant in Boston or an industrial plant in Baltimore. He knows just what the prospective client should have in a general way, but there are many details that have to be settled. Does he need thirty vehicles or forty? Should all of them be of the same type, or can greater economies be developed by employing several different sizes and types? There was the "M. O. P." fleet of trucks they built last year. They would not be just the thing for this new proposition, although very nearly. The salesman goes into conference with his chief executive and the head of the engineering staff. He informs them in detail regarding the local conditions of the place where the trucks are to be operated. He even produces a synopsis of the weather—heat and cold, rainfall and snow—in the city and the region round about, covering a period of five years. No point seems to have escaped him.

"Well," he says, finally, "it's Wednesday now. If we can, I think we'd all better get out to see this man on Thursday of next week. Could we have Slater and that crack new draughtsman of his in this afternoon to make a preliminary line-up? I think perhaps I'd better stay right here and work on this with you. If I get the time, though, I'll run over to Buffalo for a day. I've heard of something new there that may help us with this proposition. It may not fit in at all, but, at any rate, I ought to get posted on it."

All this is very different from the usual salesman of the sample-trunk class or his higher calibered brother who sells bridges or locomotives or other things in big contracts. These men know their market—it is established—and their business is to take away from their rivals every dollar's worth of trade possible. The motor-truck salesman has no established market. He has to create one by his ingenuity, special knowledge, and observance of conditions. With him personality and magnetism are so little required, compared with expert skill, that they are almost negligible qualities.

Can such men be trained? Experts say no and that the securing of real motor-truck salesmen is one of the most difficult problems. Out of all the great selling staffs of the pleasure-car factories there has come scarcely a corporal's guard of men who can land the big motor-truck orders.

From the beginning the automobile was largely its own salesman. Sales were made not so much by salesmanship as by enthusiastic lines of talk—"spellbinding"—out of the mouths of men who had a good appearance and were clever, but knew very little technically about what they were selling. They did not need to. The customer bought a machine for his own pleasure because his friend Brown was daft over that particular make of car, or because his own wife or daughter liked the looks of it, or for any one of a hundred other inconsequential reasons. The pleasure automobile had this great advantage from the manufacturer's point of view. It was never a business investment. The motor-truck is. It is something that the customer has to be shown he can make money out of and without which he is losing money.

The real advantage is on the side of the motor-truck manufacturer, however. He is going to have the big end of the business in years to come. It is only to the man very much out of the ordinary that more than one pleasure-car can be sold oftener than once in a year or so. But the manufacturer or business man who is in the market for motor-trucks at all usually needs many vehicles. A fleet of forty or fifty trucks is not an unusually large equipment, and a dozen to twenty trucks or motor business wagons is not considered a big order. As a rule, the manufacturer who does the first equipping for a customer, advising and devising the change from horse or mule power to gasolene or electricity, gets the subsequent business as expansion comes. Where a customer's interests are considered carefully from the very beginning, it is the experience in the motor-truck business that the customer comes back with one "repeat" order after another. In other words, the salesman who lands the first order finds himself much in the position of a trade father confessor to his buyers. He can sell them more cars whenever they need them and his judgment is freely taken. He has his customers' confidence and it stands the test of time.

The motor-truck salesman who knows his business thoroughly sells to-day not far from a million dollars' worth of motor-trucks a year, and with the strengthening and expanding of his connections his annual sales are increasing. Fixing an average price of $2,500 to $3,000 for each truck, a million dollars' worth means from three hundred to four hundred vehicles: not a huge task when a single customer will order forty or fifty or even a hundred at a time.

It will thus be seen that a great new field for salesmen is opening, with personal profits far beyond those of ordinary lines. The motor-truck business is developing so rapidly that the supply of really capable men is less than the demand. Selling motor-trucks to-day is a business in a class by itself. "The motor-truck salesman to be successful must have mental resources of the highest order," says one expert. "The purchaser usually represents the best brains of his organization. The ordinary purchasing agent and even the minor executive are eliminated. The business must be negotiated with the active head of the concern. It takes men who are students and experts—men who know their machines and their possibilities under varying conditions—to handle such big business. As yet the motor-truck industry is only on the threshold of its future."

GHOSTS

BY WESTMORE WILLCOX, JR.

O MIDNIGHT wind that shakes my window-pane,
And bids me lie so late awake.
Rushing with quick, light feet along the lane,
To-night what spirit must you take
Over your course across the hills again?
Tell me, wild wind and wilder driving rain!

What pale, forgotten hands do I behold—
'Tis but the storm-worn wind that moves—
That with a lost, familiar touch the fold
Of draperies change? Some ghost that loves
The things of earth; whose hands unseen and cold
Taint with a clinging scent of damp, grave-mold.

Is that the cry of some lost, wild, night-bird
Clutched in the wind that follows after?
Or wail of one who hell to heaven preferred,
Or yet the echo of malicious laughter?
'Tis but the fantasy of memory stirred.
Strange! How like a voice long since unheard!

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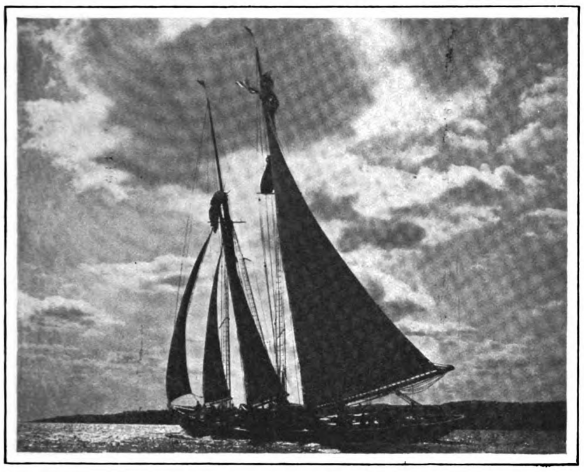
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CODFISH AND HUMAN LIVES

A Hospital-Ship is Needed on the Newfoundland Banks. Shall America Follow the Example of France and Protect the Lives of her Fishermen?

BY CONSTANCE D. LEUPP

DOWN on T Wharf, Boston, there is a man peddling shoe-laces. He is a young man and brawny, but he has lost one leg, so that his present occupation measures the extent of his capacity for the rest of his days. Engage him in friendly conversation and he will tell you how the accident happened. He was a fisherman out of Gloucester, and during his watch one stormy night off Sable Island, on the Newfoundland coast, a heavy sea came thundering down the deck, sweeping everything before it and mixing him with the rest of the wreckage. His shipmates did their best to make him comfortable with a rude splint put on according to the directions in the First Aid book. But he had sustained a compound fracture, and before the catch was over and he could get ashore to a hospital the harm was done and the leg had to be amputated.



The schooner "Alice" of Gloucester, a type of the Newfoundland fishing smack

The story is simply told, for your Newfoundland fisherman is a self-contained soul and he does not reason about the dangers of his calling.

Inquire among the fishermen on T Wharf and you will stumble on other cases. You will find that the shoe-string vender is but one of three fishermen who have recently come out of the Marine Hospital in Boston with one leg gone. In each case the report is the same—the leg could have been saved if the patient had received prompt surgical care.

A few years ago, when the United States was engaged in one of those periodic disputes which arise with England over the fishery rights off the Canadian coast, a representative of the State Department went to the scene of the trouble to ascertain points which could not be settled from Washington. He went from Boston on a revenue cutter, and Dr. Thomas W. Salmon of the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service was medical officer of the vessel.

Word passed about the fishing fleet in the treaty bay in Newfoundland that a doctor was aboard the revenue cutter. It was unexpected luck for the fishermen, and the doctor soon found his hands full setting bones, administering medicines, and treating stubborn "gurry sores."

The experience crystallized in the mind of Dr. Salmon an idea which had been in solution there some time.

Why, he reasoned, should Uncle Sam, who safeguards the lives of seamen on shore with a series of hospitals that girdle the coast, neglect the thousands of fishermen on the Newfoundland Banks who are engaged in the most dangerous trade there is in America and one of the most important?

No other nation allows her fishermen to run the unnecessary as well as the necessary risks of the trade. The neutral fishing-banks of the North Sea are patrolled by three hospital and four dispensary ships sent out from England, and each spring when the French fleet sets sail there sails with her the *St. François d'Assise*, with her complete dispensary and hospital equipment and her seventy-five cots amidships. All summer she cruises off Iceland and the Grand Banks, and schooners from all ports, when they have a sick or wounded man aboard, hail her with a half-masted flag. Many a schooner out of an American port has been fortunate enough to fall in with her in time of need, and there is but one opinion among those who have experienced her hospitality as to the kindness and expert care dispensed by their French host.

But in the fall the floating hospital must go back to France with the fleet; and however critical the cases on board, the Americans must return to their own schooners. For the Grand Banks, where the French fleet gathers, are fished only in summer, whereas the fleets from the American ports fish the year round up and down the smaller banks of the Georges, Sable Island, Misaine, Banquereau, and St. Pierre. Miles to the east of them lies succor from the French for four months of the year. Many more miles to the north on the Labrador coast lies the chain of hospitals established by Dr. Grenfell and his associates, which we, in the hazy way we think of the geography of remote places, have assumed take care of all American fishermen in that part of the world. A glance at the map and a minute's thought show how absurd that idea is.

"Why," argued Dr. Salmon, "should we not have our own American hospital-ship to patrol the smaller banks the year round?"

He discussed the subject with fishermen and master mariners and worked out a scheme which all agreed upon as practicable; a hospital-ship of twelve or more berths, built for comfort and safety on the lines of a modern steam trawler, to make four trips a month throughout the year between Boston and the fleet, transporting cases needing prolonged treatment to the Marine Hospital, treating other cases and giving dispensary aid on board. She should make the rounds of the smaller banks at regular intervals so that each captain would know about when to expect her and signal accordingly. Such a hospital-ship would cost $100,000 to build and equip and $30,000 a year to maintain, and fits naturally into the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service.

Congressman Gardner of Massachusetts became interested in the situation and placed the request for this modest appropriation before Congress last session; but Uncle Sam was feeling the effects of the high cost of living, and so the fishermen are destined to go at least one more season without their hospital-ship. This year we shall have again the annual crop of thrifty wives and happy children ripened into widows and orphans maintaining a hazardous existence on the bounty of neighbors and friends; we shall have, as in the years past, a few less able-bodied seamen, a few more maimed shoe-string venders.

And an interesting feature of it is that the annual appropriation of $30,000 that the Gardner resolution calls for to square Uncle Sam's account with the fishermen is the exact sum our venerable uncle spends *on coal alone* every time he sends a man-of-war from New York to Tampa.

Dr. Grenfell has said, "When a fisherman is your friend you have nothing more to desire in the line of friendship."

If you want to test that statement, if you question whether these men are worth Uncle Sam's money, go down to the foot of State Street, Boston, where the masts and spars of the schooners break the line of funnels that looms against the horizon, marking off T Wharf from the rest of the docks. Here you will find fishermen a-plenty in port for a day or two unloading their last catch, provisioning and bargaining for bait. A splendidly developed race of men these, reticent, with quiet, efficient ways, clear-eyed, with well-weathered skins. There is nothing of the drunken, dissolute sailor ashore about these fishermen; they are picked men, hailing from every clime and nation. A curious thing about the men who supply the markets of the United States with its annual five million dollars' worth of cod is that hardly any of them are natives. The bulk of the men who man the fleets out of Boston and Gloucester are Canadians; the remainder are everything except Americans.

The captains, however, are usually natives, harking back to the time when men from the Maine and Massachusetts seacoast towns went out as fishermen; they are a simple, free-hearted folk who are glad to tell you of their life at sea.

The statement that I was interested in the hospital-ship was more than an introduction; it was open sesame. Every one who does business on T Wharf seems to know and heartily indorse the plan.

Captain Rawson, owner as well as skipper of the *Arethusa*, invited me aboard to gratify my curiosity as to how and where in those (to a landlubber's eyes) few cubic feet of space he could store away, as he boasted he could, eighteen men and 200,000 pounds of fish.

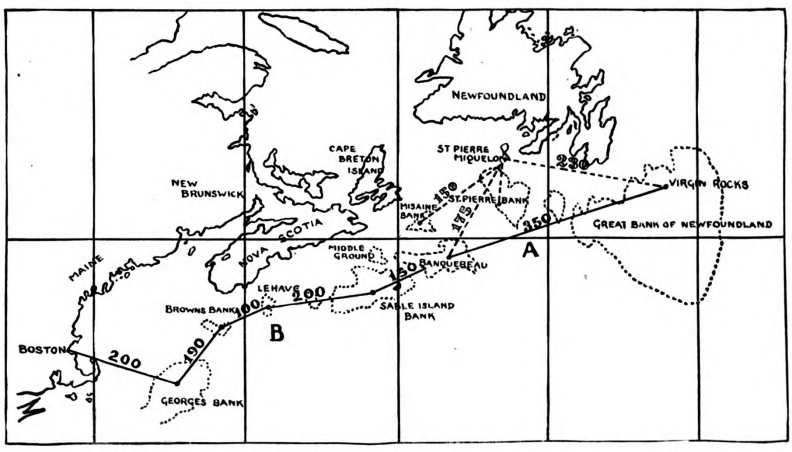
The forward cabin, when they let down the table, which was hooked in some mysterious way in sections to the rafters, was reminiscent of Loti's vivid picture of the Iceland fishermen; he describes them in a cabin shaped like the interior of an empty sea-gull, grouped about a table which took the exact shape of the room, leaving but the narrow surrounding bench on which they sat; built against the wall behind their heads the double tier of bunks which seemed to be carved out of the thickness of the hull.

Just aft of the cabin is the cook's galley, the stores of provisions and coal, and far aft are more bunks built about another tiny cabin. Here the search-light and fog-horn were displayed (the captain called the latter a "foregone," and I looked and listened for a decision), and here the men gather in bad weather when there is no fishing. Sometimes they spend days together in this cabin, with the result that your experienced fisherman comes to be an omnivorous reader. The missions keep the schooners supplied with great piles of magazines.

On deck the men were loading blocks of ice into the hold where the fish are stored in a series of bins, the last sides of which are slipped into place as the cargo increases. Forward were the nests of dories, nine in each, set inside one another like glasses on a restaurant shelf. There are a sail and four trawl tubs to each dory, and an item of three and a half miles of trawl-line, with a hook every five and one-half feet. And when you consider that each man spends his days setting and hauling in his three and a half miles of line, his evenings cleaning and packing the day's catch, and his nights mending his line and baiting his hooks for the next day's catch, you understand why they tell you that the cook is the only lazy man aboard, for he is sure of four or five hours' sleep every night.

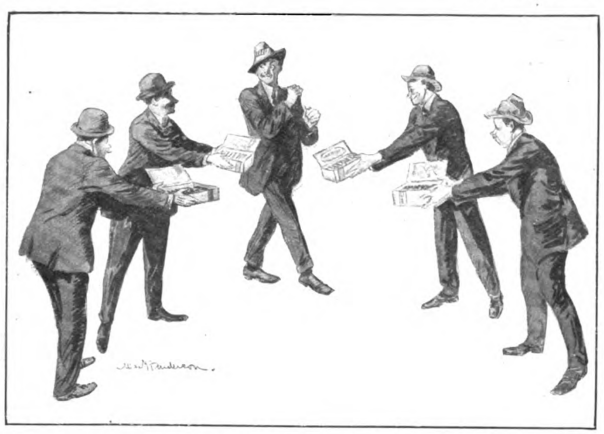
When the dories come in with the day's catch each man throws his fish aboard, then climbs over the side himself. The deck is divided into a series of pens

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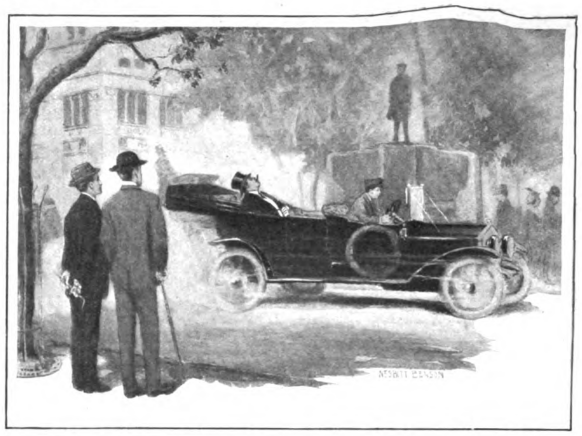


The proposed cruising-ground of the hospital-ship

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THE WAY IT SEEMS WHEN YOU'VE GIVEN UP SMOKING—SHOWING THAT THE WAY OF THE REFORMER IS HARD.



"HE DOESN'T KNOW NOBODY NOW THAT HE IS SELLING PULVERIZED CHARCOAL TO COLORED PEOPLE FOR TALCUM POWDER"



Interludes

THE INVENTIONS OF BIGGS

HE was a careworn-looking sort of individual, and it was with a certain commendable hesitation that he approached the office of the Stranded Inventors' Friendly Aid Society to seek its possible assistance in putting his great idea on the market. Biggs was a wizard in his own way, and just as Edison had invented many articles of undoubted value to the world, Biggs had put in much time in the devising of schemes of no use whatsoever. His colander, for instance, which could not only be used for the straining purposes of the kitchen, but could be fastened as well on the nozzle of a hose or a watering-pot for use in the garden, had fallen rather flat, as had also his padded ear-tabs devised to ward off the effects of the unnecessary noises of a great city on the jangled nerves of sensitive citizens. Now, however, he had the masterpiece of his career.

"Is the manager in?" he asked of the gentleman behind the mahogany desk.

"I am the manager," said the oleaginous individual addressed. "What can I do for you?"

"I have an invention here, sir," said Biggs, "that I believe will have a great sale if I can find any one to put it on the market."

He handed to the man at the desk an umbrella, with a horn handle shaped not unlike a megaphone on a small scale.

"Humph!" said the manager. "What's this? I don't see anything very novel about this."

Biggs resumed possession of the umbrella, and, holding it up with the handle directly over the scarf of the manager, pressed a small button at the side, and immediately the diamond scarf-pin of his *vis-à-vis* disappeared.

"You have a diamond scarf-pin, I see," said he.

"Yes," said the manager, placing his hand lovingly on the spot where that treasured possession had been, and then, discovering its loss, he leaped to his feet.

"Hold on a minute," said Biggs, stepping back and opening the umbrella. "Don't get excited. There's your pin—inside the umbrella, see?"

"Gracious!" cried the manager.

Biggs laughed, and, after closing the umbrella once more, he placed the handle directly over the bulging pocket of the manager's waistcoat.

"You have a roll of bills in your pocket," said Biggs.

"Well, I had," said the manager, clapping his hand nervously to his vest.

"You still have; but watch," said Biggs, as he pressed the button a second time.

The manager watched, and in a moment had the supreme felicity of seeing that roll of bills pop out of his pocket and disappear into the megaphonic maw of the umbrella.

"Gee-rusalem!" he said. "Whuh—what do you call that infernal thing, anyhow?"

"It is my patent vacuum pickpocket," smiled Biggs.



"DOROTHY, WON'T YOU SAY 'HOW DO YOU DO' TO MRS. BROWN?"
"I CAN'T, MOTHER. I DON'T KNOW HER NUMBER."

"For use on crowded thoroughfares, Subway trains, Fifth Avenue omnibuses, and other places where pockets do mostly congregate. It is a sort of vacuum cleaner-out, designed to render safe, easy, and pleasant the hitherto arduous and hazardous labors of the predatory wayfarer. Could you put this on the market?"

"Why—yes, I suppose so," said the manager. "But look here—if this thing works this way, why don't you work it yourself? There's a steady income in it."

"Yes," said Biggs, "but you see I'm honest. I could never become a pickpocket myself, but if we could form a company—well, dividends are different. I'd take a dividend where I wouldn't run off with a man's purse."

It was at this point that the manager fainted and Biggs walked forth into the world with an umbrella fairly bulging with personal property of a portable nature.



"ISN'T HE A DARLING, AND DOESN'T HE LOOK JUST LIKE HIS FATHER!"

INSIDIOUS

"MY valet gives me a bawth every morning," said Chollie.

"Ah," said Slickers, "he's a sort of vacuum-cleaner, I suppose."

DIFFERENT AGAIN

"BY Jove, Dobbers," said Chumpleigh, "you don't really mean to tell me that a nice girl like that, the only daughter of a charming widow worth seven million dollars, doesn't interest you?"

"Not in the least," said Dobbers. "I'm interesting myself in her mother."

A FINANCIAL EXPLANATION

"WELL, sir," cried Mr. Richpop, "what does this mean? My daughter sitting on your lap, sir?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Richpop," said Waggley. "You see, sir, I have just suggested a consolidation of our interests, and I have undertaken to act as a Holding Company until the merger is completed according to established forms."

A SUGGESTIVE SUBSTITUTE

BOBBY had finished his prayers, all but the Amen, and there he stuck.

"Well, dear," said his mother. "Go on—you know the last word—Amen—"

"No, mother," replied Bobby. "I ain't goin' to say that any more. I been readin' your little book on good manners, and it says R. S. V. P. is the proper form."

TOMMY'S QUESTIONS

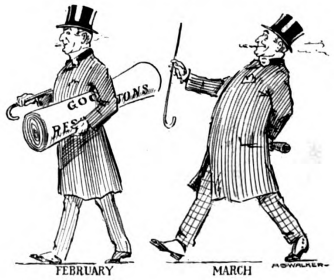
YES, Tommy's at it day and night.
In questions hard he takes delight.
"Why don't the tiger-lilies roar?"
And "Who discovered Europe, paw?"
"If Mister Bullfrog wished to send
A telegram off to a friend
Would he string lines of wire o'er
A row of tadpoles on the shore?"
And once he woke at five and said,
"If Mister Bumble-bee was dead
And through with all his noisy buzz
Would he become a Bumble-was?"

"Paw, what becomes of all the noise
That's made by little girls and boys?"
And "If a Chinaman should drop
Upon a rock, kerplunk, kerflop,
Would he go right to smash like all
Our china plates do when they fall?"
And "If the sun shines on alway,
Why ain't it always just to-day?"
And "If a window has a pane
Could mother make it well again
With all the things I have to take
Whenever I have stummick-ache?"

"How much d'ye think a centipete
Would hafter pay to shoe his feet
If he wore shoes and rubber boots
To cover up his tootsie-woots?"
"Did Noah have skeeters on the ark?
And when he saved the whale and shark
D'ye s'pose he kept 'em down below
Or carried 'em along in tow?"
Yes, so it goes both day and night.
In questions hard he takes delight.
He seems to think that I am a
Complete Encyclopediay!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.





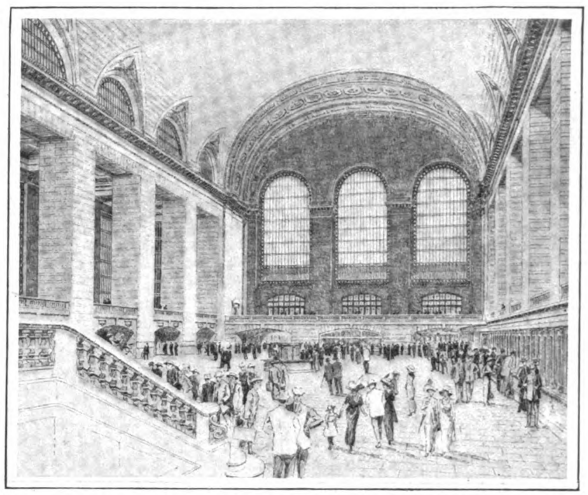
S. 'RINKAGE

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NEW YORK'S NEW GATEWAY

The Remarkable Features of the Grand Central Terminal, the Splendid Structure that is Opened to the Public this Month, as the Consummation of a Prodigious Task Wonderfully Accomplished

BY WILLIAM INGLIS



The main concourse for passengers outward bound. The New York City Hall could be placed in here with room to spare

JULIUS CÆSAR was a good man in his day, but he could not tell where to place the gate of a modern city. When he built a gate it was in a city wall, strong enough to fence out the enemy on occasion. He smoothed a good broad road into and out of it and considered the job done. If Cæsar should come to New York, the thing that probably would bewilder him most would be to discover the city gate at the very heart of business and traffic—in Forty-second Street, halfway between the rivers.

One can imagine the architects and engineers of this most wonderful city gate—the new Grand Central Terminal—kindly explaining things to Cæsar and, at the same time, soothing him with these polite words: "Yes, we have fortifications for our gate, but you can't see them from here. They are down at the end of Long Island Sound, one hundred miles to the east, and at Sandy Hook, a score of miles to the south. We don't try to fence out the barbarians; we welcome them by the million every year and put them to work at good pay and make each one a sovereign if he'll bother to take out his papers. The gate of the city that you see here is used only to bring people in and take people out without losing a moment of time.

"The one thing that scares every American cold is the fear that somehow he may lose one moment of time. To save that moment he will put his neck in peril every hour. Here we have a great gate in the very hub of the city. Its chief function is to save time. Those who enter or depart travel scores or thousands of miles by steam or by electricity. They come in at this hub, step instantly into their proper paths, and vanish swiftly and silently as a breath from a mirror. It is the simple truth, O Cæsar, that we could bring in here all the legions you ever commanded, detrain them, and send each man on his way home—east side, west side, up or down the town—in one morning."

Dazed rather than enlightened by the kind architects and engineers, one can imagine Cæsar staggering back to his grateful tomb and muttering short and ugly words. Yet they would not have told him one-tenth of the whole truth about the wonders of the new and beautiful terminal. Even a modern man cannot believe them unless he actually goes and sees for himself—perhaps not even then. The achievement is so stupendous that it stuns the senses. During the last eight years an army of skilled men has been tearing down and carting away more than one hundred big buildings and many small ones from the newly acquired space of twenty city blocks; blasting, quarrying, and clearing away from beneath their sites three million cubic yards of stone; placing upon the thus completed site of thirty city blocks, or eighty acres, the mighty buildings and myriad intertwining tracks that go to make up this most astounding railroad terminal at a total cost of one hundred and eighty millions of dollars. It is useless to quote more figures here, for by this time millions seem as common as marbles and the mind refuses to take them in.

All of this was done without disturbing traffic, without halting or delaying the eight hundred trains that come in and go out every day, without hindering the movements of the two millions of passengers who use the terminal every month. (Millions again! This must be stopped.)

Engineers are the true miracle-workers of these days. Doctors have been known to take out a man's stomach and put him together again, so that after a long rest he could resume his days' work. But in this case the operation was performed by the use of one million pounds of dynamite, the laparotomy was done in and upon the midst of a metropolis, and, at the same time, all the functions of that region were discharged in a perfectly normal way—just as if the gentleman whose stomach was removed had calmly gone on reading and answering letters, closing contracts, making successful deals, etc., all while the doctors were cutting away and sewing him together again. Probably even those who sigh for the good old times that are no more will confess that this was a feat—"some operation."

And what is the result? A colossal and beautiful structure, which, it is hoped, will accommodate the traffic for the next forty years—hoped, not assured. One has but to look back a few decades to see how well founded is the doubt of the permanency of this giant of the terminals. When Abraham Lincoln was a young lawyer horses used to haul the cars of the new railroad from a depot just above City Hall to the little station at Fourteenth Street, where trains were made up and coupled to their locomotives. Then they built a fine new station in Fourth Avenue from Twenty-sixth to Twenty-seventh streets. That was in 1857, but only twelve years later the first Grand Central station was begun in the open country technically known as Forty-second Street, and when it was finished two years later people came from far and near to see and marvel. Within ten years an addition had to be built to accommodate incoming trains, and in 1898 the whole structure had to be remodeled and greatly enlarged so as to afford room for sixty thousand passengers a day. This was the station that had to be torn down to make room for the new terminal. Therefore, in this world of impermanence, where nothing is certain but change, we are justified in wondering what the next Grand Central will be like and whether we'll be here to see it.

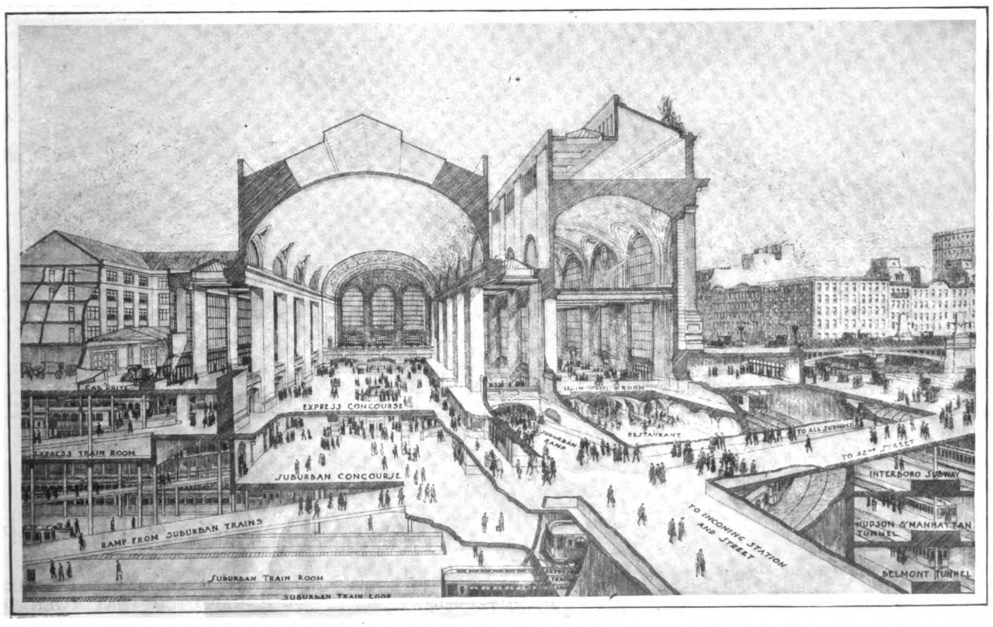
He who travels north along Park Avenue from, say, Thirty-ninth Street, gets the best view of the astounding railroad city that has been built in the center of New York. As far north of Forty-second Street as the eye can see the group of buildings included in the new terminal stretch away. Dominating the picture is the main building, fronting Forty-second Street, with Park Avenue split and carried along on either side of it in a broad elevated roadway of steel that begins at the crown of Murray Hill. In designing the main building the architects had in mind an expression of the ancient idea of a road's end, which is a gateway to a city. Therefore, one finds himself looking upon a front giving an effect of three huge, stately portals enclosed by Doric columns, while the central part of the façade is surmounted by a triumphal arch of monumental proportions. Upon this arch a large clock dial is shown surrounded by a statuary group representing Progress supported by Mental and Moral force. The exterior of the building is of granite and Indiana limestone; the style is of Doric *motif* modified by the French Renaissance, with only enough ornamentation to relieve the severity of the classic lines. Concerning the aspect presented by the main building, it is well worth while to quote these lines from Mr. Whitney Warren.

"The architectural composition consists of three great portals crowned by a sculptural group, the whole to stand as a monument to the glory of commerce as typified by Mercury, supported by moral and mental energy—Hercules and Minerva. All to attest that this great enterprise has grown and exists not merely from the wealth expended, nor by the revenue derived, but by the brain and brawn constantly concentrated upon its development for nearly a century."

When a party of visitors was going through the new terminal the other day a young man with a high brow and deep, reflective eyes asked one of the officials this question: "How many minds cooperated in making the plans that give this station so many conveniences and luxuries?"

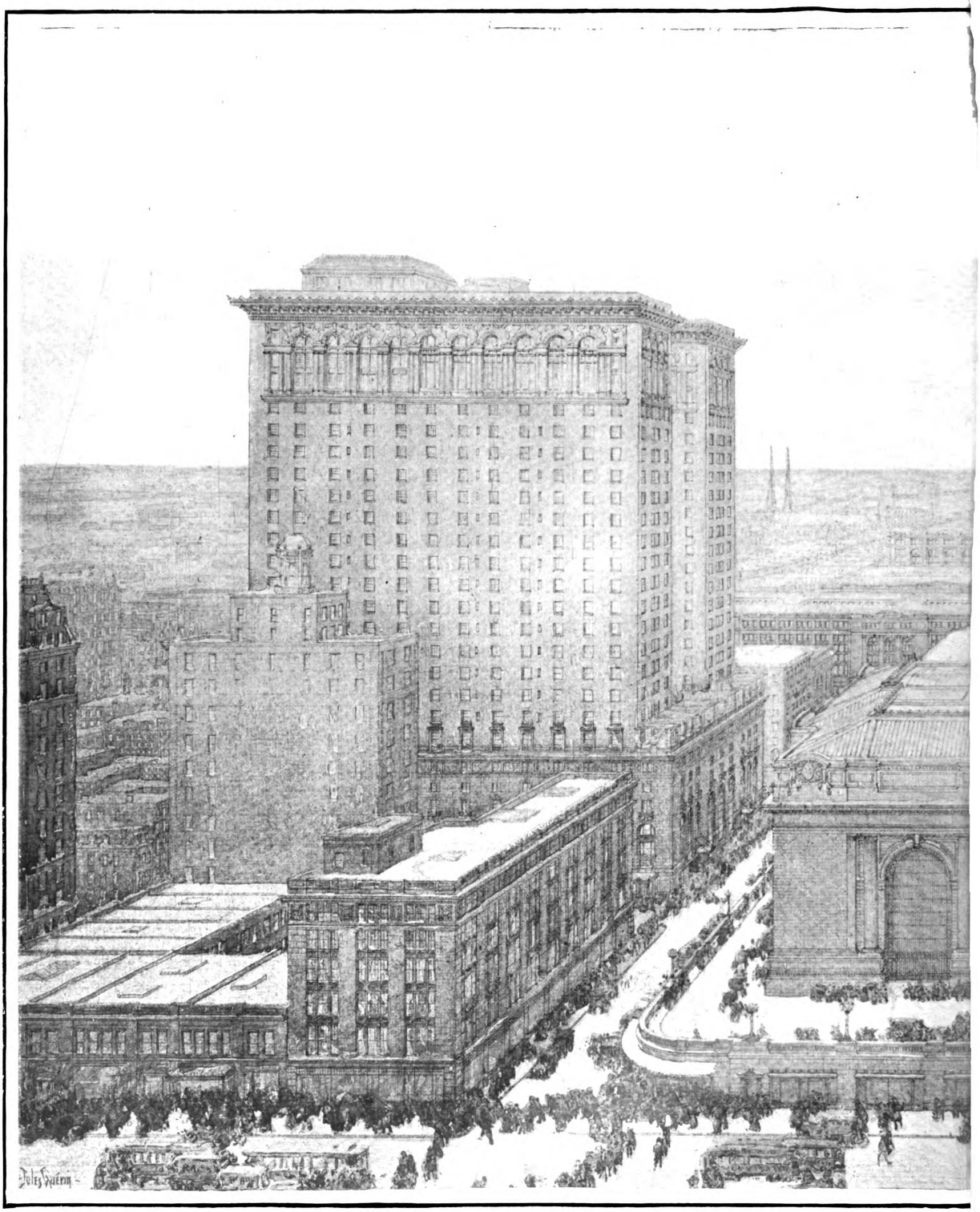
"Oh, a few hundred," was the official's reply. "That is, a few hundred suggesters. Of course, we tried out the sug-

(Continued on page 20)



A cross-section of the terminal, looking east. Observe the many gently sloping ramps leading directly to and from the surrounding streets and local lines of transportation

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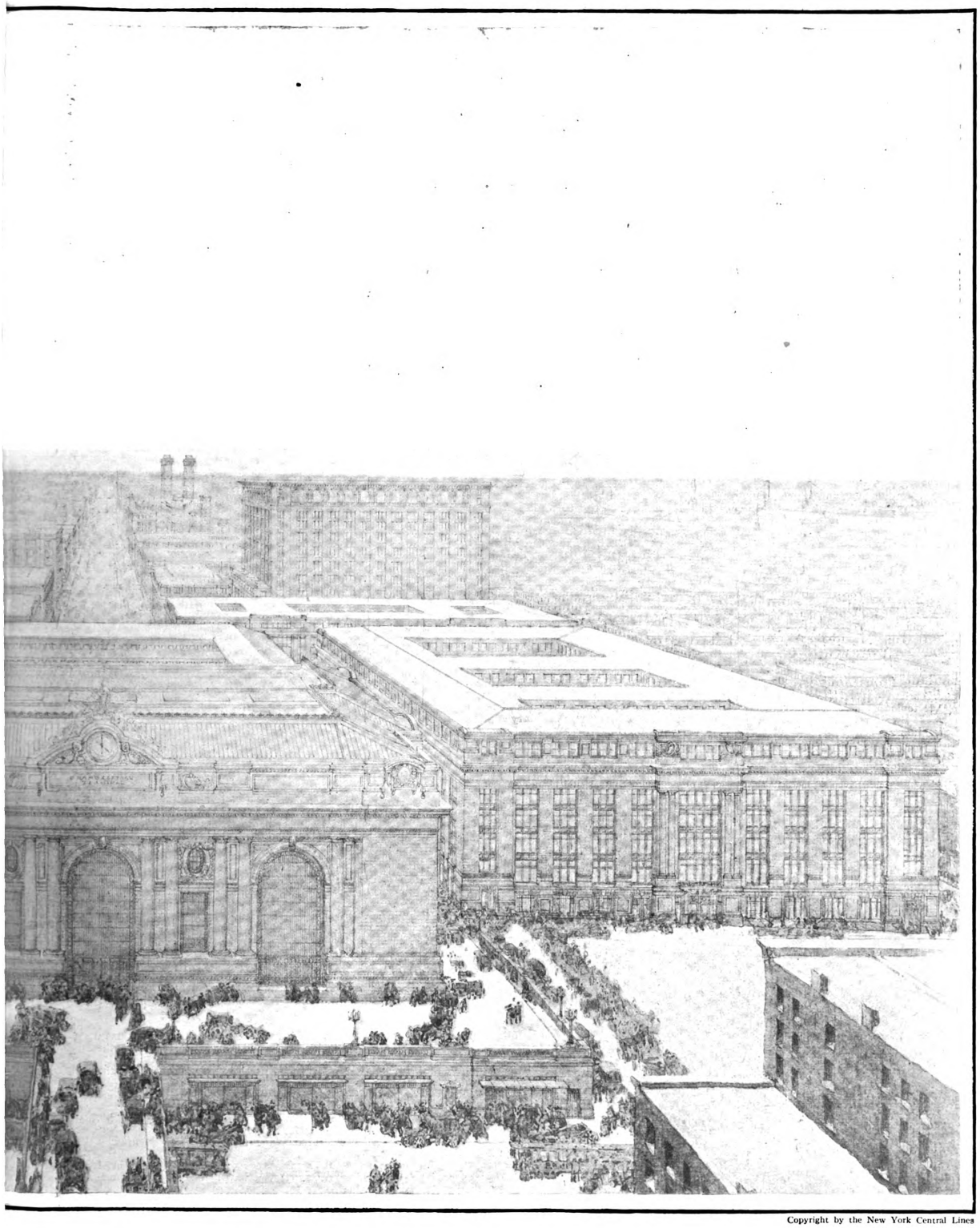


A CITY GATE THAT

**THIS DRAWING, BY JULES GUÉRIN, SHOWS A FRONT VIEW OF THE NEW GRAN
EARLY IN THE PRESENT MONTH. IT IS EXPECTED THAT TWENTY-FOUR MILLI**

THE READER IS REFERRED TO THE ARTICLE ON PAGE 13 OF THIS NUMBER OF

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OVERS EIGHTY ACRES

ENTRAL TERMINAL, IN NEW YORK CITY, WHICH WILL BE FORMALLY OPENED
OF PASSENGERS WILL ARRIVE AT AND DEPART FROM THIS BUILDING IN 1913

'ER'S WEEKLY" DESCRIBING THE REMARKABLE FEATURES OF THE NEW TERMINAL

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THE PEANUT KID

BY KATHARINE BAKER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR W. BROWN



"Look a-here, what do you kids think you're at?"

MARY AGNES NOLAN wore the niftiest little white aprons you ever saw, and her soul abhorred dirt. In the whole length of the Arcade was no booth kept like hers.

There she ruled haughtily amid her glistening glasses, and held forth with dreadful frankness to those whom her blue-gray eyes and blue-black hair attracted more than her tongue repelled them.

Yet Mary Agnes's candor was as reticence, compared with the caustic conversation of her baby-faced neighbor in the next stall.

The demonstrator for Madame Princeton's Beauty Preparations stretched her pink-and-white countenance farther across her show-case.

"It's a pity that Swede couldn't of got married earlier in life," she commented, sarcastically. "Then he might of had children exactly his own age. It certainly lowers the tone of this here Arcade, to turn it into a day-nursery for slob kids."

Oblivious to hostile criticism, the huge young Swede in the last booth painted away at his oilcloth sign.

"Sven Jensen. Peanuts and Popcorn," proclaimed the sign.

The slob kids, their cream-colored hair bristling in ten thousand various directions, their dust-colored clothes far on the road to decay, and obviously withheld by no restraining, maternal hand—the slob kids slowly and casually filled paper-bags with peanuts, eating each alternate nut as they proceeded, and tossing the shells negligently on the Arcade floor.

"Say, wouldn't that jar you?" asked the demonstrator. "This place is goin' to look like South Street on Market Day."

Mary Agnes had no metropolitan experience, and South Street on Market Day was a new simile to her, but she got the idea.

"I'm gona mix in," she announced, determinedly, opened her little gate, and marched down to the peanut booth. "Look a-here, what do you kids think you're at?" inquired the spirited Mary Agnes. "This is a high-class place, and you can deposit your peanut shells in the rubbish cans, like it tells you to."

The sign-painting Swede held his arrested brush and bent ruminative eyes on this snapping, fiery visitor. His engine of speech turned over once and lay down.

Transferring his gaze to the offensive kids, he lunged to rescue the youngest and dustiest, who was gloriously balancing on the topmost step of a ladder. Mary Agnes observed that the Swede was not clumsy.

Now the acrobatic infant, feeling the call of some affinity behind that hostile front, approached Mary Agnes, bearing a handful of peanuts, and with an engaging grin stuffed them into the pocket of her starchy little apron. To accomplish this he stood on tiptoe, and, his fat ankles suddenly buckling under him, bore down heavily on the pocket.

The flimsy stuff tore beneath the strain, and his fingers left a grimy print on the pocket edge, but nobody minded except Mary Agnes. All the others beamed approval.

Somewhat at a loss, Mary Agnes stood with half-open mouth. The peanut man got under way at last.

"That's right, Miss," he supported her. "That's right, kids. Get the broom."

But it appeared there was no broom.

"We'll borrow yours," volunteered the eldest kid obligingly to Mary Agnes.

Mary Agnes, however, had had shiftless neighbors all her life. She was not going to drift into any such relation with this trash.

"You'll need a broom every day," she said inflexibly. "Get one of your own. Then you'll have it."

"That's right, Miss," agreed the peanut man. A doubt of the kids' behavior crossed his mind. "You must excuse their manners," he urged, anxiously. "They got no mother." His face clouded.

The demonstrator surveyed Mary Agnes on her return.

"Well, you made quite a hit with your Mormon friend. He looked tickled to death. Ain't he asked you for your steady company?"

"Say, I gotta get me a few dozens of new aprons if those pests stays here," was all Mary Agnes's answer, as she resentfully untied the polluted garment.

Mary Agnes was destined to become a cult. Next day the eldest peanut girl, aged eight, began to tie up her rebellious hair with a black ribbon. Within the week she appeared in a pitiful little apron, a mockery of Mary Agnes's fair originals, a thing of coarse muslin and jagged stitches, which in half an hour took on the aspect of a dishcloth.

"I'm Lena. I got a apron like yours," she exulted, pausing before Mary Agnes's bower. "I do my hair like yours, too."

"It's no way for a kid to do her hair," decreed Mary Agnes, adversely. "You're not old enough."

"Oh yes," Lena reassured her. "I'm plenty old enough. I'm eight. Sven's seven," she expanded further, "and Carl's six, and there's nobody five or four, and the baby's three."

"Aw, what was the use of wastin' them other two perfectly good years?" asked the demonstrator, in deep disgust.

"If there's one thing in the world I'm crazy for, it's a deviled crab for lunch," Mary Agnes addressed the demonstrator one morning.

"They say you can get the grandest ones you ever saw at the delicatessen, a block down the boardwalk," counseled the demonstrator. "I don't eat 'em myself. My gentleman friend says they don't constitute a balanced ration, and I got too much regard for my complexion."

Mary Agnes had no scruples. She removed her little apron at once. Starting forth on her errand, she found the youngest peanut kid pasted to her gate, regarding her with rapt attention.

"Go away," she directed him sternly.

With difficulty the peanut kid peeled his fat, adhesive person from the bars, and turned to walk by her side, a trustful, steadying hand engaged in hers.

Mary Agnes shook him off. Grief without resentment tarnished his radiance at this unappreciative reception. Deciding that his dream would have been too lovely, he rolled in her wake to the boardwalk, outside, where the bathing crowd on the beach below won his fickle interest.

Mary Agnes, returning, crab in hand, saw the elder peanut children walking along the perilous edge of the boardwalk outside the fence. Flat on his face, the youngest was wriggling between the rails to join them. His stout legs waved aimlessly above the void.

Mary Agnes dropped her crab with a brittle crash and seized the foolhardy infant. She set him down vigorously on the boardwalk.

"Don't let me see you do that again," she warned him, and caught up her dislocated crab, that now crackled sadly inside its paper. "You older kids oughta have some sense," she denounced the file outside the rail.

The crab was badly damaged in appearance, and bits of shell had gone all through it.

"It does seem to me mysterious," grumbled the demonstrator, "that the world's got to be simply overflowin' with kids so you can't hardly avoid steppin' on 'em."

"I presume it's because so few of 'em live to grow up," reflected Mary Agnes. "They're always venturin out beyond their depth, or fallin' off the boardwalk, or runnin' in front of auto-trucks. Anyway, I saved that kid's life for the moment. But he won't last long."



"If she marries a Lutheran, that's what she gets."

The tall, well-hinged body of the peanut man emerged from his booth and came swinging down the Arcade.

"Brigham Young's comin' to call," announced the malicious demonstrator.

Behind him, with large security of welcome, trailed his yellow-headed followers.

The Swede sat down on a high stool and fixed his satisfied gaze on Mary Agnes.

"We got a broom," he reported, brightly, after a long pause.

"So I see." Mary Agnes was disconcertingly brief and cold. "What 'll you have?" she inquired, presently.

The Swede looked around for inspiration.

"Well, want a grape sherbet, kids?" he appealed to his crew, who had now come scatteringly to anchor.

They approved. Mary Agnes began to slam balls of violet-colored ice into tall glasses.

As she filled the fifth glass a slight commotion attracted her eye. The youngest kid had climbed from the gate to the counter, and was just setting his foot on the first row of a pyramid of bottles.

Mary Agnes leaped to detach him. The infant collapsed against her and clasped his arms about her neck to steady himself. In generous acknowledgment of her timely support he then pressed his open mouth against her cheek with a fatuous smile. Mary Agnes hardened her heart.

"He's gona be a sailor," explained the Swede, removing his child from the counter to a stool.

"He's gona be a corpse, if you don't look out," re-

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sponded Mary Agnes, tartly, and erased the wet kiss with her handkerchief.

There was a silence while the violet ices diminished and disappeared.

"We got tickets for the movies to-night," remarked Mr. Jensen, as he laid a half-dollar on the rubber mat. "Won't you come along?"

He stared hopefully at her.

"I gotta 'tend to business. I don't think you'll be lonesome," returned Mary Agnes in a discouraging tone.

The Swede's face fell. She felt slightly ashamed. It did seem like laying a cold hand on the heart of joy. He stared thoughtfully a few minutes longer, then turned and followed the ebbing tide of kids toward his own stall.

"Ain't he the terrible masher?" asked the demonstrator, ironically. "I do love to see a man take his four children along with him when he goes a-courtin'."

"Yes, Miss," the demonstrator handed a bottle of face cream to a group of customers. "The seashore is certainly hard on the complexion. I dun'no' what mine would look like if I didn't use this cream regular. Yes, of course it might seem expensive, but you can't expect the best ingredients in the cheap creams. Yes, ma'am, this is two-fifty a bottle, but then you know what you're gettin'. A lady's complexion is more important to her than the difference. No'm, I don't keep any low-priced creams. We prefer to give our customers only the best, and we think they appreciate it. Just try that. Rub it in well."

Amid much laughter, the customers, a half-dozen tanned, well-dressed young girls, began dabbing experimental touches of cream upon their faces.

A swarthy, wandering lace-peddler, scenting their luxurious air, set down his double suit-case beside them, and opened it.

"Irish collars, very cheap," he began, insinuatingly.

Out from his stall burst the lace merchant opposite. His voice preceded him, fluent in Syrian. The peddler rose gladly to the attack. A furious foreign babel arose and flowed like Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus.

"Aw, what's the matter with youse?" objected the outraged demonstrator, finding her sales endangered. "Why can't one of you Yids look at another without explodin'? If any of you sees a penny pass him up, he's bound to have brain fever."

"Yids!" cried the angry merchant. "He iss Armenian. I am Syrian. And he hass no right."

"That's so," asserted Mary Agnes. "Naham's got the sole lace concession for this place. You'll have to move on."

By that time the prospective customers had fled. Perceiving this, the Armenian moved darkly away. At his heels followed Naham's blighting forecasts."

"Keep cool, Naham," advised the demonstrator. "You've wished most everything on to him, I guess. This ain't a Progressive campaign."

Naham returned to his stall. But in a few minutes he recrossed the aisle, bearing a small lace bag. He laid it on Mary Agnes's counter, smiling gratefully.

"I am oblige. Yass," he declared.

Mary Agnes was not overcome.

"That ain't business," she rebuked him. "Nobody gets rich handin' out graft like that."

She waved away the bag. Naham was highly pleased. He admired economical women.

"Id ain't dear," he informed her. "Dere iss dree classes of lace. A, B, and C. Id iss only C. Nod so good work."

Still Mary Agnes shook her head. Then from the side of her eye she beheld the peanut man's savage expression. Never before had she caught a surly look on his amiable face. Mary Agnes smiled brilliantly at the Syrian.

"Thank you so much, Naham," she said. She hung the bag upon her arm, and tried the effect from different angles.

The Swede snatched his cap from a nail in the wall, and swaggered off up the boardwalk, leaving the slob kids in charge.

"You struck Naham all of a heap. Pity he ain't white," gurgled the demonstrator, sympathetically.

Then Mary Agnes stuck the new lace bag, Class C, under the counter, between the sherbet can and the bucket of lemon skins.

"Sell anything?" asked the Fancy Fruits man, who dwelt next beyond the Princeton preparations.

The fruit man wore seersucker shirts, laced boots, and a mustache. Evidently there was nothing about him that could prove alluring to a lady. The demonstrator made indifferent answer.

"Nope. Naham's hereditary enemy queered my sale. How's trade with you?"

"Rotten," appropriately grumbled the fruit man. "These summer folks think they gotta have a six months' residence before they can be legally divorced from a nickel. Business is going to the devil, anyway. People won't spend while they keep stirring up this here tariff question. It's taxes, nothin' but taxes. You pay for a license to sell on the street, and then you can't sell in a buildin', and your rents come so high in buildin's there's no profit for anybody."

He split a peach and laid half of it before the demonstrator.

"I lose money right along," he declared, gloomily, swallowing the other half. "And every year they raise the rent on me."

"That so?" asked the languid demonstrator. "Why d'you keep on rentin'?"

The fruit man began to speak, caught himself, looked at her disapprovingly a moment, and withdrew into his cell.

"I get too weary of these chronic knockers," confided the demonstrator to Mary Agnes. "That fruit man don't use his head to think with. And ain't he generous?" She lifted the half-peach with affected delight, examined it, and laid it carefully down again. "I don't darse to eat anything so valuable," she declared. "It would worry my gentleman friend if I accepted such gifts. From a stand-patter, too. My gentleman friend's a single-taxer," she continued, dreamily. "He don't hold to any party. Neither do I. I'm a suffragette, myself. What do you s'pose is your Swedish friend's convictions?"

"I dun'no'," said Mary Agnes, contemptuously. "They're a hard-headed lot, my father says. You can't persuade 'em of anything, and they always vote solid."

"Well, my gentleman friend says, however they vote, them Scandinavians can't be bought," offered the demonstrator. Mary Agnes, with the horrid consciousness of a venal ancestry, refused to admit virtue in this trait.

"I guess they're too stubborn," she suggested.

To Mary Agnes's knowledge, her father's vote revolved with every wind of fortune.

When the Swede returned, he came straight to Mary Agnes's booth, and his face had cleared beautifully.



"I'm looking for a girl to take my old girl's place," he sang

He opened an immense fist on the counter, displaying an abalone pendant set in silver, and fixed Mary Agnes silently with blue eyes like fire.

Mary Agnes's covetous heart was stirred to its depth, but she remained outwardly frigid. This succession of gift-bearers had educated her in poise.

"What's that for?" she asked, with excessive innocence.

"You're goin' with me," explained the Swede, conviction in his tone. "You can give back the lace stuff."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mary Agnes, satirically, conscious of an audience in the next stall. "My, ain't your family 'most big enough already?" asked Mary Agnes, with false interest.

The demonstrator giggled.

The Swede lowered his eyes. His eyelids showed white in his tanned face that began to flush slowly. Uneasiness came upon Mary Agnes as she watched that gathering wrath, a dangerous, slow fury outside her experience.

"But there's nothin' he can do," she fortified herself, and studiously ignoring him, she spoke to the demonstrator. "There's an Irish lady down our street's married to a Swede. He gets drunk and beats her somethin' awful, and the police gotta interfere regular." Mary Agnes began to polish the counter abstractedly, coming ever closer to the Swede's outstretched arm. "I will say for him, though, at least he's got a man's job. He's a fisherman. Some are more cautious."

Sven Jensen began to speak, but thought better of it, after an inarticulate gasp.

"If a Catholic marries a Lutheran, that's what she gets," observed the inexorable Mary Agnes, "and it's what she deserves."

Taking the various hints, the peanut man withdrew. It was true, there was nothing he could do, but his kindling face seemed fit to set the place ablaze as he strode back to his own business.

"There comes that singer again." The demonstrator began to preen herself. "My gentleman friend wouldn't like it, if he seen the way that fellow joshes me. But, my goodness! a lady's gotta have some pleasure. He'd a right to of took his vacation early, if he'd of expected to keep me chained."

The piano in the sheet-music booth was silent for a space. The youth whose expert fingers operated without mental direction, while his tireless lungs poured forth roundelays, now rising from his polished stool, sauntered across the way.

The demonstrator hastily adjusted an invisible hairpin, and passed a chamois over her nose.

"Want a manicure?" she greeted him, carelessly, assuming a business errand.

The fashionable youth stuck his hands in the pockets of his Norfolk jacket, and leaned gracefully against the counter.

"I'm lookin' for a girl to take my old girl's place," he sang into the demonstrator's ear, softening his voice of brass to a pretended secrecy.

"Were you thinkin' I'd do?" she inquired.

He studied the lovely distribution of color in her face.

"I've seen worse," he admitted. "This Princeton stuff's all to the good. That pink you're wearin' would fool Dr. Wiley. I'll surely take a box of it home to my winter girl."

"You have your nerve with you," decided the impassive demonstrator. "This here pink of mine represents the way your winter girl would like to look, and can't. It grew on me. However, for three dollars I can sell you a box that 'll do more for her natural defects than any other rouge."

"Three dollars!" echoed the singer. "Mamma! Your stuff don't cost three dollars!"

"It costs you that," asserted the demonstrator, grimly. "Us it costs about four and a half cents a box, but we gotta make a fair profit."

"Oh, look!" interrupted Mary Agnes. "What's that crowd around the bandstand? And the band's comin' down! What's up?"

There was indeed a group of men in silk hats around the band-stand, and the players were forming in marching order.

"Sven Jensen's gona get a medal for bravery," shricked a small boy, running by.

Little boys know everything. The band marched tunefully to the peanut booth, and there stopped. The silk-hatted men advanced.

Mary Agnes was puzzled. Is it brave to run a peanut stand, while all the other young men of your race wring their living from the reluctant sea?

"I'd heard some demonstration was scheduled," remarked the singer.

"Say," the cosmetic expert adjured him with new interest, "what's he done?"

Mary Agnes listened.

"Why, he's the fellow rescued several men last spring, and got his leg broke time Captain Elmer was drowned. And ain't he the husky boy that could do it, though! I think I'll go view the remains."

The singer straightened up.

"I'll go along," stated the demonstrator, slipping out of her stall.

Mary Agnes wanted to go too. But of course she wouldn't.

"You oughtn'ta leave your place," she said. "You'll miss sales."

"You oughtn'ta do anything you wanta, in this world," returned the demonstrator, comfortably. "But you generally do. Them Princeton people are gettin' too rich off me as it is."

"Elmer was Jensen's brother-in-law," said the singer, as she fell into step with him. "Left him all them taffy-colored kids to support, just when he can't fish this summer, account of his leg. There's that darn little tight-rope walker now."

The youngest peanut-vender, returning from a visit to the carousel, was cruising round the crowd, vainly striving to pierce his way through the compact mass. Presently he gave up the attempt, and withdrawing to the boardwalk outside, undertook laboriously to ascend the top rail.

The band had ceased playing. One of the silk-hatted men began to make a speech. Hanging over the front of her booth, Mary Agnes could hear some of his sonorous periods, as he passed the heroic virtues in review.

She was glad the peanut man had been a fisherman. Virile courage appealed to Mary Agnes. But she grew impatient at the glittering flood of generalities.

Deftly she turned a sherbet into a glass, and hailed the next small boy she saw passing.

"Come tell me what's goin' on," she invited him, extending the glass.

The small boy hesitated, his soul torn. Finally his spiritual nature won. He shook his head and, speeding by, disappeared in the dense mob around the peanut stand.

But not all the adolescent population was so high-minded. A greedier creature followed.

"I can't leave my stall," prevaricated Mary Agnes to the fat telegraph messenger she summoned next. "Tell me what started all this fuss about the peanut man."

The boy could do that, in the intervals when facial paralysis from the chilly sherbet interfered with eating.

"He saved 'em in the big nor'easter last spring," said the boy.

"Saved who?"

(Continued on page 20)

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race Edmond as Delphine, at the New Amsterdam



Audrey Maple in "The Firefly"

PLAYS AND PLAYERS



Viola Dana and Al Grady in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," at the Hudson



Sam Bernard in a scene from "All for the Ladies," at the Lyric. In the photograph Mr. Bernard is surrounded by Misses Margery Pearson, Amy Leicester, and Edna Carruthers



Jacob and Joseph (Messrs. O'Neill and Tynan) in "Joseph and His Brethren," at the Century



Fred Stone in "The Lady of the Slipper," at the Globe



Emma Trentini in "The Firefly," at the Casino

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AN AMERICAN PRIMROSE

MISS ELSIE FERGUSON, THE STAR OF "PRIMROSE," THE DRAMA FROM THE FRENCH OF DE FLERS AND CAILLAVET WHICH HAS BEEN PLAYING IN THE WEST

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CODFISH AND HUMAN LIVES

(Continued from page 11)

known as "kids" by transverse boards slipped into grooves; the rippers stand at one side and the headers at the other. As each fish is slit open the entrails and head go overboard, the liver into a barrel, and the fish into the hold.

If it is fresh fishing, the *Arethusa* is back at T Wharf within three weeks; a salt cruise will last as long as four months. For the shorter cruise 80,000 pounds is a good cargo, if it meets a $3 market, and will mean a profit of $70 or $80 to each of the crew when the division is made. For this deep-sea fishing is done on a co-operative basis and custom decrees the division. First a certain percentage goes to the owner of the schooner and a certain percentage to the captain (and very often, as in the case of the *Arethusa*, the owner *is* the captain. Then expenses are deducted— the cost of provisions, ice, bait, and trawl; bait will cost anywhere from $100 to $300, provisions for three weeks may be $250; $150 will go into ice in summer, while the modest sum of $700 will represent a season's supply of trawl-line.

When the captain's and owner's shares are deducted and all expenses are paid, the net proceeds are divided among the men. The chances of making money in the business are uneven: sometimes it is very profitable, as witness the fact that most of the master mariners started as fishermen. But the average profits for the year are apt to be only about $600 or $800.

Now if you try to find out why a man pursues this dangerous calling, you will find yourself doubling back upon your own imagination for an answer. The chaplain at the mission will tell you that these men and their fathers and their fathers' fathers before them have lived and worked where the old Atlantic chants their lullaby, and that it is in the blood. Ask the men, and they do not understand. It does not occur to them that they are doing anything brave in following a calling which statistics show to be much more hazardous than coal-mining or war. For a fisherman to consider the risks of his trade is as unprofessional as for a soldier to show fear. They slip into the industry as most men slip into one calling or another —more by accident than any other way.

So it was with Captain Rawson. When I asked him if he would like a farm inland somewhere miles from the coast, he unexpectedly said he would. "But," he added, a bit wistfully, "what would I do with it? I don't know anything about farming: I don't know anything except my own trade. I've followed the sea for thirty years."

He did not exactly slip into his trade, however. As a lad he had found $18 a month and life behind the grocer's counter in Bath, Maine, rather dull, and he had run away to sea in the most approved style. Two other schooners he had owned in the thirty years besides the *Arethusa*, and both had been run down in the fog by steamers. One had gone down slowly off Portland—that is, she had taken three minutes to settle. The second had gone down promptly, sunk by the stern in one minute; yet every man had come off safely in one of the dories.

"I think I've had my share of shipwrecks," said the captain, slowly, and I agreed with him. The thing that made the most impression on him in the history of these disasters was the lawsuit which one of them had entailed before he could collect his insurance.

What happens on board when a man is ill or injured is another measure of these men. Either the patient or the catch must suffer. If the man is in a bad way according to the layman's diagnosis, cheerfully the schooner puts about and beats back to the nearest point on the Canadian coast, where he can get a doctor's care; and never a word of complaint from the rest, though the circumstance means that the bait goes overboard and the schooner returns with a big expense account and no catch—or a late catch, which means a flooded market and low prices.

But a seaman's diagnosis is not apt to be identical with a doctor's, and the patient is the last man to suggest turning back. And so he lies and suffers and frequently dies or becomes maimed for life purely for lack of timely care.

"On a trip last year," said Captain Rawson, "we ran down one of our own dories in a fog. We picked up the man, all right. He seemed to be some hurt, but he insisted on working that night cleaning the catch. The next day he was worse, and when we landed he went to the Marine Hospital in Chelsea. Next time I came ashore I went to inquire and I found the poor feller was dead."

The captain had himself slipped on an icy deck and fallen on an anchor a day or two before and was even then walking about with a broken rib.

The commonest accident that befalls the men is blood-poisoning, which frequently results in death. Fish-hook wounds not in themselves dangerous become so when not dressed, and the wounded man continues to handle the stale herring and squid which is used as bait. Another common ailment is frozen hands and feet

Now, when it comes to a question of presenting figures as a plea for the hospital-ship we encounter this difficulty: the list of men who suffer death and disablement from preventable causes is scattered through the records of dozens of hospitals on the coasts of Nova Scotia, Maine, and Massachusetts. The famous open-air service which takes place in Gloucester every summer, when flowers are strewn on the outbound tide in memory of the men of Gloucester who have gone forth never to return, commemorates only a fraction of the total loss even to that one town, for the list which is read at the service includes only such men as have been lost overboard or died while actually at sea. Even in this partial roll-call 620 have been mustered out in the last ten years of the 6,000 men who have gone forth from Gloucester for fish—an average of sixty-two deaths a year among men exceptionally muscular and sturdy of their kind, and every one of them young.

The year 1910 shows the smallest list for many years—twenty-five names in all. Yet even in that year, among the records reading, "Lost from Sch. *Smuggler*, Jan. 1st," "Lost from Sch. *Waldo Stream*," "Dory swamped Jan. 30th," "Went astray from Sch. *Mary de Costa* Aug. 2d," appear seven records (twenty-eight per cent. of the total list) of men who were not drowned, but died aboard the schooners of accidents and diseases, where the presence of a doctor might presumably have made the difference between life and death.

Codfish costs something like fifteen cents a pound to you and me who eat it. Obviously it is not you and I who eat it who really pay for it. For in the terms of risk to life and limb it is the most expensive article of food in common use to-day. Undoubtedly those who begrudge the fishermen this appropriation for the hospital-ship will point to the fact that most of them are not citizens. Well, on shore we do not leave an injured working-man to die by the roadside because he is a foreigner. We rush him to a hospital as fast as if he voted regularly. Either our common instincts of humanity get the better of us, or else we consider that he is engaged in digging ditches or laying rails to facilitate the transportation of citizens, and that, therefore, he has some rights. The men of the fishing fleets are contributing five million dollars' worth of food to the markets of the United States every year. If the Newfoundland Banks should rise out of the sea to-morrow and be thickly planted with grain, they could feed only a small proportion of the people who now subsist on the tons and tons of cod which are taken each year from the cold depths of the Atlantic above these submerged islands.

In this day, when there is a strong trend of popular feeling toward more just liability laws, it is a strange thing that this co-operative extra-hazardous industry, where there is no employer to pay the costs, where the individual and not the industry must assume all risks, has gone unguarded by even the minimum expedient of a hospital.

In the nature of things, codfish is always going to be expensive; a hospital-ship would simply reduce its cost to the lowest possible terms. And to reduce the cost of cod in terms of human life would seem to be a fitting and appropriate economy on the part of Uncle Sam. We shall have a chance to see what Congress thinks about it when the Gardner joint resolution comes to a vote.

NEW YORK'S NEW GATEWAY

(Continued from page 13)

gestions on thousands of people to see how they worked before adopting them." This answer must seem extravagant—until one has actually visited the terminal and seen for himself how smoothly and swiftly and comfortably the myriads of passengers are helped on their way. To begin with, those coming in never meet those going out. No chance for obstruction or friction there. Then, no matter whence a passenger comes or whither he is bound, he finds a smooth, easy pathway ahead of him. He cannot go wrong. A brief walk will take him from the train to the street and its cabs and surface cars, or to the elevated railroad, or to the present Subway, or the McAdoo tubes to New Jersey, or the Belmont tubes to Long Island, or the new Lexington Avenue Subway. Every day 7,600 cars of city transit arrive at these doors.

Not one stairway will tax the passenger's heart or heels on the way to any of these places. The ramp will make his walk a luxurious stroll. What is a ramp? A long, smooth, gently sloping hill that leads from one plane to another. Napoleon easily rode his horse up the spiral ramp from the ground to the top of the old Campanile in Venice. But these modern ramps are easier yet. They are not curved, but straightaway. The grade is so gentle that an athlete cannot feel it at all, and a man on crutches or a little child moves along as comfortably as on the level sidewalk. A crowded stairway is a dangerous thing. When the Brooklyn Bridge was new great crowds were enjoying on the lofty footpath the luxury of a stroll in mid-air between the two cities. On a short, straight, simple stairway west of the New York tower a woman stumbled, fell, and screamed. The crowd pressed close to learn what had happened. More people fell, the others surged down upon them—and before the police could check the panic-stricken throng several persons were killed and many injured. Not one stairway lies in the passenger's path in the new terminal.

When it was decided that ramps should be installed the next problem was to make those ramps just right, and to this end months of experimentation were spent. They must be so constructed that they would suit the requirements of an infinitely varied public. The slope had to be so gentle that the aged traveler would not balk at it, and that if a little boy could walk at all he would be able to walk the length of the ramp.

Temporary ramps for observation purposes were therefore erected in the station, and their effect on the passengers was noted carefully. All the employees of the terminal—the Grand Central's large fixed population—took their turn at walking up and down. They went up empty-handed, and they went up laden with bundles. Fat men and thin men, young and old, athletic and infirm, boys and girls—all tried the ramps and gave their personal opinion of the degree of the inclination. The directors of the New York Central joined the ramping throng and trudged up and down the footways, lugging heavy suit-cases as they went. The end of all this testing was the decision on a grade that fully met the various requirements.

No locomotive, with its smoke and cinders and poisonous gases, will ever defile the air of the new terminal. From points a score of miles away all trains will be hauled in by electric motors, powerful, clean, and silent. Through trains and locals travel on road-beds of different grade; the expresses on forty-two tracks some twenty feet below the street level, the way trains on twenty-five tracks twenty feet lower still. The two sorts of traffic are kept separate not only in their trains, but on the platforms and ramps—through is through and way is way and never the twain shall meet. Which adds, of course, to the convenience of all concerned and the speed with which they get to and from their destinations. It seems almost superfluous to add, but it must be included in the record, that all trains take on or discharge their passengers on the same plane as the station platforms. There is no climbing up or down steps. The precious moments of time must be saved. There is an additional saving of seconds and of energy in the new way; also it is much safer. The risk of accidents practically disappears.

Electric traction is the greatest factor in creating the wonders of the new terminal. The trains glide in and out as silently as ghosts. No train ever backs out. After discharging passengers each train runs around a loop beneath the south end of the main building and steals away to the yards, where it is swept and garnished in readiness for the next trip. Electricity takes a man's baggage from a point near any entrance and whisks it out of sight. He next sees the baggage at his destination.

I have spoken of the great network of tracks that covers most of the thirty acres included in the terminal site. Above these tracks is arising, under the guidance of the architect, Mr. Whitney Warren, a new city within the city. Here the traveler will find a splendid hotel, excellent clubs, theaters, and shops. He can spend weeks or months delightfully without ever leaving the terminal.

THE PEANUT KID

(Continued from page 17)

"Three men. After his leg was broke."

Mary Agnes waited until the look of icy agony once more overspread the boy's features.

"Well?" she prodded him, gently.

"He was out fishin' with Captain Elmer," said the boy. "Elmer got into the channel all right when she began to blow. But he seen this here other boat, that had lost her propeller, driftin' on to the bar. So him and Jensen went back to pass her a line. The line parted, and broke Sven's leg and knocked Elmer overboard. They never seen him again. But Jensen managed to get the men into his boat, and worked her into the channel."

"Are those Captain Elmer's children?" asked Mary Agnes, eagerly.

"That help with the peanuts? Why sure!" affirmed the boy.

Then arose the voice of the speaker, swelling oratorically: "The thanks of the Congress of the United States . . . this medal . . . a Carnegie pension for conspicuous bravery . . ." There was a roar of applause. The crowd broke. Through its opening ranks Mary Agnes saw the peanut man, aflame with awkward misery, towering among the sleek silk hats.

The youngest peanut child, vainly craning his little neck from that poor vantage-ground of the top rail, now also for the first time beheld the center of interest, let go the electric-light pole to which he was clinging, and, wavering on the airy edge of nothingness, began to clap his hands and shout with belated enthusiasm.

Unfortunately the peanut child's little shoes were not prehensile. The rail was round and slippery, and the beach was far below. Mary Agnes saw the youngest Elmer, in the midst of his acclamation, suddenly double up and disappear, saw the peanut man start forward, shoving people right and left, rush to the place where the child had gone over, and vault the rail without hesitation.

"Oh dear," lamented Mary Agnes, piteously to herself, "his leg will be broken again. And of course the baby's killed."

With the swiftness of light Mary Agnes dashed into her tidy back room, lifted the kettle of hot water from the stove, and was out again and running to the beach steps. The crowd was not sure yet what had happened.

When she reached the sand, the peanut man had gathered his leaden-faced baby in his arms and was striding on solid legs to the emergency-hospital tent. At his back, a humble handmaid, came Mary Agnes. The tent flap fell behind them as the crowd began at last to trickle down the steps. She set down her kettle.

"I thought maybe you could use hot water," she said, timidly. Already the doctor was bending over his patient. These were familiar cases, a shame to mothers and nurses.

Stepping back from the cot at Mary Agnes's voice, the Swede overturned the kettle. The water trickled away through the flooring. Mary Agnes stooped to the motionless child. Her unwilling tears fell on his sticky little hands. The Swede stared at her, lately so unattainable, now in the face of his trouble unarmed and intimate. He forgot her perversity.

Presently the baby opened his eyes. His genial smile glimmered over his adored one.

"You darling, precious loveliness of a baby!" cried Mary Agnes, pressing his gooey face recklessly to her heart.

"He'll be all right, madam," the doctor soothed her. "Tell your mother you're all right," he instructed the youngest kid. "Tell her she couldn't kill you with an ax."

The Swede put a large hand on her shoulder and drew her into the shelter of his mighty arm.

"That's right, Mary Agnes," he encouraged her. "That's right, my girl."

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Repair Expense in One Million Miles Averaged 29.2 Cents per 1000 Miles

SWORN Statements

Every figure in this advertisement is supported by the SWORN statements of car owners whose names, addresses, and reports appear in our Upkeep Books.

Mileage Registered

The mileage credited each car was made by a regular stock-model Winton Six in the individual service of the owner, between the following dates, and was registered by odometer:

1912 records—April 1, 1912 to Nov. 30, 1912
1911 records—April 1, 1911 to Nov. 30, 1911
1910 records—April 1, 1910 to Nov. 30, 1910
1909 records—Nov. 1, 1908 to June 30, 1909
1908 records—Nov. 1, 1907 to June 30, 1908

TOTAL Repair Expense

The repair expense charged against each car is sworn to by the owner as "the total cost of repairs on said automobile between said dates (exclusive of tire repairs)."

Passed Upon by Judges

Each mileage and expense report was passed upon and accepted by a Committee of Judges having no connection with the Winton Company. These Judges exercised their own judgment without restriction, and have themselves sworn to their annual decisions.

Trustworthy Figures

Every possible precaution has been taken to render these reports free from error, in order that automobile buyers might have for their consideration an absolutely reliable set of figures showing the actual cost of keeping a high-grade car in operation after purchase.

Here Are the Results For Five Years:

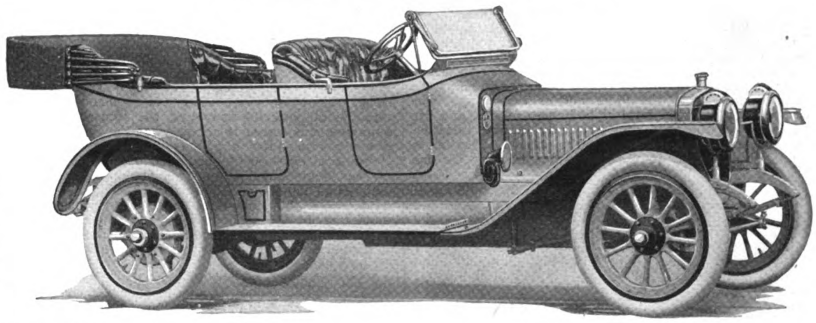
YEAR	CARS	TOTAL MILEAGE	TOTAL REPAIR EXPENSE
1912	20	290,759	$131.98
1911	20	394,333.9	20.88
1910	10	165,901.9	6.96
1909	10	118,503	127.30
1908	10	65,687.4	15.13
TOTALS	70	1,035,185.2	$302.25

Grand average—29.2 cents per 1000 miles.

Repair Records for 1912

CAR OWNER	CITY	TOTAL MILEAGE	TOTAL REPAIR EXPENSE
F. M. Hauthaway	Boston	26,987	None
Dr. Espy L. Smith	Chicago	22,928.8	None
J. M. Anderson	Medford, Mass.	16,477	$0.95
Chas. B. Maguire	Providence	18,245.3	18.01
J. W. Stevens	Chicago	15,729	None
Jas. C. Biggert	Crafton, Pa.	14,022	None
J. S. Snyder	San Francisco	14,474.6	0.75
Milton Schnaier	New York	14,431	3.60
Mrs. R. Whitehill	Newburgh, N. Y.	12,541.8	None
Chas. F. Lembke	New York	12,716	.15
H. G. MacDougall	Brighton, Mass.	13,845.4	.95
F. H. Heald	Milford, N. H.	13,441	21.22
Jos. F. Mayhugh	N. Braddock, Pa.	15,333	53.65
S. V. Schoonmaker	Newburgh, N. Y.	11,743.3	5.25
Marcus Bacharach	Philadelphia	12,271	25.35
Harry Livingston	New York	11,307	None
R. H. Reid	Brooklyn	11,150	None
Friends' Asylum	Philadelphia	11,126.3	None
N. D. Fraser	Chicago	11,119.5	1.25
H. C. Rumpp	Philadelphia	10,870	.85
TOTALS		290,759	$131.98

WINTON SIX



Repair expense is the acid test of a car's merit

Low repair expense means vastly *more* than money saved.

When repairs become necessary, expense is *only part* of the owner's loss.

For, every time a repair is needed, the car owner loses some of his respect for his car, some of his pride in its ownership, and some of his faith in its merit.

Every time a car goes into the repair shop, the owner suffers the loss of its use.

So that, financially and otherwise, the man whose car is undergoing repairs is, temporarily at least, worse off than the man who has no car at all.

Utility or Expense?

The motor car is a utility, pure and simple.

Its only value is in its ability to carry its passengers from place to place.

And the measure of its value increases in proportion as it is able to do this safely, quickly, quietly, comfortably, and *surely*.

A car in the repair shop fails *in every one* of these respects, and its failure costs the owner a repair bill that makes the car just that much more of an expense to him.

And the chagrin and humiliation of it all is that the owner thereby pays an additional price to make his car do the very work, service, that he supposed he paid for in the purchase price.

Little wonder, then, that repair bills and the losses they represent are the bugbear of motordom.

Little wonder, either, that car buyers want cars that will free them from repair expense burdens, annoyances, and losses.

These Owners Are Satisfied

Winton Six owners know the joy of freedom from repair bills.

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JULIA C. R. DORR

BY HENRY M. ALDEN

TIDINGS of the death of Julia Caroline Ripley Dorr, which occurred on Saturday, January 18th, at her old home, "The Maples," in Rutland, Vermont, comes as a surprise to her many friends throughout the land. For though in another month she would have completed her eighty-eighth year, her writings seemed to bespeak for her an everlasting youth. She entitled one of her latest volumes of verse "Afternoon Poems"—that was eighteen years ago—one still later, "Afterglow," and her latest, "Beyond the Sunset," but for years after all these, she has gone on writing poems as full of the beauty and freshness of dawn as those of her girlhood.

Three months of illness preceded her death. Some signs of physical debility were apparent to those of her friends who had the pleasure of meeting her in New York last March at the dinner given in honor of Mr. Howells on his seventy-fifth birthday. But the weakness was of the flesh, not of the spirit. She never lost her keen interest in human affairs, and her memory of the past, and especially of past affection and comradeship, never grew dim or cold. Her latest published sonnet, in *Scribner's* for January, is one



The late Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr
From a photograph by the Misses Selby

of many in which the love of her youth lives anew, as if of yesterday; yet it is nearly thirty years ago that the earthly companionship so deeply cherished was broken.

Mrs. Dorr was a frequent contributor to HARPER'S during a literary career which covered more than fifty years. She began writing verses when she was twelve years old, but she waited for years before offering any for publication. Indeed, three or four novels written by her were published before she was known as a poet. The first of her stories was submitted in competition for one of ten $100 prizes offered by *Sartain's Magazine*. Among her fellow successful competitors were Edward Everett Hale and James Russell Lowell.

Mrs. Dorr wrote a few volumes of vivid and charming travel-sketches. But she is sure to be remembered in literature chiefly as a poet. She was the last survivor of the distinguished group to which Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, and Julia Ward Howe belonged, all of whom were her personal friends.

She well sustained the sound content and select form of English verse—especially in its lyric strain. She wrote no poems of great length, nor any which depended for their prosperity upon the interest of dramatic narrative. If she affected chiefly the sonnet form, she is justified and fully forgiven by all lovers of poetry, for her sonnets are faultless, living, and spontaneous. Her themes are ever homely and familiar, and when she touches unseen realities the mystery seems not far away, but nearest the soul.

In Mrs. Dorr, genius was allied to the highest order of American womanliness.

The Closed Cycle

(In Memory of Julia C. R. Dorr)

SOFTLY as slips away thy Northland snow
In some untokened night of spring-like rain,
The branch is lightened, and the eaves o'erflow,
The brooks break fetter and dim-murmuring go . . .
So softly art thou gone—of Far Spring fain!

I saw thee once in silvery age, smooth-browed,
Deep-eyed, and tuneful-voiced, as ever they
That are to high transcendent Beauty vowed.
I knew to thee would come no sullen day
When Song and thou must dwell apart remote.
Silvery thine age—but golden was the note
That uttered what thy heart but throbbed to say.

So sangest thou, rapt, 'mid the gathering years,
Sangest alone, long-left by those thy peers
Who were the singing glory of our land.
O brave, O rare, true lyrist to the end,
Hast now—unseen, unheard—those peers to friend,—
Thou who hast closed the cycle of great Song
Initiate by them. . . . Now, forth they stand
To welcome thee, long-loved, and waited long.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

THE SHIFTING BALANCE

How it Swings from Time to Time between the Senate and the House of Representatives

BY A. MAURICE LOW

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

IN Washington there is always a shifting of the balance in the forces of legislation. There have been times when the President was the supreme power and Congress was little more than a board to register his decrees, as in the days of the Stuart kings of England, when the sovereign not only reigned, but ruled. There have been other times when the Senate was the all-powerful body and the House of Representatives was forced to accept what the Senate might please to enact; then the control has swung back, the House has regained its independence, and the Senate has been compelled to treat the co-ordinate body with some deference. Since Mr. Cleveland's retirement, in all the years that the Democrats have been wandering in the wilderness of opposition, the real power of legislation has centered in the Senate, except at such times when Mr. Roosevelt took legislation into his own hands.

Many causes conspired to give the Senate its peculiar power—a power, it may be added, that was not for the best interests of the country. When one House is able to coerce the other, to present an ultimatum instead of yielding to concession or accepting a compromise, the dominant House becomes arrogant, contemptuous, and often indifferent to the public welfare. It is as bad when all control is lodged in one branch of the legislature as it is when there is such a feeble and drifting minority that the majority has nothing to fear and can jam through anything it pleases. For many years that was the attitude of the Senate toward the House. In effect the Senate said to the House, "What are you going to do about it?" and the House said nothing. It meekly yielded.

It is a curious thing that Mr. Reed was unconsciously responsible for the decline in the power of the House; and it is not only curious, but ironic. For the Senate Mr. Reed had neither great love nor great respect; in the intimacy of private intercourse he often used to refer with a wealth of picturesque sarcasm to the utter waste of time of Senatorial debates and the absurd practice which permitted Senators to speak without limit on every imaginable subject under the sun except the precise subject that was supposed to be under discussion. It was partly with a view to stopping this flood of talk and also to enable the majority in the House to transact its business without the interference of the minority that Mr. Reed introduced his code of rules. They worked; no one can deny that they were effective, and the Democrats, after having fiercely denounced Mr. Reed for "Tsarism," could pay him no higher compliment than substantially to adopt them as their own when they came back into power; but in expediting business Mr. Reed made the House a less potent force in legislation. Mr. Reed, if he had not been possessed of too keen a sense of humor, might very well have paraphrased Louis XIV.'s celebrated *mot*, "*L'état c'est moi*," by saying, "I am the House." He came very near to being the whole thing. With the aid of the Committee on Rules, the members of which he appointed, he was in control of the House and could shut off debate or bring a bill to vote whenever it seemed desirable. The result was that a great deal of legislation was unfinished when it left the House, and it devolved on the Senate to complete it.

The Senate has always been a much more cohesive body than the House. Its size, its traditions, and the greater average length of the terms of its members make association more intimate; and political opponents stand together against the outside, although during the last year or two there has been less of this than there used to be. "Senatorial courtesy" was construed to mean that when a Senator offered an amendment for an extra janitor or any other excuse to graft a constitutent on the pay-roll it would be discourteous to object, and besides it was a case of "you tickle me and I'll tickle you." Pretty nearly every Senator was engaged in the same laudable work of providing places for constituents with Federal pay attachments, and there were too many glass houses about for any one to be reckless in stone-throwing. As the House permitted its power to slip out of its hands the Senate became more greedy, until it was tacitly admitted, although never openly acknowledged, that in any contest between the Senate and the House the latter would have to yield. And almost invariably it did. When a bill was thrown into conference, the Senate conferees usually took a firm stand and let it be known that the House would either accept the bill as the Senate had amended it or there would be no bill, and whatever concessions were made would have to come from the House. For the sake of appearances the Senate yielded a little, usually things of trivial importance, but the vital surrender was made by the House. Although the House, under the Constitution, has the sole right to originate tariff bills, and under long parliamentary practice also initiates appropriation legislation, the Senate can amend both tariff and money bills so that its power is practically equal to that of the House. Until two years ago, when the Democrats regained control of the House, tariff and other important legislation was the work of the Senate rather than that of the House, and to ascertain the fate of proposed legislation it was more important to know the attitude of the Senate than of the House. The Senate could usually bring the House to its way of thinking; it was seldom, if ever, that the House could induce the Senate to adopt its view.

The Senate owed its extraordinary power during all those years to the remarkable ability for ruling and leadership of a very small group of men. Aldrich of Rhode Island, Allison of Iowa, Hale of Maine, Platt of Connecticut, and later, Spooner of Wisconsin were the five men who ran the Senate, and of these Aldrich was admitted to be chief. They simply mapped out a programme which they expected as a matter of course their colleagues would support, and their colleagues took it so much as a matter of course that they rarely, if ever, offered the slightest opposition. Occasionally there were signs of revolt. Some of the younger men resisted this enormous power and aspired to leadership on their own account, or at least to be something more than puppets to dance when the strings were pulled by the junta, but the incipient revolt always flickered out before it attained the dignity of a revolution. Assignments to committees were made by a committee on committees, which was a self-perpetuating institution, as when a vacancy occurred the members were careful to see that only the right man was selected; the committee on committees, in making the appointments, was governed by the rule of seniority, so that the older men were given the important committee assignments and the younger men—younger, that is, not necessarily in years, but in service—had to be content with such weighty duties as to decide the disposition of useless documents or to have charge of the ventilation and acoustics of the Senate Chamber.

It was the ambition of every Senator to be admitted to the governing body; "the elder statesmen," as they were called, and the seniors, the chairmen of committees, and the ranking members who were in line for chairmanships, came under the influence of the junta and supported its policy. A great many people trace back to the junta the present plight of the Republican party and say that it was the natural revolt against the control of the Senate, which in the last analysis meant the control of the Republican party, by less than half a dozen men that produced insurgency and led to the smash.

The junta is destroyed, death and the accidents of politics have done their work, and it is doubtful if the Senate will ever again be ruled as it was. Times are different from what they were; there is no leadership now as there used to be, perhaps because the circumstances which made that sort of leadership possible no longer exists; partly because there are more men aspiring to leadership and they are no longer governed by traditions. In the old days men were sent to the Senate and remained there so long that they absorbed the atmosphere of their environment and became sticklers for form and precedent. In the present Congress there is only one Senator, Mr. Cullom of Illinois, who has served thirty years, and he will cease to be a member of that body after the 4th of March. There are three men who have served more than three terms—Ballinger, Lodge, and Perkins, on the Republican side—there is a handful of men who are in their third terms, but the great majority has seen only one term or less of service. Sixteen men have enjoyed a full term, forty-seven are now in their first term, and that number will be increased with the incoming of the new administration. Of the ninety-six members of the Senate sixty-three at the present time are one-term or first-term men, so that they have not been there long enough to become wedded to tradition or to have much ventration for seniority.

When the Democrats elected a majority of the House in 1910, the House resumed its old-time importance, especially as, with the break-up of the Republican party and the loss of its former leaders, the power of the Senate sensibly declined. With the Democrats in full control of the government after the 4th of March, and the presentation of legislation which will be the test of party capacity, it will be interesting to observe whether one House will try to dominate the other—and it is almost unavoidable that the attempt should be made—and which will be successful. It is the general impression that in the next Congress the advantage will lie with the House, but the Senate may develop a leader, and there will be abundant opportunity offered for the right man to go to the front and not only to make his mark on the Senate, but to impress the country. In the new Congress, on the Democratic side of the House will be men who have served a decade and who during their service have been constantly under arms and have had to repel some of the enemy's most valiant fighters. The Republican side of the House will not be so strong in the next Congress as it was in this, but there will be men enough left to give a good account of themselves and to keep the Democrats up to the mark if they are to avoid the pitfalls that will be dug for them. In the Senate, the men who are looked upon to lead the Democrats have not had the same experience as their colleagues in the House, and are comparatively new to the game, which places them somewhat at a disadvantage; but there is compensation in the fact that with one or two conspicuous exceptions the Republicans in the Senate have no strong men and their ranks are so badly disorganized that their leader will not be able to count with any certainty upon the loyalty of his followers. It is one of the rare instances when both sides are really looking for a leader, and the man who has the gifts and qualities can seize leadership and make himself famous. In the past, youth was a handicap to leadership, and long service was regarded as a necessary qualification. To-day youth is half the battle won, and the fact that a man comes fresh from the people may be one of the best reasons why older Senators should turn to him for counsel

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King George's Coach

English royal coach of state is an t and honorable institution. This equipage was built in the year 1761, being first used at the coronation of George III. Designed by Sir William Chambers, it is deemed a magnificent piece of state furniture. It weighs about four tons and its cost was $375,000.

The body is supported by four tritons, and the coachman's footboard is a large shell surrounded by designs of sea plants. The design of eight palm-trees laden with spoils is emblematic of the victories won by Great Britain over her enemies.

On the roof are shown figures of three boys adorned with flowers. These represent the United Kingdom, and they support the Imperial crown on their heads. In their hands they hold the scepter, sword of state, and other insignia of royalty. The panels of the upper portion of the coach are of beveled glass, the four lower of copper painted in enamel.

The wheels of this coach are in imitation of those of the triumphal chariots of the ancient Romans; the harness is made of red morocco leather with ornaments of silver gilt, the reins being of crimson silk and the saddles of crimson velvet embroidered with gold.

The royal coach is not the only showy equipage that figures in British state ceremonials. There is the Speaker's state coach, said to be the oldest carriage in England. It is still in usable condition. This coach was built in the seventeenth century and there is a tradition to the effect that Oliver Cromwell once rode in it. The seat opposite the Speaker is occupied by the chaplain and train-bearer. Each Speaker has his coat of arms and crest inserted among the details of the side panels.

State carriages, which came to be used in England about the middle of the sixteenth century, were introduced from Germany. The first coach ever made in England was ordered by the Duke of Rutland in 1555. Sixty years later they were in general use and much rivalry existed with regard to their splendor and the number of horses drawing them. In 1619 the celebrated Duke of Buckingham astonished London by appearing in a coach drawn by six horses, and the Earl of Northumberland, not to be outdone, immediately showed himself in a coach drawn by eight horses.

Toward the end of the seventeenth century the decoration of state coaches reached its highest degree of splendor. The interior was lined with brocade silk or velvet; the wheels also were most ornate; the nave was thickly embossed; the spokes were shaped and curved and rims carved or painted.

In the old days the carriages used in connection with marriage ceremonies outdid all others in magnificence. There is record of one built in 1629, for the marriage of the reigning Duke of Farnese with Princess Margaret of Tuscany. The entire woodwork of this equipage was covered with chased and embossed silver, and the interior was lined with crimson velvet and gold thread. The roof was supported by eight silver columns and upon this roof stood eight cases, also of silver, containing lilies (of the same metal) in full relief. In the center of the roof was placed the design of a huge rose with silver leaves; on the sides and back hung curtains of crimson velvet embroidered with silver lilies and gold leaves, while at the top of the standards, from which the body of the carriage was hung, were placed silver vases with festoons of silver fruit.

The wheels and the pole were also plated with silver. The harness for the six horses was covered with crimson velvet and embroidered with gold and silver thread. It is said that this coach cost twenty-five thousand ounces of silver and that twenty-five of the best Italian workmen were employed on it for two years.

The Last Fight in Armor

THE last fight in armor occurred during Napoleon's time. In 1799, the main army of the French having withdrawn from the town of Aquila, a body of some four hundred soldiers remained in the place, whose inhabitants were well disposed toward them. But the peasants of the surrounding region were bitterly hostile and, rising in revolt, penetrated the town and drove the Frenchmen into the fortress, which was small and weak, yet powerful enough to hold the insurgents at bay with its cannon.

These insurgents numbered ten or twelve thousand. They barricaded the street and loopholed the houses so that they were safe from attack, but this did not satisfy them. They wished to take the fort, which, without artillery, was manifestly impossible. Finally some cunning brain devised a scheme that came near to being successful.

Between the fort and the nearest houses there lay on the glacis, without carriages and resting upon pieces of wood, twelve guns which the French had not had time to take into the fort with them. The position of the guns exposed them to fire from both sides, so it was not thought they would be interfered with, though by way of precaution two of the guns of the fortification were kept trained upon them.

One night the sentinel heard a noise. He fired, but the sound continued and did not immediately cease after other shots, though it seemed to draw farther off. When daylight came it was seen that, under cover of darkness, the insurgents had reached the nearest gun, attached a rope to the breech, and then, fastening the rope to a capstan in the nearest house, had attempted to haul the piece away.

Had it been a military man who tried the trick, he would have succeeded, but the peasants did not know enough to thrust rollers under the gun before hauling, and consequently the breech dug a furrow into the soil which soon became deep enough to stop further progress.

Nevertheless, the besieged were much irritated by the occurrence and determined to prevent a repetition of it. They cannonaded the house from which the rope issued, but when the walls fell they found that the capstan was in the cellar and, consequently, uninjured, although blocked for the time by débris. This did not content them. Then it was that the commandant of the fort remembered having seen stowed away in it somewhere a dozen suits of ancient armor. He selected twelve of his coolest men, gunners and grenadiers, clothed them in this armor, and sent them out to spike the guns.

Covered with steel from head to foot and carrying spikes and hammers, the men marched heavily, awkwardly, out of the fort and moved in dead silence toward the coveted guns, the white smoke curling about their mailed figures, and bullets pattering harmlessly against antique helm and corselet. Many of the peasants were horror-struck and believed the strange figures to be diabolical and invulnerable, while, after the first anxious moment was passed, their own comrades, looking from the walls, broke into exultant roars of laughter.

The twelve latter-day knights returned safely from their raid, having spiked the guns and cut the rope. Though many times hit, they had but one wound among them, a slight one received by a soldier who had wrongly adjusted a "brassart," so that it fell off and left his arm exposed. The insurgents were discouraged; and, though the blockade continued, there was little more fighting and the besieged were soon relieved by their friends.

The Fastest-growing Tree

HARD, fine-grained, durable wood usually grows slowly. A most remarkable exception is the eucalyptus, and this it is that gives the tree its great value as a means of reforestation. It is said that the eucalyptus grows five times as rapidly as any other tree. Seedlings have been observed to make an average growth of six inches in height a day; and one tree in California attained a height of one hundred and twenty-five feet and a diameter of thirty-six inches in nine years. The eucalyptus will not thrive where there are frosts, but in the South it promises to go a long way toward filling the place once occupied by other hardwoods, which have been greatly reduced by demands for furniture, carriage, and cooperage stock.

Ceylon Tea

TEA plantations in Ceylon have been in existence only thirty years, yet the annual exports of black tea amount to nearly $20,000,000 in value. Formerly coffee constituted Ceylon's main industry, but after a disease of the plant in 1880 its cultivation was discontinued. Many planters, however, recouped themselves by tea and rubber. Thanks chiefly to the former article, the island's old prosperity revived. To-day Ceylon boasts 1,500 plantations.

Plant necessary to tea cultivation is costly but very labor-saving. The work itself is not hard; only the climate makes it irksome. What is wanted mainly of employees is to watch machinery and feed it from the stock of tea leaves awaiting treatment. The workers are not Singhalese, but natives of southern India. A laborer's wages vary from eight to sixteen cents a day, while a foreman's salary averages $200 a month.

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150 WORTH STREET NEW YORK
BOSTON PHILADELPHIA BALTIMORE ST. LOUIS CINCINNATI CHICAGO

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE for FEBRUARY

The Guest of an Unknown People

Mr. VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON, whose recent Arctic explorations have awakened world-wide discussion, describes in this instalment of his story the first night he spent as a guest of the Coronation Bay Eskimos, who had never before seen a white man. Mr. STEFANSSON presents a remarkable picture of the home life of this primitive people. Illustrated with photographs.

Casting Ships Away at Sea

The crime of deliberately wrecking or foundering a vessel in order to collect the insurance upon ship or cargo is known at law as barratry. GEORGE HARDING recounts some daring instances of this practice on the high seas and what followed. It makes a thrilling story, strikingly illustrated with sketches by the author.

Recent Achievements of Industrial Science

Professor ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN discusses some of the latest triumphs of industrial research, such as the preparation of synthetic rubber and ammonia, controlling the amount of nicotine grown by the tobacco plant, fireproofing cotton dress goods, and other extraordinary and interesting advances in science.

Days in an Ancient Hindoo Capital

Mr. F. B. R. HELLEMS recounts the quaint and interesting features of "Udaipur the Unspoiled," an ancient city of India still wrapped in the spirit of past centuries. Illustrated with photographs.

Some Titians of the Prado

An entertaining survey by CHARLES H. CAFFIN of the portraits and other paintings by Titian now gathered in the Prado at Madrid, with some interesting anecdotes of the great Venetian artist's home life and intercourse with royalty. With reproductions of Titian's famous paintings.

Americanisms in Our Speech

Professor THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY offers in his first paper on "Americanisms" a glimpse of some earlier linguistic sins of the same type, which were known as "Scotticisms." An instructive discussion on points of local usage, including both odd and familiar instances.

Where the Government is Short-sighted

Although Americans are pre-eminently a business people, their Federal government is conducted in some astonishingly unbusiness-like ways. ROBERT W. BRUERE discloses some startling conditions in our lax bookkeeping methods at Washington.

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The Fiddler of the "Zoo"

At least one investigator has been at the pains to discover whether the legend of Orpheus, the wondrous music whose lyre enthralled the wild beasts of the forests, rests upon a fact. Cornish, at the London "Zoo," endeavored to ascertain by experiment what effect music would have upon the creatures there in captivity. With him went a musical friend, who played on the violin to insects, reptiles, birds, and beasts.

The tarantulas listened, or did not listen, unmoved and sulky. They whose bite is said in fable to cause others to dance refused to dance themselves. Not so the scorpions. After a few notes had been played, they became agitated and writhed and danced tumultuously, their excitement increasing with every crescendo and decreasing with each diminuendo.

In the reptiles' cages more marked effects were seen. The monitor lizard listened and swayed. Black snakes were attentive and started up and hissed. A boa crept as close as possible to the instrument and seemed enraptured.

But of all the snakes the cobra is reputed to be most susceptible to music, and the one experimented on at the "zoo" did not belie its fame. On hearing the violin, it raised itself in the traditional attitude on its tail, spread its hood, and gently swayed to and fro.

The first quadrupeds to which the violin was played were polar and grizzly bears, which manifested much pleasure and stood up at the front of the cage to listen.

The wolves snarled and cowered in abject fear at the sound of the violin, with tails between their legs, hair bristling, and bodies quivering in spasms of fright. The same results were noted in the case of jackals and foxes. The sheep, naturally enough, found pleasure in that which frightened the wolves. So did the wild hogs, the bisons, and the zebra.

The elephant did not care for the music, but snorted and whistled with rage. The monkeys displayed a critical diversity of sentiment. Some listened eagerly with nods and gestures of appreciation, while others scowled and turned away in disgust. The only animals that were entirely indifferent were the seals.

Further experiments were made on the various animals with other instruments, especially with the piccolo and the flute. As a rule, the shrill notes of the piccolo annoyed, frightened, or enraged the animals, while the softer tones of the flute soothed and pleased them. On the whole, however, the violin suited them best of all.

The Black City of Naphtha

Baku, on the Caspian Sea, is the chief center of the petroleum industry in Russia. Baku, in surroundings destitute of vegetation, finds employment in the production of naphtha for 200,000 persons. This mixed population of Russians, Tartars, and Persians is wholly dependent on the industry.

One of the most important groups of oil wells operated in the district constitutes what is known as the Black City. Here, encircled by bare hills, lie the naphtha beds, and rising from the blackened surface are a number of grim towers that indicate the position of the wells. The usual process of extraction is by a windlass that works a hollow spindle whereby the clammy mixture is drawn up. It is then conveyed to the refineries. To sink each well costs between $80,000 and $160,000, according to the nature of the soil and its depth. Fire, of course, is a big risk in the business.

Last year the daily output per well in Baku was 64 barrels of 42 gallons each. This year the yield has shrunk to 58 barrels. During March, 1912, the price was $1.33 to $1.38 per barrel and has since risen to $1.55 and $1.63. During the first six months of the present year the quantity of naphtha produced in Baku amounted to 24,504,000 barrels against 25,788,000 in 1911. This shows a decrease of 4.98 per cent., although the number of wells in operation was augmented. While, therefore, there is no immediate fear of a naphtha famine, prices are not likely to go down.

The Willow-shoot Industry

The cultivation of willow shoots to be used in the manufacture of basket goods is an important industry both in this country and in Europe. On the Continent, it is said, there are about ninety different varieties of willow cultivated to this end, many of which show decided superiority to the shoots raised in the United States.

In the cultivation of willow shoots there are required great special knowledge and care in the selection of stock.

There has been reported a decided increase in the industry in this country. One farmer in the Middle West is said to have cleared ten thousand dollars on a sixty-acre crop, and there are willow-planters in the East and the South who are conducting patient tests of various species and have already succeeded in growing shoots of such excellence that they compare very favorably with the product obtained by the highly specialized cultivation of Europe.

In order that it may be of the best basket material, a willow shoot must be slender, tough, pliable, and cylindrical. In this country, it is said, no two soils will produce the same quality of willow. Every planter is, therefore, of necessity compelled to experiment and to select the species best adapted to his particular soil and climate.

Importations of the best white willow shoots of Europe placed in American soil will frequently show great degeneration, becoming, indeed, brittle switches that are quite worthless. In the East there is the willow rust to contend with.

While the willow-shoot industry in the United States is an important one, it may, in a sense, be said to be still in its infancy. Should it be developed to the proper extent, the result would be an enormous saving to American manufacturers of basket goods, since then they would, of course, derive most of their raw material from domestic growers.

Gold Nuggets

How do nuggets of gold originate? Sometimes a mass of the precious metal worth a thousand dollars or more is found. By what process was so much gold compacted into a lump? An attempt was made not long ago to answer this question. An investigator in Australia cut and sliced and polished gold nuggets with the sole purpose of finding out just what is their structure. The first thing he discovered was that there is one curious point of resemblance between gold nuggets and meteorites. Both, when polished and etched with chlorine water, exhibit a crystalline structure. In the case of meteorites, the lines thus exhibited on the etched surface are called Widmannstättian figures, and their presence is said to be one of the most invariable characteristics of those metallic bodies that fall from the sky to the earth.

But it is not meant to be implied that gold nuggets have fallen from the sky because they exhibit a crystalline structure recalling that of meteorites. The resemblance is apparently only superficial, and the crystals of the nuggets differ in form from those of the meteorites.

Another curious fact is that when a nugget is heated in a Bunsen flame explosions take place on its surface. Blisters are formed which continue to swell until they burst with a sharp report and bits of gold are violently scattered about. It is evident that the nuggets contain either gases or some liquids or solids which are easily converted into the gaseous form, the expansion of which produces the explosions.

Seeing the Wind

One may see the wind and by means of an implement no more complex than an ordinary hand-saw. On any blowy day, the wind being, say, in the north, hold your saw with its ends pointing one to the east, the other to the west. Then place the saw as if you were about to cut the air upward and let the teeth, which are then of course on top, tilt over until the flat part of the saw rests at an angle of forty-five degrees with the horizon. You will then "see the wind." Glancing along the teeth of the saw, one sees the wind pouring over them much as water pours over a fall.

Five Million Descendants

An extraordinary instance of the complete change which the interference of man is able to effect in the productions of a country is furnished by the history of certain coffee plantations in Central Africa.

Some time ago a small coffee plant was sent from the Botanical Gardens in Edinburgh to Blantyre in Nyassa. From this single plant, in the course of sixteen years, about five million coffee plants have been derived, and the soil is so well adapted to their nourishment that they have become one of the main sources of the prosperity of the British settlements in that country. Yet, until it was artificially introduced, the coffee plant was unknown there.

The little plant whose arrival in a strange country was the cause of so fruitful a development is said to be still living, carefully tended in the garden at Blantyre. Its surroundings are far more congenial than those which it enjoyed in frosty Scotland before its possessors had dreamed that it was to be transformed from an exotic curiosity into the admired mother of a great plantation.



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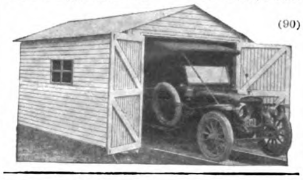
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The Gentler View

BY FLORIDA PIER

Virtues and Vices

If people could ever be made to believe that their vices were vices they would, no doubt, change them at once. But we are each of us convinced that what other people regard as our vices are in reality our most interesting virtues and that criticism of them is mere carping bad nature, or perhaps covert envy. This holds so true of national characteristics that to upbraid and stab in cartoons is merely to bring a pleased grin to the multiple face of the nation thus portrayed. America does not object to being called material and money mad. She likes it. She interprets it as a tribute to her final prowess. Scotland adores being called churlish and taciturn. She mutters under her breath, "Str-r-rength!" and never once does it occur to her that the charge was serious, deserving attention. Nations and human beings have the sense not merely of self-protection, but of the self being the thing most worthy of protection. No matter what the self is, they feel it to be the thing that gives them whatever value they may have. The precise blend of characteristics that is so characteristic of them is a thing they have an incurable penchant for, and it is impossible for them to doubt that the world shares it with them. We are all like the yokel whom Phillada flouted. When the other dairymaid threw milk on his clothes, he was comforted to know that she at least loved him. We will admit that we have faults, but think how well we get on in spite of them! It fairly constitutes another virtue.

We could surely change if we genuinely desired to. Think of our heterogeneous inheritance! We are potentially everything and anything. If we wished to develop a trait, it is almost superstitious and unscientific to say that it would be impossible for us to do it. Yet who ever changes more than his vocabulary? We keep one or two characteristics to grapple with, just as we choose one or two muscles for use in our morning exercises. And we talk about our moral gymnastics with the same disproportionate volubility with which we discuss our physical gymnastics. We think them both extremely creditable performances, and having the thing systematized in this way saves the bother of keeping a constant lookout for new needs. It is as though every one had an artificial tooth kept for the express purpose of having it filled at stated intervals. It is a type of precaution most naturally popular, for if attacking criticism does come one's way it permits of a much injured and extremely heated refutation, with a wounded reminder of its being a well-known fact that you struggle constantly.

There comes a time in every woman's life when she regrets that "Home, Sweet Home" has already been written, as she would so thoroughly enjoy creating it afresh. The feeling comes after one has gone forth to try and secure recognition for what one's family considers one's genius. One starts off unwilling and small, one's family pushing valiantly from the rear, and crying not, "Good luck," which would have been very nice, but, "Justice must be done you," which is somehow the perfect phrase. One goes and one gets through it somehow, though one has constant difficulty in remembering one's reason for being there. One's voice is almost inaudible when one asks for justice—needless to say, one does not use precisely those words—and one giggles foolishly at the situation, which is not the way to bully an unappreciative public, so that one is a little frightened at the thought that that giggle will have to be lied about to one's family. Then when the ordeal is over one returns and is received by one's family. They treat you as an exhausted person, and of course you are. It is very exhausting demanding to be appreciated. They ask to hear everything you said and everything the other people said. You tell them with all the force that reminiscent desire gives. They are impressed. You really are a devil of a fellow. They chuckle at your craftiness. Then they ask, "How did they receive you?"

You say, reluctantly, "Well, they were a little cool at first; they just stared at me."

One's family says: "That would be because they had not expected you to look the way you do. You probably startled them."

You say, with dimpling humility, "Perhaps."

"Do you really think, then, that you've brought them around?" says your family next, and you with faltering honesty reply, "I can't say that I have."

"Jealousy," says one's family; "it can't be anything else. They're jealous because you're so clever."

It is at this point that you want to [illegible] sing with a perfect burst of creative ecstasy, "Home, Sweet Home."



THE WELL IN THE DESERT

"Well, little man, did you listen to the sermon?"
"Yeth."
"And what part did you like best?"
"The place where you tooked a drink of water."

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Life on the Planets

If the scientist cannot affirm that the planets are inhabited, he knows that some of them are inhabited. Animal life, as man knows it, demands oxygen and a medium temperature. With the exception of the moon, the visible spheres have atmosphere comparable to that of the earth. No mental picture of life on Saturn, Uranus, or Neptune can be formed. Saturn has one hundred times less light and heat than the earth, Uranus three hundred and sixty times less, and Neptune thirteen hundred times less. The sun appears to Neptune like a great star. Saturn's year is twenty-nine terrestrial years and 181 terrestrial days long; Uranus's year is eighty-four terrestrial years, with winters of twenty years. Neptune accomplishes its annual revolution in a period equal to 164 terrestrial years and 226 terrestrial days. The three so-called exterior planets are worlds of night and ice, darkness and glacial cold, of magnitude and silence beyond the conception of the human imagination. And yet they were comfortable abiding-places, and their thin crusts permitted the emission of the endurable warmth of their slowly dying hearts and favored the growth of gigantic plants and animals at a time when the earth was nothing but a drop of fire.

The inhabitants of Saturn saw revolving in the sky, 8,300 leagues above their heads, the luminous rings of the planet, gilded by the sun, silvered by the changing rays of eight swiftly traveling moons, or darkened by Saturn's shadow. The human mind cannot imagine life on a planet of this kind; but as the atmospheres of Mars and Venus are comparable to the atmosphere of the earth, it is within the power of the imagination to picture life on those planets. The temperature of Mars is like that of the terrestrial polar regions; the temperature of Venus is like that of the terrestrial tropics. Although man could not breathe the atmosphere of the moon or maintain the vital warmth on a sphere as cold as Jupiter, he cannot affirm that nothing could live under such conditions of temperature. There are microbes that live without air by borrowing and decomposing oxygen directly from the substances that surround them. Oxygen is found everywhere in the form of chemical combinations, metal oxides, salts, etc. It would be strange could it not be found in the earth of the moon; and possibly there are living on the planets where there is no oxygen beings that exist by extracting the combinations of oxygen from the minerals known to exist on the planets.

Nor is the glacial cold of Neptune, Saturn, and Jupiter a proof that there is no life on those planets. A planet dies as the sun will die, slowly, in measure as the central fires died out. During the period when an inhabited planet is dying the superhuman ingenuity of the planetary dweller finds all the means of producing heat; and as those means are reduced the generations may become habituated to restriction of heat so that every succeeding generation finds it easier to live without it. The species are transformed to resist the cold. On the planets farthest from the sun life ceased long ago, but all the dead planets were at one time warm and in their warmth there probably existed fauna and flora.

A Famous Pie

Of all the pastry ever cooked, none has attained the magnitude of the pie ordered by Frederick the Great 180 years ago for a feast given in honor of 30,000 soldiers at the end of a campaign. The pie was brought to the table in the most dramatic manner. Toward the conclusion of the meal a strange vehicle drawn by eight horses drove into the camp grounds. The load seemed heavy and every one was consumed with curiosity to know the nature of His Majesty's "surprise." The pie, which completely filled the vehicle, contained a ton of flour, 5,000 eggs, and 900 quarts of milk. It was cooked in an oven built for the purpose in the woods. After the soldiers had partaken of the pie, enough was left over to give a portion to every one in the village near which the army had been quartered.

Platinum in Jewelry

In the setting of many precious stones platinum is now greatly favored over gold. Platinum possesses the property of not detracting from the beauty of any jewel. Settings of it are well-nigh invisible, whereas gold is most obtrusive and injures the effect of the finer settings. The price of platinum is, however, about twice that of eighteen-karat gold and the waste is greater.

Platinum exhibits such a degree of ductility that one ounce of wire made of it may be spun so thin that it will reach many miles.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. LVII NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 8, 1913 No. 2929



THE ENCHANTED CITY

All the world knows New York as the relentless city, the workshop of captains of industry, of kings of finance, the lofty temple of the great god success. How many know its aspect when darkness enwraps its towers of steel and stone? Every sordid suggestion is covered, and the kindling lights reveal a strange and fascinating fairyland. The photograph above is a view of the city's newest skyscraper, the tallest building in the world, taken from Chambers Street, overlooking City Hall Park.

SEE PAGE 9 OF THIS ISSUE FOR AN ARTICLE DESCRIPTIVE OF NEW YORK'S NOCTURNAL WONDERLAND

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. LVII No. 2929

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES
NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 8, 1913

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4.00 a Year in Advance

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, Mexico, Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, Guam, and Tutuila, Samoa. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office Department, Ottawa, Canada. Foreign postage, $1.50

Entered at the New York Post-office as second-class matter

HARPER & BROTHERS
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
LONDON: 45 ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

George Harvey, President, Franklin Square, New York, N. Y.
Frederick A. Duneka, Secretary, Franklin Square, New York, N. Y.
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COMMENT

Freeing the President

THE proposed constitutional amendment adopted by the Senate limiting the service of a President to a single term of six years is substantially identical with the CLAYTON resolution reported to the House by the Committee on Judiciary at the previous session. It reads as follows:

> The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America. The term of the office of President shall be six years; and no person who has held the office by election, or discharged its powers or duties, or acted as President under the Constitution and laws made in pursuance thereof, shall be eligible to hold again the office by election.

The resolution was adopted by the votes of all of the Democratic Senators except SHIVELY of Indiana, of seventeen regular Republicans, and of two liberal Republicans—CUMMINS and WORKS. Although practically a Democratic measure, having originated in the Baltimore platform, it was passed by a non-partisan majority. This fact presages prompt acceptance by the House of Representatives, approval by the President, and submission to the state legislatures for ratification. If thirty-six states should ratify during the next four years, the immediate effect of the amendment would be (1) to extend President WILSON'S term to six years and (2) to bar Mr. WILSON, Mr. TAFT, and Mr. ROOSEVELT from again serving as President.

The only opposition, apparently, will come from the friends of Mr. ROOSEVELT upon the claim that the amendment was aimed at him and him alone. The fact, of course, is that he has far less ground for complaint than Governor WILSON, who would be renominated almost surely in 1916; and certainly no more than President TAFT, who could and might readily come back as a candidate, as CLEVELAND did, without impinging the third-term tradition. But that makes no difference to DIXON and the others, who have burned their bridges and merged their own political hopes in the possible resuscitation of their chief.

What Mr. ROOSEVELT himself will do or try to do about it remains to be seen. His position was awkward enough, in view of his solemn renunciation, as a third-term candidate. It will be even more embarrassing for him to take a stand against a great reform measure simply because it bars realization of a purely personal ambition. There is no doubt that the country wants the change; it voted for it, in fact, when it elected the Democratic ticket. Mr. ROOSEVELT, then, would have to oppose the expressed "will of the people" on a constitutional question and try to change their views as a matter of personal loyalty to himself. We doubt if he will make the attempt. And we are quite certain that he will fail if he does. The ROOSEVELT obsession reached its top notch last year and, since election, has been steadily petering out.

Mr. WILSON'S position is wholly different. He is not bound in any way by the Baltimore declaration, as we can demonstrate to the satisfaction of any fair mind, if the occasion should ever arise. But he has refrained quite properly from expressing even an impersonal view which might influence the pending legislation. Whether or not he regards the change as desirable from the standpoint of governmental expediency cannot be determined from anything that he has said or written. That he would be the last to resist a movement initiated by a two-thirds vote of both Houses of Congress, for the sake of any political advantage to himself, the country may rest assured. Moreover, his sole object is actual accomplishment in the interest of the whole people, and nobody familiar with the handicap of a President desiring a renomination can doubt for a moment that he could get infinitely more done in a fixed term of six years than he could possibly achieve in two terms of four years each. President TAFT put the practical phase very clearly when he said in the Lotos Club:

> I don't care how unambitious or modest a President is, I don't care how determined he is that he himself will not secure his renomination (and there are very few indeed who go to that extent), still his subordinates equally interested with him in his re-election will, whenever they have the opportunity, exert their influence and divide their time between the public service and the effort to secure their chief's renomination and re-election.
>
> It is difficult to prevent the whole administration from losing a part of its effectiveness for the public good by this diversion to political effort for at least a year of the four of each administration. Were this made impossible by law, I can see no reason why the energy of the President and that of all his subordinates might not be directed rather to making a great record of efficiency in the first and only term than in seeking a second term for that purpose.

We are convinced that the change would be a matter of congratulation to both the country and Mr. WILSON. For the first time since the early days we should have a perfectly free President, able to view every proposition, relating to appointments no less than to legislation and administration, strictly upon its merits and from the viewpoint of efficiency alone. The advantages sure to accrue from such a condition are simply immeasurable.

As for Mr. TAFT, he is likely to have the opportunity to sign a bill which will definitely and irrevocably fix his future status as that of a private citizen. He will do it with his usual good grace, of course, and, if we mistake not, without a qualm of regret.

It is a great thing, this amendment, if we can put it over—the greatest since the Emancipation Proclamation. BRYAN, HEARST, and all of the other disturbers are for it. Now let the Colonel be a sport and make it unanimous!

The Senate and the Patronage

It is an unedifying row to which the Senate seems inclined to devote most of its time from now until March 4th. President TAFT has sent in something like thirteen hundred nominations to Federal offices, most of them, we presume, postoffices. If confirmed, most of these appointees will hold for four years. If they are not confirmed, President WILSON will have to fill the vacancies. The Republicans, of course, want to confirm the appointments. The Democrats want to keep the places open for Democratic applicants. That, so far as we can see, is the substance of the controversy—practically all there is to it.

This whole patronage business is a curious thing. President TAFT, we have no doubt, would have been glad to escape the bother of choosing among the applicants for all these offices. It was utterly impossible for him to make for himself a thorough examination of each individual case, and he knew he was bound to make mistakes. On the other hand, we are equally confident in the conjecture that President-elect WILSON has no joy in looking forward to the job of making out another list. What is more curious still, the very Senators who are standing out against confirmations probably look forward with anything but pleasure to the task they are setting themselves by their partisanship. They know that if their present fight is successful they will themselves have to make recommendations, and that that will involve invidious choices, and that they will probably make more enemies than friends by the exercise of their prerogative. When President TAFT made the capital blunder of his administration—the blunder of denying to Progressive Republican Senators and Representatives the patronage to which custom entitled them—he did not merely hurt himself; he immeasurably strengthened them. One of them, Senator DOLLIVER, said at the time that he felt as if a millstone had been taken off his neck.

The only comment is OXENSTIERN'S: "Go forth, my son, and see with what little wisdom the world is governed."

Party Politics and the Philippines

It is a good thing that so prominent a Congressman as Representative SHERLEY of Kentucky has had the courage and candor to speak out what he felt about the Philippines, *quite without reference* to party. Like the *currency question* and the Panama tolls question, *the question of our policy* with the Philippines is *one that never ought* to have been dragged into party politics at all.

It is either a colonial question or a question of foreign relations. The contention of the very men who are readiest to treat it in a thoroughly partisan way is that it is a question of foreign relations, and that is precisely the kind of question on which it is least excusable to draw party lines. On that point there is practically universal agreement among people who consider public questions with the least regard to the claims of patriotism. When an English statesman is charged with any foreign relation of the Empire, he as a matter of course ceases to be Whig or Tory, Liberal or Unionist, and becomes merely an Englishman. It is the same way with a French statesman or a German or a Russian. It usually is, and always ought to be, the same way with an American statesman. When the question is of colonial rather than foreign relations, the obligation to disregard partisanship is only a little less obvious. But we repeat: the men who want to make the Philippine question a party question are precisely the same group who insist that it is a question of foreign relations, not of colonial policy.

There is another way of looking at it. Both the great parties are responsible for our present occupation of the Philippines. The Democratic party was represented among the signers of the Treaty of Paris. Democratic votes in the Senate were essential to the ratification of it, and it is notorious that they were forthcoming at the behest of the man who was then the party's recognized leader, Mr. BRYAN. It is now, therefore, simply preposterous for Democrats to talk as if our Philippine policy up to date were an exclusively Republican policy. It has been neither a Republican policy nor a Democratic policy. It has been an American policy.

All this, of course, has no bearing on the practical question whether or not we ought now to name a future date on which we shall be ready to withdraw from the Philippines. So far as we know, nobody contends that it would be either wise or honorable to withdraw at once. If anybody thinks he knows precisely when that step *will* be wise and honorable, we for one must decline to take issue with him: he evidently has sources of knowledge or powers of divination denied to ordinary mortals. Being only mortal and ordinary, we can't help attaching some importance to the judgment of men like President TAFT and CAMERON FORBES, who have had the best opportunities for studying the problem and who agree that, while we ought to keep before us, as our ultimate goal, independence and self-government for the Filipinos, it would be wrong as well as preposterous to fix any precise date for that consummation.

The Cabinet

Of course much of the talk and conjecture about the new Cabinet has been rather cheap and silly. The public wanted a lot on that subject, and the papers, seeking to meet the demand, have had less than usual to go on.

Nevertheless, the public's very keen interest in the subject is by no means a reflection on the public's intelligence. It is natural and reasonable. It shows a correct instinct. The public is entirely right in attaching much importance to the President-elect's Cabinet choices. It is entirely right in attaching much importance to the Cabinet.

The very fact that there is a Cabinet in this country, with fully recognized functions, goes to sustain this view. As is well known, the Constitution makes no mention of any such body. It refers once to "the principal officer in each of the executive departments, and that is all. Apparently, even the writers of *The Federalist* did not find anything in the instrument creating anything like the Cabinet as it now is. HAMILTON was particularly pleased because no "council" had been provided to lessen either the authority or the responsibility of the President. The Cabinet, therefore, is distinctly an outgrowth of the actual needs of our system. It is something Presidents have had to have; and something that as the years have passed has been gaining pretty steadily in size as well as in functions. The President-elect is one of the publicists that have fully recognized the very great place it now fills in our government.

He has recognized, too, how much the choice of a Cabinet has to do with the character of an administration, and that to choose a set of constant advisers comes very near constituting a choice of policies. It is still true, no doubt, as HAMILTON gladly argued, that the ultimate responsibility for

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the "execution" of our government rests on a single head: true morally as well as legally. The President cannot shift that responsibility at all; he can only shift, as indeed he must shift, the actual performance, in the first instance, of some of the prodigious and ever-increasing number of executive functions. But in naming these "chief officers" he does far more than merely trust them with executive chores. He indicates, he practically declares, what general character he means to give to his administration, and he also gives to the men chosen great power to aid in carrying out this design.

At the present moment, in the present state of parties, this general decision of the President-elect is bound to be even more than usually important. He himself shows every sign of awareness that this is so. In all probability no act of his administration will more powerfully affect the course of events than the batch of nominations which he will, right at the start, send in to the Senate. Let us all trust that in this, his first great test and trial, he will exhibit to the country and the world that combination of firmness and moderation, of poise and purpose, which is wisdom and statesmanship.

The Lincoln Memorial

The President signed last Saturday the Congressional resolution providing for a memorial to ABRAHAM LINCOLN in Washington's Potomac Park. An appropriation of two million dollars is expected to follow. This disposes, we presume, of the Gettysburg road project and of the memorial bridge and the convention hall. No doubt Washington will get them all in due time, for they are all good-enough schemes, but not as memorials of LINCOLN. What form the memorial in Potomac Park will take seems not decided yet, but whoever will look in at the Architectural Society's exhibition now open here will be encouraged to hope that we have the talent and the skill in the country to raise a monument to LINCOLN that will be worthy of his fame.

Should the Churches Shut Down?

It seems that Professor WILLARD O. FISHER, of Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut, lately disclosed in public his belief that religion would benefit by a closing of all the churches for several years. Whereupon President SHANKLIN felt called upon to invite him to resign from the Wesleyan faculty as being out of place in Wesleyan University, and Professor FISHER did resign forthwith without delay and without complaint.

We have not seen a full report of Professor FISHER's remarks, but if they were merely to the effect above indicated, we fail to see why he should have resigned. His suggestion of the closing of the churches for several years is a bit novel, but there is no harm in it. Indeed, it is an interesting remark and worth debating. How much good do the churches do at this time and as at present conducted? How nearly Christian are they and how necessary to the promulgation of the Christian religion? If they all shut down for a time, what sort of substitutes could be devised for them; and when they started again, with what changes would they resume business?

Perhaps it was to promote the discussion of points like these that Professor FISHER said what he did. It is obvious that nowadays the propagation of the Christian religion goes on very extensively outside of the churches. People are less dependent on preaching for their spiritual food than they were before every one could read and everything got into print. The annual volume of religious reading that is put out is enormous. There are many who think there is more religion in current life and current politics than ever was known before, but the churches don't show it. They go along about as usual. We read that in the face of the Men and Religion movement last year, which was a special effort to Christianize everybody, "the total increase for all the churches for 1912 was 579,852, a decrease of 15,486 from the figures of 1911." It is to smile, gently, at this first evidence of the result of applying business principles to the spread of the Gospel.

It is a fact that many people whose disposition is entirely favorable to the churches ask themselves whether the churches nowadays fulfil their function as well as they should and whether they could be bettered. If that is what is going on in the mind of Professor FISHER, what's the harm? It is as though a mill inspector should be asked to resign for saying that the machinery in a certain mill seemed to him out of date and the mill might better shut down for a time. It might be a sound opinion. The operatives in the mill probably would not like it, and perhaps they would do what President SHANKLIN has done.

For at least a generation we have heard the complaint that the ministry was not getting the men it was entitled to.

Why not?

It may be that Professor FISHER thinks he knows.

Senatorial Opinions

Senator FLETCHER of Florida shows a notable and not unamusing liberality of spirit about the canal-rates question. The papers quote him as saying, when asked for his views:

> I do not favor the arbitration of the toll question nor the repeal of the law, but if it should become necessary I should be willing to have the whole question passed upon by our own Supreme Court.

That would be like saying to a complainant who alleged an injury: "I don't think your contention is sound, but I will ask my lawyer to give you an opinion." More to the point is the sentiment of Senator TOWNSEND:

> If it should reach the point where it would be necessary to refer the matter to the Hague tribunal I would in preference repeal the law.

The American Town Needs Studying

A young writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, RANDOLPH S. BOURNE, starts a line of inquiry that ought to be followed up. He makes a study of an American town. He chooses a suburban town, striving to retain its "soul" against the adjacent city's onslaughts, and in that, we think, he follows opportunity rather than judgment. Suburbs are not very representative. He also, we think, neglects some of the most vital features of the life of American towns. He has probably worked in some seminary subject to German influence. But his idea is a good one. Millions of Americans live in "towns" of one sort or another, and a competent account of the life of the various sorts of American towns, done with sympathy and imagination, would show us a lot about ourselves. It would have economic values. It would make many of us understand better what we care about, and how we are daily occupied, and how much better we and our neighbors might be doing. It would give definiteness to latent public spirit. It would help quite appreciably in the present vigorous but unguided endeavor of Americans to make their own lives interesting otherwise than by the mere mimetic study of the lives of other peoples.

Many Tastes in People To-day

On the question of women smoking the Bishop of Ripon (England), who has been visiting in Boston, was asked for an opinion, and gave it. He said:

> If the men find it a pleasure to smoke why should that pleasure be relegated to the men and not to the women? There are women in England who are well thought of who smoke. There are many colors in the rainbow, so there are many tastes in people to-day. What may be a pleasure to the men may be given to the women. Smoking among women will sooner or later adjust itself. There will be always women who will do things above the ordinary to provoke criticism, and there will be women who will retain their womanly traits and stand for the highest and noblest that there is in life and will not tolerate even smoking as a pleasure.

He does not like it, but would not forbid it. It is a matter that will adjust itself. This seems a wise bishop. Would that he might preach for a time to the people of the United States, so many of whom incline to regulate by main strength and legislation things that ought not to be so regulated, and which if left alone will sooner or later adjust themselves.

The Open Winter

Nothing is certain about Mr. WILSON's Cabinet, but it continued to look a good deal like tulips for an inauguration day. The oldest inhabitant may remember such another January, but nobody else does. The Hudson River, being still open at sundown on January 30th (close up to our time of going to press), broke a record of thirty-nine years and seems disposed to emphasize its disposition toward winter navigation. At this writing the papers say there is no ice harvested yet in Maine, and presumably the ice-dealers have laid off their furs and put on their thinking-caps. The ice-machines can make ice, but can they make enough or anywhere near enough? DEVOE of Hackensack prophesies an ample supply of hard weather in February, but so far his forecasts do not justify his claim to be in the confidence of the climate. It has been a mighty curious winter. One wonders how much the crops will miss the poor man's manure and how much the shortage so far of ice is offset by the country's diminished need of coal and by the advantage of an open winter to the railroads of the north. We have one comfort. However abnormal the season is, it is not a thing that we shall be expected to cure by legislation.

And though winter has lagged remarkably, we may get it yet.

Our Beautiful New Railroad Station

Our public here was greatly interested in the opening, last Sunday, of the new Grand Central Station in New York. At midnight on Saturday there were thousands of people in the new station examining it and admiring it. All Sunday it was full of visitors and would have been crowded if it hadn't been so very big.

It is a beautiful public building, a magnificent embellishment of the city, and a splendid monument to the men who conceived, planned, and built it—particularly to Mr. WHITNEY WARREN, the architect—and to the country that pays for it. Grateful it is to the spirit to see a great work splendidly and ably carried through.

Our great and beautiful buildings in New York are getting more and more to be public buildings of one sort or another; railroad stations, apartment-houses, city buildings, office buildings, libraries, art museums, schools, shops, hotels, and the like. Time was, and only a little while ago, when most of the more attractive buildings in New York were private residences. But that has passed. Not only are few new private dwellings of special importance going up, but we seem likely to lose the best of those we have. Mr. HUNT built some beautiful houses on Fifth Avenue and they are still beautiful, but business is closing in on the best of them. Mr. FRICK is a builder, and he intends to put something out of common on the Lenox Library lot, but he is an exception. Rich citizens seem disposed nowadays to give up great town houses and do their building in the country, contenting themselves with apartment-house lodgings in town. But whereas twenty-five years ago the City Hall, the Madison Square Garden, and a few churches were about all the public buildings we had of special distinction, now we have the two splendid railroad terminals, the new post-office behind the Pennsylvania Station, the new Public Library, the Cathedral of St. John, the Columbia College buildings, the Municipal Office Building, and hotels, great schools, and monumental office buildings far, far too many to enumerate.

Our city is growing splendid. To visiting architects from other cities it is exceedingly interesting, and what is done here that is good has its influence on building in all the cities in the country. That is one blessed thing about art. It is not local. When beauty is developed all the country profits. Such an edifice as the new Grand Central Station will have an enormous influence on public taste.

Mr. Watterson Dissents

Mr. WATTERSON's letter on page 6 discloses that the *Courier Journal's* view lately discussed in the WEEKLY, that Mr. SPOONER is reprobate for moving to New York to make a living, is not a view that enjoys Mr. WATTERSON's personal support.

Marse HENRY is in Florida, and happy there, we hope, even when views get into his paper that he deprecates.

Perhaps we should have known better than to tie up to him individually this particular opinion about Mr. SPOONER, but we guessed wrong.

Liberty and Order

The Republican party stands . . . for the retention of the Philippines.—*President* TAFT.

The first Republican national convention after the war with Spain announced that it was our duty to confer "liberty" upon all the rescued peoples. They haven't got it yet.—*The World.*

Taking all the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands into the count, haven't they got more liberty to-day than they ever had before, and are they not getting more all the time?

Our impression is that they have, and they are.

When we say "Filipinos" we usually think of a part of the people who live in the island of Luzón, but the Philippine problem includes them and all the Moros, the Igorotes, and all the people on all the islands.

There cannot be much liberty without a fair degree of order. We keep order in the Philippines, and according to the best information we get, liberty is increasing there.

When we let go, unless we can transfer our trust to hands competent to maintain order, it will be hard sledding for liberty.

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The Passions of the Soul

THOUGH HOMER is not very clear, beyond all doubt the Lotophagi were Asiatics. Indeed, only such Greeks as had lived long in the East could have felt so strongly the temptation to turn the whole of life into a long summer-sweet afternoon—to make four o'clock of a Thursday in June endure for twenty years, on a well-kept lawn, thick, fine, and springy, with a good bit of view, under honey-scented, blossoming lindens, murmurous with golden bees in their dense green and amber, and to smell in puffs the cinnamon odors of stocks and clove-pinks, and the brewing attar of nodding, heavy-headed cabbage roses. Here in the West we might enjoy it past tea-time, but we should have had quite enough before it was time to dress for dinner.

Here in the West we have gone a very long way from the ideals of the antique world, with its serene loveliness; almost as long a way as from the ideals of the East, with its perfection of a civilization purely mundane. When the men came down tall and white out of the north, with hair colored like honey and eyes colored like the sea, for all their frank, untroubled bearing, their free glance, their open brow, their unfettered, ringing tread, they brought a potentiality of emotion higher than any one had known before. Latent in them was passion and pain immeasurable.

We are all more or less of their kin, and the mingled strain in our blood troubles our spirits. We suffer the imperious necessity to feel, even where feeling means conscious pain. Anesthetics and eugenics, euthanasia and palaces of peace, are all very well, but we have no notion of letting life grow stagnant or facile or torpid. Still there is the desire of the moth for the star, and the jealousy that is cruel as the grave, and the love that is stronger than death, and the laying down of young and goodly lives in the strong assurance that he, and only he, that loseth his life shall find it. Still we elect to deepen consciousness at the price of pain, to attain fullness of life by the way of renunciation, and to glorify existence by desires unquenchable and unattainable.

A funny, methodical, positive old gentleman, who used to live in Koenigsberg, once insisted that effortless virtue was not virtue at all, and the moment that the good-will and the human heart were completely at one, goodness would be blown out like a candle. To be perfectly fair, a grimmer old man, who used to live in Florence, and who had crisped his forked beard and singed his heavy eyebrows in the fumes of hell, testified not strictly to the same effect. He said that when it was as easy for a man to do what he should as for a boat to drop down the river with the tide, that man would be in heaven. They both agreed, be it noted, that such things do not happen in this world. Made as we are, we are content to have it so. Who wants, really, an easy and cloistered virtue, an incapacity to sin? For some men the only way of salvation lies through the bottomless pit, and they do not grudge one step of the way. Again, when the exile and isolation are past, the home-returning pilgrim counts them for gain and knows the years the locust and palmer-worm have eaten shall all be restored. Who would barter for a pallid and tepid impeccability, the mortal sense of sin and then of the heart changed, set beating to a new time, all the machinery whirling the other way in the ecstasy of a rapturous rebirth?

Long since in his notebook LEONARDO set down: "Thou, God, sellest us all good things at the price of pain,"—and by that he did not mean sheer painstaking, mere labor, however arduous. He knew that in some curious way consciousness hurts. We can shirk the pains, if we want, we can refuse the occasion of suffering, but we also refuse thereby the condition of consciousness. The more we can feel the more we indubitably shall feel, and pleasure itself grown too poignant can become an agony. A man may, therefore, repudiate all the sweet daily responsibilities and cares, live wifeless and childless, with a stout cousin to keep his house, avoid the slums when he walks abroad and the newspapers when he sits at home, but wherein does he differ thereafter from the blue Persian cat delicately spreading her claws on a velvet cushion under his hand, long-haired and silky? Both doubtless enjoy the delights of speculative rumination, both are comfortable always, and both are bored often. The great lovers are the unhappy lovers; the long pain of loneliness kept quick and strong the dominant emotion of two severed lives that might have grown stodgy if they had merged. Perhaps there is a further truth; perhaps matrimony is not always the end of romance and perhaps the greatest lovers of all were happier, and found fulfilment in each other, and thereafter knew that the rest is silence. The supreme experience is always silent. When a good man dies for an idea, when a mother smiles at her child, when a saint sees God face to face, none of the three finds words to tell thereof. Certainly these great spiritual adventures are thunderous and fulgent with lightnings, clouds and darkness are round about them, and men come down from the mount with shining faces, it may be, but dumb and sorely shaken. Love and pain are an equation, and when you find the first you may substitute the second, and the sum will work out the same; and when you find the second, if you substitute the first the sum will work out straight and will be solved.

It matters very little what a man loves, so he loves enough—his work or his wife, his cause or his God. Each flows into the other and transmutes it, turns out the broader sorts of selfishness and the narrower sorts of patriotism. He will not sacrifice a great movement to domestic exigencies, or an honorable employment to a missionary ardor. He will feel in each all the strength of the others. If he has not all, if he has only one, that one love will be equal to all the other loves of other men, and his heart will be fulfilled with ecstasy. What matters is that he should love something outside himself, impersonal to himself. Only by enlarging our being to take in something else than the self, and vibrate to it, only by disciplining the assertive personality into an impersonality which yet is vital, do we make great art, or great thought, or great souls. A man may develop an exquisite personality, sensitive, refined, finished—and when it is done it will still want salt. A man may have that quality of nature which the Renaissance called *terribilità*, like a great wind in the mountains or a vast wave in the ocean or a red planet ordained to rise and set by law, and then he will suffer himself, but to others he will communicate fortitude. Or, finally, a man may have the wide, still, unfaltering, and unaltering spirit—that seeing steadily and seeing whole, pronouncing without passion and acting without interest, makes the pure thinker, the speculative man of science, and the austere and remote artist. Their secret is harder to wrest than the core of massy rocks; they no more go out to meet you than do quartic curves, but they are dwellers in the innermost. When you have met and mastered them they yield up the secret, and there you, too, may abide. Never by slackening the passion, only intensifying past all comparison, do you come to the stillness which is at the heart of things.

Correspondence

MR. WATTERSON WAS AWAY

FORT MYERS, FLA., *January 15, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Horace Greeley used to say that he never picked up a copy of the *Tribune*, when away from New York, that it did not "send a knife to his heart," and Murat Halstead, that, when absent from Cincinnati "the boys seemed to take a devilish delight in going their own gait at his expense."

I have been more fortunate in my working experience. My irrepressible young men—and I have had my full share of them—have been the rather disciples than insurrectos, and it has been rare indeed when I have had occasion to right myself against their unintentioned misreports. But the matter touching the former Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, to which HARPER'S WEEKLY in its issue of the Fourth of January takes just exception, puts me so at variance with the opinions and teachings of a lifetime that you must allow me a little room to disclaim it.

Born and reared in the national capital, I acquired an early aversion to office and officialism in all their forms and aspects. The one seemed a badge of servitude, the other an empty show. I knew too many poor great men, hanging on to the ragged edge, to have much respect for "Senatorial dignity." The surrender of freedom and affluence at home for poverty and slavery at Washington has ever been to my mind the supremest folly. Hence, I applauded Carlisle and Reed when they had resolved, as I told them, "to quit politics and live honest," and assuredly I have only words of approval for the eminent jurist who, following their wise example, gave up the phantoms of statesmanship to pursue the realities of law.

I wholly agree with the observations of HARPER'S WEEKLY. Official life in America is not only too ill-paid, but is too uncertain in its tenure, and too dependent upon the ever-changing fancy of the electorate, reasonably to tempt any man of ambition and capacity who can find and fit himself for some other career. Mr. Spooner never showed to better advantage than now, when, returned to a great profession and earning a sufficiency, he can snap his fingers at the professional politicians and serve his country and his God according to his conscience.

I am, sir,
HENRY WATTERSON.

"UNITED WE STAND—DIVIDED WE FALL"

DAYTONA, FLA., *January 22, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—When the very first suggestion of secession was made by Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, in Congress in 1811 in opposing the Louisiana purchase (for which he was called to order by a member from Mississippi and also by the Speaker, but was sustained by a vote of 56 to 53), no one dreamed of the terrible consequences of that demagogic fulmination which was destined to endanger the stability and the very existence of the Republic and cost a million of human lives and billions of money to defeat and destroy. When another demagogic politician, smarting under the pangs of defeat and disappointed ambition, in mad desire to destroy by organized secession the party he could not control, proposes for advertising purposes the practical destruction of the time-honored Constitution, and cultivates the common spirit and sentiment of unrest by advocating the recall of judges and judicial decisions, it becomes an event of equal moment to the welfare of the country and one which may lead to equally terrible consequences. The insidious suggestion that the Constitution, which Gladstone declared to be "the most wonderful document ever contrived by the wit of man" and which has sustained this grand experiment of popular government for a century and a quarter through many and various dangers, ought to be "tinkered"—to use an expressive phrase—had already found lodgment in the public mind, as is indicated by the fact that so quickly twenty-one amendments have been proposed in Congress, some of them affecting the very foundation of the government.

In 1860 the Democratic party was divided, and the result was almost as plainly foretold as it was in the election last fall when the Republican party was split into halves. The best interests of the country require that there should be two opposing parties of nearly equal strength, because in this intensely commercial age certainty of official tenure encourages knavery and corruption; but if the "sore spot" in the disorganized forces opposed to the Democratic party (fortunately for the most part compassed in one individual) does not heal, then the Democratic party will hold undisturbed control of the national government for many years to come. Simply because the great mass of voters who hold views and opinions opposed to the policies of the Democratic party must nearly all be enrolled under one standard—and it does not make the least or slightest difference by what name it may be called—in order to regain control of the government. United we stand—divided we fall down easy.

While there is no word in the English language more expressive and appropriate for a party name in this country than is the word Republican—defined as a state in which sovereign power is exercised by representatives chosen by the people—and besides being a name of established honor and achievement, yet the fact remains that all opposition to the Democratic party is a hopeless fallacy and formality unless the entire mass of such opponents are united under one banner—Republican, Progressive, Liberal, Bull Moose, or Whig—to give the least hope of success. But such a party can never be formed and amalgamated in this age of enlightenment, with the mad spite of a bad loser as the chief corner-stone, or the silly methods of modern statesmanship, such as offering political sanctification to all who become vassals, and branding as liars and thieves all the millions of quite respectable American citizens whose co-operation is absolutely essential in the formation of a successful party. It is of no importance that I was once among the sanctified eight years ago, but having fallen from grace I welcome the sensible proposition of one of the shining "latter-day saints" for a "merger" of the scattered political forces, having more regard for the best interests of the country than nursing anybody's sore toe.

I am, sir,
MARCUS H. ROGERS.

TOBACCO

ALTAMONTE SPRINGS, FLA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—One L. Hirshberg recently had an effusion in your paper on tobacco. It is a safe venture that no one who does not use tobacco ever bothers to defend or extol it, especially seeing that its defense always has to be weak.

Friend Hirshberg says he is not dealing with lunatics or imbeciles who *abuse* tobacco and get harm from it, but since he is calling such a *large* number hard names, leaving so small a contingent of the "moderation" men he points to, does it not look as if the smoking example should not be "set," and what proves this more than the fact that this example also ropes in with the "lunatics and imbeciles" the majority of boys to-day under their "teens," unless it be that *other* fact that a majority of men using tobacco are taking money to buy it, with need of money in their families, not for the luxuries, but the *necessities* of existence?

Extended arguments are elaborated to show the absurdity of the idea of any physical injury from tobacco, but attack a drug fiend on the financial side or the social side of his habit and he seldom attempts *real* defense, for he has none. Defense does not lie along *that* line, it being one of the few questions that prove the rule by having only *one* side. As a rule, drug fiends cannot clearly reason concerning their particular drug.

I am, sir,
A. P. REED, M. D.

THE SMALL TRUSTS, TOO!

SELMA, LA., *January 13, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—While trying to dissolve the "big trusts," why not let the incoming "administration" take hold of and "eradicate" the "small trusts"? By "small trusts" I mean the small local merchants' associations or clubs of every small or large town or city in the United States. They call themselves "Retail Grocery Merchants' Association or Club," "Wholesale Dry-goods Merchants' Association," "Coal Merchants' Club of Flora, Illinois," "Wholesale Grocers' Association," etc. Every town has its "merchants' associations or clubs" of the different lines of business. These clubs or associations meet and establish prices, and agree that there shall be no competitive prices on any different articles they have for sale, but that they shall all sell each and every item at the same price, thus doing away with all competition. These methods are now being practised by all small and large retail merchants, lumber-yard men, coal-dealers, butchers, etc.; and all wholesale and jobbers' and such organizations or associations establish prices at their meetings to be charged by one and all, and any one of them reducing or breaking these prices agreed upon, if caught in the act, is fined. All wholesale merchants of different wares nowadays quote the retail merchants the same and exact prices on every item. There is no variation in their prices, as the wholesale houses have fixed their prices. The retail merchants get together and all agree on the prices and all sell at the same price. These "small local trusts" we have throughout the country have as much to do, if not more, I believe, with the high cost of living as the "big trusts."

Is it not possible for the "new incoming administration" to pass a law or laws making it illegal to organize and conduct such associations or organizations as those I mention above, whose only purpose is to increase their profits at the expense of the public by establishing exorbitant prices on their different wares?

I am, sir,
GROVER C. CALVIN.

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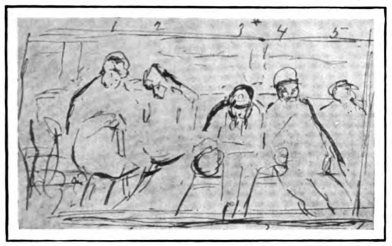
THE MAKING OF A SALON PICTURE

BY BRIGGS DAVENPORT

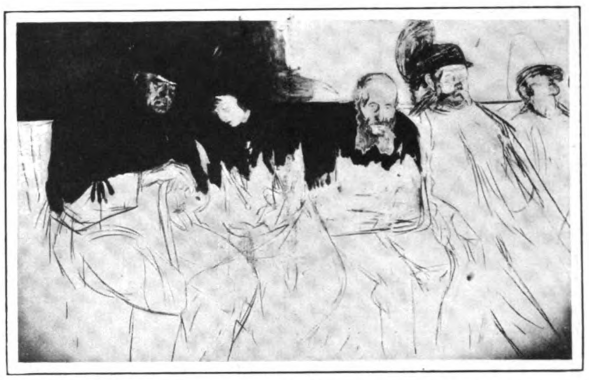
CERTAIN pictures are produced as are poems. Others are devised as an architect plans a château, a palace, or a pleasure garden. The making of the second type of picture may have a high technical interest, but chiefly for artists themselves. The first type comes to its maturity by a process either largely spontaneous or resembling the essays of nature in evolution. And the genesis and history (in the making) of a great picture of this kind must have an appeal for almost every one.

In the Avenue de Saxe in Paris, not far from the Invalides, is a modern building of outward appearance most prosaic, with a characterless, pale, and inhospitable entrance court, most remote from any suggestion of the stuff of which dreams are made. It is traversed every day, however, by many persons who mostly live in a world of dreams. Up one flight of steps into a dreary corridor, solely brightened by a Grecian mask in plaster over a lintel, and you see on the left the door of Robert MacCameron's studio. Here was a most incurable and most interesting weaver of dreams; yet a sharp surprise met you when you glanced around you in his chosen den. To be entirely frank about the matter, it looked more like a lumber-room in a theater than the studio of a distinguished artist—at least, as the inexperienced are apt to imagine it. It was crowded with canvases, some finished, some unfinished, with easels, empty or occupied, with discarded palettes, with quaint furniture and draperies, with oils and turpentine and paints in their appropriate vessels. There was a shadowed alcove for certain poses, also much encumbered, and only in the middle of the main room was there a comparatively clear space, like an oasis amid chaos. There the artist worked. From all sides faces peeped out at you, like newly created beings emerging into cosmos—from odd corners, from nooks and dark interstices of the conglomerate of things, until, despite the incongruity of the general setting, a certain sense of intimacy with them, or at least of mutual understanding, stole over you.

Robert MacCameron, aside from his very distinguished work as a portrait-painter, was something of a mystic in art. The sources of his inspiration were certainly largely subjective, and this in part may explain how it was possible for him to produce in such surroundings the kind of work of which he was fond. It simply proves, as this work itself does, that he dwelt constantly in the kingdom of his imagination, seeing, when at his easel, only such beings and such things as he delighted to reflect upon his canvas. This mysticism is the dreamer's interpretation of reality—of living humanity in particular. The beings are real enough, poignantly real, in fact; but they express an unconscious and vague philosophy, the philosophy of the down-trodden, of the luckless, of the self-abased, the morally blind as well as the morally perverted, of the suffering saint as of the sinner accursed: a philosophy which actually explains nothing, but which ever suggests that a wonderful, searching, all-comprehending, perhaps terrible explanation exists, which, however, it is useless to seek. In this philosophy is concentered the mysticism that is so dominant a feature in the late Robert MacCameron's painting.



The first pen-and-ink sketch



Half color, half charcoal. The plan has now assumed definite shape

His making of a salon picture, therefore, was not one of the usual things in art.

Two months before MacCameron last departed for America he began the larger picture which (as *hors concours*) will be exhibited in the Elder Salon of this year (1913). It is my good fortune to have been the confidant of his earliest conception of this work, and I minutely watched its progress until its completion on the day before he left Paris.

"I believe that whatever success I may have had in painting, and the notice which the French government has given me as an American," said MacCameron, "are due primarily to the fact that the poor creatures that I depict—while I am resting, as it were, from my portrait work—are not merely types, but express an emotion which in the art of the past has only been seen in the faces of saints and martyrs. This idea of the sanctity of humanity, even in a fallen state, seems to me to be an artistic motive at once most rare and most valuable."



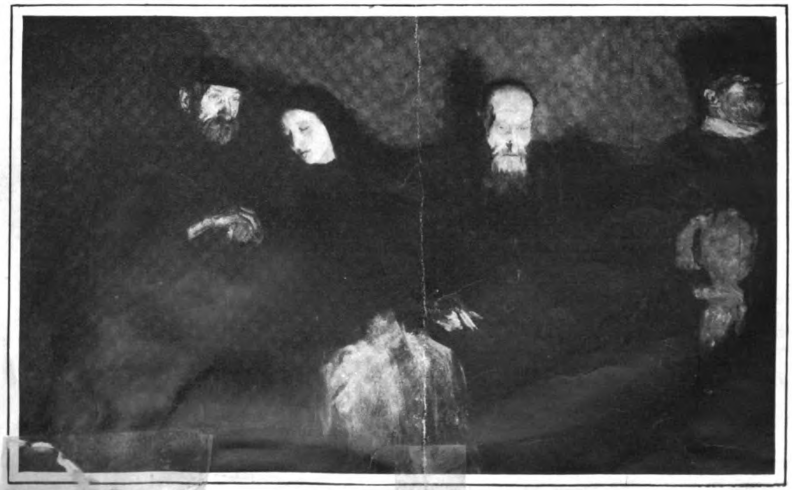
The first charcoal sketch on canvas, showing the projected grouping

MacCameron sought for many weeks the models that he has used in this picture. He insisted that he could not paint from faces that did not reveal a certain sentiment in harmony with his inspiration of the moment. None of his models had posed before. Most of them he found in the streets. The pathos of a smile, the wan gleam of a despairing eye, might cause him to pause and to question a passer-by. The incipient hint of the picture came to him in London, in the small hours of the night, while he was walking on the Victoria Embankment along the Thames. Every one who has made this excursion knows the agonizing sense which it awakens of the wretchedness of the human derelicts who are seen there. In the chill, fog-impregnated gloom they woo a fitful slumber on the bare benches, waiting for the tardy dawn, when they may go elsewhere in quest of a pittance of bread and, later, stretch themselves, by license of the County Council, on the moist grass of one of the public parks. There is a great variety in the physical types, the characters, and the degrees of debasement of these creatures.

"Yet in each of their faces," said MacCameron, "I discovered the trace of an infinite yearning that some time or other had filled their souls. What was it? Not quite a hope, I think. Perhaps a prophetic instinct of a better dawn for humanity."

Among the earliest models was a homeless man of sixty-seven, who slept on a bit of tattered sheepskin. He is the first on the left in a pen-and-ink sketch of the initial composition of the picture which MacCameron sent me in a scribbled note. Next is what MacCameron described as "a poor little flower of the pavement, with the unfathomable look of soul distress to be seen in some of the faces wrought by the primitive painter, Masolino." The third figure is a penniless patriarch of seventy-two years, a victim of absinthe. It seemed that he must die before the group in its first form could be placed upon canvas. The head is strangely symbolical. He might be called the "Old Man of Eternity." All the deeper fires of life, like the last flare of a dying ember, seem to glow in his bleared and scarcely seeing gaze. There is refinement in each feature. The brow is domelike, the nose delicately aquiline, the nostrils sensitive. The lips seem still to retain something of tenderness. I said once to the feeble old man, "You are like Verlaine the poet." His lost pride for an instant fluttered to the surface and he stuttered, gladdened by the slight compliment, "Ah, monsieur, I am not much of a poet, but I did write verses in my day!" I could well believe this and also that noble aspirations had often been his.

This old man was predestined to be the central figure of the group. Given the painter's poetic and mystic temperament, it was predestined, too, that the personality of the model should assume in his imagination, at one stage of the work, a highly spiritualized character; that gradually the rare, sweet face should become, even in its unspeakable misery, almost Christ-like; that a soft, hardly perceptible halo should dawn above and around it. I have never seen a more impressive, more pathetic Christ face than that which in this instance the painter wrought. In the weary eyes, fixed on some mystic point in space, there was a half-wistful, half-despairing look with, however, a faint glimmer of questioning hope. The



The Madonna appears in place of the girl with the ether habit

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The girl with the ether habit

sitting form was slightly bent forward, the head sunken on the breast. The large kindly hands, emerging half-unclosed from the worn mantle, were expressive (as eloquently as by tongue or pen) of dejected desuetude.

Two other figures afford, as in a symphony, or like the dark, knotted brow of Judas Iscariot at the last gathering in the upper chamber at Jerusalem, the note of contrast. These represent the vicious phases of human deterioration. The faint outlines of Saint Stephen's tower at Westminster are barely discerned in the background. The merest foreglimmer of a greenish, sickly light hints through the murk of the fog at the nearness of the dawn.

The studies of MacCameron's picture were begun in London. Between the Houses of Parliament and Blackfriars he would of a night bribe half a dozen ragamuffins on the Embankment benches to sit still for ten or twenty minutes while he swiftly sketched them. Then they would gratefully accept a shilling each and hasten away to a coffee-house or tavern to fill their long-suffering stomachs. MacCameron first thought of naming the picture "The Embankment" and, later, "Waiting for the Dawn" or simply "1913." But as the universal nature of the subject gradually took possession of him and his conception of it developed, he concluded that to call it after Jack London's book would be best. And so it will figure in the catalogue as "The People of the Abyss." "I have no desire to preach," he said, "but I believe the pictures that posterity most prizes are those that do not flatter men in general and that are intensely honest."

The longest search made by the artist was for a substitute for the "poor little flower of the pavement" who had proved peculiarly interesting, but not a fitting complement to the remarkable central figuse. One of the several successive models for the face of the woman was a beautiful waif of the street who was irretrievably addicted to the vice of ether. In appearance she possessed all, excepting expression, that is desirable in a model. But her dissipation rendered it impossible to coach her in this particular. All that could be got from her was pathos, profound, most touching; but no elevation of sentiment nor any trace of aspiration. One day I found the artist in his studio in despair. The girl, hardly more than seventeen years of age, was seated, white and deathlike, in the alcove. There was a glassy stare in her eyes. She moaned as she swayed to and fro. Her breath filled the place with the odor of the drug.

Meanwhile on behalf of the artist five persons were looking for a model to succeed her. On my next visit I saw several girls presented for the pose. MacCameron became impatient with a woman who had brought a very charming Italian model, whose complexion, however, was too decidedly olive. "I told you," he said, "that the girl must be pallid and thin." At the same time, he gave the intermediary her fee. Turning to me, he remarked in English: "It's a wonder how some women keep their beauty. I painted this so-called girl twenty years ago when she posed at Calorossi's. She had just been married then and was sitting also for Dagnan-Bouveret's 'Madonna.' But I no longer employ professional models."

The girl with the ether habit was really too much in the Burne-Jones style, and I was glad when the ultimate model suddenly appeared. The moment she assumed the indicated attitude in the alcove it was seen that she would serve the purpose.

"I've found her—I've got her!" cried MacCameron, as enthusiastically as a boy. "Look at her! Just the face I've had in mind a year!"

Before the end of the week she had been "painted in" beside the "Old Man of Eternity."

In order of importance, this was the second great change in the picture. The frail waif of the street had given place to a Madonna Dolorosa of the modern under-world. On the slumbering face were written all the painful emotions, all the sorrowful passions, of an ill-fated life. The features drooped gently, like the petals of a blighted blossom. They belonged to that order of beauty which Raphael loved—full of natural goodness, tender, exquisitely noble. "I have tried," said the artist, "to paint the soul of Eve and the grief of Mary."

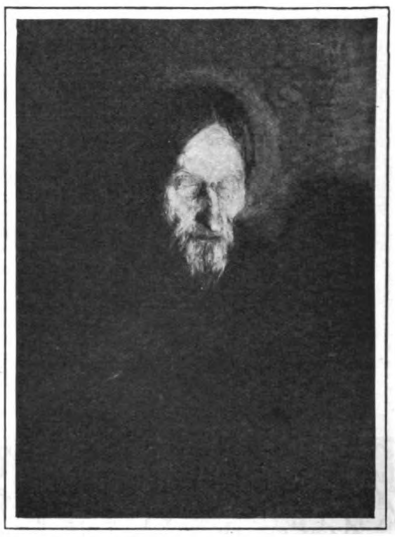
I must speak in further detail of the photographs which were made at my request to show the series of notable changes which the picture underwent. Up to this point I have tried to indicate the vital human sympathy that radiates from it—that sympathy that is always akin, however it may be developed, to the innate religious sense. Robert MacCameron in this work is not very far from equaling the sentiment of Van der Weyden's "Entombment of Christ" in the Uffizi Gallery.

In the first charcoal sketch on paper, with its rough Goya-like outlines, the feeling of the ultimate grouping was already to be found. Some detail entered into the primary sketch on canvas also in black and white. The faces of the early models were clearly defined. But some of these models were inadequate, particularly the one who sat first in the middle of the group. He was always in a half-maudlin state of intoxication. On the left the man next to the street girl looked half a veteran soldier and half an English church beadle fallen from his respectable estate. The third man was plainly a Jewish peddler, who might more appropriately have been recruiting his energies in a lodging-house in the Ghetto after a day devoted to the hawking of shoe-laces.

In the next stage of the picture two of the faces and parts of the three more important figures were painted in colors, while the rest was still in charcoal. Very radical changes had been made in the faces of the middle old man and the one next to him. These changes were distinctly for the better and constituted a long step toward the realization of the artist's meaning. They were rendered possible in a large degree by the fortunate discovery of the man with the absinthe habit who acknowledged that he had been a poet in his youth. A further phase of this kind of progression is revealed in the photograph in which the whole upper part of the canvas is shown in a covering of paint. Here the final type of the middle face has been clothed in an expression of profounder significance; and the leathery visage to the right is so admirably delineated that it seemed a pity to give a new pose to this figure in order to add to the picturesqueness of the group. It was immediately after this that the girl with the ether habit was dismissed. Although her counterfeit presentment on the canvas was intensely real and seemed deeply significant, the artist expunged it unhesitatingly.

Then for the first time appeared the Madonna-like face. The changes made at this moment exceeded all the previous ones. The half-beadle, half-veteran on the left had become an out-and-out veteran, who, in fact, had fought in the Franco-German War. The face of the middle old man seemed to carry behind it all the sorrows of the ages. The man beside him had now hidden his face upon his knees. Only the one at the farther end, looking a rough carter or a roustabout who had drunk up his last hope of shelter, remained without notable alteration. The evolution of the picture had advanced with marvelous rapidity. What was to come next?

The artist was fascinated by the strange head of his middle model. Gradually, day after day, as he worked before it, it seemed to grow in refinement, to become more subtle in sentiment, more and more the mask of the unending mystery of human pain and human hope. One day, as I entered the studio, I was quite startled to behold in the middle of the group on the canvas a half-blind Christ, wearing a look of immeasurable sorrow and appearing to bend under an infinite burden of discouragement. Again, when I returned a few days later, the eyes were slightly less veiled. A warmer light had crept into them and around the head was a faint aura, the merest glow, melting into shadow. One could easily at first glance have taken it for an optical illusion.



The Christ head, which was afterward transformed

"I had to do it!" exclaimed Mr. MacCameron. "I could not help it. As the French say, it was stronger than I. And now that I have done it I dare not keep it so. I fear it is going too far. Really this is a wonderfully significant idea. It's a symbol in bone and flesh, an idea incarnate. The beholder would interpret it as he could. The question is, Would my own idea be misunderstood?"

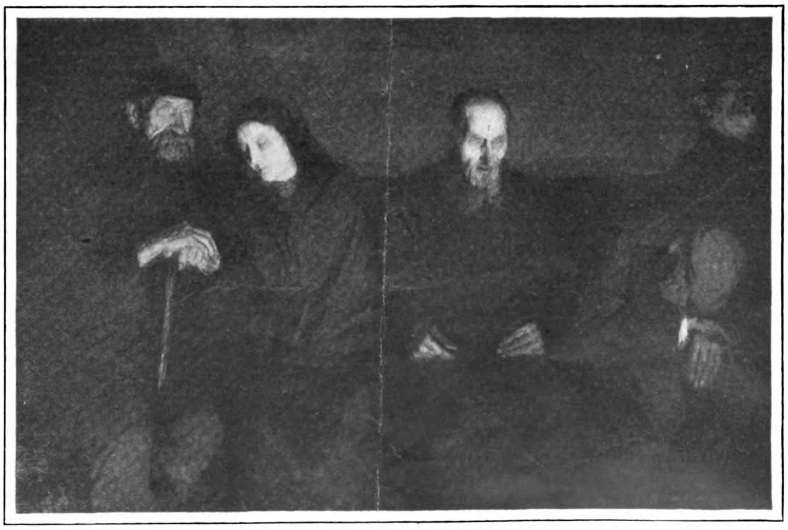
A great French artist helped MacCameron to solve these doubts. Before my next visit the deed had been accomplished. I received a shock almost equal to my former surprise when I saw that the Christ visage had vanished. The middle figure was again only the "Old Man of Eternity," with the cranium almost bald where the thin, flowing hair had lately been, and the expression less subtle, less spiritualized. This change was definitive. Only a few more strokes of the brush now, strengthening the accentuation of the dominant note, and the picture is done.

The old man's face is now almost specter-like; the light of vision is nearly extinct; death's shadow is creeping over the bony brow, but in the smile there is still the timid hint of an inward ecstasy.

The woman's sorrow is intensified; but one would say that her soul in slumber is very remote from life.

The old campaigner has not flinched an iota from his stubborn philosophy. The blue-gray eyes are unexpectant. With him the days are past when the future was to be questioned. The rest is submission—stoic, uncomplaining.

The two other persons in the group are absorbed in a brutish sleep: no psychological worries could reach them even in dreams.

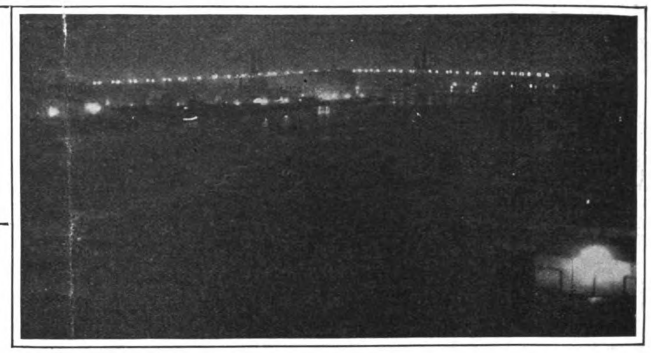


The finished picture, "The People of the Abyss," as it will appear in the Salon

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A FANTASY OF CITY LIGHTS

BY GEORGE BUCHANAN FIFE



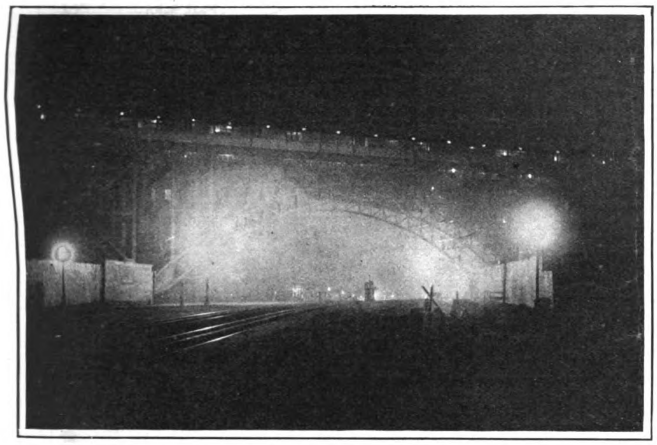
"Like jeweled gifts to mark the marriage of the boroughs"

TWO idling men were gazing into a jeweler's glittering window. Upon its carpeting of black velvet glowed an arrogant array of gems. In the center, set preciously there, were two long chains of diamonds fit for the Nawab of Bahawalpur. Side by side, they traced a straight, flashing pathway, almost the window's width, across the somber plain. Flanking their double line of light were other jewels, some in intricate, fiery clusters, some in radiant stars and crescents, some in the high estate of solitary brilliance—rubies, emeralds, sapphires, diamonds. The colors gleamed and changed from a thousand facets. It was splendid and quite bewildering.

The two men gazed awhile in a sort of fascinated silence, and then one of them, as his eye again swept down the dazzling line, said, with a quick smile:

"It looks just like upper Broadway at night, doesn't it?"

It did indeed suggest Broadway—as, sometime or other, we shall become familiar with it from air-ships on fine nights.



Where a Subway viaduct is transformed into a magic bridge

Its lights are set up for allurement, not illumination, and one sees them with the eyes of his mood. When every goose is a swan Broadway at night is irresistible. We make for the highway with our spirits chinking in our pockets. We see something akin to a wink in the intermittent flashes of an electric sign. The glow that falls athwart the sidewalk from doorlamps along the way is a carpet to direct our willing feet. We gather where it is brightest, and there we laugh our merriest, talk our wildest, and spread our jewels and our silks to catch the glitter.

But when the world is old the glare of Broadway is a brazen impertinence. It discloses the dust and the frayed edges we had taught ourselves to hide. It peers into rents and tatters and flings before us the crooked shadow of our shuffling walk. We pull down our hats to hide the ugly lines it deepens about our twisted mouths, and at the first side street we crawl away. For Broadway's luster either invites us to convivial familiarity or bids us be off about our miserable business.

What a different bearing have the lights of Fifth Avenue! Although trade has insinuated itself into long reaches of this thoroughfare and set them glowing golden at nightfall, one's idea of it after dark centers upon the tall, blue-white lights, in decorous pairs, which hedge its smooth, clean roadway. Who would imagine one glimmer of solicitation in their radiance? Their sole task is the ancient and honorable one of showing the way, and, engrossed in it, they look down upon us impartially and incuriously. In their methodical spacing, in the rigid distance they maintain between themselves and earthly things, we note their dignity and purpose. If they convey a certain suggestion of austerity, it is not wholly without reason. Beneath the Judson cross, burning dim and mysterious in its high place, the great white arch rises in Washington Square like the portal to the green cloisters of the park. And from this wide doorway, two by two, as monks bear tapers in their steady hands, the lights go up the Avenue.

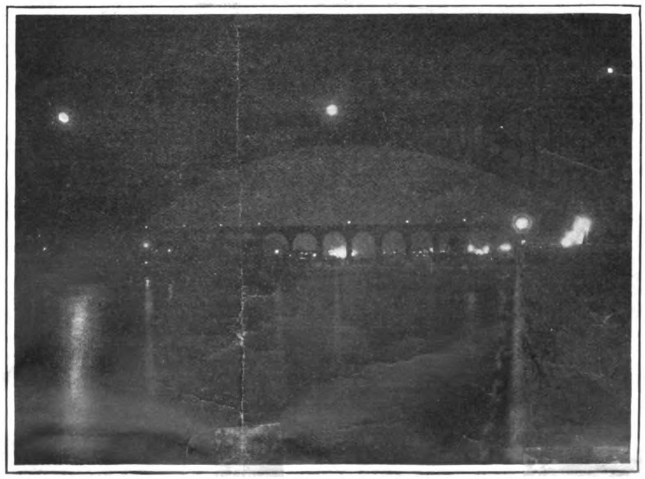
Aside from the hostelry at Eighth Street, with its windows aglow from porch to rooftree, like ruddy faces in a gallery, and the noisy crossroad at Fourteenth Street, where the city's traffic goes roaring through, there is little to disturb the serenity of these ecclesiastic lights. They have the highway to themselves and meditation and the companionship of certain architectural burghers of the town. Ben at Twenty-third Street, from north and south and east and west, with rowdy effrontery the secular lights come romping in. Blazing cars, with bells that sound no call to friars, pursue one another endlessly. Motors with owlish eyes and hootings skim the ground as they wing into the shadows, the firefly lights of carriages fluttering away before them. Many windows flaunt their insinuating brightness, for here the world of warm lights asserts itself, here begins the glitter of selfish, worldly upper Broadway. The poor monks with their tapers are thrown into most dire confusion; their solemn line is broken; they snatch up their cowls and flee in horrified dismay. Some of them gather for safety in Madison Square, where they peer through the trees at the terrors from which they have providentially escaped. They never do summon sufficient courage to return to line, and they may be seen there any night, not in pairs, but wretchedly separated and their presence particularly obnoxious to the threadbare dozers on the benches. And, further to confound them, should they raise their eyes, Diana of the Tower, outlined by tiny footlights, swings high overhead, drawing her golden bow splendidly into the wind and not making the slightest effort to adjust her rebellious scarf.

But on the other side of this market-place turmoil and glare, and as near it as their dignity will permit, the Avenue lights resume their ascetic task and file placidly northward. Now come the rows of shop-windows which are patronized at night chiefly by New York's "friends from out of town" and those who long for wishing-caps. To deck these glowing windows the workshops of the world have been searched. These precious goods, these gems and fine-wrought gold and silver things, these fabrics and thick, richly patterned rugs, these wares of fashioned ivory and bronze and wood whose form and color and worth are here so royally displayed, have been borne across leagues and leagues of land and water to tempt an alien purse in the electric brightness of a Fifth Avenue window. And what different lights these things have known in other, earlier night seasons, in the hours of wonderful darkness behind this blaze of incandescent globes!—the blur of smoky torches, the call and cry of an unfamiliar tongue, and the tinkling, creaking progress of a caravan; the flash of swaying lanterns on glistening backs, the crushing burdens, the heavy breathing and the pad-pad of bare, black feet on a gangplank; the red up-leap of beach-fires, the line of mute bearers with their shouldered loads, the swish of hot, clinging sand, the splashing stride into the cooling water—knee-high, waist-high—and the waiting boat a shadowy, sinister thing in the night; the white of the placid moon and stars set in an infinite silence, and, far below them, a great ship with a treasure in her lightless, guarded holds, driving through the sea.

Beyond these enchanting shops is a region of homes, the houses dim and reserved, even a bit haughty in their easy circumstance, and all alight behind their heavy hangings. The smooth driveway between them is streaked with the twin lamps of innumerable conveyances. They are hastening upon the less serious business of the night, and as they speed by they accord alluring glimpses of fair women and furbelows—and lucky men. If the Avenue lights look in, it is by chance, a look that is far too brief and too impersonal to be impertinent. For what is dominatingly characteristic of these lights is their obvious indifference to the life which goes on beneath them. Theirs is a striking self-absorption.

But go into the lower precincts of the city where streets and lives are narrow and ill-favored; there the lights are tenants of their quarter, privy to its peculiar and intimate affairs, and to the habits of those who sweat and freeze through its miserable nights. They know every door and wall and window within their vision. The children who play their immemorial games upon the sidewalks are known to them by name, for they hear them called in shrill, interrupting admonition from upper stories. The gangs of young men who noisily loiter away the dark in favorite corners, the old men and old women who struggle and quarrel through their brief and lamentable season, are alike known to them. They watch the rapid, unabashed progress of countless doorstep romances, and at the proper time, as if they looked away, provide the shadow for the playful roughness of a kiss. And when at last the street has fallen into its restless sleep and there is a scuffle in the darkness, with a man's quick, accusing cry, then dead silence save for the tch-tch-tch-tch of feet speeding away, the lights, loyal again, grant the runner the obscurity he seeks. They know the runner, just as on another night they knew the girl, but there's an end to it.

The reddish glare of Broadway and the cold blue whiteness of Fifth Avenue are not more faithful to an ordered scheme than the glimmer of these poor relations downtown. It is for these to cloak rather than to reveal what lies about them. The shabby, crowded houses are all too plain at noonday; at night they are permitted to shrink behind a curtain of dimness through which, in tattered squares, gleams the dingy orange of window lights. The highways themselves are blurred by the dust which hangs in the heavy air.



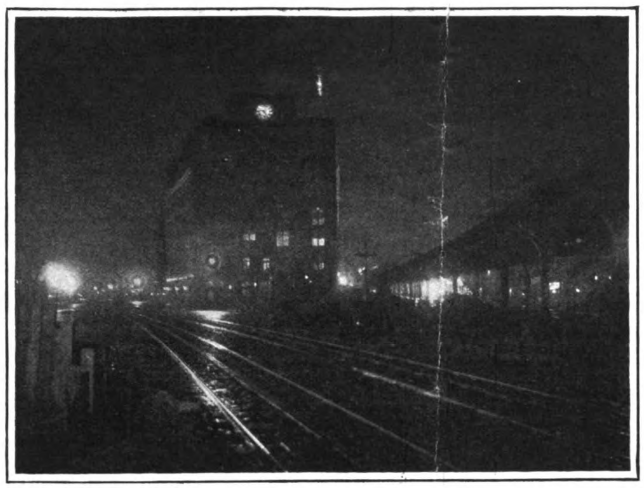
Fairyland on the Harlem River

Some of the lights of the region sit bleary and red-eyed in the narrow cells of shop windows, "doing time" with a villainous company of wares long since hopeless of escape. Others are lusty and primitive, halting in a journey down the centuries to flame as a torch above a push-cart peddler's stock. Still others are beacons flaring along a strewn shore, not in warning, but as a lure to the cruising craft and as wardens of a wretched anchorage. From a corner's vantage-ground they shine behind assiduously polished panes, spendthrift of their

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brilliance, yet keen to tally the dripping money at the bar.

Across the way a meat market essays rivalry with a row of white-globed gas jets, like elevated footlights, behind which, as in a posed finale, are rows of legs of mutton and a "pony ballet" of featherless chickens. Encouraged by the stage manager — in butcher's costume —the audience moves freely in and out behind the scenes, not hesitating even to give a familiar nudge to the members of the cast, and frequently taking a plump one out to supper. Down the street, strategically remote from competition, a huckster's wagon stands beside the curb, an air of permanency contributed to it by the worn-out, bony horse motionless between the shafts. Two unsteady kerosene torches smoke at its tail-board, dividing their attentions between the jumble of vegetables about them and an oily kinsman who is waving greetings from a peanut-vender's cart. As a sort of barbaric dash to the scene, several small children are worrying bits of wood and paper into the anger of a blaze in the gutter, setting an ominous red dancing on near-by walls. Sorely tried but patient, the fire-signal station on its post at the corner watches the children with its crimson eye over the heads of the unconcerned multitude.



Where the Bowery journeys northward

Such are the lights which live on terms of easy friendship with the affairs of the quarter. They are set low, close to the people, shining familiarly in their faces, the highest of them well within earshot of the talk and gossip of the street. Their interests are the interests of those about them, and these they serve, even to the dimmest, least ambitious flicker of the lamp that marks the street-repair gang's uncompleted task.

The Bowery finds a wantonly "mixed company" of lights awaiting her. They come with simplicity and with treachery, from the moon-faced benevolence of the clock over Cooper Union to the knife-blade glitter of the arc-lamps under the elevated tracks at Chatham Square. The Bowery's cronies have ever been a strange crew, and so it is with her lights. Many of them are far too good for her, far too bright and steady; many are inoffensive loafers along the curbs, and some are out-and-out accomplices. At Chatham Square, where her dominion begins, the very street lamps convey the disquieting suggestion that they are lying in wait for some one behind the squat pillars of the overhead railway. Close at hand, around the corner of a wall, the alien lights of a crooked Chinese street look aslant upon the highway. They illuminate festivities more or less their own, with the Bowery for an indulgent and much-valued patroness. A little farther on the glow of an honest warmth spreads from a mission-house doorway upon the bony faces of men who are hunching, shuffling along in line for a handful of bread. These are the ones for whom the Bowery no longer has employment save in her sullen, vicious moods, but she feeds them, perhaps to keep them from annoying her. Then comes the heated rivalry of the shop windows, which, for brilliance, are veritable fiery furnaces. It seems incredible that suits and "pants" and hats are not consumed in the blaze which exploits them. But one night, a long time ago, the proprietor of an "Emporium of Fashion" made two lights to burn where only one burned before, and the challenge was too pointed to be ignored by his competitors. And that is what brought the lights trooping in upon the Bowery. Year by year they become brighter and more numerous; better buildings, better men, follow them, and the crafty old street who sees it all elevates her badly painted eyebrows and reduces the price of whiskey to five cents a glass.

So, accompanied by her swarm of good lights and bad ones, the symbols of honest trades rubbing elbows willy-nilly with the brazen familiar of the street, the Bowery journeys northward until Cooper Union stands squarely in her path and bars her further progress. Her roaring traffic is cleft into two swift, narrow streams as by a great brown rock. And from its summit the venerable clock looks down upon the ill-taught highway and her diversions, an uninvited, unwelcome guest, but the first to come and the last to leave.

From the Bowery the brightness tarnishes quickly east and west. It fades, light by light, in the squares of noisy tenements and silent factories that stretch to the shadowy river edges. There, for miles and miles, in a girding chain, run the lonely water-front lamps. In summer they waver in the moving heat that cheats the city's unhappy thousands sprawled on wharves and piers; in winter they shiver and turn blue in the cold that drives these thousands home. They stare down upon the drowsy boundary street, across the water to their fellows on the other shore, and eagerly after the glancing eyes of the passing river craft, in endless, changeless servitude. Along the East River the huge bridges swing overhead at long intervals, their spans all twinkling like jeweled marriage gifts to mark the wedding of the boroughs. Link by link the girding chain drops to the south, away to the Battery, where the two enclosing rivers meet and make a roadway to the city's water gate. Then, as through the sheave of a block, it turns about Castle Garden and pays out sharply to run its northward length. And within this deep and narrow loop lies the city, with its sleeping shadows, its sleepless brilliance, and all the romance, all the mystery, of its wondrous night.

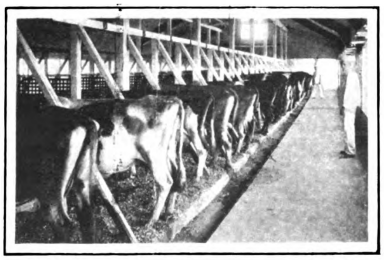
WILL ANY MILK DO?

BY H. W. CONN

THE conditions of the milk industry have hitherto been such as to put a premium upon poor quality and carelessness in production. Most articles of commerce are bought and sold according to their quality, and the public realizes that a higher price must be paid for a good than for a poor product. Unfortunately this has not been the case in regard to the most widely used article of food. Milk, provided it comes up to a certain rather low standard set by law, has commonly been sold as milk of the same quality, whether it be good or bad, clean or dirty. Leaving out of consideration the excessively expensive "certified milk," all other grades of milk have been commonly sold on the same market at the same price, irrespective of quality, upon the tacit feeling that all kinds of true milk are of essentially the same value, a belief that is, however, emphatically wrong.

The results of this method of marketing milk have been the introduction of certain gigantic evils in our communities which we have been vainly trying to meet by law. Those who have made a study of milk have learned that the milk offered for sale on the market ranges all the way from grades that constitute the best, safest, and almost the cheapest food, down to grades that are absolutely deadly in their effect upon the consumer; from that which is clean and sweet to that which contains large amounts of cow manure; from that which forms a rich, wholesome food to that which is largely adulterated with water and filled with poisonous preservatives. But in spite of this wide range in value all of these have been placed upon the market simply as milk, and sold at one level price. This of course results frequently in cheating the purchaser. But a worse effect than this is that the inevitable result of such a condition places an irresistible temptation before those producing and handling milk. Since their receipts are dependent upon the quantity and not upon the quality of the milk they sell, the stimulus that is placed upon them is to produce and sell as large a quantity as possible, rather than as good a quality as possible Cheap methods of producing milk in large quantities have come to the front, and the popular breed of cows has become the one that produces the largest quantity of milk, which means also the poorest quality. The use of this breed is thus a legal method of diluting milk with water, and the breed of cow that thus dilutes her own milk has become the most popular one. Thus payment for quantity and not for quality has everywhere had the effect of reducing the grade of milk, of cheapening the methods of production, and of increasing the quantity at the expense of quality. As a consequence it has been found necessary to pass laws that set a minimum standard of milk that can be sold, and this standard has a tendency to be set at the lowest grade that is produced by the cow that gives the largest quantity and hence the lowest quality.

It has become sadly proved in recent years that while milk may be the cheapest food it is sometimes the most dangerous, the danger always being due to foreign substances getting into the milk. The many



A dairy farm that aims at quality

epidemics of typhoid fever, scarlet fever, and diphtheria, the thousands of cases of tuberculosis, infectious sore throats, and diarrhœal troubles that have been traced to the miscellaneous milk supply have proved the need of guarding this product. It is a demonstrated fact, no longer a theory, that tens of thousands of children lose their lives yearly from the drinking of the milk that is sold on our markets. These dangers are all due to the contamination of milk with something from without and are the result of carelessness in handling this product. The primal facts are that carelessly produced, dirty milk is a menace to the health of every child in a city, and that the general custom of paying for milk by quantity rather than by quality inevitably results in carelessness that is sure to be attendant upon the desire to produce the largest amount of milk irrespective of quality, at the lowest price.

Public-health authorities, having realized that many of the evils connected with the milk supply are due to a lack of stimulus to produce quality, have started a campaign to strike at the root of the problem. It is a very difficult and some think an impossible one, due largely to the fact that the milk is sold and used so quickly. But at all events some steps in the direction of grading milk are being taken. A National Commission of Milk Standards has recently strongly advocated that milk should be bought and sold according to specified grades; and already some of our cities, notably New York, have started to introduce the grading of milk in actual practice. Besides the high-priced "certified milk" three grades have been recognized.

Probably the chief obstacle in the way of this important reform lies at the consumer's end of the problem. It will be perfectly feasible to bring the producers and dealers into line with this change if only the public can be educated to realize its meaning and its necessity. Unfortunately the public at large still believes that "milk is milk," and is quite unwilling to pay more for good milk than for poor milk, provided the latter is properly white and shows a cream line. This is sometimes due to domestic conditions; and it occasionally happens that the very doctors who advocate the pure-milk campaign pay no attention to the milk bought in their own households, leaving this to a housekeeper or servants. Under these conditions progress is slow. The servants know or care nothing for cleanliness or quality, and only think of the price; and if the intelligent people refuse to "interfere with domestic affairs" it is difficult to make progress. It is still unusual to find even educated people willing to pay a cent a quart more for good milk when they find they can get an ordinary kind cheaper. If the public can only be brought to appreciate the fact that it is cheaper to pay a little extra for a good quality than to pay less for a poorer grade of milk, a great reform can be rapidly brought about. The question whether the milk supply can be generally improved depends thus upon the consumer. The New York Milk Committee is doing a great work in trying to distribute this information as widely as possible, and is thus becoming one of the efficient aids toward the improvement of the public health. The present phase of the campaign to guard the milk supply is thus an attempt to put this product upon the same basis as other food products, and, by giving a premium of a higher price upon milk of high grade, thus stimulate a desire on the part of the producer to produce quality and not quantity alone. This reform will come just as soon as the public is ready for it, and that will be just as soon as the consumer is ready to pay for quality.

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OUR EMBASSY IN LONDON

The Ambassador at the Court of St. James must be a Croesus with the Graces of the Nine Muses

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

THERE is no need at this date to recall the innumerable tributes paid by the King, the British government, and the British people and press to the memory of Mr. Whitelaw Reid. I wish rather to emphasize and bear witness to their entire and spontaneous sincerity. Mr. Reid came to England some seven and a half years ago with many claims upon the regard of the British nation. His name was quite familiar to the man in the street. We knew that his newspaper was one of the very few American journals of any standing that championed the British cause in the South-African War. He had twice represented his country as special envoy, first at the time of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, and, secondly, at King Edward's coronation; and he was thus well and favorably known to London society and officialdom. A few of us had even heard that he was once nominated for the Vice-Presidency of the United States and that his insistence on the retention of the Philippines, as one of the peace commissioners appointed to wind up the Spanish-American War, did much to launch America on that career of imperialism which had and still has the sympathy of practically all Englishmen. But what chiefly we knew of Mr. Reid in 1905 was that he was a man of very great wealth who had long wanted to be American Ambassador in London, and who was sure to conduct the office on a resplendent scale.

It would be absurd to deny that there was on this account and among a good many Englishmen a certain prejudice against Mr. Reid in the early days of his ambassadorship, and that the spectacle of the representative of the American Republic—a republic believed to be officially dedicated to the cult of Jeffersonian simplicity—leasing not merely a good, but the very best and most magnificent house in London, maintaining it in the most elaborate style, and dispensing a lavish hospitality, was thought to have in it something of the incongruous. There were at first some doubts whether we should find in Mr. Reid a representative of that virile democratic Americanism which was of the essence, for example, of Mr. Choate's character and of Mr. Hay's and of James Russell Lowell's: whether, in short, with his vast wealth and his aristocratic predilections Mr. Reid might not become almost too British and exclusive in his tastes and sympathies. I mention these apprehensions because it was part of his success to dispel them; or rather they melted away when the true personality of the man was more fully revealed.

Mr. Reid possessed in an extraordinary degree, and liked to exercise, the art of pleasing. There have, no doubt, been greater men in the American embassy and more finished orators, but there has been no one more amply endowed than was Mr. Reid with the quality of agreeableness. He was an easy and entertaining talker in all companies, an accomplished host, and a man of the most kindly instincts. He enjoyed doing people good turns, and he would spend time and energy that he could ill afford in serving men who were unknown and had neither influence nor any claim upon him; and this not to curry popularity, but because it genuinely hurt him to refuse assistance where it was needed and where he could render it. As a conversationalist he made a considerable name for himself; there was hardly a man in London who had a greater stock of better small talk, of interesting reminiscence and amusing anecdote. In public, while he always observed the limitations imposed by his office, he spoke aptly and with a real finish; and the addresses he delivered from time to time on American notabilities showed judgment, wide interests, and a genuine literary instinct as well as his invariable good nature. All these qualities and gifts, added to his ingratiating manners and his courtly and distinguished bearing, brought him in a vast multitude of friends. Mr. Reid was not a man to be estimated by the enemies he had made; for he made none; and the honors and tributes paid to his memory in the House of Commons, in the British press, and by the sovereign and the government, were eloquent of his success in winning the affectionate good-will of all with whom he was brought in contact.

It has been definitely announced from Washington—though with what authority I do not know—that President Taft intends leaving it to his successor to fill up the vacancy in the London embassy. The obvious objection to this course is that, with the Panama difficulty approaching its decisive phase, it is extremely desirable that the United States should be represented in Great Britain by an ambassador. On the other hand, Englishmen recognize that it would be absurd to expect any American to accept the post on a three months' tenure, with the virtual certainty of being superseded soon after March by President Wilson's nominee. Some British journals have wondered why, in these circumstances, Mr. Taft and Mr. Wilson should not confer together and agree upon some man who would be acceptable both to the present and the coming administration and whose position would not be affected by the advent of the Democrats to office. That, however, is a part of the problem with which, as every one over here agrees, Americans are entitled to deal just as they please. Meanwhile it is admitted that whoever has the choosing of the next ambassador to the Court of St. James will have no easy task on his hands, any more than the man on whom his choice falls. Of all diplomatic posts, I have often thought the pleasantest in most ways and the most exacting in some is that of American ambassador in London. Whoever holds it gets infinitely nearer to the realities of English life than the representative of any other country. He is treated from the first as a national guest whom it is a delight to honor rather than as an official emissary. The mayor and corporation of Plymouth or Southampton board his vessel in the bay, and, even before he lands, convince him that the British people have no intention of surrendering him to the Court, Whitehall, and the West End. Popular opinion separates him at once from his colleagues of the diplomatic corps. He is the only one who reaches the mass of the people. The ordinary Londoner, who could no more tell you the name of the Italian or German ambassador than a New-Yorker could tell you the name of the lieutenant-governor of Kansas, would not only answer correctly if you asked him the name of the American ambassador, but would probably be able to rattle off his predecessors as far back as James Russell Lowell. He is the only one in whom the people as a whole have any interest. From the day of his arrival he becomes an intimate part of English society, and a still more intimate part of the world of English art and letters and public—by which, of course, I do not mean political—life. Other ambassadors may be as lavishly entertained, may be able to show as full an engagement list, may dispense in return an equally brilliant hospitality. But the quality of the welcome extended to them differs altogether from that which greets their American *confrère*. The public as a whole knows nothing about the other ambassadors and does not care to know anything. They are strangers where the American ambassador is a kinsman, foreigners where he is "one of us." A paragraph in the court circular is enough to announce their advent or recall, while their American colleague, on his arrival as well as his departure, receives a full-blown editorial salute from the entire London press. The one is merely an incident of officialdom; the other is a national event.

This is, I think, essentially as it should be. Certainly it would be against the grain of British national instinct if no distinction were to be made between the American and other ambassadors. But at the same time it is a state of affairs that raises some peculiar perplexities and embarrassments. We commit, we English, in the case of the American ambassador, the worst crime against hospitality by being too hospitable, by asking too much of our guest and driving him too hard. We never really give the poor man a moment's rest. Throughout his stay among us we presume inordinately on his acquaintance with English. There must, indeed, be times when we force him to wish he spoke Basque and Basque only, and did not hold the faith and morals that Milton held. So might he live among us and possess his soul in quietude—a diplomatist and not a public institution. But as it is, no sooner has he reached London than the bombardment begins. I must admit at once that it is most vigorously replied to. England and the American ambassador set to forthwith to see which can entertain the other the best. Mr. Lowell used to complain that England spoiled the American ambassador. I rather think that the American ambassador is more apt to spoil us. We calmly take it for granted that the representative of the United States, whoever he may be, will be a first-class after-dinner speaker, familiar with the whole of American history and the whole of English literature, omniscient and omnipresent, and able and willing at any moment to read a paper, deliver an address, and unveil a monument. We turn him into a sort of lecturer to the nation. We launch him on a full tide of oratory from Land's End to John O'Groat's, thrusting upon him, as he sweeps along, the presidency of innumerable societies. We scout the idea that protocols and despatches and all the banalities of international negotiations can have any claim upon him. Knowing him to be an American, and therefore interested in education, we play upon his weakness and shamelessly take hold of his democratic sympathies. Things, indeed, have come to such a pass that an American ambassador who was content to be merely an ambassador, who could not or would not speak, who loathed public occasions and shunned a platform, and who screened himself like other ambassadors behind the ramparts of society and officialdom, would be reckoned a disappointment and a failure, almost, in fact, a freak of nature.

It is true that not all the depredations upon the American ambassador's leisure are committed by Englishmen; his own countrymen and countrywomen have something to answer for. Not only do they overrun the embassy offices daily throughout the year and do their best to turn their representative into a something between a tourist agency and a master of ceremonies, but they take possession of his house on every July the Fourth, and squeeze his hand to a pulp without breaking down his smile; and they demand his presence and his speech at the yearly banquets on Independence Day, Thanksgiving Day, and Washington's Birthday. Some twenty times did Mr. Whitelaw Reid face these gatherings. It was the penalty of his position, and no slight one; but it could scarcely stand a moment's comparison with all that was inflicted upon him by English insistence. What is expected of an American ambassador in London is that he shall go everywhere and meet every one, that he shall get to know all classes and almost all corners of the British Isles, that he lend himself to the infinitely varied demands of English hospitality and English public endeavor, that he regard it as one of the first of his official duties to do all he can by means of lectures and addresses to interpret America to England, that he become, in short, an ambassador to the people as well as to the court. All this makes the post of American ambassador at least as exacting as it is pleasant. But the office is a peculiar one in many other ways besides those on which I have already touched. The United States, for instance, possesses some offices in Victoria Street that call themselves an embassy, but it has no ambassador's residence. It acts with republican severity on the theory that all work and no sleep, let alone play, makes a good ambassador. It provides him accordingly with a desk-chair, pens, and paper, and the paraphernalia of his official business, but it takes no account of his human longing for a bed or a roof over his head.

These are luxuries he is expected to furnish out of his salary, and the fixed and inclusive salary of all American ambassadors is $17,500 a year. Out of this they have to pay their own house-rent as well as all private living expenses. This was never a very satisfactory arrangement, even in the days of the modest scholar-diplomat, of men like Bancroft, Lowell, Motley, and Washington Irving, men, that is to say, of comparatively moderate means, who were appointed and welcomed on the strength of their literary laurels, and from whom nothing in the way of a grand establishment was expected. But standards have altered considerably of late years—partly because all the American legations at the chief capitals have themselves been promoted to embassies; and the consequence is that only very wealthy men, who are prepared to pay from $50,000 a year upward out of their private purse, can afford to accept a first-class embassy, and to keep up the state that the diplomacy of to-day insists upon. In one capital you will find an American ambassador living in a palace, the rent of which exceeds his official salary; and in another you will find him worse housed than the average representative of a Balkan state. In the American diplomatic service, I understand, there is little security of tenure, no regular and recognized system of promotion, and no pensions; and appointments as a rule are made by the President, "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate," from men of his own party, and are liable to terminate at a moment's notice when the other side comes in. Diplomacy in American eyes is apparently rather a diversion than a career, and most of the highest posts in the service are given to men who have had no official training, but who like to round off a successful political, professional, or business career by a new and pleasant experience. This again helps to limit the ambassadorships at the great capitals to men of wealth.

Moreover, my impressions of the majority of Americans who either reside in or visit Europe is that it gratifies them to see their ambassadors resplendently housed and maintaining a generous social state. They do not want their representative in London to live in West Kensington, or in the French or German equivalents of West Kensington, but in the Park Lane or the Carlton House Terrace of the city to which he is accredited. It gives them, so far as I can judge, a real pleasure to feel that the American ambassador is more than holding his own in the social game, and that on all occasions of public or semi-public display, and in all the outward embellishments of life, he plays an elegant and conspicuous and even a brilliant part. If the Americans in Berlin, for instance, had been polled a few years ago I do not doubt they would have voted to make Mr. Charlemagne Tower ambassador for life; and they were probably just as disappointed as the Kaiser himself when Mr. Tower's successor turned out to be a gentleman whose tastes were those of a student and a scholar, and whose resources made it impossible for him to follow in Mr. Tower's footsteps with the same assurance and *éclat*. In regard to the London embassy, the case is even more embarrassing. The last three American ambassadors have all been men of very large private means, which they spent ungrudgingly in their country's service. They have accustomed both Englishmen and Americans to a certain style and scale of doing things; and the transition from a millionaire to a man of moderate means, whether wholesome or not, would undoubtedly entail a certain amount of social and personal inconvenience and unfairness. One may therefore assume that Mr. Taft and Mr. Wilson—to whichever of them falls the duty of nominating a successor to Mr. Reid—will begin by canvassing the names of wealthy men. But that is not by any means the limit of the difficulties of the problem. There are plenty of men in America who are millionaires, but who have not the social, literary, and intellectual qualifications that the whole Anglo-American world has come to expect as a matter of course from the American ambassador; and there are plenty of men who are amply endowed with these latter qualifications, but who are vexed by the eternal want of pence. To hit upon the individual who combines both sets of requisites is no easy matter. That Mr. Taft, however, or Mr. Wilson will succeed in discovering him I make no doubt. We always think in England that no American ambassador can be quite so good as the one who is just leaving us and we are always proved to be delightfully wrong.

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PENN STATE

THE MAN WHO GAVE UNCLE SAM *HIS* DUES

A Glance at the Achievement of William Loeb, Jr., the First Collector of the Port of New York to Make the Customs Service Thorough

BY WILLIAM INGLIS

THERE should never have been any reason for writing this page of history. There would be none if the United States customs dues at the port of New York ever had been really collected before March, 1909. At that time President Taft appointed William Loeb, Jr., Collector of the Port, and during the four years that have passed since then Mr. Loeb has really collected the customs. That state of facts on the face of it may hardly seem worth writing about, but to any one really well informed as to the history of the service it is as startling as if the collector had made a field of wheat grow now where only a few dwindling blades of grass grew before. Mr. Loeb found the customs dues being collected with a sieve; he promptly threw away the sieve and substituted a bucket that never misses one drop.

Conditions in the customs service were characteristic of the loose, easy-going, good-natured American way of doing things. For generations the Collector of the Port of New York had been a fine gentleman, one of the right-hand men of the President in power; an able politician, who might or might not have some knowledge of the customs laws, but who always gave good jobs to "the boys" who came properly recommended by national or state or district leaders. Excellent men have occupied the position. One of them, the charming and courteous Chester A. Arthur, became President of the United States. No one could justly impugn the character of any of the Collectors of the Port any more than he could declare that the customs duties were honestly and efficiently collected. Tainted from top to bottom with politics, the service was a nest of favoritism, of fraud, and of incompetence. The gentle art of smuggling, which the law denounces as a crime and which many of the most righteous men and women practise or condone, flourished in the highest degree. Individuals who brought in from Europe more clothing or luxuries than the law exempted "slipped something to somebody" and escaped paying. Women of good birth and breeding, of high social standing and great wealth, brought in silks, laces, and jewels worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, and never paid a cent—of duties. Humorous as it may seem, many of these good women bought their luxuries out of fortunes their fathers or husbands had acquired through the high protective tariff; yet they bribed and bullied and cajoled their way through the barriers of the tariff law without a scruple. The practice was so systematized that it was quite common for smugglers to look for an inspector with a white carnation in his buttonhole—the flower being the white badge of bribery.

As for the importers of foreign wares, one needs both telescope and microscope to scrutinize their operations. Swindling sugar companies arranged a highly organized fraudulent system of undervaluing and underweighing raw sugar that yielded them many millions of fraudulent gains—and gave a few paltry thousands of dollars to the wretched customs men who connived at the frauds. Dealers in diamonds, rubies, pearls, and pictures grew rich on the spoils of their corrupt partnership with dishonest government employees. Importers of woolen goods, silks, laces, gloves, cutlery, cheese, oil, wine, spirits—anything and everything—vied with one another in cheating the government. No branch of trade was too small to seek profit in crooked importations. One man made a snug little fortune by smuggling in typewriter ribbons. Cunning little worm in a mountain of fraud!

Everybody knew about these things, but seemingly nobody cared. It was a free-for-all race between smart social leaders, shrewd multi-millionaires, swindling merchants, crafty citizens, and common crooks to see who could "do" Uncle Sam most adroitly and profitably. Since Bobby Burns's day, and long before that, mankind has looked leniently upon smuggling. But in all the history of the human race smuggling had never been carried on upon such a gigantic and thoroughly organized scale as at the port of New York. At that port are collected three-quarters of all the customs revenues of the United States, which is equivalent to forty per cent. of the entire revenue of our government. Think of it—four-tenths of all Uncle Sam's revenue gathered in a crooked, rotten sieve!

When Mr. Taft became President this condition appalled him. He determined to cure it. There was law enough to work the cure, if only he could find the man. . . . Presently it was telegraphed throughout the country that William Loeb, Jr., late secretary to President Roosevelt, had been appointed Collector of Customs at the Port of New York. "Fine for Loeb! That's what he gets for being faithful to Teddy," was the comment of the public, who then forgot all about Mr. Loeb and went on with their regular business of getting rich—or poor—quick, or reforming the world, or getting votes for women, or rooting for the home nine, or whatever else they liked to work or play at. As a matter of fact, there was a great deal more behind that appointment than the public dreamed of, though then was not so good a time to talk about it as now, when the Collector has finished his appointed task and is going to work for a private concern that will pay him twice as much as Uncle Sam did. Before making the appointment, Mr. Taft asked the young secretary whether he thought he could clean up the New York customs service and make it efficient. Mr. Loeb said he believed he could; at least he'd try as hard as he could. So he got the job, with only one condition attached—that he make the service honest and thorough.



William Loeb, Jr.

WHO ASTONISHED HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS BY SHOWING THAT THE COLLECTION OF CUSTOMS AT THE PORT OF NEW YORK CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED EFFICIENTLY AND HONESTLY

What qualifications had the young secretary for a task that required the abilities of Hercules, Solomon, and a few other supermen folded into one? First of all, character: he had been diligent, honest, and faithful in many things a hard and loyal worker, an unsparing student, a model of tact, a genius at keeping his mouth shut. He had also the faculty of grasping a multitude of details, sifting and analyzing them, and never forgetting them. Also he had youth, health, strength, and enthusiasm. He was forty-two years old, a trifle below six feet in height, with a big, bony frame well packed with springy muscles. As he seemed then, so he seems to-day: physically the type of football guard or tackle, with perhaps a shade too much flesh—an excellent safeguard against worry, be it known—a deep, well-rounded torso, bespeaking sound vital organs; a big, well-balanced head, poised on a strong neck; broad brow; eyes brown, set well apart, seeing much, revealing little; a big, aquiline nose; deep, broad chin, slanting forward, and hard jaws that seem set with a time lock. He looks the prosperous, dominant business man.

Mr. Loeb had had the inestimable advantage of having to fight hard to acquire all the learning that is his. Having but scanty means, he was forced early to earn his own living—as soon as he was graduated from high school at Albany, New York. He became a proficient stenographer and worked in a railway office and in an insurance office, in each of which he obtained good business training. He was during four years a stenographer in the District Attorney's office, and for three years of that time he diligently studied law. He earned more money meantime by serving as an extra stenographer for the official reporter of the state legislature. Moreover the new Collector had enjoyed special opportunities for becoming acquainted with the work he must do. He was secretary to J. Sloat Fassett while Mr. Fassett was Collector in 1891. He thus gained intimate knowledge of the personnel of the army of three thousand men that collected the duties at the port of New York. He knew the intricate problems that came up in the administration of the office. A few years later young Loeb was an extra stenographer on the staff of the Executive office at Albany. When Theodore Roosevelt became Governor of New York in 1899 he made young Loeb his private secretary, and when he was elected Vice-President took him to Washington. So that, thanks to his New York City experience, the young man knew a great deal about the customs business, while at Albany and Washington he learned a lot about politics and politicians. Still his friends, knowing the perils of the new position he was going to accept in March, 1909, offered him the assurances that friends so often give.

"New York will be the grave of your reputation," they told him. "You can't clean it up."

"But if I do set it right," he replied, "that will be a real success."

Now, it had been the practice from time immemorial for the Collector of the Port of New York to sit in state in his great, luxurious office, surrounded by carved golden American eagles that perched on the walls amid paintings of ancient heroes and worthies and busts of Lincoln and Grant. He smoked long and silky cigars as secretaries and messengers tiptoed in silence over the rich rugs, and he held important conferences from time to time with great men in the world of politics. Heads of departments in the customs service came in at proper intervals and told him what they were doing—or as much of it as they thought was good for him to know—and went on their way untrammeled by any interference from above. But the new Collector was different. He knew the customs business. Indeed, several heads of departments came in to pay their respects to the new chief and tell him what they were doing—and remained to receive instructions. Now and then he told one of these gentlemen things about his department that he himself had never known, much less expected that any one else knew. Furthermore, instead of placidly receiving reports he briskly issued orders. Strange times in the Custom House! There was a great rattling of dry bones.

Suppose the newly elected president of a railroad should give orders that every man on the road must abstain from the use of tobacco in any form, or that every employee must sleep nine hours out of each twenty-four, or some such revolutionary thing; imagine the confusion that would follow, the utter inability of the army of railroaders to grasp the idea that the new chief meant what he said. Yet when Mr. Loeb took charge at the Custom House, in Bowling Green, he issued orders quite as revolutionary.

"We must collect *all* the customs dues, fully and honestly," he told his men. "Every one of you must help me to the extent of your ability. If you fail you will be discharged. If you succeed you will be promoted as high and as speedily as possible. Hereafter merit is the only thing that counts in this office. Politics is out of it. Remember, you must collect every penny that is due from every one who brings goods into this country—from the biggest merchant to the littlest traveler."

Veterans drew away in corners and talked it over. The new Collector meant well, they said, and it was fine to see so much enthusiasm. Loeb seemed to be a nice young fellow—but he didn't know. Certain parties (meaning great political individuals whom it were wiser not to name) would put the pressure on him, and then he'd know what was what and we'd

(Continued on page 26)

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ART?



Interludes

SOME SUGGESTED VALENTINES

HAVING looked vainly over the field to find suitable valentines to fit into the needs of certain special classes of men and women, we venture to supply an unfortunate lack with the following suggestions. These, if cut out and pasted upon a piece of card-board or the back of a postal, may be mailed to the party of the second part by the individuals to whom they may appear useful.

(For a College Boy Face To Face With a Deficit)

Dear Father, send me dollars nine,
And I will be your Valentine.
If so you wish, don't fail to pen
The check for ten.

(For a Swell Dresser To Send To His Tailor)

Dear Snip, I cannot pay your bill;
I have no money in my till,
And at the bank I'm down so low
The cashier's manner's cold as snow.
But I have not forgot you, Snip,
Nor would I give your bill the slip,
But just at present I incline
To simply be your Valentine.

(To Send To The Young Lady Who Has Rejected You)

Since to my suit you answered, "Nein!"
I shall not be your Valentine,
But to the girl across the way
I'm sending stacks of them to-day.
I call to-night, but, ere I go,
Accept my thanks for saying "No!"

(To Send To a Somewhat Unappreciative Employer)

If you will raise my salary
Your Valentine I'll gladly be;
And mark me well, if so you don't,
B'gosh, I won't!

A STRONG SERMON

"THAT was a strong sermon you preached on Lent and the vanities of life, Dr. Prosy," said Mr. Reddymun.

"I'm glad you found it so, Mr. Reddymun," said the reverend gentleman.

"Yes, sir—and what you said about ostentation was especially pointed and true, and I have decided to reform my ways in that respect. Instead of putting a thousand-dollar check in the plate on Easter Sunday, sir, I am going to content myself with a meek and lowly two-dollar bill," said Mr. Reddymun, giving the rector's hand an affectionate squeeze of appreciation.

THERE'S A REASON

"MAUD'S father has forbidden everybody the house during Lent but me," chortled Chollie.

"Oh, well, I suppose he thought he ought to impose a penance of some kind on her," said Cynicus.



TROUBLES OF A PREHISTORIC PROFESSOR
TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF

AN AWFUL BLOW

"YES," said Slithers, "Mickley was my dearest friend, and I shall never cease to mourn his death. It was a terrible blow from which I shall never recover."

"Why—I thought you married his widow?" said Jimpson.

"Why—er—ahem!—why, yes, I did; but—"

Here Slithers subsided into a deep and uncomfortable silence.

SERIOUS THINKING

"You really should put your mind on serious matters during the Lenten season, Mrs. Frivole," said the rector, gravely.

"Oh, I do, Dr. Fourthly," said the lady. "You haven't an idea what a lot of serious thought goes into the selection of an Easter hat these days."

NO TROUBLE AT ALL

"No," said the summer girl, "I have no difficulty at all in keeping my Lenten vows. Every year I resolve during the Lenten period not to stroll on the beach in the moonlight; not to sit idly in a hammock under the trees with any young man during the twilight hour; and not to frivol in the bosky dells with every fluffy-haired college athlete that comes along."

"Noble girl!" said the visitor, as he put on his fur overcoat and went forth into the raging blizzard, resolved to lead a better life.

A USEFUL CITIZEN

"WHAT sort of a chap is Dubberton, Griggs?" asked Whackson.

"Dubberton?" said Griggs. "Oh, Dubberton's the sort of chap who will deliver a lecture on the Humor of the Seventeenth Earl of Shaftesbury at a time when everybody else is looking for advice on how to reduce the high cost of living."

THE KIND

"SAM WOBBLES is the most futile dreamer I ever met," said Dubbs.

"Really? How does he show it?" asked Wimpleton.

"Why, Sam's the sort of man who would actually go to a public dinner to get something to eat," said Dubbs.

NOT UNLIKELY

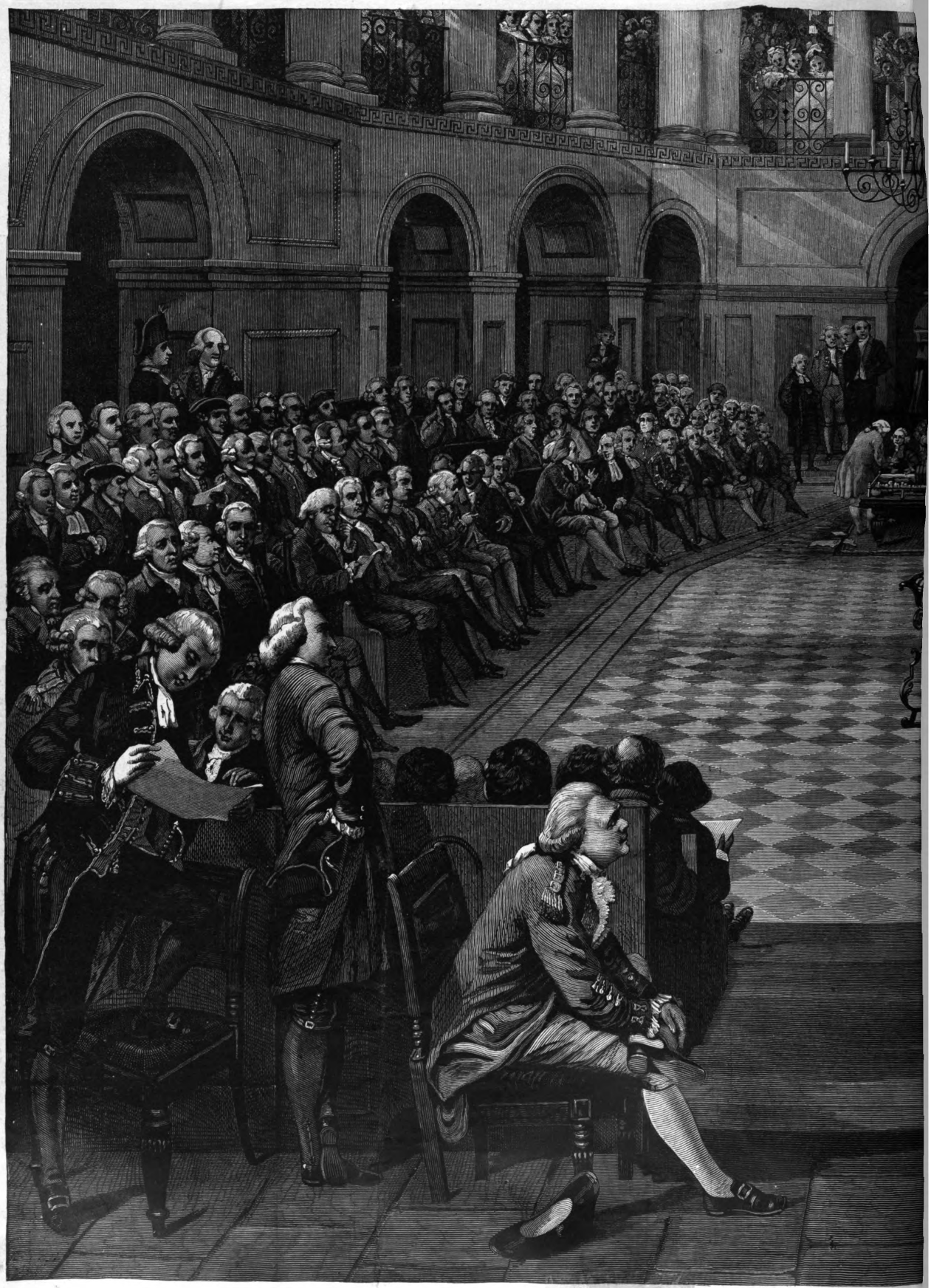
"WELL, my boy," said the visitor to Bobby, "I suppose some day you expect to step into your father's shoes?"

"Oh, I suppose so," said Bobby, gloomily. "I been wearin' out everythin' else he wears since mother learned how to cut 'em down for me."



TRACK TERM—THE FINAL HEAT

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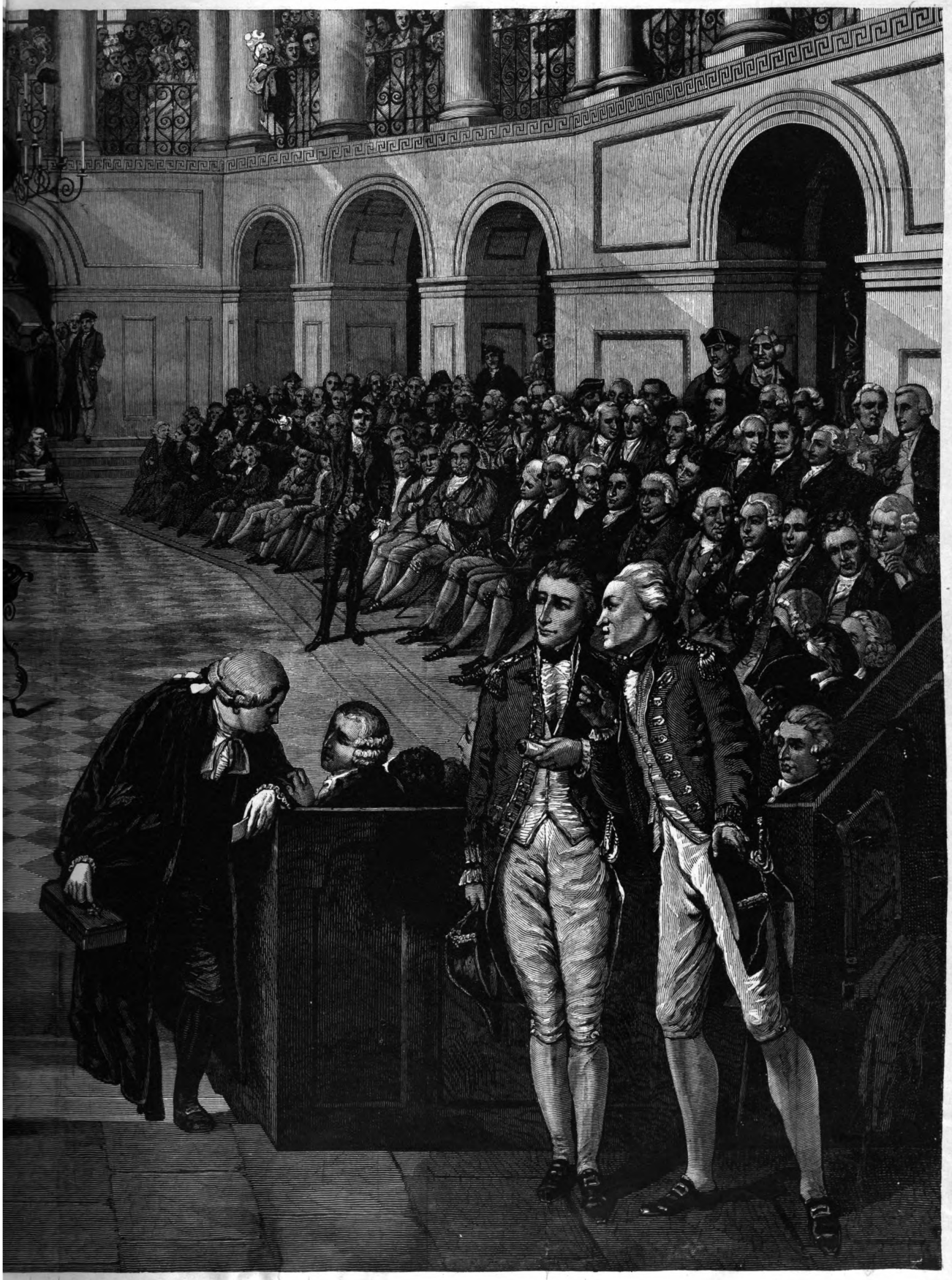
WHEN IRISHMEN

The interior of the Irish House of Commons on College Green, Dublin, as it appeared in 1790, ten years before the enacti bility of its becoming law within two years, despite the veto of the House of Lords, makes this picture of especial interest. Grattan (holding the scroll) listening to Henry Flood, while Lord Charlemont (seated) is watching him earnestly. The gr

A REPRODUCTION OF THE ORIGINAL OF THIS PICTURE, WHICH WAS PAINTED BY H. BARRE

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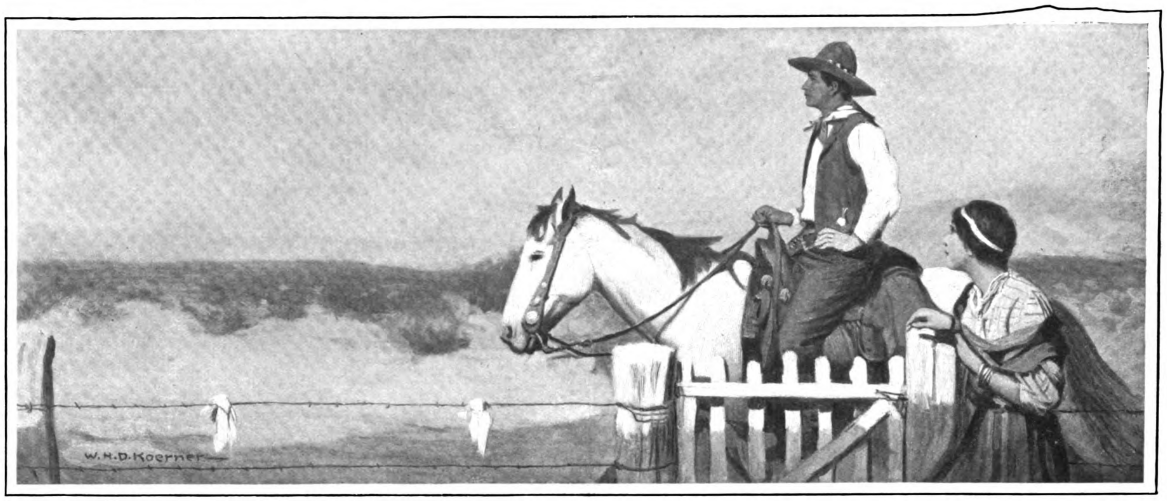


RULED IRELAND

of the Act of Union, which abolished the Irish parliament. The passage of the Home Rule bill last month, and the proba-
n Philpot Curran is shown addressing the House, over which Speaker Foster presides. On the right of the picture is Henry
man at the extreme right (seated, with the curled wig) is Sir John Parnell, great-grandfather of the famous Irish statesman
AND J. HAYTER, APPEARED IN THE ISSUE OF "HARPER'S BAZAR" FOR FEBRUARY 26, 1887

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THE FORBIDDEN ROAD

BY JANE ANDERSON

DRAWINGS BY W. H. D KOERNER

EVERY afternoon, at sundown, Wanda stood in her wide doorway watching the *vaqueros* ride by on their way toward town. The pomegranate blossoms above her head were no redder than her mouth, and she wore two bands of scarlet beads around her hair.

She knew that there was not one of the men who did not want to stop and be with her; and it pleased her—as it would have pleased any woman.

In town, at night, the *vaqueros* talked of her beauty; but the women shrugged their shoulders and made eloquent gestures with their hands. They said that she was a cholo—which is to say that there was both Indian and Mexican blood in her veins—and that she was without caste. All of which was true.

One day there was a new rider with the men when they came in from the ranges. He was young and straight and rode well forward in his saddle, looking neither to the right nor to the left. His skin was brown, but it was the brown of wind and sun—for his eyes were blue.

Wanda waited for his coming every day, waited with the misgivings and small fears of a child who does a forbidden thing. But each day he rode by, silent, looking straight ahead. And Wanda was glad. When the shadows of the pomegranate deepened in the twilight she watched for him, but she did not want him to stop. She was afraid.

Once he did not come in from the hills with the others. The next day Wanda wore her prettiest bracelets, weighting her slender arms with them. She braided her hair in two heavy plaits and wound them around her head, fastening them with a narrow band of silver.

She went down to the gate that overlooked the road. He rode so close to her that she could have reached out and touched him. But he did not look at her. It was then that she saw the line of white on his neck where the sunburn stopped.

She went back into the house, drew the blankets across her door, and looked at herself a long time in her small mirror.

"*Cholo!*" she said, under her breath. She took off the heavy bracelets and threw them on the floor, where they rolled around, flashing back at her in the candlelight.

But the next afternoon he came in to talk with her, and since he was a white man he brought one of the vaqueros with him, so that the introduction would be according to form. Before they went away the *vaquero* asked for the red rose in her hair, and she gave it to him.

She ran into the house singing, and the old squaw looked up from her work. Wanda laughed.

"He is but a man, when all is told," she said. But she was very happy. "He is named Clay Livingston—which is a pretty name."

"He is of another people," said the old woman. "It is better to let him be."

"His eyes are most blue," Wanda answered.

Her father sat at one side, listening. He was an old man, fast returning to the slovenly ways of his tribe. He made no comment.

When the squaw had finished the night's work and had gone back to the reservation Wanda went out and sat on the low doorstep of the hacienda. With her hands clasped around her knees, she watched the moon high above the sandhills, and the shadows of the nighthawks circling on the sand. She thought of Clay and remembered the warm pressure of his fingers on her own. Then she tried to put him away from her, and leaned back against the door, staring up into the thick, close leaves of the tamarind. She made pictures out of them, and figures of people, half hypnotized by her own devising, like a child who traces out giants and great white sheep in the moving clouds.

Far away she heard the patter of a pony's hoofs, but it became a part of the noises of the night, and she did not listen. When they stopped before the gate she looked up and saw Clay coming up the path toward her. For a second it seemed that he was but one of the pictures she had made.

But he came and stood beside her, looking down into her eyes, smiling.



She found her father alone

"I have come back," he said, and sat down on the doorstep beside her.

"*Si*," said Wanda. She had taken down her hair, and it hung over her shoulders in two loosely woven braids. She lifted one of them and wound it around her wrist, trying to hide the trembling of her hands.

"I didn't know. You don't mind my coming?"

She glanced up at him from under the shadow of her hair. "No—I am glad."

"I—I felt like I had to see you again."

Wanda stretched out her slim, brown hands, looking at them in the moonlight. She did not know how to answer him, and she was suddenly afraid to meet his eyes.

"I don't understand about you," he said, slowly. "Have you been here always? You talk sometimes in Mexican, then English. You seem—" He bent over her, forgetting what he had meant to say, watching her serious, upturned face. "You don't mind about my coming?"

She smiled, but she drew back from him. "No. I speak two tongues, also the Indian. It is not strange. Many people here in the country of Arizona do so."

"You are Spanish?"

"My mother was of the Castilian, and most beautiful. My father is of the Indian. I am like those of his tribe."

"Tell me about yourself. . . . I don't mean to be rude—but tell me all about yourself—all of it. I want to hear." He leaned forward, his face eager and boyish in the soft light.

"There is little to tell, señor."

"Tell me," he said again.

She waited, threading her fingers in and out of the long braids of her hair. "When I was little—so," she said, slowly, "there was a teacher, *el maestro*. It was before my mother— He taught me to speak in the English. But, even so, it is hard—no? I know not many words of it."

He laughed happily.

"But, even so, it is a cold way to speak—no? There is no 'thee' and 'thou.' I cannot get close to any one."

"But when you were a little girl—"

"Then—" She hesitated. "After a time, my mother went away with *el maestro*—he was of her own people. It was very long ago, and to me my father would never speak of it. . . . Then, my father did not care what happened to me, and my mother was not there to see. But it was not like this with us always. The hacienda was once beautiful—but now it is old, and the floors of it are of earth, according to the ways of my father."

"Are you happy—are you happy here now?"

Wanda looked down thoughtfully at the beaded tips of her moccasins. "Perhaps I would like to go away—I do not know. There are other places beyond the hills."

"Yes, there are other places—cities, and it's different there."

"Every one is happy there," she said. She leaned toward him, and her loosened hair gave a childish sweetness to her face. "Some day—some day, I must go."

He smiled down at her, and there was a tenderness in his eyes that she did not understand. "You shall go," he said. "I—I—" But he did not finish it.

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She leaned back and looked up at the rustling leaves above them. "I will be happy, then," she said, softly.

They waited, each conscious of the nearness of the other, silent, afraid to speak. A bird twittered drowsily in the pomegranate hedge, and an answering chirp came from the blossoms near him.

Wanda stood up and brushed her hair back from her face. "It is late," she said. "We have been talking long."

"No—please don't go in."

"I must go," she said; "we have been here very long."

"It doesn't seem like a long time. I wish I could tell you what it's been like here—here with you. It—I—" He put his hands out in a gesture of despair. "Even if I could tell you, you wouldn't believe it—it would sound so queer. But let me come again, like this."

"I will let you come," she said. "And you will tell me about the cities beyond the hills."

He stood up beside her, and she saw that he was tall, much taller than she. "He has known many women," she thought, causelessly, and she put her hands up to her throat with a quick gesture of pain.

"You must walk down to the gate with me." There was a subtle accent of command in his voice, and it pleased her.

They went down the path together, silent, not looking at each other, too full of words that could not be said to try and talk about lesser things. At the gate he turned to her.

"There is one thing," he said, quickly. "You must promise me—"

"Si, señor?"

"You gave away that flower to-day—you took it out of your hair. I—I didn't want you to give it to him."

She laughed, but there was a break in the laughter. "I promise I will not again."

"I ought to have had it."

"You did not ask."

"It really belonged to me," he said. "Didn't it?"

"Perhaps," she answered.

He lifted both of her hands in his. "I shall come every night."

"Yes—"

"Every night?" he said, again.

She nodded, and she felt his fingers close down suddenly on her own. "Good-by—but just till to-morrow night . . . Wanda."

"*Adios*," she whispered.

When he had gone she stood at the gate, bewildered, half afraid. He had come back. . . . But she was not exultant, she was not thrilled by a sense of her power. She was afraid. She felt helpless, adrift, caught up by some strong tide that was sweeping her along against her will. She did not know how to fight against it. She remembered a skylark that she had seen battling against a sandstorm in the desert.

"I am like that," she thought.

She crept into the house and into her own room on tiptoe. She lighted the candles and stood watching the black shadows that fluttered on the wall behind them. Finally she looked into the mirror at her own serious, colorless face. She turned away quickly, unfastening her dress with trembling fingers. She blew out the candles and felt her way across the darkened room to her bed. But she could not sleep. Through her open window she could see the half-moon above the tamarind trees. She thought that it looked like a small, transparent bowl filled with pearls. . . . When she slept, she dreamed of blue eyes that were fixed on her own, demanding, entreating. She tried to run from them, but she could not get away. Wherever she looked, they waited for her. . . . And she moaned in her sleep.

Clay came to the hacienda every night, as he had said. And they sat together on the doorstep, forgetful of everything save that they *were* together. He told her about himself, all there was to tell—his hopes, his fears, his dreams. And Wanda, listening, treasured every word of it, because it made her feel very close to him, a very part of his life. Sometimes she talked to him of the secret things that she had kept locked up in her heart for so long. And the tide that swept them along became greater and greater, a relentless, terrible thing. . . .

One night Clay came to the house early. She ran down the path to meet him, her cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkling under their half-lowered lashes.

He caught her hands in his. "We're going to ride out on the desert—we never have, and I want to."

She hesitated, but he drew her along with him toward the corral. He saddled her pony for her, while she stood on one side holding the lantern above her head.

He led the pony out into the yard, but she waited, with her hands on the saddle-horn. "I do not know—"

He bent down, gathered her up in his arms, and lifted her into the saddle. "Are we going?" he asked, laughing.

"You—you must not!"

"I already have—besides, I'm going to do it lots of times."

"I wonder?" she said, smiling down at him.

"I know I will."

She looked away. "But this is not going out on the desert," she said.

He ran across the yard to get his pony, and she rode around to meet him in front of the house.

"I'll race you," he said.

So they went down the road at a run, their horses close together, so that her skirts brushed against his stirrup. They cut around the foot of the dunes and out into the sweep of white sand beyond. Wanda gained a little, leaning forward in her saddle, crouched over the neck of her pony, Indian fashion.

"You win!" he cried. She reined in her pony, laughing.

Clay rode up beside her, and with his coming everything was changed. She saw that his face was serious—the light mood of a moment before forgotten. His gaiety had been but a cloak to cover other things. . . . She felt as if she must turn back.

"There's no use trying to race against you," Clay said, slowly. "You will win—you will win anything."

"No," she answered; if I win now I will lose later. There is a saying of my father's people, 'if the gods give much, they take much in return.'"

"But you don't believe in the Indian gods—and everything."

"I believe the things that are true, no matter who speaks of them. And, too, I am like my father's people. I do not want to be—I cannot help it. I look at the old squaw, Ootiro, at her work. . . . I—I will be like that—some day. It must be a terrible thing to be old. She is bent, and there is no color in her hair—it is dull and black. She cares for nothing. And I will be like that."

"You can never be like that, Wanda. I've seen the wickiups of the tribe over there behind the hills—you could not stay there." He rode close to her, bending over her. "Wanda—Wanda!" he said, softly.

She drew away. "No—no—"

"Wanda, I want you to go away with me—you have no right to stay here. I want you—I've waited as long as I can . . . dear—dear, you know—I don't have to tell you. I can't— Wanda, look at me!"

She bent her head, looking down at her reins and twisting them in her trembling fingers.

"What is it, dear? Don't you—don't you—care?"

"I—I am trying to remember the things I must remember."

"Listen to me, Wanda. I—"

"I will not listen," she said. "I do not want to listen."

"Don't lie to me." He caught her hands, and she could feel the throbbing of the pulses in his wrists.

"No—no!" she cried. "I cannot—I cannot. I feel that it is wrong—I know that it is wrong. . . . I have seen the old squaw at her work. Go away while you can go—and leave me, alone."

"Hush, dear—you don't know what you're saying."

"I—I am trying to remember."

He lifted her hands to his face, holding them there. "What does it matter?" he said, softly. "What does anything matter—but this?" He pressed her hands against his face, and something tightened around her heart, hurting her. He drew her toward him, and she tried to fight against him. But she was weak and trembling, and everything seemed to be slipping away from her. In the low dunes the coyotes were railing at the yellow moon, but it seemed as if they were in some other world, calling across great wastes, their cries growing fainter and fainter, ever receding. . . .

She no longer tried to struggle. She swayed toward him and he put his arms around her. "*Dios* help us," she sobbed, and hid her face against his shoulder.

They rode on together, their horses finding their own way. They tried to talk, but the words would die in broken phrases. And the moon looked down on them from the starless sky, and in the foothills a coyote called and was answered by his mate.

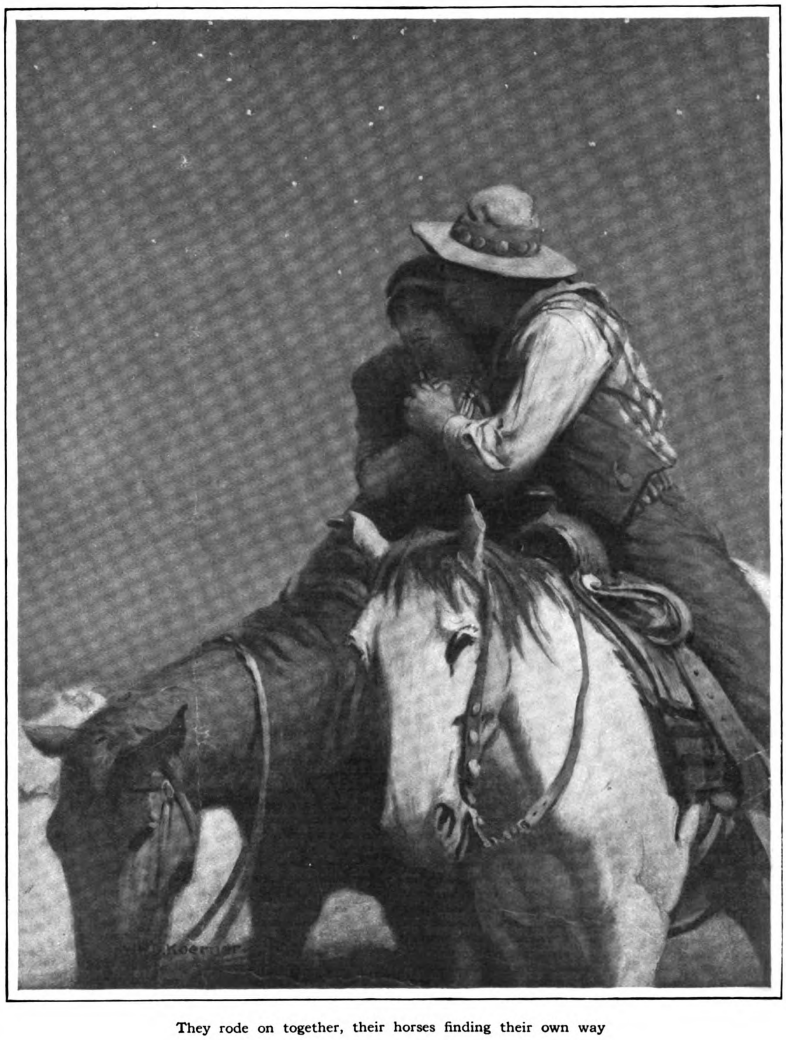
They went to her father that night, and Wanda told him why they had come. He answered her in his own tongue, standing a little apart from them, his worn serape wrapped around his shoulders.

"I have waited for this," he said. "Thou wilt go away with him?"

"To the cities beyond the hills."

Her father shook his head and muttered something that she did not understand.

"Tell him, Wanda," said Clay, "that we want to be married at once. That we want to go away."



They rode on together, their horses finding their own way

The old man lighted his pipe and watched the tobacco turn red in the bowl. "If thou art to be married, Wanda, it shall be by the laws of my people. I know—I know. . . . For when it is time he will go. He is a white man."

"What does he say, Wanda?"

"That we are to be married by the laws of his people. He will say the words."

"No—it can't be like that. We're going into town, where there is a priest."

Wanda hesitated.

Her father laid his hand on her shoulder. "If thou wouldst marry him, Wanda, thou must do as I tell thee."

She turned to Clay. "Let it be as he wants it—he is an old man, *caro mio*."

"We will go to the priest afterward?"

"If you will," she answered. "We must do as he bids us."

So they knelt down before him like two frightened children, and the old man lifted his hands and muttered the half-forgotten words of his tribe. He took Wanda's hands and placed them in Clay's, asking his gods to be kind to them. Then he went away and left them, and Wanda, watching him, saw that he walked slowly, as though he were very tired.

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Clay drew her to her feet and kissed her. "Let us go now," he said.

But something seemed to hold Wanda back. "We must stay here—for a little while let us stay."

"No—come away with me now."

But although she wanted to go away with him, she could not. "Not yet. . . ." She took his hands and drew him toward her own room. She fastened the heavy curtains across the doorway and lighted the candles. Then she came and stood before him. The candlelight made new shadows in her face; she seemed much more a woman, much less a child.

"We are of a different people," she said, "and we must be patient, one with the other. . . . Art thou happy?"

"*Sí, mujercita,*" he said, and took her in his arms and kissed her mouth.

But they did not go to the priest, for Wanda would not.

"We are married," she would say. "How do the words differ if said in your tongue or in mine?"

And she did not want to go away with him. She no longer cared about the dreams of the cities beyond; she wanted but one thing—to be with him, and to be forever pleasing to him. So they stayed in the old adobe hacienda, shut out from the world by the great tamarind trees. Wanda sang over her work all day; and at night she prayed to the gods of her father's tribe, asking them to keep a smiling face toward her.

But one morning Clay told her that they were going away, and, looking at him, she knew that it was useless to resist. In that moment she felt that her hold on him was a very slender thing.

"But we will not go far?" she asked.

"First we're going to Yuma—later, we shall see."

So Wanda made her simple preparations for the journey, finding her serapes and packing them, under Clay's direction, in the small trunk that he had sent out from town. She thought the trunk a curious and extraordinary thing to possess, and said that she would rather keep it with her than leave it in the mysterious baggage-car of a train. Clay laughed at her, said that she was a child, and kissed her. But Wanda's heart was heavy.

The night before she went away she rode over to the wickiups of her father's tribe. She stayed by the camp-fire with the squaws, talking to them, and they seemed nearer to her than ever before. She did not want to leave them.

She went away with Clay the next day, and her father stood on the doorstep to watch them go. Wanda looked back at him, at the great branches of the tamarind trees arched over his head, and tears came into her eyes. But she turned away so that Clay could not see.

The train itself was a fearsome thing to her. She sat on the plush seat beside Clay, her hands tightly folded in her lap, her dark eyes fixed on the moving desert beyond their window.

"I've got a house for us down there," he said, "and a Mexican girl to do the work. I wrote about it—and it's all ready."

Wanda did not answer. And in the early dawn they entered the first city beyond the hills. Clay helped her down the steps of the car, and Wanda stood beside him in the station, bewildered by the hubbub of voices around them. She wondered if the people there never slept. Clay put her into a cab, and the driver closed the door behind them. They passed through many streets lined with darkened houses, and she felt as if she were going deeper and deeper into some dark and mysterious place from which she could not return. She waited eagerly for the circles of light around the corner lamp-posts; for some reason they gave her courage.

The house was set close to the sidewalk, and the little Mexican girl was waiting for them in the bright doorway. Wanda went wearily up the steps, and it seemed to her that Clay, the driver, the girl in her white apron, were just figures in a dream. She went through all the rooms of the house, because Clay told her to look at them. Of all that she saw she remembered only some sparkling glasses on a table.

She went back into their own room, alone. She closed the door and stood with her back against it. The brushes and the silver-topped bottles on her dressing-table gleamed under the electric lights. She remembered the candles before her small mirror . . . the rustling of the pomegranate trees in the yard at night. She pressed her hands against her forehead. "I want to go back! I want to go back!" she sobbed.

When Clay came in she was sitting in a small rocker at the head of the bed, very still and straight, her eyes bright with unshed tears.

He bent over her and kissed her. "Do you like it?" he demanded, lifting her face in his hands.

"Was it all here—like this?" She pointed to the bright things on the dressing-table.

He laughed. "I don't think you're ever going to grow up. Do you like 'em?"

Her lips trembled and she could not answer.

"I wrote to all sorts of stores for all these things—and wrote to the girl to fix it up to look like home, right off the reel. I wanted to surprise you. Besides, I know a few folks down here and they'll be coming in to see us. There's Mrs. Carter—"

"Who is she?" said Wanda.

"She's just Mrs. Carter, and she says her daughter has come back from school now. I used to know Ethel when she was a little youngster—I wasn't much more than a kid myself. Perhaps they'll come and see us—" He hesitated, looking down at her, and a flood of color rushed over his face.

Wanda did not see. "When do they come?"

"To-morrow—perhaps."

"Not to-morrow."

"Why not?"

"I must have other dresses," said Wanda.

Clay laughed and drew her to him. "I guess you're grown up, after all—" He tried to kiss her, but she hid her face.

So in the morning they went down to the stores together, and Wanda bought the dresses that were shown to her. Clay put the bundles in the cab and they drove back through the town. Wanda, watching the people passing and repassing on the streets, hurrying, bound on many secret missions, thought that the world must be a very complex thing, passing any understanding. The little dusty town, provincial, crude, seemed to her a veritable city of wonders. There was a three-story adobe building on a corner, its windows blazing with many cryptic signs. She looked at it with the wonder of a child.

Suddenly she turned to Clay. "Why do we ride when others walk?" she asked.

Clay flushed. "I thought—I—"

Wanda looked away, her lips quivering.

In the afternoon she put on the strange new clothes and looked at herself in the long mirror that stood between the windows. It was a white dress with lace at the neck and at the wrists. Her hands seemed very brown against it.

Clay came in and stood looking at her. She waited, trembling. But he said nothing. "A man would not know," Wanda said to herself.

But Mrs. Carter did not come, although Wanda saw her pass by in front of the house with her daughter. The little Mexican girl pointed them out and said much of Ethel Carter's prettiness—a thing which Wanda did not have to be told, since it was plain for all to see.

One woman did come to see her that day—a woman wise in the ways of the border-line countries, gracious, asking no questions. Wanda sat in the small parlor with her and with Clay, acutely conscious of the wide caste difference between them, bewildered by their light chatter. Her English words forsook her, and she sat at one side, shy, afraid, strangely humiliated.

Clay laughed and talked with their guest, and the days at the old hacienda seemed very far away.

Once Clay took Wanda to her home to see her, but Wanda would not go again. She stayed alone in the house, watching the people come and go in the streets. Sometimes Clay would not come in until late at night, but she did not ask him where he had been. She tried to keep him always with her. She wore her prettiest dresses and wove bright bands for her hair. She tried all the pretty, half-forgotten coquetries that had served her so well before. But he did not see; he was absorbed in other things.

"All men are like that," she would say to herself. "They have other things to think about. I must be patient."

"You're not happy here," he said, once.

"I am happy," said Wanda. "For so long a time as I have you I am happy."

But after a time she put the white dresses in the closet of her room and took out her bright serapes and moccasins from the small trunk. When she put them on she wanted to cry. But she could not. Even at night, when she waited for him to come back, she could not cry.

That day she saw Clay and Ethel Carter ride by the house. He was leaning toward her, laughing. Wanda watched them until they passed beyond the curve of the road. She found herself wondering if he had told Ethel about her; she shut the thought out because she felt that it was disloyal. But she knew in her heart that Clay had not told her.

"Let us go back," she said to Clay that night.

"Back where?"

"To the hacienda and my father."

He turned and looked at her. "Why are you dressed up like that?" he asked.

"I—I— Don't you like me to be dressed so?"

He did not answer.

"Let us go back," Wanda said, again.

"No," he said, "we can't go back now."

So Wanda sat by the window and watched the white women passing by. She marveled at their eternal youth, their joyousness, a certain subtlety that she sensed in them.

"I cannot be like them," she would say again and again. "It is all wrong. Why should I try?"

She remembered parading before her mirror, wearing her mother's jewels. She thought of the old squaw bent over her work, of her tired face, old and brown, like the fallen leaves of the tamarind. . . . And she waited, every day, for Clay to ride by with Ethel Carter. She waited, numbed, not suffering—fascinated, an outsider watching a terrible thing. She did not hate Ethel. Whatever barriers of caste, of breeding, of civilization stood between them, they were alike. When she looked up at Clay from under the shadow of her wide riding-hat, Wanda understood. Sometimes she was sorry for her.

One night she sat by her window, her hands clasped around her knees, rocking a little backward and forward. She tried to think things out. She thought of the white men, of their delicate white skin, of the color in their faces, which was like the color of the pomegranate flowers. Clay had flung his coat across the foot of the bed, and she reached out for it in the darkness. She held it in her arms, burying her face in it.

The next day Clay rode by with Ethel in the early morning. The girl wore some blue desert flowers in her belt, and Wanda knew that he had given them to her. When they had gone she went to her mirror and looked at herself a long time. "I am beautiful," she said. She caught hold of the enameled frame with both her hands. "I am beautiful," she insisted, "and she is not. But of what good is it to me?—but of what good is it to me?"

That night, less than a year since they had ridden in from the desert, Clay came to her. She was by the window in the darkened room, the beaded band that she had been weaving beside her on the floor. She had not expected him, and she looked up at him, frightened, trying to smile.

"I've—I've come to tell you something," he said, and he stumbled over the simple words.

"Yes." She clenched her hands in the shadow of her serape.

He bent over her, looking down into her eyes, his face close to her own. "I—I can't," he whispered. "I thought I could do it—but I can't. I can't do it—"

She took his hands and held them tightly in her own. "I—I know," she said.

He knelt down beside her and buried his face in her lap. She stroked his hair, her fingers lingering over it. "*Caro mio,*" she whispered, "*caro mio!*"

"It is not my fault—it is not our fault, Wanda. We are not to blame. . . . I didn't know—I didn't know. It was all wrong from the beginning."

"It was all wrong," she repeated after him.

"How was I to know, dear? I didn't mean to hurt you. I thought . . . I don't know what I thought. Somehow— God knows I've tried. Wanda! Wanda—"

"You must not cry, *caro mio.*" She waited, and the room was very still; the faint noises of the night came in through the open windows.

"I will go away," she said. Her hands slipped along his arm until they found his fingers. She bent down and laid her face against them. "You have been good to me," she whispered.

"Don't, Wanda—don't!"

She put her arms around him and pressed his head down against her breast. "Do not cry—we should not cry. I will go away—"

"Why—why did it happen, Wanda? I didn't know—I didn't know."

She smiled down at him in the darkness. "We were happy at the hacienda. You were very good to me, *querido*—but I have no place here."

She stood up, but he stayed at her feet, his arms clasped around her knees. "I can't let you go, Wanda! I can't let you go—like this—"

"I must go away," she said. She loosened his fingers and drew away from him. She felt her way along the wall to the door, and opened it softly. She heard him calling to her, but she went into the little unused parlor, and sat there, waiting.

After a long while she heard him go into the hall. He was saying her name, repeating it like some word that he had been bidden to say—but a word that had lost its meaning. Then she heard the door that led to the porch open and close.

She went into their room and put all of her things into the small trunk, and locked it. She called the little Mexican girl and told her to put on her cloak—that she must go with her. Then she dressed herself in one of the dresses Clay had bought for her. They went out of the house, and the girl was crying. At the station they had to wait for a long time, and Wanda watched the hands of the clock move slowly around its face. . . . They heard the train thundering along the tracks. The girl gave her the ticket and Wanda climbed the steps into the car.

It was night when they stopped at the small station. She waited by the tracks for a long time, watching the lights of the train die out against the desert. She went around the edge of the town until she came to the road that led to the hacienda. She was very tired . . . the road seemed endless.

She saw the house and ran toward it, stumbling and holding out her hands. The gate was broken from its hinges and stood against the fence. She ran up the path, and the leaves from the pomegranate hedges rustled under her feet. The door of the house was wide open. . . . Everything was very still; the branches of the tamarind trees swayed in a light wind. One corner of the house had fallen in, and the roof sagged above it.

She turned away. Across the sweep of white desert the smoke of the wickiups hung like a cloud above the foothills. The sparks from the camp-fires gleamed in it, like small, golden stars. . . . She went slowly down the path.

She came to the camp at dawn. An old squaw was bending over her cooking-pots. Wanda spoke to her, and she looked up and answered, not knowing her. Wanda remembered that she wore the clothes of the white women, and she caught at the lace at her throat, tearing it.

She found her father alone, beside one of the camp-fires. He was watching the rising sun above the sand-hills, and his eyes were tired and joyless.

He saw her, but he did not come forward to meet her.

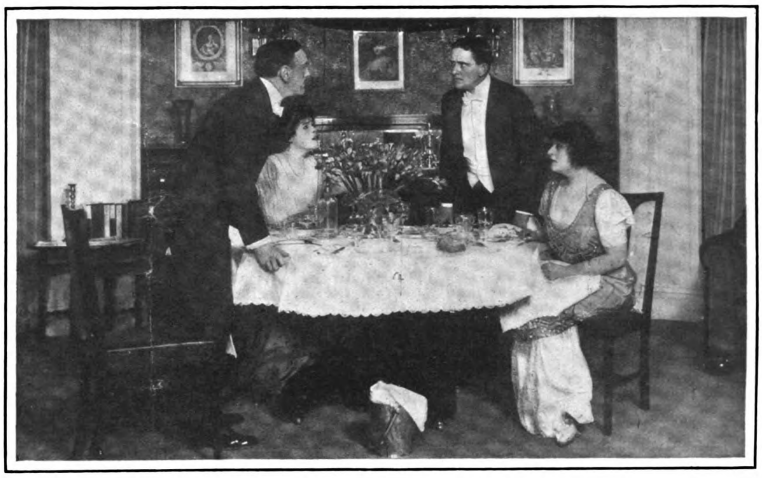
She came and stood before him. "I have come back," she said.

He did not answer; and she looked up and saw that his eyes were filled with tears.

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PLAYS AND PLAYERS

What the Theaters are Offering



"The Woman of It," at the Hudson



A scene from "The Good Little Devil," at the Belasco



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Gaby Deslys, at the Winter Garden



Mary Pickford, in "The Good Little Devil"



"The Man With Three Wives," at Weber & Fields' Music Hall



A stirring scene from "The Whip," at the Manhattan

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THE SOUTH IN THE SADDLE

The Democratic Victory of Last Year Means Obliterating Sectional Control of the Government

BY A. MAURICE LOW

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

THE South is in the saddle, or, to speak with a greater regard for strict accuracy, the South will be in the saddle after the fourth of next month, when Woodrow Wilson is inaugurated President of the United States, Thomas R. Marshall takes the oath as Vice-President and faces a Democratic majority in the Senate, and Champ Clark renews his fealty as Speaker of the House with a majority of his own party to sustain him. Twenty-nine years ago, when Mr. Cleveland was elected and a Democratic President for the first time since the Civil War sat in the cerule chair, the cry that the South was in the saddle was the tocsin to fire the patriotic Northern heart and it was, to shift the figure, the bogy to frighten the patriotic and to impress upon the people the dire days that had overtaken the country. I have recently been glancing over the files of some of the leading Republican papers of that day. They make amusing reading for this day. "The Confederate Brigadiers" was a standing headline, apparently, in half the prominent newspaper offices of the North and West, and it was a pet phrase of the editorial-writers. "The Confederate Brigadiers" were in the saddle and they were going to ride rough shod over the supine North and the palsied West. Armageddon had not been discovered in that pre-Progressive era, but the horrors of the *débâcle* were pictured with the lurid generosity of the most advanced Armageddonist of our own time.

Among many other good things that will follow the accession of a Democratic administration, the fact that the South is once more in the saddle is not the least to be thankful for. Owing to the peculiar circumstances of American politics, Republican success always means sectionalism in government, a regrettable fact that is glossed over by the Republicans and talked about no more than is necessary, but a fact, nevertheless. The return of the Democrats to power breaks down sectionalism, even although the preponderating control of the government is in Southern hands. No unprejudiced person will dispute that this is the better arrangement. When one section of the country is denied responsibility for the government and through its political representatives must content itself with obstruction and opposition instead of being permitted to take part in constructive legislation by being able to bring forward measures that will command the support of the majority, it is not for the best interests of the people at large.

There are only nine members of the Cabinet and there are forty-eight states, so that it would tax the ingenuity of a Solomon to give every state representation or even to recognize broad geographical divisions, unless the President with Solomon-like wisdom followed the example of the Spanish government in Cuba during the last days of its tottering régime. There, as everywhere else, government jobs were few and the persons who would patriotically serve (with pay) were many, so to divide up the few among the many, when a man was appointed a clerk in the custom house, for example, he was given no fixed tenure, but after he had served six months he made way for another patriot, and in this manner the loaves and fishes fed the multitude; but as this is not Latin America, that method would hardly work here. A President, therefore, can only make a narrow selection for his Cabinet officers, and as a matter of course Republican Presidents treat the South as non-existent. In the present Cabinet the nine places are distributed among the six states of New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri, the latter state being the nearest approach to the South. New York has two members—Mr. Stimson, the Secretary of War, and Mr. Wickersham, the Attorney-General; Massachusetts has likewise two members—Mr. Meyer, the Secretary of the Navy, and Mr. Hitchcock, the Postmaster-General; Illinois has Mr. MacVeagh, the Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Fisher, the Secretary of the Interior. These three states furnish two-thirds of the Cabinet, the rest of the country providing the remaining three members.

Without attempting in any way to forecast Governor Wilson's Cabinet, it is perfectly safe to say that it will be constituted on broader geographical lines than the one so soon to go out of existence, and that the South will not go unrepresented. There will be, of course, at least one member from the South—in all probability two; the country will not be surprised if President Wilson goes a little farther west than Iowa in his cabinet discoveries; naturally the East will not be without its representative.

In the Senate control is absolutely in the hands of the North and West, to the complete effacement of the South. The chairmen of all the great committees—and the real work of legislation is carried on through the standing committees—are Republicans, and as the South does not send Republicans to the Senate, except by rare accident, it follows that no Southern man is chairman of any committee of importance. With the exception of the Canadian Parliament, where the leader of the Opposition is formally recognized and is in receipt of a salary paid by the government as though he were a minister, the Senate is the only legislative body in the world, I believe, where custom holds that the minority is entitled to some consideration. There are certain so-called minority committees the chairmanships of which are given to members of the minority, but these committees practically never meet and have no work to do. Thus Mr. Clarke, of Arkansas, is chairman of that important committee on "The Disposition of Useless Papers in the Executive Departments"; Mr. Johnston, of Alabama, chairman of the Committee on the "University of the United States"; Mr. Newlands, of Nevada, chairman of the Committee on "Revolutionary Claims," and so on. All told there are seventeen of these committees that are about as useless as the useless papers in the executive departments which Mr. Clarke is supposed to "disposition," and the way they came into existence throws an interesting side-light on the "courtesy of the Senate" and the light regard in which the Treasury is held between friends.

In the old days, when Washington lived the simple life and legislators walked in the fear of their constituents, a committee chairmanship not only conferred prestige, but carried with it certain perquisites. The chairman of the committee appointed its clerk, and the clerk was required to do the official work of the committee and was also the private secretary to the chairman, so that the chairman had a private secretary paid at the expense of the government while the ordinary member of the committee had to pay his secretary out of his own pocket, and the work required of a Senator was so arduous and his correspondence was so large that it was impossible for him to attend to it without the assistance of a secretary or clerk. Some of the very hard-worked Senators with a pull managed to secure two or even three private secretaries by having an assistant clerk of the committee or a messenger put on the pay rolls, and although the title was humiliating the messenger was in fact a clerk. A further advantage in being a chairman was that it gave him a private room for the transaction of his business and to receive his visitors, sometimes to entertain them at pleasant little luncheons. Technically every member of the committee shared equally in the privileges of the committee-room, but by usage the committee-room became the property of the chairman and the members only went there to attend committee meetings, or they might occasionally use it by the courtesy of the chairman. The majority had sufficient committees to accommodate its members, but that left all the minority members out in the cold, and as a favor to some of the older and more distinguished members of the minority these minority committees were created to add to their convenience and make life as easy for them as possible. In the creation of committees, like every bad habit, it is the first step that counts, and after one distinguished member of the minority had been given a luxurious private room and a clerk at government expense it was not long before other equally distinguished members of the minority considered that they were entitled to the same privileges, and as there is no bottom to the Treasury and no one ever knows what it costs to run the Senate, it was easy enough to add year by year to the number of clerks and messengers. The privilege of being chairman of a minority committee is of less value now than it used to be, as with the erection of the Senate office building every Senator, whether of the majority or minority, is provided with a suite of rooms for his exclusive use, and every Senator has a private secretary paid by the government.

After the fourth of March, when the Senate is reorganized, the Republican chairmen of all the important committees will be replaced by Democrats, so that Southern as well as Northern and Western men will have their full share in the responsibilities of legislation, and the legislative atmosphere will be less sectional than it is at the present time. In the House, owing to the control having passed to the Democrats two years ago, this reorganization has already been made, and with the meeting of the new Congress the Northern and Western Democrats will acquire additional importance. While the House has in all fifty-six committees, only seventeen are really of the first order, such as Ways and Means, Appropriations, Banking and Currency, Foreign Affairs, Judiciary, Military Affairs, Naval Affairs, Post Office, Rivers and Harbors, and a few more. The chairmen of these seventeen committees come from ten states—Missouri, Virginia, New York, Louisiana, Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, and Texas, their places having been won by seniority in most cases, although there are one or two instances of the unwritten law of seniority being ignored because of a man's peculiar fitness for the work required. Virginia, Tennessee, and Alabama have each three chairmanships, New York two, and the other states one apiece, which shows a fair distribution and that no one state has been favored at the expense of the others. The East and the West have not sent many Democrats to the House in recent years, and the changes from those parts of the country are more frequent than from the South, which explains why all the important committees with the exception of two were given to Southern chairmen, as, other things being equal, length of service is the decisive factor in the appointment. Mr. Fitzgerald, of Brooklyn, is the chairman of the Appropriations Committee, which came to him as a reward for having served many years on that committee in the minority; Mr. Sulzer was the chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee when he was translated from Washington to Albany, and he was made chairman because he had worked his way to the head of the list of the minority side of the committee and therefore was the senior Democrat when the committees were reorganized and they passed into control of the Democrats.

With the exception of the Ways and Means, which is framing the new tariff bill, and the Appropriations, which has to provide money for carrying on the government for the new fiscal year beginning next July, and the Post Office, Naval, and Military Affairs and one or two others engaged on routine and appropriation bills, the work of the committees is not important at this session, as only legislation that is absolutely necessary is being considered, and everything else waits until the programme has been outlined in the President's message. But with the meeting of the new Congress the committees will have little idle time, as every bill, before it can be taken up in either House, must first be referred to a committee, and it is there that some of the hardest work of legislation is done. To make a speech on the floor in support of a bill is a comparatively easy matter, but it requires much patience and often careful research and the examination of previous laws and judicial decisions to draft the bill so that it can be properly explained and receive the support of the majority and withstand the assaults of the minority, and that is the work imposed on the members of the committee who are charged with putting the bill in shape and writing the report. Every bill is accompanied by a printed report giving the reasons on behalf of the committee, if it is unanimous, why the bill should pass, or why it should be rejected if the majority is opposed to it.

With the Democrats in control in both Houses the work of construction will rest with them and the Republicans will have to content themselves with obstruction. The Democrats approach their tasks with confidence and a feeling of being able to carry out the promises to which they stand pledged, while the Republicans, it is made clearly evident, are going to content themselves with being opportunists and to trust to luck to make profit out of Democratic mistakes. That is the capital of the Republicans. There has never been a time when a political party was drifting so aimlessly as the Republicans are at this period in their history, when there was so little cohesion, so many differences of opinion, and no recognized, strong, resolute leader. Typical of this disorganization is the difference of opinion between Secretary Knox and Senator Root over the Panama Canal tolls question. Mr. Knox, the Secretary of State, and by virtue of his position second only to the President in the Republican hierarchy, declares that there is nothing to arbitrate at the present time and that the act granting free tolls to American coastwise vessels is not a violation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty; Mr. Root, who was Mr. Knox's predecessor in the State Department and is one of the President's closest advisers, shows that he holds a contrary view by introducing a bill to repeal the clause to which the British government objects at the very moment when Mr. Knox is arguing with much technical skill that the British position is unsound. If Mr. Knox is right then Mr. Root is wrong, and if Mr. Knox is wrong then Mr. Root may be right, but how are Republicans to decide when these eminent doctors learned in the law disagree, and why, they ask, should Mr. Root give Mr. Knox's case away before Mr. Knox has been given a fair opportunity to prove that the United States has not violated the treaty in exempting its own vessels from the payment of tolls? The weakness of Republican team work has been the undoing of this administration from the first. It ends as it began, with the players playing at cross purposes instead of pulling together and having a common purpose in view.



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The Gentler View

BY FLORIDA PIER

Awe of the Abstract

THE average mind has a doglike attitude toward the abstract. We like it as a faithful animal likes a great and titled person, not understanding why he is great, even ignoring the greatness through inability to take it in, but meekly friendly and very pleased for no producible reason to be near. The crowd that files into lectures on astronomy or other performances of an equal scientific aloofness is a nice, likable crowd, the members of which have curious excuses for being present. A very small group is at home with the subject, a slightly larger group is taking it in the grind of a student course, a handful attend unwillingly at the heels of insistent relatives. A very few go from sheer pose; their personal life not rendering tribute of exciting emotion at the moment, they are being literary in the hope that it may reflect some of its honor on them. But these added up into one group still constitute but a minority. Every one else is in a category in which every human has found himself at one time included. It is a category which requires a garrulous definition and some insistence as we would each contradict the terms on instinct.

We do not expect to understand profound subjects; we do not even strain at listening. What we like and in reality go for is the privilege of sitting open-mouthed and muted while vastness floats on the air. We like the feel of it just as the dog likes to be scratched behind the ear by his noble master. We are affected with the same delightful drowsiness. We are soothed by the reminder that great things exist and are being dealt with. It resuscitates the belief which we have some trouble in maintaining, that the human race is a victorious force perpetually adding to its victories. It is just such things as popular lectures on erudite subjects, eyeing the backs of encyclopedias, and holding pamphlets explaining Kepler's laws that give us a sustaining reassurance of order existing, clearly incomprehensible, yet existing, and as a final happy solace hobnobbed with by a few.

This, we feel, is precisely as it should be. Our lives are apt to whirl us about in a world made up of dissatisfying and futile spurts after nothing, so that our feeling of betrayed trust and cheer turns into a suspicion that silly, dreary bewilderment may constitute life. This makes our relief in the law-abiding sun, moon, and stars, plus the man who discovered their ways and retained his sanity while doing it—a very natural and rather touching thing. We resemble the thousands who go and shake hands with the President. They wonder at times if there can be a government in our land, and their relief at reaching it by so homely a means as shuffling and then finding it smiling broadly during an interval in its gaily sustained existence is real and simple-hearted

We take our celebrities in a little the same way and like a book the more for having clasped dumbly and even awkwardly the hand that wrote it. The fact that we are so far below the pinnacles is what constitutes our need of being assured of their existence. We are so little proof in ourselves of the inspiring grandeur of things that it would be a sorry business if we could have no other. We sit in empty cathedrals, knowing nothing of beauty and little of religion, and we would be shyly pained if asked to explain our act, yet the time in the cathedral reassured us. Untrained women read psychology and know they are getting an eightieth part of the meaning and that uncertainly, yet they have been in contact with a trained mind and have seen it to be of the same material as their own, and they retain hope.

We do not mind feeling humble or ignorant or knowing that we have far to go; it is precisely what we sometimes drolly bear evidence to liking, and what in our hearts we yearn to have overpowering reason for doing.

Life at first hand is undoubtedly the interesting and educational way to have it, but it has the disadvantage of seeming very much like bothersome predicaments, while life at second hand, found in books and at the theater, is at that perfect distance which permits us to recognize its extreme lifelikeness. The people who live fastidiously and neatly, who like even their great causes and passions to have a seemly outline, telling where they begin and end, prefer life at second hand. They choose friends who will admire books with them rather than embroil themselves in the cantankerousness of a real friendship. They marry people who will thrust very little first-hand life upon them and leave them a great deal of blankness to be filled up with pleasantly tidy theorizing.

If one does not like to be physical, hot, dishevelled, and brawling, one enjoys even less a like emotional state. Our tempered excitements over fiction must seem very funny to people whose eyes are clouded with the heat haze of immediate experience. After a bout with real life, which we never remember to be real life until afterward, we feel jarred and mussed, as though we had slipped on a banana peel in public. We wish it had not happened, and try to imply by our manner that it did not happen, and that those who saw it were mistaken. Hardly any one intends to live at first hand; above all, not we neatly emotioned moderns. It comes upon us from behind, and the first thing we know is a poignant need for tidying up. We feel outraged at having been caught up by a whirlwind of something vulgarly loud and uncontrolled. Abandonment strikes us as somewhat sordid.

We are so little at home with strong emotion that we never think of meeting it; we only collide with it, and there is all the picking up afterward that naturally follows a collision. Second-hand emotions are sometimes things to look back upon with pride; they are by way of being artistic achievements; but first-hand emotions are never precisely what we would have had them, and so at our first opportunity we deny that they ever took place. Such scurvy treatment of emotions should prohibit our ever having the chance of a second go at them.

The Friend of the Family

INNUMERABLE effigies of cats are to be seen in the ruins of ancient Egypt, painted, sculptured, cast in bronze, and modeled. They appear on the walls of the temples, on the lids of sarcophagi, on conis, and on papyrus. In the sands of Egypt they are found by thousands, and the mummied remains of creatures that were once alive and full of capricious gaiety are bound as carefully as a dead princess or a magician with resin-soaked bands of plaited papyrus.

In Rhodes, in Thebes, and in the desert the cat was embalmed and buried with great pomp. A new era and new belief lost her her worship. But in certain countries the cat has always preserved her legendary dignity. The Mussulman remembers that Mohammed, when ready to pray, had his sleeve cut off to avoid disturbing his cat, who was sleeping close to his breast. During the Crusades the cat appeared in western Europe. Later, in the seventeenth century, the cat was tortured on the Eve of St. John and at other times by an ignorant and cruel people. But gradually, by the power of her caressing tenderness and grateful attachment to her friends, she won a place among men, and the object of the veneration of ancient Egypt insinuated herself into the intimacy of writers, thinkers, women, artists, and people of critical tastes. Her silence and the grave and insistent persuasiveness with which she imposes her society upon the companions of her choice attract and hold the people of all countries. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the rehabilitated cat entered literature under the auspices of all the writers.

Apart from rare exceptions, due to natural antipathy, the predilection of writers for cats is general. Every real literary man has his familiar cat rolled in a ball, pursuing his flying pen with wary eye or following it with light and discreet side pats.

The cat is not a traitor. In some cases she is even more faithful than the dog. Affection for her friends is instinctive, and so also are her neatness, her coquetry, and her modesty. In all weathers and in all company she cleans her fur and her face. A trained cat prefers to make her toilet before a mirror. Man's love for his cat is free from snobbery. The Persian cat, the cat of China, or the tailless Manx may be the object of our admiration or our astonishment; the common cat of our own household is the object of our love.

Camoëns was too poor to buy a candle; he had no light but the luminous eyes of his cat on the night when he wrote his chant of the Lusiad. Idleness and agility dwell together under the velvet pelt of the cat; and her savage atavism is linked with gracious and grateful civility. Her ways are strange and contradictory. She creeps through the night like a shadow, springs from the darkness as if electrified, and lies in the torrid heat like a worshiper of the sun.

Alloys of Gold and Iron

IRON and gold when melted together may be mixed in various proportions and hardened or crystallized. Alloys containing ten per cent. of gold are harder than pure iron, but as the proportion of gold increases above that amount the alloy becomes softer. Silver and iron do not form alloys.

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FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

Money Rates and Security Prices

THE PRESENT EASE IN MONEY AND HOW IT IS LIKELY TO AFFECT THE PRICE OF STOCKS AND BONDS

WHEN a bond and brokerage house, or any other user of capital, for that matter, goes to a bank and agrees to pay a fixed rate of interest for a loan running for a certain number of months, it does so because it figures that the cost of the money at the fixed rate will be less than if it is borrowed on a day-to-day basis. A time, in other words, when large users of money in Wall Street or elsewhere are willing to pay, say, six per cent. for four months' money, is a time when they figure that the average rate for call-money for the next four months is going to run considerably higher.

Back in December Wall Street houses were paying full six per cent. for four months' money—that is to say, for loans running into next April—and were glad to get it at that.

Present conditions of ease in the money-market are, in other words, a good deal of a surprise. That rates should run off after the first of the year is natural enough and entirely according to precedent. But that call-money in almost unlimited amount should be going begging at less than three per cent., that bank reserves at New York should be rapidly approaching the condition which the financial writers love to describe as "plethoric," that we should actually be exporting gold in large amount—this, certainly, is a state of things which the "Street" did not foresee. What was expected in the way of money-market conditions is indeed so very different from what is being realized that a good deal of attention is now being paid to money conditions and their probable effect on security prices. More than one Wall Street house, not over-enthusiastic up to now over the outlook, is advising its clients that the change in money-market conditions will operate strongly to raise the price of both stocks and bonds.

High money was expected; now, instead, rates are low and any amount of money is to be had; *ergo*, security prices are bound to rise. Sounds logical enough, but, unfortunately, before that conclusion is reached, one or two other things have got to be considered. How about this sudden ease, in the first place, in the money-market?—what has brought it about? Then, can it be expected to last? January has been a month of rates very much lower than anybody thought they would be, but how about the next two or three months? Is the money-market really as easy as it seems, or may it be that current low rates are merely the result of a combination of circumstances temporary in their influence? Because money-rates are low in January it is by no means said that they will be low in March or April. Is this not, perhaps, to be another of the years which have opened with money in full supply, only, a few months along, to have the money situation "tighten up" and the banks charge a high rate for accommodation?

Let us consider first what is responsible for the present ease in money. Where did Wall Street go astray in its estimates? Primarily in the amount of money it figured the interior would send back into the big cities after the first of the year. Crop-moving being completed, it was to be expected, of course, that a good deal of currency would come back from the rural districts. But with business as active as represented it was figured that the interior would continue to have pretty good use for funds. Certainly no such deluge of cash as has poured into New York and the other big cities was looked for.

Cash receipts at primary points during the past few weeks have had the result of driving money rates to a low level, but the inpour of currency has been regarded with anything but unmixed satisfaction. It means one thing and one thing only, and that is that either a decided slackening in general business is under way out through the country or else that business never *was* as active as was generally supposed. Low money rates in themselves are, of course, an influence toward higher security prices; but when, as at present, it is only too plain that the reason cash is plentiful and rates are low is because business is falling off, the stimulating effect of the low rates is not likely to be so very great.

In the second place, is the present low level of money merely a temporary condition or is it likely that two months from now or three months from now funds will still be obtainable on the present exceedingly easy terms? That depends, it is now generally admitted, upon the extent of the reaction in business. Trade has at no time during the past six months been as active as a good many people have been led to believe, but the volume of business has, nevertheless, been considerable, and to carry it on has required a lot of currency. By any considerable retrograde movement in business, therefore, further large amounts of cash will be released and added to bank reserves. Granted that the trade reaction continues even to a moderate degree during the next two or three months, currency in large amount will surely gravitate into the cities during all that time.

Even so, however, the fact must not be lost sight of that from several sources, other than business, heavy demands will be made upon the money-market during the next few months. January alone saw the issue of almost a quarter of a billion dollars' worth of new securities, and, while that pace can hardly be kept up, the amount of new issues for the sale of which a favorable opportunity is being awaited promises to bring the total for the current half-year well above all previous records. Nor are these issues of domestic stocks and bonds the only ones which the market will be called upon to absorb. Following the conclusion of peace between Turkey and the Balkan Allies at least half a billion dollars of foreign government bonds will be issued, a very considerable proportion of them in this market.

Another thing to be seriously considered from a money-market standpoint is the effect of the current outflow of gold. Because of the flow of currency into the New York market from the interior, the loss of the twelve million dollars in gold which have been shipped away to Paris and Argentina has exerted little or no effect on money-rates. If continued, however, this outflow of gold is bound to exert a very great effect. As long as cash keeps flowing into the cities from the interior the gold we are shipping abroad will probably not be missed. But let the movement slow down (as it is bound soon to do) and the amount taken out of bank reserves by gold exports no longer be made good by receipts of cash from the interior, and the situation will very soon change. This gold we have been so freely sending abroad, it must be borne in mind, is simply money which the interior doesn't at the moment need. Let a demand for cash arise and the inland banks begin calling upon the deposits they have in the cities, and the fact that so much of this cash has been sent away will quickly enough make itself felt in a rise in money rates.

Were the banks of the country in a strong position as regards reserves, the loss of fifteen or twenty millions in gold or even twice that amount would make little difference one way or the other. Unfortunately, however, the reserve position of the banks as a whole is anything but strong. According to the Comptroller of the Currency's last statement, the increase in the loans of the country's national banks during 1912 amounted to four hundred million dollars, while cash holdings during the same period actually showed a decrease. That, coming on top of a similar movement the year before, resulted in a reduction of the percentage of reserve to liabilities, for all the national banks, to 20.35—a very low figure—lower, indeed, than that touched just before the panic. At the end of 1906, one of the most active business years the country has ever seen and the year in which call-money loaned up to 100 per cent., the percentage of the banks' reserves to their liabilities stood at 20.80—considerably above where it stands to-day.

The fact, therefore, that money-rates are low at present doesn't necessarily mean a long period of easy conditions ahead. Even if business does continue to react and a further large amount of cash is released, prospective demands upon the money-market are such that continuance of low rates for any great length of time can hardly be expected. What seems to have happened is that a combination of circumstances has operated to bring about, for the moment, a condition of great ease, which will be followed, and in the not distant future, by a period of very much firmer rates.

But whatever the future course of the money-market may be, the fact remains that money is exceedingly plentiful and cheap at the present time, and that this in itself is a security-market influence of very great importance.

In the first place, to a number of the "pools" in various stocks which were put out of business by the squeeze in money in December, the present money-market means the opportunity to resume active operations. When call-money ran up to twenty per cent., more than one pool sold out and wound up its affairs entirely, but in a good many instances it was simply a case of lying back and doing nothing until money conditions worked around into better shape. That having now happened, it is only to be expected that some of these pools will come to life and again begin active operations. Certainly they cannot expect easier money conditions than those now prevailing—six months' money, for example, obtainable on the kind of collateral most of them have to offer, at less than four per cent.

Nor is the fact that most of the managers of these various pools are astute market operators and fully cognizant of the fact that the current ease in the money-market is not likely to last long, any deterrent to the resumption of activity. Quite the contrary. Few of the pools carried over from last year got their stocks at prices as low as those prevailing at present. In the great majority of cases there are losses to be made up—losses which managers are likely to figure can better be made up while there is a full supply of money to work with than after the money situation has tightened up again. Quite comprehensible, therefore, is the stir in some of the stocks in which pools are known to exist.

As to activity likely to be started among commission-house customers by the low rates for money prevailing, no great expectations seem to be justified. Some of the bigger operators for whom time money is especially procured by their brokers, and who are guaranteed that they will not be charged more than a certain rate of interest, may be tempted back into the market, but the rank and file of margin traders are still frightened by their experience of a month ago, and are not taking chances on having it repeated. Rates are low enough now, but with the outlook as it is, how does the small trader know what he may be charged for interest in February or March? Having once committed himself and bought something, he knows that even though the market may go against him the only thing for him to do is to hold on and see it through. Which, if the money-market should happen to go back to the level touched in December and stay there for a while, might be a very expensive operation.

Some increase in trading by commission-house customers has taken place, and if rates continue low for a few weeks more there will be additional buying from this source. But as a market influence it cannot be considered of any very great importance. Until the outlook is clearer than it is, it will take more than the fact that money is temporarily cheap to tempt the average trader back into the market.

Very much the same thing applies with regard to that growing class of capitalists, large and small, who, whenever money rates go lower than the rate obtainable from good securities, borrow heavily at bank and use the money to buy stocks and bonds. With six months' money obtainable at less than four per cent. and any amount of good securities to be had at a price to yield almost five per cent., it might be thought that operations of this kind would be on a large scale, but such is not the case. When a man borrows time money in order to use it to buy securities for income, he has to figure not only on the difference in the two rates of interest, but on the price at which he will be able to sell out the bonds when his loan comes due and he wants to close off the operation. The ordinary risk that six months or a year from now the bonds may be slightly lower in price he is bound to take; but if there is anything in the outlook which makes it seem possible that the bonds may sell materially lower, he is likely to think twice before he goes into the deal. To make a clear point on the interest is all very well, but if in order to make that point it is necessary to run the risk of losing two or three points on the price of the bonds, the proposition isn't likely to be considered attractive.

The thing of all things likely to hurt the price of good bonds is a high money-market. With the monetary outlook as uncertain as it is, therefore, there is bound to be a considerable element of risk in this operation of buying bonds with borrowed money for the sake of making the difference in interest. In the case of an outright investment purchase the risk can easily enough be taken—if the bonds happen to be down a point or two at the end of six months it makes little difference. But in the case of the operation in question, where the bonds have got to be sold when the bank loan runs off, it does make a difference. It makes so much difference, in fact, that bond-dealers report purchases from this source to be in very small volume.

Similarly with regard to the investment of idle business capital in bonds. A good deal of capital ordinarily used for the carrying on of business has become available for this purpose during the past month, and unless all signs fail a further considerable amount will become available before the winter is over, but the proportion of this money being used to buy bonds is very small indeed. More important, far, than any consideration as to income, is it that the business house which uses its surplus to buy bonds should be able at any time to turn its holdings back into as much money as was originally paid for them. Unless he feels that he will be able to do that, indeed, the business man is unwilling so to invest the funds of his firm. More than one bond salesman lately has been turned down on the ground that with such uncertainty in the money-market as prevails at present, even the best bonds are likely to see times during the next few months when it may be hard to sell them for as much as they are selling for now.

Finally, with regard to the effect of the present money ease on outright investment purchases by individuals, it may be said that it is an influence of but little consequence one way or the other. Whether money rates in Wall Street are up or down, banks pay their depositors about the same amount of interest. A man having money lying in the bank ready to invest is not, therefore, likely to be particularly influenced by the fact that rates are high or low.

Taking it by and large, then, the fact that the money-market is a good deal easier just now than most people a month or six weeks ago thought it was going to be is not the bull factor that might at first be imagined. Cheap money, even for the time being, is likely to set some of the pools in action again, but outside of that seems hardly likely to start sufficient buying to have much of an effect on the price of solid investment securities.

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The World's Great Forests

THERE is an immense and continuous tract of forest lying north of the St. Lawrence River, in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, extending northward to Hudson Bay and Labrador, a region measuring about seventeen hundred miles in length from east to west and a thousand miles in width north and south.

By some it is held that a much larger continuous area of timber lands exists in the State of Washington and northward through British Columbia and Alaska. But this contention is limited to North America, for, it has been pointed out, there lies a forest in the valley of the Amazon, embracing much of northern Brazil, eastern Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, Colombia, and Guiana, a region at least twenty-one hundred miles in length by thirteen hundred in breadth.

Then, too, there must be considered the forest area of Central Africa, in the valley of the Congo, including the head-waters of the Nile to the northeast and those of the Zambesi on the south. According to reliable estimates, Central Africa contains a forest region not less than three thousand miles in length from north to south, and of vast although not fully known width from east to west.

The question which continent possesses the greatest forest has been placed in another light by an explorer who is competent to speak of still another great forest region of the globe. This authority has painted a vivid picture of the vast pine, larch, and cedar forests of Siberia.

Siberia from the plain of the Obi River on the west to the valley of the Indighirka on the east, embracing the great plains or river valleys of the Yenesei, Olenek, Lena, and Yana rivers, is one great timber belt, averaging more than a thousand miles in breadth from north to south, being fully seventeen hundred miles wide in the Yenesei district, and having a length from east to west of not less than three thousand miles.

Unlike equatorial forests, the trees of the Siberian *taigas* are mainly conifers, comprising pines of several varieties, firs, and larches. In the Yenesei, Lena, and Olenek regions there are thousands of square miles where no human being has ever been. The long-stemmed conifers rise to a height of a hundred and fifty feet or more and they stand so closely together that walking among them is extremely difficult.

The dense, lofty tops exclude the pale arctic sunshine, and the straight pale trunks, all looking exactly alike, so bewilder the eye in the obscurity that all sense of direction is soon lost. Even the most experienced trappers of sable dare not venture in the dense *taigas* without taking the precaution of "blazing" the trees constantly with hatchets as they walk forward. If lost there the hunter rarely finds his way out, but perishes miserably from starvation or cold. The natives avoid the *taigas* and have a name for them which signifies "places where the mind is lost."



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A BEARD OF BEES

BEES SWARMING ROUND THEIR QUEEN, WHO IS SUSPENDED IN A CAGE FROM THIS MAN'S CHIN. A SHAKE OF THE HEAD WILL DROP THEM INTO THEIR NEW HIVE

Some Pessimistic Statistics

ESTIMATING the world's population as 1,500,000,000, the whole human race at present living could stand comfortably shoulder to shoulder in an area of five hundred square miles.

Taking the number of generations in the past six thousand years as two hundred, the room taken by them all on the above plan would only be half the size of Germany, or less than the area of the state of Colorado. To bury all the people on earth would require a graveyard a little larger than that area.

If the dust left by each body be estimated at one-tenth of a cubic yard, which is a liberal estimate, it would cover only forty square miles to a depth of about three feet. This certainly seems insignificant, it is pointed out, compared with the great coral reefs and other immense deposits built up by the shells of tiny mollusks.

The Bulgarian Servant

THE Bulgarians have a curious way of recruiting servants at two periods in the year. On St. George's day, the 23d of April, and on the 26th of October the streets of the capital are filled with servants who come to look for employment. The ladies who employ them pass by in a street reserved especially for this strange "market" and examine and interrogate the aspirants. The average wages is four dollars per month, out of which sum the woman servant manages to save enough for a fair-sized "dot" on the occasion of her marriage.

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The Grinding of Lenses

By far the greatest quantity of high-grade optical glass suitable for lenses made in this country is imported from Germany and France. This glass comes to us in pieces a trifle larger than the size of the lenses to be made. The two surfaces are polished sufficiently to enable the expert, as he gazes through the glass, to see that it has no defects.

It is very important that before the actual work of grinding is begun the rough blocks shall be examined with the greatest care, since, if they contain the slightest veining or trace of unequal density, all work upon them will be wasted. Care must also be taken that the disks shall be perfectly annealed. The test in this relation is made by polarized light. Two kinds of glass are used in the construction of lenses—crown and flint.

Grinding is accomplished on an iron disk of the proper curve, revolving in a circular trough, which is placed upon what is termed a "stump." This accords the operator perfect freedom of movement. Powdered emery and water are thrown upon the wheel from time to time.

When the glass under treatment has been ground to approximately the required shape, it is placed upon another slowly revolving tool, a finer grade of emery being used. From that implement it proceeds to still another, where it remains until very nearly the right size has been attained and the glass has gained approximately the required curves. The last grinding of all is the most important and, of course, calls for the greatest care and skill. The selection of the emery plays a very important rôle in all stages of grinding, since a single mistake in this selection might vitiate the labors of months and, in many cases, absolutely ruin the glass.

After the "fining," as the last stage is called, has been accomplished, the lens is taken to the polishing department, where work still more delicate is awaiting it.

In the case of large lenses, polishing and correction are done on massive machinery installed in a room the temperature of which must be maintained absolutely constant. Such caution is necessary at this stage that even windows must not be opened, since a particle of dirt from the outside might play havoc with the bit of glass in the workman's hand. It must be remembered that he is now engaged in an operation concerned with possible errors not greater than the two-hundred-thousandth part of an inch.

Coal-tar pitch and oxide of iron are now placed upon a revolving wheel. On this the lens is put. The workman holds it in his hand, as indeed he does for most of the time in all stages of grinding, and from time to time he adds a quantity of the mixture mentioned.

When the lens has been polished to the right degree a rigid test is employed to determine that every curve is absolutely true to the radius calculated before the work was begun. The next step is to center the lens upon a machine that renders the edges of precisely equal thickness all around.

The glass is still uncompleted. There follows an operation demanding the utmost delicacy of manipulation of the surfaces of the lens in order that each ray of light shall be brought to one exact focal point.

Cold-storage Eggs

In spite of all the jokes that have been made about cold storage, this method of preserving food has many advantages. In the case of eggs it has been shown that the cold-storage method compares favorably with the lime preservation method, which is the one in most common use. After six or seven months in cold storage, the egg has not changed its appearance, whereas the egg preserved in lime has become yellowish. The egg in cold storage may be eaten from the shell after three to four months; in this time the lime-preserved egg has acquired a distinct flavor.

The development of methods for attaining low temperatures has had an important effect upon the egg industry. Russia exports every year more than 2,830 million eggs worth $32,500,000. The importation of eggs into this country amounts to $21,000,000 a year and our exports come to $1,700,000. Denmark exports 35,500,000 eggs a year and Constantinople is said to import in cold storage 75,000 cases, each case containing 100 eggs.

However, the usual method for keeping eggs in cold storage leaves much to be desired. While the low temperature prevents the activity of decay bacteria, it does not prevent slow oxidation within the egg-shell, nor does it prevent evaporation completely. A French inventor, Fernand Lescardé, has devised a plan which overcomes these difficulties. His method consists of keeping the eggs in an atmosphere of an inert gas, as nitrogen or carbon dioxide. This prevents oxidation completely; and sealing prevents evaporation. The eggs are placed in tin cases, each containing 500 eggs. These cases are placed on wooden racks so as to allow free circulation of air between them, and each is further provided with a piece of calcium chloride which absorbs all the moisture. The racks with the tin boxes are now put into air-tight chambers from which the air is exhausted. This causes the removal of the little air that is inside the shell of each egg and any that may be dissolved in the albumen. The gas to be used is first sterilized and then slowly introduced into the chamber until the normal pressure is restored. The boxes are then withdrawn from the autoclave and the opening of each is soldered up; the boxes are now placed in a room having a temperature of thirty-five degrees Fahrenheit—only three degrees above freezing. No attention need now be given to ventilation or to the atmospheric moisture.

The advantages of this method are that the eggs do not dry through the shell, they do not oxidize, and the flavor is absolutely unaffected even after ten months of storage; and in this length of time the albumen does not become in the least discolored.

The Indian and His Canoe

When the red man of the old type wants to construct a canoe, he fells a cedar tree or else seeks a prostrate trunk of the dimensions he fancies. In either case he proceeds to cut out a section of the desired length, peels off the bark, and hollows out the log, leaving a smooth surface upon the sides and bottom from end to end. Next the log is turned over and the outside fashioned.

The log is hollowed by burning and chopping. A fire is built on the top and is so carefully watched and so skilfully directed that when the burning is finished the big piece of timber is neatly hollowed, with wonderful symmetry from bow to stern. The whole concave surface is left so evenly and nicely charred that when the surface is worked down to the sound timber by the use of a buckhorn adze there remains but little alteration to be made.

The log is turned over, with the hollow side down. A slow fire is employed to shape the exterior and once more the surface is neatly worked until the sound timber appears.

Since the coming of the white man the Indians have, for the most part, felled trees for their canoes with axes; but in the old days this was accomplished by burning and by stone implements, the fire being so handled as not to injure the portion whereof the canoe was to be built.

When the interior and the exterior of the canoe have been finished to the liking of the builder, his next step is to "stretch." Without this operation the craft would be entirely unseaworthy. To make the canoe seaworthy, it is set level on a firm skid foundation and filled with water. A fire is then built and stones of a red heat are thrown into the canoe until the water boils. This boiling is maintained until the walls of the canoe, which are more than an inch thick, become as pliable as sole leather and capable of being stretched a foot or more beyond their normal width.

The builder's attention is now turned to the adjustment of cleverly fitting sticks put in transversely along the gunwale, increasing in length from the ends to the middle. By reason of these stretchers a cedar log of, say, two feet and a half in diameter will furnish a canoe of three or four feet in beam. The width of the canoe varies, of course, with the length.

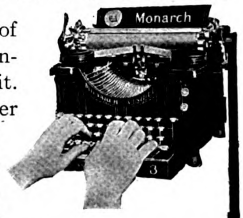
The sides of the canoe having been brought to the desired curvature, the water is then emptied out and the shell allowed to dry thoroughly, but without cracking.

The finishing touches consist of a smearing, inside and out, with fish-oil, together with artistic decorations in brilliant colors.

New Chinese Currency

There is being printed in this country a vast sum of paper money for the Chinese republic. This is the first money authorized by the new government of China. In the design of this money China has paid a compliment to the United States in that it has made the American dollar the standard of value for this issue. The Chinese money is being printed in Chinese on one side and in English on the other, thus making the exchange of Chinese and American moneys easy, a thing that has been quite a problem in the past. The new notes will be in denominations of $1, $5, $10, $50, and $100 and will bear the portrait of the Chinese Confucius, who stands in the estimation and esteem of the Chinese second only to Confucius.

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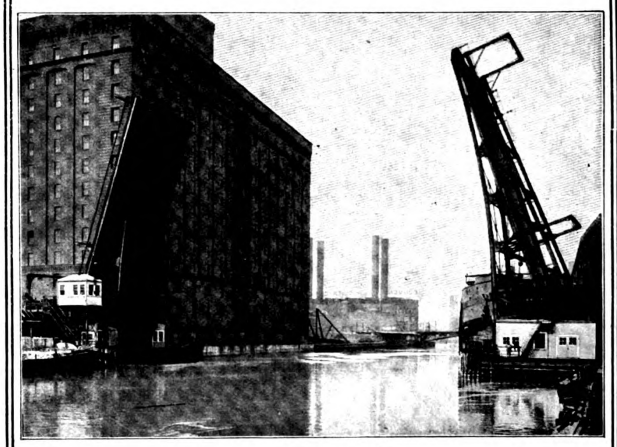


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THE MAN WHO GAVE UNCLE SAM HIS DUES

(Continued from page 12)

hear no more about this fierce way of collecting customs. So there was not much change in the ancient methods, and the rusty customs sieve still let a great deal of Uncle Sam's golden revenue drip away.

Mr. Loeb felt the drag on the machine, and determined to remove all doubt from the minds of his men—also to remove all the men who had any doubts left. He reported the situation to the President at Washington, and received from Mr. Taft this reply:

"Go ahead and hit fraud between the eyes, no matter whom it hurts. I will back you to the last, and no squeals on the part of the guilty shall have the slightest influence."

The word was passed. Every one of the three thousand inspectors, appraisers, weighers, clerks, etc., concerned in the collection of customs awoke to the new and startling condition. A young watchman at the piers who hitherto had earned his pay by merely reporting for duty every evening and then going home to sleep, summed up the situation in a phrase. He said: "P'chee! Loeb's on th' level an' he knows his business."

Customs revenue at the port of New York suddenly jumped from three million dollars a week to nearly five millions. And they have not dwindled yet, although nearly four years have passed. Incoming passengers, who used to yield grudgingly half a million dollars a year on the clothing, furs, laces, jewels, etc., that they brought home from Europe, yielded two million two hundred thousand dollars during the first year of the new administration. Their payments have fallen off considerably of late because the passengers have found that they can't smuggle as much as one pin; but merchants who deal in the commodities they used to "bring in" report a large increase in their importing business. As for the detection and punishment of underweighing and undervaluing in the importing business the mere mention of the frauds seems to fill the air with foul miasma. Three millions and one hundred thousand dollars have come in from this source alone. The two million dollars penalty recovered from the fraudulent sugar importers alone is still fresh in public memory. Besides all this, five million dollars in penalties has been recovered, making a total of eight millions of dollars.

The revolution in customs methods was not accomplished without tragedies, many tragedies. Some men were sent to prison, and some died under the ignominy of exposure. Two hundred and fifty of the customs men were either so incompetent or so deeply rooted in crookedness that they could not change their ways, and they were thrown out of the service. There had to be a great deal of readjusting of the forces, of fitting round pegs into round holes and square pegs into square holes before the job was properly under way; but under the direction of the new Collector the job got itself done. The United States Civil Service Commission helped in many ways, giving Mr. Loeb considerable freedom in making promotions. The whole business is on an honest basis now, Mr. Loeb believes, and the government is getting its customs revenue in full and honestly.

To look over the list of persons who have tried to smuggle silks, furs, laces, and jewels into the port of New York is very like reading a great social register of the United States, and most of the offenders have been the ladies—God bless 'em! They simply would not, could not, should not understand why they should pay duty on things they brought in for themselves. They never, never had paid and they never would—until the newly reinforced and cleansed customs machine caught them. Coaxings, pleadings, tears, threats, appeals to political "pull," all were in vain.

"Be courteous to every one; don't wrangle, but be firm," were the orders from the Collector. Not infrequently it happened that the owner of a diamond tiara or a rope of pearls explained with the air of one who propounds an unanswerable proposition that she had brought in the jewels years ago duty free, having had the "courtesies of the port" extended to her.

"Yes, madame," was Mr. Loeb's inevitable and smiling reply to this; "but the law at that time demanded the payment of import duty, and you can pay now for then. Of course the government was lax at that time in failing to collect; therefore the government will not seize the jewels as it would in a case of smuggling, but will simply accept your payment now."

The veteran travelers who had "brought in" an over-supply of clothing, gloves, scarfs, etc., year after year were infuriated when they found they had to pay duty. One old friend of the Collector dashed to a telephone on the pier and protested that he would leave his trunks on the pier and the government was welcome to keep them and be this and that in the bargain.

"Oh no, Harry," Mr. Loeb replied. "The government doesn't want your clothes. You go back to the inspector and tell him you want to amend your declaration. He will accept the amendment. You had no intent to defraud. Pay up like a man."

And Harry paid up like a man. So did thousands of other travelers, when it had been made very plain to them that the good old days of yore were now gone past recall. A whole book could be written about the revolution in the customs service. Here is one item: three hundred merchants in forty-six different lines of trade came voluntarily to the Collector's office and paid in more than three millions of dollars of duties that they had artfully evaded. Perhaps they did not come voluntarily—not quite voluntarily; but they knew that the reorganized, revitalized, customs service was after them, and, like Colonel Scott's coon, they came down. There was a golden thread of genuine sentiment in some of these cases: merchants whose boys were coming out of college and were about to enter their father's firms made haste to square accounts with Uncle Sam so that the boys might start life in a clean business.

Another party is in power, and Mr. Loeb is awaiting the day next month when he may turn over the office to his successor and go out into private business at twice as much salary as Uncle Sam has paid him.

"In going," he said to me, "I have only one regret—that I must leave the work I like and the men who have helped me make it a success. I hope we shall soon see the day—and I believe it is rapidly approaching—when executive positions in the government employ, requiring not only technical knowledge but experience to produce the best results, may be retained by able men regardless of party affiliations."



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The New Catholic Bible

WHEN the Order of Benedictines shall have completed the revision of the Latin Bible whereon it is now engaged, it is expected that the Roman Catholic Church will possess the best translation of the sacred books that has been made.

The task which was set for the revisers is the recovery, as far as possible, of the Latin version made by Saint Jerome in the third century. Jerome, naturally, had access to more and better copies of the original Scriptures than are now in existence. It is assumed that his version must have been better than those translations made at a later time, and better even than those Greek and Hebrew versions that have been copied time after time and are full of the errors of the copyists. The Latin Bible now in use in the Catholic Church was published in 1593 by Clement VIII. after a commission had labored on it for forty years.

Men are now engaged in this work in the various libraries of Europe where Biblical manuscripts are found. When the comparison of an ancient manuscript with the Clementine Bible is completed, the annotated sheets are sent to the headquarters of the Benedictine order in Rome. This part of the work of revision will, it is said, not be completed for five or six years, and it will probably takes as much longer to make a scholarly comparison of the different versions and decide which reading must be the work of Saint Jerome.

Burned by Cold

WHOEVER has applied a moistened finger to a piece of frosty metal in winter well remembers the painful experience thereby gained of the fact that cold, as well as heat, can blister the skin.

During some experiments in the production of excessively low temperatures Pictet, the French investigator, burned himself with cold several times, and the effects were so remarkable that he deemed them worthy of description to a body of scientific men.

It appears that there are two kinds, or degrees, of cold burn. In the case of the less severe "burns" the skin at first turns red, but becomes blue the next day. The inflamed spot swells, and a period varying from a month to six weeks elapses before the wound heals.

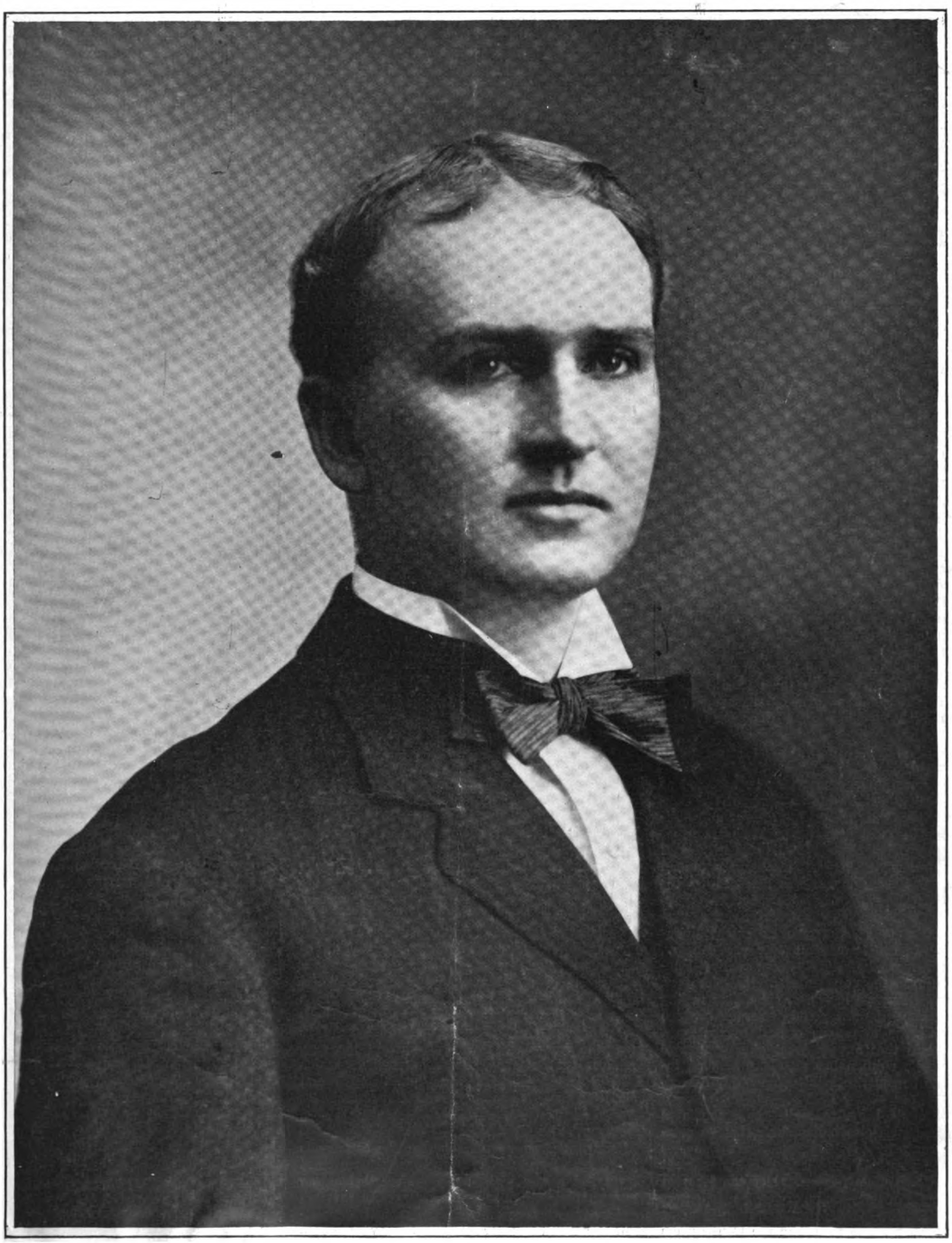
Where the contact with the cold substance is longer and more complete a burn of the second degree is produced. A mass of dead tissue is wound is formed, and the process of healing is very slow.

A drop of liquid air falling on Pictet's hand produced a wound which did not completely heal in three months, while a scorch from heat, accidentally inflicted on the same hand and nearly at the same time, was healed in ten or twelve days.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. LVII NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 15, 1913 No. 2930



THE NEW EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

President-elect Wilson's first appointment is that of Joseph P. Tumulty, to become executive secretary under the new administration. Mr. Tumulty has served in the New Jersey legislature with distinction, was Governor Wilson's first secretary, and is now clerk of the state Supreme Court. His new position is regarded by many as on a plane with a cabinet office. Mr. Tumulty is not yet forty, but is wise politically, noted for tactfulness, and said to possess many of the qualities which made the late Daniel Lamont famous

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. LVII No. 2930

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 15, 1913

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4.00 a Year in Advance

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, Mexico, Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, Guam, and Tutuila, Samoa. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office Department, Ottawa, Canada. Foreign postage, $1.56

Entered at the New York Post-office as second-class matter

HARPER & BROTHERS

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

LONDON: 45 ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

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COMMENT

Our Governor

If Governor SULZER had not climbed so high in his own estimation, he wouldn't have had so far to fall in the opinion of the public. Peace to his pieces!

A Chinese Remedy

Let the subway contracts be submitted to a vote of the people of New York.—*The World.*

Surely the last thing the people of New York should wish done. As a body they know nothing whatever about the merits of the Subway contracts, and ninety-nine-hundredths of them could not possibly qualify themselves to form an intelligent opinion about them. For the hundredth voter who might learn about them if he took the time, it would be a waste of time to try to inform himself. It is a case where, for good or ill, the doctors must decide. To submit it to a vote of the people would be like the Chinese method of curing sickness by beating gongs. Submit it to the people and then hear the gongs; the multifarious HEARST gongs; the PULITZER gongs!

Oh, my!

It is a question about the vermiform appendix of New York. Leave it to the doctors. They may decide wrong, but they are a thousand times better qualified to decide than the patient ever can be.

The Income-tax Amendment

The Sixteenth Amendment may be accepted as resolving a doubt about the meaning of the Constitution, rather than as making a clear and positive change in that instrument. It is true that the Supreme Court has declared unconstitutional a particular law of Congress imposing a tax on incomes. But the decision was attained by the narrowest of margins. Eminent members of the court, including the present Chief Justice, protested against it in language of extraordinary fervor. Eminent lawyers all over the country, including many of decidedly conservative leanings, questioned the correctness of it. Moreover, lawyers and statesmen have ever since been urging that an income-tax law could be framed which would avoid the objections offered to that one. So it is plain that a very great and respectable body of public opinion has all along held an income tax to be constitutional without any amendment.

That of itself helps to make the amendment welcome, and it is also indisputable that an overwhelming majority of the people desire Congress to have the power in question. The amendment is welcome for other reasons. Not the least of these—though, of course, not of itself sufficient to justify ratification—is the demonstration it offers that it is still possible to amend the Constitution without any war or other violent disturbance of society. Indeed, the method of its passage is far more reassuring than was the case with its immediate predecessors, for their validity has been seriously questioned on account of the measures which an extremely partisan majority in Congress took to secure them.

Still another reason for welcoming the amendment was tersely set forth by Congressman HULL, of Tennessee, who will probably draft a new income-tax law, when he remarked:

> One of the important results of an income tax will be the curbing of unnecessary Federal expenditures. When a great part of the government's income is derived by a direct tax upon the citizens of the nation, they will scrutinize more carefully the appropriations made by Congress.

Still, we are not out of the woods in this matter. It remains to see how wisely and justly Congress will use the power which it will henceforth indisputably possess.

Tariff Reform and Panics

Maybe the priests and high-priests of protection have something up their sleeves, but to our observation the *Times* is right when it remarks their utter failure to scare people any more with the old talk about disaster as the sure concomitant of Democratic tariff reform. If there were a word of truth in what they said about the panic of 1893, which they attributed to the next year's tariff law, then business should be right now having conniption fits. Comparing dates, we are now very much closer to tariff reform than we were when the disturbance of 1893 began; yet there is not the slightest sign of anything like it.

Probably it is not worth while to nail that old lie again, but we never can resist the temptation. Of all the impudent perversions of fact that ever were foisted on the American people by any man or any party, that about the panic of 1893 was about the most impudent and the most persistently adhered to. Apparently it also paid. For eighteen years the Republican party lived on it—with occasional relief from Democratic blunders, the chief of which was the failure to pitch in and explode it. To tell the truth, the thing kept right on working till a large element in the Republican party itself, the original insurgents, or Progressives, got sick of certain impositions in the DINGLEY law and in repudiating them repudiated it. Now that we are in sight of real tariff reform, it is only fair to give these men their due. But for their initiative the Democratic party might still be delaying to take full advantage of its strongest issue and the country might not now be proving, as it is proving, that the Democrats were right all the time about the relation of tariff reform to business.

Choate for the Plaintiff

> The people will allow no Congress, no government, no President, to break the good faith they have pledged. There have been one hundred years of peace. In a hundred years more the population of this nation will have grown to five hundred millions, and the population of England in proportion. How will they keep the peace? There is only one way. Let them keep good faith, these peoples. Let them keep their word. And I for one am not afraid.

That is the way JOSEPH H. CHOATE at eighty looks at the Panama Canal tolls question as between this country and England. Mr. CHOATE has been reckoned a good lawyer for something like half a century, and he thinks the HAY-PAUNCEFOTE treaty was written by men who understood English and who meant what they said. It seems only reasonable to pay as much attention to his view of this international controversy as to Secretary KNOX's, to which we have also tried to do justice. Indeed, we decidedly prefer Mr. CHOATE's view of "the people's" real concern in the matter to that of gentlemen who represent them as highly indignant at Great Britain's interference with their "domestic" concerns.

Maybe the other view of how "the people" feel is right, and Mr. CHOATE is risking unpopularity. Even so he can remain cheerful. He remembers the unpopularity of COBDEN and other Englishmen who sympathized with us during the war, and also that of the English government which a little later yielded to our just demand and submitted the *Alabama* claims to arbitration.

The True Yellow Peril

Really, it doesn't strike us that the country is at present very much exercised over the supposed danger of a war with Japan. Nevertheless, we seem to be getting a lot of assurances that we ought not to lose too much sleep about it. President ELIOT and Brother HAMILTON HOLT have both been out there and talked to the Japanese about peace, and both, when they came back, made reports of a nature to quiet any nerves that Captain HOBSON may have set a-quivering. Now Brother HAMILTON MABIE is on guard, and while he hasn't yet made any report as to the probabilities of an immediate invasion, we are assured by the *Outlook* that his private letters are decidedly comforting. Moreover, these cheering indications are confirmed by Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER, who has not only been to Japan, but has reasoned the thing out and come to the conclusion that Japan would make a mistake if she should wade into us, and that the Japanese have quite enough sense to refrain from anything that in the long run would be so obviously foolish. If Captain HOBSON is going to make good in this matter, he will have to hurry up. He predicted, we believe, that Japan was going to jump on us about something or other before the completion of the Canal; and now here is Colonel GOETHALS talking about sending a ship through the Canal this year!

It is significant that all these gentlemen who have been to Japan and made such comforting reports agree as to one factor in the situation which is really disquieting. They agree that there is a real "yellow peril." But they do not find it in Japan. They find it here in America, where it is known as the yellow press. Like all other students of the Japanese people, they find them a high-spirited lot and accordingly view with some apprehension the possible effect on them of sensational articles about them and us in American newspapers of a certain class. Quite apart from any question of fighting, the good-will of Japan for America, based on historical relationships and which we are assured still exists, is a thing very decidedly worth keeping. So is the good-will of Americans for Japan. Any one who recalls the behavior of our more conscienceless papers on the eve of the Spanish War will hardly wonder that both President ELIOT and Dr. MABIE, as advocates of peace, should have found yellow journalism a pertinent theme in their discourses to Japanese audiences. We trust they persuaded the Japanese not to be influenced by it. If they did, then by all means let us have those discourses repeated here at home.

Ulster and Home Rule

Londonderry has sent a Home-Ruler to Parliament to succeed a Unionist. That is a curious commentary on the Unionist talk about Ulster's probable violent resistance to the Home-Rule bill if it ever becomes a law. For Londonderry does not stand alone. There are other constituencies in the north of Ireland that send Nationalists to Parliament. It is the simple fact, really, that Ulster is closely divided on the question. Probably a majority of the Ulster people are Unionist and Protestant, but the majority is not by any means overwhelming. Not all the Protestants are Unionists. The new member for Londonderry, Mr. HOGG, is himself a Protestant. If "Ulster" is really going to indulge in insurrection, therefore, it will probably have to begin, like charity, at home. It will be necessary for the insurrectionists to look after their loyal neighbors before they go forth to meet the "British bayonets" that the Unionist leaders are talking so much about.

Yet this fact is sturdily ignored in Unionist oratory and the Unionist press. On the very eve of the by-election at Londonderry Mr. BONAR LAW, after gracefully explaining his own swift abandonment of his announced position on food duties, was heroically demanding of Mr. ASQUITH, "Does he intend to force Home Rule on Ulster by British bayonets?" And the London *Times* was saying editorially of Mr. ASQUITH'S speech at the end of the Home-Rule debate:

> Every argument that can be drawn from history to support the Nationalist cause has its counterpart north of the Boyne. Mr. ASQUITH seemed to feel that religious feeling and pride of race had no place in Ulster.

On the contrary, Mr. ASQUITH recognizes, what the *Times* does not, that there are at least two kinds of religious feeling in Ulster and two kinds of pride of race. He also recognizes that Ulster is only a part of Ireland and that the whole is greater than the part.

Cutting Some Combs

DEAN JONES, of Yale, has ordered that "Tap Day" shall be a private festivity hereafter, the public being excluded from the Yale campus and buildings.

It was time! Tap Day is not alone in its sorrow. The New York Stock Exchange is also wearing a black band on its hat, and "the Finest" are disordered by internal disturbances.

Advertisement is a great thing, but it is trying to the permanency of established institutions. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

The Children in the Southern Mills

There are mighty few questions that haven't two sides to them. It is troublesome and some-

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times even dangerous to persist in examining carefully both sides every time, but it seems the only way to be sure of being just, even in the cases when one finally lands completely and positively on one side and not in any compromise position. It seems to be that way with the child-labor question, particularly in the Southern cotton-mills. There are sincere and admirably philanthropic people who have long been deeply disturbed because children work in those mills at a pretty early age. But there are also people, whose sincerity we see no reason to question, who feel very differently about it. They contend vigorously that the children who work in the mills and live in the mill towns are incomparably better off than they would have been if they had been kept on the small farms whence most of them, with their parents, have come; that they live much more hygienically because of the change; that they have better food and better homes and better health and a better chance to learn something, and are really happier. Such is the testimony, for instance, of MARION HAMILTON CARTER in a letter to the *Times*.

Of course, even if these pleasanter accounts are correct, they need not be the last word in the matter. Granting that the state of these little Americans has been bettered, that is no reason why it should not be still further improved. But we cannot go as fast as we like in any reform that depends on economic conditions. Meanwhile, however, it is worth knowing, and perhaps not sufficiently well known in the North, that in the very states where these mills are located there is a vigorous interest in everything pertaining to children, including child labor. There are societies at work on the problem, just as in the North, and good men and women who are thoroughly mindful of their own and their states' responsibilities.

Tut, Tut!

There was HAWTHORNE: a romantic soul, a kind of pale progenitor of EDGAR ALLAN POE, with a talent for the supernatural. He was a talented writer, very well in his way; but the trouble is that we, his naïve fellow-countrymen, regarded him too seriously.

So Mr. FLOYD DELL, a talented writer of book reviews in the lively Chicago *Evening Post*.

Pray, Mr. DELL, why do you do that?

Why, when Chicago is perking up so handsomely as a literary center, do you choose to smash it between the eyes like that!

HAWTHORNE was a magician. If you have no taste for magic, that is your misfortune. But when you brag of it over your name in the excellent Chicago literary review which you edit, you damage Chicago's reputation for literary perception.

Bust up the half-gods, Mr. DELL, and welcome, but respect the great people; not on their account, but on your own and Chicago's.

Some Female Laws

By a voice vote to-day the House passed the hatpin bill in a modified form to engrossment. The bill was the first matter on the House calendar. Mr. HAINES of Medford offered an amendment to strike out of the bill the prohibition on the use of any pin with a point protruding more than an inch beyond the crown of the hat and substitute a prohibition on the use of any hatpin the point of which is not protected in such a way as to prevent the injury of any one who comes in contact with it.

Mr. PRIEST, of Haverhill, opposed the amendment on the ground that it would necessitate the use of a safety device, and he thought this the thing to be avoided.

Mr. MCGRATH, of Boston, thought the protrusion provision would lead to endless litigation, and the length of the pin makes little difference, he said, if a man gets it stuck in his eyes.

The amendment was adopted on a voice vote, after which the bill was passed to be engrossed without division.—*Boston paper last week.*

Legislation in Massachusetts is apt to be much respected and imitated in other states, but let us stop and think. As our Mayor often says, we should do nothing in a hurry, especially laws. In one of our own local papers we read last week this item:

Using a hatpin as a weapon of defense, Miss ALICE TOME, of No. 126 Jackson Avenue, Jersey City Heights, last night fought and overcame a man who attempted to rob her on the elevated platform at Ferry and Washington streets, Hoboken. As the man snatched for her purse, she jerked a pin from her hat and jabbed it deep into his body.

The would-be robber cried sharply and jumped back. In a moment he made another dash at Miss TOME, but she ran the pin into him again and screamed for aid. Justice of the Peace HENRY BEHRENS and several other men went to her assistance. The girl's assailant dashed downstairs, but was caught after a chase covering two blocks. He said he was HENRY MILLER, of Buffalo.

In another local paper we read last week this item:

A thrilling fight with a green moray in the surf at Nassau was the experience of two Berkeley College girls who arrived to-day from the West Indies on the *Victoria Luise*.

While standing in the shallow water at Nassau two weeks ago, Miss GREENWOOD was seized by the heel of her bathing slipper and thrown. She screamed, and Miss GOODALL saw a huge moray gripping her companion's foot and lashing its eel-like body furiously in an attempt to drag the girl into deeper water.

Pulling a hatpin from her hat, Miss GOODALL thrust it into the moray, which let go of Miss GREENWOOD. Miss GOODALL then dragged her friend to the beach. The body of the moray, with the hatpin stuck in it, was found on the beach the following day. It measured four and a half feet in length and was about as thick as a man's arm.

We call attention of Representative MCGRATH, of Boston, to above evidence casually gathered that the hatpin has uses of defense as well as offense. Here in New York under the SULLIVAN law it is the only weapon allowed, and we should deprecate legislation to cripple it.

We observe in the daily papers also the following despatch:

JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI, *February 4th.*—Representative HAY introduced in the legislature to-day a bill prohibiting women from wearing dresses that button up the back unless the buttons be as large as a dollar.

The bill provides for a fine of $1 to $3, with jail sentence for persistent offenders.

In view of the imminence of woman suffrage, particularly in states as far west as Missouri, we suggest to gentlemen legislators everywhere that they try to entertain themselves by some other means than having fun with women's apparel.

Should Change Its Name

The committee of the free library at London, Tennessee, by formal resolution has destroyed its copy of *Tom Jones*. It stood many years harmlessly on the shelves till recently a member of the committee happened to take it home to read and was shocked.—*Springfield Republican.*

Well; *Tom Jones* is a coarse book, written pretty faithfully about pretty coarse people in a fairly coarse generation. But if it is too coarse for London, Tennessee, London, Tennessee, ought to change its name. It should not consent to be any longer the namesake of the coarse and sinful metropolis of a coarse world inhabited by folks whose animal side is still imperfectly suppressed. It should call itself Beulah or Elysium or by some name not corrupted by association with people still encumbered by the flesh.

Pauline

Pauline, the White House cow, will be the only member of the outgoing administration to join the "back-to-the-farm" movement.—*The Wall Street Journal.*

Well, now! Haven't you heard? Pauline is not going back to the farm. She is to go to New Haven with Mr. TAFT and his family, and her pasture is to be the Yale Campus, and a stable is building for her in the cellar of Bones. And it is hoped that she will have descendants and that there may be always a Pauline within sight of Old South Middle to remind Yale that she loaned the country a President.

What is Mr. Bergson's Dope?

Professor HENRI BERGSON has come here from France to lecture on philosophy at Columbia University. He is an accomplished scholar, and his lectures are very popular. We hear of three thousand applications for seats in a lecture-room that holds five hundred.

Professor BERGSON has some ideas to convey. The newspapers hereabouts have devoted a great deal of space to him and to his dope. About himself, by diligent reading and looking at his picture, we, the public, have come to know a little something. But about the dope we do not really get any information. We do not recall so great an effort made by the papers and so much space devoted to anything with such meager and disappointing results as this effort to impart the pith of the ideas which M. BERGSON has brought with him. It must be something that the newspapers can't tell, or else that the uninitiated mind cannot receive. Perhaps it is the latter. We have talked to people who had certificates that they knew what M. BERGSON thinks, but they were not able to communicate it. We know the electricity is turned on because the lamp glows, and we know that M. BERGSON has been turned on because the papers beam about him. But the nature of his current remains a mystery. They who know cannot tell, and those who tell do not know.

Probably you have to take him like the waters at Saratoga—large glasses often filled, and give your mind to it; samples no use.

The Barge Canal

It is a happiness to see our Mr. BENSEL, of New York, stand up to speak for his canal. He did it in Washington on February 4th before the Washington Association of Engineers, and illustrated his disclosures with moving-pictures. He gave the engineers the figures about our New York canal and said it was unlucky in being constructed at the same time as Colonel GOETHALS's canal, which costs three times as much and is somewhat, though not so very much, larger and gets all the free advertising that the papers bestow on canals. But Mr. BENSEL said that his canal, though little regarded, was going strong, that it beats the GOETHALS canal in length by 490 miles, that it has about 375 locks to GOETHALS's 6, that 96 per cent. of it is under contract and 60 per cent. completed, and that it will be finished in 1915.

We like to hear Mr. BENSEL brag of his canal. Let us all hope it will do him immense credit. Assurance has been given the public by many respected authorities that New York's Barge Canal will never be worth the hundred millions it will cost or anywhere near that sum. There is nothing that would be jollier than to have these eminent authorities hamstrung in their opinions by the eventuating facts. We should love to see the Barge Canal succeed and have that expenditure of a hundred millions of our money vindicated. Apparently our speculation is being efficiently dug and with honesty and economy. At at any rate, little transpires to the contrary, and presumably the work will be completed in two years, as Mr. BENSEL says, and then we shall see.

Winter Pleasures at Aiken

One gets the impression that the trial of F. O. BEACH at Aiken, South Carolina, has been, considerably, a provision for the entertainment of the native population. Perhaps the local sentiment is that the visitors have had more fun at Aiken than the natives, and that it is right to improve opportunities to get even. So far the trial has seemed enjoyable to everybody.

Take It with Salt

Some of the London papers allude to "an invasion of England by negroes, especially American, which has been proceeding steadily for two years" and as to which it is observed:

London is the Paradise of the black man, and the American negro has discovered this fact. Every ship from the United States brings fresh arrivals to swell the large colony which is already here, where they are treated on an equal footing at the lodging-houses and boarding-houses and sit at the same table with whites.

For the first time in their lives they are permitted to mix with white women on social equality. This has created a grave peril, which is becoming worse every day.

Take all such reports with salt. They are very much such yarns as are hospitably received by Southern minds of a certain order when they are told about Boston. No doubt London is, as yet, a more comfortable place for well-to-do negroes of education and refinement who want to associate with white people than any American city. But just as soon as there came to be enough negroes in London to be counted, its special social advantages as a residence for negroes would vanish. At the bottom, the Anglo-Saxon or Teuton or Celt is the same person, with the same racial instincts, whether he lives in the eastern hemisphere or the western one.

Intercession for Woman Suffrage

St. Bride's Day, which we passed in the calendar about a fortnight ago, was appointed, it seems, as a day of special mediation and intercession for the woman-suffrage movement of Great Britain at services to be held in Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, and other cathedrals, churches, and chapels throughout the country. A memorial, asking every one to participate, was signed by Canon WILBERFORCE, Mrs. BRAMWELL BOOTH, and other eminent ecclesiastics and laywomen and laymen. It is to wonder how the good people who attended these services directed their mediations, especially in regard to Mrs. EMMELINE PANKHURST. Would she figure oftener, do you suppose, in the intercessions as "Thy servant EMMELINE" or "that woman"? Never mind. The idea was a good one. Woman suffrage in England still rests very much on the knees of the gods and is a mighty good prayer-meeting topic.

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Travelers' Joys

THE traveler's joy is only half in going about seeing things, and of that the best part is the mere going—on and ever on. The thought that thrills his veins is of commencing some morning in a railway carriage, opposite his comrade long approved, an all-day journey to a place not seen before. What wakes him up in the night to toss and long is not the recollection of Milan Cathedral caught by electric light, not Rome from the Pincian hill or Paris from the Butte Monmartre, not the Taj Mahal or the cherry-trees by Lake Biwa. It is the smell of the canals when he entered Venice first in the evening, drifting soundlessly along dim waterways where ripples lap-lapped on the steps of shadowy palaces and the gondolier on a sudden cried like a night bird and was still again. Or it is the coughing and steaming threshing-machine in a French farmstead, when the sun was newly risen upon the earth (even as when LOT entered into ZOAR), and having struck across the great plain to look where a church tower should come up out of a folding in the brown earth, he turned into the ample courtyard to ask his way, while all the startled pigeons rose up with a soft flashing and a white whirring and settled down again to preen and coo on the grand round tower that was the dovecote. Moreover, it is the taste of a pinky London twilight when the lights of Piccadilly show silver like moons from the Mall, that catches his throat; it is the flavor of chocolate, with a dash of cinnamon and a whiff of goat, that his mouth waters for. He wants to go forever and see new places, but he also wants incessantly to go back to every one of the old places again. If he is wise he plays off these two impulses against each other like a new sort of BURIDAN'S ass when he has to stay at home and work. At such a time he gets his best solace from talk with other travelers and from their books. Face to face, decency and fair play demand that he should listen with decorum if he wants a pleasant hearing in his turn, but a book will tell him anything he wants, no matter how often he interrupts.

The insatiable traveler will read any book, from *Ten Months' Housekeeping in Ostend* to *Europe in Forty Days*. He will escort BYRON and LANDOR and SHELLEY around Italy very happily, and keep a dull pace with a wanderer in Holland and Paris. He will try to enjoy a summer holiday in Galicia, with an amiably enthusiastic lady whose husband was addicted to fly-fishing, and he will get out the maps and work over a plan for seeing Rome in twenty days. This last does not occur in an advertising pamphlet of the admirable T. Cook & Son, as might seem; it was printed in 1712 and sold for six shillings—"printed by D. L. for E. CURLL at the Dial and Bible against St. Dunstan's Church, E. SANGER at the Post House, R. GOSLINGER at the Mitre, all in Fleet Street, and W. LEWIS next Tom's Coffee House in Covent Garden."

Old books of travel are as much better than new as old wine and old comrades. The Rev. Father BERNARD MONTFAUCON, a scholar and a Benedictine monk, who was a great traveler, has, fortunately, to be read still in old editions and quaint translations that are rare enough. The insatiable traveler is fortunate indeed if he can pull down a yellowed, faded copy, with half the plates stolen out, and a fine shabby binding, with an armorial book plate in the front and the dealer's scrawl of "MAIDMENT'S copy" on the fly-leaf. It was published for POPE'S old enemy, CURLL of the Dunciad, and it passed through the hands of the great antiquary, JAMES MAIDMENT, and it comes down from the shelf spicy with dust and memories. The title-page is shorn of half its glory, wanting the irrational capitals and italics, the long s's, and the little flourish that unites the tops of c and t; but even so it makes a goodly showing.

That way he went, as all the centuries have gone, down the valley of the brimming, swirling, stately Rhone, down to the sea and around by the shore eastward. When he gets into Italy his practice is scholarly; and sensibly reflecting that "nothing is more common or oftener repeated in the Labors of the Learned than the monuments of Italy, so that it cannot but cloy any man to have all those things recited over again which have been so often inculcated," he skips the stock subjects. It is to be wished that others would be lessoned by him. His method was comfortable and unhurried. He went into all the churches and saw what he could, copying the inscriptions and emending them. He had an inexhaustible fund of irony, quiet cleric that he was, for the relics and the pretensions he encountered. He visited private collections and set down what was most noteworthy in respect of erudition or of *virtù*. He inspected libraries fairly with passion, and made long lists both of manuscripts and of printed books. It is to the honor of the great gentlemen of Italy that he was rarely impeded. When the Library of Saint Mark's at Venice was made uncomfortable and he could not take a list, he set down his opinion instead sharply. He visited Milan and Modena, Padua and Ravenna, wherever there were grand-ducal or university libraries, and then pushed on to Rome and spent two years and a half there; and "at last I prescribed to myself a certain method of making my observations, so as to go through the whole city in twenty days and note down everything exactly. This same I repeated as often as either at the Request of my friends or for my own Satisfaction I surveyed the city, always allotting twenty days to Revise the whole."

It is one of the very best journeys on record, and the pleasure of it lies yet in the pages, like wine in the bottom of a glass. It will stand retracking on a score of winter nights. It matters very little whether or not we share his enthusiasm for the Cavalier de la Porta and the divine RAPHAEL URBIN. The point is that he had taste and breeding, charming friends and, apparently, charming manners. His caste opened the monasteries to him, his scholarship opened the palaces, his personality opens our hearts. He tells what he did; he never prattles about his doings. He compliments his friends scrupulously; he does not recount their civilities to him. He describes both journeys and excursions; not once he tells what his bed was like or what he ate or drank. Good breeding is pleasant in an author as in any other companion. On some of these twenty days the most insatiable traveler is put to it to keep up, but he is never tempted to fall out because he is bored or because he is irritated. Urbanity is the very essence of the book; and however romantically the traveler may set out, he declines at the day's end, when nothing is left but to talk it over, thankfully upon urbanity.

Correspondence

MR. MUMFORD AND GOLD

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., *January 13, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Mr. George D. Mumford's article in your issue of January 4th, on prices, gold production, railroad rates, etc.—his attempted analogies are absolutely beside the mark, having no true relation with the technical nature of gold as a "standard of value." He is evidently impervious to the vast difference between the functions of this metal as a "standard" and as a "measure" of value. In the former capacity to the extent of more than ninety-eight per cent. it operates chiefly in liquidating international balances and in rating exchanges, and to the extent of less than two per cent. of the merchandise moved is it a "measure" of value, or an exchangeable equivalent of the commodities affected. Billions of dollars' worth of merchandise is moved without the employment of one dollar of metallic money, and it has no more effect on price levels that the yard-stick on the cost of dry-goods, or the weights of the butcher's scales on the price of meat. This is proved by the facts of production and prices, upon which I will touch later.

Mr. Mumford seems unaware that the principles of money were settled ages ago, and that no one, not even John Stuart Mill, Professor Fisher, Mr. Mumford, nor even the Peerless Leader himself has ever successfully unsettled them.

As quoted by Hume, the Scythian philosophers' ideas of the functions of money were those simply of "numeration and arithmetic." The same notion was recognized by the maxim of the Roman law handed down by the Institutes that "things are measured by their value in money, but money is not measured by its value in things" *(Res per pecuniam æstimantur, non pecunia per res)*—a truth that must be accepted by all those who understand the technical nature of a standard of value as a term of monetary science.

The statement that wheat and meat have maintained the same interchangeable relations to each other during the last twenty years is on a par with that other remarkable dictum that gold has been degraded to a mere commodity, presumably subject to all the factors operating on commodities. Gold is the one product exempt from such action and, therefore, has been found to be more exquisitely adapted as a fixed standard than any other object discovered in nature or invented by man. And yet ignorance is forever trying to attack this invaluable discovery. Year in and year out one ounce of gold, 1,000 fine, is worth just $20.67, the same at the point of production as a thousand miles therefrom. And the spectacle of such a standard chasing itself up and down the scale in a frantic effort to adjust itself to fluctuating prices is one that seems to have missed the funny sense of the "quantity theorists."

This "quantity theory" of money is advanced with solemnity as a "principle," or mathematical law. It states that "prices depend on the amount of money in circulation as compared with the commodities on the market." Why, then, in that long and crucial period, from '66 to '93, when the currency had expanded to a point thitherto unprecedented in modern times, was there a depression in price levels "wholly unexampled"? A principle, or law, that can be knocked into a cocked hat by only a few of the many factors, social and physical, acting on price levels is a pretty poor apology. And during all that period of *falling prices, and of enormous production of both gold and silver*, the "efficiency" of money, through the increasing facilities in transportation and means of exchange, was growing much faster than commerce and population. Rather cold comfort for the quantity theory of money, is it not? The standards of living that have been changing rapidly during the last twenty years, the frantic efforts of almost every yap to pose as a millionaire or "aristocrat," the reckless extravagance, the concentration of wealth, the enormous increase of urban population, the pernicious activity of the selling agents, the huge cost of supervision, and the almost infinite variety of factors tending to raise prices would be working overtime, effectively, even if the production of gold were to be cut in half. The present efficiency of money is such, and increasing steadily, that such a decrease in the output of the precious metals would not be appreciable.

But all these matters, and more of the same kind, have been elucidated by a man far more competent to cope with them than am I. His conclusions, the result of many years of practical experience and exhaustive study, by purely inductive, scientific methods, have never been successfully refuted. I have reason to believe that he was better equipped to speak with authority on these and allied subjects than any other man that this country, or probably any other, has yet produced. They were both his vocation and avocation for more than thirty years of his long life, and he labored at them, unselfishly with the single purpose to get at the truth. Just one article, which I have in mind, should suffice to lay the ghost of any doubts entertained by any intelligent, honest man touching the absurdity of the "quantity theory" of money, "incrusted," as he says, "though it is with high authority." The article will be found in the *Forum* for January, 1895, and is entitled "The Crux of the Money Question—Has Gold Risen?"

I am, sir,

E. M. GARNETT.

NEW YORK, *February 1, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In reading Mr. E. M. Garnett's letter I have yearned for more light and less heat. Mr. Louis A. Garnett, the sometime director of the San Francisco mint, whose article on gold in the 1895 *Forum* is so copiously though, I must confess to me somewhat unintelligibly, quoted by the gentleman I take to be his son, wrote in the stress of the free-silver campaign. In those days the champions of sound money attributed to gold every virtue of fixity and immutability—of value—in contrast to the obvious fall in the value of silver. And yet the very fact that all the leading countries of the world had been forced to demonetize silver because of its fall in value as a commodity, due to overproduction, would have seemed to show, even then, that the bare possibility of a similar fall in value, due to similar causes, inhered in gold.

Much water has flowed under the bridges since then. "The thing that couldn't has occurred." The gold-supply of the world has been *doubled* since Mr. Garnett wrote his article in the *Forum* in 1895. Stanley Jevons, writing in the late sixties about the rise in prices caused by the great gold discoveries in California and Australia in 1849, and their effect on the value of gold as a standard of deferred payments, said that the chances were as much against such a vast addition to the world's gold-supply ever occurring again as they were against a whist-player, who had been dealt a hand of all trumps, ever getting another all-trump hand. But in spite of the odds against it the world did get such another all-trump hand. Its gold-supply has been doubled in the last twenty years and bids fair to double again in the next thirty; and its instrumentalities of credit, all ultimately founded upon gold, although, as Mr. Garnett points out, substituted for it in the ordinary course of trade, are increasing in even greater proportion. The rapid growth of deposit banking and the increased velocity of circulation, due to the crowding of the population into cities, and the rapidity of modern means of communication, tend to heighten the normal effect of the doubled gold-supply. We at least know that the world's cash has been doubled and its credit currency trebled in the last twenty years, and that world-prices have been steadily rising. Of course there have been other causes that have contributed to this rise. One should not dogmatize as to the precise effect of any single cause. I am often reminded of Sydney Smith's definition of dogmatism as "puppyism grown to maturity."

That the gold standard has certain defects is admitted. But business almost automatically applies its own correctives to these defects. It does not matter much whether the fall in the purchasing power of money is a cause or an effect of higher prices. Whether the dwindling purchasing power of money is cause or effect, or partly cause and partly effect, it is a fact, and business has had to adjust itself to this fact. That is, most business has. But the most important business in this country, the transportation industry, has been singled out of all other businesses and forbidden by law to adjust its prices to the fall in the value of money. A dollar to-day is worth only as much as sixty-seven cents in 1896, and the Interstate Commerce Commission by not allowing the railroads to advance their rates in line with all other businesses, in order to adjust themselves automatically to this fall in the value of money, has really succeeded in quietly confiscating one-third of all railroad earnings. And yet we wonder that railroad facilities are not increasing!

Value is after all simply a relation between things. Mr. Garnett's indignation at my suggestion of a change in the value of gold and money, due possibly to doubling the supply of it, reminds me of the end man at the minstrels who, after listening to a rendering of the old song "With All Her Faults I Love Her Still," rose and asked, "Mr. Interlocutor, don't yo' think the gen'elman is dilating too much on the lady's faults?"

Nothing is more insidious than a change in the value of money. If a man's income is fixed, he receives the same pieces of money as before, and has no thought that they are not what they were. It is only when he comes to pay his household bills that he can feel the difference. And then "the difference seems to arise from the deficient harvest, from the growth of population, from the extortion of tradesmen—from anything rather than the change in value of a British sovereign fresh from the mint."

My objection to Mr. Garnett's repetition of his father's quotation from the Institutes of Justinian as an authority to settle the vexed modern question of the relation of the money-supply to prices is like the classic objection to ox-tail soup, that it was going a long way back for soup.

Evidently the names of Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, Stanley Jevons, Cairnes, Bagehot, Disraeli, and our great present-day authority, Professor Irving Fisher, are anathema to Mr. Garnett, and I cheerfully accept excommunication in their company.

I am, sir,

GEORGE D. MUMFORD.

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"Yuxtree-Yuxtor!"

by William Inglis

Drawings by F. Strothmann.

THE first extra barker I ever saw was running and roaring up Broadway on a hot July day. He was on the dollar side, about Prince Street if I remember aright, and the air for blocks around reverberated with the bellowings of his bull-like voice.

"Whoop! Yawp! de ex-traw!" he boomed. "Git dat ex-tor! Full account o' d'American crew beat de English! Yuxtree-Yuxtor-r-r-r!"

He was a husky big fellow, this barker, and so commanding a figure that I stood open-mouthed, with neither eyes nor ears for his partner, who was running and roaring on the opposite, the fifty-cent, side of Broadway. His high-crowned hat of Mackinaw straw was tilted far back on his head, his red and dripping face was stretched in a triumphant grin that seemed likely to wrench loose his stubby yellow mustache. Across his right forearm, like a bale of bath-towels, there were draped a hundred or more evening papers, all unfolded and flat as they had come from the press. The man took all the coins that were handed to him, whipped off a damp, hot newspaper for each buyer, but gave nobody any change. And nobody seemed to care for any change. Every man grabbed his paper as if it were the bulletin of his own individual good-fortune, and read it with dancing eyes and once in a while a few excited jig-steps, and paid no more attention to the barker, who trotted on northward, scattering bellowings and joy as he ran.

For this was the day that the four-oared crew of Columbia University beat the best crews in England for the Visitors' Challenge Cup at Henley. And although it was away back in 1878, no other American crew has won at Henley since. Indeed, those able Columbians formed the only amateur American crew that has ever won in England, though a few had tried before them and many have tried since. It was a great treat for me in those days to be allowed downtown on a Saturday; and although on other Saturdays I had many wonderful adventures, such as running across Broadway at Fulton Street, where countless horses and vehicles might kill or cripple a fellow if he didn't step lively, and stealing rides on the ends of trucks, and getting into fights with street-boys—they were bigger than I was, or they couldn't have licked me; honest, they couldn't—yet I remember this particular Saturday the best of all because of that red-faced barker and his beautiful, bellowing song of American triumph over John Bull.

The last extra barkers I have heard were in the neighborhood a few evenings ago as we sat, after dinner, looking out of the window at the Whistler arrangements of delicate gray-blue mists that brooded over the dark Hudson, pierced here and there by the red or green fire-fly that meant a hurrying tugboat, or by the long line of faint and far-flung topazes that indicated a row of barges moving down the tide. From far up the hill in Seventy-ninth Street, beyond West End Avenue, came the ominous antiphonal chant, softened by distance yet clear and unmistakable.

"Yux-tree! Yux-tor!" cried a high barytone.

"Full account—ter'ble loss o' life—blub-blub-blub!" rumbled his partner's bass from across the street. Then the two voices blended in a confused, ominous cry that bellowed and yet wailed, that threatened horrors and death yet gave nothing clearly.

Doubtless scores of wives and mothers whose men were away from home—traveling on ships that might be wrecked or trains that might plunge in the ditch, or staying in hotels that might at that very moment be blazing funeral pyres—ran out in trembling haste, or sent out, to buy the newspapers these men were peddling. Racked with visions of the death or maiming of the beloved, they could hardly command their eyes to read the printed lines. And yet, in spite of all their panic, it soon began to dawn upon their senses that there was no wreck, no fire, no "ter'ble loss o' life," no horror of any kind that the barkers, now frightening the people half a mile away, were proclaiming with such blood-curdling yells. The papers they carried were mere mild early editions of the evening sheets, printed at midday and perfectly harmless. The fakers who sold them at five or ten times the regular price were more than petty thieves. They were veritable highwaymen, using their terrible voices as weapons to scare money out of their victims' pockets, just as the common thug uses pistol or black-jack. One wonders if they could not be convicted of robbery, *vi et armis*, and imprisoned for long terms. That might do some good.

Nowhere else in America, or in the world, do the venders of extraordinary news hunt in couples and use the concerted appalling cries that characterize the barkers of New York extras. The men who cry "Win-ner-r-r!" through the streets of London on Derby or St. Leger day as they sell extras, and the fellows who howl so plaintively along the Paris boulevards as they run with extra editions, are as different from the New York barkers as are the black, brown, and yellow boys who dash down the Prado and across the Parca Centrale on Saturday afternoons shouting "*Ha-ba-na-po-o-o-o!*" The New York barker, besides being often a pest, is unique in his habits, in his methods, in his development. Probably he is unique, too, in his origin and history. Who knows?

Fortunately there is one who knows about all sorts of old New York history, one who was born on Manhattan Island when it contained one small city and any number of sprawling villages, yet who is still a young middle-aged man without one gray hair in his head—Mr. Charles White, of Corlears Hook, in the old Seventh Ward. At first he was for showing me the similarity between the local barkers and Pheidippides, who ran all the way from Marathon to Athens, cried "Νικη!" and died, their likeness to the ancient heralds who ran, shouting victories of the distant legions through the streets of Rome; but when it was pointed out that these were the precursors of all news bulletin service, while our local barkers are highly specialized and very different, he relented.

"Our barkers began in an altogether different way," said Mr. White, "and it's a curious thing to see that the tactics they used at first to drown out one another's cries are used now in partnership to shock the public into buying papers. The first fellows to run and shout extras through the streets of New York were the carriers who delivered papers at the time of the American Revolution. Hanover Square was the Printing House Row of the city in those days. Little old New York was pretty small then, but she supported four newspapers. James Rivington's *Royal Gazette* made the most of every victory of the King's troops, and every time the Continentals won Mr. Lewis rushed out an extra of the New York *Mercury and General Advertiser*. As these newspapers had no war correspondents or reporters, and as such things as telegraphs or telephones or railroads had not even been dreamed of, you can imagine how every battle was reported at first as a victory for each side. The result at Bunker Hill was published both ways in New York. Why, even the battle of Monmouth, right at home, down the Jersey coast, was falsely reported, and for eight days the little old town was wildly excited, patriots and royalists each hoping for the best of it, while the trimmers, waiting to see which side of the fence to fall on, were so worried they couldn't sleep.



James Rivington's "Royal Gazette" made the most of every victory of the King's troops

"The papers in those days—funny little sheets!—were served by carriers who went over certain regular routes, as far north as Greenwich Village on the west side and Corlears Hook on the east. In times of the wildest excitement the most enterprising carriers might work as far north as Kip's Bay, about the Thirty-fourth Street ferry of to-day, while some rowed across the river and ran to Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, and even to Bushwick.

"Can't you see those old-time carriers?—husky young fellows they had to be to run far and lug a load of papers on their arms, and still be able to yell. Many a time I think of 'em, in their old three-cornered hats and knee-breeches and big, square-toed shoes, chasing up the Broad Way or Queen Street. Here goes a pair up Cherry Street, waking the people out of their beds—

"'Yux-tree! Yux-tor! Extra edition *Royal Gazette!* Full account of the Royal army's victory in the Jerseys! The rebel Washington slain! Read the extra *Royal Gazette!*'

"That's all very well for the Tory barker, but now listen to the patriot barker, across the street, getting back at him:

"'Yux-traw! *Mercury an' Advertiser!* Great American victory near Monmouth! General Washington kills half the red-coats an' captures the rest. Don't believe Jemmy Rivington's lies! Read that extraw!'

"These fellows served papers along the same routes—more lanes than streets. Ordinarily the rival papers had different publication days, so the carriers didn't clash; but when the war extras were issued they always tried to outrun and outyell and outslang each other. Believe me, the big black scare-heads and the bellowing barkers didn't begin with the Spanish War."

It was most entertaining to hear Mr. White sketch the history of the barkers. They didn't stop their clamor when the defeat of Lord Cornwallis brought peace. The old New York shipping merchants, who lived above their counting-rooms along South and Front streets, and Peck and Coenties and Burling slips, used to advertise their rival cargoes in the rival newspapers. Then the carriers would trot up the streets, yelling fiercely: "Yux-tor! The good ship *Princess* is in from Canton with silks and teas. Don't miss that grand auction at Mr. Stone's warerooms at ten o'clock to-morrow morning!" against which the man across the street would roar: "Extry! Extor! Full account o' the good ship *Polly an' Ann*, just in with coffee and rum and molasses from South America. Go to the auction at Mr. Brewer's at ten to-morrow! Extry! Extor!"

The managers of the theaters along John and Fulton streets, as well as of the three that abutted upon narrow old Theater Alley, fought each other for patronage through the brazen throats of these barkers. If Mr. Rowe advertised the "arrival extraordinary of the eminent tragedian, James Tompkins, of London, in the ship *Mercury*, now lying in the bay, who will positively appear in the John Street Theater to-morrow evening," his extra advertisement and bellowing barkers were sure to be met along the streets by rival extra advertisement and barkers shouting: "Don't go to the John Street Theater! They have a false Tompkins, not the real tragedian. Patronize American art! Come to the Ann Street Theater and witness the greatest tragedy of the age!"

They reveled in tragedy in those days, gentle souls, but they had to seek it in the theater instead of having it thrust upon them gratis in railroad wrecks,

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mine horrors, automobile and aviation accidents, etc. In the War of 1812 Perry's victory on Lake Erie was cried through the streets of New York by the barkers, who easily got a York shilling (twelve and one-half cents) for papers that ordinarily sold for two cents. When steam navigation was invented and rival steamship companies began to give excursions down the bay or up the Sound or the Hudson, the barkers found a new field for their exploitation. They arrayed themselves in wonderful big bell-topped hats and flaming waistcoats, and strutted up and down the piers at Fulton and Beekman streets and the various slips, each yelling the praises of his own noble ship and decrying the other as a rickety old tub, honeycombed with dry-rot, ready to fall apart, with patched and leaky boilers, manned by a cut-throat ruffian crew under a drunken captain whose license had been taken from him. Somehow the barkers seem never to have devoted much energy to the uplift, but they were strong for denunciation and the nimble sixpence.

Possibly the ring battle on the turf at Havre de Grace, Maryland, in which Tom Hyer so handsomely knocked Yankee Sullivan out of time, was the last big piece of news concerning which the barkers tried to shout one another down. That happened in December, 1848, and we find that in the announcement of the discovery of gold in California a few months later the barkers worked in concert. The modern rush to the gold-fields of Nome and the Klondike affected many individuals in various parts of the country; but the proclamation of the discovery of the yellow metal on the Pacific coast intoxicated the whole country. And the extra barkers who had so long tried to drown out one another's shouts now saw the advantage of combination over competition and formed sensation trusts. Possibly they were the first trusts in the world. And in combinations of two they have worked ever since, the tenor or high barytone yelling on one side of the street, the basso rumbling his dismal confirmation on the other.



Strutted up and down the piers, each yelling the praises of his own noble ship

Ann Street is the home, the nest, of all sorts of fakers, and here the "circulation-pushers" of the newspapers can secure the services of scores of them at one moment's notice. Let a big piece of news come in, by telegraph, cable, wireless, telephone, or afoot, and long before the stuff is in type or the big black circus-poster blocks have been selected for the headlines, word has been passed down to Ann Street, and the big barkers are waiting for the sheets to come from the press. If the news is appalling, runners dash up Park Row and the Bowery, and then the army of barkers is doubled or quadrupled almost in the twinkling of an eye.

Sometimes—not often, but at widely separated intervals—the barkers are used as factors in other enterprizes. Not very long ago a rich young man was on trial for deliberate, premeditated murder. His prospects were bad. In spite of the efforts of an array of able and costly lawyers, he was in imminent danger of the electric chair. The jury retired to consider their verdict late in the evening. A young man friendly to the defendant went down to Ann Street and hired five pairs of barkers at four dollars a pair. Each barker took a bundle of old papers across his arm. Presently the silence of Centre Street was pierced by the distant clamor of barkers. Nearer and nearer it drew. Now the cries from the street floated up through the still evening air and in through the open windows of the jury room.

First voice: "Yuxtree-yuxtor! Git dat extor-r-r!"

Second voice: "Full ercount of de deat' of Charley Robinson's mother—died of a broken heart!"

After a few seconds of silence the cries of the second pair of fakers floated up; then the third; then the others in turn—all to the effect that the defendant's mother had died of grief.

That jury disagreed. The bellowing of the barkers had effected more than all the eloquence of the high-priced lawyers.

Most of the harm done by the fakers, however, is perpetrated in the remote residence streets far up-town. The villains are psychologists, and they choose to strike their foul blows at the emotions immediately after dinner, when the resisting power of the victims is low. There is a law under which the citizen may have the venders of false extras punished, but as this entails more discomfort to the complainant than to the malefactor it is seldom invoked. If the firearms law were not so strict it would be much pleasanter to dust the jackets of the fakers with rock-salt in crystals about as big as buckshot. This never kills but stings, and induces a burst of speed.

One protection, simple and sure, is at the service of every citizen: if the barker jumbles his words so that you cannot understand each one distinctly, he is a thief and a scoundrel. When the news is startling and the extra genuine, each word the barker utters can be easily understood. Don't buy unless you understand all he cries.

"PUTTING ON SPECS"

BY WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY

ONE evening when I was visiting down in the country Mrs. Harding, the hostess, suddenly said, "Mr. Hemmingway, you need glasses!"

I jumped as if I had been accused of picking pockets or trying to burn the house—at least, I felt that way, though I hope I did nothing worse than change color and gasp and gurgle and do a few little things like that to cover my confusion as I replied: "Oh no; it's just the angle at which the light strikes this page. There's a glare that confuses one a little."

"No," said she, firmly, "it isn't the angle; it's your eyes. See, you're holding the magazine almost on your knees and you're frowning. You need glasses."

I smiled, tried to snicker a little by way of showing that the suggestion didn't concern me in the least; but the bolt had gone home. Why is it we always have to smile when the blow falls—the schoolboy with the hot sting of the master's ferule on his palm, the base-runner who has been spiked, the boxer as he reels forward to defeat, even the merest shred of a man when the doctor solemnly says, "There is no hope for you"?

In spite of smile and snicker, the bolt had gone home. It rankled. I moved to a different position, but the changed angle of lighting didn't make the print any plainer. Determined to fight off the hideous specter of presbyopia, I raised the magazine half-way from the knees to the eyes, but the edges of the orderly black type became fuzzy, developed a disorderly blur. The eyes traveled the ragged lines with all the pain of bare feet in deep sand on a scorching day. Soon we were all playing "Rum." It's so much easier to see the pips on the cards.

That night I thought about it a long time—presbyopia, from *presbus*, an old man+*opia*, sight. It was ridiculous: I with presbyopia! I, the man who would never grow old! But alas! 'twas true.

So. Another stage of the journey was definitely passed. The milestones all came flashing by, so close they seemed to overrun one another: my first knickers, on my fourth birthday, when I told Mrs. Hawkshurst I was a man now, and she gave me a new lucky quarter to put in my little pocket; the first long trousers, part of a suit of brown tricot—do they still wear tricot, I wonder?—the first razor, the first job I worked at, the first boat-race, when foxy George Delaney tried to rattle our green young crew and we ate up his eight by way of reply.

The first girl? Who has ever remembered the first girl—unless she has happened also to be the last? Away with idle thoughts! A condition, not a day dream, was imminent. Presbyopia—the beginning of the swift glide down the hill, with the dark plunge at the end! No more racing; no more hard training; no more youth. Hereafter gentle exercises befitting age. Pah!

Morning light brought fresh resolution. What nonsense to think of specters with this glorious, golden sun in the sky! I held the morning papers near as ever and read them with no difficulty at all—or at least none worth thinking about. At golf I could trace the flight of the longest ball with perfect ease. But hold—farsightedness is a symptom of presbyopia! The enemy was digging his trenches nearer. . . .

It was a hard fight, but Father Time, as ever, without seeming to try, won the victory. I called on the eminent oculist early yesterday morning. He didn't know that Tragedy stood before him. He smiled, confessed it was a fine day and didn't think we were ever going to have any winter. He asked questions and wrote down the answers with a fountain-pen on the "history" blank.

"My real name is Presbyopia," I said. "In coming down here I have taken the first step in my funeral march—"

"Hoh!" laughed the doctor. "Your funeral march will keep awhile. Lots of men become presbyopic at thirty. Now tell me, does the vertical or horizontal diameter of that circle seem the broader?"

He went on with the tests—D L N T R and all the rest of the mixed letters in a rapid diminuendo of type. He drew down the window shade and raised before me a little black target about as big as a twenty-five-cent piece. He pressed the handle of this, and instantly a brilliant electric search-light glared in the midst of the target. Very slowly and carefully he guided the brilliant ray up and down, to right and to left, through the eyes, and far, far into my most hidden thoughts.

"No," he said, suddenly answering the question which had just begun to form itself in my mind. "No; it won't interfere with your golf. You'll need glasses only for reading. Your eyes are very strong, though you have been forcing them too hard for the last few months. There is no astigmatism—none worth mentioning."

The expert wrote a prescription for glasses just as the ordinary physician would write one for headache powders. Great Scott! What an advance from the golden days of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, when Moses brought home a whole basket of spectacles he had taken in trade for the family horse.

The optician measured across the bridge of my nose, shook his head, measured again, and said, "It's very broad, very broad."

"Yes," I agreed; "it has stopped a great many straight lefts."

That seemed to satisfy him.

That evening the optician handed me a pocketful of cute little spectacle cases. First I tried on a pince-nez, from which depended two lenses shaped like lopsections of a glass pear.

"Put them on, please," said the optician. He, too, was treating my tragedy as commonplace.

I clamped them on the bony part of the bridge of the nose.

"No, no," cried the optician. "That won't do at all! About five thousand people out of five thousand put on their glasses wrong. Observe—I place the glasses above the bridge and as close to the eyes as possible. I spread the grips wide apart and settle them in the flesh well up at the very top of the nose. There you are, sir! Now, you try it."

He pushed toward me a small oval mirror that stood on a rod. I sat before it and faithfully worked at eye-glass drill. When at last I got the glasses high enough I had the top part canted too far forward. Again and again the optician had to push out the lower part of the glasses.

"Now you have it," he said, after half a dozen trials of my skill. "Please remember: fix the glasses always parallel with the face and close to the eyes as possible."

"Oh—ow!" I exclaimed; "they'll give me cramps in the eyelids; the eyelashes are brushing them."

"Oh, well," he advised, patiently, as one who had traversed the ground a thousand times before, "if you like, you can take a pair of scissors and trim your eyelashes short. The feminine members of your family will object that the trimming spoils your looks."

"A man's looks!" I shouted. "Who ever heard of a man having 'looks'?"

"You'll see," said the optician—and, by George! he was right. Queer how much we still have to learn about femininity, no matter how ancient we may be.

The nicest things were the automobile lamps. The moment I put them on I was filled with a wild desire to dash abroad at a mad rate of speed, blowing a devil horn and smashing people to death as I fled with roars of laughter. Once that desire was throttled, I settled down to appreciation of the comforts of the enormous round spectacles in their light but strong frame of black rubber.

After dinner I permitted myself to be discovered solemnly reading through the spectacles.

"Why, paw!" said Family, a little shocked but determined to be pleased. "How comfortable you seem! And you look exactly like a Japanese diplomat. Take care or people will take you for a high-brow."

Thus are we mocked when adversity overtakes us. But worse was to come. That ancient and implacable enemy of all mankind, the Candid Friend, was still to be heard.

"Fine!" he declared, with a cunning pretense of spontaneous admiration as he approached my desk this morning. "Fine! You look just like Ben, the Educated Pig, that used to travel with the circus."

Let them jibe, one and all. I care not. Reading is once more a pleasure. And when I look up from the page the glasses, which magnify objects and bring them nearer, show me that She is lovelier than ever.

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PENN STATE

THE ETHICS OF THE BENCH

As a Result of the Archbald Impeachment there has been Established a Code of Judicial Conduct

BY A. MAURICE LOW

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

WHEN the Senate brought in a verdict of guilty in the impeachment proceedings against Robert W. Archbald, judge of the United States Commerce Court—this being the first time in a century that a United States judge has been stripped of his judicial robe and the third time only since the foundation of the government—something more was done than to prove that the machinery of the Constitution is not obsolete and that the new-fangled device of the recall of judges is unnecessary. By removing Judge Archbald from the bench and further punishing him by declaring that he is forever disqualified from holding any office of trust, profit, or honor in the gift of the United States, the Senate approved, in the language of Representative Clayton of Alabama, the chairman of the Judiciary Committee and the chief of the board of managers appointed on behalf of the House to institute the impeachment proceedings, "a code of judicial ethics for the first time in American history." Heretofore there has been no code of judicial ethics; now one has been established. Not only did this trial establish a precedent that will have far-reaching effects, but it created two other equally important precedents that will not only tend to keep the bench "straight," but will make it easier for judges of the Federal courts who have an arrested ethical development to be removed.

With the charges brought against Judge Archbald the public is fairly familiar. They can be summarized in a few words for the benefit of those who did not closely follow the proceedings. He was charged with using his official position as a judge of the Commerce Court—and it is in that court that appeals are heard from the Interstate Commerce Commission—improperly to influence the Erie Railroad Company and other concerns to sell him culm dumps, and with having relations and dealings with them and other persons that, in the language of Mr. Clayton's report made to the House, "under all the circumstances, was reprehensible and prejudicial to the confidence of the American people in the Federal judiciary." With this conclusion the Senate agreed. It is worth noting that in impeachment proceedings the Senate, which sits as a court and acts both as judge and jury, may simply bring in a verdict of guilty, which automatically "recalls" a judge; or it may inflict a further punishment by declaring the convicted person ineligible from holding any further office under the government. In that case there is no earthly power by which the brand can be removed. The President may pardon any person who has been convicted of a crime against the United States except one who has been convicted under impeachment proceedings. That the Constitution expressly prohibits.

It has always been held heretofore that when it is sought to impeach a judge the offense must be one that would be an indictable offense at law. Thus, it would be easy enough to impeach a judge charged with bribery, because bribery is a crime and so recognized by statute; but a judge could not be impeached simply because he had done things that were manifestly improper, although not of themselves criminal, but which tended to cast disrespect upon the judiciary and bring the judge into disrepute. The first judge to be impeached was Judge Pickering of New Hampshire in 1804. Pickering was undoubtedly insane, but insanity is not a crime, so he was charged with drunkenness and using improper language from the bench; and as a person who gets drunk or uses improper language can be tried in the courts the Senate held that he was properly subject to impeachment.

In studying the charges against Judge Archbald, Mr. Clayton came to the conclusion that, while a judge might not have committed a crime that would render him liable to criminal proceedings, he might still have been guilty of such acts as to make him an improper person to be on the bench. Mr. Clayton is the only member of Congress who has been a manager on the part of the House in the impeachment of two judges, his former experience having been in the proceedings against the late Judge Swayne about six years ago. In the Swayne case it was alleged that after having appointed receivers of a Southern railway he was provided by the railway with a private car, provisioned at the company's cost and at the expense of the railway company, and as its guest made a long trip to California and elsewhere. This was not a crime, but, to say the least, it was highly improper and would, naturally, create the impression in the public mind that Judge Swayne, because of the favors he had received, could not hold the scales of justice level.

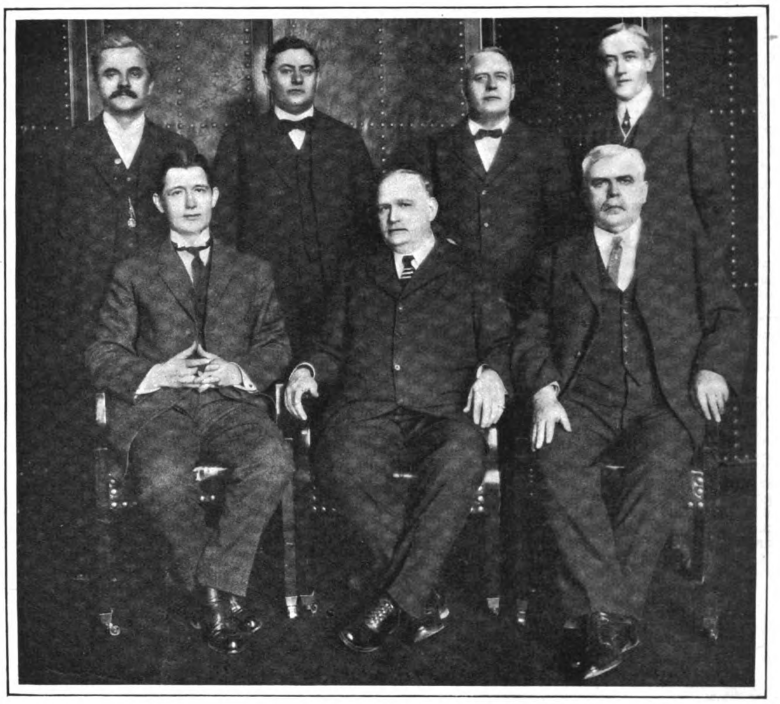
Mr. Clayton held there were three grounds sufficient to cause Judge Archbald's removal from office. First, his unethical conduct. It is a curious thing, Mr. Clayton points out, that while the American Bar Association and the bar associations of the various states have a well-established code of ethics governing attorneys, and have no difficulty in determining what is ethical or unethical conduct on the part of their members, no attempt has ever been made to apply similar rules to the conduct of judges, probably, Mr. Clayton suggests, because of the assumption that a judge is always a man of high character and could do nothing that was not proper. But the conduct of Judge Archbald showed that this was not a safe assumption and that it was necessary to have it clearly understood that it was as great a crime against society for a judge to be unethical as it was for him to be guilty of a crime defined by law. In his report Mr. Clayton thus pictured the ideal judge:

"A judge should be the personification of integrity, of honor, and of uprightness in his daily walk and conversation. He should hold his exalted office and the administration of justice above the sordid desire to accumulate wealth by trading or trafficking with actual or probable litigants in his court. He should be free and unaffected by any bias born of avarice and unhampered by pecuniary or other improper obligations."

The next point made by Mr. Clayton was that as a judge holds his office, under the Constitution, "during good behavior," it follows as a matter of course that he forfeits it whenever he is guilty of misbehavior. What constitutes good behavior needs no elaborate argument. To define "misbehavior" is more difficult, but Mr. Clayton relied on the known facts. A judge misbehaved, he held, when he used his official position for pecuniary profit, when he sought to take advantage of his power for personal gain. The misbehavior might be particular or general; it was sufficient for the Senate to be convinced of the misbehavior to find the judge unworthy to be continued in office. "Judge Archbald's sense of moral responsibility has become deadened," Mr. Clayton said in his report. "He has prostituted his high office for personal profit. He has attempted by various transactions to commercialize his potentiality as judge. He has shown an overweening desire to make gainful bargains with parties having cases before him or likely to have cases before him. To accomplish this purpose he has not hesitated to use his official power and influence. He has degraded his high office and has destroyed the confidence of the public in his judicial integrity. He has forfeited the condition upon which he holds his commission and should be removed from office by impeachment."

Finally Mr. Clayton argued that it was not necessary that the judge be charged with an indictable offense or even an offense involving violation of positive law, but it was sufficient if he was guilty of an act that degraded his office or destroyed respect for the judiciary or impaired the usefulness of the judge.

The Constitution provides that a person shall be removed from office on impeachment for and conviction only of "treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors." When the case came to trial Judge Archbald's attorneys argued before the Senate that, as their client was not charged with having committed treason and there was no allegation of bribery, he was not guilty of an offense cognizable by the Senate, for in the articles of impeachment found by the House he was charged with having been guilty of misdemeanors and misbehavior. In drafting his indictment Mr. Clayton had investigated the legal weight to be attached to the meaning of the term "high crimes and misdemeanors," and found that it had come down to America from the English Parliament. It was there used, so to speak, as a convenient catch-all when it was necessary to impeach a person on general principles and without having too narrowly to define the offense of which he stood charged. It was in civil law very much what "conduct unbecoming a gentleman" is in military law, a specification on which hundreds of officers in all armies have been tried and found guilty. Arguing by analogy, Mr. Clayton held that the Senate was abundantly able to determine what was "a high crime and a misdemeanor." It was both a crime and a misdemeanor, he contended, for a judge to induce a railway company to sell him a culm bank or to use his influence to procure the sale of coal lands, and this contention the Senate sustained.



The Representatives who conducted the impeachment trial of Robert W. Archbald, Judge of the United States Commerce Court. From left to right, standing, are: George W. Norris, Nebraska; Paul Howland, Ohio; John A. Sterling, Illinois; John W. Davis, West Virginia. Sitting: Edwin Y. Webb, North Carolina; Henry D. Clayton, Alabama; and John C. Floyd, Arkansas

Mr. Clayton believes that the effect of Judge Archbald's impeachment and conviction will be salutary. "It shows," he said, "that there is no necessity for the recall of judges, nor need a person be regarded as an anarchist for making an assault on the courts when he endeavors to purge them of improper men. As a rule, our judges have been men of probity and high character, but, owing to the frailty of human nature, occasionally an unfit or dishonest man is appointed. In such case we have the remedy. There has been some criticism that impeachment proceedings are slow, clumsy, and costly, and that some method ought to be devised by which they can be expedited. I am not sure that haste would be a good thing. It is a serious matter to attack the integrity of a judge or to cast discredit upon the bench, and the proceedings ought never to be initiated in a fit of passion or without due deliberation. The one reform that might well be instituted and which has been proposed is that, instead of the entire Senate sitting as a court, the testimony should be heard by a committee and the Senate should then pass upon the report of its committee, which would save the Senate the necessity of suspending all public business while the impeachment proceedings are in progress and prevent congestion. That is the procedure in the case of a Senator whose right to his seat is challenged, and as a Senator can only be expelled by a two-thirds vote, the same as in impeachment, there is no reason why the method followed in the one case would not be equally as efficacious in the other."

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SOME FALLACIES ABOUT FAT

By Leonard Keene Hirshberg, M.D.

"Why is it that I may devour with impunity a sweetened behemoth and remain an emaciated specter?"

DRAWINGS BY
M. L. BLUMENTHAL



"How is it that I, a most temperate eater, still wax rotund and globular?"

"DOCTOR, how is it that I, a most temperate eater, devoting my nights to the study of a non-fatmaking diet and my days to rigid restrictions of corpulescent—if there be such a word—foods, still wax rotund and globular?"

So wrote to me one of my friends the other week, and so come similar questions day by day. Why is it that I, a thin fellow, may devour with impunity a sweetened behemoth with paleozoic trimmings and remain forever an emaciated specter? Meanwhile others who live exclusively upon the filmy bouillon bubble, the tabascoed circumambient atmosphere, and plain beer acquire an apron of dangling adipose ballast, alike the envy of reformers and the abomination of politicians? Why is this? Let us, as it were, examine into the grave matter, commune with ourselves, and, if possible, solve the whys and wherefores.

Professor Weismann has established to the satisfaction of most biologists the fact that no habit that is acquired can be passed on to coming generations. That is to say that characteristics or habits picked up during your father's or grandmother's lifetime are not inherited by you.

Notwithstanding this immunity on your part to the inheritance of good and bad tricks learned by your ancestors, you are more than blessed—or damned—by the transmission of all of the inherent changes in the natures, temperaments, tendencies, instincts, and intrinsic mental and physical qualities of those same antecedents. These are passed on unto the third and fourth generations. Mendel, the Bohemian monk whose early investigations were brought to the notice of scientists about a dozen years ago, proved that if an animal acquires fat during its lifetime future descendants need have no drooping over the belt-line. If, however, an animal that inherits a fatty tendency intrinsic in its tissues is mated with an animal with a similar tendency to be wan and narrow, the first succeeding offspring will both be fat. If these two are married—brothers and sisters marry in the plant and animal world—to each other, the young ones will be three stout fellows to one that is thin. Moreover, if these thin offspring are mated, all that follow are thin, while one of the fat ones breeds all stout parties, and the other two globular brothers will produce children much as their parents did—that is, three of rounded form to one of the angular, narrow type.

All this sounds more formidable than witty; yet Sir Francis Galton, the great British statistician and father of the science of eugenics, as well as the teacher of the finger-print system to Bertillon, discovered from Mendel's laws that man inherits one-half of his traits from his parents, one-quarter from his grandparents, one-eighth from his great-grandparents, and so on back to Noah.

What has all this to do with the fair, fat, and forty years of a man's life? Lots! It means all the difference in the world; whether, in fact, you have come by your adipose tissue honestly, deviously, or maliciously aforethought. It means resistance or resignation, Puritanical self-denial or a gay life. For if, as you look through the central-office portrait gallery of your forebears, you find them hollow-cheeked, scrawny-visaged, sallow, lean, and worried, hurry to the nearest doctor, accept his instructions what not to eat, and fare forth to become a sad and wise recluse amid a veritable jungle of plenty.

If, however, you gaze first on this form and then on that, if the gallery of your proud and ancient multitudes is glowingly radiant, sleek with *embonpoint*, with softened, downy, cushion-like gables, if their front-footage surpasses the narrow confines of the bony framework, seek out the nearest gilded palace of vice and gulp your golden buck, your bubbling wine, your shell-fish, in calm and contentment, for the fates are in league against you. The stern decree of Darwin, Mendel, Galton, and the science of eugenics are against you.

The common fallacies associated with corpulency are as numerous as the patent-medicine anti-fat remedies. 'At transferred maketh the heart sick, yet there are few physicians alive to tell of ever having seen that rare disease known commonly as a "fatty heart." This *bête noire* of the dowager, the chaperon, the trust magnate, and the post-meridian commercial traveler, like hobgoblins and other fearsome figments, has its being in the vain imaginings of the great superstitious proletariat.

Yet much may be done. Next to sugar, there is no greater source of adipose tissue than a few drops of alcoholic or malt liquors, unless it be mental inertia and physical inactivity. The species of drinkers known as once-in-a-whiles are, perhaps, in this respect the worst offenders. You may starve, you may work, you may drug as you will; the thirsty man grows fat.

Next to the avoidance of alcohol, for those predisposed to excessive breadth, gyroscopic gymnastics is most helpful. In your bath or boudoir a hard slab of wood or marble may be used. This scheme, together with roller brooms, potato-mashers, cannon-balls, rolling-pins, or other means, really disposes of much of the superfluous fat. Far be it from me to suggest a strait jacket or corset; yet one of the latter made of compression bands that fits snugly around the stomach region and forces the fat upward without embarrassing the respiration will assuredly reduce the amount of abdominal fat.



Next to the avoidance of alcohol, gyroscopic gymnastics is most helpful

Curiously enough, true gymnasium exercises, hot Turkish, Russian, or other heathenish baths, the much-vaunted pack-saddle horse-riding, golf, tennis, Weston walks, and analogous exercises are much like other home remedies. That is to say, doctors advise them by tradition, not because they have ever had ocular evidence that one barley corn of weight was thereby removed. Similarly, wrestling and running, working and worrying, calisthenics and bicycling, are all in vain, while, on the other hand, carrying heavy weights seems to aid in the absorption of the convexities from the compression produced. Hence I advise my patients to hew wood, draw water, look after the furnace, bring up buckets of coal, juggle the piano, and practise with a steamer trunk.

No more apocryphal and fallacious superstition prevails among the special pleaders of medical and lay dietitians than the admonition of avoiding certain foods, eating others, and abstaining from water at mealtime. There is no greater source of unhappiness, inefficiency, illness, and even death than this prevailing vogue. Physicians, like women and sheep, imitate and obey an authoritative leader. If Dr. Osler writes that the old die young there will be almost unanimity among physicians in agreeing with his dictum. Hence when a dozen conspicuous stomach specialists taboo pretty much everything but bread, bouillon, tea, and water, the mortality rate of starvation rises, even though the death certificates neglect to say so.

Unhappily, most of us eat too much of everything, but as long as the vital forces, the alimentary juices, the oxidizing and peptonizing ferments cope successfully with the intake of nutriment, as long as an equilibrium is maintained, the existence of fat cannot be ascribed to the nourishment. If, however, there is an unstable state, a lack of balance which holds the food scale down on the side of the tissues, there is suggestive evidence that too much food is entering the body or that too little of that which is eaten becomes oxidized into non-accumulating products.

The correct procedure, it seems, then, is to eat a little less of everything, but not to the point of harming your mental and physical efficiency. Then arrange the hours of dining so that such pabulum as you take becomes properly oxidized. Oxidation or combustion is at its maximum at breakfast and then wanes rapidly. At six o'clock in the evening the oxidizing ferments are almost completely used up for the day, and since this is the case it would seem that those inclined to roundness and curvature of the angles should never eat after six o'clock at night.

Upon chemists and savants of rigid experimental training—that is, of the test tube and the laboratory—we must now depend to construct for us a new synthetic agent or oxidizing ferment which, taken in with nutriment, will convert the foods into their elements. Then will all the unloved fat men—even those with three-quarters inherited adipose tissues—be freed from hypocritical laughter and the wit of the multitude.

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OUR COUSINS OVERSEAS

Some British Traits as Seen from the Viewpoint of a Celtic Painter

BY J. B. YEATS

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

IN time we shall get rid of the major cruelties, but who will rid us of the minor cruelties—bad manners, for instance, by which irritable and tyrannical natures gratify their desire to inflict suffering while ministering to their own sense of importance? And there is always the art of cruel words. There is some cruelty in every heart. It is there, doubtless, for our protection, and sometimes we admire it very much and stand appalled before it in sympathetic wonder, as when we see a great man or a great beast—lion, or tiger, or Spanish bull—standing at bay among its enemies and striking back; but let no one admire the feline cruelty of the spiteful tongue.

A famous Canadian publicist was of English birth, bred at Eton and at Oxford and also a professor, a combination that meant a careful cultivation of the atmosphere of conscious superiority, to be lived in and enjoyed for ever and ever. Nearly every one who climbs that particular eminence loses from his personality something of value; a policeman or a tax-gatherer or public prosecutor might have a kindlier feeling for his fellow-mortals; such an array of ill-luck in the circumstances of any man invariably tends to dry up the well-springs of tenderness and leave the field open for professorial cruelties. I remember an occasion, years ago, when he gave the world a fancy specimen of his dexterity in cruel speech. The eternal Irish controversy was passing through an acute stage; the people had become extraordinarily poor and were, Protestant and Catholic, pouring into Canada and America. At the psychological moment the professor wrote to the papers, saying that as he stood and watched the Irish immigrants he found it easy to know who were the Protestant, for, wrote he, "the Irish Catholics are prognathous." Prognathous was a good word. It was learned, technical, and strange. The English papers caught it up with avidity. It echoed and re-echoed round the world of Protestant and racial bigotry. Borrowed from the natural history books, where it is used to describe the monkey, which, as we know, has a large jaw very much thrust forward, it smacked of scientific precision and carried with it an air of authority. It meant that henceforth the Irish Protestants were to be known as men and the Catholics as monkeys. For a few weeks the professor became a famous man in Protestant and God-fearing circles, and the word "prognathous" a sweet morsel under the tongue of unctuous conceit. And even now, though the professor is dead, his spiteful word still lives on, like a half-cured disease, to eat into the tissues of national peace and concord. Again and again I have discussed it with bigoted Anglo-Irish friends, and once I put it successfully to the test of a bet. "Let us," I said, "wander all over Dublin, and if you show me a single prognathous man I will forfeit my money." There are no prognathous people in Ireland. The professor was misled. With willing eyes he found something which he pretended to think prognathous, but which was not prognathous at all. Let us describe an incident in my life and what this something was.

Many years ago I was painting portraits in Derry, and every afternoon I went for a ramble along the roads of its beautiful neighborhood of mountain and wide waters, my companion being always an old Protestant clergyman. Myself a too talkative man, I found him the most charming of companions, since he was at once the most silent and the most sociable of men. He was all through and all over him a clergyman and a man of God, and one of his peculiarities was never to go anywhere in the country without a pair of opera-glasses so that he might stop every now and then and "search the horizon" for the spire or tower of a Protestant church. Needless to say, he was no bigot. Indeed, he was supposed to have "leanings toward Popery," a suspicion effectually excluding him from ministry in any of the churches on which his eyes rested so lovingly, so that at the time he was without employment. An exile within his own land, it was with an exile's yearning that he looked afar at these scattered churches. I am sure he had never heard of the Canadian professor or his new application of a Greek word. His only reading was divinity; he never opened a newspaper, and no form of cruelty, even this well-worn one of venomous phrase-making, would have been to him even intelligible; yet I can testify that this simple man was just as discerning a the distinguished professor, since with infallible confidence he also could pronounce as regards every man we met in this populous district, whether he was Protestant or Catholic. It would come from him in a whisper and as if he was talking to himself. One day I expressed to him my appreciation of his immense knowledge of the people of the County of Derry. He looked at me with surprise and asked: "Do you not know that the Catholic always shaves the lower part of his face, while the Protestant lets his beard grow?" So, after all, it wasn't such a difficult thing to know the Catholic from the Protestant, only you see it would have added no fuel to any fire if the professor had simply said that the Protestant kept his beard and the Catholic cut it off. My friend was in his way a man of genius, as is every man who loves truth for its own sake. The professor was much cleverer than anything of that sort, and his self-appointed task was to excite the cruel and set people to hate each other. In such troubled waters do some people fish for glory!

Between the Ulster Protestant and the Ulster Catholic there is no difference in physical type.



Some characteristic racial types as seen through Irish eyes

Whatever original difference may have existed has disappeared long ago. For one thing, they are both largely Celtic and Scandinavian; and besides there is "Dan Cupid," who through all the years has kept open his marriage bureau night and day, and who, having no religious scruples, is delighted with humorous alacrity to link a Catholic with a Protestant in the holy bonds of matrimony.

Among Irish peasants are to be found two types: the short-featured fighting type and the long oval. The great O'Connell, with all his good nature, was a fierce man, at times gentle and humorous; yet even in his mirth he threatened. John Philpot Curran, whom Godwin described as mimetic, kittenish, ferocious, and who under happier conditions would have been the poet of Ireland and not its orator, was the most fearless and tenacious of fighters. Both these men were of the short-featured type.

The mark of an invincible race is the ease with which it produces at call the men it needs. So do not forget that if much wailing has come from Irish shores, behind all this have been men who never lamented, men of the type I have called short-featured and square-faced, and that behind the humor which is lambent and playful and acquiescent in its sadness, recorded in many charming books and stories, has been another humor, iconoclastic, harsh, and terrible, which has never found any literary record except in the writings and actions of "the mad Irish parson." Dean Swift, and latterly in the plays of Synge. The Irishmen is a fighting animal, since otherwise he would have been exterminated. He fought first of all that he might exist, and he fought for the sake of fighting. Sometimes he will fight with a sort of wild gaiety and laughter, as if in his passion of fighting there was something besides malice—namely, a joy in sheer consciousness of strength and destructive energy. Now fighting breeds valor, but it also breeds friendship. For that reason the fighting Irishman makes the best of comrades, as any English soldier would tell you. We have a saying in Ireland that battle is better than lonesomeness, which is another way of saying that comradeship is better than either. Hence, though we often fight, we do not encourage the cold enmities that last. Our professional men, our lawyers, doctors, and architects do not quarrel among themselves; in this, Ireland being very unlike England, where there is little fighting but much quarreling. The Irish arm raised to strike, at a touch, at a look, at a sudden memory, is held out that hands may grasp. Fighting and comradeship are two instincts indissolubly linked together. The Irishman fights for his friend or with his friend, and if the enemy prove himself stout and valiant and fights fair he will love him for his fighting. The evil side of war we do not often enough remember; its good side is this growth of comradeship. I remember all the details of the fight over "The Playboy" in Dublin. The shouting and the booing and all the organized uproar continued night after night and yet it ended generously. The public saw that Synge was right and that they were wrong and confessed themselves beaten. The most distinguished among the Irish players in America has told me that he was "longing" for the Dublin audiences. Irishmen face the world in the give and take of friendship with their friends and in the give and take of war with their enemies, and as quickly as possible they change their enemies into their friends.

I was once present at a great meeting of the Sons of St. Patrick, where I had a seat on the platform, and as I looked all over the crowded room, studying faces, I thought I never saw a finer type of physiognomy; and all were of the short-featured fighting type. They were not men of thought or sentiment, rather of impulse and of action; every movement of their bodies burly and aggressive. A fierce acquisitiveness seemed to leap from their eyes. Englishmen and Scotchmen have drunk of the stream of life, even to its lees, and can afford to be meditative and sentimental. Irishmen are only beginning to quench a long thirst and have no leisure for anything else. The fierce appetency of American life, which has no reverence for the past and no fear of the future, is abundant in the Irish contingent. The dreamy-eyed peasant of Galway or Kerry has become hungry-eyed.

Nowadays it is fashionable among some artists to design the human form and face according to geometrical pattern. Following this plan, I would say that the short-featured face and the skull of the Irishman might be inclosed in a square, whether seen in front or in profile. The English face and head are always a circle, and the Scotchman's a long parallelogram—these whether seen in front or in profile. And as regards the Englishman, even his legs often suggest a circle, for they are frequently bandy and short.

Round stones do not make a well-compacted wall—the wind will whistle through the chinks—and so we find the English a community loosely held together like round stones in an easy kind of gregariousness; yet they are held together, for the Englishman is as gregarious as a school-boy. Besides, he is a man to do his duty by his neighbor, so much being required of him by his legal conscience, but he has small ardor in friendship or comradeship. Into this kind of close amity he is slow to enter, and, missing its discipline, he is apt to become self-exaggerated, self-obsessed, and the persistent grumbler and bore we all know so well; a man, that is, who thinks that there are no such woes as his woes and no such merits as his merits. When this mood is on him he will regard the universe and all its stars and rolling suns with a self-complacency which is proof against penitence and regret. Wordsworth, the most self-complacent and the least poetical of great poets, is his poet. The Englishman likes to think of himself as a man reserved and "stand-offish." He is not at all interested in his neighbor's affairs and very much interested in his own, and for that reason he is "stand-offish," but by no means reserved, since if he can get any one to listen he will talk of his own affairs with a copiousness and a naïveté that astonishes the Irishman and

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the Scotchman, and amazed the Frenchman Taine. For the same reason he likes to associate with inferiors, they make such incomparable listeners, while the Irishman and the Scotchman consort with their equals. As to liberty, equality, and fraternity, they are to John Bull but moonshine. The innumerable ideas that have come elsewhere with the quickened social consciousness do not stir his stagnant mind —these are a flock of bright spring birds that visit almost every country, yet have never alighted on the cliffs of Albion. He is hardly a brother to his own brother—why should he concern himself with the brotherhood of man? Even the scholarly Englishman is curiously without ideas. Cain was not a law-abiding man; otherwise his words, "Am I my brother's keeper?" would have made him the first Englishman instead of the first murderer.

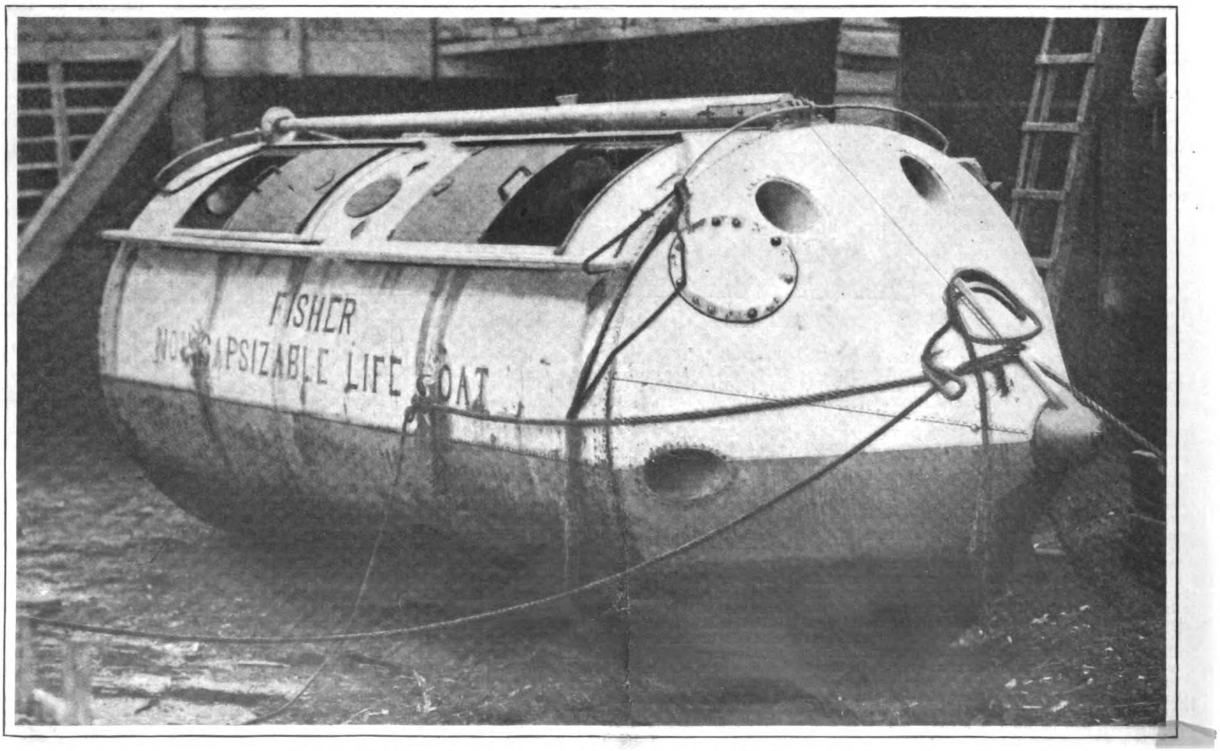
Yet, notwithstanding this lugubrious egotism and his distaste for platitude, let us never forget that the true Englishman, by whom I mean the native product in his natural state, not that highly artificialized person who comes here swaggering about being English and anxious to show how ill-mannered he can be in the fashionable English way, stands in the world's history for three things—Liberty, Law, and Fact. For these he has an instinct, which is native as the grain in the oak-tree. Within these limits he is free with a spontaneity and a naturalness that are not to be found in either of the other nations. He is orderly—liking a rule of conduct much better than ideas, which only disturb him; and he has an intimate sense of fact which makes him solid with the universe; he sends his roots deep into his environment. And though the words "Am I my brother's keeper?" are repulsive to the ear and full of sinister suggestion, we who have read history know what an ocean of miseries and cruelties has flowed from the opposite doctrine, "I am my brother's keeper"; indeed, too much brooding on this latter would make us all mad, so that we lose our sense of the true inwardness of liberty. For no sympathy at all is better, all things considered, than too much of it, sympathy being a wine that quickly spoils, not merely because it ebbs and flows, but because it is irritable and easily becomes antipathy.

Here is John Bull's method, whereby he preserves his peace: every morning of his life he takes his sleeping draught, a strong dose of British stupidity, if I may so describe it, whereby he believes that, since he is living in England, he is living in the best of all possible worlds, where the institutions need only to be kept going to become perfect, and where all the customs and ways and ideas are what they ought to be. The *Times* newspaper is infallible, and every nobleman who has wealth is not only a gentleman, but a model of all the virtues; while the scholars all read their Greek and Latin classics, leaving science to the scientists, as they leave public order to that well-trained body, the police. Meantime the American drinks his daily cordial of democratic unrest, thenceforth to believe every politician to be corrupt and every law and every newspaper the child of corruption administered by corruption. Over the happy English land there spreads a blessed somnolence which nothing can disturb except, perhaps, an occasional German scare. If it be true that the Englishman sleeps night and day, on the other hand the American cannot sleep at all; his face is lantern-jawed with all kinds of uneasy aspirations, crude idealisms, and discontents, while the round English face wreathes itself in smiling complacency. When will America have her hard-earned rests and quiet dreams?

The English nation is like unto a wall compacted of round stones, and through its openings all the winds of heaven can play and wanton, making wild music. The Irish and Scotch, on the other hand, build their social walls of custom and habit, with stones fitting so closely that there are no openings through which the winds can play. Have we not all heard of Scotch "clannishness" and of their inquisitorial temper among themselves? And every Irishman who comes to America either starts a club or joins one already in existence. In his own country he is often a conspirator. These nations are both only too ready to part with personal individuality for the sake of the collective individuality; while the English base even their private clubs on the idea of a complete estrangement among the members, so that it is a breach of club etiquette for one member to speak to another without a formal introduction. It may be said of every Irishman that he is "close" to some other Irishman and of every Scotchman that he is "close" to some other Scotchman; this cannot be said of Englishmen with Englishmen. Yet if the Englishman lacks the sociable charm he escapes its temptation; having no particular desire to be friendly with his neighbors, he can, if the rare fit be on him, the more easily be honest with himself; even the Scotch mind sometimes sociably gravitates toward the candid truth rather than toward that which is ultimate. To be honest with one's neighbors is good and pleasant; to be honest with one's self makes the truth of art and poetry; it is not a matter of the intellect or of the moral consciousness, it belongs to the domain of the personality and of the emotions; it is, perhaps, the rarest and most difficult kind of truth, yet without it there is no art, and, for those who love it, human nature itself loses its savor and its salt, its abundance and its variety. It is this kind of truthfulness seeking expression which makes the bond without which friendship and the passion of love itself are but pale commodities.

English geniality affects us like a spectacle at which we laugh with jolly laughter, but we seldom laugh with it; while Scotch geniality is infectious, since behind it is always the "white light" of intellect appealing to the universal mind and sympathetic tenderness and every other sort of social charm. Irish geniality, like American jocosity, is a form of destructive criticism and a dreariness to the spirit, yet it gathers momentum and loses all its dreariness when its subject is that, by himself and by others, but especially by himself, much venerated and much extolled personage, the great English Pharisee. We Irish may not care much for the divine form of naked truth, but we do enjoy stripping a humbug till he shivers in his shirt. Swift did not leave him even his shirt, for the great Dean heeded no one's blushes, and we may call ourselves cynics and lament that we are without convictions, yet we have the virtues of cynicism, one of which is sincerity, with its organ audacious speech, while our lack of convictions makes us all the quicker to detect the false convictions, the false coin, of others. It was Swift's sincerity that made him so terrible, and Goldsmith's that made his meekness so poignant; all Synge's force came from his deep and loving and anxious sincerity, and if some of us objected to him it was because certain ill-advised individuals had fallen for once under the English spell. "These things are true," said one to me, "but should not be told." Shaw's belief in socialism saves him in some degree from Irish cynicism, but by his gift of sincerity and bold utterance he is Irish of the Irish; like a burst of merry sunshine, his plays and prefaces have shot arrows of light into the English fog of gushing sentimentality, self-deception, self-complacency, self-absorption, and self-celebration; for insincerity—that is, the keeping of things "dark," the constant pretending that things are other than they are—is the Englishman's religion, it has its ritual and its priesthood and its service of choral song. Shaw is Irish of the Irish, only, being of middle-class extraction and training, he no doubt thinks poorly of the peasants, and so has given us the drama of wit and logic, and preached in season and out of season the middle-class doctrine of "getting on," whereas Synge, coming of a family with aristocratic traditions who had never conned the depressing doctrine, loved these people like a brother. Indeed, he lived among them and became one of them, and so gave us the drama of a people who live in reckless phantasy and use the language of phantasy. A priest in New York told me that when he returned to Ireland his servant assured him how glad she was to see him back, "for," said she, "there was the color of loneliness in the air while you were away." The geniality of the Irish peasant is not in the least like the geniality of the Irish well-to-do; rather is it like strong drink foaming in a narrow cup. Leaving out of count the "upper classes," who are chiefly useful to themselves, the Irish are a great people, with truth and poetry in their hearts. These people are poets in intention, and if any one would teach them to think intellectually they would be poets in achievement. Consorting with them, Goldsmith learned how to describe the innocently gay; consorting with them and fighting their battles, the embittered Swift acquired his powers of ferocious criticism, for these kindly people have a humor which smites like a sledge-hammer. Synge's heroine, though pure as unsoiled sunshine, sometimes, as we know, talks like Dr. Swift. The Irish literary movement which is quickening in the minds of young men and young women all over the country draws from the peasants all of its inspiration; in that deep well Irish poetry has been sleeping these many years.

It remains to speak of the Irish face of the long oval type. To this type belong many Irish priests and many Irish mothers, and to this type have always belonged the most beautiful women of every age, nation, and clime. Doubtless our mother Eve, who persuaded Adam, was of this type; otherwise she would not have persuaded where the arguments were all against her; there are also the Venus de Milo and the Venus de Medici, and the Virgin Mary has so appeared to all the painters. Pegeen Mike, the woman of the fighting type with the flashing eye and intrepid tongue, who would have sought her lover at the gates of hell, is imperfect, for she intimidates; and the critics were right when they said that she is not the highest type of Irish woman. The other knows nothing of conflict, being in continual harmony with herself, a perfect woman, a perfect unity, and, like the morning stars, coeval with the primeval poetry of the earth.



TRYING FOR AN UNSINKABLE LIFEBOAT

THIS WEIRD CRAFT, INVENTED BY A NEW-ZEALANDER, WAS RECENTLY TESTED IN THE HUDSON RIVER BEFORE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE NAVY. IT IS A DOUBLE STEEL CYLINDER TWENTY-FOUR FEET LONG AND SEVEN FEET IN DIAMETER AND CARRIES SIXTY-FIVE PERSONS. IT HAS NO MOTIVE POWER

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A REMARKABLE ART SHOW

The International Exhibition which Opens next Week in New York, at which the most advanced Painters and Sculptors of Europe and America are for the First Time adequately Represented. This Exhibition is unquestionably the most extraordinary Display of Pictorial and Plastic Art ever Assembled in America

BY FREDERICK JAMES GREGG

(See the double-page of illustrations in this issue)

THE Exhibition of International Art (February 17th to March 15th), at present the main business of the Association of American Painters and Sculptors, a body incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, was planned to introduce to this public the works of a number of foreign artists, who, though they are well known in Europe, are for the most part but names to New York and America. The method adopted, however, was not to throw our "extreme" contemporaries at the heads of the public, but to show, by a process of selection, from what they had developed. So Ingres was taken as the starting-point, the line continuing with Delacroix, Courbet, Corot, Daumier, Puvis de Chavannes, Degas, Renoir, Monet, Sisley, Pissarro, and so down to Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Matisse, Picasso, and the "Futurists."

Until the present occasion the most that Americans knew, in America, of the "movement" abroad, outside some few examples shown at certain small exhibitions here, were the works of certain young men who had gone to France and become immediately and deliberately, perhaps, sensitive to their new environment. Many of them were but weak imitators. It seemed that it was the extravagance of the new foreign painters and sculptors that affected them, and of that extravagance they were the feeble reflectors, all the strength of the originals having evaporated in the process.

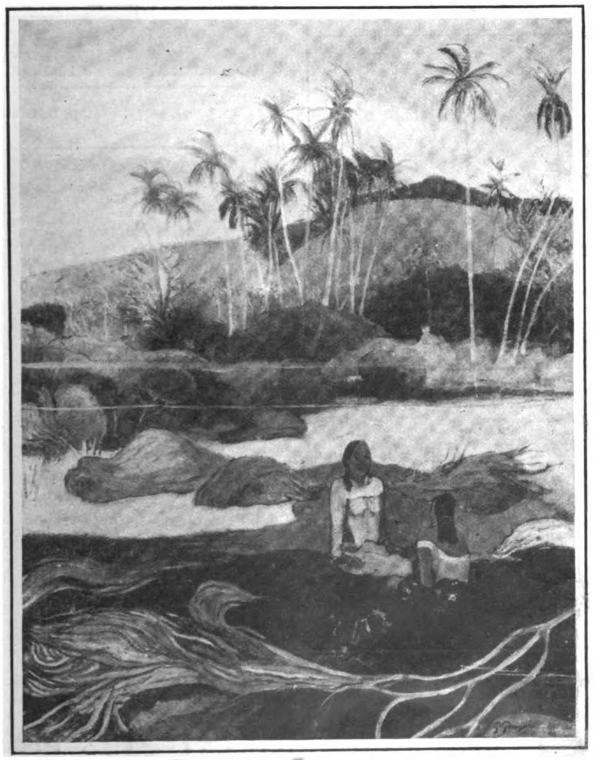
The result was the natural one, the public looked on the productions of these disciples as a joke, and could not be convinced that it had any real or valid reason for its existence. The Association, in bringing over the work of the men so eagerly imitated wished to allow Americans to see among other things the difference between the substance and the shadow, between what has set a fashion unwittingly and what was merely fashionable. In the case of those who are new really influential there can be no difficulty about comparing a man's early with his later work. It will be found, on comparison, that the change is the result of a certain logical development. Each step has been in a definite direction and follows the one before. It was not a case of "going somebody one better," or intended to cause surprise or even astonishment. If there was an explanation offered, though it might not explain, at any rate it gave people something to think about.

It was found by Mr. Davies and Mr. Kuhn, the committee of the Association of American Painters and Sculptors which was sent abroad to select works for the New York exhibition, that most of the German Post-Impressionists were adapters, the result being that very little of what they had done had any real significance. A German of Cologne, speaking of the tendency of his fellow-countrymen, said that they were becoming "ultra-intellectual" as distinguished from "ultra-intelligent"; that they went so far, deliberately, as to make their work "sickly." As for the English advanced men, or so-called advanced men, with certain notable exceptions, their work did not exhibit much force or show real development, which is the reason why they are not more widely represented. At the same time there are British painters and sculptors not shown here who ought to be here. But, owing to the shortness of time, all committees, foreign as well as American, found it impossible to cover the field. This is why, for instance, the Russian Modernists, who are affected by the naïve folk-art of the empire, are not shown.

As for the "system" followed in selecting the work, it is to be kept in mind that the entire exhibition is the result of a plan of the committee. It decided to go out and find American and foreign art that it considered suitable to its purpose. This it did. But it also had to consider American work that it had not invited, in cases where artists asked to have their paintings and sculptures inspected. It is to be observed that this is a very different matter from sending out a general invitation for works which would have to be dealt with by a regular jury. In fact, the association might put it this way: "This is our show—we have had a special purpose in view in arranging it. We did not try to put so many pictures on view, or wish to give an opportunity to exhibit to this, that, or the other person. We desired to give our public the chance to see what has been going on abroad, as it is important for us to know to what extent we have not come under the influences of the period, whatever they may be."



A portrait of a girl, by Matisse



One of Gauguin's Tahitian landscapes

It is natural that the artists should take most interest in the notable group made up of Cézanne, Gauguin, and Van Gogh. The first, the old man of Aix, "wild, candid, irascible, and good," whom his friend Zola did not understand, though he drew the painter's portrait as a young man in "L'Œuvre," has come into his own after a life of neglect and even contempt. Impressionism saved him from Scholasticism, and the need of finding himself saved him from Impressionism. Cézanne did not believe in despising his predecessors, or that "the old masters exist to teach us what to avoid," as was said recently. He used to haunt the Louvre galleries as Van Gogh used to haunt the Dutch galleries. He became a hermit not through hatred of humanity, but through sensitiveness at neglect. As he fled from the anecdote in painting, so the anecdote fled from his life. His determination to let no one "get his grappling-irons" on him but showed his determination to work out his own development on his own lines. Refused at the Salon with Pissarro, Claude Monet, and Sisley, he and Renoir went beyond Impressionism, while Courbet and Daumier were among the men whose work helped his progress.

Gauguin, no more than Cézanne, despised his art ancestors. But whether in Tahiti or in Brittany—he left an assured career on the stock-exchange to make painting his profession—he sought after simplicity, a simplicity bordering on the archaic—simplicity and strength. If his drawing is false, it is voluntarily so. Whatever "fault" he has has its purpose. That is why he puzzles the vulgar.

Van Gogh, the third of the Titans, is revealed, not only in his paintings, but in his wonderful letters to his brother and Emile Bernard, letters that have a deep sanity. Although he gave painting his whole attention only when he was twenty-nine, and died by his own hand at thirty-seven years of age, a great career was crowded into the interval. A leader in new paths, he, too, believed that "as long as there are those who are living, the dead will live." His theory was "the chief thing is to strengthen one's self entirely through reality, without any preconceived plan and without any watchword hailing from Paris." He showed his belief in the inter-relationship of art when he pointed out on one occasion that the early Italians, the German Primitives, the Dutch School, and the later Italians quite involuntarily constitute a group, a series.

Next to big masters of the Modernist movement, Cézanne, Gauguin, and Van Gogh, come a lot of men whose names even have not been known to the general run of American artists. There is a group of sculptors, of various nationalities including Manolo, Brancusi, Lehmbruck, Maillol, and Archipenko. Manolo, who is no longer young, is a Spaniard who came to the front only recently. Although his work was thought highly of by even conservative sculptors for years, he had difficulty in getting it shown. His portrait of his friend and admirer, Mr. Kahnweiler, is one of his most notable performances.

Brancusi in his youth used to be a conservative, exhibiting at the Salon. He disappeared from view some years ago and emerged from his hiding-place with a new manner. He now describes his five years at a trade-school, five at the art school in Bucharest, and five at the Beaux Arts in Paris as "fifteen years of waste," and the early work from the sale of which he still makes a living as "raw beefsteak." He goes further than Manolo in the direction of making his sculpture "subjective." That is to say, he tries to express personality with as little objective likeness as possible. A portrait with him is intended to show how the subject affects him, not to suggest reproduction. He is a great believer in the use of the chisel

(Continued on page 20)

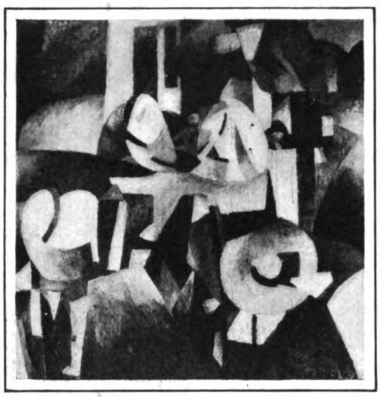
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The American Prendergast is still impressionistic



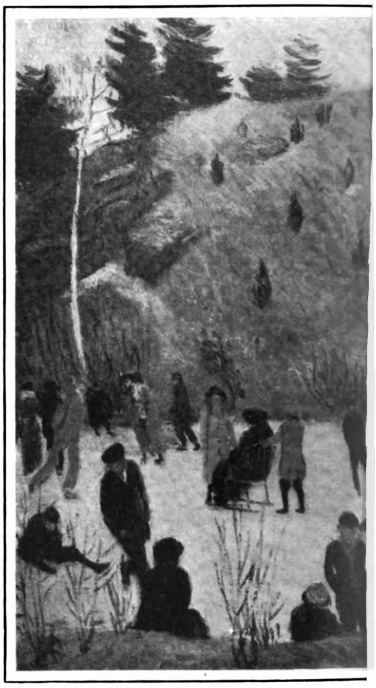
The poetic qu



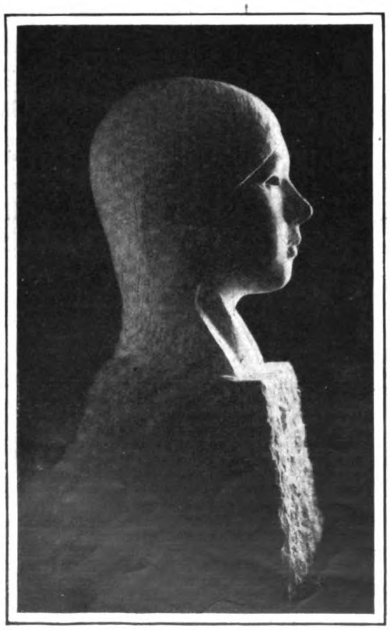
How a crowd impresses the Cubist Picabia



A big decoration by Robert L. Chanler



Skating in Central



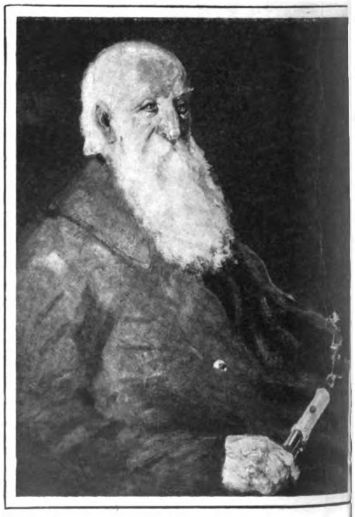
Joe Davidson believes in objective fidelity



A painting by the naive Henri Rousseau



Movement in a Van Gogh landscape



George B. Luks's "Philosopher"

THE MOST EXTRAORD

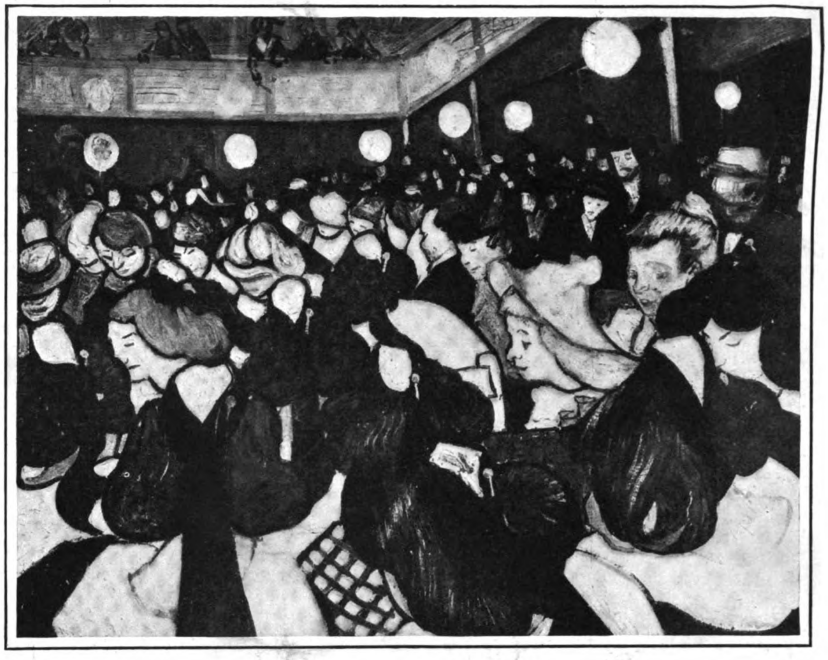
THE PHOTOGRAPHS ON THIS PAGE WILL GIVE AN IDEA OF THE REMARKABLE CHARACTER OF THE INTERNATIONAL A OF THE MOST "ADVANCED" MOVEMENT IN CONTEMPORARY PAINTING AND SCULPTURE ARE REPRESENTED THERE

THE READER WILL FIND INFORMATION CONCERNING THEM IN TH

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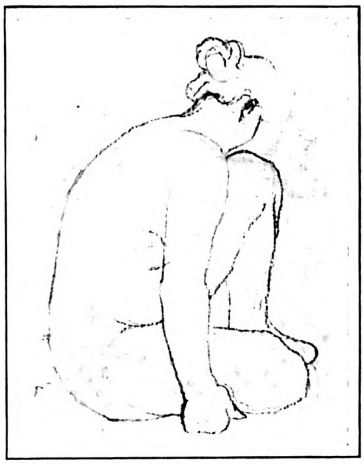
rthur B. Davies



The decorative quality in Van Gogh



by William Glackens



Study of a nude by Maillol



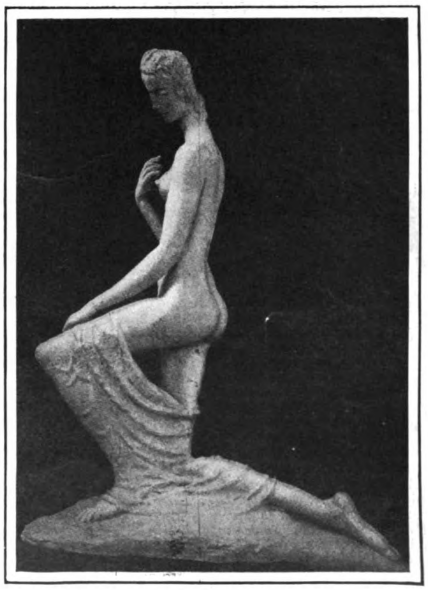
Result of Brancusi's search after Gothic simplicity



The old-masterly quality in Cezanne's Portrait



By Augustus John, head of the new men in England



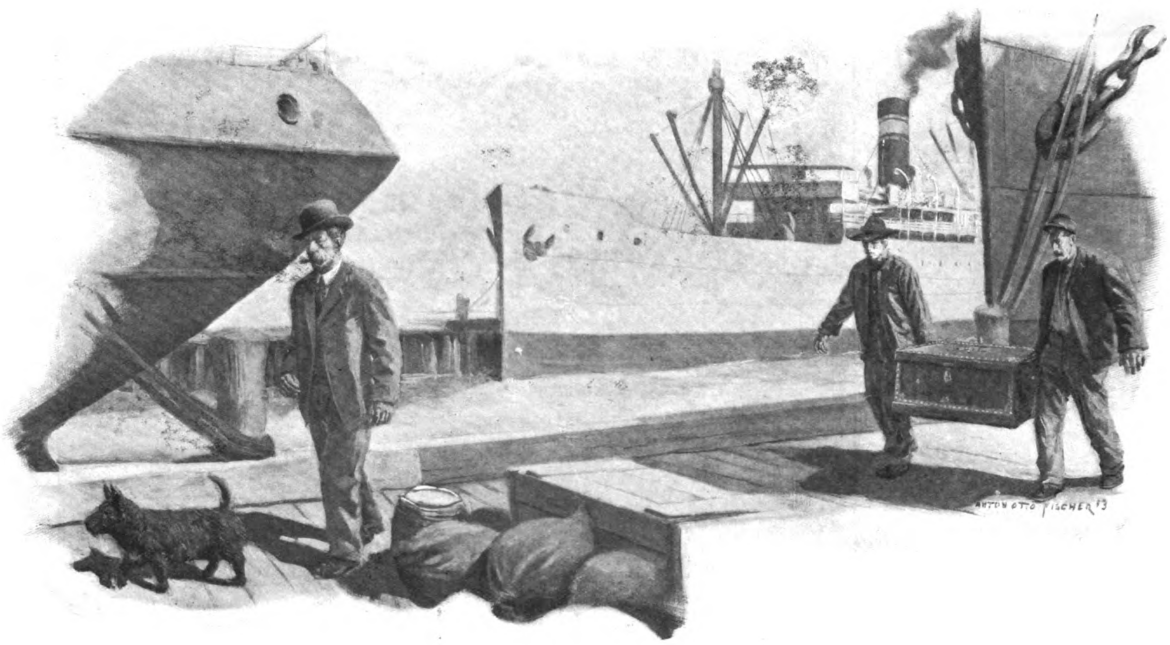
The German Lehmbruck is an unrealist

NARY OF ART SHOWS

T EXHIBITION WHICH OPENS FEBRUARY 17TH IN NEW YORK. THE FOREMOST EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN EXPONENTS
. THERE ARE MANY RESPONSIBLE CRITICS AND CONNOISSEURS WHO TAKE THESE MEN WITH ENTIRE SERIOUSNESS

ARTICLE BY MR. FREDERICK JAMES GREGG ON THE PRECEDING PAGE

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"NAB"

BY LAWRENCE MOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

MR. ALAN MAC WITHERS, late of Inverness-shire, but at present sent out by the firm of Crowdon Brothers to take the chief engineer's berth on one of their freight-ships, the *Abergelly*, came briskly down the hot pier. At his heels trudged two longshoremen, staggering under the load of a brass-bound sea chest, while the homeliest makeshift of a Scotch terrier that was ever whelped trotted awkwardly before, its over-bowed stumpy legs making hard weather of heaps of wire coils, piles of lumber, and the many other odds and ends that litter a big freight pier.

"Here she is, sor!" one of the longshoremen gasped, letting his end of the chest drop. The other end came down with a crash.

"Ye're na frae Scotland, air ye?" Mr. Mac Withers asked; but the delicate sneer was lost on the panting Irishmen.

"I'll gang aboarrd her. Bide ye here till I need yon hat-box." The longshoremen stared in astonishment as the wiry Scotchman scrambled nimbly up a very steep plank, the terrier a close second. At the ship's rail Mr. Mac Withers stopped; the terrier stopped; man and dog gazed fore and aft with scrutinizing eyes. Then Mr. Mac Withers looked down and the terrier looked up.

"Nab, 'tis a dirrty one—hm?" The dog's little pointed ears drooped and its wire-brushed tail wagged dispiritedly.

"She's no like our auld *Aberdovey*, is she, Nab?"

The terrier was dejection itself at the tone in Mr. Mac Withers's weary voice. Coal dust clung to everything. Here and there patches of white paint struggled to show through it, but almost in vain. Monotonously big winches clanked and ponderous derrick booms swung backward and forward to the bitingly sharp *one—two—three* of whistle blasts. Malays and Lascars scurried about the red-rusted iron decks, while from down No. 2 hatch came the hoarse voices of men stowing away the last of the cargo; over it all the hot afternoon sun. Gingerly picking his way, the Scotchman made for the upper-deck ladder.

"Nab, I've tellt ye mony times that ye werena built forr trraamp ships!" he said, affectionately, as he stowed the terrier under his arm; "an' for sic a matter, neither am I; but times wull be muckle better, Nab—soon—if the guid Lord wulls."

When up the narrow iron ladders and on the bridge deck he released the dog. Nab scurried across, peered over the side at the slimy water, and vanished beyond the high sill of a door. He was back in a moment, whining softly.

"So-ho—the auld món, eh?"

Just then a yellow hand was deferentially laid on Mr. Mac Withers's arm. He turned.

"Bossee Master no likee dog on ship, sir! You thinkee go Hong-kong? Mebbee piecee way? See Bossee Mate: talkee-talkee; tellee you evelyt'ing."

Mr. Mac Withers looked the Chinaman up and down, then took the end of the neatly plaited queue and brushed a few grains of dust from his sleeves.

"Same auld Chinese, Nab! Naething new!"

The terrier squatted in the shadow of the bridge, waiting.

"You tellee Bossee Master *lassam shuft veesa*—no; that's Arabic, Nab, an' 'twull na be understood by sic a fule! Callee Bossee Master—*quick-time!*"

"Steward!" bellowed a voice, "who the devil is raising that row outside?"

The Chinaman disappeared. Mr. Mac Withers made himself very comfortable—in a deck chair, and Nab crawled beneath it. The dust of the last of day's work was settling slowly, and the blasts of ferryboats came less often as the Scotchman counted the minutes by his watch.

Skipper Wilbertson came out of his room, saw the figure that smoked placidly in the deck chair—

"Come, come, my man, you should have asked the agents for a passage. I am not empowered to do anything for you. Is that your dog?" The burly English skipper, stalwart in his authority, glared at Nab. "I do not allow dogs on my ship," he added.

"Wull, Skipperr, an' hoo aire ye the evenin'? Aye, yon's ma wee bit terrierr. I was thinkin' maybe ye'd—"

"No, I cannot do anything, and I'll thank you to take yourself and your dog ashore."

The Scotchman got up slowly. "Come, Nab, we'll be gettin' our gear aboarrd." Without a look at the now thoroughly angry skipper, the wiry little man went for'ard.

"Below there, on the dock!"

"Aye, sor?"

"Fetch up ma hat-box an' stow it in the chief engineer's room. An' dinna drrop it—or I'll be doon amang ye!"

Flicking his cigar ash away, Mr. Mac Withers spun on his heel and faced Wilbertson, whose face was apoplectic—

"An' I'll thank ye, Skipperr, to know a chief engineer when ye see one! It isna ma fault that the packet I cam' oot on broke a valve some thousand miles off Saandy Hook, an' so I'm a wee bit late. D'ye intend leavin' the evenin'?"

"By ——, sir! Where are your papers? Leave that chest on the main deck!" Wilbertson roared.

The Scotchman gazed at him earnestly for a moment. "Eh, mon, but the sun *an'* the whuskey aire too much for ye! Pairsonally I'd advise ye to give up t'ane or t'itherr!"

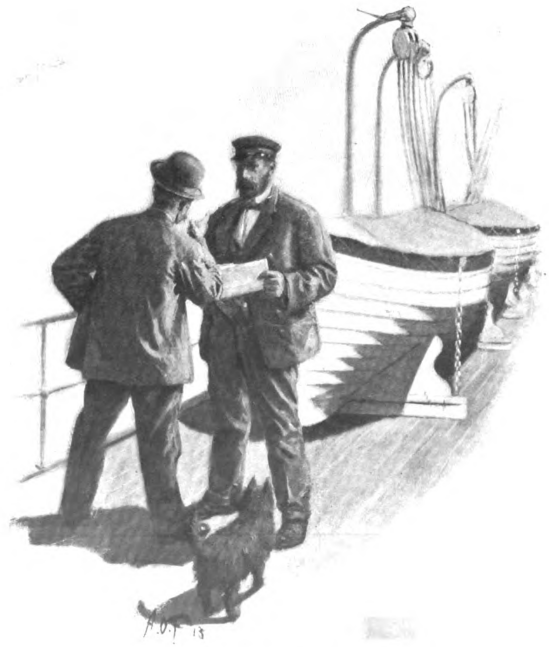
The skipper started for the chief, but the latter stepped aside as the Englishman drove past, and pushed an envelope into his hands. Wilbertson had to read its contents.

"So you are my chief engineer?" he said, ungraciously.

"Na, mon, I'm na '*your* chief engineer,'"—mimicking the Englishman. "I've been chief engineer o' the *Abergelly* ever sin' I put leg o'er her dirrty rail, and I'm in the employ o' the Messrs. Crowdon Brithers. D'ye get that rremarrk—the last one? Wi' yer kind perrmeession I'll hae ma wee chestie taken ta ma rroom." He deliberately turned his back on the raging skipper and called:

"Below there; carry aft!"

"The dog can't go, anyway. *Steward!*" Wilbertson's bellow caused deck-hands, stevedore, and the crew to look up. The Chinaman appeared instantly.



"Na, mon, I'm na '*your* chief engir r'"

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"Heave that dog ashore!"

The terrier had been comfortably flattened in the deck chair's shade while the skipper and the chief engineer had each had their little say, for no orders had been given to him.

"Nab, juist drive yon heathen awa' frae ma sicht," the little Scot commanded. Out from beneath the deck chair shot a streak of iron gray. It did not make a sound, but the Scotchman looked on, eyes a-twinkle, as the steward fled incontinently.

"Over that dog goes, if it takes all hands!" roared the skipper. "Mr. Jameson!"

The mate came on a run.

"Vera guid, skipperr. But when Nab gangs o'er, as ye put it, ye'll hae na chief engineer, for not one hand wull I put to the machine onless my doggy bides aboarrd."

The mate looked at the skipper for further instructions.

"Have it your own way. But if I did not have to steam to-day, both you and that Missing Link would go ashore and stay there." Wilbertson stamped up on the bridge, grumbling.

"A bit 'ot, chief, is the Old Man where dogs is concerned. 'Ates 'em somethink terrible," the mate said, apologetically. "You will find your room a bit messed up, I am afraid, as we couldn't get Mr. Ferguson off till noon—and then he went in an ambulance," he added, grimly.

"So? An' why?"

The mate threw back his head and gurgled.

Chief-engineer Mac Withers nodded slowly. "Whuskey," he said, sententiously, "is a' richt when taken in mild doses, but pairsonally I'm no sic a grreat believer in it."

The mate piloted him into the engineer's quarters in the afterhouse.

"Sakes, mon, but 'tis a kennel, no less!"

As the Scotchman took in the scene of devastation in the ex-chief's room, and the reek of stale cigar smoke and other things met him, he "turned himself loose" (as he afterward explained to the owners). Never had the comfortably plodding, dirty, old *Abergelly* known so much excitement. China boys scuttled about, afraid for their lives, as the new "Bossee Engineer" lashed them into superhuman efforts by the use of the most drastic flow of pidgin English that they had ever heard. In a very short time the cabin, which was comfortable enough in itself, was sweet-smelling and neat, and in smart gray overalls the chief engineer started for his engine-room, Nab following closely. At the threshold the inseparable two stopped.

Up through the rows of gratings came a blast of heat that was laden with the stench of rancid tallow and over-hot oil. The terrier curled up in the narrow alley, its little pointed ears cocked sharply forward. As the chief went slowly down the tarnished rungs he noted the unkemptness of that which was now *his* department, and by the time that he reached the working bed he was sarcastically furious. The second, third, and fourth engineers were there; they had not met him face to face before, but since his having faced the Old Man down, and the fracas about his room, the whole ship knew the sort of man they had to deal with in that new chief.

"She's a bit dirty, sir," the second began—

"Na, but she's clean—as clean as the inside of a chokit sewer," the chief blandly interrupted. "Aire ye ready to go?"

Swiftly and keenly the little man's eyes traveled over gauges, up and down, everywhere. Then he bolted into the fire-room. The telegraph jangled harshly, and the dial read "stand by." The fireroom door flew open and Mac Withers returned, dragging the stokers' Serang after him. The Indian was shaking all over.

"Ye see that marrk?—that *rred* marrk?" the Scot inquired. "Wull, ye see that the index is twenty poun' below it, do ye?" He grabbed the native's hand and pointed it at the pressure gauges. "Noo, let me tell ye that the firrst time I see that rred line clear o' th' index fingerr ye an' the lot o' ye wull see the rredest kind o' rred ye everr kenned. I want that twenty poun' inside the hour."

The Serang vanished. Deftly Mac Withers opened the throttle a bit, watched the great rods move.

"Eh, she's tender!" he whispered to himself.

Matters went smoothly enough on the big freighter for a week, and every soul on board had a wholesome respect for the little chief engineer. From fiddley down and from tail shaft to the fireroom bulkhead the ship shone—as nearly as human muscle can make iron and steel shine. Additional wiring and bulbs brightened the dingy gloom to a cheery light at night, and the Scotchman had found several ways of economy on steam. The eccentrics had run hot for two nights, so he rigged a small oil tank with copper feed-pipes that dripped regularly. Then the thrust-block had bothered him, but, one after the other, he made shift to smooth away the difficulties until he had his engines as he wanted them.

The skipper and the mate discussed the *Abergelly's* speed under the new management.

"Jameson, by gad, he's getting 11, 11.3, 11.6 out of her old insides, and doing it on less coal than Ferguson used to get 10 and 10.3," Wilbertson said, grudgingly.

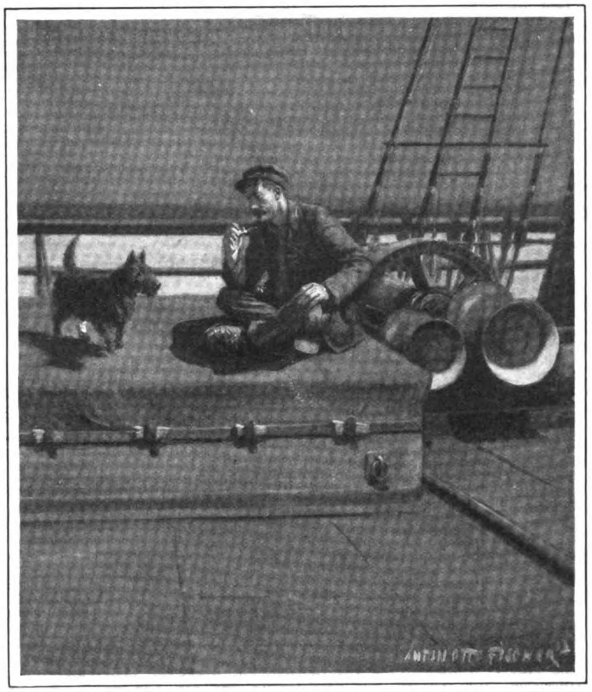
"E's a man-driver, sir," the mate answered.

"Well, it's his lookout if he kills 'em. He'll get no more at Madeira. And, by the way, we will catch the mail-boat there at this rate. I *must* catch her, otherwise I stand to lose"—he stopped abruptly as he saw the mate watching him curiously—"letters from home," he finished, and went to his room for a peg of whiskey and soda.

That afternoon Nab came out of Mac Withers's quarters while the chief was asleep and started on his daily tour of exploration. Up the port side and back along the starboard side he waddled, sniffing about inquisitively. He looked in the galley, but disdainfully refused a bone that the Chinese cook proffered. Accept food from a "Chink"? Not he! After he had covered all the lower deck he went to the foot of the bridge-deck ladder, put his little bowed fore legs on its bottom step, and looked longingly upward to the cool shade under the awnings. One of the Malay quartermasters saw the odd, wistful figure and carried Nab up. For all hands were fond of the terrier, though he was decidedly aristocratic in his choice of friends.

Nab enjoyed the breeze, and after the heat of the iron deck on his feet the change to wood was a comfortable one. He ensconsced himself on the mat outside the skipper's door. Little by little the pointed ears drooped and the bright eyes closed. Shortly afterward Wilbertson woke. It was stuffy in his room, so he moved out on deck in his stockinged feet and stepped on the dog.

"Damn the brute! I told that Scotchman I wouldn't have it up here."



"Puir laddie, guid dog; eh, Nab! But ye can navigate, so ye can"

Nab, knowing that he had been in the way, wagged his tail apologetically and held up his right paw; because his master had severely taught him that he was to do this when in the wrong. Wilbertson grabbed the terrier by the scruff of the neck and flung him aft.

"Stay where you belong, after this!" he roared.

Nab went over the rail of the bridge deck and landed on No. 3 hatch. He was badly bruised, and when he tried to stand one of his hind legs behaved strangely. The pain in it was hard to bear. But not a whimper came from the grizzled muzzle. He got to the edge of the hatch, half dragging, half holding up the broken leg. He dared not jump. In that condition Mac Withers found him, panting but silent. Tenderly the chief engineer took the dog to his room.

"Nab," he said, as he made splints out of a cigar-box cover and bound them round the leg—"Nab, dinna let yersel' be taken on yon deck again by *ony* mon but me. D'ye mind?" And the terrier licked his hand.

. . . . . .

There was a grim look in the chief engineer's eyes as he rapped on the skipper's door.

"Come!"

"Ye threw ma dog o'er the rrail some time back, didn't ye?"

Wilbertson had had enough "pegs" to make him ugly. He towered over the little Scotchman.

"What if I did? I *did*, as a matter of fact—and I'll kill the thing the next time I clap eyes on it!"

"Mony thanks, sir!"

. . . . . .

"Only 9.5! What's this, Jameson?" asked the skipper. The *Abergelly* was miles behind the speed that she had shown. After the noon reading Wilbertson went below, worrying as he went. For the first time he clumped down the iron ladders—and Mac Withers was waiting for him.

"What's the matter with your speed?" the skipper shouted.

"Naething! I'll be askin' ye to tak care for yer coat; a wee bit grease might come on't. Doin' fine, isn't she?"

"Not fine enough! She's been doing over eleven up to last evening. Why have you slowed her down?"

Mac Withers looked at the skipper in mild and wide-eyed astonishment, and a swarthy oiler watched the two out of the corners of his eyes.

"I can get no more out of her," the Scot said, slowly.

"You can't—or you won't?"

"Either way ye choose!" Mac Withers answered, testily.

"I've a mind to log you, Mr. Mac Withers." The little man almost tiptoed up to the other.

"Log away, Maister Wilberrtson! An' what will th' ownerrs say when I rreporrt the condeetion of the engine-rroom as I found it? Get away up where ye belong, and don't come annoyin' me. Nine, point five is the best that she can do and *all* that she'll do until ye see fit to tell me pairsonally that ye were a brute to brreak a puir little dog's leg that is as bonny a terrier as ever mon owned and that kens mair than ye'll ever ken."

The chief engineer watched the skipper go with a wry smile. "So ye're anxious for speed, eh? An', if I ken a mon's face, ye're *ower*-anxious. Well, ye'll na get it."

That night Wilbertson paced up and down the bridge restlessly. The mate was on watch, but he discreetly said nothing.

"What had she done when you came on, Jameson?"

"Thirty-eight and a half by the log, sir. Why don't you threaten to log him?" Jameson and the skipper had been shipmates for several years, and the mate felt that he might speak.

"Threaten the devil! That's the trouble with having a man on board that sees everything and says nothing. I've watched him snooping about the decks, and I'll lay anything you like that there isn't a speck of rust or a bit of chipped paint that he doesn't see. And at table he sits there like a graven image."

"It is a pity that the chief engineer messes with us, sir," the mate answered, soothingly. "Of course we are the brains of the ship, and—"

"Stow that drivel!" Wilbertson snapped. "Mac Withers is as fine an engineer as I ever saw, and when it comes to having him mess with 'us,' as you say, why shouldn't he? We may be the 'brains of the ship,' but he's the heart."

Wilbertson took a look at the binnacle and went below, got his pipe, filled and lighted it, then went on deck and leaned against the rail.

A great, clear moon cast its soft light over the *Abergelly*, and the calm sea shimmered dreamily. The moon-track was wide, and in it tiny crinkles rolled on and on.

Silently the big black freighter pushed her way; silently save for the gurgle of waters by her deep-sunken sides, and the monotonous *brrrmps, brrrmps—brrrmps!* of her engines. The first strokes of the quartermaster's bell on the bridge, as he struck the hour, were at once echoed by the musical tones of the ship's bell for'ard, and the nasal wail of the Malay on lookout. "Li-ights are bri-ight, sair!" floated clearly aft.

"Puir laddie, guid dog! Eh, Nab, but ye *can* navigate, so ye can."

Wilbertson heard the voice by No. 3 hatch, and he went softly aft to look down. Mac Withers squatted, cross-legged, on the hatch, and the terrier moved stiffly at his knees, the bandages on its leg showing very white in the moonlight.

"Dinna ye heed, Nab; 'twull set strraight, an' ye'll be as guid as everr."

While the Englishman looked down the Scotchman took his dog tenderly in his arms. It whimpered—once.

"Eh, Nab, but we've got mony a rough day to weather. Bide a wee till—"

"Mr. Mac Withers!"

The chief looked up. "Sirr?"

"Will you come up and have a cigar—and bring your dog with you?"

"Thank ye, sirr. I'll juist change ma coat firrst."

Without the least sign of feeling the little man came aft, Nab under his arm. Somehow the Scotchman's kindness and devotion to the faithful, uncomplaining terrier had struck a new chord in Wilbertson. He remembered his kiddies, and he remembered the wee ragamuffin pup that they had brought in from the street, and he remembered how he had choked its life out—because he had always hated dogs—and he also remembered his kiddies' tears.

"Sit down, Chief."

Mac Withers put the terrier carefully on the floor, and then sat on the settee.

The dog haltingly crept to the Scotchman's feet.

"Ye've better manners than that, surely? Gang ower and salute the skipperr!" The keen black eyes looked up; then the dog limped across the cabin and held up its right paw. For an instant the burly Englishman hesitated, while the terrier, balancing itself as well as it could, held out its paw. Then Wilbertson leaned forward and took it.

"Chief, I do not apologize, but I regret, and when I tell you that I was enough of a fool to lay the wife's half pay on a horse, when I was tight, and that the catching of the mail-boat at Madeira can stop it, you will understand?"

The little Scotchman straightened up.

"I'll juist hae a look below, an' see if I can't pinch a bit more out o' her."

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PENN STATE



Interludes

COMPOUND COMMINUTED USURY

A YOUNG negro at Louisville, Kentucky, who had accumulated a big roll of greenbacks shooting craps along the levee, put one hundred dollars of it in the savings-bank as a safe allowance for "winter oats" before starting out on a regular gambling career among the roustabouts on the steamboats down the big river. He was so lucky that he did not come back to Louisville for a long time, and when he did return he was prosperous; but he remembered his money and thought he might as well get it. He went to the savings-bank—which, by the way, was owned and managed by negroes—and walked up and down the front office. He was smoking a good see-gar, his clothes were new and loud, his duckbill-toed shoes were polished like black mirrors, and diamonds flashed on his hands and in his shirt-front. He walked up to the window marked "Cashier."

"Whah de cashier o' dishyer bank?" he inquired. ioftily.

"Hyuh he is, right hyuh," was the equally lofty reply of the handsome black man at the window, twirling his regulation bushy cashier side-whiskers. "I is de cashier, suh. Whut c'n I do fo' you, suh?"

"Ma name's Henry Fleming Jackson," said the stranger, loudly. "Fo' yuhs ago an' ovuh Ah done 'posit er hund'd dolluhs in dishyuh bank. Hyuh's ma pass-book. Ah wants ma money!"

"Yassuh, oh yassuh, I 'spec' yo' does," the cashier answered. "But befo' passin' on de regularity o' yo' rekosition, I'se boun' ter make er 'vestigation ob de succumstances ob de collat'r'l."

The cashier was gone five minutes, ten minutes, while Henry Fleming Jackson paraded to and fro, filling the bank with the aroma of his good see-gar. At the end of eleven minutes the cashier returned. His face had turned gray, but his voice was as smooth as ever and his manner most convincing. He said:

"Mistuh Henry Fleming Jackson, we finds de 'posit yo' made was five yuhs ago—not fo' yuhs. Yassuh, you 'posited dat hund'd dolluhs five yuhs an' six months ago, an' sence dat time, suh, de interes'—*de interes' done et yo' hund'd dolluhs all up!*"

SUBTLE

"ARE you denying yourself anything this Lent, Bobley?" asked Winkleton.

"Yes," said Bobley. "I am denying myself to my creditors. Sha'n't see anybody I owe for six weeks."

"Gosh—you'll be lonesome, won't you?" said Winkleton.

A PERFECTLY NATURAL QUESTION

DR. —— ——, who is an exceedingly eminent and busy New York physician, goes to many clinics and sees hundreds of patients weekly; so he was somewhat taken aback a few days ago when, in response to a telephone call, he took up the receiver and heard a thin, elderly, German-American voice say these words: "Toctor, I vass py you lasd veek. Vhat schall I do negxd?"

AS THE MINSTREL TAULD IT

RAB cam to Wullie's hoose to spend the evening in deleeberate and edifying conversation. Wullie invitit Rab ben the hoose, and ilka ane took a chair on either side o' th' inglenook. Wullie drew oot his braw shammy 'baccy-pooch, 'broidered wi' forget-me-nots, filled his pipe, lit it, and drew whiff after whiff in graand contentment.

Rab sniffed the reek and lookit at the wreaths wi' kindling een.

"Eh, Wullie," said Rab, "yon's a graand 'baccy. Whaur'd ye get it?"

"Aye, Rab," said Wullie, "*'tis* a graand 'baccy. I had it sent doon fra Edinburrrra."

Wullie sookit an' sookit at his pipe. He made no offer of his 'baccy.

Whiles Rab said, "Wullie, wull ye gie me a maatch?" an' Wullie gied him a good match wi' a blue heid.

Rab sairched his richt coat pockets an' his left coat pockets, an' sairched his richt waistcoat pockets an' his left waistcoat pockets, an' slappit the richt pocket of his breeks an' the left pocket of his breeks, an' then shook his heid.

"A-a-ah!" he said. "I hae left ma 'baccy at home."

Wullie sookit an' sookit at his pipe. He made no offer of his 'baccy.

Rab raichit oot an' took up his auld furr caap. "'Tis a peety," he said. "I maun rin awa' hame an' get ma 'baccy."

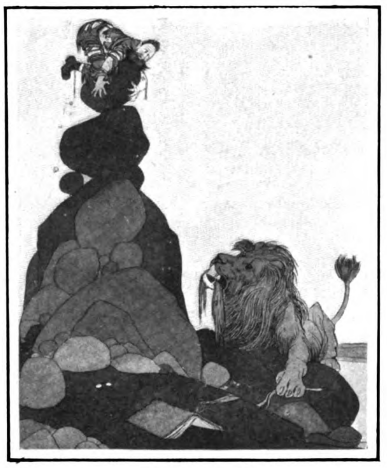
Wullie sookit an' sookit at his pipe. He made no offer of his 'baccy.

"Weel," said Rab, "I maun juist gang awa' hame for ma 'baccy."

"A-a-ah," said Wullie, verry douce an' pawky, "if ye' *wull* gang awa' hame, Rab, wull ye please gie me ma maatch?"



SOME EQUESTRIANS AND A HOSS-BACK RIDER



CROSS-EYED UNFORTUNATE: HANG IT ALL! I'M LOOKING HIM STRAIGHT IN THE EYE AND HE DOESN'T KNOW IT

HIGH OFFICIAL AMENITIES

"GOOD morning, Mr. President," said the President-elect. "Are you going to give up anything this Lent?"

"Why, yes, Governor," replied the President. "I think I'll give up the pomp and pageantry of power somewhere about the Fourth of March."

MAKING AN IMPRESSION

BOB DWYER, fresh from college, opened a real-estate office in an attractive suburban neighborhood and hoped to make his fortune. For days he sat undisturbed in his little office, staring out at the dusty roads or twiddling his thumbs. On the afternoon of the fourth day he saw a man crossing Ogden Boulevard diagonally, headed for his door. Surely this was a customer. He must be made to feel that business was flourishing.

As the man stepped over the threshold Bob had the telephone receiver at his ear and was talking earnestly into the transmitter.

"That's correct," he said as the man stood before him. "Right. We will accept your fifteen thousand cash to-morrow and let the thirty thousand remainder stand on a ten-year mortgage. What? Yes. I'll bring the deed around at eleven to-morrow morning. Good-by."

Bob hung up the receiver and turned an important visage to the visitor.

"Now, sir," he said, "what can I do for *you*?"

"Why, I just came over," said the man, grinning, "to connect your telephone instrument with the wires."

YE BROKEN VOWS

A LENTEN CONFESSION

I SWORE off sweets, and then—ah me!—
Dear Chloe came along, and she
Raised her sweet lips in manner shy,
And I—
Well, anyhow,
I was a fool to make that vow,
And he'd be thrice a sinful flat
Who'd disappoint a girl like that!

I swore off all tobacco, too,
And meant to keep the vow all through,
When to my very great regret
Dear Phyllis lit a cigarette
And passed it o'er with twinkling eye,
And I—
Well it's no joke,
But vows like that oft end in smoke.

I vowed I'd lead a hermit's life,
And flee away from worldly strife,
And spend six solid weeks away
From all the joys of life so gay;
And on the second day—well, Prue
Hove into view,
And smiled on me with such rare grace
Illumining her lovely face
That I—
Ah me! Oh my!—
What use the horrid truth to tell?
Of course I fell,
And left that hermit stunt to chumps
Who have no stir left in their stumps.

MORAL:

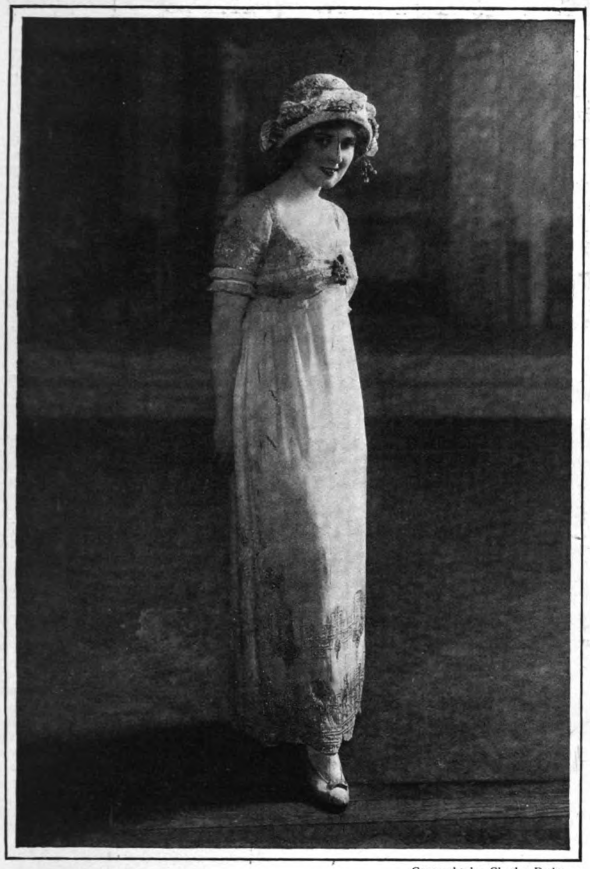
To keep your Lenten curves and curls
Go somewhere where there are no girls!

CARLYLE SMITH.



"AIN'T THAT A SHAME, MAMIE! THERE GOES A WEDDIN' WITH ENOUGH RIBBON TIED TO IT TO TRIM HATS FER THE WHOLE FAMILY."

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Julia Sanderson in "The Sunshine Girl," at the Knickerbocker



Laurette Taylor in "Peg o' My Heart," at the Cort



A scene from "Gypsy Life," the new spectacle at the Hippodrome

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UNCLE SAM'S WOMEN FLAG-MAKERS

BY WALTER L. BEASLEY

THE vast array of flags that "dressed up" the one hundred and twenty-three war vessels recently assembled in New York, forming a glittering mosaic of color twenty miles long, was one of the most impressive and picturesque sights of the great naval pageant. Few, however, who viewed this spectacle knew that all these beautiful emblems, brilliant in many hues, with a wealth of choice embroidery, were the exclusive handiwork of women. The United States Naval Department has trained a group of fifty expert needlewomen in the New York Navy-Yard who cut out and finish the varied flags for the battle-ships, amounting to some 20,000 in a year.

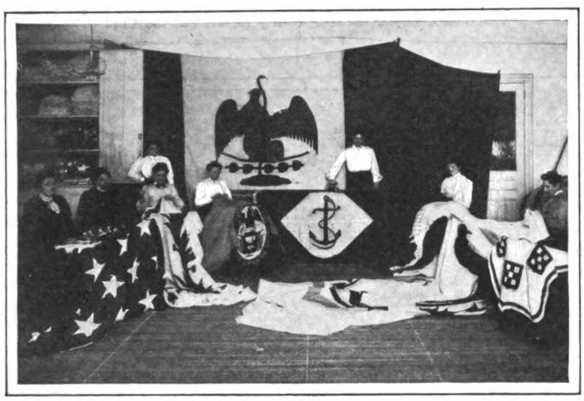
The flagroom is on the third floor of the Bureau of Equipment Building. On entering the large room the visitor's first impression is a blaze of color. Rolls of bright bunting are heaped up, waiting to be cut, while long lines of electrically driven sewing-machines, with women operators, are reeling off and putting the finishing touches to American and foreign ensigns of many different hues and patterns. The flags are cut out from measurements arranged on chalk-mark lines and metal markers on the floor. Large strips and certain designs can be more conveniently stitched in this way. Daily this checkered section of the floor is covered at all hours with different flags, with the women cutters at work. The final sewing is done on the machines, each of which is swiftly run by a small electric motor. Some of the women excel in sewing on the stars; others are skilled in finishing other parts of the flag. The thousands of white stars used on the flags are cut out by an ingenious machine, especially devised for this purpose, operated by electricity. Only a few years ago the stars were cut out by hand. Now a plunger, fitted with steel knives the shape and size of the star wanted, with a single down stroke cuts out from fifty to one hundred stars at a time. Some eight different sizes of stars are used, each having a special cutting-die.

A good idea of the number of flags that must be carried by a large battle-ship can be gathered from the considerable pile fifteen feet long and almost shoulder high, recently finished and sent aboard the United States Steamship *Wyoming*. The foreign flags are encased in thick paper bags. The name of the country is stenciled on the bottom. The remainder, including the flags for ordinary use, signal sets, the international code, etc., are not wrapped, but tied in round bundles and lettered. The pile contains 480 different flags, the regulation number every large war vessel of our navy has to carry, the material and making of which cost the government just $2,500 for each ship. This sum, multiplied by the number in the service, foots up to hundreds of thousands. It is necessary to equip them for all forms of ceremonial and official occasions, saluting and signaling, both at home and in foreign waters. With an extensive array of flags stored on board, the ship is prepared to meet all high-rank officials of any nation who may come aboard, or into whose waters the vessel may enter while on a cruise, and to observe the proper etiquette.

The largest flag made is the United States ensign No. 1, with 48 stars, which is 36 feet long by 19 wide and cost $40 to make. The President's flag requires the longest time of any to complete, as it takes one woman a whole month to finish it. This consists of a blue ground with the coat of arms of the United States in the center. The life-size eagle, with long, outstretched wings, and other emblems, are all hand-embroidered and involve the most patient work. This flag is made in two sizes, 10 feet by 14 feet, and 3 feet by 5 feet. The embroidery silk used on this and other designs costs $9 a pound. The foreign flags are 25 feet long and 13 feet wide. Certain of these are full of animal shapes, curious designs, and marine landscapes. They are, therefore, difficult to make, and require a surprising length of time to finish. This is notably true of the flags of the Central and South American republics, one of the most tedious being that of Salvador. This has for a large centerpiece a regular landscape consisting of a belching volcano, a rising sun, set in a varied design of draped banners, cactus branches, cornucopias, and a swastika in the ground of a rayed diamond, with the date of the independence of the nation inscribed at the top. Nearly one hundred different pieces are used in this flag.



Putting the finishing touches to the dragon flag of China



Skilled sewers inserting the centerpieces of foreign flags



The "Wyoming's" complete outfit of 480 different flags

A REMARKABLE ART SHOW

(Continued from page 13)

by the artist himself, finding modeling in clay "too easy." His example in this respect has been followed by a lot of the younger men. Of Brancusi's sincerity there can be no doubt. His enthusiasm for the work of other artists whom he admires is, like his love for music, a sort of passion. He does not believe in the finality of any artist's style, and believes that he will keep on changing indefinitely.

Archipenko is a native of Kieff. He used to be an adherent of the Cubists, but is such no longer. It is said that he thoroughly disapproves of the recent influence of Picasso in the direction of extravagance.

Matisse is better known here as a painter than a sculptor. He is a graduate of the Beaux Arts, but came early under the influence of Cézanne and Renoir. He has a wide following and his work is in great demand in Russia and Germany.

The name of Matisse naturally suggests that of Picasso, a Spaniard who arrived in Paris at the age of seventeen, and has been active ever since. From the first his paintings had a market, every fresh change in his manner gaining new adherents and puzzling those who had bought his earlier work. He has hosts of imitators, against whom the charge is made that they do not express their own emotions or conceptions, but are concerned only in suggesting the method of their idolized master.

One of the most interesting of the moderns is the late Henri Rousseau. He was a custom-house officer who took to art in middle life, working on Sundays. His friends used to consider it a good joke to tell him that he was a great man and well on the way to becoming famous. The students, descendants of the students who jeered at Cézanne, would howl before his canvases at the Independents. But the fun-makers were unconscious prophets. Henri Rousseau, whose funeral even was half a joke with some, is now recognized as a true master by the men whose judgment has authority.

Bonnard, formerly the pride of Julian's, became through the influence of Serusier, a follower of Gauguin and Redon. He paints big pictures, and has done decorations in collaboration with Roussel and Vuillard. One of his pet theories is that artists ought not to accept official honors of any sort.

Denis is the philosopher of the moderns, and is noted as a teacher. Some say that his work goes to prove that a man cannot be a great theorist and a great original artist at the same time. One of Denis's notable works is a series of water-colors illustrating the "Little Flowers" of St. Francis of Assisi. Dufy, like Brancusi, has hidden himself from the world for the purpose of growth. He uses decorative work for pot-boiling purposes. Gleizes used to be an Impressionist, but now strives to conceal any signs of that influence in his work.

Seurat's work is very scarce, and since his death has fetched big prices. He is akin as an artist to Seurat. They became friends when they discovered that they had been going along parallel lines without knowing it. Vallotton is best known for his black-and-white work and his vigorous use of the line. He is noted, among other things, as a fine portraitist. The lithographs of Toulouse Lautrec were exhibited in this city some years ago. Sousa-Cardoza is a Portuguese whose paintings have a great vogue in Moscow and Berlin.

Here are some remarks made recently which are worthy of the attention of those who go to the exhibition at the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory:

A man prominent in art and literature in Berlin said:

"The amateur always searches among the imitators for the 'new greatness'; the independent searcher he passes by; the collector of the imitators of the French moderns, the very men who formerly bought pictures by Kiesel and Defregger."

The robust Munch said, "What have I to say about my present style of painting? It is as I feel at present. Maybe the worst thing I do will be soft and delicate, or dark and gloomy. My work of to-day represents a period only."

Leon Stein said, "Van Gogh is a great personality, but not a great artist. Cézanne and Matisse began to paint where he left off."

The moral is that there is nothing final in art, no last word, and that the main thing is not to be taken in on one hand, and not to be blind on the other.

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WHERE THE OPPORTUNITY SEEKS THE MAN

Drawn by Angus Mac Donall

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FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

The Wall Street of Yesterday and To-day

DEVELOPMENTS WHICH HAVE BROUGHT ABOUT GREAT CHANGES IN THE ACTIVITIES OF THE "STREET"

WALL STREET to-day is really a very different sort of a place from what it was say ten years ago—and the change has been all in the direction of improvement. People still gamble in stocks and Wall Street still offers them the facilities for doing it, but the business of gambling in stocks for its own and for outsiders' account is by no means as important a part of the work of Wall Street as it used to be. The term "Wall Street," indeed, has in recent years come to have a largely changed meaning. When a man spoke of "Wall Street" he used to mean one thing and one thing only—the great speculative system by which prices of shares and bonds were moved up and down on the Stock Exchange. There is still a system and stock-prices are still moved up and down on the Exchange, but when a man speaks of "Wall Street" these days he doesn't mean that—at least, not if he knows what he is talking about. The real Wall Street of to-day, the part of it that counts, isn't nearly so much interested in promoting stock-trading as it is in financing industrial enterprise and bringing out new issues of stocks and bonds. When you speak of a man being "in Wall Street" these days you don't mean a man who spends all his time hanging over a stock-ticker, trying to get people to spend their money for the privilege of being allowed to guess whether the market is going up or down. You are far more apt to mean a man whose firm is busy developing water-powers in California or electric railways in Iowa or timber lands in Florida, with the idea of placing the securities of these concerns with its investment clientèle.

Every Wall Street house isn't engaged in the laudable task of developing the country's natural resources by any means, or even of finding the money to do so, but a large and growing number of them are. The change from not so many years ago when that sort of thing was left almost exclusively to the "banking houses," is, indeed, remarkable. Every now and then a brokerage house would get interested in some industrial project and start developing it with its own and its clients' resources, but as a rule the line was very sharply drawn. That is no longer the case. There are still houses which cater to speculative business exclusively and which derive their profits from the commissions they charge for buying and selling active stocks on the floor of the Exchange, but their number is steadily decreasing. It is no longer a case of one class of firms doing an exclusively speculative, and another class of firms an exclusively investment, business. All through the Street the old-line commission-houses are to be found turning more and more to investment business—if not developing industrial projects of their own, establishing bond departments and working to distribute the securities of other houses that do.

This is an important change and it is going on to a greater extent than most people imagine. It is not simply that a few Wall Street houses have chosen to establish bond departments. The fact of the matter is that the character of the business being done is gradually changing and that the Wall Street houses are readjusting their organizations accordingly. For the man who wants to send in his check for a thousand dollars with an order to buy a hundred Union Pacific or some other active high-priced stock, facilities must still be provided. But that isn't the kind of business the good houses are after these days. What they want to see is not the kind of an account that burns itself out in a month or two and disappears in a puff of smoke, but the kind of an account that grows gradually, throwing off commissions for years to come. The old idea was to let a "customer" trade as recklessly as he liked, getting the maximum amount of eighths out of the account before it reached its inevitable end. The new idea is to confine operations to safer paths, receiving, of course, a smaller amount in commissions, but building up gradually a satisfied and lucative clientèle.

What is responsible for the change—moral uplift on the part of the people, which has shown them the evil of speculation? Not that so much, probably, as certain very practical developments of recent years. First and most important, probably, the fact that the public has been, as they say in the Street, "put wise" to many of the methods by which it was being separated from its hard-earned cash. Secondly, the fact that in investment matters, through the very general establishment of finance departments by the magazines, the education of the public has made great progress. Thirdly, that through the enforcement of the anti-trust laws and the requirement of full earnings statements by the Interstate Commerce Commission in recent years, the most powerful of the speculative influences have been removed from the securities markets altogether. Fourthly, the fact that there has come into existence during the past decade a vast volume of public utility and other new securities so attractive from an investment standpoint as to bring them into direct and successful competition with the market for speculative stocks.

That the first of the four influences mentioned, the glimpse behind the scenes the public has had, has done more than anything else to discourage speculation, is generally admitted in Wall Street. Ten years ago the public, even that part of it that dabbled in stocks, knew mighty little about what was actually going on. Then came Mr. Lawson's revelations and the disclosures concerning the life-insurance business. Following that came a string of investigations, lasting right down to the present, and the results of which have been given widespread and in many cases sensational publicity. That the public, under the circumstances, should have become alarmed and should have refused to continue playing a game in which it had been proved that the dice were "loaded" and the decks of playing-cards were "cold" is anything but surprising.

The second thing which has operated to hurt the old speculative game and to bring about the improvement of conditions in Wall Street is the advance made in the education of the public in the science of investment. As a people we are still far behind the French or the English, or, indeed, any of the Old World nations, in our knowledge of how to take care of the money we make. But that we have made great strides forward, especially since the panic of 1907 impressed so forcibly upon us the necessity of knowing about these things, is undoubtedly true. And with the accession of knowledge on investment matters has naturally come a lessened inclination to frivol away money speculatively. As the public, from its reading of intelligent articles and comment in the periodical press has awakened to the realization of what can be done with a little money intelligently invested, the amount available for narrow margin speculation has steadily diminished. General education is by many people held to be the greatest preventative of crime. Education in matters financial has certainly gone a long way toward rooting out the vice of petty market gambling.

Then, in the third place, the greater degree to which the government has exercised its regulatory power over the corporations during the past few years has greatly lessened the lure of the markets. Take, for instance, the years just before the first serious attempts were made to enforce the Sherman anti-trust law—the period, say, between 1900 and 1906, which Wall Street looks back upon as the "good old days." Why was the public continuously in the market at that time? Primarily because of the deals and rumors of deals which were in the air and which would every once in a while really crystallize in some big consolidation out of which those who were in "on the ground floor" would make millions. With the law covering these big combinations regarded as a dead letter, no consolidation mooted was too wild for accomplishment—or at any rate for use as speculative and manipulative material. Through continuous reports as to what was about to happen in this direction and that, the public was kept in a ferment of speculative anticipation. That, of course, was only possible as long as the government let the corporations do as they liked. As soon as the trust law began to be enforced the number of deal rumors began to fall off, the public refusing longer to "bite" on stories of amalgamation and consolidation.

And then, just at this time when these various things were operating to check the public's belief that there was money to be made gambling in the stock-market, there developed the fourth great deterring influence—the creation of a new class of investment securities, safe, and yielding a high rate of income. Public-utility securities, of course, and securities based on the country's natural resources, had been in existence for years, but never down to the time of the panic had they attained any great vogue among investors. Following that episode, however, and the "showing up" of many of the old-established securities which took place, the new public utility and other bonds began to make great strides in popular favor. Within the short space of a year or two, hundreds of millions of dollars, actually, were being diverted from the securities comprising what had previously been known as the "market," into investment shares and bonds of this kind.

By the operation of these four important influences and others which might be mentioned, a very great change has been brought about in the character of the business being done in Wall Street—a change of which the following are some of the more visible manifestations:

In the first place the amount of "margin-trading" carried on is very much less than it used to be and there has been a good deal of revision of brokers' ideas as to the desirability of this kind of business. We are still very far from the millennium, and there are yet plenty of firms which maintain elaborate organizations for getting people to trade actively in the market, but even here the tendency is toward requiring larger margins and the abandonment of the "puller-in" methods which have disgraced the business in the past. Refuse to do margin business?—refuse to buy stock for a man, for instance, who has plenty of money, but who happens to have it temporarily tied up?—not much! Wall Street has no such silly ideas as that. But to have some small customer put up a check for $500 with the request to buy a hundred Canadian or Union Pacific or some other high-priced "fast-mover"—that sort of business is largely a thing of the past. It is done still, in some offices, but sentiment against it is unmistakable and, unquestionably, growing in force.

Another visible sign is the interest so many Wall Street houses are taking in industrial-development projects all over the country and the bond departments they have organized to effect the distribution of the securities of these concerns. By any number of firms which formerly confined themselves to purely brokerage operations in the active stocks traded in on the Board, the business of developing industrial enterprises of various sorts has been gone into on a large scale. Other houses, again, not, perhaps, equipped for doing this business, have allied themselves with those that are, so far as the distribution of the securities is concerned. Rarely, indeed, does one find a firm in Wall Street these days which is not either itself directly interested in some such venture or is not aiding in distributing securities put out by some firm that is.

With the extension of their business into this field there have come to these houses, necessarily, added obligations and responsibilities. When a firm buys for a client a stock like Steel or Pennsylvania it assumes practically no responsibility at all—the facts with regard to these properties are open to everybody and the man who buys their stocks is supposed to be able to judge their value for himself. But with the shares or bonds of an interurban railway out in Dakota or an electric power plant in Colorado, which are being distributed among its clients by some Wall Street house, it is very different. However full may be the reports on the property and however complete the earnings statements may be, it is bound to be mainly a matter of good faith and of knowledge of the conditions on the part of the house back of the issue. Toward those of its clients who buy the securities, therefore, the firm necessarily assumes a certain degree of obligation not only with regard to the goodness of the securities, but with regard to keeping up a market in them.

A third very visible sign of the change in conditions is the greatly increased effort on the part of most of the Wall Street houses to keep their clientèle in touch with current investment conditions and new developments. The old-fashioned "market-letter" guessing at the course of prices has been practically superseded by circulars, sent out regularly, many of which are in themselves an almost complete chronicle of events in the world of finance. The amount of such literature being sent out is very large and some of it has a really high educational value. Besides special discussions of particularly important current investment happenings, many firms spend thousands of dollars each year in what amounts practically to a bulletin service to its customers. Some firms, indeed, are going so far as to publish regular monthly magazines.

All this is in line with the present-day demand for publicity in corporation affairs. Ten years ago there was hardly a big industrial company in the country issuing reports of any value from the standpoint of the investor in its securities. To-day there are more big companies which do issue full and trustworthy reports than do not, some of these reports being marvels of analysis of the company's business and compiled almost regardless of trouble and expense. And with the railroads, of course, the degree of publicity attained as to operations and earnings has been even more marked. Six years ago the Interstate Commerce Commission took the matter up and finally prescribed a regular and comprehensive form in which all earnings statements must be made. The man nowadays who puts his money into railroad securities without knowing just about what he is getting has only himself to blame. That is a big change from the days of Jim Fiske and old Dan Drew and their overworked printing presses.

In the compilation and dissemination in a readily understandable form of all these newly available statistics as to earnings and operations, the Wall Street houses are playing an important part. To do it many of them have had to establish regular statistical departments, which has necessitated the employment of high-priced men, but in most cases the expenditure has not been begrudged. In the new order of things definite and absolute knowledge of investment matters has taken the place of "well authenticated rumor" and "inside information." The investor who buys stocks or bonds nowadays doesn't want to know what somebody is reported to have told somebody else about how the company is doing. What he wants to know is exactly what the company is earning now, what it earned last year, and how the figures were arrived at. That is the information which he looks to his broker to furnish. And only too well does the broker know that unless he does furnish it the prospective investor will go to some other broker who will.

A further long list of visible signs of the new order of things in Wall Street might be given, but from what has been said it ought to be plain enough how great has been the change from the conditions of only a few years ago. Can any one deny the improvement which has taken place? And is it not reasonable to assume that just as conditions in the "Street" are better now than they were a few years ago, conditions a few years hence will show many of the present remaining ills and evils to have been corrected?

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Ingenious Detection of Forgery

Most ingenious means are nowadays employed in the detection of forgery. It is a very clever forger indeed who can deceive the up-to-date expert in chirography.

As has been pointed out by Sandberg, the expert may put a juror to the proof that out of a dozen signatures of his own name no two will be alike in general form. Then the expert may turn to the authentic and forged signatures in almost any case and show to the layman that the first question of forgery arose from the fact that these two signatures are at first glance identically alike almost to the minutest detail. The forger has been too skilful. He has held to the old principle of copying the authentic signature that he has at hand, and the consequence is that the more nearly he can reproduce the signature in every proportion the more readily can the forgery be proved.

A most significant fact upon which the expert may base his investigations of possible forgery is that every one has his "pen scope." This technical term describes the average stretch of paper that one may cover without lifting the pen from paper and shifting the hand to continue the line.

In the case of signature, it should be one of the easiest and least studied group of words that the writer should be called upon to put upon paper. In writing a letter, for instance, the pen scope throughout may exhibit an average stretch of one inch for the text of the letter, while in the signature the whole length of the name, twice as long, may be covered. But if the writer covers the full stretch of his name in this way, the expert may prove by the shorter pen scope of the copyist that the studied copy is a forgery on its face. For, however free of stroke the forger may naturally be, his effort to produce a facsimile of another's signature will render his scope shorter than that of the original signer.

A common means of reproducing a signature is to place the original signature on a piece of glass, lay another piece of glass on top of it, and fasten the paper that is to receive the forgery on top of that. Then by holding the glass strips to a bright light the original signature casts a shadow through; and this may be traced in pencil. From this the ink forgery is made. When, however, a forgery accomplished by this means is placed under a strong magnifying-glass it will not pass muster. If the original has a strong down strike on the capital letters, the movement will be free and will leave the pen lines with smooth edges. The individual who is tracing such letters cannot trust himself to the same free movement of the pen, and the result shows, under the glass, hesitancy and uncertainty.

A new means of detecting forgery has been suggested. A doctor has advanced the theory that the pen in the hand of a writer serves in a modified degree the same end as the sphygmograph, which traces the heart's action, and that in a person's handwriting one can see, by projecting the letters greatly magnified on a screen, the scarcely perceptible turns and quivers made in the lines by the action of that person's peculiar pulsation.

To demonstrate this an experiment was made at Charing Cross Hospital. A number of persons suffering from heart disease wrote an exercise in their ordinary handwriting. The different manuscripts were then taken and examined microscopically. By throwing them highly magnified on a screen, the jerks or involuntary motions due to the patient's peculiar pulsation were distinctly visible.

The handwriting of persons in normal health does not, however, always show their pulse-beats. What one can say is that when a document purporting to be written by a certain person contains traces of pulse-beats and the normal handwriting of that person does not show them, then clearly the document is a forgery.

The Mystery of the Eel

One of the great mysteries of natural history has been the reproduction of the eel. No fish is more common in the rivers of both continents, yet of the millions of eels examined in Europe and America not one was ever found containing spawn or giving evidence of its place or method of propagation. It was known that each autumn all the ells that could get away migrated down and out of the rivers and bays and made for the open sea. Every spring hosts of small eels, or "elvers," so delicate and translucent that they were known in England as "glass eels," invade the estuaries and wriggle up the rivers by night, growing in size and color as they penetrate inland. Many years ago naturalists discovered in the sea small transparent swimming creatures of unknown affinity which they called *leptocephali*. Years later it was disclosed that these increased in size and turned into eels—that is, they were a younger stage of "elvers." Subsequent observers obtained these still younger, capturing them far out in the ocean, sometimes close to the surface, sometimes below it down to a depth of one hundred and fifty fathoms or so. Like most other small organisms in the surface layers of the sea, they were almost invisible, so perfectly so that it was hard to find them when brought up in the nets. Professor Gran, who completed the solving of the mystery during the oceanic survey work of the Michael Sars expedition, says that eel larvæ are "so transparent that when sorting them out of the living material captured one can only see their small black eyes; even their blood is transparent and perfectly devoid of hæmaglobin."

Thus it became established that these *leptocephali*, shaped like willow leaves, were eel larvæ born in the spring in the open ocean. But where? The *Michael Sars* men discovered that when the eels go down to the sea in the fall they swim away to the warm south, and there in the northern edge of the tropic zone they develop and emit clouds of spawn which floats up and hatches at the surface. The larvæ drift north with the Gulf Stream, growing and changing as they go. How long it takes for any one individual to reach the latiture of Europe is unknown, and perhaps varies much. Doubtless the vast majority are eaten on the way; but, at any rate, each spring enough have arrived in northern waters and are sufficiently mature to repopulate the rivers. Where the American eels spawn is not yet known; but doubtless it will be found to be in the ocean off the Bahamas and southward.

Rose-leaf Beads

The art of making beads from rose leaves was for a long time lost, but within recent years it has been revived and there are now in this country persons possessing the secret of turning out these beads.

The tradition is that when the Crusaders returned from the East numbers of them were possessed of the secret of making attar of roses. A factory for the manufacture of this perfume was set up near an Italian convent. The perfume was made and the rose pulp remaining was discarded as worthless. The nuns gathered up this odorous mass and by experiment developed the art of making from it beads for their rosaries.

As now treated the fresh rose leaves are thrown, handful by handful, into the hopper of an ordinary kitchen meat-chopper. A dish is placed beneath to catch the flood of juices that pours from them as they are ground. These juices are poured back upon the pulp; and the wet mass is then spread on an iron baking-pan. It is the contact of the iron that results in the jet-black color which is eventually seen in the beads.

For twenty-four hours the mass remains on the pan, being occasionally turned and stirred with a knife in order that every portion of the mass may be brought in contact with the iron. When this is accomplished, the mass is run through the hopper again and put back upon the pan, an operation which is repeated nine times. Then the mass has taken on the appearance of a fine coal-black dough, with absolutely no resemblance to rose leaves, but, curiously enough, retaining all their scent.

At the end of the ninth day the paste is generally rolled, but only experience can determine whether it is ready or whether further drying is necessary. If too dry, it may be moistened with a little water. When the paste is ready to roll, it will retain any form into which it is molded. If too hard, it will crack.

For beads a sufficient quantity of pulp is pinched out to make a bead as large again as is required. It is manipulated until the desired spherical form is obtained, and is then left on a flat surface to harden. Twenty-four hours later it is rolled again, smoothed and compressed, and left to harden for another day. A wire or a hat-pin may be used to pierce the beads through the center, and the beads may be left upon the wire or the pin to harden.

Sunshine and the Skin

Professor H. D. Gibbs, of the University of Manila, has made some interesting experiments upon the effect of the tropical sun upon man and other animals. He took the temperature of the skin of several human subjects of different races and then exposed them directly to the sun, protected by the hair or by various kinds of garments. He also took the temperatures of monkeys and rabbits.

He found that in the shade the temperature of man's skin remains constantly below that of the monkey; in the sunshine the temperature of the least pigmented skin rises most rapidly at first, but later the highly colored skin maintains the higher temperature—if the exposure is not prolonged too much. After prolonged exposure there is experienced an irritation of the nerve endings of the skin and at times even an inflammation of the minute blood vessels, due to the large quantities and rapid circulation of the blood in the capillaries. In pigmented skins this effect is not observed, the pigment thus serving as a true protection.

While the dark skin absorbs heat more rapidly than the light skin, it also radiates heat more rapidly. When in the full light of the sun the dark body is less able to resist the glare than the less pigmented one. Monkeys with gray hair maintain a normal subcutaneous temperature in the shade and appear at ease; but when, after exposure to the sun, the temperature rises to 119 degrees, Fahrenheit, death ensues within an hour and sometimes in thirty minutes. White, black, and gray rabbits also die on prolonged exposure to the sun; first the black and last the white.

According to Dr. Gibbs, the best clothing for the protection of the body against the sunshine should give a maximum of shade without cutting off the circulation of the air or the evaporation of perspiration. The superiority of white covering as a means of reflecting the rays of the sun is shown by his experiments with white rabbits and some experiments with clothing. Ideal conditions are furnished by white umbrellas with green linings and garments as light in weight as possible. A white helmet with a wide brim so arranged that the band does not touch the head, allowing free passage of air, is the best substitute for an umbrella. Nothing would seem to justify the use of heavy hats in tropical countries.

A Huge Herring Harvest

Yarmouth waters have yielded a rich harvest during the past fishing season. Herring have appeared in draughts unequaled in a thousand years' experience of the industry. The total take from September to the end of November will, it is estimated, be at least 700,000,000 fish. This is an increase of about 350,000,000 on the record of two years ago and 150,000,000 on last year's yield. To take one instance in the general success attending fishermen, a single "drifter," or herring-boat, went into Lowestoft with a catch of 150,000 herring. These netted over $20 a "cran," which is about 1,000 fish.

This coast does a big export trade. There is a growing demand from Russia and Siberia. Some 480,000 tubs have already been exported from Yarmouth, and a further quantity is still in course of shipment. Herring refuse is used as a fertilizer. Of the thousand and more boats owned by fishermen, which, inclusive of their tackle, represent a capital of $50,000,000, a large percentage are Scotch.

A mystery attaches to the movements of the herring. It is not known exactly where the big shoals come from. Another curious fact is that as drift nets increase in number and tackle improves the fish appear to multiply accordingly. A single herring is capable of producing three-quarters of a million eggs. Hence limitation of destructive apparatus would cause a big increase in the quantities of fish.

The drift net in use is a surface net, and does not imprison the fish. Only those are caught which swim in and for centuries it has been made of a mesh large enough to let undersized fish slip through. Bigger fish are caught by the gill net. The "drifter," however, is threatened by the trawler, whose net is so weighted with chains that it drags through the sand, and it is braided so close that not the smallest fish escapes. As herring spawn is viscous, clinging to the bottom of the sea, it is destroyed by the trawl net and not touched by the drift.

Metals that Kill Microbes

Experiment seems to show that there are certain metals which are capable of destroying microbes that come in contact with them.

The microbes experimented with were cultivated for the purpose in jelly spread on a plate, and pieces of metal were dropped upon the jelly while it was still moist.

Any metal that had the property of arresting the development of the microbes destroyed them, not only just under the place where it lay, but for a narrow space around it. The width of this space varied both with the kind of metal and the kind of microbe.

Pure gold, when freshly cleaned and burnished, had no effect upon the microbes. Pure nickel and platinum and a few other metals also failed to affect the organisms. But cadmium, copper, brass, zinc, and silver destroyed them, the first-named metal especially acting quickly and effectively.

It has been observed that the metals that affected the microbes were those that are readily attacked by chemical reagents, while those that resist such reagents, like gold, had no effect. From this fact it has been concluded that the action upon the organisms is due to a solution of the metals taking place in the jelly.

The Split-log Drag

The split log is due to the ingenuity of a Missouri farmer, who, to improve the condition of the highway between his farm and the neighboring village, devised a rude contrivance to smooth the rough places and round up the surface from the ditch to the center so as to drain off the water.

This device was most simple, since it consisted of a log split into two equal parts, with a few braces between them, and a chain by which the horses hauled the drag. It was tried after a rain when the road was soft, and it worked so well that its fame soon traveled far and wide.

This was the beginning of the split-log drag, the improved form of which any farmer can make in a short time. It has revolutionized the work of maintaining dirt roads, work which had always been expensive and ineffective.

A DIFFERENCE

It Paid This Man to Change Food.

"What is called 'good living' eventually brought me to a condition quite the reverse of good health," writes a N. Y. merchant. "Improper eating told on me till my stomach became so weak that food nauseated me, even the lightest and simplest lunch, and I was much depressed after a night of uneasy slumber, unfitting me for business.

"This condition was discouraging, as I could find no way to improve it. Then I saw the advertisement of Grape-Nuts food and decided to try it, and became delighted with the result.

"For the past three years I have used Grape-Nuts and nothing else for my breakfast and for lunch before retiring. It speedily set my stomach right and I congratulate myself that I have regained my health. There is no greater comfort for a tired man than a lunch of Grape-Nuts. It insures restful sleep and an awakening in the morning with a feeling of buoyant courage and hopefulness.

"Grape-Nuts has been a boon to my whole family. It has made of our 2-year-old boy, who used to be unable to digest much of anything, a robust, healthy little rascal weighing 32 pounds. Mankind certainly owes a debt of gratitude to the expert who invented this perfect food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. ***

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"How to Make the Home Attractive"



"Flippant Flora, or a Venus Come to Earth"



"Short Talks on Health for the Busy Man"



"Cupid's Curves, or the Deadly Dart"



"Growing Things for Beauty's Sake"



"She Loved But Once"



"A Prince of the Bluest Blood"



"Girlie Girls, or Tiny's Triumphs"

SOME RECENT "WORST SELLERS" AND THEIR AUTHORS

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

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The Starfish and the Oyster

THE worst natural enemy the oyster-planter on the Northern coast has to contend with is the starfish, or "five finger," which in the older tracts is so numerous that great tangles of rope or some similar contrivance must be dragged over the beds frequently to free them somewhat from the pest. Here is a foe against which the strong shell of the oyster or other bivalve is little protection, for this foe has learned to circumvent the defense. This it does simply by strength and patience. Finding an oyster or clam on the sea bottom, the starfish creeps upon it and clutches it tightly with its five arms, placing its central body, where the mouth opens, over the "nib" of the oyster, or the meeting edges of the shells in the case of a clam or scallop. Then it simply sits tight—very tight. All along the lower surface of its arms two rows of small membranous tube feet protrude from holes in its tough coat, and these are now filled with water and made to serve as suckers. Thus the starfish has a pull. The bivalve learns of the siege and takes a new grip on its shells through the powerful muscle by which it holds them shut, though usually it prefers its door to be ajar a little so as to admit the constant stream of water which automatically brings food and oxygen. It is never long between drinks with a submerged bivalve, whence perhaps the classic simile "happy as a clam."

But by and by it becomes tired of holding its shells so firmly shut. Fatigued and somewhat asphyxiated, the steady pulling of the robber tells, and presently the shells open. Then the "five finger" proceeds to the reward of its patience. Out from the notched rim of its mouth it slowly pushes a little of the baglike stomach whose folds reach back into the hollow of the arms and thrusts it inside the oyster's defenses and against its flesh. A sucking action and the effect of the gastric juice together consume the flesh, and the process continues till the meal is concluded and the dish is clean.



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EVERY OPERA SINGER HIS OWN MUSIC CRITIC

CARUSO (STANDING) AND SCOTTI (SEATED) CRITICIZING THE REPRODUCTION OF ONE OF THEIR FAMOUS DUETS ON A TALKING-MACHINE

Soap

THE origin of soap is not to be referred to any particular date. Mention of it is made in the Bible as being in use at a period antedating by several centuries the birth of Christ. In the Scriptures it is called *borith*.

The ruins of Pompeii have revealed an antique soap factory, with all the vessels and paraphernalia pertaining to the industry, not to mention specimens of the Pompeian soap itself. A distinguished British archæologist was, while in Pompeii, fortunate enough to obtain samples of this old soap, together with a quantity of a peculiar white clay of a highly saponaceous nature and possessing extraordinary detergent properties. This was taken from the bottom of a well sunk inside the soap factory, the spring from which, no doubt, the Pompeian soap-makers obtained the water used in the manufacture of their product.

Americans can boast of the largest and finest equipped soap factories in the world, certain of which have a capacity of millions of pounds a week.

It is contended that the finest soaps are those made from olive oil. It is not surprising, therefore, that the olive-producing countries of southern Europe should have early acquired a world-wide reputation as soap producers. Their natural advantages for such an industry are manifold. On the one hand, their climate and the fertility of their soil fit them for the cultivation of the olive, and, on the other hand, the immense supply of seaweed known as *barilla* or *bariglia*, from the ashes of which they have for many years prepared their caustic lyes, gives them an advantage over other soap producers.

The discovery of a means of producing caustic soda in unlimited quantity from salt deposits and even from the ocean itself had a remarkable influence upon the soap business, which has long since ceased to be a local industry.

In its chief features, however, the process of making soap has changed but little since the days of the Pompeians. Many factories still employ the same methods as those followed in the old days.

Until about three decades ago it was the custom of the soap-maker to discard all his waste lyes which contained glycerine, and in this way there must have been wasted an enormous amount of valuable material.

Chemistry has shown from what an enormous variety of sources there may be obtained the fatty matters employed in the making of soap. Every fish and animal, every fruit, flower, and plant, so it is claimed, yields its characteristic oil.

While it is true that the process of making soap is a very simple one, like many other simple processes it may be done in a slipshod manner. Many badly made soaps contain a great deal of free alkali, the effect of which is to destroy linen, cotton, and other fabrics, while it acts as a cautery upon the skin, causing sometimes painful sores and irritations.

Cold Restores the Hair

HE who wishes to renew his failing hair should go to the polar regions, as cold is now said to be the best-known remedy for baldness. Sir Ernest Shackleton, the Antarctic explorer, says that the individuals who accompanied him on his recent expedition to the south pole returned, with one or two exceptions, with strong and magnificent crops of hair, although none of them were previously so favored. This phenomenon was observed a short time after the men entered the cold regions. The hair grew slowly, but became strong and very thick. A medical man of whom an explanation was asked attributed it either to the absence of germs or to the protection given the head by the constant wearing of fur. However, the director of some cold-storage rooms in London seems to have further proof of the efficacy of the low temperature. Among his operatives there is not a single bald-headed or sparse-haired man, due, he thinks without any question, to the fact that they work constantly in a temperature considerably below freezing.

The Growth of Buenos Ayres

OF all the great cities, Buenos Ayres is said to be growing the most rapidly. The most artistically built of the cities of the new world, it reminds the visitor of Madrid or Paris. This magnificent capital of the Argentine Republic had in 1800 only 40,000 inhabitants; in 1852, 76,000; in 1869 187,000; in 1887, 429,000; in 1895, 655,000; in 1904, 951,000; the census of 1910 brought it up to 1,282,117, while the population since that time has grown astonishingly. The mayor, in a recent public speech, said that in four years the population of Buenos Ayres, at the present rate of growth, would surpass that of Paris.

Ivory for Billiard-balls

THE experience of the workers who turn ivory for billiard-balls has shown that, as it dries, ivory shrinks. In the case of the tusk the shrinkage is greater in width than it is in length.

The tusks of cow elephants have been found best adapted to the making of billiard-balls. The tusk of the female is not so curved as that of the male, and the fine "nerve passage" is not so clearly seen.

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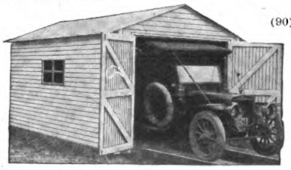
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Costly Furs

LONDON is one of the great fur markets of the world, and it is claimed that a year's auction sales in that city often amount to more than twenty million dollars.

Many curious incidents and caprices of the London market are recorded. For instance, ever since the Middle Ages ermine has been the fur of royalty, and it is still used in the trimming of the state garments of kings and queens. In time, however, it fell into disfavor with women of fashion. White ermine skins became so cheap that the Canadian, Siberian, and Chinese hunters no longer sent them to market. About twenty years ago, however, the word went around from some mysterious fashionable source that ermine should be once more the mode. Whereupon all the buyers began to demand ermine skins and the price went up to a high figure. As might be expected, the market was soon glutted. Chinese hunters sent to London no fewer than ten thousand ermine skins in the spring of one year. And then they promptly went out of fashion again.

The ermine is white with the exception of the tip of its tail, which is black. These tips, dressed with the white fur at regular intervals, make the spotting of black which is seen on state garments of ermine.

One of the costliest of furs is the Siberian zibelline or sable, an animal which is said to be rapidly nearing the point of extermination. This little creature, known to science as *Mustela zibellina*, is about eighteen inches long, with a bushy tail and a sharp whiskered nose. It has a remarkably rich fur, dark brown or black, and very lustrous.

The Imperial Court at St. Petersburg has always demanded that the finest of the zibellines be reserved for its use. They are known as "crown zibellines."

Kitchens of Other Days

THE kitchens of olden times seem to have been of extraordinary size, judging from the investigations recently made by an English historical society. At Hurstmonceux, for example, there was a kitchen twenty-eight feet high, with three huge fireplaces, and a bakehouse with an oven fourteen feet in diameter.

There is an old Welsh kitchen near Llandudno, dating from the fifteenth century, which has many primitive culinary contrivances, now obsolete or superseded by modern devices. Among these curious old devices may be mentioned a meat-jack with a fly-wheel, a steel toasting-stand, and a fan bellows.

At Battle Abbey there is a curious old kitchen containing much of interest to the antiquary, and a kitchen at St. Mary's Hall, Coventry, is remarkable for the famous "knaves' post" to which, it appears, refractory scullions were temporarily attached by way of punishment.

There is a medieval kitchen at Westminster Abbey, although little remains by which to identify it aside from the rubble flooring, the buttery hatch, and an adjoining cellar. Hampton Court Palace shows its "great kitchen," with vaulted roof and sets of antlers on its walls.

Englishmen of other days fully recognized the advantages of a large kitchen. There is extant an order, dated April 19, 1206, wherein Hugh de Nevill is commanded to have the king's kitchen at Clarendon roofed with shingles and to cause two new kitchens to be erected, one at Marlborough and the other at Ludgershall, in which "to dress" the royal dinners. In this order it is stated that "it is particularly directed that each kitchen shall be provided with a furnace sufficiently large to roast two or three oxen."

The Pumpkin

THERE seems to exist considerable doubt as to the origin of the pumpkin. While it is certain that the pumpkin, in all its forms, is nowhere more highly esteemed than in this country, it is by no means certain that it had its birth in America, although some authorities claim that it is native to our soil. They contend that the aborigines of America planted it with their maize.

Authorities incline to the view that the pumpkin is of Asiatic origin, while others yet contend that pumpkins have been cultivated either as a curiosity or as an article of food in England since the year 1570.

Even in these days America has no monopoly in the cultivation of this attractive product. The pumpkin, in one form or another, is grown in various European countries, notably France, where the market gardeners near Paris sow their pumpkin seeds in April in a hot-bed under glass and nurture them carefully until they are transplanted in May.



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The College Man of 1413

OXFORD UNIVERSITY is composed of twenty-one colleges. Among the largest of these is the one that, although it has stood for five hundred years, is still called "New." It was built a hundred years before the discovery of America by William de Wykeham and was an expression of the most advanced ideas of education entertained in his day. So far as the architecture and plan of the buildings are concerned, the five centuries that have since elapsed have suggested but little that is better. English and American college-builders still follow de Wykeham's model.

The undergraduate in de Wykeham's time, in order to obtain his B.A. degree, studied the logic of Porphyry and Boethius, something of Aristotle, and enough of arithmetic to enable him to find Easter. Three years more were usually spent in studying geometry, astronomy, and astrology.

He lived in college. His allowance of money was one shilling a week. His breakfast was a piece of bread and a pot of beer at dawn. His dinner was eaten at ten in the morning. He was given one suit of clothes yearly. Three times a year each student was required secretly to tell the masters of the misbehavior of his fellows, who then received "competent castigation."

The rules laid down by de Wykeham prohibited visits to taverns or "spectacles," the keeping of dogs, the playing of chess and other "noxious and illicit sports, shooting with arrows or other missiles, dancing, running, wrestling, or other incautious and inordinate amusements."

The only recreation permitted was the assembling around the fire on winter nights to indulge in "singing, or the reading of poems and chronicles of the realm and of the wonders of the world."

The college was summoned to dinner by two poor scholars, who ran around the quadrangles shouting in bad Latin and French, "*Tempus est vocandi à manger, O seigneurs!*" The "seigneurs" were obliged to eat in absolute silence.

The Mexican Cadets at Chapultepec

MANY incidents in the Mexican War are still recounted to fire the hearts of Mexicans. One of these occurred during the defense of Chapultepec, a defense that was as gallant as was the attack. In this attack forty-eight Mexican cadets, among others, lost their lives. The story is a stirring one.

For many years the celebrated Castle of Chapultepec, where Montezuma held his barbaric court in the surrounding groves of cypresses, where, during nearly three centuries, lived the successive viceroys of Spain and where Maximilian made his imperial home, has been the West Point of Mexico.

When General Scott had taken the place by storm and General Bravo had surrendered, a Mexican cadet only fifteen years of age, seeing the flag of his country in peril, most of his comrades being already slain, climbed the flagstaff, tore the banner from its place, wound it around his body, and slid down, intending to plunge over the precipice in order to save the colors from falling into the hands of the enemy.

That act of heroism being frustrated, the brave boy, with the banner still wrapped around him, fought until he was cut in pieces. Forty-eight of these schoolboys, ranging in age from fourteen to twenty years, lie buried in one grave at the foot of the hill. Year by year the cadets of Chapultepec strew flowers upon this sepulcher.

Ships' Lucky Coins

IT has long been a superstition among seafaring men that a coin should be placed beneath the mainmast of a newly built ship for luck. It is considered preferable that the coin should be of gold, but silver will do. The coin should bear the date of the year wherein the ship is built; and before being placed beneath the mast it is carefully wrapped in cotton. Its resting-place is the stepping of the mainmast.

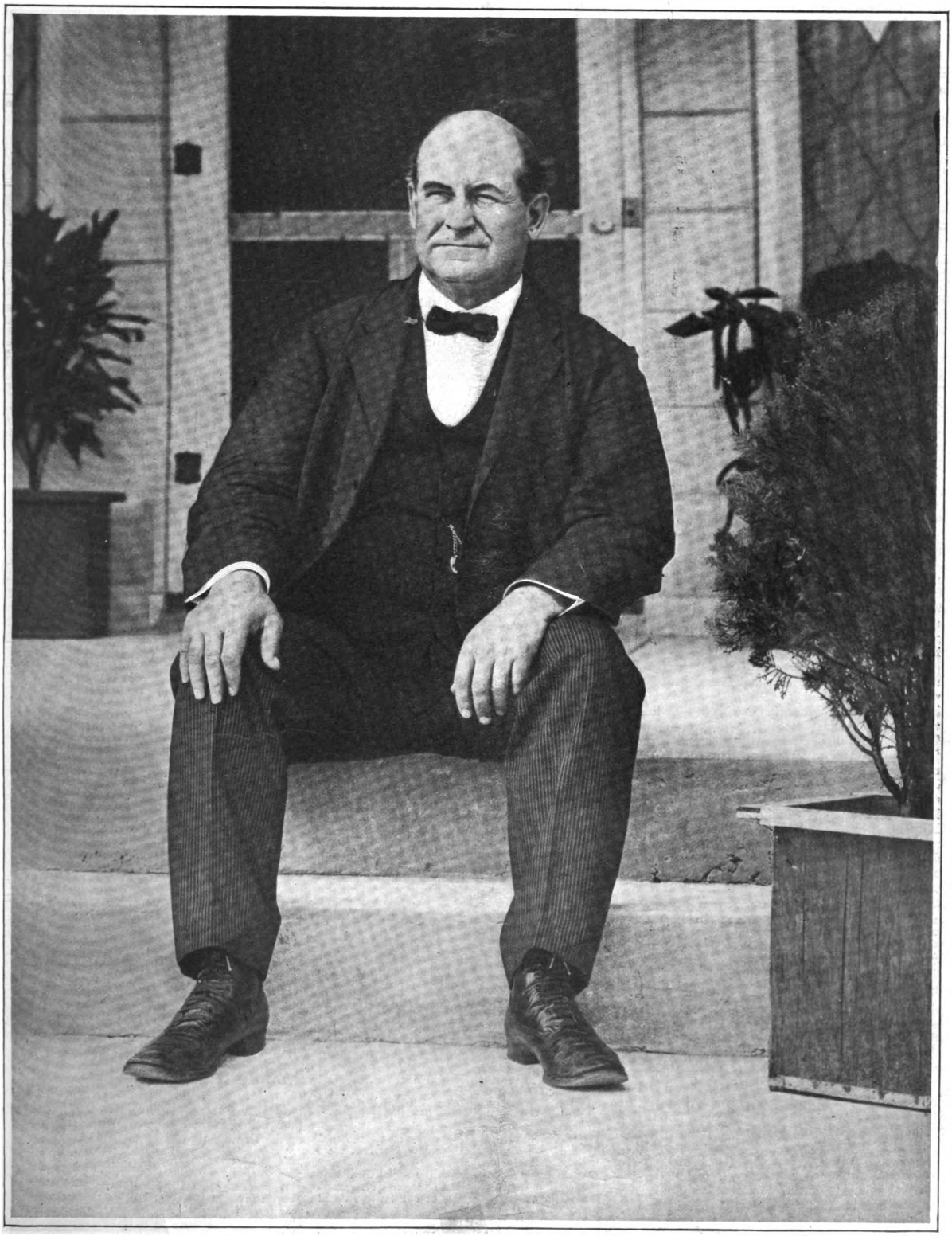
Numismatists are aware of this practice, and the consequence is that when an old ship is broken up, especially abroad, there is always a gathering of coin collectors desirous of obtaining the coin. It is said that one collector obtained in this way a specimen of the rare American dollar of 1804, which has commanded a high premium for many years.

It thus appears that, by reason of this old sea custom, many rare coins have been preserved. The only silver Scottish pennies, known as doits, that are known to exist were, it said, found in some old Scottish ships.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. LVII NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 22, 1913 No. 2931



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. LVII No. 2931

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 22, 1913

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4.00 a Year in Advance

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, Mexico, Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, Guam, and Tutuila, Samoa. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office Department, Ottawa, Canada. Foreign postage, $1.56

Entered at the New York Post-office as second-class matter

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COMMENT

President Taft and Mexico

AFTER a generation or two this country will probably begin to understand how much it owes to President TAFT for his conduct of our difficult relations with Mexico during his administration. For several years now the affairs of our southern neighbor have been in such a state that only great forbearance and great firmness on the part of the man in the White House could keep us from becoming involved in them. A weak President would long ago have been drawn into intervention; an ambitious and unscrupulous President would long ago, in Mr. TAFT'S place, have taken advantage of Mexico's troubles to commend himself to the groundlings and to divert attention from domestic controversies that were going against him. On the contrary, President TAFT has with admirable steadfastness stuck to his determination to keep the peace and to deal generously, magnanimously, not predaciously, with our neighbor. If, as a competent authority declares, our war of 1846 with Mexico is still a source of distrust of us in the minds of all Latin America, then surely we ought to have some credit in the long run for our recent behavior.

The authority we refer to is JAMES BRYCE. In his book on South America, which is really a book on Latin America, he has much to say on Mexico. In view of what is happening there now—at this writing the outcome of the FELIX DIAZ *coup* in the capital is still uncertain—the placid observations of this trained observer have the highest interest. Writing of the chances of democracy in Latin America, he finds that the Latin-American states are of three classes. In one class, which Chile leads, we have, he thinks, real republics. In one, of which Hayti is the worst example, republican forms are a farce. To the intermediate class, the half-way class, Mexico is assigned. He is writing *after* the overthrow and exile of PORFIRIO DIAZ, and yet he says:

> Had the President, when old age arrived, been able to find some one like himself to whom he could have handed over the reins, prosperity and order would doubtless have continued. The sort of government he gave the country was doubtless what best suited it. The Indian population, constituting a majority, were (though naturally intelligent) obviously unfit for civic functions. An oligarchic government, formed out of the richer class, would have furnished a less efficient administration, and would probably, after some years of quarreling, have given place to a military chief.

"An oligarchic government, formed out of the richer class," sounds extremely like what we know of the MADERO régime. Perhaps the predicted end of it is already at hand. In any case, however, Mexico's supposedly grasping neighbor to the northward has done its duty and kept its hands off; that is to say, President TAFT has admirably refused to follow the troublesome example of President POLK. In the end we may have to intervene, but this time Latin America and the world will acknowledge that we have tried our best to avoid intervention.

War in Mexico

WOODROW WILSON tells in his *History of the American People* of the beginning of the Mexican War in 1846. Mexico had refused to recognize Texas as an independent republic, and had notified the United States that annexation would be regarded as a *casus belli*. The historian continues:

> In December, 1845, Texas became in full form a State of the Union; and early in the following year the President (POLK) ordered General TAYLOR to advance to the Rio Grande. His presence there threatened the Mexican town of Matamoras, just beyond the river, and the Mexican commander at Matamoras demanded his withdrawal to the Nueces. General TAYLOR refused to withdraw. The Mexicans crossed the river and on April 23d ambushed a small party of American dragoons. Two weeks later they attacked General TAYLOR in force and he repulsed them (Palo Alto, May 8, 1846). The next day TAYLOR in his turn attacked and drove the Mexicans back across the river in disastrous rout. On the 18th General TAYLOR himself passed the Rio Grande and occupied Matamoras.
>
> "Mexico," the President told Congress on the 11th of May, while yet he had no news except that of the ambush on the 23d of April—"Mexico has passed the boundaries of the United States . . . and shed American blood upon American soil. War exists, and exists by the act of Mexico herself."
>
> He had not consulted Congress before he ordered General TAYLOR forward to the Rio Grande and brought this momentous matter to a head, though it had been in session when the order was issued. He had taken full responsibility for that upon himself. War indeed—but by whose act Congress was no longer at liberty to inquire. There was nothing for it but to vote supplies and an army; and a formal declaration of war was resolved upon May 13, 1846, before news of the real fighting on the Rio Grande had reached the capital.

It is a fact of no little significance at this time that Mr. WILSON pronounces this proceeding an "inexcusable aggression." The plain inference from his language, moreover, is that President POLK did wrong in practically compelling war without first submitting the whole matter to Congress for such action as that body might see fit to take, in conformity with the provisions of the Constitution. It seems evident, therefore, that President TAFT'S determination to put upon Congress the responsibility for an intervention which would be equivalent to war coincides with the views of his successor.

The war of 1846 lasted two years and two months. The number of United States troops employed was 112,250. Mexico as a fighting nation was utterly disorganized. Its population was less than three millions. It now comprises fifteen millions of people, has ample transportation facilities, plenty of guns and ammunition, and inherent love of fighting.

How many troops and how much time and money would be required to subdue Mexico to-day is a question which nobody can answer.

Fact and Fiction

The two chief characters in HERMAN WHITAKER'S lively novel, *The Mystery of the Barranca*, recently published, are Seyd, an American engineer, and Don Sebastien Rocha, a Mexican haciendado who had been educated in England. In the course of conversation Seyd inquires:

> "Didn't you find the transition from Manchester rather sudden? It must have been like plunging head first into a romance."
>
> "Romance?" For the first time that morning, for matter of that, in all their intercourse, Sebastien laughed outright. "Oh, you Anglo-Saxons! Romance is a creature of your own dreamy idealism. We do not know it. We are passionate, nervous, hysterical, gross, materialistic, but for all our heat we see life more clearly than you. It would be better for us if we did not. For where in the mirror of your imaginings you see your strength enormously magnified, our clearer perceptions show our weaknesses. Even at the point of death you neither see nor accept defeat. But we, cowering before it, are swept the quicker away." Just as on that other occasion when he stood talking beside their fire on the rim of the Barranca, this came out of his quiet with volcanic heat. Dropping as quickly into his usual calm, he finished, "No, I did not find it romantic—merely amusing."
>
> Nettled a little by his amused contempt, Seyd quickly retorted: "I fail to see how you can claim to have no ideals? You who are striving with all your might against the American invasion?"
>
> Sebastien shrugged. "Racial aversion—backed up by the instinct of self-preservation. Even cattle will band together against the wolves. But remove the danger and the bulls fall at once fighting for command of the herd. Before Diaz we had sixty-five rulers in sixty years, very few of whom died in their beds. Once remove his iron hand from our throats and we shall go at it again, revolution upon revolution, for the sole purpose of satisfying some man's personal ambition, lust, or individual greed. No, señor, we are individualists in the extreme. We have nothing in our make-up to correspond to the racial ideal that makes you Northmen subordinate personal interest to the general good. And because of our lack you will eventually rule us."
>
> "Yet you strive against it?"
>
> "For the one reason, as I told you, that the weaker wolf declines to be eaten. Individually, I find it amusing. I would much prefer shooting gringo soldiery to hanging Mexican bandits."
>
> "And the General—Don Luis?"
>
> Once again Sebastien laughed. "That old revolutionist? He would deny all I have said as rank heresy, though he himself is its most startling example. He would say that he was for Mexico, but Mexico, to him, is Mexico with a Garcia for president. Selfish to the backbone, every one of us."
>
> In a phrase he had described Don Luis, and, while he could not but smile at its truth, Seyd was just a little startled by the keen intelligence and flashing intuition. Even after allowing for advantages of travel and education, the man's sharp reasoning and originality were remarkable. Like a clear black pool his mind sharply reflected all that passed over it, and always the conception stood out as under a lightning flash.
>
> "No, señor," he went on, after a pause, "we are individualists, and as such can only obtain happiness by following our own bent. If we are held back for a while by Porfirio, be sure that sooner or later we shall return with greater zest to our ancient pastime of cutting each other's throats."

It begins to look very much as if Mr. WHITAKER knows his Mexico.

The Attorney-General

Among the great lawyers who have served as Attorney-General of the United States may be recalled EDMUND RANDOLPH, WILLIAM WIRT, REVERDY JOHNSON, CALEB CUSHING, JEREMIAH S. BLACK, WILLIAM M. EVARTS, EBENEZER R. HOAR, WAYNE MAC VEAGH, and RICHARD OLNEY. We question if any one of them left a record of efficiency superior or even equal to that made by the Hon. GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM.

His place will take a lot of filling.

The Single-Term Amendment

Speaking of the joint resolution providing for a single Presidential term of six years passed by the Senate, the *Herald* says:

> The very minute Mr. BRYAN, who made the Baltimore platform, gets to Cuba and comfortably started for the Isle of Pines, here comes the disconcerting report that the Professor himself is not in sympathy with the resolution which passed the Senate and is now in committee of the House. And quickly on the heels of this comes the report that the committee itself has pigeonholed the resolution and nothing will be heard of it until the new Congress reassembles.

Another editorial printed upon the same page reads as follows:

> The avidity with which Judiciary Committee Democrats shelved that "1921" single-term proposal seems to indicate that Mr. BRYAN has some friends in the House, after all.

It would take a Philadelphia lawyer, to say nothing of the famous old Philadelphia lady, to reconcile these two assertions. The plain inference from the first is that Mr. WILSON instigated the pigeonholing of the resolution, and from the second that Mr. BRYAN'S friends were responsible.

Both suspicions are unfounded. Mr. WILSON gave no sign one way or the other. Mr. BRYAN was consistent and steadfast throughout.

Here are the facts: The form of the resolution as passed by the Senate was such as to give rise to grave doubt as to whether or not it would extend President WILSON'S term to six years. The necessity of clarifying this point was apparent. The inadvisability of seeking ratification of an amendment which might bar Mr. TAFT, Mr. ROOSEVELT, and Mr. WILSON in 1916 also was recognized. How to remove the doubt and eliminate the personal aspect was the problem. It was solved properly and rightfully by proposal of a substitute which provided that the new method should not take effect until 1921.

This not only left the field open to all in 1916, but also allowed the state legislatures ample time in which to act. There was no way in which the amendment could affect the political fortunes of any one of the three mentioned unless Mr. TAFT or Mr. WILSON should seek a third or Mr. ROOSEVELT a fourth term.

The only two likely candidates whose interests might be affected adversely were Mr. BRYAN and Speaker CLARK, each of whom had been wrongfully suspected of a desire to bar Mr. WILSON from a chance of renomination at the end of four years.

The fact is that the substitute amendment *was suggested by* Mr. BRYAN, *and was approved forthwith by Speaker* CLARK. Each set aside any thought of personal interest. Both stood squarely by the Democratic platform.

Why, then was the amendment pigeonholed? The *Herald* says in its Washington despatch:

> Word came from the Republicans that while they were in favor of the general principle of a single six-year term, they would not aid the Democrats in passing it through the House if it was so worded as to give Mr. ROOSEVELT another opportunity to run for President.

This meant prolonged debate, and Chairman CLAYTON was forced reluctantly to the conclusion

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PENN STATE

that it would be impossible to give the subject due consideration in the few remaining days of the present session.

We think this decision was a mistake. The Republicans should have been compelled to fish or cut bait. If they were really determined—which we must doubt—to make a purely personal issue of a great reform measure, they should have been forced to go on record to that effect. Moreover, thirty-eight state legislatures now in session were in a position to act promptly.

Nevertheless, in view of the pressure of the appropriation bills, it is difficult to see how Chairman CLAYTON, in performance of his general duty, could have done otherwise.

The matter now goes over to the special session, and we shall soon know whether a Democratic Congress will violate a direct party pledge and stand like a lump of incapacity and faithlessness in the way of a constitutional amendment greatly needed and earnestly desired by the great body of American citizens.

T. J. and W. W.

Speaking of President TAFT's order covering into the classified service all fourth-class postmasters not already included, and thereby extending the terms of 40,000 Republican officeholders for life, Dr. CHARLES W. ELIOT, president of the National Civil Service Reform League, says frankly and flatly:

> I greatly regret to criticize a President of the United States, and I greatly regret that a President of the United States should issue such an order as that issued just after the election. The fourth-class postmasters were patronage appointees. They are to be continued in office now simply because of the application of the spoils system. The blow has been struck from the capital at true civil service.

Whereat our notoriously unpartisan neighbor, the *Tribune*, is deeply grieved. Dear! dear! Dr. ELIOT mistook his dates. The precious order was issued "three weeks before the election of 1912 was held." How, then, was it possible for Mr. TAFT to be influenced by the spirit of partisanship? Well, it wasn't, of course, if he felt sure that he, and not Mr. WILSON, was going to be elected. Does the *Tribune* think he did?

What nonsense! The *Tribune* can squirm all it likes, but Dr. ELIOT is absolutely right, and everybody who possesses sense—including the *Tribune*—knows it. Maybe Mr. TAFT would have extended their 40,000 terms if they had been Democrats. What! It was a plain, impudent grab made in the wholly transparent guise of "civil service extension," and if we were in Mr. WILSON's place, the order would be revoked right quick, as they say down South. The idea of imposing Republican postmasters for life upon the people of Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, and all of the other states where Democrats have had to become renegades to make enough Republicans to hold the jobs and are wholly out of accord with the wishes and sentiment of their communities! Is that right or fair or decent?

Dr. ELIOT says it isn't. He doesn't propose to have *his* livery stolen to serve the devil in, anyway. Possibly he recalls that JOHN ADAMS and his gang tried the same trick on one THOMAS JEFFERSON, only to get what was coming to them before the most sprightly lamb could shake its tail once.

T. J. was a true Virginia sport when need arose. W. W. is like him in a good many ways. We hope this is one of them.

In an Interesting Condition

Andover Theological Seminary, after drifting along for a good many years as an endowed institution with an income and scarcely any students to spend it on, moved to Cambridge. The move, it seems, has been successful. At any rate, the seminary now has students, and is in that interesting condition where the prospects of an increase in its family warrants it in calling on the Congregationalists for funds. In its barren years, which lasted a good while, it made no such call, but now, with returning fruitfulness, it sings out gladly for half a million dollars for the proper fulfilment of its fine opportunity. It seems to have come fully back to the normal. It wants a dormitory wing ($75,000), several new chairs of instruction, and so on, like all the active colleges.

We hope the Congregationalists will come down.

Our Worship of Apparatus

Not on its sporting page, but in its consecrated column of religious news, the Springfield *Republican* records that "Rev. Dr. WILLIAM HAMILTON, pastor of the South Third Street Methodist Church, Williamsburg, New York, rested last Monday, after having preached twenty-one sermons in twenty-one consecutive hours, beginning at midnight Saturday, and ending at nine o'clock Sunday night."

The details of this interesting exploit are as follows:

> Each sermon was from a different text and each required from forty to forty-five minutes for delivery. The voice of Dr. HAMILTON was a bit raspy to-day, but he said it would be fit by next Sunday and he would express to his congregation his appreciation of a gain of sixty-two members of his church by reason of his long-distance discourses. For each hour of the twenty-one during which Dr. HAMILTON preached a sermon there was a leader who read a few verses from the Scripture, suggested the songs to be sung, and offered prayer. Then Dr. HAMILTON followed with his discourse for that hour and continued it until the hands of the clock indicated that the service for the next hour should begin. The largest attendance, about four hundred persons, was Sunday evening, and the smallest at four o'clock Sunday morning. During the services frequent pots of coffee and many sandwiches were sent in to the workers from the parsonage next door to the church.

Well, can you beat that? Who will deny that Brother HAMILTON has zeal; who that he is fully up to date? He goes about filling his church by just such means as the theater managers use to fill their seats, the newspaper publishers to fill their advertising columns, and the college presidents to fill their colleges. He advertises: he makes a sensation, and his pews fill up. Somehow he recalls to us Professor FISHER's suggestion that the churches shut down for a while, in which President SHANKLIN, of Wesleyan, found a reason to accept his resignation.

In this land and generation, and for a generation or two past, we have been giving enormous attention to the strengthening of apparatus. That seems to be the biggest part of our contemporary gospel. Of course, Mr. HAMILTON's twenty-one sermons in twenty-one hours is comic, but what he is after is to build up his church, get circulation, make a strong machine. That is what CARNEGIE does, ROCKEFELLER does, HEARST does, and all the hard-working managers of colleges and schools and hospitals do. Who will say it's not necessary—not the most necessary kind of thing to do in this country at this time? And yet it is half to laugh and half to cry at it. We have it dinned into us that education is lost for the time being in the halls of its factories; that the wheels revolve immensely, but the scholars are not trained. We don't hear that complaint about the churches, for the churches seldom attract such sensational energies as Mr. HAMILTON's, and are not prosperous enough to stir criticism. But if they were we *should* hear it—should hear that sixty-two new-comers to church are nothing to the good unless they are fed with truth when they get there; that a million readers of a newspaper are nothing to the good unless the truth is fed to them; that there is more education in the mind of a great teacher than in a fifty-million-dollar endowment; and that what comes out of the mind goes further and lasts longer and has more effect than what comes out of the pocket.

Some day we shall wake up and discover that apparatus has dwarfed the mind, and then teachers who know something worth teaching will begin to get their dues, and preachers who can preach to cure the ills of life will be more valued than bankers, and newspapers will be prized and prosper directly in proportion to their ability to discover the truth and tell it.

Mr. Bird Wants a State Newspaper

Meanwhile ex-Candidate BIRD, of Massachusetts, is after the newspapers of that commonwealth a little. He has caused to be introduced in the Massachusetts legislature a bill, whereof the two chief paragraphs read as follows:

> Resolved, that the governor, with the advice and consent of the council, be authorized to appoint a commission of five persons, citizens of this commonwealth, one of whom shall be designated as chairman, for the purpose of investigating the extent to which news items in newspapers and periodicals are published in a false or misleading manner or intentionally suppressed for political purposes or for other ulterior motives; the conduct of newspapers or periodicals relative to the performance of their public duty fully, fairly, and impartially to ascertain and disseminate true information concerning public affairs, men, events, and current opinions, and freely and fairly to comment upon and criticize the same; the conduct of such newspapers and periodicals relative to political campaigns and elections and their relation to candidates for office and political parties; and also for the purpose of investigating the desirability of the establishment of a newspaper to be conducted by the commonwealth.
>
> The commission shall investigate other laws and systems in operation in other states and countries, shall correspond or confer with committees and commissions in other states considering the same subject, and shall report in print to the next General Court on or before the second Wednesday in January, 1914, as to the advisability of further legislation for the regulation of newspapers and periodicals relative to false or misleading matter and the suppression of news, or for the establishment of a newspaper to be conducted by the commonwealth, submitting with the report such drafts of bills or resolves, if any, as may be deemed advisable in order to carry the recommendations of the commission into effect.

That is interesting, but COLERIDGE wrote a verse, to wit:

> The river Rhine, it is well known,
> Doth wash your city of Cologne;
> But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
> Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

The state might clean up the newspapers, but then what would clean up the state?

Mr. BIRD was displeased with what his home newspapers—except Brother MUNSEY's *Journal*—printed in the late ROOSEVELT campaign. They wouldn't print what he thought they ought to print, and what he thought was due to his candidate for President and to himself as candidate for Governor. Now he wants to have them looked after, and he wants the state to print a paper that the people can rely on to do its duty to the public.

We sympathize with him.

Do it yourself, Mr. BIRD. There is no other way. A state paper would be very, very dull. It is a great art to tell the truth in a newspaper. It is some art even to lie acceptably. Your state couldn't do either. Its paper wouldn't circulate. You would have just another piece of apparatus, and no soul in it.

Do it yourself. You see the habit has been for a long time for the extra honest and able men in Massachusetts to be paper-makers and bankers and cotton-mill agents and copper-mine owners and managers and benefactors of Harvard College, and such things, and leave the management of newspapers to persons not able to establish themselves in more lucrative and respected vocations. It has been much the same in other places. If you could get enough leading citizens and very promising young men in Boston to stop making money and attend earnestly, strenuously, exhaustively to making newspapers, you might in time, if they were smart enough, have better papers. Though really your home papers do not seem to us any wickeder than the average of those we see.

But the best way to get done this job you want done is to do it yourself. It is a job that takes great ability, and absolutely requires personality. A newspaper is not a handbill; it is a weapon; the sword of the spirit that handles it. The state can no more make a real newspaper than the state can paint a picture. Neither can mere money do it. It requires a man, and a very, very scarce man at that.

Bar Harbor Democracy

Bar Harbor's town meeting voted two to one last week to ask the legislature to repeal the special law barring automobiles from the town's streets. That must be reckoned, we suppose, as another triumph of the people over the interests. Everywhere else the motor-car is an emblem of luxury and ease, but in Bar Harbor the emblem of that is the two-horse surrey, and the motor stands for the simple life, commerce, transportation, and the voter.

Misery Loves Company

Now there will be an income tax, and there should be one, and of course it will be painful. But of course our representatives in Congress will share it with us, and so help us bear it.

Scott, England, and the Poles

NELSON, dying in triumph at Trafalgar, commended Lady HAMILTON to his country. CHARLES II., a reprobate but no coward, begged those about him as he died not to let poor NELL GWYNN starve. SCOTT, a hero and no reprobate, dying for his country's fame and prestige as truly as NELSON died for her defense and glory, sent from his icy death-couch a message equally human and simple. He asked his great and rich country to provide for those who were dependent upon him and his dying comrades.

The storm-swept ice-plains, the dauntless march, the cruel disappointment, the slow and agonizing surrender to death—none of these things had wrought the slightest change in man's nature, which is always, at bottom, as simple as a child's. At the last and uttermost, simple human love was uppermost and supreme.

England will not fail or prove unworthy. Neither Pole is hers, but both are monuments forever to the unsurpassed devotion and heroism of Englishmen.

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PENN STATE

Humane Lives

WE live in a world nominally Christian, and postulate not only the Decalogue, but the Beatitudes, a kingdom not of this world, a life organized only half in earth, which derives its standards and looks for its completion from another and a supernatural state. But actually we are not more than half-way to heaven, and we are likely, in any corporate conditions, in matters of business or of politics, to be more than a little selfish, greedy, cruel, and stupid. Thereafter we feel uncomfortable. We aim very high, we fall very low. We know that we are called to be saints; we know that we are miserable sinners. We invent a highly sophistical theory of the imperfection of the perfect, if we are poets, and we stumble on rather forlornly if we are plain people, because, simply, life is like that.

Not always, however, nor to all men, has life been like that—not, for instance, to Confucius. Such a typical Chinese novel as *Yu Kiao Li*—The Two Cousins—opens sudden vistas upon lives not mean or incomplete or unintelligent or stained by sin. The standard of excellence is within human attainment: very high, it is yet attained. Life is comely and well-ordered, full of beauty, deliberate, and finished. The idea is not to simplify the world away, like *Atala*, but to take it at the highest point of civilization, subtilizing and rearranging the elements, and refining the materials.

The story opens at the capital in a ceremonious society. If PRIOR had been the Earl of Portland, SWIFT the Earl of Oxford, if BOLINGBROKE had had a turn for writing poetry and ADDISON a private fortune, the court of Queen ANNE would offer a fair parallel to it. An elderly gentleman, high in the civil service, poet and dilettante, had no son to carry on the family and conserve the ancestral worship—to hold the old honors still and keep the poor ghosts alive. He had one only daughter, all compact of mountain airs and river mists, shapely as the poplars in spring and pure as the streams in autumn, and he brought her up to be his most delightful friend. Versed in embroidery and all women's work before her mother died, at seventeen she had read everything, and could write not passably good poetry, like every one of taste, but songs that would bear comparison with the golden art of T'ANG. She was not to marry until a man of taste, of intellectual eminence, and of charm should be found. Her father refused the stupid son of a great lord; her uncle picked out a brilliant young poet and honorman; candidates were sorted by a preliminary competition at *bouts-rimes;* and a couple of plagiaries who fraudulently presented the young man's compositions were left to wait and finally dismissed on their own demerits. Touched in by the author with delicious irony in a single scene rather subtler than M. ROSTAND'S *soirée de la Pintade*, another young and self-conceited pair of men of letters whom everyone was running after are dismissed with some regret by the father, who has by this time a niece also on his hands. The honorman and the adorable young woman of genius are meanwhile in love by way of each other's poetry, and while he is wandering about in search of an uncle who wants to adopt him, in the right vein of the picaresque romance, he meets and loves the pretty and spirited cousin. The incidents which bring the three almost to a happy solution and snatch them away again are contrived with infinite ingenuity, and at last the hero, having dropped everything for six months of hard study, with his master's and his doctor's degree and the rank of academician, comes south again and marries the two cousins.

It is a pity this solution, as simple as it is surprising, would push a Western novelist almost past the bounds of farce. Comedy, which is only common-sense applied to life unexpectedly, keeps in closer touch than romance with the practical reason. Given the complexity of the human heart, story-writers would be saved immense bills of mortality—by gunshot, drowning, motor accidents, tuberculosis, and contagious disease—if one of their two contrasted heroines, both good and both charming, had not to be forcibly and respectably removed. This is the ideal dénouement for any people not committed to legal monogamy, high-pitched personal passion, and an individualistic philosophy and scheme of things. If the great pleasures are the calm pleasures—taste, sympathy, affection, conversation, and enjoyment of beauty—three people make a better unit than two. Friends and fellow-workers find everywhere more play for the charm we call personality, more freshness and independence of thought, more surprise and variety in talk, more dexterous and subtler complexities of intercourse ever reknitted in the group of three.

Human nature, being frankly questioned, testifies to all that; and in this old novel human emotion is present and real. Very delicate is the honorman's love-making by poem and messenger to his gracious great lady. Very quick and inexplicable is the charm of the pretty lad who meets him at a garden gate and woos him on, ardently, to promise marriage with a twin sister, this imaginary sister being in truth the lovely, gallant cousin, fatherless and poor, driven to take life in her own tiny hands and with a prettier shyness than Rosalind's or Viola's, find herself a husband without ever revealing her identity or stepping out of earshot of her mother's wall. The imagination pauses even longer on the relations in the inner apartments: the strong confidence and grave affection of husband and wife; the mutual reliance of brothers and sisters, middle-aged and settled; the close intellectual comradeship of father and daughter; the sweet graciousness of the two girls which would be spoiled if you called it unselfishness, because the word would imply an effort in what they do so lightly.

Creatures of exquisite taste, every one, making a banquet with a dish of rice and an egg-shell full of warm wine; taking their holiday journeys not to look at twenty lakes famous for beauty, but to stay on one for a month; keeping a fête for the flowering of a red pear-tree in the inner courtyard; writing sonnets and rondeaux by way of entertaining visitors, their pleasures can mean little to beefsteak-eaters, heavy athletes, globe-trotters, readers of the Sunday newspapers. But they mean, apparently, acuter pleasure to these creatures than almost any of us know. Delicate wit, touch-and-go allusion, conscious adaptation of the finest sort in the choice of words and colors and musical tones, and conscious suggestion enhancing threefold every precious phrase, make the mind a more fastidious organ and the spirit a more exquisite instrument. The animal is purged away; the will is refined until its invisible and silent activity is fairly electrical. Life is an exquisite art; based indeed upon a complicated morality, but approving its perfection by the degree to which ethics and esthetics are identified. Right conduct is involved in mere good taste. If a man is stupid or mean or false, his sense of the ridiculous makes exposure an adequate punishment. It is a world of fine shades and nice feelings; the love of flowers, of poetry, of landscape, are the chief sources of pleasure; duty to one's family and to one's country is the chief motive to activity; sensitiveness and a fine taste are the virtues most readily noticeable. Certainly, the honorman is incredibly learned, but the author does not insist on it, nor would he. To be sure, the father is sent on a political mission where his life may be in danger and his health certainly will be, but when a way is open to evade it he refuses because, simply, one doesn't. The exalted virtues are lightly practised, gracefully, without insistence.

Life is organized within human power, and then human kind is required to live up to it quietly. Nobody is *exalté*, nobody is either diabolic or brutal. Completely civilized creatures act in a completely fashioned world. The existence that we some of us find so crude, so cruel, so impassioned, so irritating, so bestial, so divine, is here a finished and consistent thing—refined, intelligent, fair, and well-ordered. Since that is a world immeasurably older than ours, shall we in some far day come to attain the like? Probably not. Certainly not, one hopes.

The Garden of Paradise lies, they say, in Prester John's kingdom, on a mountain-top in Central Asia, midway between east and west. When our first mother ate there of the tree forbidden, she went out of the western gate, and brought into our world, for an inalienable heritage, the consciousness of sin. Now Lilith and her untroubled children went eastward, and the angels have always come and gone everywhere alike; but we sons and daughters of Eve, in the sunset lights, would rather not shake off sin itself than shake off the sense of sin and sin's ultimate redemption. Surely as the dénouement which marries the hero to two strikes dull on us as an anticlimax, as not worth all the coil, so surely the way of life where virtue is easy and effort is outgrown tastes ever so little insipid. For good or for ill, we miss fatally, in the Occident, the savor of salt.

Correspondence

WHITES AND BLACKS IN THE SOUTH

EASTVILLE, VA., *January 28, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The recent articles in the WEEKLY on the Negro in the South have been read with interest. I think that Mr. Dorroh states the situation correctly when he says that the whites and the negroes of the South are withdrawing from one another in their business relations more and more. It is certainly true that if negroes buy up the lands in certain localities, the whites move out; and if the negroes start stores and other business places in certain localities in the cities, the whites want to go and the property holdings of the whites in both instances decline disastrously. White barbers and white waiters are everywhere welcomed with the white people of the South, and the other class has to devote attention to their own race, as Mr. Dorroh says. Booker Washington may not have said that social recognition was the end sought in the scheme of the negro, but the correspondent who pictures the negro in Paris drawing his only breath of freedom, and the feelings of the black in Paris, does answer the question in the affirmative. The recent Jack Johnson episodes ought also to strike a warning note.

The fear of the political ascendancy of the negro may be passed, but the matter of the preservation of race purity must face the white people more and more, and especially the white women of America, North and South, and the more the negro spreads out the more general will this need be felt. Your Alabama correspondent, with his eighty per cent. negroes, may be able to look on the complaisant side, but the census figures show that the white population in those heavily black counties of that State actually decreased in the thirty years from 1880 to 1910, if the city of Montgomery is left out of the calculations. This is not an encouraging fact in favor of any increase in the pleasant relations of *the races*. It in fact shows that the average white man wants to leave such localities. The tendency is for the negroes to collect in such sections, and as they gradually buy up the holdings of the present landlords the whites will have to move on. There is a strong movement of the negroes from all the white counties of the highlands of the South, except in a few mining towns and cities. It would seem, therefore, that these two movements of population will result in the formation of self-segregated districts in the country and a big increase of the negro population in the cities. Education is undoubtedly making the negro more capable of self-support and of looking out for his own interest, and for that reason it is the duty of the State to see them educated, but as it is now carried out it makes the negro objectionable to deal with in business lines with his white neighbor. This causes friction and racial antagonism. It is the natural effect of present conditions and not growing out of any ill-will on the part of the whites. A sense of the preservation of racial purity should teach the whites that the old relations of the past, as master and servant, could not be possible under present conditions and should not be expected. As Mr. A. H. Stone, in his excellent study of this question says, there are two negro problems, that of the full blood, mostly in the cotton belt, and that of the mixed breed. Most of the professional negroes belong to the latter class, and the conduct of the negro schools is mostly given over to them, so that the social feature of this question is always conspicuous. The average white man of the South doubtless thinks he is superior to and better than the negro, but the laws are not made to support that view, but wholly to preserve a white civilization in a section where there is so large a proportion of the other race and to prevent unnecessary contact. For instance, the separate-car law and separate-school law provides equal accommodations, but assumes that the negro will not mind associating with his own class. The present training of the young negroes is not in a line to make the best of the race come out, consequently the old-time mannerly negro has given place to the present-day impudence and assertiveness that is very objectionable to the average white man. A few church schools work toward a different end, but they are as a drop in the ocean. These things make the negro problem, and not any ill feeling of the whites. This is the condition as seen from this portion of the South as well as in most of the Atlantic States. There is no difference in the question of whether the relations are to be in a business or social line, whether the bar or the barber or the clerk, the feeling will be the same and must be recognized in a proper dealing with this subject.

I am, sir,

T. B. ROBERTSON.

ARSENIC IN FOODS

DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY, WHEATON COLLEGE, NORTON, MASS., *January 30, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In HARPER'S WEEKLY of January 25th, on page 29, I have just read the following:

"It is known that arsenic exists normally in the tissues of the human body without doing harm. It is a constituent of peas, almonds, and beans. Fresh letttuce, though rich in water compared with almonds and beans, reveals scarcely less arsenic. The foodstuffs poorest in arsenic are the banana, chestnut, and leek."

I have no doubt you believe the above statement true. It is probably unnecessary for me to say that the original authority for these results is Armand Gautier and that he has been supported by Gabriel Bertrand. In other words, it emanates from the French school of physiological chemistry. I have myself investigated this question and, though I have never put my results into shape for publication, I do not believe in the correctness of this work. I have nearly all the original works upon the question of the normal occurrence of arsenic in animal tissues, and I think an unbiassed judge would attach as much weight to the several negative investigations made by German chemists as to the French evidence. I had occasion not long ago to serve as an expert witness in a poisoning case where the defense sought shelter behind Gautier's results. In my opinion this French work is not only untrue, but it is a pernicious contribution to scientific literature, and now it is even appearing as an excerpt in a weekly publication.

I am, sir,

WILLIAM H. WARREN.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL HILL

VALDOSTA, GA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your issue of November 30, 1912, there is an admirable engraving of the death of Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill, one of the most distinguished officers of the Confederate States Army. Your journal deserves great credit for this illustration, and I, with many of my comrades, desire to commend this benevolent work.

I am, sir,

_____,

Late Lieutenant-Colonel Third Battalion Artillery, C. S. A.

LIKES OUR SIXTH PAGE ESSAYS

BROOKLYN, N. Y., *January 21, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

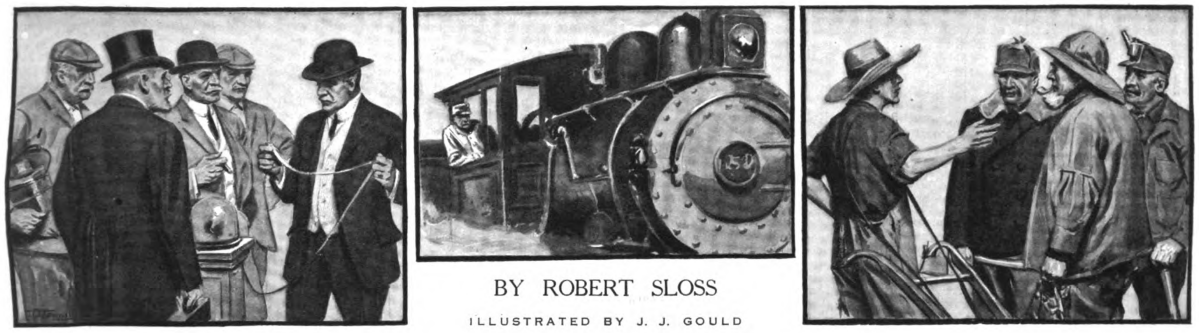
SIR,—Through you I beg the courtesy of extending to the writer of the two essays "House in Order" and "Facing the New Year" my warmest thanks for their helpfulness. Such writing as this is rare nowadays, and I take the WEEKLY (and have done so for a long time) solely for the essays on that first column and for the editorial pages. With best wishes for yourself and the member of your staff who pens these excellent essays,

I am, sir,

JOHN F. MCCABE.

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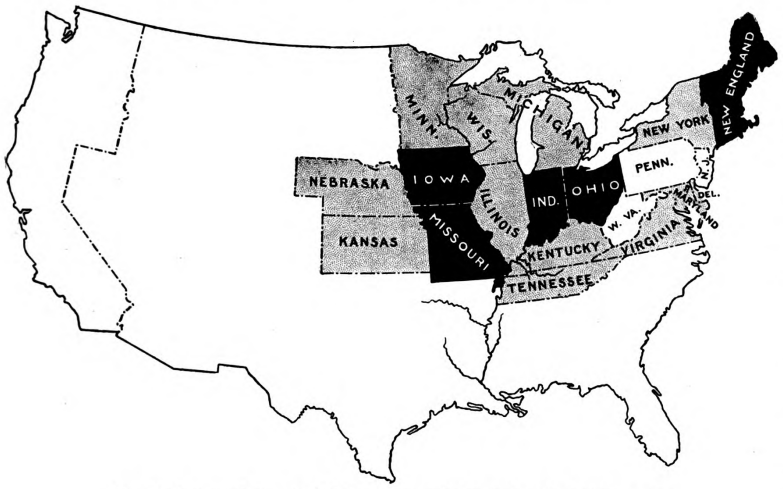
THE HIGH COST OF BEING CITIFIED



BY ROBERT SLOSS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

IF you are determined to be citified, there is, of course, the question what sort of place will suit you. You cannot support a family in New York, and keep a decent margin between you and dependency, for less than $1,200 a year. In any other American city you can do it for twenty-five per cent. less than that. If you are content with the census classification, you can be called "urban" as soon as you live in a cheap little town of 2,500 inhabitants.



The black states lost part of their rural population during the last census decade; those dotted failed to maintain their increase by 3 per cent. or more

A generation ago (1880) nearly three-quarters of us were content to be called "rural." By 1910 nearly half of us had determined to live in communities of 2,500 or more. The big shift came with the present century. Of the nearly 16,000,000 souls added to the United States since 1900, less than 5,000,000 were recruits to our rural territory. At that rate, the nation will be more than half urban by the end of two more Presidential terms.

Where is the harm if we want to urbanize ourselves? Even the Roosevelt Country Life Commission admitted that "advantages" must be provided to hold folks on the farm. Advantages are costly in the country, and the farmers are slow to co-operate in providing them. Who blames the farmer's boy for seeking them where they are already provided in profusion? And why not in New York? Most of that city's successful men come from somewhere else, they say. And if the farmer's boy succeeds there, isn't the country all the better for it? It would be short-sighted to make a country churchyard the goal of our village Hamptons.

True, the farmer's boy must capitalize his wits in the city—let him count well his buttons: "Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief, rich man"—he must be somebody to enjoy New York's advantages, and not become "poor man, beggar man, thief," though even these find the city advantageous.

Apparently a good many farmers' boys have felt that way about it. In the New York Business Directory are the names of nearly 8,000 doctors—more than in the whole Dominion of Canada. There are also the names of nearly 14,000 lawyers—more than in all the British Isles. In no area on earth are doctors and lawyers so plentiful among the inhabitants as in New York. But if the learned professions stay in the city, they necessarily provide there the churches and schools, the medical attendance, and the litigation lacking in the country.

The merchant in New York also gives and gets advantages. Even the small tradesman brings his wares to every door, and the patronage of a dozen families gives him a better start in business than could a whole country village. In the Business Directory about 14,000 groceries and delicatessen stores are listed, about 7,000 butcher shops, and 7,500 small variety stores. These three lines alone mean one merchant with at least two clerks to every thirty-five families. Indeed, you will find a staggering number of New-Yorkers engaged in keeping shop and doing no more than make the purchase and delivery of goods quick and convenient. And if you glance through the whole Directory, you will gather that, if New York is typical, it is distinctly citified, for most of the people make a business of simply doing things for one another—things that in the country people either do for themselves or do without.

It is distinctly urban not to walk to work. And when the farmer's boy comes to New York he rides a good deal. The city has 1,565 miles of railroad track within its limits, more than in the whole of Portugal, where lives about an equal population. The number of riders on New York's street railways has increased more than twice as fast as the number of inhabitants. Five years hence the transit facilities of the city will have been tripled. Then nearly a tenth of the adult males will earn upward of $75,000,000 a year merely by hauling the rest of the people about.

It is distinctly urban to use the telephone. New-Yorkers make 20,000,000 calls a day, and there is one instrument to every ten inhabitants. It takes 9,000 people to keep them working.

It is distinctly urban not to shave yourself. In New York you can be shaved, manicured, have your shoes shined, smoke a cigar, and read the paper, all at the same time. There are 6,000 barbers successful enough to have their names in the Business Directory. That is one shop to about every 240 men old enough to grow a beard. As for manicures, bootblacks, cigar stores and news-stands, they are too numerous to need their names in the Directory.

Perhaps it is not distinctly urban to drink alcoholic beverages, but there is one saloon to every 500 inhabitants in New York. Even if we assume that all adult males and a tenth of the women and minors patronize saloons, it takes at least four New-Yorkers to serve every 160 imbibers.

Among more dignified and equally non-productive occupations in the Directory there are about 28,000 agents and brokers—one to every 170 inhabitants. There is but one carpenter to every 2,100. Evidently in New York it is much easier to get a broker or a barber, a bartender or a butcher to do something for you than it is to get a carpenter.

Still, the latter is not difficult, for to the city come in goodly numbers the men whose work adds value to material things. New York is digging a new aqueduct and new subways—undertakings altogether about double the magnitude and cost of the Panama Canal. These will have given employment to upward of 50,000 skilled and unskilled laborers before completion. Another army of mechanics is kept busy merely housing the city. New York spends close upon $200,000,000 a year on new buildings; her latest sky-scraper represents an investment of over $13,000,000.

Of what use would these mammoth buildings be in Wyoming, or the Subway in South Dakota? Such great works would be impossible without New York, and the net result of the wealth-producing work expended on them is nothing but the improvement of New York's public and private real estate, the buying and selling of which keeps busy half the brokers in the city. And everybody knows that every "sky-scraper" and school-house, every tunnel and tenement, every asphalt pavement and elegant apartment completed in the city must increase the tax-rate or raise the rent on New-Yorkers.



Where 27,020,818 of us are already citified

THE 44 DOTS REPRESENT 1/22,000 OF THE AREA OF OUR COUNTRY. HERE ALMOST THIRTY PER CENT. OF US ARE MAKING A LIVING IN DISTINCTLY URBAN PURSUITS, IN OR NEAR OUR 47 LARGEST CITIES, AND HERE THE POPULATION IS INCREASING AT A SPEED NEVER DUPLICATED IN EUROPE

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There is but one other sort of productive work possible in New York—manufacturing. And in this line, by value of output, New York stands first. To maintain this pre-eminence for her requires the labor of only 669,000 operatives—less than a seventh of her inhabitants.

The farmer's boy is not likely to join them. Farm labor in the Northwest is worth $3 a day, while in the factories the same grade of work brings no more than half that. It pays better to become a doctor, a lawyer or a lackey, a merchant or a middleman, a banker or a broker, or even a carpenter, a mason, a housesmith, or a "sand-hog," the work of all of whom results solely in providing the city with added advantages and conveniences to be enjoyed and paid for strictly within the city limits. And unless the farmer's boy or somebody comes to pay for them, six in every seven New-Yorkers could not make a living, as now, in these profitable pursuits.

Thus, when the farmer's boy comes to New York, he practically joins a club that must be constantly taking in new members in order to pay running expenses. No wonder the city prides itself on almost doubling in twenty years—even though the membership dues, in living costs, have almost tripled.

Yet, so far, aloof and advantageous New York has induced only about five per cent. of us to join her club. More than forty per cent. of us have urbanized ourselves elsewhere. Maybe it suits the farmer's boy better to come and build up our modest communities of 2,500 or so, and to provide there the advantages that are lacking in rural life. In that case, even with a slight majority of us urban, it is easy to imagine the United States, by 1920, thickly dotted with live little towns, bringing civic inspiration and culture and conveniences closer and closer to the country.

The Census shows that we have towns boasting between 2,500 and 5,000 inhabitants All told, they contain fewer people than New York City. Twenty years ago such towns contained nearly a third more of our population than did New York; now New York contains upward of a fifth more than they do. In that time New York has been absorbing our population just ten times as fast as they.

We have but to add Chicago and Philadelphia to New York to find exactly the number of people now living in all our towns of between 2,500 and 10,000. For twenty years these three cities of over a million have been absorbing our population almost four times as fast as such towns. And if we again add all our villages of less than 2,500—not even dignified as urban by the Census—we find that all the advantages of all the 13,586 places of less than 10,000 have not yet attracted twice as many people as our three largest cities. Twenty years ago such places contained nearly three times as many people as those cities.

Apparently the town of less than 10,000 scarcely suits the farmer's boy at all. The people of the Pacific have been urbanizing themselves during the last decade at a rate unprecedented in the history of the world. California is now more urban than New York state with New York City left out, more urban than Illinois or Pennsylvania with Chicago and Philadelphia left in. The net result of that remarkable movement is that more than 4/10 of the people of our big Pacific states now live in their dozen largest cities of 25,000 or more.

Less remarkable is it that now the most urban section of our country is New England. More than 8/10 of New-Englanders live in communities of 2,500 or more. But nearly half of them are found in communities of 25,000 or more, and all but four of these are crowded into her three smallest states, where but 6.6 per cent. of the people remain rural.

Neither in the East nor in the West are the advantages of the small town on a competitive basis. More than two-thirds of all our urbanites have now settled in cities of over 25,000. When that many people gather in one community they have already set up the same sorts of activities as are seen to be so advantageous in New York. And when they grow to be 100,000, no one will gainsay that they are completely citified.

Around forty-seven cities of 100,000 or more the Census has drawn circles with a radius of ten miles. Within these are now living upward of 27,000,000 souls, with probably another 8,000,000 just beyond, but decidedly under the influence of the city. That is easily more than a third of our people, completely citified in habit and occupation, all crowded within 1/20,000 of the area of continental United States.

On the map these charmed circles appear by no means isolated in the midst of rural territory. Most of our communities of 25,000 and even of 2,500 have followed them up closely. Evidently, if the farmer's boy is determined to be citified, it will suit him best to go north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi or west of the Rockies, leaving the rest of the country less urban than was the national average a generation ago. And it is most likely to suit him to settle in one of the forty-four black specks that represent on the map where one-third of us have already become completely citified, and where at the present rate more than half of us will be living by 1930.

It is plain from the map that, whatever they may do for the farmer's boy, our most citified folks have pushed the farmer himself farther and farther away from them and their advantages. Over the whole of New England the rural population has in ten years decreased five per cent. It has either decreased or failed to increase sufficiently in twenty-two states, all lying within or just on the edge of our most intensely urban territory. The great majority of our urbanites must now feed themselves from afar, and not only pay freight on their rations but the expense of their own specialized urban distribution. The process is illustrated by a railroad president who cites a carload of watermelons. The Southern farmer got five cents apiece for them; the railroad, seven cents apiece for hauling; and they sold for sixty to seventy-five cents apiece in the city. The lion's share went to the merchants and middlemen of Minneapolis. What a splendid inducement for the farmer's boy to get a job on the railroad or, better still, to go direct to the city and share in the handsome profits of the non-producers!

When the boy who left the old farm ten years ago pays it a visit to-day he finds that the old man, too, is rolling up the profits, simply because the crops that formerly were ample will scarcely go round any more. The boys, by leaving him short-handed on the farm, have inadvertently made him prosperous. And when he in his turn visits the city he will be sure to take home some of the only city advantages that are for export-manufactures.

The boys are anxious for him to buy. They have worked hard to build up the factories. They have doubled their investments in them during the decade, and have induced people to work in them four times as fast as the old man could possibly induce anybody to work on the farm. The result is that the factories now have for sale over 20½ billion dollars' worth of products a year. As yet they have managed to sell but a scant two billion dollars' worth of these abroad, and the boys are rather depending on the old man to take a good share of the rest. For if he didn't, the city folks would have to buy them all, since some one must pay for the 12 billion-odd dollars' worth of materials, the 4 billion-odd dollars' worth of labor, and the 4 billion-odd dollars' worth of expenses that enter into them.

The factory payroll for 1909 was $4,365,613,000—almost exactly 4 billion more that the farm payroll. Yet the farmers turned out that year products worth $8,760,000,000—a couple of hundred million more than all the values actually added to materials in manufacturing, half of which were city rent, taxes, power, and overhead expense. Economically the cities are losing the balance of trade with the country.

And the farmer is becoming a good customer, for if he ever thinks of the old days when most of the things he needed were made right in the neighboring town of 2,500, without having the rising costs of raw materials, city real estate, advantages, and conveniences added to them, and when he could dispose of most of his own products without much help from the railroads, he will remember also that then he did not have money in the bank to buy much of anything.

By leaving the farm and taking the factories with them, the boys have nearly doubled the freight traffic in twenty years. The railroads could not have been built up otherwise, for passenger traffic has scarcely increased and the movement of crops has shrunk to one-eighth of the annual tonnage. The other seven-eighths—the movement of raw materials and manufactures to and from the cities—has enabled the railroads to give employment to 1,700,000 highly paid non-producers. And since the railroads are the best customers of the factories, they have absorbed the productive labor of at least 1,500,000 mill-hands who turn out the things needed in railroading.

Thus our urbanites have boomed the farm, the factory, and the railroad—those three vertebræ of the nation's prosperity. They have done it by virtue of five in every six urbanites themselves becoming either non-producers or producers solely of values in city real estate. And this has enabled us to triple our prices for farm products, double our freight bills, raise the cost of raw materials, and yet profitably sell ourselves 18 billion dollars' worth of manufactures a year.

Strangely enough, most of the objections to this beneficent system come from the urbanites who have built it up. There is much pother in the cities about public markets, dealing with the farmer direct, and abolishing the middleman. But if he were abolished, half of our urbanites would have nothing to do. Some of the boys in the city are urging the old man on the farm to buy more land and raise bigger crops to cheapen the food supply. They are offering to educate him up to better farming methods; to let him have easier money on mortgages and for crop movement. They are even offering to establish special banks for him and to build more railroads. The same railroad president that cited the watermelons says we need 27,000 miles more tracks in the Southwest right now if it is to be in time to stem the nation's ebbing food suply. If we build them, it will require close upon 200,000 more non-producers to run them and an equal number of mill-hands to manufacture for them, all joining in the game of demanding higher pay because of high living costs, and hastening the day when the railroads will be allowed to raise their freight rates.

If the old man on the farm is canny, he sees that the one thing the boys in the city are not offering is to come back and help him get the crops in and out. What use are new railroads to open up new farms without new farmers? What of the idle acres in Maine and New Hampshire and the abandoned wheat areas in Ohio? There is still land enough right in our most urban territory to cheapen the food supply if it were put under intensive cultivation. But even if we could spare farmers from the West, they would not be expert enough to work these lands to capacity. Only fifteen per cent. of all our farmers have received any education other than that afforded by the little red school-house, and agriculture is not taught there. What use to educate the farmer at all unless he can hire sufficient labor to carry out improved methods? That is the very kind of "help" the boys in the city are least inclined to give him. They can't even spare him a few factory hands, and they are not putting themselves out a bit to see that he gets his quota of the foreign born, who come here, presumably, to take the boys' places on the farm.

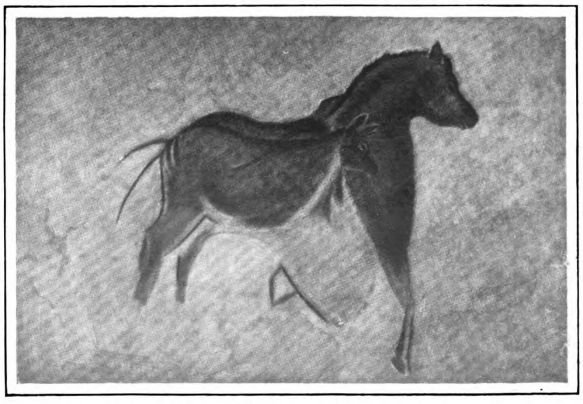
The doctors and lawyers and merchants—and politicians, whose prosperity depends on the coming of these aliens, are not seriously driving them out to the farms. Our urbanites are all too busy providing advantages to attract more aliens to provide more advantages.

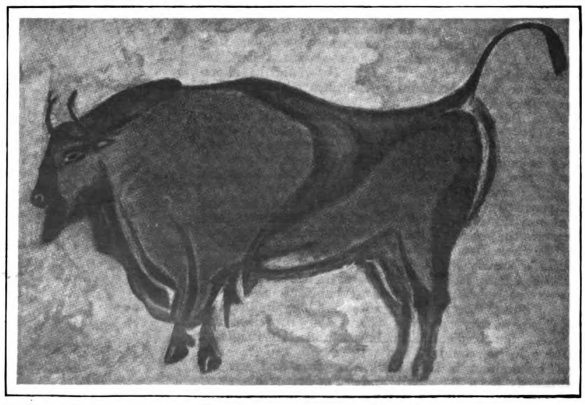
So the game goes merrily on toward 1930, and, if we are determined to be citified, there is always the little bill.

PAINTINGS FROM THE WORLD'S OLDEST ART GALLERY

BY W. L. BEASLEY

PICTURES from the oldest art gallery in the world are now being placed in panels in the Museum of Natural History, New York. These are reproductions of the wonderful polychrome cave paintings and frescoes by the paleolithic, or early Stone Age, men who inhabited France, Spain, Italy, and probably other parts of Europe in remote times. The accompanying photographs show a bison and group of horses from the most famous of all the caverns, that of Altamira, on the northern coast of Spain. The cave-men artists lived after the close of the last Glacial Age, some 25,000 years ago.





These reproductions are from two drawings by cave-men who lived some twenty-five thousand years ago in northern Spain. They are among a number found up in the walls of a cavern, and are now being placed on panels in the New York Museum of Natural History

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SCOTT'S TRIUMPHANT FAILURE



Robert Falcon Scott

CAPTAIN ROBERT FALCON SCOTT, of the British navy, lies dead, with four of his companions, in the storm-swept wastes of the Antarctic Continent. He died on March 29, 1912, while on his homeward journey from the South Pole, overwhelmed by a blizzard and too weak from hunger to struggle on eleven miles further to a camp stocked with provisions and fuel. No such tragic incident has happened since the ill-fated Greely Expedition of 1881–84, when all but seven of the party died. To find a close parallel one must go back to the year 1847, when Sir John Franklin and his men perished in the Arctic while on their homeward journey from the discovery of the Northwest Passage.

Scott reached the Pole on January 18, 1912, and found there the flag erected by Roald Amundsen, the Norwegian, on that spot only one month previously. It must have been an astonishing experience for the men who had made their objective point at such a sacrifice to find that they had been forestalled. Yet Amundsen had gone with the avowed intention of reaching the Pole, while Scott's expedition was to have been scientific and not spectacular; he did not hurry, and meant to reach the Pole, if possible, but not as his chief purpose. The hungry, exhausted men who struggled back to safety carried with them no less than thirty-five pounds of geological specimens.

Those who died with Scott are Dr. Edward Wilson, chief of the scientific staff; Lieutenant H. R. Bowers, of the Indian Marines; Captain L. E. G. Oates, in charge of the transport animals; and Petty Officer Evans. These were the picked four who had been selected by their leader to accompany him in the final dash for the Pole. They should have been back at their base in early March—corresponding to our September—before the opening of the rigorous winter season. In that month provisions were deposited in the camps along their route. But the end of March found them 155 miles from Cape Evans and safety, and eleven miles from One Ton Camp, where they could have saved their lives.

In October of last year Scott's ship, the *Terra Nova*, which had been unable to reach the exploring parties in the preceding March, on account of ice, left New Zealand to take them aboard, and reached Cape Evans without mischance. Not finding them there, Surgeon Atkinson, who was in charge, made up an exploring party, carrying provisions for three months, and started southward. When One Ton Camp was reached, and it was seen that Scott and his men had not visited that depot, little hope was felt that they had survived. Nevertheless, the party pushed on southward, and on November 12th came upon the explorer's last camp, still standing. Inside were found the bodies of Scott, Wilson, and Bowers, the two others having died earlier in the year.

Almost till the last moment Scott had written an account of his journey. Besides a miscellany of papers the following was found, which gives a graphic picture of the last struggle:

MESSAGE TO THE PUBLIC

The causes of this disaster are not due to faulty organization, but to misfortune in all the risks that had to be undertaken.

First, the loss of the pony transport in March, 1911, obliged me to start later than I had intended and obliged the limits of the stuff transported to be narrowed.

Second, the weather throughout the outward journey, especially the long gale in 83 degrees south, stopped us; the sift snow in the lower reaches of Beardmore Glacier again reduced the pace. We fought these untoward events with will and conquered, but it ate into our provision reserve. Every detail of food-supplies, clothing, and depots made on interior ice sheet, and on that long stretch of 800 miles to the Pole and back, worked out to perfection.

The advance party would have returned to the glacier in fine form and with a surplus of food but for the astonishing failure of the man whom we had least expected to fail. Seaman Evans was thought to be the strong man of the party, and Beardmore Glacier is not difficult in fine weather, but on our return we did not get a single completely fine day, and this with a sick companion enormously increased our difficulties. We got into frightfully rough ice and Evans received concussion of the brain. He died a natural death, but left us a shaken party with the season unduly advanced.

But all the facts above enumerated were as nothing to the surprise which awaited us on the barrier. I maintain that our arrangements for returning were quite adequate and that no one in the world would have expected the temperature and surface which we encountered at this time of the year. On the summit, in latitude 85 degrees to latitude 86 degrees, we had minus 20 to minus 30.

On the barrier in latitude 82, 10,000 feet lower, we had minus 30 during the day and minus 47 at night pretty regularly, with continuous head winds during the day marches. These circumstances came on very suddenly, and our wreck was certainly due to this sudden advent of severe weather for which there was no satisfactory cause.

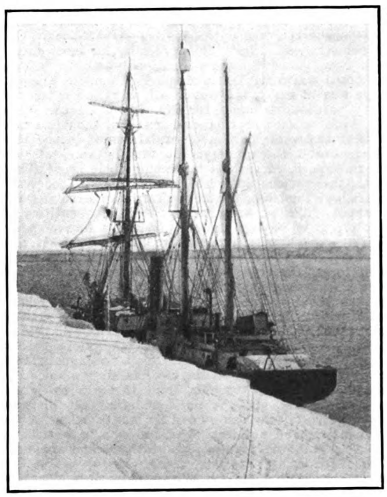
I do not think human beings ever came through such months as we have come through, and we should have got through in spite of the weather but for the sickening of our mates and the shortage of fuel in our depots, for which I cannot account, and finally but for the storm which has fallen on us within eleven miles of this depot at which we hoped to secure final supplies. Surely misfortune could scarcely have exceeded this last blow. We arrived within eleven miles of our old One Ton Camp with fuel for one hot meal, food for two days. For four days we have been unable to leave the tent and a gale has been blowing about us. We are weak. Writing is difficult.

But for my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown us that Englishmen can endure hardship, help one another, and meet death with as great fortitude as ever in the past. We took risks. We know we took them. Things have come out against us and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last.

"But if we have been willing to give our lives to this enterprise, which is for the honor of our country, I appeal to our countrymen to see that those who depend upon us are properly cared for. Had we lived I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance, and courage of my companions which would have stirred the hearts of all Englishmen. These rough notes on our dead bodies must tell the tale, but surely a great, rich country like ours will see that those who depend upon us are properly provided for.

(Signed) R. Scott, March 25, 1912.

Evans died from concussion of the brain on February 17th. The next to go was Captain Oates. He lost the use of both hands and feet from frostbite and suffered intensely for weeks. The manner of his death was heroic. On March 16th, conscious that he could travel no further and that his comrades would not leave him, he crawled out of the hut into a blizzard. "I may be gone some time," he said. He never came back. "We knew he was walking to his death," writes Scott in his diary, "but though we tried our best to dissuade him we felt that it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman."



Scott's ship, the "Terra Nova," off the Ice Barrier

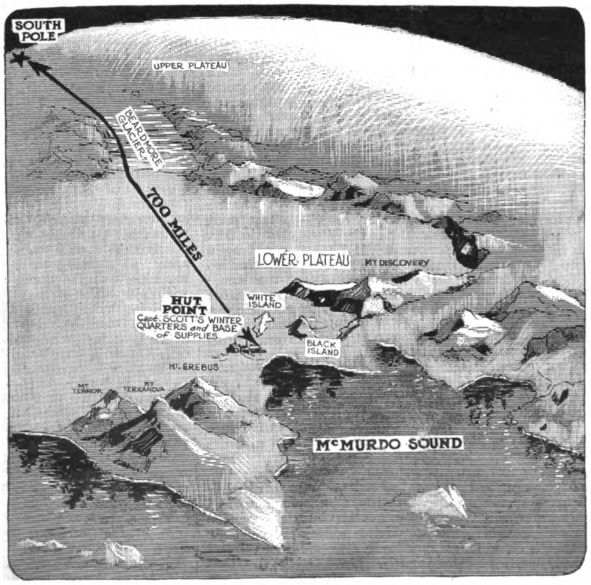
Scott, Wilson, and Bowers then set off again toward One Ton Camp, but on March 21st they could proceed no farther. They had enough fuel to heat one meal, and supplies for only a day or two. A nine days' storm held them there until they died. A cairn and cross were erected by those who found them, and the bodies were left there.

While Scott and his companions were struggling northward from the Pole, Garrard and Demetri, attached to the western party, were pushing south to meet them. They reached One Ton Camp on March 3d, but seven days later were compelled to withdraw, owing to illness and lack of food. Scott was overcome by an unparalleled combination of misfortunes.

Some remarkable experiences befell the northern party of the explorers under the command of Lieutenant Campbell. They had been landed at Cape Adare in January, 1912, expecting to make a short sledge journey for scientific purposes, and having only a single month's supplies. When they returned to the coast there was no ship to be seen; as stated above, the condition of the ice had made an approach impossible. They were forced to make their way toward Cape Evans, two hundred miles distant, but the journey could not be attempted until the sea had frozen over. A tiny igloo was constructed, and here six and a half months were spent, the weather apparently making the sea journey impossible. The appearance of seals, which were killed and added to the scanty larder, alone saved their lives. Their diet was seal meat and blubber, with a minute portion of ship's biscuit and cocoa; they lived in their summer clothes, which were soaked through with seal fat. Enteritis attacked the party, but in spite of this they continued their observations until climatic conditions made the return journey possible.

Scott is dead at forty-three, but the purpose of his expedition has been accomplished, and all the scientific records are safe in the hands of the rescue party. The most pathetic feature of the event is the presence of the explorer's wife on board a vessel hastening to New Zealand to welcome him almost a year after his death. The outcome has affected England more deeply than any calamity of recent years. It is anticipated that a splendid response will be made to the explorer's last plea on behalf of the families of those that perished.

The tragic end of Captain Scott's expedition marks the first holocaust that has occurred in the Antarctic, though the number of victims of the Arctic since the ill-fated expedition of Sir Hugh Willoughby, in 1553, is estimated at about 750.



The long road which had no turning

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ENGLAND'S WELSH TAXMASTER

The Remarkable Career of David Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who has just Celebrated his Fiftieth Birthday

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

THE other day Mr. Lloyd George celebrated his fiftieth birthday, and celebrated it, characteristically enough, by a rousing speech in defense of his famous Insurance Act. He had every right to be jubilant; he has fought and won the toughest Parliamentary battle of modern times. The Insurance Act is by far the most thorough-going measure of social reform that has ever reached the British statute-book. One might even go farther. It is probably the most daring and complicated scheme of national betterment ever proposed and carried in a single Parliament. Its passage was in many, but not in all, ways, an extraordinary personal triumph for Mr. Lloyd George. The bill was his conception and on his shoulders fell almost the whole burden of explaining it before Parliament and the country. It was he who, all but single-handed, carried on the innumerable negotiations with the various interests affected; and though he must bear the blame for having introduced the measure without sufficient preparation, he is also entitled to the credit of having stuck to it in the face of great initial unpopularity, some severe electoral defeats, and an unceasing and none too scrupulous opposition. Men will forget the crudities and insufficiencies of the act itself. They will remember that the central idea of it was Mr. Lloyd George's own, and that he persisted in it with a courage and ability that have never been surpassed in Parliamentary annals. The bill became law. In spite of a vast array of predictions that it would never work, it went into force on January 15th and made, if not a brilliant, certainly an adequate start; and as the benefits from it begin to be experienced, there can be no doubt that the disfavor with which it has been viewed by large sections of the population, and not least by those who have most to gain from it, will give way to gratitude and applause. Mr. Lloyd George has won, and his victory makes him more than ever stand out as the most interesting personality and the most capable performer in British politics.

Few things seemed less likely ten years ago than that Mr. Lloyd George would be the man to introduce such a bill or any bill at all from the ministerial bench. Any one who would have prophesied in the early days of this century that before a decade had gone by Mr. Lloyd George would be not merely a member of the government, but Chancellor of the Exchequer, would have been written down a lunatic. No man in my time, unless it were Mr. Gladstone at the height of the Home Rule crisis of 1886, has ever been more intensely hated than was Mr. Lloyd George between 1899 and 1902, the years of the Boer War. The overwhelming majority of Welshmen, like the overwhelming majority of Englishmen and Scotchmen, believed the Boer War to be both just and necessary. Mr. Lloyd George did not; and the fire, the ferocity almost, of his opposition made him a target of national obloquy. "He was at times," an admirer and sympathizer has written, "almost the only man in the house who dared to speak the truth about the war without fear of Mr. Chamberlain. When the empire was jockeyed into the war with the Boers, the majority of the members of the Liberal party believed that, war having broken out, there was nothing to be done but support the government which was responsible for the crime. Against this doctrine Mr. Lloyd George protested in the House and out of it. To him the war was unjust, unnecessary, and criminal. He was sure of his ground. He knew the facts. He had a firm grip of his principles. He voted against supplies demanded to carry on an unjust war. He offered an uncompromising opposition to the war in all its stages, and soon attracted to himself the honor of being the most bitterly hated pro-Boer in Parliament. As a reward he was felled like an ox by one "patriot" in the streets of Bangor, and Mr. Chamberlain's myrmidons did their best to kill him when he visited Birmingham. He escaped on the latter occasion by assuming the disguise of a policeman."

Those were certainly passionate days. No quarter was asked or given, and I would not have valued Mr. Lloyd George's life at five minutes' purchase if he had chanced to fall into the hands of a jingo mob. The nation which has since been almost ready to canonize him would then have stoned him without the slightest compunction. But the Boer War to-day is ancient history, and the British, while a people of strong and quick emotions, are not revengeful and admire courage with a whole heart. They still think Mr. Lloyd George was wrong in his views of the war, but they no longer allow that to trouble them. It is a dead and almost forgotten issue. When they think of his connection with it, they think of a man who may have been misguided, wrong-headed, mischievous even, but who had at any rate the supreme political courage to stake his career on his conscience. There is no opinion so outrageous and unpopular that democracy will not forgive if only it is held with sincerity and advocated without a thought of self.

Mr. Lloyd George had been nearly ten years in Parliament before the Boer War made him a national figure. Up till then he was known in the House as a delightful companion, an adroit parliamentary strategist, and a clever and sparkling speaker; and that was as far as his reputation stretched. To the mass of Englishmen he was little more than the shadow of a name. Among his own countrymen in Wales he was, of course, far better known, but even they could hardly have foreseen how swiftly he was to rise to the dictatorship of the principality. One really hardly exaggerates in speaking of Mr. Lloyd George's position and influence in Wales as the equivalent of a dictatorship. "You ought to know Lloyd George," a friend is said to have remarked to the present King, who was then Prince of Wales. If there were such a thing as the Presidency of Wales, he would poll more votes than you would." It is a hackneyed but a true thing to say that not since the days of Owen Glendower has Wales found a leader more absolutely after her own heart. Mr. Lloyd George is Welsh—as Welsh as O'Connell was Irish; he speaks Welsh—is probably, indeed, even more eloquent and moving in it than in English; and he knows the country and its people—knows them as McKinley knew the Americans, or Palmerston the English, or Gambetta the French. No one can touch as he can on the romantic appeal of ancient Welsh life. No one is more imbued with the spirit and consciousness of a distinctive Welsh nationality, and no one has done more, or indeed one-



Mr. Lloyd George and one of his daughters

half as much, to make that spirit of nationality politically effective. No one is more dramatic than he in his invocations to the charm of the Cymric twilight, the lonely lakes and mist-clad mountains, the ghostly figures of Welsh chivalry, the noise of streams rushing down the moonlit valleys. Even when he talks of Wales on his own hearth-rug, in the freedom of private conversation, an irrepressible light leaps out of his eyes, the voice takes on a softer inflection of tenderness, the language grows more impetuous and glowing, one feels the workings of an authentic inspiration. There is more than a little of the poet, the mystic, the dreamer, and the evangelist in Mr. Lloyd George's temperament. If he had not been a politician he would assuredly have been a revivalist. Indeed, he often devotes the methods of the camp-meeting to the service of politics, and never more often than when speaking from a Welsh platform before a Welsh audience. To many a stolid Englishman the Lloyd George who blows off Celtic steam among his beloved native hills and the Lloyd George who dons the official toga at Westminster seem wholly different persons. They find it difficult to reconcile the extravagance of his rhetoric in Wales with the suave and practical sagacity he displays as Cabinet Minister; and, clever as he is, I myself am not quite sure whether he is clever enough to take the full measure of English stupidity and decorum or to understand why he is so frequently at odds with both.

Though of old yeoman stock, Mr. Lloyd George's father was for most of his life a schoolmaster, and only reverted to the soil when his health demanded an out-of-door existence. Dying while still a young man, he left his widow and two children almost wholly unprovided for; and Mr. Lloyd George's earliest recollection is of his home and furniture being sold up. An uncle who was the shoemaker and unsalaried Baptist preacher in a village in North Wales took charge of the family, and it was there, in a district saturated with the history and romance of the country, that Lloyd George grew up, a quick-witted, high-spirited lad, disciplined by severely straitened circumstances, speaking both the Welsh and English languages, and an eager listener at the informal parliament of neighbors and peasants that foregathered in the cobbler's workshop, there to discuss theology and politics—they go together in Wales—the iniquities of landlordism, and the oppressiveness of a social system that seemed to care so little for human life and happiness and so much for property and game. Those early years have left an ineffaceable mark on the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was then that he imbibed a spirit of passionate and poetic patriotism for Wales. It was then that there was implanted in him a fiery and abiding sense of compassion for the disinherited, the "under dog," the millions who toil and ineffectively murmur. The iron of poverty entered into his soul, not to corrode it with unwavering bitterness, but to sting it with indignation and revolt. He was a born rebel. He is a rebel still. There is perhaps no man in the British Isles to whom the smugness and conventions, the appalling contrasts and inequalities, the buttressed arrangements and authorities of life in Great Britain, are more absolutely repugnant. There is certainly no man in whom the religion of humanity is more incarnate.

That admirable man, the shoemaker uncle, set aside the scanty savings of a lifetime to prepare his nephew for the law, and together they quarried out of old dictionaries and grammars and text-books the knowledge that enabled him to pass the necessary examinations. At sixteen he was duly articled to a firm of solicitors; at twenty-one he had qualified as a solicitor himself. The expense, however, had completely drained his exchequer; he had not even the fifteen dollars to buy the robes without which he could not plead in court. But success was not long in coming and in a few years Lloyd George had built up one of the largest practices in North Wales. The law, however, never engrossed him. He joined debating societies; he plunged into the movement against the payment of tithes; he stumped the countryside on behalf of land reform and temperance; and when the county councils came into being he roused the peasantry to shake off "the old feudal yoke of the squirearchy," and was himself elected to the Council of Carnarvonshire. A new Wales was born on the stress of that campaign. The spirit of Welsh nationality and Welsh democracy awoke once more; the old order of things that permitted Wales to be represented in the Imperial Parliament by landlords or commercial magnates or imported carpet-baggers, who neither spoke the language of the people nor had the wit or knowledge to look after their special interests, was clearly breaking up, and it was as an impassioned advocate of Welsh patriotism and the common Welsh people, peasants and workingmen, that Mr. Lloyd George in 1890 was elected to the House of Commons.

It would be perhaps too much to say that Lloyd George has made a nation. But it is not too much to say that he has made that nation for the first time politically operative and politically conscious of itself. He marshaled the Welsh forces in Parliament into a single whole, and led them with a vigor and brilliancy not surpassed by Parnell. He pressed forward Welsh claims and rights as they had never been pressed before and against both the chief English parties in turn; he withstood even Gladstone for the sake of Wales. Could he have had his way, a Welsh party, absolutely independent of any English connection, biased in favor of the Liberals, but by no means annexed to them, would have been evolved. As it was he passed over from the tributary of Welsh nationalism to the broader stream of British radicalism, without, however, parting with one jot of his localized patriotism. "Gallant little Wales" has in him the gallantest little champion she has yet produced. On all questions of domestic politics his voice is the voice of the principality. His speech is not always measured; he hits hard always, bitterly often, recklessly sometimes; his quick-moving mind flashes out in pungent, unforgettable phrases, few of which are without a sting; at covering an opponent with ridicule, pillorying him with the damning epithet, and goading him with pin-pricks of sarcasm and invective, he has no equal in British public life—the House of Lords was doomed from the moment Lloyd George described a ducal breakfast with two footmen bearing his Grace's egg; and on a popular platform where there is passion to be stirred, sentiment and broad humor to be appealed to, and a large mass of emotionalism to be worked upon, I count him one of the most refreshing, dramatic, and successful speakers I have listened to on either side of the Atlantic. He is in natural sympathy with the mind and outlook and sentiments of a crowd, and knows by instinct just how to take them, what points they will relish, and what effects will stay in their memories: and to produce those effects he will often descend to their intellectual level and rant and froth and be as vulgar as Cleon himself. Put him in another atmosphere and he is another man. Even in the House of Commons, where feeling and rhetoric are voted out of place and rather bad form, Mr. Lloyd George does not hesitate at times to sweep the chord of the deeper emotions, and I have known

(Continued on page 20)

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Washington, the American Mecca

BY A. MAURICE LOW

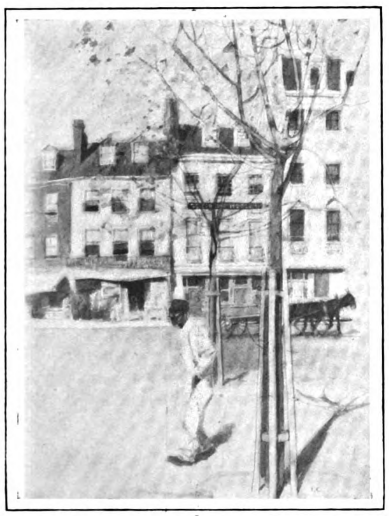
WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

Illustrations by Frank Craig



MORE and more Washington becomes the Mecca of the United States. Every year an increasing number of people come to Washington, some on pleasure bent, some with their heads so full of serious business that they have little time or inclination to think of pleasure, some who wisely contrive to mix business with pleasure, to the profit of both. There was a day when Washington was shunned by every one who was not compelled by stern necessity to go there, and when Washington was so unattractive that it was not to be wondered at that no one went except those who had to do penance for their sins. In those days Washington was a mud-hole, a slattern among cities, unkempt, sprawling, elbows out of sleeves, unashamed of its patches, and in its ignorance glorying in its dirt and general untidyness. There are persons still living in Washington who remember when they were children the perils involved in crossing the street, so deep and thick and foul was the mud; and who have vivid recollections of their carriages ("coaches" they were called in those days) being stalled in the mire when they went to evening parties, and in that prehistoric time parties began when the sun went down and ended long before the moon came up. Now parties are arranged in Washington on the reverse schedule. It is not unusual for them to open about the time the moon rises and for the last turkey-trot number to be played as the sun is beginning to show its unabashed face. In the prehistoric era people went to Washington because they had to and not for pleasure or amusement; the way was long and hard and there was little or nothing on arrival to compensate for the hardships of the journey. Washington had neither comfortable hotels nor fine shops nor beautiful streets. It was a place to avoid if possible or to get out of as quickly as one could.

As it grew in years it grew in beauty, although its youth gave no promise of its rich maturity. There



An impression of Pennsylvania Avenue

are some ugly girls who develop into distinguished-looking women and become younger with their years. Washington suffered under a long period of Cinderella-like childhood, but suddenly found itself, and from the ashes of its squalor came forth the princess. In the transition stage it had little to offer and, like some of its own social climbers of to-day, it was so anxious to be accepted by the great that it was treated with fine scorn and properly snubbed, just like our present-day climbers. Once it was the ambition of every bride and groom to spoon at Niagara and to suck honey from the moon to the music of the roaring cataract, but now Niagara is a back number, and Benedict brings Beatrice to Washington, where they get more for their money and in greater variety, for there are shops in Washington where Beatrice can enjoy herself to her heart's content and where Benedict can buy his favorite brand of cigarettes. Will some social philosopher explain why it is that the first thing the stranger in a strange city does—especially if the stranger be a strangeress—is to go shopping? One can understand the lure Paris shops have for the American or the shops of New York for a Georgian from a cross-roads settlement, but why do Boston women in Washington for a day or two always find there are things to be bought in Washington, just as the Washington woman in Baltimore on a casual visit is unhappy unless she has done the shops? It is a problem too erudite for any one but a woman to answer.

But the change in marriage fashions that now takes the bride to Washington instead of to Niagara Falls is typical of the whole changed attitude of the country toward its capital, and that change makes rather an interesting study. As the people more and more come to Washington and look to Washington as the center of things, so they go less and less to their state capitals and look to them less to regulate their affairs. In a word, whether designedly or unconsciously, the American people have become Federalists, and Washington symbolizes Federalism. They rely on the central government rather than on the governments of their states to regulate, to control, to improve, to correct evils, to prevent wrong-doing. This may be discouraging to Democrats, with whom a centralized government is repugnant to the doctrine of democracy, and the enlargement of the powers of the Federal government is an invasion of the powers and rights of the governments of the states. That phase of the question I am not discussing. I am simply stating a fact, the proof of which is nowhere so apparent as it is in Washington.

In the days past the state capital was the "big" place politically as well as socially. Whatever was to be done or left undone, to be pushed or to be prevented, must be energized or stifled by the state legislature. It was to its meeting-place the politicians went, the men of large interests, the people who had influence. There was good reason for this. In the first place, Congress exercised less power then than it does to-day and gave more power to the states, which were indifferent about the exercise of their power. Another reason even stronger was that Washington seemed a place very remote and somewhat foreign, while the state capital was comparatively close at hand and nowise different from any other city of the state. Stories floated out from the state capital of the wickedness or levity or high jinks of legislators and other officials, but, after all, Assemblyman the Honorable William Jones was to the majority of his constituents only "Bill," farmer or small merchant or lawyer like themselves, and Bill Jones's constituents stood in no particular awe of him and, as a rule, had him pretty correctly sized up. The state capital was a cozy sort of a place where there was little formality and much hospitality.

Washington was different. No farmer took his woes to Washington, for Washington was a stony-hearted stepmother who had neither time nor inclination to bother with such trifling details as the fares a railway might see fit to charge or the iniquities of a trust. It is true that when there was a tariff to be made Washington was all-important, but the making of tariffs came at long intervals, and the farmer was wise enough to admit that his wisdom wasn't great enough to enable him to comprehend the mysteries of the tariff. He took what was given him, satisfied or not, as the case might be, morally convinced that, while it might be a great deal better, nothing could be much worse. And Washington was not only remote physically, but far removed spiritually. There was none of the easy freedom of intercourse of the state capital. Bill Jones, Assemblyman, was known to every one who voted for him; Congressman William Jones was known only to a handful of the voters, and was nothing but a name to the rest. The average constituent could have a very good time at the state capital, but at Washington he had a very dull time. And then there was the question of expense, by no means an unimportant question in those days when every one saved and every one lived the simple life and every one was happy and there was no envy or uncharitableness in the breasts of men, as the modern chroniclers tell us. It cost more to come to Washington than it did to go to the state capital, and the hotels were more expensive and the incidentals more numerous. If one wanted to get away from the farm or the shop or office and have a change and see life, the state capital was the place.

All this has changed because in the last thirty years or so the entire political and social life of the American people has changed. Beauty is a thing no longer sneered at, art is now regarded as of more value than the material, utilitarianism bows to the æsthetic. The big, sprawling girl all legs and arms, with awkward feet and hair uncombed, is now a finished woman of the world, proud of her beauty and conscious of her power. Washington, the mud-hole, is now only a memory—a memory that no one cares to revive. The mud and the slush have gone with the old customs and the old ideas. Broad and well-paved streets; stately tree-lined avenues; public buildings that have not sacrificed use to beauty, but, in remembering use, have not forgotten art; hotels and restaurants of the first class; theaters and shops and many fine residences—make Washington one of the most attractive capitals in the world. Formerly people used to come here, now they live here, which is the difference between transiency and permanency. It is no longer fashionable or considered necessary for our statesmen to carry their democracy with them to the table or to show their love for the people by their contempt for good manners. A statesman may bleed at every pore in battling for the rights of the down-trodden, and still wear clean linen. A bath is no longer the stigma of degeneracy. To live in a hall bedroom in a boarding-house is not the surest way to establish a reputation for statesmanship or integrity. In a word, the world has moved very fast during those last thirty years and Washington has moved with it. There are now many people living in Washington who have no connection with either government or politics, who are not interested in the tariff or the trusts, to whom it makes no difference whether the Republicans or the Democrats are in the majority. They live in Washington because they find its life more agreeable than that of other cities; they are more interested in pictures than in schedules; to them music means something, and politics little, if anything. To the ordinary tourist, to Beatrice and her Benedict, to the tired business man and his wife who want change and diversion, to the school boy or girl, to the man or woman seeking a holiday, there is always much to see and to interest in Washington. To the person who comes to Washington with letters of introduction there is no other city in America where he will meet so many interesting men and women.

This bringing of Washington nearer to the people by the people coming to Washington and knowing it as it is, instead of seeing it through the haze of a distorted imagination, has had a broadening effect, which cannot fail to have beneficial results. The more intimately the operations of government are studied, the greater will be the understanding of the problems that must be solved if government is to fulfil its true function of doing the greatest good to the greatest number.

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THE WRECKLESS RAILROAD

The Search for a Safety-stop Device and Automatic Signaler to Eliminate the Uncertain Human Element

BY THADDEUS S. DAYTON

THE operating expense of the railways of the United States—the cost of "getting the trains over the road"—is about one thousand million dollars a year. The wreck bill of the railways is approximately one-fourth that—two hundred and fifty million dollars. The greatest problem of the railway management to-day is how to cut this down. But, though there has been a gain of over twenty per cent. in the safety ratio in the last fourteen years as compared with the nine preceding, the vast sum annually paid for the ruin, damage, and waste of wrecks increases. The wreckless railroad seems an ideal that may never be realized. For the ingenuity that will provide some sure way of eliminating wrecks, a vast fortune, willingly bestowed, will be the reward.

The greatest need of railway operation in America and everywhere in the world is some practical safety-stop device which can both halt trains and signal them simultaneously when danger lies in their path.

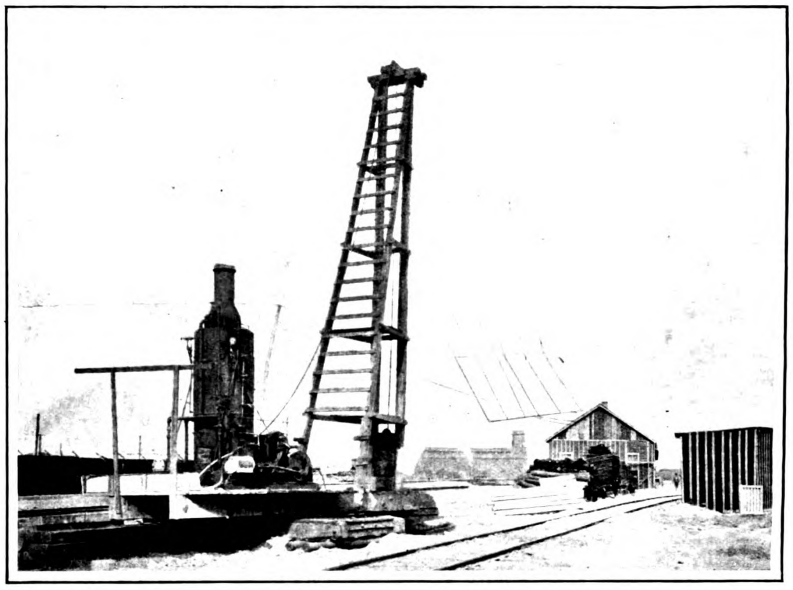
The reduction of the wreck waste of one year by ten per cent. would be a saving so great that railway dividends could be increased by two per cent. If half the waste could be eliminated, the net earnings of American railways would be one hundred and twenty-five millions greater. This would be about ten per cent. of the total capital invested. It would solve the financial side of most of the transportation problems. It would transform the railway business by eliminating its chief element of loss.

Injuries to persons, damage to freight and property, and clearing wrecks are only one-fifth of the wreck bill. The other two hundred millions are made up of the items of renewals and repairs to the rolling-stock caused by wreck damage directly or indirectly. Beyond that is still another total that never can be calculated—the cost of interruption of traffic. This increases faster than the rule of arithmetical progression. On a busy line a stoppage of traffic for sixty seconds means a loss of $250. In an hour this loss may reach $25,000. It is more than trebled the second hour, and goes on increasing until in the third hour the blocked railroad is losing a thousand, two thousand, five thousand dollars a minute—no one can calculate how much. The material damage to property becomes insignificant compared with it. Traffic piles up on both sides of the obstruction, and an increasing number of employees are idle. Also the longer the delay the greater the hazard of more accidents.

The railroads appreciate better than the public that safety is cheaper than wrecks, and do not hesitate at the expenditure of great sums for block-signal systems. These investments have saved many times their cost, but they do not put an end to wrecks. They have decreased the human element in railway operation, which is the weakest spot, but there is still a huge margin left for further improvement. The Board of Block-signal and Train Control is still seeking a mechanism which will not only signal the presence of danger ahead, but stop moving trains, and do it without human agency, without uncertainties, without the fallibility of complicated mechanism, and without regard to weather conditions. When this is found the golden age of railroading will be at hand.

According to data which have been compiled by transportation experts, less than two per cent. of all accidents on railroads are due to hidden or latent defects or "acts of God"; about thirteen per cent. are caused by the negligence of the public, and eighty-five per cent. are due to the negligence of employees.

It is the opinion of the chief transportation experts of America that wreckless railroads will come when



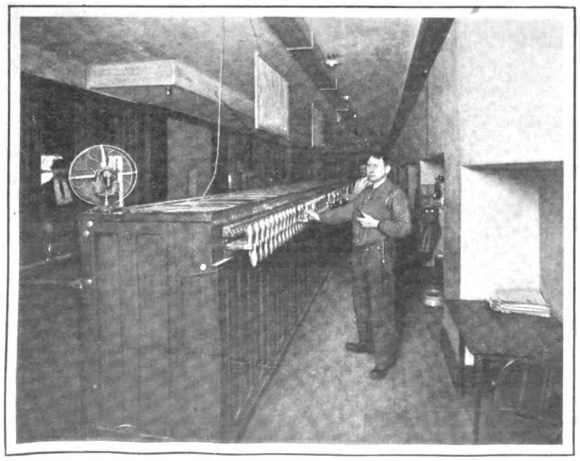
A temporary wireless telephone station for operating trains

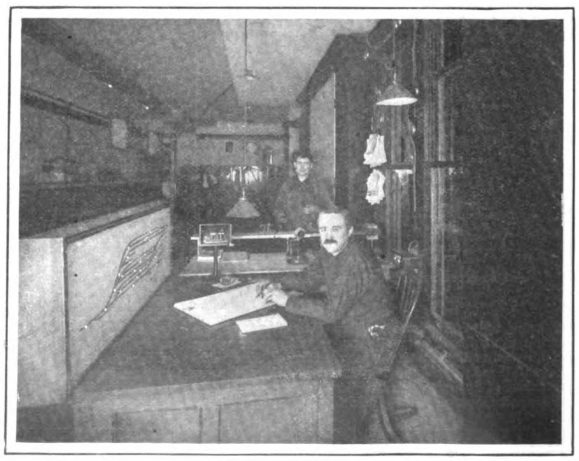
reckless railroading goes. The officers of the railroads have not been idle while waiting for the improvement in safety devices. They have been busy attempting to educate their employees—to teach the human part of the great railroad machine to be more efficient. They have been trying in one way and another to make their men take an increased interest in their work. By commendation and promotion they have striven to reward concentration of effort and to lift the railroad employee's task to a dignity that is higher than the questions of wages, discipline, or the interest of organized labor. The Union Pacific Railroad, for instance, for the last three years has had a bureau established solely to increase the efficiency of its employees and prepare them to fill better jobs. The chief object of this bureau has been to eliminate lost motion—wasted energy, which is more expensive in large bodies of men than it is in machinery. Saving this waste is the broadest economy in railroading. It may be cut down somewhat by teaching men how to do their work intelligently and effectively. It may be eliminated when there is also continual ambition to excel. On the Union Pacific this is stimulated by the knowledge that the railroad will not only reward the efforts of its men, but that it will do its utmost to educate them in their duties so that they may be able to climb up the ladder of promotion. Other railroads in other parts of the country in other ways are trying to teach their men what Napoleon told his soldiers—that every one of them carries in his knapsack a marshal's baton, the possibility of becoming a commander.

If it were simply a question of railroading by rule there would be no wrecks. There are rules to cover almost any emergency, just as there are laws for human guidance and punishment in every contingency of life. Yet rules have not made a perfect railroad man any more than a multiplicity of laws has made a perfect citizen. Discipline among railroad men is almost as strict under normal conditions as it is in the army. Theoretically the book of rules is the Hoyle of the railroad game, and to go contrary to it is considered as bad as blasphemy in a clergyman.

As a matter of fact, however, there is hardly a trainman or engineer who makes a trip without violating one or more of the rules of the standard code. The constant cry of the operating department is to "get the trains over the road," and this has to be done very often in defiance of the book of rules, time-card foot-notes, and extra bulletins. For the man who uses common sense without being careless there is nothing but praise. The one who sticks closely to the rules gets into trouble more or less. The proper knowledge of when and how to violate cast-iron rules where such a violation is safe and means expediting traffic is the fruit of years of actual experience and train service. It is just here, however, that the human element steps in and is at its best—and its worst.

Within the last year or so a number of the big railroads have organized "Safety Departments." These comprise a central safety committee, composed of high officials of various departments; on each operating section there is a division committee, and at each





Two views of the underground switch-signal "tower" at the Grand Central Terminal, New York. On the right is shown the tower director seated in front of the diagram of the tracks on ground glass, the movement of trains being indicated thereon by lights. On the left is shown the electric switch-signal system

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big railroad shop there is a shop committee. These sub-committees report to the central organization. They are composed of department heads and of employees of the rank and file. Every employee is ordered to report to a member of the nearest committee every unsafe condition or practice that he sees. It is then investigated and remedied. The men are educated by means of illustrated literature and lectures and by personal persuasion to avoid taking chances that will involve risk to themselves or to others. It is practically a new educational departure in railroading, and already is showing good results. Some lines report that in the last six months their personal-injury cases have decreased twenty per cent. and that their wreck records have gone down also.

If every railroad employee had an equal amount of common sense, and could use it with equal effectiveness in every emergency, the human mechanism of a railroad would be as unfailing as its automatic machinery. But he has not. Therefore the railroad managers have had to choose the safer side. They have had to assume that the best men in the ranks of the various divisions of their army are as little to be relied upon and as lacking in judgment as the poorest. This has caused the making of stringent rules and also has brought about the surprise and efficiency tests which are the latest feature of modern railroading.

These tests, which are to prove whether the rules are being obeyed or not, consist in surprising the engine and train men with the information that there is danger ahead—when there is not—and then seeing what they will do. The engineer or the trainman never knows when the test is coming. It is an extension of the principle whereby a traveling auditor drops into a station unexpectedly and examines an agent's accounts. Suddenly an engineer sees a block-signal set against him. An officer of the road is watching him from somewhere, but he does not know that. If he brings his train instantly to a stop, all is well. If he does not he is hauled up and punished for disobedience of orders. The train-order system is not much safer to-day than it was fifty years ago, but it safeguards such as these that have been slipped into the crevices here and there to prevent collisions and other accidents. Yet, notwithstanding this, every train-despatcher and every engineer has to figure on some one doing some foolish thing unexpectedly that he has no business to do. On the other hand, these surprise tests, in the hands of inefficient employees, may become far more dangerous than disobedience of orders.

"I know of a surprise test made two or three years ago," said an old locomotive engineer, "where some young signal-engineer took a bad place to try the test on the engineer of a long train that had about twelve heavy cars on the rear without air, and light cars in the forward part.

"They set the signal after the engine had passed the distance signal, and when the signal was set against him the engineer threw on his brakes suddenly and stopped the train, so that the heavy cars in the rear piled up the light cars and threw them on the opposite track in front of a passenger-train going in the opposite direction. This ran into the wreck and killed the engineer. If it had become known that there was a surprise test that signal-engineer would have been landed in jail."

Even the signals themselves fail—about once in one hundred thousand times.

"I was running a train on track one," said an engineer not long ago, "and there was a local train on track three, and the signal behind it was clear. I had been taught that this could not happen. After I reached the terminal I got another man and we went back. We saw four trains go through, and still that signal was clear. I went to the superintendent and told him. He called in the signal-engineer. He said: 'That cannot happen. It is impossible for it to happen.'

"I said that it had happened, and I saw it, and I had two witnesses, but asked that the superintendent would send two more men to the signal and see if what I had reported was not true. They went out and came in and told him it was true. The magnets had been welded by lightning."

When an engineer runs by a signal, or when some other man concerned in the safety of a moving train violates a rule and has a narrow escape or causes an accident, he is disciplined by suspension without pay for a certain number of days or weeks, or by being discharged from the service. A suspension of this sort engenders the same spirit in an employee that it does in a man who is sent to the workhouse for thirty days. Discipline does not correct evils any more than a workhouse sentence reforms a criminal. The average trainman does not consider his job certain and has an innate feeling that something may happen to him any time that will cause his discharge any minute. It is this prevailing spirit which causes him to do his work with the idea of keeping within the rules of the company if he can, and covering up his mistakes, if possible, when trouble comes. It is also this spirit which makes the men misuse the machinery they have to work with so long as they can do so without being found out.

The man who is habitually careless is more feared by the railroad than anything else, and such men are being weeded out continually. Some railroad officials have advocated that the chance-taker, whose carelessness, indifference, or neglect has caused injury to others, should be brought to a realization of his responsibility—no matter what his position—by being punished under the statutory laws just as the ordinary criminal.

It seems to be pretty well established that the general run of railroad employees are more or less indifferent regarding the prevention of wrecks and minor accidents to equipment. "They do not of themselves or among themselves take up this question further than merely as a matter of gossip," says a division superintendent who has come up from the ranks. "They do not seem to think it is a question that they should bother themselves much about. To their notion the stopping of accidents is simply a matter for the management to look out for."

On the other hand, those in charge of the operation of the railroads have to depend on the reports of employees in regard to the violation of rules. Employees will not and cannot be compelled to report their associates; therefore the checking of negligence in that way seems a hopeless task. Yet unchecked carelessness seems to be the root of the whole wreck matter. It is the human element that "falls down" when danger of disaster seems a remote contingency—just as it is the human element that shows the utmost heroism when face to face with real peril. But in railroading being careful saves more lives than being courageous.

The automatic machinery of the railroads is always careful. The semaphore, with all its various means of operation, has done great service in making railroad travel safer, but something more nearly perfect is needed to meet modern conditions. The visible signal on the track will some day give way to the visible and audible signal in the cab, with its accompaniment of the automatic stop.

Telephoning from moving trains is still in its experimental stage, though it is nearer a practical realization than it was a year ago. Two methods of accomplishing this have been worked out recently, with apparent success, under severe tests. Neither of them, however, is in regular use on any considerable portion of track.

The first depends on a light third rail, which conveys the signals, applies the brakes when necessary, and acts as a telephone wire. The engineer receives his information as to the condition of the track ahead from a green light which shows in his cab as long as the right of way is clear. If anything happens to break the current on the third rail the air-brakes are set automatically. Then a switch is thrown over and telephonic connection is established between the engineer in the cab and the nearest signal tower. This device has been tried on a twelve-mile stretch of track on an Eastern road and is said to have worked perfectly.

The other method is already in daily use on about a hundred miles of a large system in the West. The road is equipped with block-signals. No third rail is required. The automatic machinery is relied upon to stop the train in the event of danger ahead. The engineer, however, is in constant touch with the despatchers by means of a wireless telephone. If his train is stopped by the signals he can find out instantly what the trouble is. If he meets with a trifling accident which causes him to halt his train until repairs are made, he can report at once. This plan for safety is the result of a series of experiments that this particular railroad has been carrying on for several years. As soon as it is perfect—and it is said that it has stood up under every test so far—it will be put in use on the entire system.

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER: SOME IMPRESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH JOURNALIST

BY R. A. SCOTT-JAMES

EVERY nation of the world has its own distinctive newspapers. They vary with the soil like wines of the country. Whilst there are certain general types to which books and magazines tend to conform, in the daily newspaper human nature declares its diversity. When I am in France I am astonished by the slightness of the newspaper and the apparent exclusive interest in aeroplanes. When I am in America I am astonished by its vastness and the variety of subjects designed to interest its readers. I am at first bewildered by its form, just as the American reader is bewildered by the form of the English paper. But we soon get accustomed to headlines as we get accustomed to eye-glasses; and through the editorial lens we learn to focus the daily vision of the world. Tradition and custom count for much. The large, startling headlines of the American journal descend by direct inheritance from a period long prior to the Civil War. The sedate headlines which are still to be found in a few English papers descend from sedate mid-Victorian days. We can in time learn to find our way among cryptograms or smudges, and to resent anything that takes another form.

The American magazine differs from the American newspaper in this important respect, that it is a national, and not a State journal; that it is broad and cosmopolitan, not local and restricted. For it is distributed and read all over the States. It has to deal with questions in which all Americans are interested. It has sometimes an enormous circulation, far exceeding that of any American newspaper, and it could in some cases subsist upon circulation alone without the profit of advertisements. That is to say, some of the best popular magazines in America are rich enough to pay their contributors well, and sufficiently free from financial influences to be disinterested; and appealing as they do to a widely scattered public, they must be broad and cosmopolitan, or at least national, in their treatment.

The American newspaper, then, necessarily differs both from the American magazine and the English newspaper, in that it cannot be a completely national organ; it must be to some extent localized. The vast size of the States makes it impossible to distribute a daily paper over even a considerable fraction of the whole country. There is no single journal which can focus all the news of the country under a single perspective, and lay its sheets daily before the inhabitants of every city. The only organized effort in this direction is that of the *American*, and as every one knows the Chicago *American* is not the same paper as the New York *American*, and the Boston *American* differs from both. Mr. Brisbane's contributions may appear simultaneously all over the states, but for the most part the *American* which is produced in one city is necessarily a different paper from the *American* which is produced elsewhere. Thus it is that every great city in the United States produces its own newspapers. Though New York is the metropolis, its papers have not the ascendency through America, or even a corresponding area in America, which London papers exercise throughout England. Philadelphia, near as it is to New York, has powerful journals of its own, which suffice to keep the New York papers out of the Philadelphia market. The distance which separates Boston from New York would in England be considered no bar to the early distribution of a London halfpenny paper. But the one-cent papers of New York, arriving comparatively late in Boston, are sold in that city for three cents; and make no attempt to compete effectively with the journals produced on the spot.

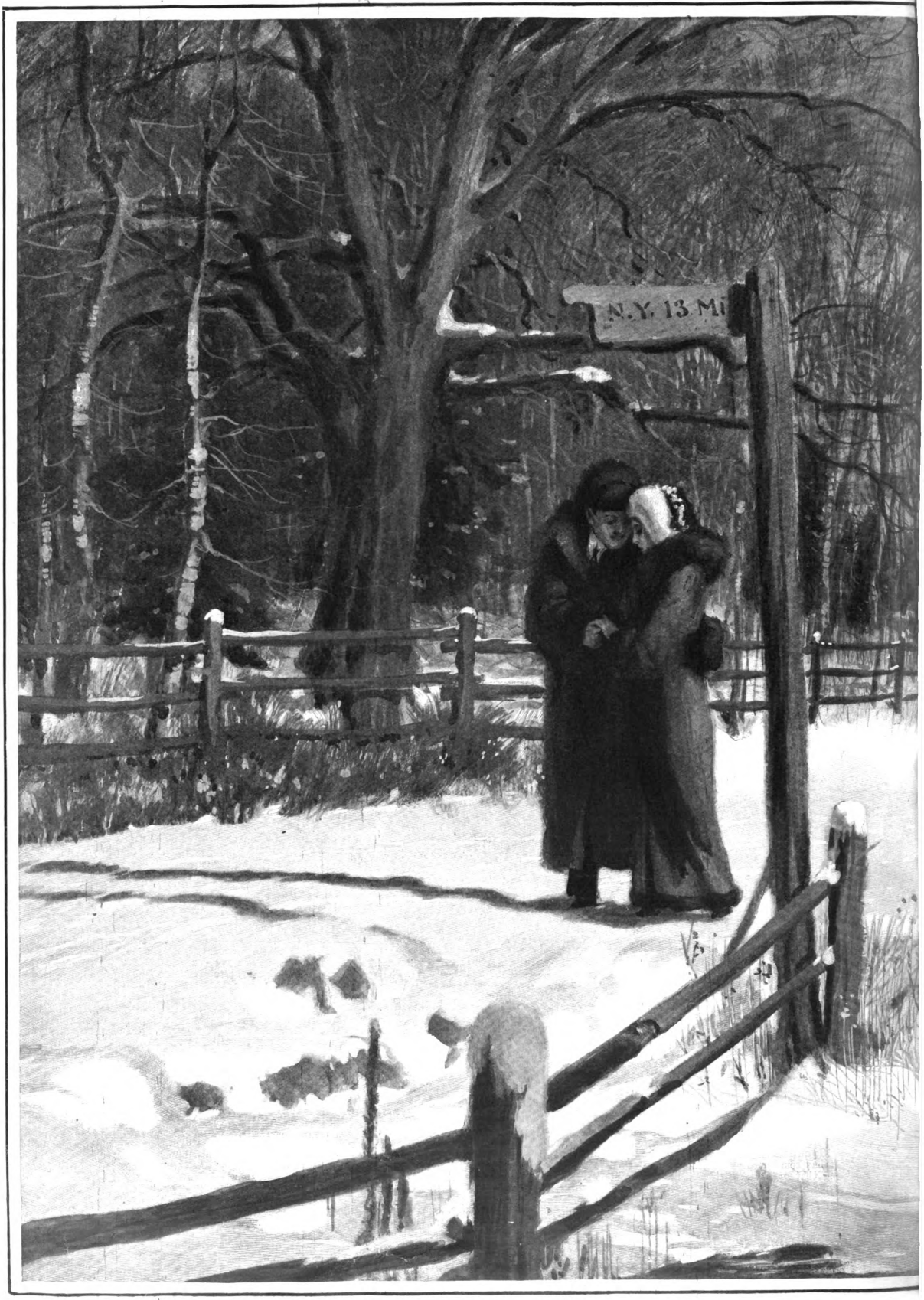
I cannot resist the conviction that it is the localization of papers, the present impossibility of their being national papers, which accounts for so many of their obvious defects. It partly accounts for their commercialism. It partly accounts for their inaccessibility to ideas. How little space is devoted even to politics, except at particularly exciting moments when Mr. Roosevelt may be on the war path! How great a space is devoted to businesses and corporations! The "leading article" or editorial is a feature which no English morning paper has dared to neglect; but the corresponding editorial page in America is generally far the worst part. Usually it is the part that is the worst written, and it is entirely lacking in authority. But I must qualify this remark by saying that it does not apply to the editorial page of the *Evening Post*—with which I should generally, as it happens, disagree—and that both the Philadelphia *Bulletin* and the Boston *Transcript* struck me as quite exceptional by the serious attention which they gave to their editorial pages and their special articles. Dramatic criticism in most papers resolves itself into stage gossip and personalities; it is slightly inferior, I think, to the dramatic criticism of English papers, and infinitely inferior to that of Paris. The literary columns, if not conspicuous by their absence, have generally the same characteristics as the dramatic columns; though I must again except two of the above-mentioned papers. The New York *Times* has an excellently arranged supplement, but the criticism in it is not superior to that of the London *Daily Telegraph* or the *Morning Post*.

To speak generally, editors who may happen to be men of broad, general ideas are not encouraged to apply those ideas to their papers. For the average daily journal does not exist to propagate ideas. In that direction its promoters have usually no special pride or ambition. They are business men. Papers are the commodity in which they deal—an elastic commodity which on occasion may subserve other business interests. It is their belief that the general public—the majority for which they cater—demands constant sensation of the crudest kind; that it demands variety; that it detests continuity; that it prefers the language of slang to the English language. They cater, in fact, to every one who can read, to every one who has come under the spell of elementary education. They refuse to ignore the tastes of the most ignorant or even the most brutalized of readers, and they persuade themselves that these are the majority.

I am not attempting to disparage the motives of the American newspaper owner. His motives are just as good as those of the Englishman who is in the same position of power. The desire to win a title is certainly not nobler than the desire to increase a fortune. The commercial system of exploiting the coarsest tastes of the community is not one whit inferior to the system devised in England for exploiting the sentimentalism and the faddism of the public. I would rather see the frank exploitation of the depravity of New York than the insincere exploitation of what passes for "conscience" in England.

But there is something of the same difficulty all the world over. Daily papers are made for the democracy. By the way in which we run our papers we show to what extent we believe in our democracy, how far we trust its hydra heads. All the world over the journalist is doomed to be a combination of rhetorician and cynic, and if he is very cynical his rhetoric will be something to make angels weep. His rhetoric and his cynicism will be forced into the service of the journalistic convention he inherits, and will support the estimate of the public which may be in vogue at the time. Perhaps the journalist of the future, in Europe and America, will be the revolutionary who tramples upon journalistic conventions, who will ascertain not what the public will tolerate, but what it needs and can willingly accept. Individual novelists have done this, in their sphere of fiction. Magazines have tentatively aimed at this in periodical literature. It still remains to be done, in England and America, in the sphere of daily journalism.

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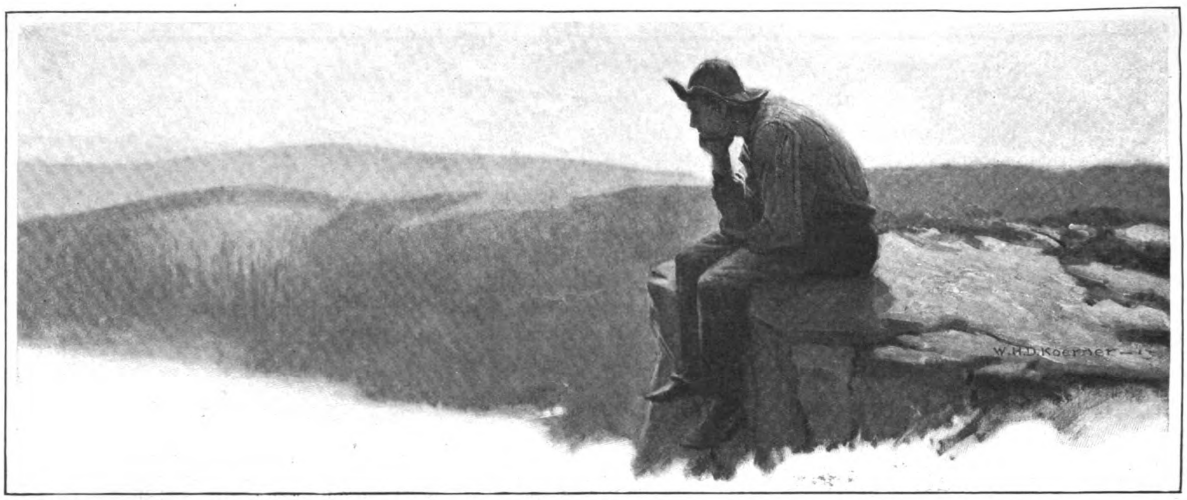
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THE BLUE JAY'S NEST

BY ELMER BROWN MASON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"Them that find a blue jay's nest, if they looks kerful, will see a little stun in it. This stun is good luck, riches, an' health. If it touches the ground, tho', it melts an' is gone."—The Old Lumberman.

I

IN the valley soft shadows spread a veil of mystery over the buildings of the lumber-camp, through which the weather-beaten gray of unpainted clap-boards shone as silver-bright as the fabled lining of dark clouds. On the mountainsides, stripped of spruce by the relentless lumbermen, the quick-growing popple and white birch uncurled baby leaves fresh from brown bud cradles—a mist of greenness. Above, saved by their inaccessibility, the spruce and balsam grew thick and black, outlining sharply, against the evening sky, the rugged contours of the ridges.

Snow still lingered on the summits. The air breathed a vague sweetness—the earth's unuttered sigh of relief from the winter's strain.

On a ledge, which the sun's rays still reached, a boy sat looking out over the valley. His smooth chin rested in the hollow of one strong, brown hand, the other was clasped about his elbow, his moccasined feet dangled over space, a sheer drop of a thousand feet to the scarred slope below. In the absolute immobility of his splendid young body there was the same suggestion of wildness and vitality as in the pose of a listening deer—it required but the quiver of an eyelash to wake it to pulsing life.

Words and sounds are but tawdry spangles in the great silences; the she bear has but to raise her head and her cubs come scampering back to her savage protection. The boy shifted his body infinitesimally and the movement, slight as it was, told a complete story. Something was coming quite noiselessly through the thick bird-cherry at the back of the cliff.

The closely woven stems parted and a girl stepped out on the rock. She barely hesitated—time enough only for the boy to realize her presence, and then moving swiftly to him, slipped to a seat on the edge of the precipice and with unconscious imitation leaned her warm cheek against the palm of one hand and let her bare elbow rest in the other.

The shadows were deepening. Darkness, which filled the valley like a velvet sea, hid the lumber camp. The misty green of the mountainsides was tinged with purple, the mountains themselves seemed to float. Far, far down the slope, a stone, loosened by the winter's frost, fell with the quick chink of two silver coins striking together.

The boy spoke:

"It's big."

The girl's eyes flew to him:

"It's miles," she said.

"I want to see the hull of it," he continued, and, as though inspired by the sound of his own voice, "and beyant. I want a job out thar. I'm strong. I'd send money home," he added, defiantly.

The girl's eyes were very dark and she was very still. The night was coming swiftly, and when she spoke her voice was low as though attuned to the shadows.

"Why don't you go?"

He moved impatiently.

"You know I can't get no start. I can't leave maw. If I could get a start, get money to leave behind, I'd go, I'd go now."

The girl nodded comprehendingly. It was a commonplace: the tiny mountain farm, work in the lumber camp that bought the simple means of sustenance for the woman who lived high up in the forest clearing, a few stony fields to till, and then the same monotonous story, repeating itself over and over again under the giant shadows of the mountains. Four years had slipped by since his father drifted away on the spring drive and never returned. His mother waited always and hoped hopelessly, her one haunting fear that her son would follow in his father's footsteps.

The last rays of light were lingering on the mountain-tops as they slipped through the cherry bushes. At their very feet a blue jay rose with its harsh scream. The girl grasped the boy's arm with a little cry. He shook her off good-naturedly, much as a large dog pushes away a puppy.

"I'd like to find that nest with the stun you are always talkin' 'bout," he laughed. "I could go 'way then."

"We'll look for it to-morrow," she answered.

II

There is little to do on a mountain farm. A few days' plowing with an old horse, for whom, later, hay must be cut that he may live; some firewood to be hauled and split, and then time, time unchecked and uncounted, flowing by like some smoothly worded paragraph, wind for commas, rain for semicolons, tempest for colons, and the changing season for the terminal period; while always heat mounts from the valley and cold winds blow from the mountain-tops.



She stood looking at the rude huddle of sticks

The boy was not quite eighteen, a child of the great silences, strong as the everlasting mountains and unconsciously filled with the mysticism of wide spaces. It was this, perhaps, that carried him unscathed through the primitive vices of the lumber camp. He knew them, but they were no part of him; he shunned them as instinctively as he avoided the black-dotted berry of the poison sumac or forbore to crush the unhealthy, green-tinged skunk cabbage. Quite as simply he accepted the homage of the girl who left her numerous brothers and sisters in the valley and came up the mountain. Their companionship had spread over four years and she was as much a part of his lonely life as the drifting clouds or the deer that stopped to gaze at him—and as impersonal.

The spring plowing was over, winter had broken early, the potatoes were in the ground, and the garden "sass" was carefully tucked into the best wind-protected corners. Corn would not grow on the mountain farm; the season was too short, the soil too poor, and the winds too riotous. There was little for the boy to do but to dream of the "beyant."

The sun was hardly up before the boy and the girl found themselves on the ledge which had tacitly become their meeting-place. The whole day was before them. The treasures of the wilderness lay stretched at their feet.

"Let's find the nest," she said, eagerly. "Birds are just buildin' now."

"I want trout," he answered. "It will be warm when we get to the tunnel brook."

Unprotestingly she followed him down the mountain, slipping along a trail indicated only by the hardly perceptible break in the tree-trunks, and stopped, at the lower levels, to dig worms in an old pasture. The boy unearthed a hidden and dilapidated spade with which he turned over the sod, while the girl picked up the wriggling earthworms and dropped them into a crude bait box. A robin teetered up and down at a respectful distance, contemplating with evident satisfaction the larder which was being opened to him. A diminutive chickadee, with all the assurance of his race, perched on a near-by boulder.

The girl tossed it half of a worm when she thought the boy was not looking, and, with true feminine tact, forbore to speak when he grunted contemptuously and suggested that, if she had to feed the birds, she might save something for the blue jays.

They worked with surprising rapidity and mutual comprehension. Every movement of the boy found its supplement in the girl and in an incredibly short time the bait box was heaping full.

Passing with hardly a glance over the turbulent stream, down which the logs had gone to the Connecticut—fish do not survive log-drives and dynamite—they stopped near the mouth of a small tributary. There two five-foot willow wands were cut, and with three feet of line and a sharp hook, the worm barely protruding over the barb, the tackle was complete.

The water was still cold from the melting snow above. The trout struck once, like lightning, and then were gone. These two, however, were masters of their art, and the basket was rapidly filling with fish of fair size.

Always the stream grew smaller as they mounted through the notch in the mountains, until at last, at the edge of a faint clearing, it was barely a foot across, its tiny pools scattered at wide intervals. Here, too, the character of the forest changed; a heavy growth of spruce, hemlock, and yellow birch was intermingled, and the popple and white birch had disappeared.

It was high noon when the boy and girl reached the edge of the clearing, their basket brimming with fish,

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Protected from the wind, they nevertheless sought the sunlight and were soon engaged in cleaning the fish and cooking them on green birch twigs over a hot fire. They shared their labors and equally disposed of an astonishing number of trout. The meal over, the fire quenched—too well they knew what a careless spark might mean to the forest—they lay back with that absolute content which comes only from food hungrily eaten in the open air.

A chipmunk rustled in the leaves. Far away a drummer partridge began his pompous serenade. A doe, on the mountainside, whistled shrilly to her fawn. Suddenly, raucous with temper, the scream of a blue jay broke from the tree-tops.

The girl sat up quickly.

"There's that jeasely bird of yours," said the boy.

"You're the one who wants it, not me," she answered, quickly.

Something in her voice jarred on his drowsy comfort. With an unconscious mental resentment at the necessity for movement, he turned on his arm and looked at her.

She was sitting bolt-upright, her lips half parted, her eyes fixed on nothing, her frankly uncorseted young bosom rising and falling rapidly beneath her coarse blouse. Had the boy known it, she was wonderfully beautiful, like a wood nymph, a creature of the forest, child of the warm sunshine and pure silences.

Some hint of this reached him vaguely, however, in resentment at the heavy brown lock of hair that suddenly escaped from the somewhat untidy pile at the back of her head and momentarily hid her face. The spell broke with her voice:

"There might be a stun. They say there is. There are lots of blue jays and no one ain't found no nest. That's funny, ain't it? If there was a stun you could sell it for . . . for a hundred dollars, maybe, and then you could go out beyant."

The boy nodded.

"That would be enough. I could work and go all over the world. I'm strong," he said.

"Yes, you're strong," she admitted. "What would you do?"

"First I'd earn a big stake of money, then I'd get a fur coat and a 'driver,' like the walkin' boss. I'd—I'd be a man," he concluded, somewhat lamely.

"Would you smoke cigars," she asked, "and get hot-real drunk like the walkin' boss does?"

"Suppose so," he assented, dubiously, not quite liking the prospect, but recognizing necessary manly attributes.

"You'd send money back to your maw?" she asked, breathlessly.

"You bet, and I'd find paw and send him back too. Maw'd like that better nor money."

They fished the brook down again and at the main stream equally divided the booty. The girl started down and the boy up the mountain.

As he climbed through the close second growth a clear hail came to him from below.

"We'll find that nest yet," it said.

III

The days lengthened out into long summer evenings, the dogwoods were a riot of bloom, and the few gnarled and senile apple trees, planted in the valley, looked as though flights of fairies were resting on their hoary branches.

The boy and girl wandered over the mountain or, with instinctive caution, carefully avoiding all human habitation, explored the valley.

There were a million things to see, a thousand mysteries to solve, and endless forest happenings to be discussed, coming back always to fascinating surmises about the blue jay's nest.

The vixen who made her den under the shadow of the precipice was carefully marked down with her prospective family and mate as prey when winter should have made fox fur of value; the baby owls, whose life began before the snow had gone, huddled comically on the edge of their unsavory nest in their insatiable desire for food, only to find that the noise which so resembled the clack of a parent's beak came from the ridiculously laughing human beings below; even the secretive and discreet wood-duck found eyes as bright as her own peering down on her as she sat 'frozen' on her nest.

With such adventures and interests the days fairly flew. There was always something left unseen, always some expedition left unfinished.

The acme of excitement was reached when, in wandering unusually far afield, they came upon the unmistakable tracks of a bear. The day was too far gone for further investigation, but an enthusiastic expedition was planned for the morrow.

It was still dark when the boy and the girl met on the precipice, two shadows, one of which carried the woodman's only necessity—a rifle. A few whispered words and they started up the mountain. The little cool wind, which heralds dawn, blew down on them as they crossed the next to highest ridge and went down into the virgin spruce.

As light came they picked up the tracks where they had found them the day before, and sat down close together, on a large rock, to eat a rude meal.

"Do you reckon it's a he?" whispered the girl.

"Don't know," he answered; "hope so."

"You won't shoot if it's a she?"

"Not 'less I have to, 'less she chases us."

"You won't hurt the cubs if she has any? I ain't never seen none."

The boy laughed guardedly and shook his head. They took up the trail.

From the place where they had found them, the edge of a brook, the tracks ran plainly for a mile or so and then were lost on a rim of rock that surrounded a dip in the topography. It was a mere dimple on the mountain's cheek, a very heavily wooded bowl about half a mile across.

They followed the edge, silent as shadows, peering into the woods below, until they had all but circled it, when the girl, with a quick intake of breath, drew him down to the rocks beside her. Together they peered into the spruce and fifty feet below found the object of their search. A great she bear lay in the scooped-out side of a rotten hemlock log, two fat cubs asleep against her belly. She lay half-turned from them, up wind, her great head swaying as if reading some Marconi message from the slight breeze. A dip in the air-current brought her some taint of the watchers. She was on her feet so quickly that the eye could not follow the movement, and, spilling the cubs without ceremony, circled about, her nose high in air and her little eyes examining every nook and cranny of the cliff. The cubs after one involuntary squeal huddled beneath her. The boy and girl held their breath. For fully five minutes she stood sampling each wisp of wind, and then, apparently reassured, relaxed and sank back into the hollow which fitted her great body, a movement which the cubs instantly interpreted as an invitation to breakfast.

"Ain't she a bull!" whispered the boy.

"Them cubs is like kittens," breathed the girl.

"An' fat as a hog."

"'Spose the he is around?"

"No, no," hissed the boy; "she'd be afraid he'd eat 'em."

They watched in strained silence ten minutes more, not daring to move, then the boy cautiously raised his rifle and lowered it—on the scene below. He did not intend to shoot; the girl knew that he did not intend to shoot.

"Bet I could drill them two cubs to once," he whispered.

"No, no!" gasped the girl and put out a restraining hand.

To the tenseness of his position the touch on his arm added just the final tension. His finger tightened on the trigger, the muzzle jerked up, and the heavy bullet went hurtling through the tops of the spruces.

With a roar of fear and anger the beast was on her feet, the frightened cubs herded behind her. For a moment she hesitated and seemed about to charge up the cliff, and then turned and, driving her cubs before her, with incredible rapidity for so large an animal disappeared in the heavy growth.

The boy's face was crimson as he faced the wide-eyed girl.

"You're jeasely smart, ain't ye?" he said, through clenched teeth, and, turning, took the back trail, the girl, trying in vain to control her sobs, following.

It was barely noon and their day of happiness was done!

In the afternoon the girl slipped into the woods. She did not intend to go up the mountain, but circled to the right, climbing slowly. Imperceptibly she edged over toward her usual trail, until, with feminine self-deception, she tried to persuade herself that she was surprised to find it only a few rods away. As she hesitated a flash of blue darted from a young spruce, to be followed by the raucous cry of a blue jay in midair. Her heart nearly ceased beating as she cautiously approached. There was a rustle in the branches, and not five feet above her the mother blue jay left the nest.

For a long time she stood looking at the rude huddle of sticks. A bird came back, perched on a near-by tree, and was gone. The nestlings raised hungry heads, all mouth and throat, and demanded food.

Here was the "beyant" for the boy. In the nest lay the talisman that would open the gates to "good luck an' riches," the key to the world that would make him a man with a "driver" like the walkin' boss, a fur coat, and furnish him real manly dissipations—and would take him from her forever. With a sob she fled down the mountain.

Above, the boy, a lonely figure, was waiting on the ledge.

IV

The wind came and blew away the night. Sunbeams hurried down and thirstily drank up the dew. The crickets and tiny grass-dwellers thawed out from the torpor of the cool night and all began to sing at once because they were glad.

Slowly the girl went up the mountain trail, her eyes very bright, her head high.



She was sitting bolt-upright, her lips half parted, her eyes fixed on nothing

Slowly the boy came down the mountain trail, his eyes dark with thought, his head bent.

She flew to him, flushed and excited.

"I've found it. I've found it, not a rod from here," she cried, "the blue jay's nest."

"You still thinkin' of that?" he asked, listlessly.

"Thinkin'? I've found it."

He followed her from the trail to the young spruce. Two flashes of blue left the tree and two blue jays, bristling with excitement, perched on a popple a hundred yards away.

"There! there!" She pointed at the nest.

The boy never took his eyes from her. Her mouth was trembling, her breath came quickly, her eyes had the dewy sweetness of violets.

"Get the stun," she begged. "Don't drop it. You can have everything you want. I ain't even looked."

"An' I can go 'way an' be rich, an' never come back?" he asked.

The light died from her eyes. Blinded, she leaned forward, nearly touching him.

"You want to go so jeasely bad," she whispered.

"Hell!" choked the boy. His arms went out and gathered her in like a tired bird, he felt the sweet, warm pressure of her body against him, and as his lips met hers he knew he had found the "beyant."

Two blue jays returned noiselessly to their nest. They knew they had escaped a great peril, but some subtle woodland instinct told them that, though discovered, they need never again fear for their home.

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Interludes

NOT THE LEAST OF HIS MERCIES

MEN and women of a dozen races and a score of languages and dialects come and go in the big savings banks of New York, and the clerks are masters of many tongues. Some of them go so far as to guess a depositor's race by his appearance, and greet him in his native speech. These polyglots find it quite possible to make mistakes, though, as young Mr. Cashdollar, of the People's Home Savings Bank in the Bowery, learned the other day to his discomfiture.

A short, stout, blue-eyed old fellow with curly, reddish-yellow hair came to the desk of the paying teller, and Mr. Cashdollar, without waiting to be asked, pushed out a withdrawal blank to him. The old fellow filled it out to the effect that he wanted forty dollars, and pushed it back under the grating for payment.

"You haven't signed it," said Mr. Cashdollar.

The yellow-haired old fellow looked as if he didn't hear.

"You'll have to sign your name," said Mr. Cashdollar.

The old fellow favored him with a bovine stare from his blue Teutonic-looking eyes.

"*Unterschreiben! Unterschreiben!*" Mr. Cashdollar cried loudly, pointing at the blank. "*Unterschreiben sic hier, bitte—*"

"Howld on, yoong man," the old fellow interrupted him; "sa-a-ay, Oi may be a little deef, but thanks be to God, Oi'm not Dootch!"

THE RURAL PHILOSOPHER

"O' course I approve of a collidge eddication," said the Rural Philosopher, "but all the same ye can't teach a boy how to hoe taters with a piece o' chalk an' a blackboard, any more'n a gal kin larn how to make the kind o' pies her mother useter make by lissenin' to a seeries o' lectures on the Humor of the Ancient Greeks. Farmin' by long-distance tellyphone hain't plowed no fields, nor harrered nothin' but yer feelin's yit."

CHEAP AT THE PRICE

"Bill," said Mr. Doughhead, "when the R. F. D. man comes around this mornin' tell him I want to see him, will ye? I'm thinkin' o' gettin' some o' them new-fangled parcel-posts the gov'ment's sellin' fer thet new fence around the chickin run. They say they come to about two cents a pound, 'nd thet's cheaper'n cuttin' 'em."

THE ECONOMIC VIEW

"What good are you anyhow?" roared the exasperated father.

"What good am I?" retorted the lad. "Why, dad, I'm a consumer, and I'd like to know what would become of the farmers if there weren't any consumers?"

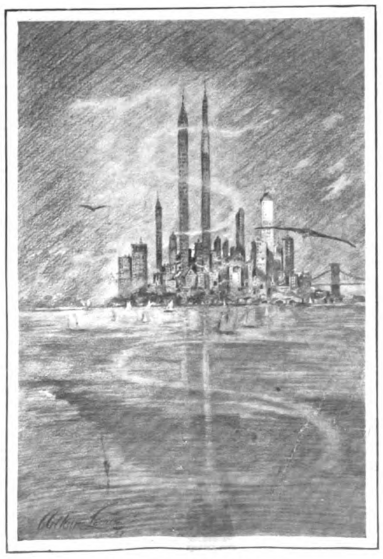
And the old man went out into the barn and thrashed the wheat within an inch of its life.

AS TO THE BOYS

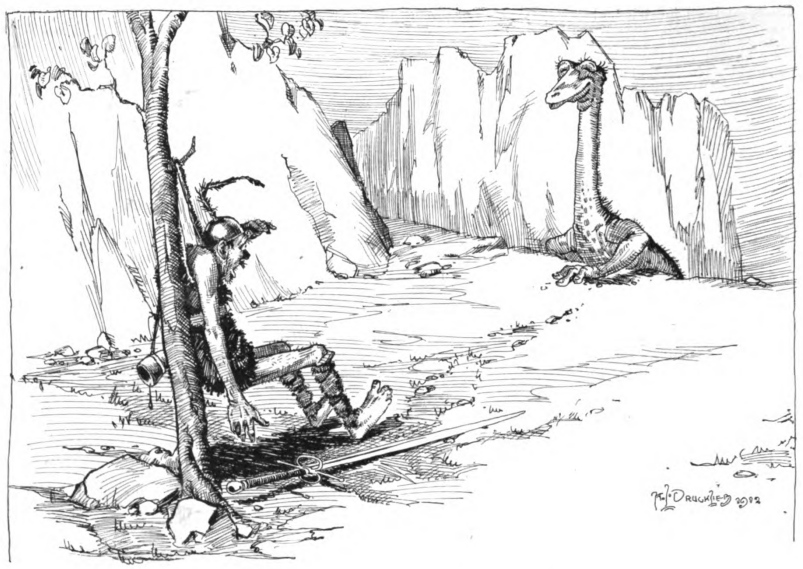
"Ya-as," said Uncle Zeke, with a smiling glance over the hardy youngsters that constituted his dearest crop, "boys is pee-culiar. I notice thet when we hev buckwheat cakes fer breakfast Bill's allers to be found on deck lookin' after his share as keerful as a motherhen after her chicks. When the corn-cake's on the table an' the punkin's in the pie, as the poet might ha' said, my boy Mose ain't any too back'ards in claimin' his share, and on them pop'lar occasions when the hard cider's bein' passed around, an' the jug gits to Sammy, ye kin hear his share a-gurglin' down his throat until ye begin to worry some about your own, ef so be ye hain't had it yit. But they's one share they's allers willin' to give up to each other with a smilin' face like the kind-hearted generous little cusses they be."

"And what is that?" asked the visitor.

"The plowshare!" roared Uncle Zeke, with a wink at the boys, who nodded their approval of the old man's sentiments like the good filial youths they were.



THE ISLE OF UNREST



SEEING THINGS IN PREHISTORIC DAYS



AT 2 A.M.

SHE: We had a very important committee meeting at the club to-night.

HE: Did you win or lose, and how much?

A VALUABLE INFLUENCE

"I tell ye," said the grizzled old veteran of the farm, with a broad grin on his face, "these here lectures they give before them sassiety people up to town on the subject o' farmin' is mighty fine. My darter Mandy attended a dozen of 'em up to New York while she was visitin' thar last winter, and by Gorry, what she don't know about manicurin' a cow's hoofs, raisin' water-lilies, and graftin' roses on cabbidges so's ye kin cook the cabbidges in a small city flat without attractin' the attention o' the Board o' Health, hain't wuth listenin' tew."

A PLENTIFUL STOCK

The Prodigal had returned, and was trying to justify himself.

"Of course I've been a failure," he said, resentfully. "But how could I have been otherwise? You can't get anywhere in this world to-day without pull. Wherever you look it's pull, pull, pull,—nothing but everlasting pull. In politics, it's pull. In literature you can't get anybody to look at your stuff unless you have pull. In business if you haven't pull you might as well put up the shutters before you begin—and where could I, the unknown, nameless, insignificant son of a farmer like you, dad, get a ny pull?"

"That's all right, Sammy," said the old man. "Ye done wise to come right back here. This is just the place to git what ye need. You go out in the truck-garden behind the barn, and ye'll find a year's supply o' pull waitin' for ye right thar among them there weeds."

BIFF!

(With Apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

If you can just darn socks when all about you
  Are playing bridge, and grinning hard at you,
While Suffragettes with sneers and jeerings flout you
  Because you like the job you have to do;
If you can smile the while your younger sister
  Has beaux galore, and you sit by the wall,
And when you feel the green-eyed monster's blister
  Don't ever show it outwardly at all;

If you can pass a groaning bargain-table,
  And never even pause to glance at it;
If you can go to teas and 'mid the babel
  Give not one thought to how your garments fit;
If you can bear a tid-bit rarely naughty
  Any never whisper it to any one;
If you can greet a glance that's cold and haughty
  With smiles as fresh as shimmers from the sun;

If you can bear to hear the words you've spoken
  Twisted and turned for table-talk at teas,
In such a way that friendships long are broken
  By gossips active as a pack of fleas;
If you can cook such pies as once your mother
  In days of old was always said to bake,
And satisfy a husband, son, or brother,
  With any gol-derned thing your fingers make;

If you can greet your husband home returning
  With smiles, no matter what a slob he is,
And quench within your every natural yearning
  To help along some silly fad of his;
If you can sing, while he is raising thunder,
  And when he rages keep your temper mild—
Well, truly, dear, you'll be a perfect wonder.
  And what is more, you'll be a joke, my child.

Horace Dodd Gastit.



THE NEW GOWN

SHE: It was a great bargain. They cut it 'way down.

HE: About one-third off, wasn't it?

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Sophye Barnard in "The Man With Three Wives," at Weber & Fields'



Else Alder, the Berlin musical comedy favorite, who will appear in America soon



Vivian Rushmore in "The Lady of the Slipper," at the Globe



Sara Allgood, with the Irish Players



Eithnee McGee, with the Irish Players



Doris Keane and William Courtenay in "Romance," at Maxine Elliott's



A scene from T. C. Murray's tragedy, "Birthright," as given by the Irish Players at Wallack's. The players, from left to right, are: Eileen O'Doherty, Sydney Morgan, J. M. Kerrigan, and Fred O'Donovan

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FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

The Income Tax and the Market

FAR FROM HURTING THE PRICE OF SECURITIES, THE IMPOSITION OF AN INCOME TAX MAY BE EXPECTED TO EXERT A STRONG INFLUENCE ON THE CONSTRUCTIVE SIDE OF SECURITY VALUES

REMARKABLE indeed is the change which has taken place in Wall Street's attitude toward the income tax during the four years that the various state legislatures have been voting on the necessary constitutional amendment. When the measure was first seriously brought forward it was received by the "Street" with undisguised disapproval, later, when it passed Congress and was submitted to the states for ratification, arousing a storm of hostile criticism. Now, four years later, when the last state necessary has signified its approval of the amendment and a tax on incomes has become a practical certainty, the financial community wags its head approvingly, quite as though it had been in favor of the thing all along. Of the hostile comment and bitter criticism aroused by the measure when it was first prepared there has been practically none. By all means let's have an income tax has been the drift of the comment of the investment-distributing houses. From the standpoint of the security markets it is the best thing that could possibly happen.

Is it simply a calm acceptance of the inevitable, a determination to put the best possible face on the thing, or is it that this matter of a direct tax on incomes has been studied more carefully and found lacking in those elements destructive to security values harped upon to such an extent at the time the proposition was first made? The latter hypothesis would seem to be the more reasonable. Wall Street has never been noted for the grace with which it bows to the inevitable, or to anything else, for that matter. If the "Street" felt now about the income tax as it felt only a couple of years ago, ratification by states or no ratification, the voice of lamentation would be heard loud in the land. No, it may safely be assumed that the reason for the change isn't that the levying of an income tax is regarded as inevitable and so to be received with the best possible grace. Far more reasonable is the supposition that during the time that state legislatures all over the country have been voting on the proposed amendment, the bearing of an income tax on the security market has been carefully gone into and, naturally enough, found very different from the bugaboo at first paraded by the measure's opponents.

Levy an income tax yielding large revenue and you open the way for ruthless reduction of the tariff schedules—that was the bogey's first grimace. Provide the government with enough revenue so that it doesn't need its present income from customs, was the cry, and you'll get the kind of tariff revision that will give American business a blow from which it will never recover. *Then* what will happen to the price of stocks and bonds?

Let us look a little into that. The danger, it is claimed, is that the imposition of an income tax will yield the government a big revenue, thus putting the party in power in a position where it can work havoc among the tariff schedules without being inconvenienced by the resulting loss of income. Untie the hands of the President and Congress, in other words, and all you can hope for is something resembling what happened when the bull made the acquaintance of the china-shop. As long as the government "needs the money" "safe and sane" revision of the tariff is possible. With enough money from an income tax coming in to offset the loss from reduced customs "safe and sane" revision isn't possible.

That such an idea "took hold" two or three years ago is understandable enough, but that in view of what has happened since, politically, there should be any one who still thinks that way seems queer indeed. As a matter of fact, there are not a great many people of intelligence at present expressing themselves as of the opinion that the reduction of the tariff will be carried on in any other than a careful and scientific way. There are plenty of protectionists who think the tariff is all right as it is and that to lower it at all would be a mistake, but even here the admission is general that whatever reducing is done is going to be done in a way calculated to hurt business to the least possible extent.

For, aside from the high character of the President-elect, the fact must not be lost sight of that there has been a big change in the country's business life since the Democratic party was last in power, and that the attitude toward the tariff of a Democratic Congress of to-day is necessarily very different from the attitude of a Democratic Congress of twenty or thirty years ago. To real downward tariff revision the party is pledged and real downward tariff revision we are bound to get; but the fact that a Democratic administration is doing the revising is nowadays not the slightest reason for believing that it will be done in anything but the most careful and conservative way.

No, in the fact that the receipt of liberal revenues from the income tax will open the way to tariff revision there is nothing for business or the markets to fear. Quite the contrary. With the government assured of necessary revenue, the job of rearranging the tariff schedules on an equitable basis can be gone at in all the more deliberate manner.

The other thing about a tax on incomes which, it has been claimed, would hurt the price of securities is the lessening of their net yield to the purchaser. The tax, when it is once levied, will, of course, include revenue from whatever source derived—from bonds owned just as much, for instance, as from a salary or an interest in a business. That, it is contended, will make securities less desirable from an investment standpoint. It means, in the first place, that the net yield will be reduced and, in the second place that with dividends and interest taxed before they ever get to the share and bond holder at all, evasion of the tax on money so invested will be all but impossible.

Human nature is frail and the second of these contentions may have something in it, but in the first one there is mighty little force. Suppose, for instance, that the income tax, when it goes into force, calls for the payment of one per cent. on an income of, say, $5,000. This amount, we will assume, comes from a fund of $100,000 invested in a hundred one-thousand-dollar 5-per-cent. bonds, each bond thus contributing $50. Imposition of an income tax of one per cent. ($50 on the amount in question) would reduce the yield of each of the hundred bonds to $49.50. The "basis," therefore, would be 4.95 per cent. instead of 5 per cent.

To a savings-bank or an insurance company or some other institution which buys bonds in big blocks a change of .05 per cent. in the interest basis might make a difference, but not with the ordinary investor. In these days of high-living costs he wants, of course, to get all the income he can, but if a bond suits his requirements otherwise he is not apt to object to it because the annual income is $49.50 instead of $50. That in the vast majority of cases, it must be admitted, would make very little difference.

So much for possible adverse effects. Now, how about the constructive side—is there any way in which the imposition of an income tax will work in favor of the markets and of security prices?

Decidedly there is. This proposed tax, it must be borne in mind, is not to be added to taxes already existing, but is designed largely to take their place. So used have most of us become to the tariff that we no longer appreciate what a very heavy tax upon the country the tariff is. The average man who buys a suit of clothes, for instance, has some sort of an idea that because there is a high protective tariff on wool the suit may be costing him a little more than it otherwise would. In very few instances has he any distinct idea of how many dollars he is actually being mulcted for the benefit of somebody else. But because he doesn't realize it he doesn't get the suit for any less money. The excess he pays here and on the other tariff-protected articles he buys aggregates a really very considerable sum—a sum far in excess of any income tax that will ever be imposed to take the place of this extortion.

What has all that to do with security values? Simply this: As it is now the average citizen is being heavily taxed through the operation of the tariff—indirectly, but none the less surely. He will be taxed, too, when the tariff schedules are cut down to a reasonable point and the government collects a certain percentage of his income, but what he will be paying then will be very much less than what he is paying now. If, under present conditions, his income and his expenditures just balance, under the new conditions there will be a surplus at the end of the year. And just that difference, while it may not figure out as very much in individual cases, does mean a big aggregate for the country which will be available for investment in securities.

Can there be any doubt that an income tax of one per cent., or even of two or three per cent. for that matter, would be less of a strain on the average man's income than the amount at present taken out of it by the tariff tax? An income tax of one per cent. on $5,000 would mean an annual charge of $50. Consider the expenditures of the five-thousand-dollar-a-year man for articles on which an exorbitant tariff at present exists. Fifty per cent., forty per cent., sixty per cent.—that is what in only too many cases he is paying *extra* for what he buys. How much does it aggregate in the course of a year? Fifty dollars? A great many times fifty dollars, certainly. A tax several times larger than any there is any likelihood of being adopted would take less money out of the average income than the present tariff schedules take out of it.

But from where, then, if taxes are going to be lightened this way, is the money to run the government coming from? Aggregate taxes are not going to be lightened; they are simply going to be reapportioned. As it stands now the small man, through the working of the tariff, is contributing a disproportionate share. When the tariff is cut down and replaced with a tax on incomes that will no longer be the case. The man of moderate means will pay less and the man of wealth will pay more.

There seems no reason to doubt that the result will be an increase in the amount of money actually available for investment in securities. If the government takes just as much money out of the country as it did before, it may be argued, there will be neither any decrease nor increase in the amount available. That, however, doesn't take into account the fact that the money which will be saved by the great middle class will flow into investment securities to a far greater extent than the money now being saved by persons of large means. Easily enough can the burden of such moderate taxation as is necessary in this country be shifted upon those best qualified to bear it, and that without in the least impairing their security-buying power.

Another favorable feature of the proposed tax from a security market standpoint is that it will bring in a lot of small buyers who heretofore have never had anything left over to invest. And that, of course, means real absorption—the purchase of securities, not for the purpose of turning them over at a profit, but of locking them away for permanent investment. So far as price is concerned, that is an important consideration. A house putting out an issue of bonds would rather see a single $1,000 piece locked up in the strong-box of a genuine investor than $10,000 worth sold over and over again speculatively.

Wide distribution of securities, too, is a most favorable influence in that it tends to bring about a more reasonable attitude on the part of the public toward the corporations. To no small extent is the hard time which the railroads and industrial companies have been having during the past six or eight years due to the relatively limited number of persons financially interested in them. That is a condition which statistics as to share and bond holders show has been greatly improved during the past year or two, and in which the adoption of an income tax measure is going to bring about further considerable improvement.

ENGLAND'S WELSH TAXMASTER

(Continued from page 10)

him hold that somewhat worldly and cynical assembly spellbound by a powerful and pathetic sketch of social misery. Few men are more sensitive to the poverty and wretchedness and gloom in which the masses of the people dwell, and few are more apt or more skilled in making the House uncomfortable by reminding it of their existence.

It took but a few years for Mr. Lloyd George to stamp himself on the House of Commons as a master of Parliamentary strategy and a daring, brilliant, biting swashbuckler of debate, the only man, indeed, on the Liberal side who could stand up to Joseph Chamberlain and return him blow for blow undismayed. He had from the first the three indispensable qualifications for political success—courage, the incommunicable gift of seizing the occasion and attracting notice, and, lastly, an unwearied assiduity. He has risen in the national legislature, just as he rose outside it, by his own unaided merit. In many ways I do not know a man, except John Burns, who is more typical of the wholesome revolution that is passing over English life and politics—a revolution that is gradually throwing open careers to talent and causing men to be judged by what they are and by what they do and not by the non-essentials of birth or position or wealth. The long distance, so quickly and buoyantly traversed, from an obscure solicitorship in Wales to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer is an object-lesson in the realities of democracy from which young England may draw all the inspiration it needs.

But democracy is the "note" of Mr. Lloyd George's personality as well as of his career. He is one of the cheeriest and most approachable of men. Merely to catch a glimpse of him as he walks rapidly through the lobbies, with life and vivacity speaking in every movement—a small, well-knit man, with long hair, now touched with gray, brushed back in waves from a broad and powerful forehead, features in which strength and sensitiveness, good humor and resolution, are blended in an almost poetic pallor, large flashing eyes that talk even when the lips move not, and an ever-ready smile of extraordinary sweetness—is to know him for the hearty, genuine, genial, good fellow he is. Frankness and a captivating camaraderie flame from him. I can imagine no man less capable of cultivating the English habit of condescension or of working up a "manner," or of affecting to be bored or overweighted by the responsibilities of office. If he has any pose it is to have no pose at all, to be modern and emancipated to the finger-tips, to let nothing stand in the way of the prompt and efficient discharge of business. Like all good fighters, there is nothing petty or malicious about him. He believes profoundly in himself, in Wales, and in facts; and I have heard him renew a debate in the House with an almost uncanny detachment, praising opponents with a large and generous appreciation it was good to listen to, and estimating the efforts of those on his own side with a just and wholly impersonal recognition of their value or their defects. The glow and zest and responsiveness of his nature, his candid, pouncing mind, the wholesome boyish streak that runs through all he says and does, the infectious freshness of his talk and outlook, his whole air of blithe and sympathetic vitality, combine to make him, if not the greatest, at any rate the most remarkable personality in British politics to-day.

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The Largest Reptile

THE German expedition equipped by the Geologic-Paleontological Institute of the University of Berlin, which has been two years in the field in German East Africa, has just announced, through Dr. Edward Hennig of the expedition, the discovery of huge limb bones, vertebræ, the skull, and other parts of the world's largest reptile called gigantosaurus. This mighty creature is estimated, from the height and size of the bones excavated, to have been 160 feet long. This is just double the length of the diplodocus of the United States. The latter, along with the well-known skeleton of brontosaurus, from Wyoming, sixty-six feet long and sixteen feet high, now in the Museum of Natural History, New York, previously held the supremacy for size and length.

The new giant East African dinosaur was herbivorous, living in the waters. Its neck and limbs appear to have been twice as long as, and a good deal thicker than, those of the diplodocus. The locality where the bones of the monster gigantosaurus were discovered is the Tendaguru region of German East Africa. A force of five hundred negroes was employed to dig out the bones. Some of the bones were so heavy as to require twenty-five men to carry them across the country, a march of about five days along the native trails to the seaport of Lindi. The scene of this particular find was the hill of Tendaguru, less than 100 feet high, isolated on a high, thickly wooded plateau about 650 feet above the sea. It is in the midst of an extensive dinosaur cemetery. The dinosaur remains are found in three distinct layers of soft shale, about 500 feet in thickness, along the stream of Mbenkuru, separated from one another by hard, coarse-grained sandstone. Each division has its own characteristic types of remains. The middle division was found to yield the most abundant material and the largest specimens. The bones did not occur singly, but usually lay in a jumble. Rarely was the skeleton found undisturbed and connected and no complete skeleton has yet been found. The isolated skeletons consist of leg bones, a foot, part of a vertebral column, a shoulder blade, and so on. Some of the bones show teeth marks of the carnivorous and flesh-eating dinosaurs. From this it appears that the skeletons have been torn apart by them and by the action of water. It is the intention of the Berlin Museum to mount a skeleton of the gigantosaurus as soon as the bones can be put together.

Dr. Hennig ventures the following explanation of how the great 160-foot gigantosaurus and other ancient animals came to be entrapped and buried: In the Cretaceous Age, some three to ten millions of years ago in Africa, a very shallow sea flooded vast areas of marsh land and at times of ebb the dinosaurs wandered far out over these flats to feed on algæ, seaweed, and small marine animals, only to be caught in low places by the incoming tides and so drowned and eventually buried. In some cases feet were found standing upright, leading to the conclusion that the animal had become mired in the mud. Because of the very small size of the brain, we may ascribe to these animals a low mentality and, consequently, frequent recurrences of the accidental drownings. We may also assume that the flesh-eating denizens of the water, as well as of the land, fed on these cadavers. This explanation, of course, does not readily apply to the gigantic forms, since they could easily have waded out of the flooding waters; but they may have lost their sense of shore direction and, becoming confused, have gone into the deeper waters and been drowned. We may also assume, since the strand line repeatedly rose and fell, as is indicated by the changing character of the strata, that large land masses were separated into islands and that these were finally submerged beneath the sea with all the life upon them."

W. L. BEASLEY.

Graphite

PROBABLY the majority of people believe that graphite or black lead finds its use principally, if not solely, in the manufacture of lead-pencils. Few people realize how generally useful this material is and into the composition of how many different commodities it enters. In fact, the manufacture of lead-pencils consumes but a very small part of the total graphite produced, as is shown by the following table, in which is given an estimate of the relative amounts of graphite used for various purposes:

Crucibles	55 per cent.
Stove polish	15 " "
Foundry facings	10 " "
Pencils	5 " "
Paint	5 " "
Lubricants	5 " "
All other purposes	5 " "

Chemically, graphite is a very interesting body and is known as one of the allotropic modifications of carbon. Carbon, like the magicians of old, has the power, under proper conditions, of assuming various forms called allotropic modifications, without losing its individuality. So while its properties and appearance may have changed, it is still chemically carbon and nothing but carbon. As ordinarily met with in the form of coke, coal, and charcoal it is called amorphous carbon; as graphite it is called graphitic carbon; and in the form of the diamond it is known as crystalline carbon. Coal is, therefore, very aptly termed "black diamonds," since chemically it is identically the same as the white diamond, though some change which has taken place in that infinitesimal particle called the molecule has caused its value to be rated in dollars per ton instead of dollars per carat.

Of these three carbon sisters graphite is the most stable, the most dependable, since both the amorphous and crystalline forms of carbon may be easily converted into graphite by subjecting them to the heat of the electric arc, while once the conversion has been made it is an extremely difficult matter to make them assume their original form again. Thousands of tons of graphite are made annually by subjecting to the heat of the electric furnace the various forms of amorphous carbons such as coal and coke. Needless to say, the crystalline form or diamond is not extensively used as a raw material.

However, the bulk of the graphite used in the world is still mined; and while nature has distributed it with a lavish hand, there being, for instance, scarcely a state in this country that cannot boast of a graphite deposit, there are very few workable mines. This is due to the fact that in most of these deposits the graphite is so closely associated with the rock and gangue or other impurities that it cannot be freed therefrom and put into a marketable condition with any degree of economy. The most famous and extensive deposits are located in Austria, Ceylon, Germany, Siberia, Mexico, Canada, and New York State. Of these deposits those in Austria lead in amount, the production in 1910 being 33,131 tons. In the same year there was mined in the United States 2,552 tons, while the total world's production was 93,461 tons. That the production of graphite in this country is not nearly equal to the demand is witnessed by the following figures, showing the production and importation of graphite in the United States in 1911:

Production = 3,618 tons valued at	$288,465
Importation = 20,702 tons valued at	1,495,729

Just as there are various kinds and grades of wood, each possessing certain properties which adapt it to some particular purpose, so there are various kinds of graphite, each with certain definite properties which determine the particular line of industry into which it will be put. Thus, a grade of graphite which is ideal for the purpose of making crucibles for the brass and steel industry might be almost worthless as a paint pigment, while one which would make an excellent paint pigment would probably not do at all as a lubricant. The price which graphite will command, naturally, depends in a measure on its properties and varies all the way from $3 per ton for a black earth containing graphite, which is used to color fertilizer, to $3.70 per pound, which is the price said to have been paid by a prominent pencil manufacturer for a certain grade of Siberian graphite.

Graphite derived its name from its ability to leave a mark or streak on paper; yet the article which is a commercial adaptation of this property, the lead-pencil, still retains the name, embodying the erroneous supposition that graphite was a compound of lead.

How the Buffalo Made Roads

THE buffalo was a good surveyor, since its instinct led it to take the easiest and most direct paths over high lands and low to its goal. Channing and Lansing, who have given study to this matter, assure us that the buffalo observed something like the principles that to-day govern the operations of the civil engineer.

The explorers who landed on the southern shores of Lakes Erie, Michigan, and Superior very soon observed the buffalo roads or "traces." Sometimes these were narrow ditches, a foot wide and from six inches to two feet deep, trodden down by the impact of thousands of hoofs, as herd after herd of buffaloes had stamped along in single file behind their leaders.

When the first path became too deep for comfort, by reason of repeated travel, the bison would abandon it and begin a second path alongside the first, and thus the frequented traces would be gradually widened. Or an immense herd of these heavy animals would crash through the forest, breaking in their rapid progress a broad, deep road from one feeding-ground to another. Inasmuch as this route would be followed again and again by this and other herds, it would become quite level and as hard as a rock. The consequence was that the pioneer road-makers always greeted with joy the sight of a buffalo road. The line of many of these roads is followed to-day by railways and canals, just as in the old days it was followed by the log roads and turnpikes.

The buffalo followed the level of the valley. He swerved round high points whenever it was possible, crossing the ridges and watersheds at the best natural divides and gorges. He crossed from one side of a stream to the other repeatedly in order to avoid climbing up from the level, after the manner of our modern loop railways.

The So-called Sulphur Showers

MANY persons are aware that in spring, and especially in early spring, it happens that after a shower the edge of every pool of water in the streets and along the sidewalks will be bordered by a rim of pale yellow color. As the water evaporates this ring remains as a fine powdery mass, so much resembling sulphur as to have given rise to the name "sulphur showers." This so-called sulphur is, of course, not sulphur at all. When examined under the microscope it is found to be made up of a mass of the yellowish pollen grains of pine trees.

Instead of consisting of a single cell, as do most pollen grains, that of the pine consists of three cells, the two larger end ones being filled with air and the other containing the ordinary fertilizing principle. The two air-containing cells are larger than the other and act as balloons to buoy it up in the air.

In pines and allied trees fertilization of the cones, by which they are enabled to set and develop seeds, is accomplished by the wind—that is, the pollen is produced in immense quantities and is transported through the air to the cones, which are often on separate, widely distant trees. Thus it often happens that the pollen gets up in the higher currents of the air, is carried for long distances, and is only brought down to the earth by the rain, producing the so-called shower of sulphur.

Moon Rivers

THE so-called craters, ring mountains, and empty sea beds of the moon are not the only interesting phenomena which our satellite presents to the view. There are on many parts of the moon's surface long, narrow lines called "rills," evidently much below the general level of the ground, some of them comparable in breadth and depth to the great cañons of our Western country.

Certain astronomers have been disposed to regard these rills as cracks and rents in the crust of the moon, but others have adopted the suggestion, made long ago, that they are river channels.

It may be remarked of these ancient lunar river channels, if such they really are, that their wider ends always terminate in pear-shaped hollows like little craters, and this end is nearly always higher than the other, so that if the craters were once lakes their waters must have flowed out into the rivers instead of the waters of the rivers emptying into the lakes.

The Prophetic Clock

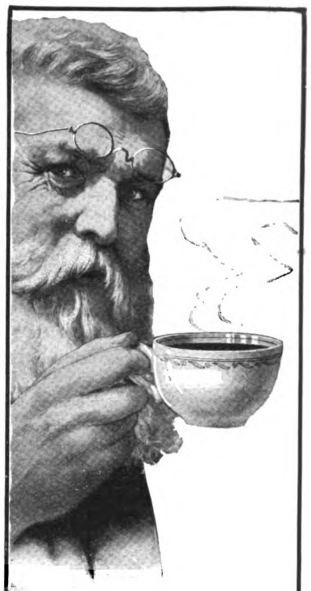
THE celebrated clock known as "Big Ben" in the tower of the Houses of Parliament in London has stopped three times, twice on memorable occasions. The first time frost was understood to have interfered with the movement of the hands.

In December, 1861, a little while before the death of the husband of Queen Victoria, the clock struck one hundred times in succession. Those who were superstitious and ignorant of the cause took it as an omen, soon confirmed in the death of the Prince Consort.

The third occasion was when Mr. Gladstone was concluding a famous speech on home rule for Ireland. It was subsequently discovered that the clock needed oiling.

Shadows of Sound

AS there are shadows that interfere with sight, so also there are "shadows" that interfere with hearing. This fact is well known by pilots. When, as in dense fogs, the boat is guided largely by the sense of hearing, there is a constant risk that these so-called "shadows" may cut off the sound of the fog-horns. In certain cases the sound-waves seem to "jump" like bounding balls. At the distance of a mile the sound is heard perfectly, at two miles it may be impossible to hear it, while a mile farther on it may begin to be audible once more.



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—How to organize a credit and collections department.
—How to weed out dishonest buyers from the safe risks.
—How to get quick, accurate, inside information about a customer's ability to pay.
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—How to devise a simple and effective system of insuring prompt and periodical collections of all your accounts.
And valuable information obtainable in no other way, for credit men, collectors, accountants and every business man interested in this vital department

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—How to judge and select the right mediums to reach any given class.
—How to write, refine, illustrate, display, place, and check advertisements.
—How to develop a crisp, hard-hitting, goods-selling style of expression.
—How to prepare bold, original head lines.
—How to conduct a general magazine campaign.
—How to "drive home" its effect on dealers, wholesalers and consumer simultaneously.
—How to make a small appropriation count.
—How to advertise for direct inquiries and turn them into sales.
—How to make an advertisement itself "pull orders, and bring in" actual money "with the coupon."
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The Divining-rod in Germany

FAITH in the divining-rod and its practical use has been revived in Germany in consequence of recent drought. The divining-rod has been accepted by high officials of the state, the Emperor himself having attempted to develop as a "sensitive"—and failed.

One of the advocates of the divining-rod, Counselor von Bülow-Rothkampf, who has pointed out wells, and published notes on the rod in German periodicals, regards the evident power of the rod as having an electric origin and believes that the rod indicates not sheets of water, but subterranean currents. The theory is sustained by the fact that lightning frequently strikes points where several deep currents of water cross. This is said to be the reason why lightning strikes the tallest and finest trees, whose roots are fed by currents from which they draw a large quantity of sap.

The work of the divining-rod is endorsed by men high in Prussian official life. One of them, von Uslar, a sub-prefect of the Prussian police, was sent by the German government to locate subterranean water in southwest Africa.

Franzius, Councilor of the German Admiralty and a director of the works in the port of Kiel, is another believer. Prince Hans Carolath has exhibited his power before the court of the Kaiser. In 1906 Professor Max Dessoir published a study of the divining-rod and declared, as Kircher declared in 1660 and as Professor Barrett of Dublin declared recently, that the divining-rod receives its power directly from the one who holds it, that the person who gives the power to the rod does it involuntarily and unconsciously, that the rod has no virtue of its own, and that some "sensitives" have attempted in vain to resist their gift and to repel it.

In a lecture delivered before the Zurich Society of Sciences, Professor Heim declared that the success of the diviner depends not on the instrument, but on the operator. His conclusion is that some individuals are so impressionable to water that they are like the horses of the Steppes, which scent springs when a long distance from them. The wands or rods are used to produce a more or less passive condition in the operator.

In the beginning of 1910 an important work on the divining-rod was published in Berlin, in which it was argued that the phenomena of the divining-rod are real and that the facts are explained only by a special unexplained "sensitiveness." The author of the work explains the strange phenomena by the radio-active emanations of the water, which cause the rod to turn without any conscious muscular assistance from the operator. The substances most richly endowed with radio-activity are those which impress the rod.

The divining-rod has been used in Munich by the so-called "wizard," Kurringer, for the Water Commissioners of Munich to locate breaks in public conduits. In searching for leaks in metallic pipes the divining-rod is more successful than when the pipes are not made of metal. Attempts to find out the character and physical properties of subterranean currents of water are in progress.

In the fifty-first congress of the Gas and Water Workers of Königsberg, in 1910, the specialists made a report unfavorable to the divining-rod, and declared that it was "not only an instrument of trickery, but a vehicle of disease." In answer to this accusation, the experiences of different prominent men were given. In 1912 the Berlin Pumps and Wells Builders' Union called on all the technical schools of Germany for opinions on the divining-rod. The alleged reason for the call was "the fight against superstition." The summons was received in silence by the majority of its recipients. A minority answered frankly that they knew nothing. A very few answered prudently that they favored the rod.

Carl Roth, the celebrated inventor, reports his interesting experiments with the divining-rod and declares that it would be very difficult to deny that there is an intimate connection between the divining-rod and deep water.

Forests and Hygiene

WE hear much of the importance of the conservation of forests from an economic standpoint, but little is said as to the hygienic value of forests.

Forests contribute to the general health by breaking the force of steadily blowing winds. They mitigate the heat of summer by the vast amount of evaporation from their leaves that occurs by day. They also promote rainfalls. Thus they check the tendency of the earth to desiccate, which is almost as injurious to health as it is to vegetation.

Cholera often passes a wooded district and revels in a treeless one. A certain road in India leads for sixty miles through a dense forest. Farther on it runs for ninety miles through a barren plain. Hundreds of persons travel the entire road daily. Now, in the first or wooded section cases of cholera seldom occur, while within the latter it has been of frequent occurrence. One year cholera raged in Allahabad. Soldiers whose barracks were on a hill suffered the most from the epidemic; those in barracks surrounded by four rows of trees much less; but not a single case occurred among the soldiers whose barracks were in a thicket. It was the same the next year.

Eggs of Domestic Fowls

THE government has issued a number of bulletins with reference to the eggs of various fowls. It appears therefrom that the white of an egg is nearly seven-eighths water, the balance being albumen. The yolk is slightly less than one-half water. These figures apply approximately to the eggs of turkeys, hens, geese, ducks, and guinea fowls.

The following table shows how nearly alike the eggs of various domestic fowls are in respect to composition:

Hens' eggs: 50 per cent. water, 16 per cent. protein, 33 per cent. fat.

Ducks' eggs: 46 per cent. water, 17 per cent. protein, 36 per cent. fat.

Goose eggs: 44 per cent. water, 19 per cent. protein, 36 per cent. fat.

Turkeys' eggs: 48 per cent. water, 18 per cent. protein, 33 per cent. fat.

Protein, as is generally known, is the substance that goes to make muscle and blood. Fat, of course, is fuel for running the body-machine. Thus, it will be seen, eggs, though half or nearly half water, are extremely nutritious, containing all the elements required for the building up and support of the human body.

Bazaars

STREETS in the bazaar districts of Asiatic cities are only eight to ten feet wide. The larger shops are eight by ten and the smaller ones five by six feet, with one side giving directly on the street. In each bazaar is a khan for every ten or twelve shops. These khans are two stories high, with an open court in the center and rooms on the four sides all opening into the court. A door leads from the open court into the street. Rooms are let to different storekeepers for storage purposes.

Each bazaar has a coffee-shop, which is a large open place covered partly by a roof, where are a number of wooden settees ranged in rows. Any visitor who sits down is first given a cup of Turkish coffee and then a narghile or native pipe filled with Shirza tobacco. The charge for coffee and the use of the pipe is two cents. Here merchants gather to discuss trade bills, and bank representatives to check the number of bills to be taken up and secure data for exchange rates for bills and foreign coins. Rates are practically determined in the coffee-shops.

The Joints of the Acrobat

EVERYBODY has seen the acrobat dislocate his joints. By means of flexions and contortions that have been practised from a very early age the spinal cord has been converted into what is to all intents and purposes a rubber tube. He can throw his head low enough to put his neck between his legs and bend his back into a bow almost as complete as that of the fireside cat. A medical man has classified these dislocations and says that the digestion of such men is almost always perfect, provided they do not carry their exercises to excess. He thinks the circulation is stimulated to a degree where the waste products of the body are more easily eliminated.

Dust

DUST, so men of science assure us, would not be possible were not matter almost infinitely divisible. It has, for instance, been estimated that an average puff of smoke from a cigarette contains some four thousand millions of particles of dust.

But a single grain of indigo, it is stated, will impart color to a ton of water. It follows, therefore, that every drop of this water takes over an immense number of ultra-microscopic particles of indigo. A few grains of fluorescein, a substance derived from coal-tar, will produce a distinct fluorescence. To produce this result the fluorescein undergoes, of course, division into countless billions of particles.

Almost every substance enters into the composition of dust. Street dust shows morsels of iron and steel from the tires of wagons, horseshoes, and the nails of men's shoes, bits of leather from harness, fragments of wood, cotton, wool, hair, paper, clay, sand, bacteria, etc.

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Human Fossils

THE study of human fossils first became established as a recognized science in 1844–46. Darwin meanwhile had assumed the existence at a certain period in recent geological times of an animal type of man or "missing link" between humanity and the big apes. In 1866 Haeckel made a guess sketch of the creature in question, whose discovery he declared would soon take place. Twenty-eight years later Dr. Dubois unearthed in Java bones which corresponded to the assumptions of Haeckel.

In 1856 there was found in Germany the fossil skeleton known as the "Man of Neanderthal." This was a man five feet two inches in height, of robust build and well-developed muscles, and possessed of great animal vitality but a limited intelligence, since the skull, although large, contained a relatively small brain. Of later date and more evolved was the "Man of Cromagnon," discovered among other skeletons in 1868. In him also the brain development was slight. Both these fossils, one dating from the middle of the Quaternary age and the other from the end of the same period, are inferior not only to the white man of to-day, but to contemporary humanity in general.

There remains the third example of the third type of prehistoric man, the "Man of Grimaldi," so christened in honor of the reigning family of Monaco. He is also called after the Red Rocks grottoes that give directly on the sea near Mentone. These are nine in number and of the Tertiary period. To determine the age of the skeletons it was necessary first to ascertain that of the grottoes, to which tradition ascribed various dates. Superficially examined in 1872, these caves were subjected from 1895 to 1902 to a methodical search, which resulted in the discovery of some fossil skeletons. From 1895 to 1905 four new specimens were brought to light, which, with those already found, made a total of sixteen. Of these, which all belong to the earlier half of the Quaternary period, fourteen resemble the "Man of Cromagnon." The other two, a young man and an old woman, call for a new definition.

Dickens as a Criminologist

DICKENS antedates Lombroso as a criminologist. The law's delay and its attendant inconveniences serve as an object-lesson in many of his works. In *Barnaby Rudge* is to be found a comprehensive study of the criminal crowd.

Crime has tempted many authors, but it was Dickens who discovered the criminal. Kurella, the anthropologist, maintains that the descriptions of the English author reveal the malefactor in a new light, with a quite peculiar psychological organization. Certain it is that Dickens was first in the field with his allusions to the facial and other physical characteristics of the criminal. See, for example, his description of Jack Dawkins, the youthful pickpocket: "He was a snub-nosed, flat-browed, common-faced boy enough; short of his age, with rather bow legs and little, sharp, ugly eyes." Moreover, Dickens laid stress on the theory of heredity.

Where Dickens shines especially is in his definitions of the economic factors of crime. Poverty and misery have been depicted by him in all their aspects and revolting squalor. Unfortunate and erring childhood, that frequents the sordid alleys of the city, is shown up by this author as the doomed and often irresponsible victim of criminal surroundings. Another favorite theme of his is the conduct of a person haunted by the recollection and worried by the long concealment of a crime.

Artificial Clouds

IN order to preserve crops from the frost, the idea has been taken up, in cold and mountainous regions in Europe, of producing artificial clouds of smoke, so formed as to retain the heat in the soil. The smoke clouds are produced by tar, resin, or petroleum, according to the abundance of the particular product in the locality where it happens to be needed.

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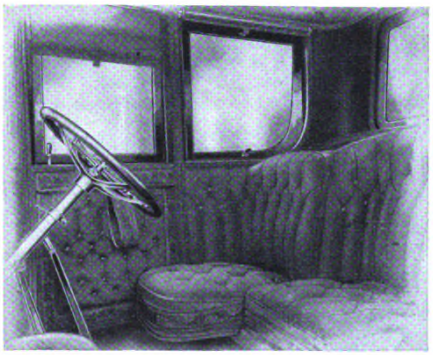
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The interior arrangement

The illustration shows the interior arrangement of the Cadillac Coupe. The driver's seat is about 8 inches forward of the wide rear seat. This gives greater elbow room. To allow entrance from the driving side, the driver's seat folds back. There is ample room on the wide rear seat for two passengers beside the driver and the fourth passenger occupies the front seat, which may also be folded up if desired. The trimmings and appointments are elegant in the extreme. The four side windows may be lowered and they are specially made to be vibration proof, whether up or down.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

for MARCH

WHO ARE THE BLOND ESKIMOS?

Mr. STEFANSSON describes in this instalment of his experiences in the Arctic his first meeting with the strange, unknown people of Victoria Land—people with blue eyes, blond or reddish hair and beards, and heads and faces of distinct European cast. Mr. STEFANSSON'S discussion of the various theories as to the origin of this race will be found of extraordinary interest. With photographs.

THE GREATNESS OF THE GREAT LAKES—Few of us realize the greatness of our inland seas; their beauty and their vast industrial importance. Yet the ports of Duluth, Chicago, Buffalo, and Cleveland are among the great ports of the world, and each year play a more important part in our commerce. EDWARD HUNGERFORD gives a vivid account of the entire lake system, which is brilliantly illustrated by W. J. Aylward.

A BARN-DOOR OUTLOOK BY JOHN BURROUGHS—From the door of his study in an old-fashioned barn, the veteran naturalist has looked out on the world in which he finds so much of interest which most of us neglect to see. A delightful nature study with many charming observations of bird and animal life.

MR. HOWELLS IN SEVILLE

Another of Mr. HOWELLS'S charmingly graphic glimpses of one of Spain's most famous cities and the countryside around it. Illustrated with many drawings in tint by Norman Black.

THE UNDERGRADUATE AS THE PROFESSOR SEES HIM—The college undergraduate is the subject of much discussion and more condemnation. Yet after all he is a likable person, and if he often neglects his real opportunity, is he to blame or should the responsibility be placed on his parents and his teachers? Prof. HENRY S. CANBY, of Yale, contributes a thoughtful and charmingly sympathetic paper on the subject.

PRESERVING THE FERTILITY OF THE SOIL—Here is the problem which the farmer has neglected, and which the scientific experts are trying to solve. A. D. HALL, of the Rothamsted Experimental Station in England, gives an interesting account of the work which is being done in this field, and what it is accomplishing.

SEVEN COMPLETE SHORT STORIES

Notable among them are stories by MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY, JAMES OPPENHEIM, FANNY HEASLIP LEA, GEORG SCHOCK, CHESTER HOLBROOK BROWN, MARGARET CAMERON, Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY, and others.

GILBERT PARKER'S

Great Novel

"The Judgment House"

Good Winter Weather

W'EN Grampa's give your ear some tweaks
An' ast where you got those red cheeks,
An' things that goes on wheels all squeaks—
W'y, it's "good winter weather."

W'en Gramma's kitchen pump it wheeze
Like it was sayin', "If you please,"
An' icicles hang up an' freeze—
Nen it's "good winter weather."

W'en Grampa opens our front door
An' gets his "specs" all out before
He sees how cold it is some more,
Nen it's "good winter weather."

Mus' be "'bout twenty years to-day"
Ole Mercury went down an' stay
Right in his silver ball—he say,
'Cause it's "good winter weather."

W'en Gramma trot her feet an' call
She feel a draught from th' front hall,
My Grampa say, "Ain't cold at all,
It's jus' good winter weather."

My Grampa's lantern that he sees
Wif sometimes—he will light 'cause he's
All 'fraid th' chickens' combs will freeze
W'en it's "good winter weather."

But w'en th' yellow Sun shines down
All over on th' white, white groun'
An' it's so still your voice will soun'
In th' "good winter weather,"

My Grampa gets "th' cutter" out
Wif jingle-bells—nen he mus' shout
To Bess to "mind w'at she's about!"
An' it's "good winter weather."

My Gramma's foun' th' buff'lo robe.
Safe fum ole Moth in "Smithtown Globe"—
(Th' bes' one's lent to Cousin Job)
'Cause it's "good winter weather."

My Gramma's "het th' soapstone hot."
(Our feet will like a nice warm spot.)
"Come, 'Father's' waitin' like as not!"
In th' "good winter weather."

W'en Grampa left th' parson there,
'Way, 'way behind wif his new mare,
He say to Bess: "Whoa! Steady there!"
An' it's "good winter weather."

MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS.

Jet

JET, that substance from which many articles of ornament are made, very closely resembles ordinary coal. It is formed, like coal, from wood and vegetable matter. It differs from coal in that it contains a much smaller quantity of earthy impurities. There is soft jet and hard jet; but only the latter is of much use in the making of ornamental articles.

While the jet industry in England has never attained great importance, it is one of the oldest that country boasts. Excavation has revealed the fact that jet ornaments were popular in Britain during the bronze period, so there is but little doubt that jet ornaments were among the very first to be worn in the British Isles.

Aside from England, the chief jet-producing countries are Germany, Spain, and France, where it is easily obtained. Much imitation jet has been made from vulcanite and glass.

The German jet is found associated in large quantities with amber. Since the latter substance is of considerable commercial value in the making of pipes and various ornaments, jet in Germany is treated merely as a by-product and mined in quantities just sufficient to meet the demand. There it is called "black amber" by reason of its similarity to the more valuable commodity.

Some Curious Petrifactions

PETRIFIED objects are found in a great many sections of the world, most of them in sections where limestone is prevalent.

Petrified wood is quite common. Bits of wood, pieces of bark, and small twigs are the more common, but in some places whole logs are found, and these are so well petrified as to show the bark as perfect as when the tree was growing. Different kinds of wood petrify. It depends more on the amount of lime than on the quality of timber.

In Arizona whole trees are petrified, and, in fact, whole forests have been turned into stone and some wonderful specimens are to be found there. The petrified trees are sometimes cut up and converted into various articles of value.

Petrified moss is found in many places. It is very beautiful. Petrified grasses, leaves of trees, and petrified nuts and fruits have been discovered in some places. Petrified reptiles and small animals have also been found.

Cobs from which the grains of corn have been removed make rather curious petrifications. One of the most curious found is that of a piece of honeycomb turned into solid stone, but showing every honey cell perfectly shaped and equally distributed just as the honey bees had built it. If the comb had contained honey the water had dissolved that, for the cells were empty.

Petrified human remains are not uncommon. In some of the cemeteries in sections where limestone prevails in abundance bodies have been lifted to move them to other cemeteries, and they were found to be turned to stone.

Apple Rust

WHEN the cider-press is in operation there may be observed certain deep, rich, golden-brown or golden-red colors assumed by the juices of the apples as they gather in the receptacles. This characteristic hue of cider is almost as pleasing to the eye as the flavor of the fresh sweet juice is to the sense of taste.

A French chemist has shown that the apple contains an oxidizing ferment which produces the brownish or reddish color of cider. The manner in which this substance produces oxidation can readily be observed by any one who cuts an apple open and leaves it exposed for a short time to the air. The cut surfaces gradually turn red as the oxygen of the air unites with the juice; in a word, the apple rusts.

Rusting of an apple may also be brought about by simply bruising the fruit without breaking the skin. Everybody knows that apples that have fallen violently to the ground show red or rusty spots underneath the bruised rind. In this case the oxygen is derived from the air contained in the ducts or interstices among the tissues of the fruit, and it becomes active through the breaking of the cells that enclose the oxidizing ferment.

If an apple is cooked before its skin is broken its tissues do not oxidize when exposed to the air. This is explained on the supposition that the oxidizing properties of the ferment are destroyed by heat.

The Velocity of Light

THE first determination of the velocity of light was made by Römer in 1676. The method was based upon the observation of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, phenomena of frequent recurrence and easy of observation. Assuming that light requires time wherein to move from place to place through space, the interval between successive eclipses would appear too short when the earth is approaching Jupiter and too long when the earth is receding therefrom. Römer found in his observations that such was the case and that the interval was conditioned by the rate of speed at which the earth changed places relatively to Jupiter. From these constants Römer computed that light expended about sixteen and one-half minutes in crossing the earth's orbit. From this is deduced a velocity of about 186,500 miles a second.

How the Locust Breathes

DR. JOHANN REGEN, a professor of Natural History in Vienna, has constructed a delicate instrument that registers and measures the respiration of insects. The apparatus is composed of a crystal tube with an aperture in the end. Imprisoned in this the locust, in the effort to extricate himself, turns over, bringing his thorax immediately under a needle having a ball in the point. In this way, thanks to the ascending and descending movement of the needle working over a lever, the movements of the thorax are registered on a plate or metal leaf. It is thus possible to study attentively the quickness and the length of each breath of the insect and, what is more important, the strength and action. By this means it has been ascertained that insects respire in a manner directly the reverse of human beings. We are required to put the necessary strength into the inspiration, while expelling it is largely automatic. The locust, on the other hand, inhales automatically, but expels it with more trouble.

Thibetan Tea-making

AN Englishman, while in Thibet, was invited out to tea and learned the art of tea-making as practised in that country. It appears to be somewhat as follows:

For six persons boil a teacupful of tea in three pints of water for ten minutes, with a heaping dessert-spoonful of soda; put the infusion into the churn, with one pound of butter and a small tablespoonful of salt. Churn until the combination is of the consistency of cream.

The Thibetans prize butter for its age. The best is often forty, fifty, or even sixty years old.

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The Evolution of the Organ

IT is a far cry from the pipes of Pan to the great organ of Westminster Abbey. Yet "the reeds down by the river" were the first infantile lisp of the "king of musical instruments."

The growth of this "king" has been slow and its evolution has seemed to almost exactly keep pace with the development of art and civilization in the human race. Certain it is it is one of the greatest achievements of cycles of human skill and ingenuity.

The legend goes that Pan pursued Syrinx, a water nymph, who, to evade him, turned into a reed. Pan cut the reed into seven pieces, bound them together, and drew from them sweet melodies. So this instrument was ever after called the Syrinx. The Emperor Nero was much interested in the Syrinx and encouraged makers in its improvement.

Oddly enough, the Chinese, who cannot be counted among organ-builders, were the first to invent an instrument which really foreshadowed the modern organ.

Another form, very like the Scottish bagpipes, was known in pastoral Greece in the fifth century before Christ. Aristophanes mentions "bumblebee pipes" and Plato makes an allusion to them. It was centuries later before the instrument took the form which really entitled it to be called an organ. Ctesibius of Alexandria about 200 B.C. made the first instrument in which the air was supplied by artificial means. It was forced into the pipes by "the efforts of water to rise to its own level."

The hydraulic organ had, after Ctesibius, many builders who introduced improvements, but water continued to be the power for a long period even after the invention of the pneumatic organ. Two hydraulic organs, partially destroyed, were found in the ruins of Pompeii and are now in the museum at Naples. They have only nine or ten pipes made of bronze, and all of the same diameter, which would indicate that men did not then know of the regulation of sound by the size of the pipes.

The pneumatic organ to which the wind is supplied by bellows, but not in the manner of the modern action, was first used in Constantinople. On an obelisk erected to Theodosius the Great, A.D. 346–395, are seen two small organs planted in wind chests supplied by detached bellows.

An interesting point in its history is the first appearance of the organ in the church service. This is said by some to have been in the time of Pope Vitalian I. about A.D. 666, though other authorities declare it was known in Spain much earlier.

Byzantium was the first to become an important center in the art of organ-building. Pepin, king of the Franks, father of Charlemagne, in 757 sent a deputation to the Emperor Constantine asking that an organ might be sent to France. It arrived in due time and with great ceremonies was placed in the church of St. Corneille at Compiegne. Charlemagne's great love for the organ caused the Caliph, Haroun-al-Rashid, to present him with one built by an Arab in 822.

All this time the organ was very far from being the instrument we know. An old drawing in Trinity College, Cambridge, represents two men playing and four men blowing the bellows. Six men to bring sound out of a small affair of fourteen pipes and one limited bank of keys! Originally there were two men to each bellows and often ten or twelve blowers needed. It took several hundred years to find out that one man could do the work, and now even that one is supplanted by electricity, though in many small churches he can still be seen earning his small stipend at the bellows.

As to the appearance of the keyboard authorities seem to differ, some saying the first one was used in the organ of the Cathedral of Magdeburg at the close of the eleventh century. It had sixteen keys an ell long and three inches broad. These unwieldy keys had to be pounded with the fists or elbows. So it must be inferred that there could have been no delicacy of touch or rapidity of action, and the sounds were crude and thunderous.

"Bumbulum," the name given the organ by the Anglo-Saxons of the tenth century, would seem to have been singularly appropriate.

Narrow keys to be struck by the fingers did not come into use till about the fourteenth century. The keyboard also grew in this century till it reached three octaves. In the "St. Cecilia" of the brothers Hubert and Jan Van Eyck (fifteenth century) there is seen a keyboard very much as we know it now.

From the close of the eleventh century for more than two hundred years there is scarcely any record of an advance in organ-building. In the thirteenth century it was greatly retarded by the check it received from the Latin and Greek churches declaring against its use. The Latin Church soon removed the ban, but in the Greek the organ has never been reinstated.

The fourteenth century saw enormous strides in its development. Almost every church had its organ. These were portable, so that they could be moved to different parts of the edifice as the service required. In 1312 an organ was built for St. Raphael's in Venice by a German, which shows that the reputation of the Germans as builders had gone abroad. From that time on till the nineteenth century Germany led the world in the building of organs. In 1350 a monk of Thon built one with twenty-two keys.

Dutch builders ranked next to the Germans, the French doing very little of any account and the English even less, though Spain and Italy were accomplishing some good work. In France scarcely anything remains of its early work except the organ of St. Ouen in Rouen, which goes back to the seventeenth century. It has five manuals, a pedal organ of two octaves in compass, twelve pairs of bellows, and forty-nine sounding stops.

One of the greatest achievements of the eighteenth century was the organ of the Benedictine Monastery at Weingarlin set up in June, 1750, after six years of labor. It had sixty-six stops and an enormous number of pipes.

English organs were behind all others till the nineteenth century, when they took a great stride forward, and now they stand with the best. One reason for England's backwardness may be due to the severe blow dealt to music by the Puritan rule. Organs were denounced as "weapons of the devil," and in 1644 an ordinance was passed "for the further demolishing of monuments of idolatry and superstition." This was the second ordinance of the kind. Companies of Cromwell's soldiers rode into the churches, battered down the railings, and tore away the organ pipes, which they pawned for ale. Happily the organs of St. Paul's, York, Durham, and Lincoln cathedrals and Christ's College escaped. Organ-builders left the country or were forced to work as carpenters and joiners.

The United States has for fifty years been importing its workmen and is now not excelled in organ-building by any country in the world. The first electric-action organ to be set up in America was at the Centennial Exposition in 1876.

Organ pipes have been constructed of all sorts of material—wood, bronze, brass, copper, glass, paper, tin, silver, and gold, but the English tin has been found to be the best for lightness, color, durability, and unsusceptibility to change of climate. Volumes could be written about the different forms of ornamentation of the organ from the early bizarre suns, moons, and gilt angels down to the classic dignity and splendor of the Renaissance.

Birds' Tongues

A GERMAN naturalist has gathered some curious data with reference to the tongues of birds. As he points out, many persons suppose that woodpeckers use their sharp-pointed tongues as darts with which to transfix their prey. It is true that the woodpecker, like the humming-bird, can dart out its tongue with extraordinary rapidity and that its mouth is furnished with an elaborate mechanism for this purpose; yet investigation shows that the object of their swift motion is only to catch the prey, not to pierce it. For the purpose of holding the captured victim the woodpecker's tongue is furnished with a sticky secretion.

Inasmuch as it possesses the power of imitating speech, it is not surprising to learn that the parrot's tongue resembles that of man more closely than any other bird's tongue does. It is not because the parrot is more intelligent than many other birds, but because its tongue is better suited for articulation than theirs that it is able to amuse us with its mimicry.

In some respects the humming-bird's tongue is the most remarkable of all. It is double nearly from end to end, so that the little creature is able to grasp its insect prey very much as if its mouth were furnished with a pair of fingers.

Taste and Temperature

THE sense of taste resides in little flask-shaped pockets imbedded in the skin of the surface of the tongue and in the upper part of the throat. Each of these bulbs has a fibril of a nerve connecting it with the larger nerves of its region. Anything to be tasted must be in a dissolved or gaseous condition so as to reach the interior of the bulbs, and differences in taste depend upon the varying intensity with which the impression is transmitted through the nerves. It is not surprising, then, that taste is much influenced by temperature and may temporarily be ruined altogether by extreme heat or cold. The sense of taste is strongest at a temperature between fifty and sixty degrees. Fahrenheit.

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The Postal Bank

HOW IT SHOULD BE MADE TO SUPPLEMENT THE PARCEL POST

By Don C. Seitz

THE announcement that the newly inaugurated parcel post carried 40,000,000 packages in the first month of its operation is an interesting indication that there existed a long unfulfilled want. That an undoubted convenience has "arrived" is beyond question. But as a factor in reducing the cost of living and cutting out the drones between the producer and the consumer its possibilities are still latent.

There are two reasons for this. The first is that the cost of the service is too great for the profitable transportation of farm products and the unit of weight too low. The second is the lack of financial facilities for country people—and for that matter the average city dweller as well. The ordinary citizen does not keep a bank account outside of the savings institutions, where check-drawing is not permissible. Many city banks require balances that cannot be maintained by the run of householders. While banks are plentiful in the cities, even if not widely utilized, the country is poorly supplied, and the farmer who wishes to use checks or to cash them is put to much bother, something he detests and avoids.

But an expansion of the postal savings-bank system can correlate with the parcel post and create a nation-wide convenience. Every post-office should become a depository and paying-point. Depositors should be provided with check-books. The stamping of the check by the postmaster would mean its certification. The clumsy machinery of the postal-order system would disappear and the uncertainty of the registered letter be done away with. It would not be necessary for the government to pay interest on these accounts. The use of the facilities afforded would be a sufficient return on the deposit, or, if the interest system be retained, the placing of a one-cent stamp upon the check would bring a large return to the government and be but a small tax upon the depositor, as against the present cumbersome money-order service.

In this way farmers and consumers would be provided with a safe and convenient form of exchange by which they could do business directly with each other at infinitesimal cost with great mutual advantage. It could damage no existing financial institutions, because it would serve people outside the pale of banking.

Under present conditions, it is impossible to finance parcel-post transactions conveniently, and this limitation serves as a great check upon its reaching full usefulness. There is nothing complicated about the plan advanced. The machinery exists for its successful operation. Post-offices in every town in the United States have ample room, and in nearly all cases plenty of clerical help. A certified check from one office to another means nothing but clearing.

The cash-balancing will be small, as the checks will to a large extent kill each other, just as they do in the clearing-houses at the banking centers. Checks other than postal can be collected without risk by the simple method of not allowing them to be drawn against until the money is received. No bank possesses the means of identification that prevails at the usual post-office. It is the one place in town where everybody is known. In no case does the money have to be paid until the return is safely in hand. It would prove a business without risk and a facility beyond measure.

Hippopotamus Ivory

ONE of the curiosities of African trade, now far more uncommonly seen than formerly, is the ivory of the hippopotamus. These teeth are much harder than those of the elephant, and for a long time were used for the manufacture of false teeth, which were skilfully carved from that material. Old Le Vaillant remarks, in his *African Travels*, now more than a hundred years old: "It is surprising that Europeans, especially Frenchmen, should make an article of commerce out of the teeth of the hippopotamus, for with the help of science they are made to replace our own, and we may see them flashing delightfully in the mouth of a pretty woman." Science has found a better substitute for this, and the trade in hippopotamus teeth has fallen off. The making of *sjamboks*, or whips, from the hide is still a flourishing industry; and during the Boer War an enterprising genius sold many strips of the thick hide, at a shilling apiece, to a train-load of Canadian recruits, by calling the stuff "biltong"—that is, sun-dried beef. The teeth of the walrus more nearly resemble elephant ivory, and are in good demand in Japan for small carvings; and fossil ivory from Siberia has long been used in China.



JUSTICE OF THE PEACE: "And now that you are man and wife, let me say that I hope you will be happy."

STRONG-MINDED WOMAN: "If we ain't happy, Judge, I'll know the reason why."

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Cold and Appetite

As everybody knows, there have been devised various methods whereby exceedingly low temperatures have been obtained.

While the arctic regions provide some fairly cold weather—say, sixty or seventy-five degrees below zero, Fahrenheit—the scientists have been able to surpass nature's achievements in this line, and when they wish one hundred and fifty or two hundred and fifty degrees below zero they can obtain it. How this is done it is unnecessary here to state. It is interesting to note the effects of such low temperatures on animal life.

Dogs, when introduced to such an environment, withstand it well, provided they are covered in blankets and wool and provided the experiment is of short duration. But a curious fact is that when they emerge from such a temperature they are fearfully hungry.

Having seen that dogs stood the experiments well, one experimenter tried the effects of intense cold upon himself and went down into his "cold pit" carefully dressed in warm clothing and furs. The temperature was maintained steadily at one hundred and ten below zero, Centigrade—one hundred and sixty-six, Fahrenheit.

After four minutes the experimenter felt very hungry and was more so when he put an end to the experiment, coming out of the cold after eight minutes. He took a hearty meal and enjoyed it thoroughly; and this seemed all the more strange, since for years he had not known what it meant to be hungry. Appetite had been a word without meaning to him, and the digestion of each meal was commonly such a painful process that he ate very little and never enjoyed it.

He repeated the "cold experiment" daily for a week, and, after eight cold baths of eight or ten minutes each, his pain and distress after eating vanished. Appetite was restored and digestion became painless.

The Peopling of Our Continent

VISITORS to Oregon and the State of Washington are impressed by two features that possess a particular degree of magnificence: the Columbia River and the remarkable chain of extinct volcanoes comprising Mount Tacoma, Mount Hood, Mount St. Helens, and other great peaks.

This part of our country we are accustomed to regard as having a great future in store. But in one sense its past may have been no less great. According to various authorities, it was here that the center of migration existed from which the American continent was peopled by Asiatics thousands of years before Europeans began to cross the Atlantic.

Mason has shown that there is a kind of pathway across the Pacific which follows the shortest course, a great circle of the globe, and leads from the Malay Archipelago to the Columbia River basin. It skirts the shore of Asia on one side and that of North America on the other, being thus a safe course for voyages at a time when the art of navigation was in its infancy.

If this theory is correct a very interesting, though perfectly natural, fact comes to light; the region which was the center of operations during the peopling of America from Asia has been almost the last to experience the development that has followed the repeopling of the continent from Europe. But its great natural features are as admirable now as they must have been then.

Radium and Gems

IT is possible to change the color of precious and semi-precious stones by exposing them to the action of radium. A German who has obtained remarkable results. He bought sapphires of different kinds and put them in a box with a small quantity of radium. At the end of a month the transformations were as follows: white sapphires had become yellow; blue, green; violet, blue; wine-colored stones, red; dark blue, violet.

Aeroplane Tires

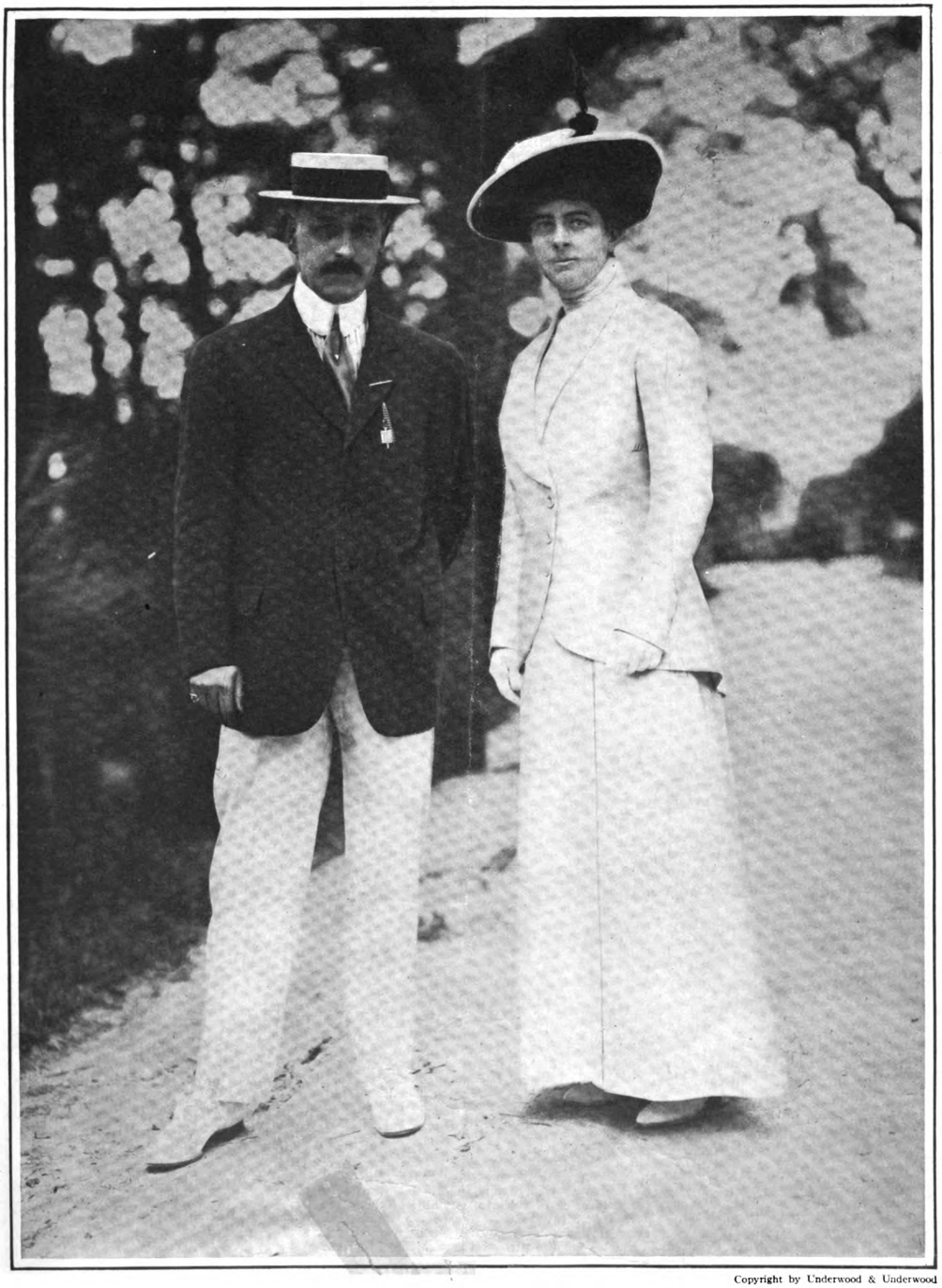
SUCH is the demand for special tires for aeroplanes that, it is said, more than one big concern has made the providing of such tires a branch of its business and found a ready sale for the output.

The special requirements of aeroplane tires are strength coupled with extreme lightness and resiliency. They must be strong for the work they have to do when the machine is on the ground, and yet so light that they shall add but little weight

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. LVII NEW YORK, MARCH 1, 1913 No. 2932



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MRS. CLEVELAND'S SECOND MARRIAGE

The former Democratic mistress of the White House was married a few weeks ago at Princeton, New Jersey, to Professor Thomas J. Preston, Jr., of Wells College. The ceremony was performed by President John G. Hibben, of Princeton University. Mrs. Cleveland's marriage to the twenty-second President of the United States took place on June 2, 1886.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. LVII No. 2932

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 1, 1913

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4.00 a Year in Advance

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, Mexico, Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, Guam, and Tutuila, Samoa. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office Department, Ottawa, Canada. Foreign postage, $1.56

Entered at the New York Post office as second class matter

HARPER & BROTHERS

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

LONDON: 45 ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

George Harvey, President, Franklin Square, New York, N. Y.
Frederick A. Duneka, Secretary, Franklin Square, New York, N. Y.
Frederick T. Leigh, Treasurer, Franklin Square, New York, N. Y.

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COMMENT

Discrimination Needed

THERE are Latins and Latins. For a week or so MADERO and DIAZ have bombarded each other across the Mexican capital, and at this writing MADERO, to that stormy accompaniment, has just, apparently, ceased to be President, and HUERTA has, apparently, become President. It is a good deal like the fine times of the early seventeen-nineties in Paris, when one day LOUIS XVI. ruled, the next day LAFAYETTE, the next day somebody else, and so on to MARAT, ROBESPIERRE, NAPOLEON.

Yet in that same Paris, the day of the HUERTA-BLANQUET *coup* in Mexico, President FALLIÈRES said quietly to M. POINCARÉ: "I transfer to you the powers of the state"; and as quietly M. POINCARÉ replied: "I consecrate myself to the service of the Republic." That was all there was to it. In perfect tranquillity a great Latin republic passed from one régime to another.

For the moment Mexico shows the Latin strain at its worst in the matter of self-government. But France shows it at its best—and that best is as good as anything now doing in self-government anywhere. Mexico is giving us a lot of trouble and anxiety, but let us not be too quick to fall into the old talk about the incapacity of Latins for democracy. Mexico is not so very Latin, anyhow; it is very largely "Injun." France is almost entirely Latin, and what is not Latin is mostly Celtic and Greek. The last word about democracy is not yet spoken, and it is by no means certain that we of the north, we of the blue eyes and the light beards, will speak it. An American army would probably make quick work of suppressing some of Mexico's disorders. But if the threatened strike on all the Eastern railroads had happened would we have handled it as well as BRIAND handled the great strike on the French railroads a year or two ago?

The word for us Anglo-Saxons—English, German, Jewish, Polish, Irish, African—for all of us, in fact, is patience.

And hats off to President TAFT!

"The Seven Sisters"

"It's dogged as does it," says Giles Hoggett to Mr. Crawley in ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S novel, *The Last Chronicles of Barset*. So Mr. Crawley remains dogged and the thing in question is done. Mr. Crawley wins.

When we think of the "dogged as does it" we think of a thick-set, square-faced man with a pug nose and chin whiskers. Governor WILSON is a spare man with an aquiline nose and no whiskers at all. Yet Governor WILSON has been dogged and he has done it. The New Jersey legislature has passed his seven trust bills, and he still has plenty of time to sign them and catch the train for Washington to be inaugurated as President.

It would have been hard, five or six years ago, to imagine a New Jersey legislature passing such bills; it would have been harder still to imagine a New Jersey Governor prodding his legislature to any such action. Before the WILSON régime began, we should all, with reason, have set New Jersey down as the state best contented to be trust-ridden. There were plenty of us who, even after the WILSON régime began, were quite confident that nothing in particular would come of it. Apparently, even Colonel ROOSEVELT felt that way about it. He felt that way up to the recent campaign, and talked that way. Wonder if he still feels that way? Wonder if he still feels that he did as well with PLATT, when he was Governor of New York, as WILSON has done with the boss of New Jersey? Wonder if he still thinks WILSON was nominated by bosses and will be boss-ridden in Washington as he has so strikingly not been at Trenton?

But it's no use wondering about what the Colonel will either think or do. It's better sense to fall back on Giles Hoggett's philosophy and remember to our consolation, that it *is* dogged as does it—the real and quiet dogged, not the boastful and grim-faced imitation.

Meanwhile we trust that Governor WILSON as President will not suffer in health from his tenacious devotion to his duties as Governor of New Jersey.

Partitioning the Hog

Partisanship goes by the board when it comes to making division of public funds by the House of Representatives. Democrats and Republicans were treated alike in the construction of the so-called "pork" bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to put up new public buildings. Apparently, if a member didn't see what he wanted, all he had to do was to ask for it. What the committee was after was votes, and it got them in full measure. The only real opposition came from Chairman FITZGERALD, of the Appropriations Committee, and Representative HARDWICK, of Georgia. All others who knew the measure to be ludicrously indefensible quietly ducked. Even Representative BURNETT, of Alabama, who reported the bill from the Committee on Public Buildings, cut his remarks to a mere statement that the expenditure provided was $25,643,000, and that "it would be a breach of faith on the part of one party to disallow it," because, forsooth, at a Democratic caucus last summer it was decided that the omnibus bill should be *postponed*"—not passed, mind you, but postponed. Whereupon Mr. FITZGERALD said:

> I am not surprised that the gentleman from Alabama announced that he would describe it as briefly as possible. The less said about it, the better for the bill or those who support it. It cannot be defended from any standpoint of public necessity. There are now authorized 289 projects which have not yet been started. Ninety buildings heretofore authorized will be started during the next year, and it will take three years to complete the buildings already authorized.
>
> The sham economists who have been talking economy and advocating public-building bills, which fasten obligations upon the Treasury, should either quit talking economy or should attempt to stop the authorizations which make inevitable the expenditure unnecessarily of large sums of public money.
>
> I denounce as indefensible this method of passing a public-building bill. It ties together everybody with an item in it, and makes impossible that scrutiny and close attention to the various items required in a bill coming from a committee appropriating public money.
>
> In the twenty minutes allowed to the opponents of the bill for debate it will be impossible to review all the items in the bill or to do anything but call attention to them. The bill was reported Saturday and it is called up to-day—Monday—under suspension of the rules, under which the bill must be taken in its entirety without opportunity for amendment and with only forty minutes' discussion. It is impossible in the time elapsing since the bill was reported to obtain the information required in order to analyze the bill carefully and to understand its provisions. The report of the committee does not contain any information as to the population of the various places at which buildings are to be erected, the postal receipts of the various communities, or the expenses to which the government is now subject.
>
> All such information should be contained not only in the report, but placed in the *Record*, so that the country might be informed of the manner in which it is proposed to expend $25,000,000 for public buildings.
>
> I understand, however, that this bill has been so scientifically prepared that it cannot be defeated. [Applause and laughter.] The members on this side will note the alacrity with which Republicans, most of whom have been turned out because of their betrayal of the public trust, applaud that statement. [Laughter.]
>
> I believe that the greatest reform the Democratic House can institute, next to defeating such indefensible bills as this one, is to prohibit recognition for the suspension of rules to pass bills of this character. I desire to say to this side of the House that you are placing burdens upon the Treasury for five or six years beyond the present time which will plague you in the future. These items cannot be defended. This side of the House will have to meet the record and the charges that will be made after this bill passes. I do not appeal for the defeat of this bill particularly because these items may or may not be defended on their merits, but because only can justify authorizing obligations to erect buildings which cannot possibly be commenced of three years. This legislation is merely to the unjustifiable desires of communities, or members to go back to their districts and their constituencies that they have obtained improvements which are claimed to be necessary, but which will not be of any value or of any service for four or five years. The bill should be defeated. Its passage cannot be justified.

Mr. FITZGERALD, to his credit, had already refused a virtual bribe of a $300,000 building for his own district.

Mr. HARDWICK dwelt upon the fact that hitherto no town having less than $10,000 postal receipts could expect a public building, and pointed out that, in this bill, twenty-five appropriations were made for places having less than $7,600 receipts, and eight for villages having less than $5,000. He continued:

> You cannot make these precedents without inviting, yea, urging, every village in every district in the United States to join in a gigantic raid on the Treasury in the years to come. I favor an efficient administration of the government in its every department. I would not cripple a single department of our great government by false or foolish economy; but when we know, as we do, that in the cases of these small villages these buildings are not necessary and not to be erected in the interest of the public service—for there is hardly a case in which the interest on the money we will spend for sites would not pay the yearly rental of suitable post-office quarters—then I insist the time has come to call a halt.
>
> I call on some of these gentlemen who for weeks and months have been posing as economists, denouncing battleships, denouncing river and harbor bills, holding up this appropriation bill or that for reasons of "economy," to join us in an effort to defeat this bill, even if we do lose some "pork" for our districts. I dispute the contention of the committee that the Democratic caucus ever instructed us to pass a public-building bill at all; certainly no caucus has ever favored this bill. I dispute the contention that this sort of "job" has been put up on the country before. If so, when? If so, does not that justify us in another raid?

But protests availed nothing. The rules were suspended, and the bill was passed by a vote of 184 to 46. Ayes and nays, demanded by Mr. FITZGERALD, and even tellers, were refused, in order that nobody would have to make a record which might rise up later as a plague.

Although members of both parties participated in the division of the spoils, the responsibility for the steal rests, of course, upon the dominant Democratic party. What the Republican Senate and the Republican President will do about it remains, at this writing, to be seen. Generally speaking, however, when it comes to dealing in pork, Republicans go the whole Hog.

The Navy and Economy

The Democrats of the House of Representatives have refused to commit themselves by caucus action to a plan of false economy with the navy. They have, in effect, refused to treat the navy as a party issue. Every true and intelligent friend of the party ought to rejoice at this outcome of a controversy that ought never to have been started.

There was simply nothing to justify the attempt in the House to make the party an anti-navy party. It was directly contrary to the Baltimore platform. It was inconsistent with the party's record: for two Democratic Secretaries of the Navy, WILLIAM C. WHITNEY and HILARY A. HERBERT, are justly entitled to the highest credit for making the navy what it is to-day.

But economy?

We are heartily for economy. To make clearer what we are driving at, let us say that nothing said of late has struck us as more timely and wholesome than the very candid lectures on that subject which Representative FITZGERALD, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, speaking on various appropriation bills, has been giving to his own side of the House. We heartily indorse his severest sentence: "I want to say that unless this side of the House wakes up to a sense of its responsibility not only will the appropriations be grossly extravagant, but they will amount to so much that talk of a revision downward will be a hollow mockery." For we heartily agree with Mr. FITZGERALD that the pork barrel, not the navy or any other proper and regular source of expense, is the real menace to Democratic pledges about economy.

It was the pork barrel, and not serious scruples about economy, that really menaced a proper appropriation for the navy. It was the desire of Congressmen to spend public money in their own districts, or for other demagogic purposes, not the desire to economize. In this matter it is no use mincing words. It is no use falling back on the bad record of the Republicans. The Democratic party cannot make good by merely starving and crippling the various services. What it has got to do is to maintain all of them at a high point of efficiency, and to economize in expenditures that are improper and unnecessary. Economies have their source either in individual savings or in cheap

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partisanship. That is what the Republican party didn't do. It is what the Democrats must do if they are going to keep the power that has come to them.

If this be treason, make the most of it.

Why Not Build the Docks We Need?

We can hardly see any ground for controversy as to what this city ought to do about the dock question. It cannot afford, and the War Department cannot, to permit any further narrowing of the Hudson where it is narrowest—that is to say, in the neighborhood of Twenty-third Street. On this point five Secretaries of War—ROOT, TAFT, WRIGHT, DICKINSON, and now STIMSON—have made the same ruling, and they have all acted on the best scientific advice. It is further attested, on the amplest authority, that both above and below this point it is perfectly practicable, without dangerously encroaching on the fairway for navigation, to build docks long enough for the longest ships now building or contemplated.

The city has the money to build such docks; by a court decision, nearly seventy millions of exempt dock bonds have been released from its debt limit. So the Mayor informed the Secretary of War. The Secretary of War accordingly hoped the city would go ahead. The Mayor assured him the city wanted to, but found that first the pier-head line must be straightened. The Secretary of War has accordingly approved a report of the Harbor Line Board, straightening the line.

As nearly as we can make out, all legal and financial obstacles in the way of building, at the right points, the required long docks, are now removed. In a month or so the new German liner, the *Imperator,* will be here and remind us, by accepting some makeshift temporary berth, that we ought to get busy. Liverpool, we understand, made herself ready for a great commerce, at great expense, before she got it. Surely New York is not going to turn away the commerce she already has by refusing it necessary accommodations.

The Little Trusts

We belatedly call attention to the sense and truth in a recent communication to the WEEKLY by a writer from a small town, Mr. GROVER C. CALVIN, of Selma, Louisiana, who wanted to know why the government gives all its attention to the big trusts and none to the little ones. He demanded action by the national government, and in that he was wrong, for the trusts he wrote about are not interstate affairs; but he was not wrong at all in pointing out that small combinations victimize their small publics even worse than the big combinations victimize the great public. He is not wrong in contending that practically every small town has its local combinations of dealers in various commodities, which fix prices just as arbitrarily, and stick to them just as faithfully, as any crowd of millionaires that ever got together around a dinner-table or in the office of a holding company.

It's a fact. If you will try keeping house in a small place, suburban or other, and use elementary detective ingenuity, you can easily find out about it for yourself. Incidentally, you will discover that the dwellers in these small places who are not themselves in trade suffer more from the rise in the cost of living, and are more helpless under it, than the dwellers in big cities. Local combinations of retailers are much easier to arrange than nation-wide combinations are. There is no doubt about the existence of the latter, and there should be none about the former.

Here is work, and important work, for the States, and they are extremely slow in setting about it. As yet they have done practically nothing about it. Few of them have passed any kind of laws about it; yet even the SHERMAN law, turned into a State statute, would in the hands of reasonably skilful prosecutors afford a very appreciable relief.

We Americans are going to have relief from such impositions; make no doubt about it. That is one of the main things we have been driving at of late in our politico-economic turmoils. No people on earth has been as patient as we have been with the money-making gentry, big and little, interstate and intrastate; but we have about got to the point where, in common with older peoples, we feel that buyers have some rights which sellers are bound to respect.

Massachusetts and McCall

We don't know how Massachusetts feels about her recent performance in turning down SAMUEL W. MCCALL for the Senate, but there is no doubt how the rest of the country feels about it. The chorus of disappointment and astonishment is remarkable.

Colonel House

Colonel HOUSE to Have Say in Selecting Cabinet.—*Headline in the New York "Herald," February 20th.*

Colonel E. B. HOUSE of Texas-New York, has come to be regarded as the closest friend of the President-elect.—*The "World," February 20th.*

TRENTON, *February 19th.*—President-elect WILSON refrained from making any statement for publication to-day respecting his long conference with Colonel E. M. HOUSE in New York last night, but he was enthusiastic in his tribute to the judgment and political acumen of his friend.—*The "Sun," February 20th.*

Colonel HOUSE is so intimate with both the President-elect and Mr. BRYAN that it is not necessary for either of them to give him directions. He knows the desires of both.—*New York "American," February 20th.*

Mr. WILSON said that Colonel HOUSE was "one of the best-poised men I ever met. He can hold a thing at arm's-length and discuss it without ever getting mixed up in it."—*The New York "Times," February 20th.*

Colonel HOUSE seems to be getting into the newspapers. There have been inquiries about him lately; people wanting to know who he was and what manner of man and how a man so little known came to be so trusted a counselor of the President-elect. It will be found that Mr. HOUSE and his qualities have been known a good while to people who knew him. They were described in HARPER'S MAGAZINE a year ago (February, 1912) in one of a series of discourses about a "Beginning Husband." The biographical matter from the piece in question runs as follows:

> Another thing I find reassuring is the glimpses I get now and then of men who are at work providing government for the country; especially unadvertised men whom few people ever hear of, who hold no office and aspire to none; whose pictures are never in the papers, nor their names in the reporters' books or the mouths of the multitude. I heard the other day about one such person (Brookfield told me), a man of sufficient fortune—a million, I dare say—not a celibate like Thompson, but married and with a few children; a shrewd, experienced, thoughtful man, whose interest in life is and always has been politics; to handle the machinery of it and get the best results compatible with the material offered, to pass laws and fill the offices, and the prejudices and mental disabilities of the voters. "I have known that man," Brookfield said, "for eighteen years, and watched him play politics all that time; plan and direct; weigh men and choose between them; use their talents and abilities when they had them; put them in places where they belonged when he could; put in the next-best man when he couldn't. He always played fair; always wanted the best man, the best law, and the best principle that he could see, and never wanted anything for himself except the fun of playing the game. You couldn't drive him into office. He never tried to make a penny out of legislation. The less he was seen and heard of the better he liked it, but he recognized politics as the great man's game and he liked to play it. No doubt the sense of power was pleasant to him, but his use of power was entirely conscientious, and the source of his power was never money, but the confidence that men had in his sagacity and his unselfishness. Back in him somewhere there was, of course, a sense of duty and a belief in certain principles of government, and a sort of unconscious consecration to the desire to see our experiment in government go well and to see the country prosper. But the immediate interest that kept his mind busy was just a delight in guiding the political affairs of men."

"Brookfield's" man was Colonel HOUSE and "Brookfield" was a man very well qualified by long association and trained perception to speak of him. What he said of Mr. HOUSE a year and a half ago, before Mr. WILSON was nominated, is still true, but has been discovered during this last year by a good many new observers, including Mr. WILSON.

To Readjust the World

Behind the modest title: "H. R. Bill 28,239," which now is in the hands of the Congress at Washington, lies a project so vast in its possibilities as to stagger the imagination. It has to do with the project of building athwart the Grand Banks of Newfoundland a jetty which shall act as a cosmic traffic-policeman and keep the Gulf Stream and the Labrador Current from running foul of each other as they do now. Then they can do their full and most beneficent work for the benefit of mankind.

But although the project has this gigantic achievement as its ultimate aim, all that is asked at present is that the government shall appoint a competent commission to make a survey—at a total cost of one hundred thousand dollars or less—and report whether or not the two great ocean forces can be kept apart and made of greater service to man. CARROLL LIVINGSTON RIKER, an engineer of high standing and no small achievement, is the originator of the scheme. He declares that the Gulf Stream and the Labrador Current now dash headlong into each other in the shallows of the Grand Banks, become enmeshed, and thereby crippled and ineffective of the best results. The clash of these opposing bearers of heat and cold is, he says, the cause of the fogs that so constantly menace navigation on the North Atlantic. The temporary crippling of the Gulf Stream on the Banks, he declares, enables icebergs to continue southward, with their deadly effect upon shipping. Keep the contending forces apart and let each do its perfect work, and the unimpaired Gulf Stream will give to the northern coasts of America and Europe, and especially the British Isles, a genial climate with moderate winters and warm and early springs, while the northern edge of the Gulf Stream will meet all the icebergs north of Newfoundland and eliminate the perils of ice and fog from Atlantic travel.

Mr. RIKER's jetty can be quickly and cheaply built, he says, by placing obstructors along the ocean floor of the Banks, and thereby causing vast deposits of sand, pebbles, etc., which, he maintains, are constantly being swept from the pole toward the equator by the unceasing movement of the lowest ocean depths.

Mr. RIKER's proposal is colossal. If his doctrine and programme are true, we shall be able to vastly improve the conditions of life for one-fourth of the population of the world. Surely with this project before us and the cost of testing the truth of his theories so trivial, Congress will hasten to enact the legislation that shall enable us to know all that can be learned of the situation. The National Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Hydrographic Office, and the Chief of Engineers of the United States Army are agreed that the survey must result in the acquisition of much valuable knowledge. Many other scientific authorities declare the project valuable. The survey is a work that should be done; the sooner the better.

Adam and Eve in Chicago

They have just heard out in Chicago the rumor that Adam and Eve were not real folks like the rest of us, and there is a good deal of excitement along the Lake front. Professor WILLIAM DUNCAN MCMILLAN (Scotch, by chance?) announced the discovery to his class in the university, saying, bluntly:

> There can be no doubt that Adam and Eve and their tempter, the serpent, never actually existed. The story cannot be considered anything but a myth, evolved by the ancients to account for the presence of humans upon earth. The universally credited theory of evolution smashes the one-man-and-one-woman story. There never was a first man or a first woman.

That is shocking enough, but listen to this:

> If Adam and Eve lived in the Garden of Eden six thousand years ago, and light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, with our present-day powerful microscopic lenses we should still be able to see them in Paradise.

That is quite a new idea, though the professor doesn't tell us in what direction from Chicago he would point his telescope. Why not ask the astronomical or biological professor to make the experiment? We doubt if he would find them, though. Adam might be in Paradise; he was not a bad sort, though stupid, very. But we don't feel sure about Eve. Her conduct as recounted does not inspire confidence in the salubrity of her present whereabouts. Her temptations, however, were severe if, as is generally believed by genealogists, she was not as well favored as her elder sister.

Chancellor McKelway

Chancellors of the Board of Regents have been GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE, and WHITELAW REID. Dr. ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY had now been selected as the successor of the late ambassador. A better choice, in our opinion, could not have been made.

A Rare Man

The *World* sincerely hopes that there is a GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM in the Democratic party and that Mr. WILSON will be able to find him. A great Attorney-General is essential to the work of a great progressive administration.—*The World.*

Quite true, as we remarked last week. But just the right man is very, very scarce. In fact, we can think of but one in the whole country who satisfies all requirements.

Ambiguous

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT is quoted as saying that, if BALZAC had seen Pittsburg, he would have cried out, "Give me a pen!"—*The Evening Post.*

What kind of a pen?

Please do not all reply at once.

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TO WILLIAM H. TAFT: GOOD MORNING

From "Harper's Weekly of March 6, 1908

Good morning, Mr. President.

To you we prefer to turn with serious eyes. Solemnities drop less naturally from our pen, we must own, in this greeting than in that tentative farewell we have just been pronouncing. We can imagine you saying what Charles Surface said while Sir Oliver paid his respects to Brother Joseph: "If they talk this way to Honesty, what will they say to me by and by?" And we *could* fall into that mood; for, strange to say, we seem less in doubt about you at your coming in than about this other at his going out. Certainly you do not suggest painful reflections on the mysteries of human nature and life and fate. Rather you invite to joviality and matter-of-fact.

But we are to watch your every act, listen to all your words, to praise and dispraise you, for four years, perhaps for eight. Frankly, we have much hope in you, and it is hard to believe we shall ever feel bound to assail you with bitterness, to taunt, to deride. You have our liking—in common, we think, with that of nearly all your countrymen. But you know how hard it will be to keep from losing this well-nigh universal good-will. For Lord Russell was right, and the poet wrong. Government causes and cures countless ills. You cannot for a day exercise your vast powers without helping and hurting thousands. Wise or unwise, right or wrong, your acts will cut deep into human lives. We trust that you sleep well.

Frankly, again, there have been some things we do not like. Like your predecessor, you in your youth revolted against that system of so-called protection which, in its present phase, we count an indefensible surrender, first of your party, and then of the government, to greed; and you, like him, have failed to defend in plain words this acquiescence of manhood against that rebellion of youth. When you touched upon your change of heart, speaking to young faces, in the place of your youth, your words went lame. You said then that you still approved of your youthful principles, that you held them still orthodox and sound—"if only the application of them is not carried to such an extreme as to interfere with the public welfare." You certainly cannot believe that free trade or any other *laissez-faire* principles run riot in our present tariff laws. Now that you have declared yourself a protectionist, however, we will not ask you to act as if you had never ceased to be a free-trader. We *should* like you to study the life of Sir Robert Peel. But we will be content for the present if you will merely insist that Congress shall squeeze the sheer robbery out of the schedules, although the real protection remains. All you have said since Election Day indicates that this is your purpose. Since you have progressed thus far, we have our hopes concerning the next step.

Frankly, again, we could wish there had been, in your campaigns for the nomination of your party and then for election, less apparent dependence on the help and favor of your predecessor. It gave, alike to your rivalry with other leaders in your own party and to your contest with the candidate of the opposition, a character not unexampled in our history. That Van Buren was similarly championed has not been to his credit with historians. But we Americans understand personal loyalties, and respect them, too, when they do not mean disloyalty to principle or to us. Let us feel that in office you hold yourself responsible only to us and to principle, and we will not malignantly keep you in mind of the manner of your elevation. But we do not envy you the difficult choices you will have to make between independence and gratitude. There is but one safe rule, we think. Do the right, and be careless of interpretations. We shall probably understand and approve; but since you are only one man, charged with the interests of millions, it is not quite of the first importance whether we do you justice or not.

Frankly, again, we do not like your apparent participation in an insincerity which your party has too long practised successfully. Every four years it goes before the country with words which can only be interpreted as a demand for interference by the government of the nation between the two races now living together in great numbers in the Southern states; and yet, though in full control of all departments of that government, your party takes no such action as it seems to demand. We could dismiss the practice as harmless, since it deceives few; but lying is objectionable in itself. It is uncomplimentary in this instance to the intelligence of the country, and particularly to that of the unfortunate race most concerned. We believe you will in time set yourself against this practice.

For of the things we like there is none we like better than your impassioned declaration in the heat of your campaign that you did not wish to be President of half your country, and your decision to break all precedents of nearly half a century and go and offer yourself in person to our fellow-citizens of the South. We cannot help thinking that your thorough awareness of our place in the world as one great republic prompted you to this manliness and candor. We cannot afford to keep a Poland, an Ireland, in our system. But sheer sentiment played its part. You would be rid of the dominance of "old, unhappy, far-off things." You know already how warmly the South responds to your challenge. We think we can assure you that your course has alienated no Northern friends worth keeping.

Of course, the problem of the African in our body politic, as in our industries, our social relations, remains. You do not, we are sure, fancy you have solved it; nor are we ready to tell you how to solve it. We are not at all sure there is any solution, and fancy it may be misleading to use that word, or "problem" at all. What we have to do with is a situation, a condition, desperately permanent, yet measurably changing and changeable. No mere ingenuity will transform it. Evasion and dodging will not avoid it. Violence usually heightens the difficulties inseparable from it. It will always be in your power to stir its embers into angry flames; your power to alter it for the better is doubtful. We commend to you, therefore, the spirit and the methods, the infinite patience and sweet reasonableness, of that one among your predecessors who did, in fact, nevertheless deal with this perplexing situation more boldly than any one else ever did. You are less fortunate than he, in that to him it presented a reasonably plain question of right and wrong. You are more fortunate in that you can freely take counsel with the true and accepted representatives of both these two great masses of human beings, who find their destinies linked together under one flag. We are confident that at least you will not, by flying in the face of facts, and contradicting racial human nature, aggravate what you cannot alleviate, merely disturb what you cannot change; yet that no force or agency which makes for human progress will find cause to upbraid you for coldness or neglect.

We are glad you have been a judge. Granting you consecration instead of ambition, we think you will find that to do justice among men will be your most constant function, though you wear no ermine. Our hope is the greater because you have propounded no theory of life, profess no allegiance to any one principle in your own life, but have merely risen from task to task by virtue of efficiency and good nature. You will not set *obiter dicta* above decisions. The case itself will be your business, and you will wait for cases to come up before you decide them.

In nothing will that habit and procedure serve you better than in your effort, following your predecessor's lead, to make government stand for right as between man and man, class and class, force and force, in all its relations to our appallingly complex industrial system. To proceed from one specific evil to another, to formulate no rules not based on actual experience, to try no mere experiments—to go on step by step—this, simple as it seems, is the sole secret of England's success in free government. She arrives at generalizations only by amassing precedents. Her genius is the distrust of genius, and her caution and foresight consist in keeping pace with the demands of her civilization, not in running ahead to meet them.

It is better to go slowly than to go wrong. You do not possess, we do not think you imagine that you possess, the colossal genius to direct into new channels the immense social forces now contending on this continent as on others, to devise and impose a new plan for producing and distributing wealth. But you have the training and knowledge to correct abuses of the plan now in operation. At many points we have broken with the individualism of the past, though we once thought it the essence of our democracy. Perhaps we are moving toward socialism. If it is the best and final form of society, however, we will attain it without forcing our pace. We do not know our goal, and must yet hold fast to all that has proved soundest in our past experience.

Your limitations, therefore, commend you, Mr. President. Our greeting is the more cordial because we do not take you, and you do not take yourself, for a man of destiny; because we are not moved to make our salutation an obeisance.

Nevertheless, we commend to you all the inspiration to be got from considering the magnitude of your trust, the terrible height to which you are lifted up by our will and choice. Your station is like Cæsar's, or Charlemagne's. It is not less because railroad and steamship, electricity and the press, bring far things near and make the mysterious commonplace. Because you hold it, Europe and Asia are daily mindful of you. Maintain it, then, as we have no doubt you will, with dignity, and be conscious always that the great mass of your countrymen, of all races and parties and creeds, know instinctively the line between that criticism and opposition which a republic permits and that which patriotism sternly forbids.

Good morning, Mr. President—and good fortune!

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TO WILLIAM H. TAFT: GOOD EVENING

Good evening, Mr. President.

And pray believe us when we assure you of the same hearty good-will with which we bade you good morning four years ago. You were then taking up the most difficult of rôles, and we sincerely wished you well in it. To-day, in laying down your great office, you are taking up a rôle almost equally difficult—that of a private citizen who has been President. In that rôle, too, we heartily wish you well.

More than that, Mr. President: the good-will of a single journal is not important, but we are also convinced, strange as it seems in view of the overwhelming character of your defeat, that you still have the good-will of the mass of your countrymen. Not of all, of course. You have been assailed with almost unexampled bitterness, and we cannot doubt that a considerable number of your assailants sincerely felt the animosity they expressed. Perhaps we should go farther still and concede that this animosity can by no means be attributed entirely to personal disappointments and resentments. Much of it doubtless comes of a respectable and citizenly disapproval of what, as President, you have done and failed to do. Nevertheless, we are quite sure that in respect of the real feeling of the mass of your countrymen toward you the tone of the press and other organs of public sentiment is a better criterion than the returns of the election. As you fortunately possess a sense of humor, we venture to assure you that we, the people, have voted you out of office with much the same friendliness with which we called you to our highest service.

Here, you will agree, is matter for reflection. An epigram promptly suggests itself: The man is popular, but not the President. But we do not like epigrams. They get rid of difficulties; they do not solve them. This one does not explain the disappointment of your administration. For it has been a disappointment, a great disappointment. With your admirable candor you have frankly told us that you yourself share with us all precisely that feeling about it.

Why, then, has it been a disappointment?

Assured of our liking, you will not resent our cognizance of the harshest view of the matter. Indeed, you have come near taking it yourself, for from the beginning you have expressed doubts of your fitness for the Presidency, along with a preference for another kind of public service—namely, the judicial. Looking at the matter broadly, we feel bound to agree with you, though we nevertheless admire rather than merely deprecate the several decisions you have made to go contrary to your own self-knowledge; for we believe that you took the Presidency, as you took the governorship of the Philippines, from a sense of duty and not from preference. Still, we do agree with you, and mainly for the reason you yourself have given—to wit, that you are not a politician.

Do not mistake us; we mean no flattery; we use the word in its proper sense, and not at all as a term of reproach. For four years politics has been your business; and it is not a low business. It is really a high and noble business. That low men, governed by low motives, constantly engage in it does not prove the contrary. The abuse of political skill by such men—the Cardinal Antonellis, the Marats, the Burrs and Quays and Platts—makes no case against the splendid use of it, for the welfare of great communities, by the Cavours and Bismarcks, the Gladstones and Jeffersons and Lincolns.

That skill, that art, for it is an art, you clearly have not possessed. The want of it is quite as apparent in the most praiseworthy as in the least defensible of your Presidential endeavors. When you set yourself to establish the entirely sound policy of reciprocity with Canada, you defended it with an indiscretion of speech that potently helped its enemies to defeat it. When, with the best of motives, you essayed to conciliate the South, you fatuously continued to listen to counsels which you should have known would be fatal to that patriotic enterprise. Worst of all, after fully committing yourself to the plan of an honest Republican revision of the tariff and leading the country to expect, as you yourself expected, that it would be a revision downward, you put yourself and your policy into the hands of men whom every instinct of a true politician would have prompted you to distrust. Then you capped the climax by accepting, at the worst moment, the worst conceivable advice, and in violation of your own good-nature, your own sense of justice, you used your power of patronage against men you should have trusted and in behalf of men who had undone you. It was a thing to make the angels weep. We cannot forbear reminding you—though perhaps you never knew it—of how, at that crisis of your career, we fairly went on our knees to you to take the opposite course.

It was lamentable. To great numbers of your countrymen it was also the cruelest of political surprises. For they had known you as an admirable judge; competent critics have said, a great judge. But to review action judicially, justly, is one thing; to use good judgment in the stress of action is another thing—and the higher of these two gifts you have not displayed. You have also failed to display certain other gifts that go to make a great Executive, a great man of affairs, a great politician. You have shown good sense, but not inspiration; sound principles, but not the grand style in presenting and defending them; you have the power of clear and reasonable speech, but none of the eloquence that stirs the blood and moistens the eyelids; you win men's liking, but not their devotion.

And yet, by the irony of fate, it was your lot to face a situation from which only a very great politician could have emerged with credit! You were the leader of a party which had lost its pristine virtue, which had fallen under evil influences, which was already breaking into bitterly hostile factions. You were the chosen heir of a great political charlatan, who thus left you to face the dangers he had himself avoided; of a man who, having sown the wind, permitted you, in the name of friendship, to reap the whirlwind.

Well, you have reaped it; in the language of the street, which even Shakespeare sometimes found indispensable, you have "got what was coming to you." Your party is disrupted. Your administration is accounted a failure. And the man whom you thought your best friend, and who had the most to do with your elevation, has sought to win his own way back into power on the strength of your discomfiture!

Why, then, do you ask, are not we also, and others like us, since we began as your good-wishers, now reproaching you? The best answer, Mr. President, is the smile on your own lips, the twinkle in your eye, the undiminished sanity of your entire deportment. You have lost, but you are a good loser. You have been humiliated, but you have not whined or whimpered or sunk into melancholy. Best of all, you have not sought to throw the blame on your associates and subordinates. If you have failed as President, nevertheless, as an American man—

But no, the epigram is still misleading. Even as President you have had successes. Even when, as President, you have seemed to fail most obviously, there is room to question whether the failures may not have been in some measure only apparent, only temporary. You did not persuade your party to revise the tariff honestly; in the crucial moments of that struggle you were pitiably hoodwinked. Nevertheless, you have faced the issue, you have not run away from it; and therefore the reform is imminent. In that regard the outcome of your leadership still permits, as its beginning suggested, a comparison with Sir Robert Peel's. Seemingly, you have failed, too, in your still more commendable endeavor, steadfast and long continued, to quiet the mood of wild expectation in which, by the extraordinary vagaries of your predecessor, your countrymen had been left. That mood still prevails; there is still danger that it will, before it wanes, do some damage to our institutions. But your steadfastness in sanity has not been altogether wasted. What is left of your party still stands for preservation and not for destruction, for sense and not for sheer and unruled impulse. Even in the loftiest of your enterprises, and the boldest, you have not failed entirely. The arbitration treaties are indeed emasculated; we do not wonder that you hesitate to sign them. But they are not dead. It is quite believable that a century hence they will be accounted the beginning of the world's permanent peace. The glory of it will be America's, even if it is not yours.

In all probability glory will not be your portion, Mr. President. We are speaking with entire candor and that is our impression, as it is also, quite likely, your own. Still, we know what changes time can work concerning the esteem of Americans for their Presidents. It is even now working a great change concerning the reputation of your unfortunate Ohio predecessor, President Hayes. To the multitude his name is still a signal for ignorant depreciation. Nevertheless, to the trained and competent historians who are beginning to review his administration he appears more and more as a man greatly underestimated, as a President who, notwithstanding the cloud which will always rest upon his name, rendered to the American people services that are simply incalculable. He was the true initiator of civil-service reform; he was the first President after Lincoln who honestly tried to treat the Southerners as his countrymen.

But we forbear, Mr. President; the worst of Job's afflictions was his comforters. What we had in mind to do was not to offer you smelling-salts, nor yet to read you lectures, but to make you our respects.

You have chosen, wisely we think, to become a teacher of young Americans, and you are amply equipped for your new duties. You will not, we are confident, teach them bitterness. You will not sully their "white shields of expectation." You will, on the contrary, try to prepare them to do their best cheerfully, in all circumstances, for their country. Nevertheless, there will come at times, in spite of all your good-nature, intervals of austerity. For you have walked the heights of human destiny; you have sounded the depths of human meanness and depravity. Sometimes, beyond your smile, you will wear that air of "grave and melancholy reflection" which Macaulay praised in Thucydides. And it will be well. It will be well that these young minds shall learn from you, though you will not wish to teach it, something of the human weaknesses that lead to great disasters, something of the baleful human passions that keep us all, nations and men alike, forever on the verge of tragedy.

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OUR NEW INDUSTRIAL CONSERVATION



BY ROBERT SLOSS

ILLUSTRATED BY RAYMOND L. THAYER

This is the last of three articles in which the author deals with various aspects of the movement for improving the efficiency of labor and regulating its relation to capital. The first and second of these articles appeared in the issues of "Harper's Weekly" for November 30, 1912, and January 25, 1913

III.—"Humanizing"—An Overhead Expense

INDUSTRIAL "peace at any price" is not what we want. We want peace at the right price. None of us can afford to be short-sighted if we want to secure general industrial peace at anything like the right price. It has been said that the real question between capital and labor to-day is not how much wages shall be paid, but whether those wages are a fair proportion of the earnings of the business. It is a vital public question. Strong combinations of labor can exact from capital more than the business will stand. That would mean speedy ruin, were it not possible for strong combinations of capital to pass such inequalities on to the public.

It is our national habit to explain all sorts of industrial conditions by the dictum, "Corporations have no souls." Our only national method of furnishing big corporations with a soul has been expensive and spectacular lawsuits to break them up. These are always accompanied with much political dust, and most people who are trying to do a legitimate business feel that the dust has got into the public eye. "Why should America be afraid of anything simply because it is big?" they say. "Americans should be able to tackle the biggest proposition." Secretary Nagel has recommended a permanent Federal Commission on Corporations with supervisory powers, on the order of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Managers of "big business," from the president of the "Steel Trust" down, have declared themselves in favor of public regulation, even to the fixing of prices. They suggest that a body of irreproachable business men be selected to settle disputes between corporations and the public, and that these men be erected into a permanent federal court, appointment to which shall be as much an honor as appointment to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Our attitude toward corporations has not been constructive. By one dissolution suit after another we have simply made capital "sore," without settling the conditions of doing business. "Why don't you dissolve the Labor Trust?" asks capital—and with reason, for in our indiscriminate prejudice and indiscriminate sympathy we have forgotten that corporate labor also has no soul. So sore have some employers become about this that they are buying space in the newspapers to advertise the doctrine that "trades-unionism must go."

We have managed to get ourselves all pretty much at loggerheads about industry. But peace is not to be obtained at the cost of chimerical efforts to abolish combinations of either capital or labor. Each is an inevitable outgrowth of modern industrial conditions. Ancient industrial conditions gave rise to the first corporations. They were the first "closed shops." They differed from the modern ones in that they were combinations of both employers and employees working together harmoniously for the public welfare. Can we so alter modern conditions as to reinspire industry with this spirit of the medieval guilds?

The answer can come only from the specific study of specific conditions. The study must be impartial; alterations, if any, must be made upon a business basis. The proposed federal investigation in the interest of the public must not be biased by hard-headed business men, nor influenced by obdurate labor leaders, nor intimidated by popular clamor for low prices. If we are going to alter industrial conditions everybody must pay his fair share of the expense.

If, for example, it is true that the operatives in our woolen mills and cotton mills are not receiving a living wage, we should see that they get it. If "the business will not stand it," we should pay a little more for our textiles. We are committed to the policy of a protective tariff so that "the American workingman need not compete with the pauper labor of Europe." A report of our Tariff Board showed that before the Lawrence strike the operatives in our cotton mills were receiving less than is paid in similar mills in Europe.

It makes no difference that the Lawrence strikers were "ignorant foreigners." Foreigners are attracted hither by our cry of "no pauper labor," and we are committed to the policy of assimilating them into American citizens. We cannot do that merely by "keeping order." We ought to know, for instance, precisely why "ignorant foreigners" in the coal region still cry, "Cossack, Cossack!" at the mounted State Constabulary of Pennsylvania. We need to know more about costs of living, domestic environment of workers, and earnings of the business, not only in the coal region but in all industries, so that we can tell what is a fair price for us to pay to prevent "pauper labor" in this country—and if we can't get a fair price otherwise, we should use the "police power of the state" to secure it in the interests of the state.

Some years ago a family of ignorant foreigners, just landed and passed through old Castle Garden, were walking up Broadway, New York. The man came first, smoking a pipe; after him trailed his wife leading a child by the hand and carrying a heavy trunk on her head. Suddenly they encountered an Irish "cop." Despite difficulties of language, he made it clear to the man that if he wanted to walk through the streets of an American city, he must shoulder the trunk himself. The ignorant foreigner was "entirely within his rights." Probably neither he nor the "cop" knew that. The foreigner relieved his wife of the trunk. He had been taught a valuable lesson about American institutions. The "cop" had interpreted, "without due process of law," the "police power of the State" to include something more than the mere keeping of order.

The Supreme Court of the United States so interprets it, and has sustained under it recently the right of the States to abrogate the common law defenses in damage suits, in order to put an end to the wasteful and embittering legal wrangle between capital and labor. But though the Supreme Court may be inclined to interpret the "police power somewhat broadly, it is none the less "up to" the states to employ that power or its equivalent wisely. Ohio's Constitutional Convention made provision for a minimum wage law that would authorize the legislature to appoint boards of employers and employees to say what that wage shall be. The voters adopted the new constitution last fall, and Ohio is the first state to follow the questionable example of the British Parliament. But she raises the new question as to what minimum standard of efficiency in the worker is necessary to earn the minimum wage. If a standard is established, those who are unable to come up to it will be thrown absolutely out of work. It will mean that the Ohio public will have to pay considerably more for the burden of unemployment than at present.

If we need a minimum wage law to prevent pauper labor, we need all the more a maximum wage law to prevent "gouging." If we are already under heavy expenses to "prevent pauper labor" and to "assimilate foreigners," we should be able to say, when the locomotive engineers and the firemen demand $32,500,000 more a year, "You are getting on pretty comfortably as it is; you can't have a raise unless you prove to us that the business will stand it and that the additional cost of it won't be passed on to us."

On the other hand, the match industry furnished a splendid opportunity for the "police power" which tardily intervened last year. By that time we had piled up a shocking record of disabilities and deaths from "phossy jaw." There is only one way to prevent the match worker from contracting it. All nations but our own had taken that way and excluded white phosphorus from the industry by law. The "Match Trust," which controls sixty-five per cent. of the industry, was willing to relinquish its patent rights to the process that would make this possible. Ninety-five per cent. of all the manufacturers were willing to abandon the old method. The remaining five per cent. held out for it because it was a little cheaper. Not till Congress stepped in with the "police power"* could the thing be accomplished. The additional cost of this change to the public amounts to about five cents per family per year.

Here is an example of industrial conservation at its best—less than one cent per capita yearly, not only to save the workers in an industry, not only to save ourselves from the cost of their inevitable illness, idleness, and ultimate pauperism, but to save the babies in our own homes from the danger of getting hold of these deadly white phosphorus matches and sucking them. Infant mortality from this cause was shockingly heavy.

Yet for upward of a quarter of a century, despite the example of other nations, we were unable to seize this opportunity, because capital was too busy worrying about the earnings of the business, and labor was too busy striking for more wages, and the public was ignorant, indifferent, or inept in its approach. Can we then put a soul into these three great parties to industry—endue all three with a common spirit of accord? That is the ultimate great question to be answered by any national investigation into the conditions that confront us.

A partial answer has already been furnished by the private initiative of some half a thousand employers, most of them the largest. True, they represent but 500 of the nearly 269,000 manufacturing establishments in the country, but their example and the totality of their efforts make an excellent text-book on "humanizing" industry. That is what a man who has helped to organize some of our largest concerns says big business is most in need of to-day. It does not mean altruism, philanthropy, or charity; all those have failed in business. It means that these employers have begun the study and development of the human element in industry.

The frank purpose is to conserve the best working condition of the human mechanism, and a good beginning has been made on the purely physical side. Progressive employers not only provide factories as safe and sanitary as the law requires, or more so, but they carry sanitation into the private life of the working community. Many of them provide proper housing for their workers. There have not been lacking instances where this sort of "colonizing" has been abused by employers. But in contrast to these are examples such as that of a famous locomotive works, where the most amicable relations exist.

The company has recently acquired land on which it will erect modern houses to be offered to its employees. Most of them now commute from the city, consuming energy and wages. Houses better than can be obtained in the city and at lower rents will be



He made it clear to the man that he must shoulder the trunk himself

*In a legal sense it was not the "police power." The Esch Act placed a prohibitive internal revenue tax on white phosphorus matches, based on the dictum of Chief-Justice Marshall: "The power to tax involves the power to destroy."

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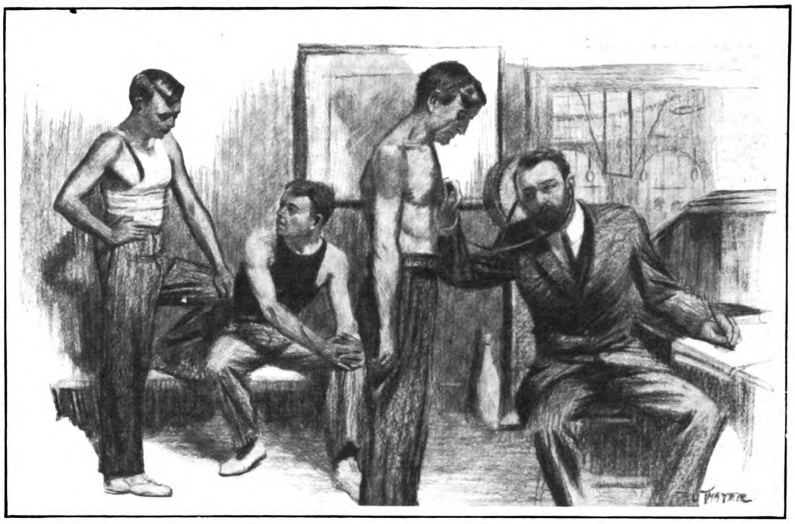
offered by the company. The undertaking amounts to a voluntary raise in wages.

Medical attendance in both factory and home, lunch rooms, rest and recreation rooms, baths, gymnasiums and physical culture, and the active encouragement of athletics and outdoor sports are features of the working community that is abreast of the times to-day. None of these things are free, and great pains are taken to make the worker feel he has a financial interest in them. Experience has taught that otherwise he will have nothing to do with them. If they could be given free, it would still be good business. Says Congressman Redfield to his fellow-manufacturers: "Does it not come to you with something of a shock that we are all careful to have a machine heavy and strong enough for its work, but that we rarely think whether a laborer may have some heart trouble or some other physical weakness that makes him unfit for the heavy lifting we ask him to do?"

The principle suggested by the question has been carried several ounces of prevention further than mere medical attendance. Campaigns of instruction in healthful living and domestic science are features of many industrial communities. Two claims for injury during work were recently made upon the treasury of the State of Washington under the new law. Upon investigation it was found that one man had trimmed a corn too deeply and then wrapped his foot in an old sock. Infection had followed. The other man had suffered from ptomaine poisoning as a result of eating soup made from moldy peas. Both cases were thrown out. It would pay in the long run to teach such people, perhaps "ignorant foreigners," something about aseptic bandaging and pure food. A large life-insurance company that does a big business among the industrial classes has found it good business to start a great campaign of instruction in disease prevention. It reduces death claims, and other companies are following suit.

Ignorance is industry's arch-enemy. A workman may know just enough to get through his day's task; he must know something more to be efficient. That is why wise employers have undertaken educative work, not only to improve the physical condition of employees but also to promote their intellectual, moral, and spiritual outlook. Clubs are formed among them for furnishing intellectual recreation and social intercourse, much after the manner of the modern social settlement. Night schools are provided where both general and special knowledge may be acquired. One large department-store owner has carried this work to great lengths, providing means for his employees to learn almost anything from stenography to music. It results, of course, in cash girls and counter-jumpers leaving his stores for higher spheres, but he finds that while they stay they give better service to him and his customers.

One of the most valid complaints against trades-unionism is its failure to set any standards of skill or efficiency for its membership. It is more concerned about limiting the number of boys that may learn a trade than about the technical education of its own offspring. An example of educative effort on the part of labor is furnished by the Workingmen's Circle, a national organization 80,000 strong. It has $300,000 invested in government bonds. It has established Sunday-schools where 12,000 children of

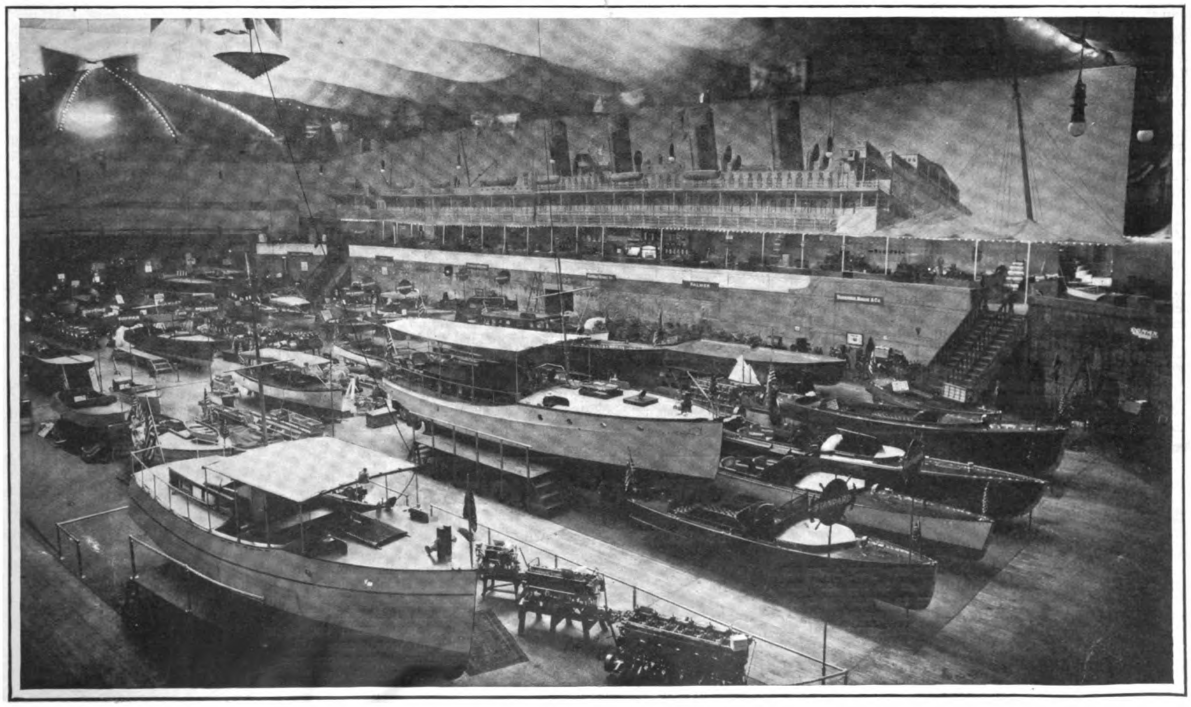


Medical attendance, baths, gymnasiums, are features of the working community that is abreast of the times

members are taught, by the Ferrer method, that economic conditions are all wrong and that the strike is the only means of righting them. Over against this stand the splendid technical schools long established by several of the large industries where skill is essential. In these the children of employees may be trained up to take their fathers' places and to meet the demands of expanding business.

Technical instruction as a business proposition has taken a firm hold also outside the industrial field. The American Bankers Association is preparing to spend money to teach scientific farming the country over, as some local bankers' associations have been doing out West to supplement the inadequate efforts of the States. Three-fourths of our railroad mileage is owned by companies that are actively educating the farmers along their roads. The railroads want bigger crops to move and the bankers want more money to handle. One of the largest mail-order houses has just put up a cold million dollars to establish one thousand trained agriculturists in as many counties of the country to improve the yield of the land by instruction to farmers. The firm frankly says that the more money the farmers have the more business they do with them, and they are ready to put up another million if the first bears fruit.

Do these humanizing activities in industry, after all, answer the assertion of labor that it is not getting its fair share of the profits? Large employers, led by the great railroads, have voluntarily provided savings and loan systems, insurance schemes, systems of compensation for length of service, including retirement on pension. This is the American approach to the problem which England has sought to solve with her old-age pensions, and England and Germany with compulsory state insurance. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its associated companies has just established a ten-million-dollar fund, the benefits from which will be enjoyed by their employees entirely without assessment. The United States Brewers' Association is about to adopt a most ambitious programme along these lines. The National Electric Light Association has inaugurated one no less ambitious. Of it, President Insull of the Association said, significantly, "The final test of this welfare work will come when we propose to include these various matters in our cost to customers, which has to be passed on by the public authorities." It is, after all, the public that must pay for the rehabilitation of industry, and the public must find means of seeing that it pays on a business basis. The public should insist on co-operation by which all parties interested will enjoy the benefits of the business. That was the situation during the régime of the guilds of the Middle Ages. Their spirit was "pride of production"—employer and employee working harmoniously together to give the public its money's worth.



SPRING STYLES IN MOTOR-BOATS

THE NINTH ANNUAL MOTOR-BOAT SHOW RECENTLY HELD IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY, WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT EVER HELD IN THIS COUNTRY. EVERY STYLE OF CRAFT KNOWN TO MOTOR-BOAT EXPERTS WAS ON VIEW, FROM THE HUMBLE $150 LAUNCH TO THE WONDERFUL "SPEED DEMON" VALUED AT $75,000. THE GARDEN WAS TRANSFORMED INTO A GREAT PIER, WITH A REPRESENTATION OF TWO OCEAN LINERS MOORED ONE ON EACH SIDE. THE GALLERIES OF THE BUILDING FORMED THE PROMENADE AND BOAT DECKS OF THE TWO MIMIC STEAMERS, AND HERE WERE EXHIBITED ALL VARIETIES OF MOTOR-BOAT ACCESSORIES

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THE MOTOR-TRUCK AND THE FARMER

BY THADDEUS S. DAYTON

THE Tax Commission of the State of Kansas completed its assessment figures for 1912 a few weeks ago. In them some very striking conditions are shown. There are 67,000 fewer horses on Kansas farms than there were four years ago, 16,000 more motor-cars and motor-trucks, and 1,000 more traction engines. In the past year alone the state has lost 18,582 horses. As short a time ago as the summer of 1908 there were only 2,000 motor-trucks and cars combined in all Kansas. Now the number is very nearly ten times that, and it is said that since March 1st, when the assessment was made, 5,000 more cars and motor engines have been bought by Kansas farmers.

Kansas is typical of all the Western states in the way in which her people have taken to the motor-truck for agricultural purposes. The Western farmer first bought a motor-car partly for the pleasure of himself and his family, partly for convenience in getting into his market and trading town, and partly to save his horses. Being a practical man, fertile in expedients and with more or less knowledge of machinery, he quickly found it possible to make use of the motor of his new possession as a power generator in a score of different ways. He sawed wood with it, chopped feed, shelled corn, hitched it up to a cream-separator, pumped water, ran his alfalfa stacker with it. It was a very useful portable power plant, a thirty to forty horse-power engine on wheels. Though he had bought it chiefly as a pleasure car, he made no bones about keeping it at work all the time, and its value for carrying small loads of crops and possibly for running a milk-route over a hilly country became immediately apparent to him. Unless his farm was too small to make it practicable, in a year or two he was carefully looking into motor-trucks and ending by making a substantial investment in one, keeping his original machine just the same.

All over the West the faithful horse is being superseded in this way. The horse is vanishing at a rate of about six per cent. a year. He has been found an unnecessary expense except at certain points here and there in the fields, and it is the opinion of many of the most progressive farmers that within a very few years there will be nothing out in the open that a truck or engine cannot handle more cheaply and better. Already traction engines are doing the most of the plowing and doing it far better, breaking ground that is too hard for a horse to break. When it comes to speed, for long journeys or short, about the farm or around the neighboring country, or carting heavy loads, there is no comparison. The horse is so outclassed that the Western farmer who has no motor vehicle is beginning to be hopelessly handicapped.

The farmer has this advantage: he is his own chauffeur and his own mechanical expert, and there are few cases where his truck or car is not operated to perfection and run at the minimum of cost and with almost no repairs at all. The manufacturers have found these new patrons an interesting study. Comparatively these country folks to the west of the Mississippi River are the best buyers of motor vehicles to-day. A farmer must be very poor or very old-fashioned not to have a truck or car of some sort. It is with him half a question of pride, half of good business, and the new dispensation has made farming much more profitable and much more pleasant.

The motor-truck and even the ordinary car has made a great difference with the farmer boy. The farm is infinitely more interesting than in the old horse days. There is nothing that has done so much to arrest the movement of the young men on the farms toward the city as the installation of power trucks. Farming by the aid of machinery like this seems to lose all its monotony and toil. It becomes a fascinating pursuit quite as scientific as a great factory in a city, and the boy on the farm sees new possibilities of efficiency opening, production at a small percentage of the old-time cost, and improved methods of marketing. He has a vision of a farm many times larger than his father's and sees himself a great factor and a man of fortune in the new mechanical agricultural era.

A great proportion of the motor vehicles now sold through the West are for the farms. The cities and larger towns have for several years past had very nearly their full complement of pleasure automobiles, and while there is a steady market for cars the real business is in trucks. As nearly as the manufacturers can figure half the cars west of the Mississippi are trucks for practical agricultural use or automobiles that are really farm cars. These range from the inexpensive passenger car for five that the owner and his family can use for work or enjoyment and keep in service, at one thing or another, all day and well into each evening, and the motor farm wagon that will haul a ton, and make quick time at doing it, up to the big twenty-ton tractors that are being seen in Arizona and are proving immensely successful.

The farmer of the West is not satisfied with one type or kind of motor vehicle. He quickly gets beyond the stage of a single car or truck and sees money in a "fleet," each adapted to some special purpose. Along with scientific farming has come the study on the part of each owner to save time and labor cost and eliminate lost motion as much as possible. Thus the progressive man nowadays who has a sufficient number of acres gets a traction engine for plowing and for hauling his wheat, or whatever his crop may be, to the railroad for shipment. He may do even better: install smaller trucks in addition for carrying his produce speedily. In any event, he will have, besides, several smaller cars and a runabout for his own use in visiting his fields and superintending. Nobody walks over a Western farm in these motor days. It takes too much time and uses up altogether too much energy. The big and powerful engines do the heavy and rough work, lighter vehicles make the trips to market, yet still lighter vehicles carry the workers to and fro and run the errands that are needed. Often half a day's time can be saved by a hurried trip into the nearest town.

The saving is enormous. With his motor vehicles the modern farmer can split his labor cost practically in half. Take plowing on the big farms. With horses and men the cost per acre could not be pushed below seventy cents. Any good motor tractor now does it for forty cents and has the advantage of being able to plow ground that is too hard for horses and men to turn up without immense labor.

In journeying through the West one finds farms to-day with but three or four horses, where four or five years ago there were thirty to forty horses and mules kept steadily at work in the field. With this change has come a marked improvement in the quality of farm-hands. The old yokel type is being quickly replaced by the man who is not only an agricultural expert, but a skilled mechanic. His work is not the manual labor that it was. There is practically no more brute force and sordid toil about it. It is the interesting bossing of machinery, the power itself doing the real work, the man having to guide and control. The new farm-hand costs the farmer more money a month, but he does twice or three times the work of his predecessor. What is more, he is satisfied. A day's work does not wear him out. After his day's work is done, in place of sitting idly around vegetating he takes a run into town in one of the smaller cars. The motor-truck has done so much to improve the condition of agricultural labor that the farmer who has not a truck or a car finds it a very difficult thing these days to get reliable and efficient men. The men worth while will not work for him, and he has to content himself with the leavings of the labor market.

In a word, the motor-truck is rapidly becoming a part of the newly developing, prosperous farm. The farmer now has a telephone, bath-tubs, pianos, phonographs, and a lighting plant. The motor-truck is simply an annex to all these. It provides the owner with cheap, effective, and reliable power. The new farmer looks upon himself as a manufacturer. If he is sufficiently big in a business way and resourceful, he has a frame building in a central location, his office, with roll-top desks, a stenographer, a bookkeeper, and a private telephone over his lands. He simply superintends and travels over every portion of his "plant" in his own little car, watching his machines as carefully as if they were all gathered together under one roof. He "systematizes" in cost production precisely as if he were running a factory.

Of course comparatively few farmers, even in the most prosperous sections, have managed to build up farming plants like these, but many hundreds are working along in that direction and, if need be, borrowing money to make payments on power wagons of different sorts. They find it profitable. The farmer no longer grows crops haphazard and then bewails the price he gets from the middleman. Nowadays he is constantly studying two things: first, to lower his cost of production materially; secondly, to get his goods to market more cheaply. The motor-truck has proved that it can solve both problems for him, and thus the sales of these vehicles are increasing beyond all prophecies, and their makers are studying local agricultural conditions everywhere and inventing new trucks and wagons to suit special needs.

In the question of "getting to market," as well as managing the farm, big or little, more economically, the motor-truck is starting a revolution. A vast amount has been heard for the past three decades as to better roads, and yet little, relatively, has been done to date, when the entire country is considered. Close to the big cities and often from metropolis to metropolis there are fine boulevards, and the situation, it must be acknowledged, is steadily improving.

But there yet remain thousands of miles of wretched rural roads. It is these that worry the farmer, and naturally. They are a great obstacle to his prosperity. No matter how ably he reduces costs on his farm, he cannot be fully successful if the roads from his lands to his trading town are in a wretched state.

Till now the farmer has been used to growling—ineffectively. To-day, with his expensive motor-trucks behind him, he insists. The investment of the farm is beginning to grow so great that the farmers have a new power. They have analyzed haulage costs and find them ruinously high. With even moderately good roads leading from the farms, the expenses of transportation will be so reduced that the values of farm land will rise appreciably. The farmers who have been foremost in replacing horses with motor-trucks have now so great a stake that they will not tolerate any further delays. Thus the question of "good roads" is now, everywhere in the West, coming to the issue. It is essential that it should.

For this much has been discovered by the analytical farmers who have raised themselves out of the slough of despond and out of the old mortgage days and are now prosperous in the new motor-truck era: on the average in this country it costs twenty-three cents a mile to haul a ton of produce to market as against seven to eleven cents per mile per ton in Europe. The average haul of the American farmer from his fields to his buyer is nine miles. The extra tax laid upon him is, therefore, very evident. On the average a ton to a ton and a half is a fair production for an acre.

With roads approaching the excellent highways of Europe it would be quite possible to scale these transportation costs down to the figures of the European farmer. Until he becomes a thorough-paced business man and a keen money-maker, with motor-trucks taking the place of horses, the American farmer never seriously fought for superior roads. Now he sees that his property values depend upon them. Experts calculate that with proper facilities of haulage the American farm will be worth ten dollars to twenty dollars an acre more. It is this realization that is the great force behind the idea for a system of splendid national highways which shall eventually connect up all sections of the country with a series of perfect roads.

Out in Nebraska there is a creamery that used thirteen horses. It had a four-horse team, three two-horse teams, and three reserve horses. The owners found that a single motor-truck could do all the work of this large stable. The truck was installed and to-day makes four trips or forty miles each day over country roads, hauling fifteen tons of milk and, while it is not engaged in delivering milk, thirty-five tons of grain.

On an adjacent farm is a five-ton truck which, with a trailer, earned fifty dollars in twelve hours by hauling twenty-five tons of corn crop in three loads. Three horse teams would have been required to do the same work. Yet another truck in the same region hauled 11,200 pounds of alfalfa twenty-one miles in the same time that it took a team of four horses to draw 7,700 pounds ten miles. These figures are interesting and conclusive. If there were only a few scattered motor-trucks over the West they would not be especially significant or remarkable, but incidents like these are becoming almost universal among American farmers.

A Wisconsin farmer should be instanced. He now uses a three-ton truck to carry the dairy products of his farm to a town twelve miles distant. Before he got this truck he had to keep three teams running and employ three men. A farmer in Nebraska makes a daily run of sixty-one miles and his motor-truck has made it possible for him to dispense with four teams. And the work is done in half the time.

A SONG OF VIOLETS

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX

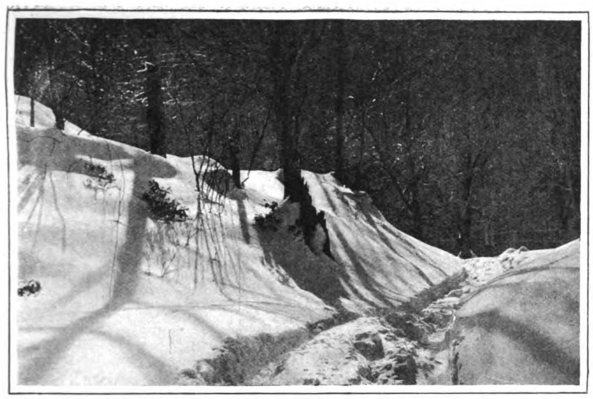
HERE are purple violets
  Born to die for you;
Born to grace my triolets
Here are purple violets,
Let them deaden all regrets,
  Just for this they grew.
Here are purple violets
  Born to die for you.

They shall do as I would do,
  Die beneath your smile.
Such a grace is granted few.
They shall do as I would do,
Live and perish just for you,
  Live their little while.
And then do as I would do,
  Die beneath your smile.

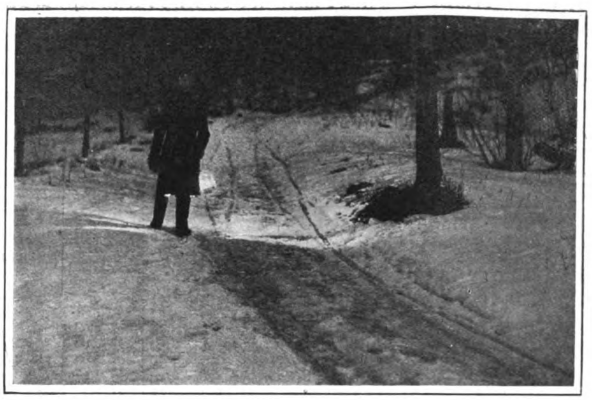
But from ashes odors rise
  Of sweet violets dead;
Silenced song the memory plies
And from ashes odors rise,
Will you not recall the sighs
  And our words once said.
When from ashes odors rise
  Of sweet violets dead?

Dear, the world lies bleak before,
  Black looms death beyond;
Joys are fading more and more;
Dear, the world lies bleak before;
What holds any man in store
  If he break Love's bond?
Dear, the world lies bleak before,
  Black looms death beyond.

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With each new height another picture presents itself



An evening stroll by lantern-light

WINTER IN THE CATSKILLS

BY A. W. DIMOCK

IT was midwinter when she came to us in the big city—this beautiful Southern girl from Alabama.

We christened her "The Comet" on the day of her arrival, and were sorry the next day, the name was so absurdly inadequate. I introduced her to the snow in the streets, and she wanted to take a horseback ride out into the country at once. When I refused to go with her she threw snow at me, and if she had had the least idea how to do it I might have been compelled to call on the police for protection. Two days later the snow in the streets had changed to slush, and The Comet upbraided me because of it, until I told her that I wished she was snowed up in our camp in the Catskills.

"Why not go there now?" she asked.

"Because we'd have to tunnel through banks of snow and climb mountains of ice to get to the camp," I answered.

"Well?" she replied, and, like the historical coon, I saved time by coming down promptly. The next day we started for the mountains, and we slept that night in a small town on the Hudson River. When we left the train on the following morning, at a little station in the Catskills, the girl wouldn't trust me alone to hunt up a team. The owner of the village stables laughed when I told him what I wanted, and said:

"I couldn't get you through. You don't know what kind of a road that is."

"You'll have to try it," I replied. "*You* don't know what kind of a girl this is."

Then The Comet took charge. The man told her of the narrow road along the side of the mountain, dangerous even in summer, the drifts that might be impassable, and said he didn't dare to risk tumbling her over a precipice or landing her in a snow-bank for the night. The girl flashed her big brown eyes on his face, and began, reflectively, in her soft Southern drawl:

"I don't reckon I ever heard a man, down where I live, say he didn't dare do anything I asked him." Then, appealingly, "I never saw real snow before—"

There was no reason for my waiting any longer, so I went to the store and bought supplies for a few days' camping. By the time the goods were ready a double sleigh was at the door, with The Comet, wrapped in robes, sitting beside the proprietor of the stables on the front seat. He explained that he would drive, as he thought we would be safer with him than with his man. I looked reproachfully at the girl, and she had the decency to blush. There were two hot bricks for us of the back seat, but for those in front there was only one, since our driver seldom suffered from cold feet. Two shovels and an axe in the bottom of the sleigh attracted the attention of The Comet, who expressed a hope that she would have a chance to dig in the snow. The driver was able to comfort her with assurances on that subject.

For six miles the road had been traveled and the sleighing was fair. Thereafter the snow was unbroken, the road was a mere trail through the woods, and soon the horses were stalled in a drift, from which they turned inquiring eyes back upon the sleigh. We tramped and shoveled a path, while the girl, standing waist deep in the snow, tried in vain to coax her hostess out of the robes which swathed her.

"Women are harder to manage than men," she whispered, as she waded to the horses, which had become restless and were plunging about. She soothed them with the rich, mellow tones of her voice as she patted and petted them, and when I shouted a warning to the girl, she called back:

"What do you know about horses? I was brought up with 'em."

There were more drifts, and then the road became a steep trail cut into the nearly vertical side of a mountain of bare black rocks. The trail was filled with snow, which sloped from the wall of rock on one side to the precipice on the other. In many places we had to level it with shovels, and often stood on the inside runners of the sleigh as we passed the narrow places.

Where the hill was steep and the road dangerous the driver walked ahead of his team, and his passengers scrambled along behind the sleigh. The horses, playful at the start, became serious-minded, and while the off one hugged the vertical wall of rock which rose beside him, his mate crowded nervously away from the brink of the precipice at his feet. Once, when a foot of the near horse slipped over the bank, he rose straight up on his hind legs and, leaning away from the gulf, rested his fore feet upon the back of his mate. It was the call of the girl behind the sleigh, "Steady, boy!" that held the frightened creature quiet until the driver could reach the bridles and lead the team past the dangerous point.

Many times we stopped to rest, and always I wondered at the grandeur that had so long been hidden from me by the green leaves of summer. For a space our road lay beside and beneath a smooth wall of rock a hundred feet high, over which rills of water had trickled and turned to ice, until the front of a palace, two hundred feet wide, had been formed of immense colonnades, guarded by great stalagmites and fringed by huge icicles. The sun was as high in the heavens as it gets in the Catskills in midwinter, and although hidden from us by the top of the opposite range, its cold rays were reflected with dazzling brilliancy from the ice-bound cliff above us. For the first time since I knew her The Comet was quiet, and remained silent so long that I asked her if she was tired.

"Tired!" she exclaimed—and as she looked in my face and laid a small hand upon my shoulder, her lips quivered and tears filled her eyes,—"tired, of the mountains, the snow, and this? I never dreamed of anything so lovely. I want to stay here forever."

There was a sympathetic laugh at the ingenuous enthusiasm of the young stranger, and the girl came back to earth. She was soon bubbling over with fun, which never ceased to flow until we stopped before the cabin of logs which we called our camp. On its north side snow was piled to the eaves, but the door on the south was nearly clear, and a big blaze in the fireplace soon drove dampness and cold from the cabin.

From the beginning The Comet took charge of the camp. She assigned rooms and apportioned blankets, bossed the meals, cared for the horses, and in her spare hours wallowed in the deep drifts, climbed hills, and slid down steep places. She crept among ice-caves in the hollowed sides of a ravine through which the brook tumbled, and I followed her as she wandered among stalagmites and beneath stalactites of bluish ice thirty feet long, in masses that weighed tons. When the orbit of The Comet became too eccentric for me I persuaded the driver to trail after her; not to keep her out of mischief, but to save her from its consequences. The girl called me to account later, and when I had confessed the instructions I had given, demurely assured me that he had carried them out conscientiously. For three days we picnicked and played in the snow, free from care as the Babes in the Wood, and on the fourth came back to the burdens that grown-ups must bear—in a city.

The conventionalist who spends his summers in New England and his winters in the South misses the glory of the North and never sees the living South, with its activities: cloud masses flashing out from

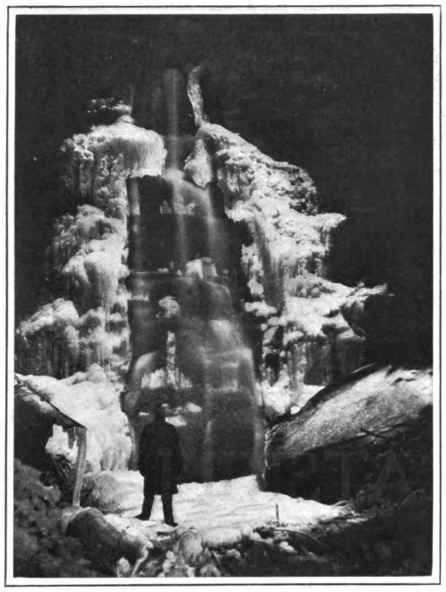


Ice-choked streams and fields of dazzling white



Freshets of melted snow rush through the streams

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An ice-encompassed waterfall by moonlight



Huge stalactites of bluish ice

clear skies; quick tempests springing from blazing sunshine; roaring waterspouts rising out of shimmering seas; exuberant fish, birds at their best, ripening fruit, vegetation that grows visibly, and cooling breezes which make restless nights rare and sunstroke unknown.

I had summered for years among the picturesque peaks of the Catskills without knowing them. I had fancied that the green leaves of spring, the flowers of summer, and the blazing foliage of autumn made up the beauty of the mountains. It was that midwinter visit which taught me that the leaves, excepting the evergreen, were but temporary veils drawn over the fascinating face of nature. For the first time I really saw the black, vertical walls of rock through which caverns opened and over which streams of water tumbled. The new view of familiar cascades and waterfalls, heavily framed in ponderous ice, fringed with fanciful designs and sentineled by massive monoliths built by the Forest King, was a revelation.

Now it is the solemn beauty of the silent woods in winter which invites me irresistibly, and the grandeur of the snow-clad mountains that beckons me to their summits. The forest, which in summer hides everything within it, conceals nothing in the winter, and upon its snow the name of every creature that passes is registered, in characters which vary from the tiny imprint of a mouse to the solid signature of a bear. The fox that shows his head from behind a tree two hundred yards away can be seen, and the partridge that flies from the thick foliage of the balsam beside you finds no hiding-place in twice that distance.

As you drag yourself up the steep hillside, clinging to the saplings of maple or fragrant branches of birch, the slipping of a foot or the breaking of a twig drops you into a drift, out of which you crawl snow-covered like Santa Claus. With each new height you scale, however familiar it may be, another picture, never to be seen in summer, presents itself. From every mountain-top there is spread before you a panorama of peaks and valleys, rock-bound and snow-clad; of ice-choked streams and fields of dazzling white; and of dark green patches of balsam and pine, in otherwise leafless forests. Even the outline of a building on some distant peak, or the far-off smoke that curls upward from a locomotive, is powerless to plague your spirit, uplifted by the solemn beauty of the scene spread out before you. The peace of the wilderness possesses you, the riot of civilization fades out of your memory, and you quite forget the nerves you brought from the city.

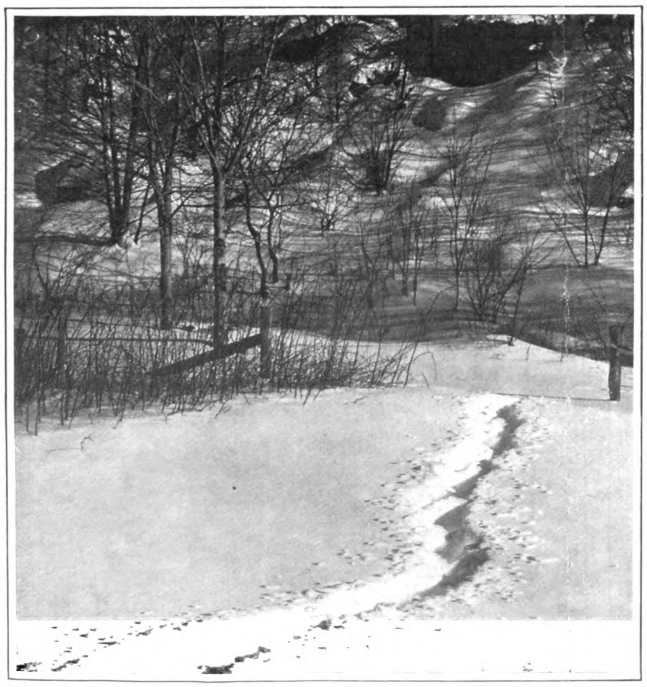
In the dry air of the Catskills one may be much alarmed by the thermometer, but the cold will not hurt him. I have seen the camera-man, working with bare hands, photograph snow scenes, some of which accompany this article, while the thermometer marked twenty degrees below zero. As we waded through deep snow or climbed ice-coated rocks and hills, we wore canvas shoes that clung to the ice, and thick woollen socks which protected our feet in zero weather and worse. With mittens for our fingers and fur caps pulled over our ears, we tramped the dry snow that creaked beneath our feet, wallowed through drifts in the valley, and climbed icy heights with no other danger than that of getting overheated.

The privations of winter in the mountains are of the baseless fabric of dreams. You may be fifty miles from a doctor, but you are five hundred from the need of one. Instead of coaxing coy appetites with condiments, you bring to each meal a healthy hunger, born of exercise, fresh air, and freedom from care. It is in winter in the mountains that one can best learn the luxury of warmth, of which a furnace-heated house never gives more than a pale imitation. As the early darkness comes on and the mercury in the thermometer outside your door passes the zero mark on its downward course, you pile big sticks of beech, birch, or hickory on the open fire. Then, as you sit in an easy chair, with a book in your hand, a pipe in your mouth, and on a stand beside you apples, nuts, and a jug of cider, you think with compassion of friends whose evenings are cramped within the limitations of city life. Sometimes, as the clock strikes twelve, while you doze in your chair, the silence of the winter's night is broken by a long, thunderous roll, followed by the crash of a ten-strike, and you dream that Hendrik Hudson and his jolly crew are at their games again, and, wakening, wonder how much of the mountainside came down with the avalanche that aroused you.

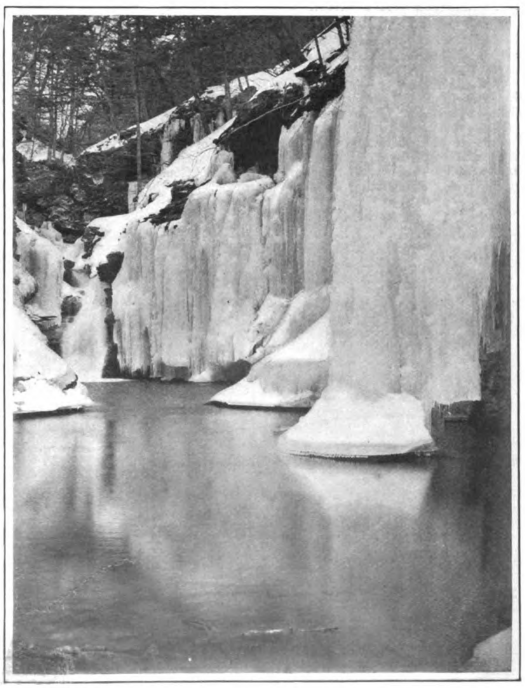
Even people become picturesque in winter in the Catskills. With each new fall of snow, men are out at dawn, with yokes of oxen, breaking paths through the drifts. Young children come down from the hills and for miles through the valley to the little schoolhouse in the woods. On an ox-sled, in a sleigh, in pairs on a horse's back, or more frequently wallowing through the drifts on foot, these infants come, even in zero weather, more faithful in their attendance at school than the average child of a city.

Snow lies long in the Catskills. One mid-Lent Sunday a man and his wife came wading through snow to our door. They had crossed from the valley beyond by a mountain road. Their sleigh was buried in a bank of snow three miles distant, while a mile away their horse was waiting to be dug out of a drift.

In the final struggle of the seasons, when advancing spring sends warm rains upon hill and valley, they are sometimes seized by winter as they fall. Then rocks are glazed with ice; branches bend beneath their burdens; the rays of the rising sun light up a landscape blazing with gems which flash back the colors of the spectrum, from the red of the ruby, through topaz yellow, the deep green of the emerald and the bright blue of the sapphire up to amethystine violet.



The solemn beauty of the silent woods



Familiar cascades framed in ponderous ice

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Interludes

DISASTROUS

UNCLE JUD was enjoying his first experience in the line of railway travel. For years the trains of the P. D. & Q. had thundered past his farm, and the old gentleman had watched them plunging madly ahead, confident of but one thing, that sooner or later something would happen to land them in the ditch. He had often vowed that the Lord hadn't intended man to be whizzing along at so lively a pace, and added that he for one wasn't going to tempt Him by trusting his precious neck to anything so reckless. But the years passed and the trains continued to speed by, until finally Uncle Jud's fear of terrible consequences faded away, and now at last he had yielded to his son's frequent invitations to get aboard the Flyer, and come to visit him in the city. The train was thundering at a terrific rate of speed, and then the thing happened. An open switch turned the trick that Uncle Jud had for years been anticipating. The engine was derailed, and the plunging cars went after it, but, the latter being of steel construction, no serious damage was done to anybody. Uncle Jud's car twisted, turned, cavorted, and finally landed on its side at the side of the road, ending in a nice soft spot that seemed almost to have been made for just such an emergency. The old gentleman gathered himself together and gazed about at the wreckage, and then observing his eye-glasses shattered beyond repair at his feet, he groaned.

"There, gol-dern ye!" he muttered. "Ye've gone an' busted my spetticles!"

A SOLEMN ODDITY

IN spite of the assiduous gleanings of antiquarians, there are still some fine old epitaphs that have not been published. A traveler has brought down from northern New York the following example of early nineteenth-century elegiac verse:

Sweet bird of promise gone before,
Pluck'd from the parent stem!
The casket moulders in the dust,
And Heav'n receives the gem.

APPROVED

"I SEE," said the second-story man, as he glanced over the paper, "that there's a society in New York for the suppression of unnecessary noises."

"And a good thing, too," said his pal, "if they'll only get after them there boyglar alarms. They never alarmed a boyglar yet."

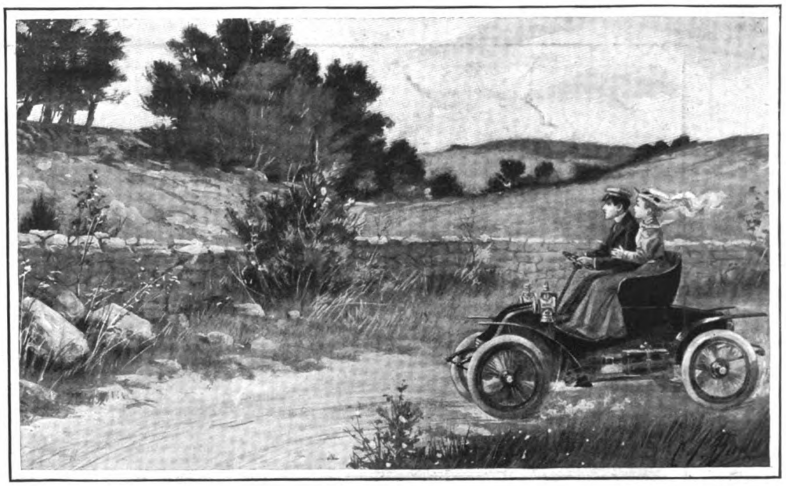
WORTH ALL IT COST

"WELL, Silas, after you have scrimped and saved and denied yourself a lot of things you'd naturally like to have, to send your boy Gus through college, are you satisfied with the results?" asked the visitor.

"Ye bet I be," said the old man.

"He learned something, did he?"

"Ye betcha," smiled the old man. "I sot Gus down in the corn-field durin' his last summer's vacation, and what with his clo'es an' his collidge yell they warn't a dod-gastid crow dast come near the place all summer."



AUTOING

MISS NERVISS. "WOULDN'T IT KILL US IF WE SHOULD RUN UP AGAINST THAT STONE WALL?"
SPARKER. "PERHAPS NOT INSTANTLY, BUT I'M AFRAID WE'D NEVER GET OVER IT."

HAD FOUR LEGS, ANYHOW

CHOLLIE had decided to give up the sporting life and settle down to farming, and was now buying a cow.

"Now here's a cow," said the agent, "that I can highly recommend to you. She has won several prizes at our county fair, and—"

"Reahlly?" said Chollie, looking the animal over admiringly. "Er—trotting or steeple-chase?"

OLD SAWS MADE NEW

"PEOPLE who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones," said Jimmerson.

"What nonsense!" said Wiggley. "In these days of plate-glass insurance it's the safest thing in the world."

A SAD CONDITION

"YES," said Bildad, settling back comfortably in his chair. "I must confess that I've got about everything I want."

"Poor chap!" said Dubbleigh, sympathetically. "Not a thing left to look forward to, eh?"

NOT WORTH TANNING

"EF it warn't fer one thing I'd take the hide off ye," roared the irate farmer to his son.

"What's the one thing, Dad?" asked the boy.

"'Twouldn't be wuth enough to pay fer the trubble!" returned the old man.

IN LENT

WHEN Binks would borrow some rare tome I'd much prefer to keep at home because it is too fine to lend to any one, e'en though a friend, I love the season of the ash, since then, with nothing to abash, or word I later might repent, I can reply:

"Alas, it's Lent,
Old Gent!
I'm mighty sorry, but it's Lent!"

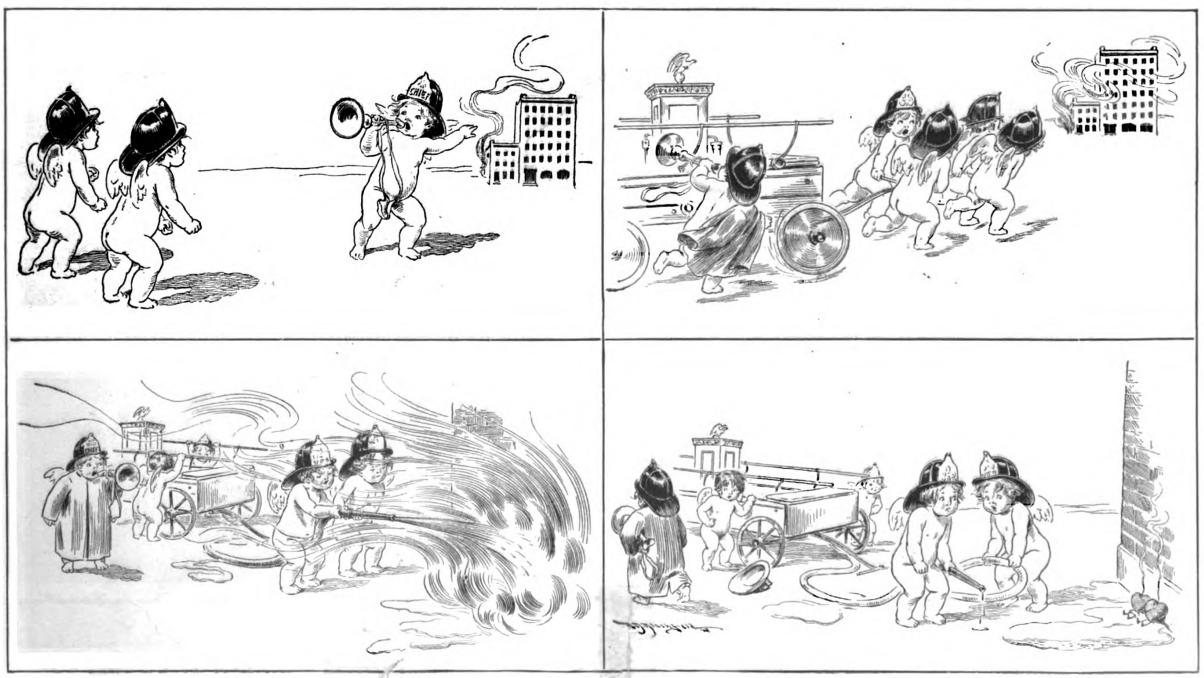
When Jimpkins for a trip afar would commandeer my motor-car, the which I fear he'd madly hike along the deeply mudded pike, I love this season of restraint imposed on sinner and on saint, because with naught of detriment to truth the answer comes:

"It's Lent,
Old Gent!
I'm mighty sorry, but it's Lent!"

And when old Sponge with avid eye observes me passing gaily by, and sees a brand-new dollar note hid in the pocket of my coat, and seeks the loan, that season's blest that helps my cause and interest, enabling me to fail his bent by saying:

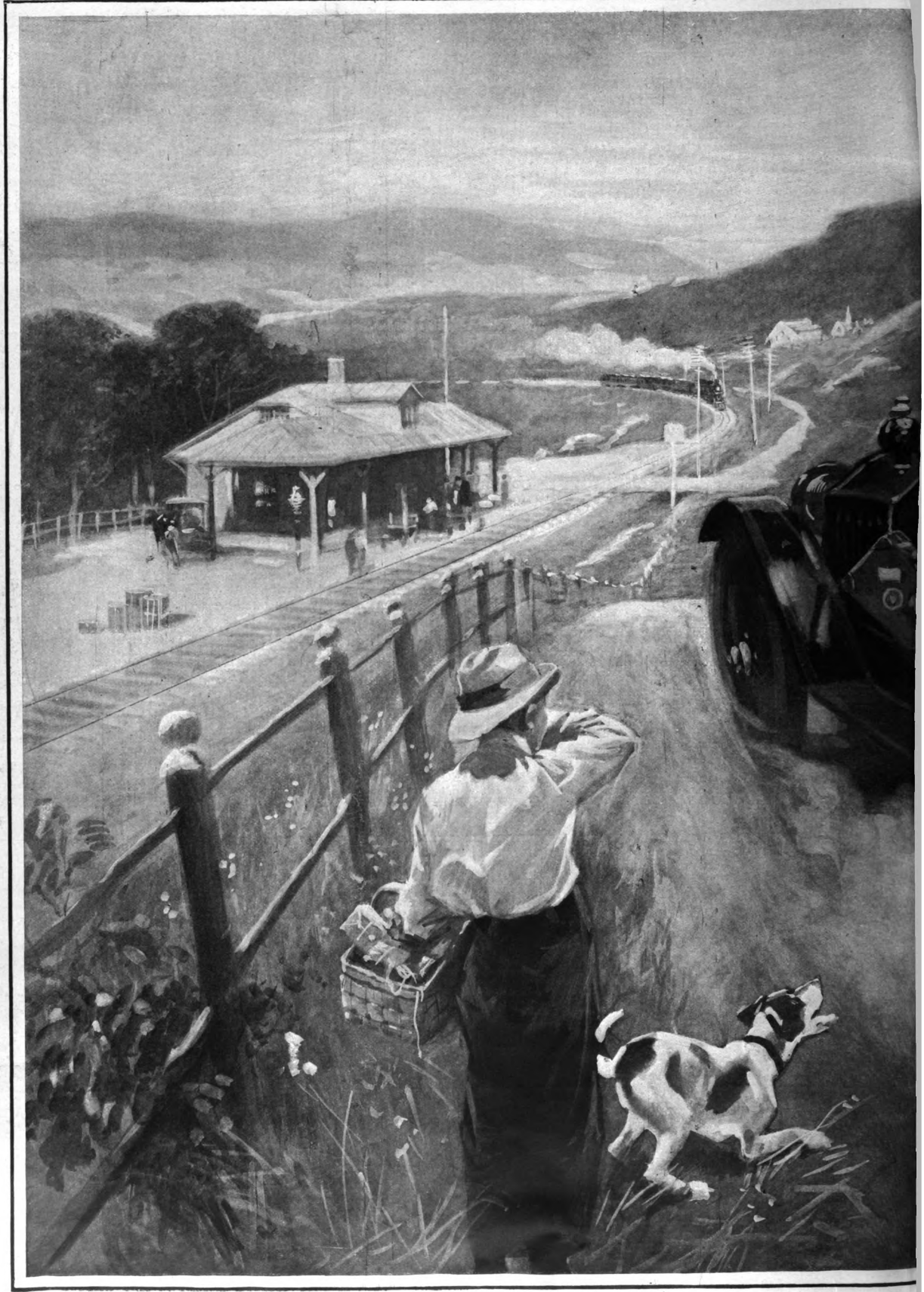
"Sorry, but it's Lent,
Old Gent!
It grieves me deeply, but it's Lent!"

HORACE DODD GASTIT.



A TRAGIC MISTAKE

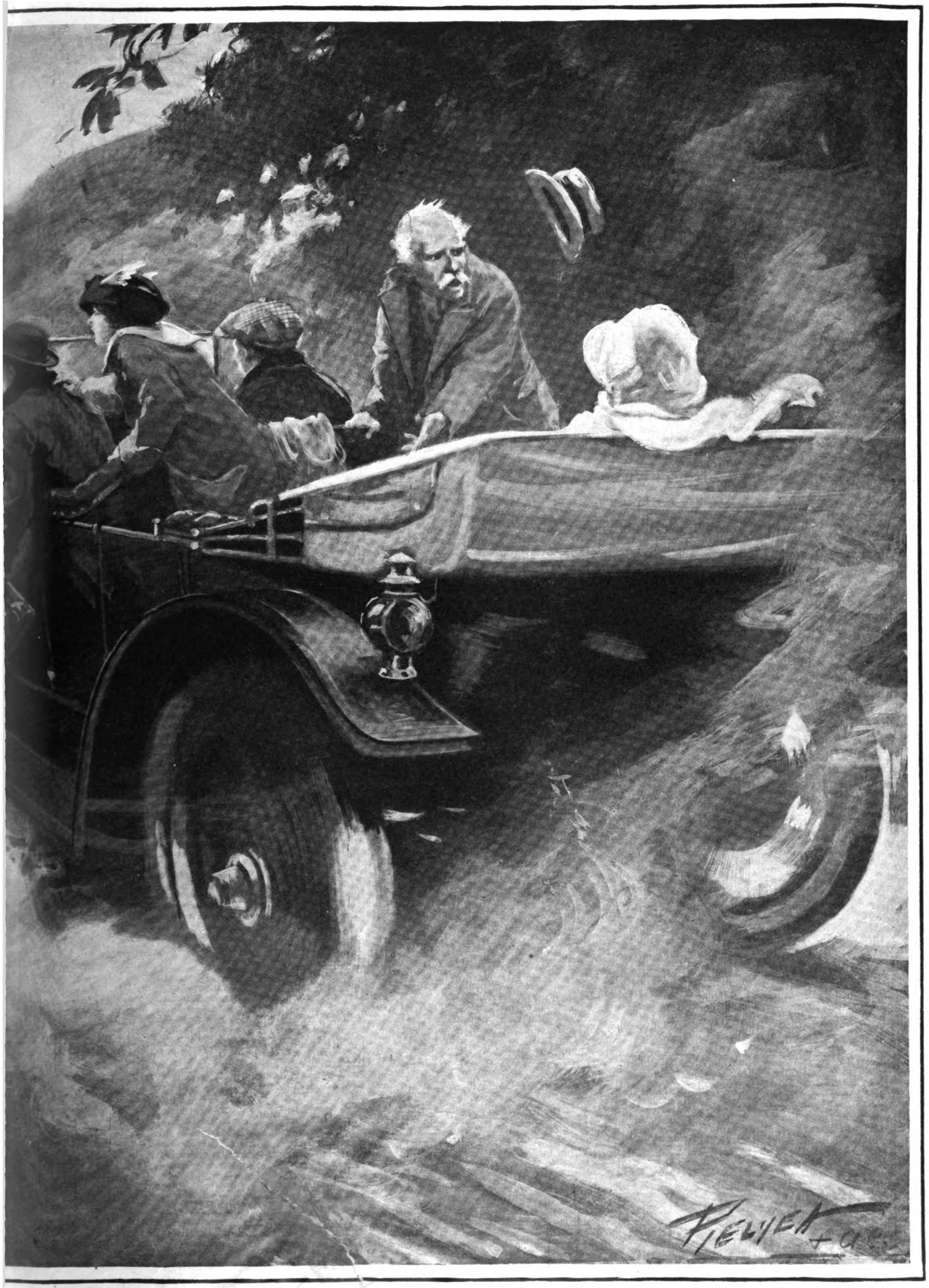
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THE 7:12—CAN

DRAWN B

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THEY MAKE IT?

C. M. RELYEA

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SPRING THAW

BY EDITH RONALD MIRRIELEES

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK TENNEY JOHNSON

IT was relentless weather. Jennings, chillily warm beneath the blankets of his bunk, was yet alive even in sleep to the winter rigor of the air. He was aggrieved before he woke, with a subconscious knowledge of ridged ice in water-bucket and frost on stove-top. When he did wake he lay huddled beneath his covering, one eye, one nostril, a strand of white-rimed mustache exposed to the biting air, and pondered. It was the twenty-second day of March. By all the rules the ground should have been almost ready for plowing.

"And it ain't been above zero in three weeks," the victim reminded himself. "Well—I got to get up sometime."

He reached an instantly numbed hand for his trousers and boots, drew them toward him—and sat up listening.

There it was unmistakably, the tiny sound which had disturbed his sleep. It was clearer to waking senses—a little gritting of displaced snow, a shuffling and heavy breathing close beside the wall of the cabin. To ranch-trained ears there was no mystery in it. Something—wolf or starved dog or wandering bobcat—was at the strip of frozen bacon hung outside the door.

Jennings discarded boots for socks, stole across the room on stockinged feet, and lifted down his rifle. He had an instant's glimpse, as he opened the door, of a black hound, head and forefeet lost in a wallow of snow. Next instant it was only a black streak of flight.

The watcher fired twice unsuccessfully. The third time, as the dog rose for a fence, his shot was rewarded. There was a howl, a sudden crumpling of the lean, arched body.

"Got him that time!" the marksman rejoiced.

He was numbed through when he re-entered the cabin. He kindled a handful of shavings, laid on wood, and sat fuming above the blaze. Such weather! And as if that wasn't enough, daren't hang a thing outside—"

"Wonder if I killed him?" the avenger speculated.

He crossed to the tiny window and surveyed the road. There was no break on its white surface. Either the snow had shifted sufficiently to cover the animal or it had been able to drag its way toward home.

"That 'll make O'Farrell crazy," Jennings realized, with not unpleasurable anticipation. "If that dog of his gets home shot—"

He let his eyes travel along the line of half-buried fence-posts to the grove of cottonwoods a mile away. There was a thread of smoke wavering above them—save his own, the only smoke signal in a radius of twenty miles. He could picture the interior of the cabin from which it came, the little, choleric, early-grizzled Irishman clattering among his kettles, the arrival of the dog on the threshold.

"But I said I would!" the aggressor justified himself. "I always said if that dog of his come botherin' round here— What's he keep a hound for? Snoopin' and stealin'—"

It was comfortable to have a cause for wrath on a morning when every circumstance demanded irritation. By the time he had finished breakfast he had fairly established a grievance. Miserable to be beset by ravenous, thieving animals! Miserable, anyway, to live with a neighbor crammed up against you!

The water-bucket had thawed sufficiently to discharge its globule of ice. He picked it up and drew on cap and mittens for a journey to the spring. As he pulled open the door his breath expelled itself suddenly in a puff of gratified expectation. The dog was surely gone. And across the field from the group of cottonwoods a muffled figure plowed its way through the snow—a watchful figure, too, for with the opening of the door it stopped to shout something which the distance rendered unintelligible, to thrust its arms into the air in a gesture of defiance.

Jennings set down his bucket.

"He's mad," he warned himself. "He's crazy mad."

Automatically almost he reached through the door to his rifle, and, carrying it, started slowly toward the wire fence which surrounded the cabin. There was about the advancing figure a glittering something—it might be no more than a buckle or a frost-rimed button—which flashed out now and then in movement and on which he fixed his eyes. He held his own weapon conspicuously.

With his advance the continuous monologue of the newcomer began to be intelligible. He could catch the word dog many times repeated; his own name; the fragment of a threat. The little man was breathless from haste and difficulty of walking, but the steady stream of his abuse poured forth without ceasing.

". . . shoot my dog . . . show you if you'll shoot my dog! . . . Too stingy to keep a dog yourself. . . ."

"You shut up!" said Jennings, in a sudden shout. He modified his dictum instantly. "I don't care what you say! Talk all you like, but I tell you one thing: Don't you come across that fence! You put foot on my land—"

For answer his opponent broke into a run.

"Don't you do it," Jennings warned. He brought his rifle up level with the interdicted line.

O'Farrell had already reached the line. His mittened hands grappled with the strands of wire. He talked unceasingly.

". . . tryin' to scare me out! . . . Think 'cause you come first you own the place! . . . Go round shootin'. . . ."

The wires gave, twanging. As he stooped to force his way between them his eyes came up to meet his adversary's; his hands grew suddenly back to his sides.

"Jen—" he began.

And instantly, with the downward movement of his hand, Jennings fired.

The body of the shot man had been pressed against the wires. Their points sustained it for a moment; then, with a little zirr of torn clothing, it slumped down upon the snow. Jennings dropped the barrel of his rifle, swung round, and strode toward his cabin.

He was not cold any longer. He flung his weapon up on its rack in a glow of satisfaction. So O'Farrell thought he wouldn't shoot? Well, he'd show him! He'd show any man! He guessed the place was his! Any man try to come on his place—

He began moving about, putting the room to rights, replenishing the store of shavings in the wood-box. It occurred to him presently that he was thirsty, mouth dry and throat constricted. He turned toward the bench on which he was accustomed to find the water-bucket, and, missing it, stopped to think. Sure enough, he had taken it out. He had been on his way to the spring when O'Farrell— All at once he was aware of an immense reluctance at the thought of going outside for the bucket, at the vision of his journey to the spring to fill it.

"Too cold to go," he deceived himself. He drained a little coffee from the breakfast grounds and pretended satisfaction.

But his thirst would not down. It grew consumingly. He snatched open the door at last in a rage of irritation. As he approached the black bundle upon the snow he stared at it contumaciously. So that was O'Farrell! So that was O'Farrell! The inertness of the thing, the echoing stillness around it! When he knelt down at the spring he was suddenly ill at ease to have that inertness at his back. He found himself looking over his shoulder in an immediate, though unformed, expectation.

It was while he was looking that a new anxiety came home to him. A road ran along the outside of the fence. If any one should pass— He decided, distastefully, that he must remove the obstacle. He had been entirely justified in the shooting; he was entirely proud of it, but still the sign of the shooting must be removed.

He approached the body unwillingly, stopped, forced himself on. It was only a body, he reminded himself; it was no more than a dead sheep. Beneath his hands the corpse gave forth a long moan.

He was inside the cabin before thought came to him. He found himself breathing hard, arguing in broken phrases.

". . . just thought I heard . . . nervous . . . I ain't a fool. . . ."

He looked out through the open door. There was a glare of sun on the snow. There was the shimmer of its own brightness above it. And yet, allowing for that—

"He's moved," the watcher decided, with conviction. "He's more over on his side."

At once, with the certainty of movement, the whole problem was shifted. O'Farrell was alive. O'Farrell, out there in the snow, was alive and freezing.

He turned his back upon the sight. He pushed shut the door. But the end was foreordained.

"No harm to take a look at him," he excused himself. "I can look and see—"

The body was still tangled in the lower wires of the fence. With labor he released it, turned it over. There was a smudge of frozen blood beneath. The back of the coat below the right shoulder was stained and stiff. Evidently the bullet had entered there.

Hideously, the thing was clear to him. He had shot the man in the back. O'Farrell had turned, had turned to obey, and in the act of obedience he had shot him from behind.

For a moment a kind of paralysis held him. Next moment he had the wounded man in his arms, was stumbling with him toward the cabin.

The wound was a trivial thing to see when he had stripped away the clothing from it—a tiny puncture, a surrounding rim of blue. It began to bleed again under the influence of warmth in little, scant, slow-falling drops. He bound packed snow on the place to stop the bleeding, rubbed snow, too, on the frost-bitten face—stood still then, watching his work, perplexed.

There was no doubt that O'Farrell was alive. He twitched, sighed occasionally, there was a mounting pulse in his wrist. He began, presently to pluck at the covers and thrust them away.

"He's going to be out of his head," Jennings recognized, fearfully.

He stooped to stare out at the drifted road. It was a three hours' journey to the nearest ranch. By the time he could catch up a horse, get to help, get home again—

"He'd be froze," the watcher decided. "Well—I got to manage, then. If somebody'd come along!"

The wish was not a prayer, for it lacked the element of hope. He gave over his survey and went back to the bunk. O'Farrell's fever was rising. He tossed his arms, muttered. As Jennings bent over him his voice rose to a shout.

"I'll show him! You wait—" He struggled to rise.

"Now you lay still! Now lay still, Mike," Jennings entreated him.

He sat down on the edge of the bunk and began to talk to its occupant—steadily, soothingly, without coherence, whatever senseless words came first to tongue. O'Farrell talked, too. Part of the time he threatened. Part of the time he was crooning over the injured dog.

"Now then, Buck dog! . . . Steady now! Steady till I tie it!"

"And it was me shot him," the listener reminded himself, bleakly.

He left off his efforts when the patient became quiet, and stole across the room to take up his post by the window. There was always the bare chance of some one's passing. And if some one did pass it must inevitably be the doctor. Only a doctor or a man in desperate need of one would venture along such a road on such a day.

He sat down to keep watch, but he must have dozed at last, for he came back to himself with a start, an exaggerated sense of danger pressing down on him. As he raised his head he saw that clouds

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had thickened outside, that the fire had burned itself out; it was beginning to grow dusk in the cabin. And from the dusk the eyes of O'Farrell stared at him alertly, fearfully, with recognition.

Jennings rose instantly. "Awake, Mike? Feel better?" he asked. He crossed the room and laid an unpractised hand on the sick man's wrist. "Fever's gone down some. Back hurt you much? Want a drink?"

There was no answer, only the unshifting regard of fever-distended pupils, and suddenly in the presence of that regard Jennings found himself hideously embarrassed. It had not occurred to him that O'Farrell would not wake to a recollection of the shooting only, but only of the ministrations following it.

"You want to lay still," he admonished, speaking for the sake of speech. "Head cleared up pretty well? Can you remember—"

"No," said the sick man, whisperingly. He had been altogether silent before. Now suddenly he was voluble. "No—somethin' must 'a' hit me. I don't remember—"

The questioner got up from his place. He went to the stove and bent above it, his back to the bed, pretending to busy himself with its refilling. All at once he recognized the look in O'Farrell's eyes—the watchful fear that he had seen in the eyes of rabbits and trapped wild things. Not remember? Oh, O'Farrell remembered!

"But what's wrong with him?" the observer wondered, poking at the coals. "Ain't I brought him in and took care of him? What's he scared of—"

The question broke off unfinished. He sat down with a gasp, the poker clattering out of his hand. If O'Farrell got well—when O'Farrell got well—what of him, Jennings, would-be murderer? When you began a thing like that—and left it unfinished—

He got up and lit a lamp. The light shone in the invalid's face; he moved the table and sat down beside it, interposing his shadow.

"Now you go on to sleep," he ordered.

But there was no sign of sleep in O'Farrell's eyes. It was an anguish to the watcher to see the strained expectancy of them—an anguish and an irritation. He scraped round in his chair until he could not see.

"What's he think I'm going to do?" he cogitated. "Take a shot at him? He'd ought to know— But what will I do? If he gets well he's got me. If he once gets off this place—"

It drew in all the closer with thinking, the vicious web of consequences, knotted, every one of them, to that first half-volitional movement of lifting down his gun. If he had let O'Farrell get inside the cabin; if he had waited long enough even to be sure that he was armed. But he had not waited. He had shot at him as he had shot at the dog—and with no more intention. It was his own lack of intention which most appalled him.

"I must 'a' been crazy," he argued, amazed. "But he's got me now. I'd get ten years—more'n that. Oh, he's got me, all right!"

A spring of bitterness against the injured man began to stir in him. He had brought O'Farrell in and taken care of him, hadn't he? He had done him twenty kindnesses in the year they had lived neighbors—planned kindnesses. And yet because to-day his right forefinger for one single second had crooked around a piece of metal—

He folded his arms upon the table and let his head drop forward on them. Let O'Farrell do the thinking for a while. If he wanted to lie there staring— All at once a thread of cold, like the passing of a drop of icy water, spread down his spine. Suppose O'Farrell had indeed been armed when he came? Then—if he had—his gun was in his clothing still. Suppose, with those watchful eyes upon his enemy, his hand was reaching, reaching— The thinker jerked round toward the bed. O'Farrell was lying exactly as he had lain.

"But he's got his arm out," Jennings noted.

He sat facing the other for a while till the passive presence of him became insupportable. Then, with a sigh, he resumed his earlier attitude.

"*Let* him do it! If he wants to do a trick like that—"

For a single, relaxing instant sleep surged up toward him. Next instant, somewhere in the remoter corners of the cabin, a log had creaked, and instantly he was awake, spine and shoulders of him quiveringly conscious of the man at his back. It was an hour after his taking his place that, with a final resolution, he again bowed his head forward and set his hands over his ears.

"Now then! I don't care what noise, I wont—What's that?"

He lay still, listening through spread fingers. This time there was no doubt of it. The other alarms had been false alarms, all of them; this time beyond a question O'Farrell had stirred. He waited a second, two seconds. There was no further movement, no crash nor shock of bullet. He sat up.

O'Farrell was risen on one elbow, head bent forward, eyes upon the distant window. Every fiber of him listened.

Jennings listened too—listened and heard. From across the snow came the creak of laboring wheels.

"Somebody on the road," he interpreted, aloud. He strove to make the announcement casually. "Bad night for anybody— You lay down again, Mike. You start that thing to bleeding—"

In spite of himself his voice shook. He looked at the man upon the bed, and suddenly the way to safety spread clear in front of him. Plainly O'Farrell would not ask him to summon help. So long as his senses stayed with him O'Farrell would never ask. And he was desperately weak. . . .

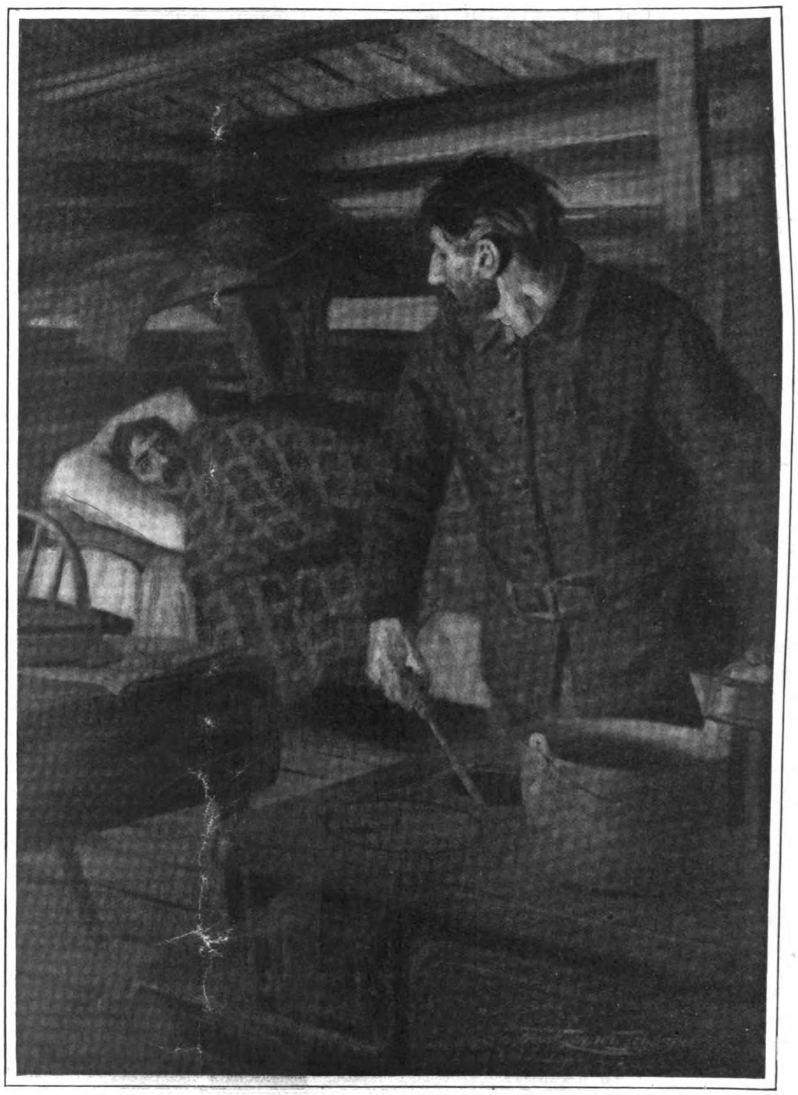
It need not be violence; it need not be any active cruelty. Only to let the wheels creak past to their destination. Only to let the man alone, neglect him a little— All at once he found himself at the threshold.

"Hey there! Doc! Doc Simpson!" The terror of his own voice clamored back at him.

There was an instant cessation of the creaking, an answering shout. Jennings pushed shut the door.

"It's Simpson, all right. He'll fix you up—" He broke off and laughed. "He'll fix us both, I guess," he said, and sat down at the table.

He did not rise even when the doctor burst across the threshold—a figure monstrous in furs, bristling with the irritations of winter.



He recognized the look in O'Farrell's eyes—the watchful fear that he had seen in the eyes of rabbits

"Miserable night! What's wrong, Jennings? I thought you were being murdered. If it's anything that takes time—"

He caught sight of O'Farrell in the bunk and was beside him.

"What's the trouble? Has he been unconscious like this— No, he's not dead! Got some whiskey?"

By the time Jennings had produced the flask his outer sheath was discarded, lamp and table moved close to the bed. From his more distant place the watcher could see the swift, deft movements of his hands about the sufferer's body, could hear his voice, instinct with encouragement.

"All right, O'Farrell. You fainted for a minute. Been losing some blood? Just a minute till I get you turned. Some water, Jennings? You might help—" He looked up suddenly and keenly. "You're spilling that water. Here, give it here. I guess I can manage."

"I guess you'll have to," said the owner of the cabin.

He crossed to the stove and stood poking among its banked coals. He would not look round, he would *not!* If O'Farrell was pointing at him, whispering— He heard the man moan once and set his teeth at the sound. He heard the quick, crisp syllables of the doctor's reply. It really was not a long time before the worker straightened from his task and spoke.

"Now he'll do. Keep him warm and perfectly quiet." He dragged the table back to its place and began readjusting his furs. "The wound's not serious—more loss of blood than anything else. How did it happen?"

"My gun," said O'Farrell, suddenly and faintly. "Gettin' through a fence—my gun—"

"Same way nine fools out of ten get shot," the doctor agreed, but his eyes were not upon the speaker.

"Well, keep him quiet, Jennings." They heard him shuffle through the snow.

Jennings stood still by the stove. A weight more overwhelming than his fear pressed down upon him—a burden of demanded gratitude. So Mike meant to let him off? He meant to let the thing go. It came over him that he must say something to O'Farrell. If he could once get something said, once force his eyes up to meet those of the neighbor he had tried to kill. With an effort like that of a man caught in quicksand he turned and took a step or two toward the bed. It was the hardest thing of all that O'Farrell was watching him as he came. Involuntarily he put up his hand to ward off that regard. His tongue stumbled over the attempted name.

"Mike—I didn't—"

The door was thrust open from without, and the words were drowned in a puff of new-risen wind.

"Start a thanksgiving service, somebody," the doctor's voice demanded. "It's begun to thaw. See here, Jennings, there's one of O'Farrell's hounds outside with his leg tied up. Want to let him in?"

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ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS

A recent portrait of Miss Billie Burke, who is appearing on tour in Pinero's drama of London theatrical life, "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl." Miss Burke plays the part of a "Gaiety girl" whose success was made by her singing of a song with the singular and piquant title mentioned above

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Greatest Automobile Test The World Has Ever Known

INDIVIDUAL owners have put their Winton Six cars to a test of strenuous service covering **more than two million miles.**

Figures compiled from the sworn statements of 215 owners appear on this page.

Seventy of these 215 cars established the **world's lowest** repair expense record of 29.2 cents per 1000 miles.

The performances of the remaining 145 cars are shown in the table.

And the grand totals for 215 cars show that in traveling 2,362,093 miles the whole repair expense averaged only $1.43 per 1000 miles—**one-seventh of one cent per mile.**

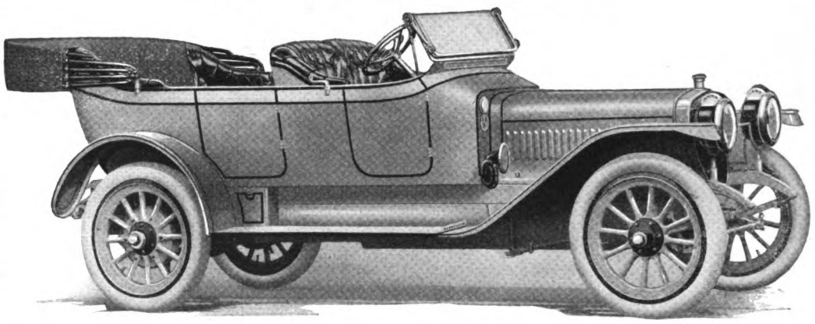
This was the most exhaustive automobile test the world has ever known.

The only kind of test that proves anything for individual buyers—the test of service in the use of the owner.

Look over these figures, and then send for a copy of our Upkeep Book, which gives the records in detail.

This book is full of interest for every man who owns a car and pays repair bills.

WINTON SIX



Same Model—Sixth Year

We are the pioneer makers of sixes exclusively.

Our present model is the same car we have made for five years **without a single radical change.** Now in its sixth season.

It is the original self-cranking car: has been a self-cranking car since June, 1907. Our self-cranking motor is no experiment.

This car represents all the quality a motor car can have, and, because we do business on bed-rock business principles, we can sell it profitably at $3000.

If you want to know its worth, compare the $3000 48 H.P. Winton Six with cars priced as high as $5000 and $6000.

And remember that the Winton Six is the only car in the world whose repair cost is definitely known through the sworn statements of individual owners.

We shall be glad to send you our Upkeep Book that gives the million-mile facts and figures in detail, together with our thoroughly descriptive catalog.

THE WINTON MOTOR CAR CO.

The World's First Maker of Sixes Exclusively

118 Berea Road, Cleveland, Sixth City

NEW YORK, Broadway at 70th St.; CHICAGO, Michigan Ave. at 13th St.; BOSTON, 674 Commonwealth Ave.; PHILADELPHIA, 246-248 N. Broad St.; BALTIMORE, Mt. Royal at North Ave.; PITTSBURG, Baum at Beatty St.; CLEVELAND, 1228 Huron Road; DETROIT, 998 Woodward Ave.; MINNEAPOLIS, 16-22 Eighth St. N.; KANSAS CITY, 3324-3326 Main St.; SAN FRANCISCO, 300 Van Ness Ave.; SEATTLE, 1000-1006 Pike St.

Complete Record of All Cars Traveling 5000 Miles or More in the Five Annual Winton Six Upkeep Tests of 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911 and 1912

CLASSIFICATION	Number of Cars	MILEAGE		REPAIR EXPENSE		
		Total Miles	Average per Car	Total	Average per Car	Average per 1000 Miles
Cars making the world's lowest repair expense record	70	1,035,185.2	14,788.3	$ 302.25	$ 4.32	$0.292
Cars making the poorest records	37	386,970.6	10,458.6	2769.18	74.84	7.16
*Cars running without repair expense	55	468,857.8	8,524.6	.....	.. ..	.....
Cars not otherwise classified	53	471,079.4	8,888.3	320.12	6.04	.68
Totals for five years	215	2,362,093	10,986.4	$3391.55	$15.77	$1.43

*Not included in any other classification.

Average repair expense for 215 cars, traveling 2,362,093 miles, is $1.43 per 1000 miles. All these cars were regular stock-model Winton Sixes, driven in the service of their individual owners. Each owner made monthly reports of mileage and repair expense, supported by his sworn affidavit.

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"BOSS" LORD

The Famous Managing Editor of the "Sun"—What He Was, and What He Accomplished

BY EDWARD G. RIGGS

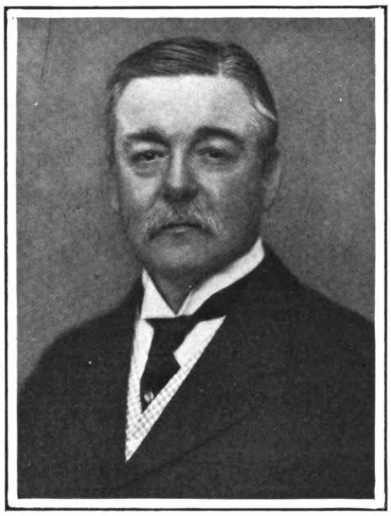
IT is not easy to tell of Chester S. Lord, who has just resigned the post of managing editor of the *Sun*, in a column or two. There is not a newspaper man in this country who would not like to read a volume or two about him. And it would take an entire HARPER'S WEEKLY even to scratch the surface of this man's career in newspaperdom. The average life of a managing editor on the metropolitan press is about two years, and yet Lord has been for thirty-two years the chief captain who has steered the news columns of the *Sun* every hour of the day and night. Only a newspaper man can quite appreciate what that means. There is not a lay newspaper reader that has the faintest conception of the unceasing toil, the celerity of judgment, the all-absorbing thought, and the experience required to get out a single issue of one of the great New York dailies. And here is a man who for more than three decades has piloted the *Sun* through the greatest newspaper storms of that time. Wars, earthquakes, pestilence, and famine from one end of the universe to the other, titanic political struggles, great financial panics, both at home and abroad, have called for this man's quick intellect, impressive judgment, and masterful generalship. He is only sixty-three and, all told, he has seen a service of forty-one years on that newspaper.

Lord was a country boy, born in Romulus, Seneca County, New York, and his college, Hamilton, made him a Doctor of Laws fifteen years ago. His father, the Rev. Edward Lord, is still a fine, hale old gentleman of ninety-three. As the son of a country clergyman Lord had to get into the game of life early. His father, a stout Unionist, went off to the war as chaplain of the 110th New York Volunteers, and young Lord began to peg away in up-country newspaper offices. He received the salary of $15 a week on the Oswego *Times*. But the lure of a great city was ever in his brain. In 1872 he came to New York and took a place on the general staff of the *Sun* at $10 a week. Charles A. Dana was whiplashing the Grant administration at the time, and young Lord's first assignment was to get out and nose about in an effort to pile on the New York City agony end of the attack on Grant and the Whiskey Ring frauds. He got a paragraph or two in the *Sun* the next day, and when he read his maiden effort as a metropolitan journalist he was as proud as seventeen peacocks. He next reported Greeley's speeches in his campaign. Always and ever he essayed to become an editorial writer on the *Sun*. He was thoughtful and studious and believed that he was cut out for an editorial writer. But Charles A. Dana was probably one of the best judges of newspaper men and the exact niche they could fill that ever lived, and he early discerned in Lord a crack executive man. Mr. Dana was convinced that the youngster from the Oswego *Times* was born to be a newspaper general. Gradually, step by step, Lord was advanced from the Jersey and other telegraphic desks until in 1883 Mr. Dana made him managing editor. Without a break other than the usual summer vacations, several spent in Europe, and others in the Thousand Islands and on the coast of Maine, Chester Lord has held that important post until he closed his desk in the *Sun* office and retired forever from journalism. By frugality and thrift and the Benjamin Franklin idea of always spending a little less than he made, Lord has a comfortable fortune, and now means to devote his days to serene pleasures and his duties as a Regent of the University of the State of New York.

There is not a newspaper man of account who does not know what Lord has accomplished for the *Sun*. Like Dana, he has been a great judge of men. His discernment has been little short of miraculous. Calm, dispassionate, without the slightest atom of impulse, as wise as a serpent and as gentle as a dove, Lord got about him staff that has been regarded by newspaper men as the most brilliant in the country. Independent in thought, with a placid idea of the dignity of his place, ever ready to concede the other fellow's point of view even though maintaining his own, Lord was never known in all the thirty-two years of his managing editorship of the *Sun* to utter an unkind word to any man on the paper, no matter how humble his station. He ruled by kindness. He did not believe in the old maxim that molasses catches more flies than vinegar; he was convinced that both moral and worldly wisdom called for consideration and on many occasions extenuation. He is naturally a kind man. And yet in no newspaper office in the country was there a nicer discipline than on the *Sun* under Lord. If a fellow was beaten on a story he did not discharge the man as some of the jumping-jacks of journalism would have done. He remembered the good work and the "beats" that the fellow had turned in and recollected full well that in this vale of tears and competitive human nature any chap, no matter how brilliant or keen, was likely to have one "put over on" him by the equally keen and brilliant members of other newspaper staffs. Lord was a just man. He was fair and square, and the members of his staff would break their necks for him. With a high merit of his own, he was ever ready to recognize merit. He encouraged the efforts of office boys in the *Sun* office to become members of the general staff. He never denounced, he always encouraged.

Lord studied his men. Outsiders might have believed he was a procrastinator. Not so—he was looking this man or that man over and over, in an effort to discern exactly the sphere the man would occupy to the best advantage for the *Sun*. Once he selected a man, the recipient of his decision became impressed with the responsibility and the honor assigned him, and he turned himself inside out in an effort to "make good." It was this feeling, this intense loyalty to Lord, that made the news columns of the *Sun* for many years. Did any man seek to shirk his responsibility or forget his honor, he was quietly dropped; nothing unkind was said, but he was made perfectly aware in gentle tones that he could not keep pace with his fellows.

Lord inaugurated the system of election returns for which the *Sun* has been famous. He began building this system of returns from the first hour of his



Chester S. Lord

managing editorship. He has made it as near perfection as possible. Very few outside of the *Sun* office have been aware of the tension and bitterness that was catapulted at Lord on election night in 1884. Dana hated Cleveland and had supported Ben Butler in an effort to land James G. Blaine in the President's chair. Late that night Lord's returns proved that Cleveland had carried New York State by a small plurality and won the Presidency. Dana never visited the *Sun* office at night except on Presidential elections. Lord showed Dana the figures, and, while Dana was utterly disappointed and distressed, he did not question them. Amos J. Cummings was far different in his attitude. He had been Lord's predecessor as managing editor. He hated Cleveland worse than Dana did, and refused to accept Lord's figures. He stamped and raged in his anger and protested that Lord should not send the paper to press with those figures which clearly demonstrated that Cleveland had been elected President. Lord looked at Cummings very much after the fashion of a mastiff glancing whimsically at an irritated spaniel, and said, "Amos, the *Sun* will announce to-morrow morning that Cleveland has carried New York State and is therefore the next President of the United States." Sure enough, the *Sun* was the only New York City paper that stated the facts on the morning after election. While Cummings was raging and storming about Lord's desk in came a despatch of inquiry from James G. Blaine at his home in Augusta requesting Lord to send him information as to the result in New York State. Blaine got the first news of his defeat from Lord.

In many subsequent campaigns the candidates and chieftains of the different parties have made it a rule to telegraph to Lord on election night for the *Sun's* returns. Notably was this the case in 1892, when Cleveland was overwhelmingly re-elected. So pronounced was the victory that Cleveland at his home in New York City would scarcely credit the returns. Turning to Colonel Lamont, Cleveland said, "Dan, I can't believe these returns. Will you ask your old friend Chester Lord for his figures?" Lamont quickly communicated with Lord and at midnight Cleveland turned in for a rousing night's sleep, perfectly aware that he had been re-elected by a tremendous plurality.

Lord has always believed that the men on the *Sun* staff should have a specialty, either finance, politics, art, music, or the drama. No managing editor has appreciated the value of a general reporter better than he, but for permanence in the profession Lord has constantly preached in lectures and in addresses that newspaper men should have a specialty. In a recent lecture before the students of the Pulitzer School of Journalism he made his conviction a strong point of his address. He pointed out the necessity for accurate and specific information on politics, finance, and the other subjects mentioned. It was because of this wise judgment that Lord was able to give to the readers of the *Sun* during the thirty-two years of his administration accurate information.

One of the gigantic tasks of Lord's career was the building up of an independent news service for the *Sun*.

"Chester," said Mr. Dana one afternoon early in the nineties, leaning over Lord's desk, "I have just torn up my Associated Press franchise. We've got to have the news of the world to-morrow morning, and we've got to get it ourselves."

"Don't let that fret you, Mr. Dana," replied Lord. "You've got a Dante class on hand to-night. You just go home and enjoy yourself. I'll have the news for you all right." Dana always said that he didn't enjoy his Dante class a single bit that night. But he didn't go near the *Sun* office, neither did he communicate with the office. He banked on Lord, and the next morning and ever afterward Lord made good on the independent service. He built up the Laffan Bureau, which more recently has become the *Sun* News Service, and the special correspondents of the paper in all parts of the world see to it that the *Sun* gets the news.

A task like that which Dana thrust on Lord might have paralyzed the average managing editor of a great metropolitan newspaper confronted by keen and powerful competitors. It was unheard of in journalism. It had never been attempted before. Lord with calm courage and confidence sent off thousands of telegrams and cable despatches that night. Many were shots in the air, but the majority were bull's-eyes, as the next morning's issue of the *Sun* proved. Was Dana delighted? If you had seen him hop, skip, and jump into the office that morning you'd have received your answer. When Lord turned up at his desk in the afternoon Dana rushed out from his Chief Editor's office, grasped him about the shoulders, and chuckled, "Chester, you're a brick, you're a trump. You're the John L. Sullivan of newspaperdom." After all those years of close intimacy with Dana, Lord had a rejoicing note in his valedictory the other day, when, in resigning from the *Sun*, he stated "and I have been proud to know that for seventeen years of my thirty-two years as managing editor I was Dana's right-hand man."

The Washington correspondent or the Albany correspondent of the *Sun* and the chief political representative of that newspaper in charge of state and great national conventions, as well as the special correspondents sent to different parts of the country and the world at large to cover great events like wars, the death of a pope, earthquakes, naval disasters, Presidential inaugurations, or famous pageants that go to make up the world's history, have rarely received telegrams of any nature from Lord. Lord's argument was always in effect that if he sent telegrams to his men while they were fighting on their battlefields for the *Sun* they might misconstrue them and become disconcerted and even diverted from their plain task of struggle and duty. If these men were beaten by their contemporaries Lord's argument was that the *Sun* men were quite as well aware of the fact as he was, and that it would be disheartening to them if he worried them and fretted them with unnecessary and unhappy despatches. That was the *morale* of the *Sun* under Lord. Lord knew that if the *Sun* men were beaten one day they would work like a dam full of beavers to beat the other fellows the next day. It was this kindness, this courtesy, this thoughtfulness, this manliness that endeared Lord to the *Sun* men and brought to him loyalty and a fealty which is without a parallel in the annals of American journalism.

THE ONE WHO WAITS

BY WESTMORE WILLCOX, JR.

THE wind is up. How it howls and mutters!
The cottage shakes and the fire sputters.
The fisherman's late
To pass the strait.
There's only one to buy clothes for eight,
And what can a woman do but wait?
Mark how that last blast shook the shutters!

The tide drives on up the treacherous sand,
And beats on the cliff where the houses stand.
The breakers leap.
And bread's not cheap.
There's a little food and many to keep,
And a woman can only wait and weep,
While the wave-swept wrecks drift in to land.

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France's National Scourge

FRANCE now has to face the serious problem of her depopulation. On November 23 the first congress, or extra-parliamentary commission, for considering the depopulation of France, convened and immediately began its work in the Palais Royal at Paris. The congress consisted of more than five hundred members, subdivided into five committees. The Minister of Finance, M. Klotz, made the welcoming address, setting forth the importance and extent of the evil to be fought.

The figures are discouraging for France. For example, the excess of births over deaths, in the year 1910, was, in Germany, 879,113; in Austria-Hungary, 573,520; in England, 413,779; in Italy, 461,771; while in France, it was only 71,418. "Military inferiority, economic inferiority, a weakening of France's power of expansion in the world, these will be sooner or later the inevitable consequences of the increasing infecundity of our people," said M. Klotz.

One of the chief evils to be overcome by the congress is the great number of still-born children. The general cause of these calamitous births is the well-known fact that the working mother is obliged to continue her daily toil during the entire child-bearing period because she has not sufficient means of support if her own wages cease. To amelior e this menacing condition of the French working mother, the congress will take immediate steps toward establishing a system of maternal insurance such as Germany has already begun. The definite object will be to enable every expectant mother to take four weeks of repose before and four weeks after the birth of her child. But the important fact is that the government will now contribute financially, to a greater extent than it has hitherto done, to all the systems of assistance to mothers which may be established or furthered by the congress.

The congress will also study the subject of alcoholism in its relation to natality. As to the voluntary limitation of children, the penal code covers only a certain branch of the matter, and other causes cannot be reached by any legislation, but only by a re-awakening of the public conscience. It is suggested, however, that encouragement may be given to well-to-do parents by a modification of the present laws of inheritance, giving more liberty to the father in the distribution of his property, and to the poor by the erection of cheaper habitations and more generous governmental assistance when the number of children has passed a certain limit.

M. Klotz even went so far as to ask why celibates should not be sur-taxed in order at the same time to decrease the taxes upon the fathers of large families. In 1908 there were in France 1,350,000 unmarried men over thirty years of age, and almost as many unmarried women. There were besides 1,804,710 families with no children at all, and 2,238,780 only having from four to seven children. The most recent statistics relating to French families have just been published by the Minister of Labor. According to these figures, the average number of children born is only 3.6 per family. Categorically, most children are born to fishermen and mariners, the next in number to workingmen, and fewer still to employers. Generally stated, the productivity of French marriage, as elsewhere, diminishes with the increase of the family fortunes. This state of affairs, M. Klotz explained, is fatal to France.

But it is a tragic social condition under which a father and mother asphyxiated themselves and their two children, as the French papers reported the other day, because they could no longer sustain their struggle against dire poverty. If the new congress can save the children in such families as that, it will accomplish a work for which the world has long been waiting.

Yet France has already done much to preserve her diminishing population. She has made the usual excellent laws vaguely known as those for the protection of young children, she has organized work for the material advancement of poor children in the world, and constantly gives succor to families in distress—besides the immense number of private charities and those of Catholic institutions which occupy much of the time of many noble and disinterested women. But the direct help to the mother has waited long to be accorded. For fourteen years this measure has lain dormant in the slow-moving Senate at the Luxembourg, and only a few days ago was resuscitated and brought again before that body. On December 5 the measure was passed at last by the Senate. It is now believed that the Chamber of Deputies will confirm the new law without delay, thanks to the pressure brought to bear on public and legislative opinion by the new Congress for the Repopulation of France. L. M. SILL.

The Tsar's Private Car

THE last word in the matter of luxury seems to have been said in the furnishing of the Tsar's private car. It is, in the first place, dynamite-proof, and owing to its weight it could not run on the major part of the European lines.

The car is furnished with a chapel, a library, a bathroom, a drawing-room, and a bedroom, besides a kitchen and dining-room. The Tsar always travels with one particular chef, a man now well along in years who served his father and for a while the grandfather of the present German Emperor.

GOOD NATURED AGAIN

Good Humor Returns with Change to Proper Food.

"For many years I was a constant sufferer from indigestion and nervousness, amounting almost to prostration," writes a Montana man.

"My blood was impoverished, the vision was blurred and weak, with moving spots before my eyes. This was a steady daily condition. I grew ill-tempered and eventually got so nervous I could not keep my books posted nor handle accounts satisfactorily. I can't describe my sufferings.

"Nothing I ate agreed with me till one day I happened to notice Grape-Nuts in a grocery store and bought a package out of curiosity to know what it was.

"I liked the food from the very first, eating it with cream, and now I buy it by the case and use it daily. I soon found that Grape-Nuts food was supplying brain and nerve force as nothing in the drug line ever had done or could do.

"It wasn't long before I was restored to health, comfort, and happiness.

"Through the use of Grape-Nuts food my digestion has been restored, my nerves are steady once more, my eye-sight is good again, my mental faculties are clear and acute, and I have become so good natured that my friends are truly astonished at the change. I feel younger and better than I have for 20 years. No amount of money would induce me to surrender what I have gained through the use of Grape-Nuts food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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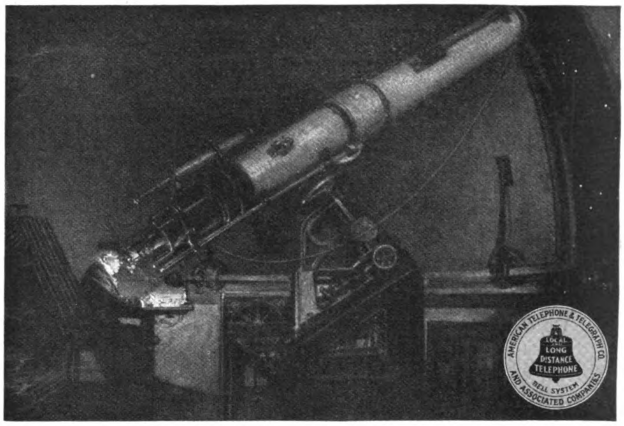
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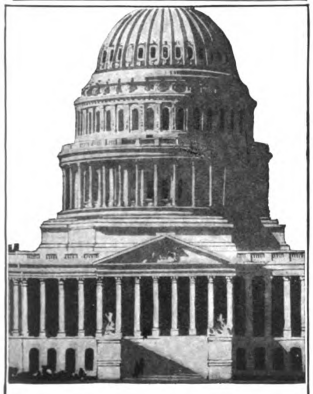
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The Sword

COUNTLESS legends and superstitions have attached to the sword since the days when fighting was the principal occupation of life. So highly was the sword esteemed that Mohammed, in the Koran, declared it to be "the key to Heaven and Hell."

The warrior or knight gave a name to his sword; he vowed at the altar never to draw it in a false cause; it was his companion and friend and descended from father to son for many generations. One sword, named "Brother of the Lightning," had a golden hilt inscribed with magic words. In times of peace these were said to be illegible, but before a battle "they glowed red as blood."

It was believed, moreover, that a sword after long use acquired a life of its own. Many famous swords were said to utter cries before battle, and after a weapon had killed fivescore men it became blood-hungry and leaped from its scabbard at the approach of a foe. Certain swords were said to refuse to give a wound in a bad cause. Among these was the brand Excalibur, which was given to King Arthur by a fairy and which Richard Cœur de Lion professed to own.

The family of Conyers, in England, won their estates and have held them for centuries by virtue of their possession of an old falchion with which, according to tradition, they asserted that a knight, their ancestor, slew the famous Dragon of Wantley.

In the East superstitious reverence is still paid to the sword. The Daimios of Japan, when they voluntarily surrendered their rank, kept, as a rule, the wonderful blades which had been handed down from generation to generation, in some cases for more than a thousand years, and which had absorbed, as they believed, some of the character and life of the men that had owned them.

Following the Same Line

IT is related that one day, as an English statesman was walking through the New Forest, he came upon a laborer burning lime. When, in response to the statesman's question as to his name, the man replied "Purkiss," the statesman said, "I thought as much."

He then asked the laborer whether he was descended from the lime-burners of that name who carried away the body of William Rufus when he had been slain by Tyrell's arrow. The man replied that he was; whereupon the statesman shook hands with him and congratulated him on his long descent and on bearing one of the oldest surnames in England.

In Scotland one of the best instances of long continuance in the same humble but honorable condition is that of the Howies of Lochgoin, who are traditionally alleged to be descended from a refugee who came to Scotland in the twelfth century and who in any case have been farmers in Ayrshire since the Reformation. Curiously enough, there is an almost parallel instance shown in a family of almost identical name in the east country—*i. e.*, the Howiesons of Cramond, who, until recent times, continued to hold the lands given them by the father of Queen Mary, "The Gude Man of Ballengeich," to Jock Howieson, a plowman, who rescued that notable personage from the gypsies.

Rock Cannon

WHEN the island of Malta was under the rule of the Knights of St. John, they defended their fortifications with cannon bored in the living rock. Each one of these strange weapons contained an entire barrel of powder, and as it was not possible to vary the aim of these cannon fifty were made ready, facing various directions from which the enemy might approach.

When the fame of these arms of defense became known to the world, the idea was taken up of transporting rocks to summits to serve the same purpose; but it was soon recognized to be impracticable, and the cannon of Malta, bored in solid rock, have passed into history as the sole weapons of the kind ever known.

Beer and Sunlight

THE color of the bottles in which beer is contained is of great importance, because the actinic rays of light have an injurious effect on this liquid. A German employed by a large brewery in Berlin has demonstrated by a series of experiments that there is no crystal, whatever may be its color, that serves to protect beer absolutely against the deteriorating effects of sunlight. Although bottles of certain colors protect it more than others, dark red is the color that gives the best results.



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X-Ray view of Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen

PARKER LUCKY CURVE FOUNDATION PEN

The Gentler View

BY FLORIDA PIER

British Ornaments

WHERE do the things come from that are in every British house, yet which it is so difficult to believe were every actually bought and paid for by any normal person? They could not have been stolen, their every outline induces absolute honesty, and as one is loath to believe that any ancestor had it in him to buy them, such an idea making the blood of the charming present generation to seem so unpleasantly tainted, there is but one alternative left. They must all have been presents. It speaks very badly, of course, for the friends of the family, but that is, after all, less compromising than a closer connection would be. Besides, it speaks of such Spartan kindliness that the presents were accepted and kept year after year without any embittering effect on the character. It shows the Briton so stonily independent of his surroundings.

Even after a partial explanation is arrived at, extreme bewilderment is felt as to what possible occasion could have called forth such presents. They are so big and so numerous as to crowd one against the other. They denote a truly lavish generosity. Neither birthdays nor Christmas could warrant bright pink cheese dishes two feet high, or large dimpled mirrors trellised with painted pansies. Nothing but a wedding brings forth such really unique efforts. Weddings are necessarily accepted as the first cause, and we have before us the overpowering fact that British homes are principally furnished with wedding presents of past generations. One is relieved to know that it is circumstances rather than taste. Yet fancy a nation that has substituted for a love of the beautiful a loyalty to wedding presents!

Who knows but that it has a very debilitating effect? If one has not the courage to throw off the bondage of a picture of the Coliseum done in worsteds, one is a hopelessly brow-beaten soul. If it is not done for one's own self-respect, the rising generation should be thought of. It is so bad for them to grow up with dead grasses and cockle-shells. Not that the two latter items of British interior decoration could have been wedding presents. The fact that they are not makes them an added complication. The hopeful younger generation, that has regarded them as representing the perfect start for a general clearing, is always told that romantic interest attaches to them. An old gentleman who admired their mother as a child brought them from foreign parts. With despair in its heart the younger generation cries: "Why, oh, why were our mothers never admired by old gentlemen with exquisite taste?" It does seem too unfair to have cockle-shells forever fastened to one's mantle by the Gordian knot of a romantic interest.

The remedy of moving of course occurs at once to the mind of an impartial outsider. No one ever moves in Great Britain, and the awful results are apparent at the first glance. All should be won over to the idea and a general removal started at once. It is the method that has kept most American houses so free of depressing ornaments. There is nothing else that will bring things to a head. Without the desperate resolves brought on by moving one cannot cold-bloodedly say, "This is the perfect moment for me to annihilate those marble hands holding an inkstand."

It is so difficult to cover up one's traces after one has had a fatal encounter with an ornament. Ornaments are never made of anything that will burn, and to attack with a hammer a bronze figure of a Roman Senator is quite futile. One must either bury it, in which case the gardener would accidentally dig it up, or send it to a jumble sale, in which case one is covered with shame as one feels sure the unhappy ornament will in some way declare that it was you who thus betrayed it. Any such simple method as putting it in the scrap-basket means that it confronts you on the kitchen dresser. After a while an ornament acquires a genuine pathos of its own. Hunted and hounded from obscure corner to obscure corner until you, the tormentor though you are, wish that there was a place especially provided where ornaments could be sent and kindly and quietly done away with.

A PUBLIC speaker not yet hardened to his practices experiences the oddest sensations. A sense of guilt possesses him that he is not looking any one in the eye. He longs for a huge composite eye to rise like a mirage of all the eyes in the hall and, floating in the air before him, stare at him and let him stare honestly back. It would seem so much more honorable to meet it steadfastly. So many eyes turned on him while he looks at none of them make countless simultaneous instances of shifty-eyed evasion. Yet, if by accident he meets the eyes of some total stranger, he looks away with frantic haste. It is taking a mean advantage to voice one's scorn of society, and direct even a word of it point blank at a little lady with her hands crossed on her bag and her hat slightly on one side. Such an encounter makes one feel one has had a narrow escape from having one's harmless generalities turn into a personal attack on an innocent stranger.

Cured of one's desire for an eye to meet, one scatters sentences over a sea of meaningless heads and hits the desk occasionally for the comfort of being reminded that something is real. There is apt to be some one in the front row who nods acquiescence all the time until one has a nervous dread he is trying to signal something. You look down, only to see a face so relaxed in unconsciousness that you glance away, feeling the discomfort of intrusion. A listening face is more than undressed, it is unkempt and deshabille. When the sensation of unreality has lulled one to the stage where nightmare is about to become quiet sleep, and you no longer see any reason why a voice you feel must be yours should alone break the heavy silence, the end of one's speech appears a short distance off. With a flare of protest at having got into such a distressing predicament, one speaks with warmth, so that though the final sentence sounds like oratory, it is just the vigor that comes from whole-souled protest.

Then suddenly, all in a minute, one is no longer an unhappy creature standing in lonely isolation while every one else sits in such private coziness. One is a comfortable human being sheltered in the embrace of a chair and facing, to one's amazement, a lot of perfectly friendly people. The surprise is so great that one would rather like to begin one's speech all over again.

The "Old-fashioned Winter"

By Bondurant O'Shaughnessy

IT is a popular fallacy entertained by our fathers and grandfathers that the weather is not what it used to be in the good old days when they were boys. They indicate with delight the present mild winter as proof of their statements, and relate stories of winters in their time when the rivers and lakes were frozen up from the beginning of winter until late in the spring. They tell how they were obliged to tramp to school through deep snow with the thermometer below zero.

As a matter of fact, the winters that our fathers and grandfathers experienced were no more severe than those of to-day. They had hard winters, but they also had mild ones. In the year 1889 the Hudson River was open for navigation the entire winter, while in 1912 this same river was closed from Jenuary 3d to March 26th. This season three hundred days have passed and the river is still open.

Where the winter is late in arriving, it will be noticed that there is usually a late spring, as in 1840, when the Hudson closed on January 14th and did not reopen until April. It may also be noticed that where the winter arrives early there is also an early spring, as in 1871, 1903, 1906, etc.

An ingenious theory has been advanced to account for the belief that the "old-fashioned Christmas" was colder than it is to-day. This theory is based on the change in the calendar which Great Britain adopted in 1751. This change removed eleven days, making the day that was formerly Christmas Day fall on January 5th. Before the change, as Christmas came later in the year, the probabilities of colder weather and a white Christmas were greater. This tradition has been handed down from generation to generation until the present day, when our sires and grandsires firmly believe that the winters have become milder within the last forty or fifty years, though statistics will show that the weather average for the last two or three generations has been about the same.

An Extraordinary Head-dress

AN ornithologist in Mexico, while collecting birds for the National Museum, caught sight of a blackbird—one of the Mexican cowbirds—which seemed to have a snow-white crest. This would be an extraordinary specimen for his cabinet, and after considerable trouble he succeeded in shooting it. To his further astonishment, the supposed crest proved to be a piece of white cloth stitched into the scalp and trimmed to represent the comb of a cock. The only explanation he could imagine was that the operation had been done by some of the Indian natives when the bird was very young. The wounds of the operation were entirely healed and the bird seemed well and cheerful under its novel adornment.

DEEP BREATHING

By D. O. HARRELL, M. D.

I BELIEVE we must all admit that deep breathing is a very desirable practice. Furthermore, we know it to be a fact that not one person in twenty, or perhaps one person in a hundred, really breathes deeply. Every physician can verify the statement that we are daily called upon to prescribe drugs for ailments that owe their cause directly to insufficient and improper breathing,—Oxygen Starvation.

Breathing is the Vital Force of Life. Every muscle, nerve cell, in fact every fibre of our body, is directly dependent upon the air we breathe. Health, Strength and Endurance are impossible without well oxygenated blood. The food we eat must combine with abundant oxygen before it can become of any value to the body. Breathing is to the body what free draught is to the steam boiler. Shut off the draught, and you will kill your fire, no matter how excellent coal you use. Similarly, if you breathe shallowly, you must become anaemic, weak and thin, no matter how carefully you may select your diet.

I might continue indefinitely to cite examples of the great physiological value of deep breathing. For instance, it is a well-known fact that intense mental concentration and nerve strain paralyze the diaphragm, and great breathing muscle. This depressing condition can be entirely counteracted through conscious deep breathing.

The main benefit of physical exercise lies in the activity it gives the lungs. What we term "lack of healthful exercise," in reality means insufficient lung exercise. Since few persons have the strength and endurance to exercise violently enough to stir the lungs into rapid action, common sense dictates that the lungs should be exercised independently, through conscious breathing. Exercise that fails to excite vigorous lung action is of little real value.

Unfortunately, few persons have the slightest conception of what is really meant by deep breathing. In fact, few physicians thoroughly understand the act. Ask a dozen different physical instructors to define deep breathing, and you will receive a dozen different answers. One tells you it means the full expansion of the chest, another tells you it means abdominal breathing, the third declares it means diaphragmatic breathing, and so on. In the end, one becomes thoroughly confused, and justly forms the opinion that most teachers of physical culture are incompetent to teach deep breathing.

Recently there has been brought to my notice a brochure on this important subject of respiration, that to my knowledge for the first time really treats the subject in a thoroughly scientific and practical manner. I refer to the booklet entitled, "Deep Breathing," by Paul von Boeckmann, R.S. In this treatise, the author describes proper breathing, so that even the most uninformed layman can get a correct idea of the act. The booklet contains a mass of common sense teachings on the subject of Deep Breathing, Exercise and Body Building. The author has had the courage to think for himself, and to expose the weaknesses in our modern systems of physical culture.

I believe this booklet gives us the real key to constitutional strength. It shows us plainly the danger of excessive exercise, that is, the danger of developing the external body at the expense of the internal body. The author's arguments are so logical it is self-evident that his theories must be based upon vast experience. Personally, I know that his teachings are most profoundly scientific and thoroughly practical, for I have had occasion to see them tested in a number of my patients.

The booklet to which I refer can be obtained upon payment of ten cents in coin or stamps by addressing Dr. von Boeckmann directly at 1660 Terminal Bldg., 103 Park Ave., New York. The simple exercises he describes therein are in themselves well worth ten times the small price demanded. ***

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The Late Joaquin Miller

CINCINNATUS HEINE MILLER, known to the world as Joaquin Miller, died in his cabin on the hills overlooking San Francisco Bay on February 17, at the age of seventy-one. The body was burned on a stone pyre which he had erected for the purpose of his cremation. He had been ill two years.

Miller was California's most picturesque character. The name Joaquin was given him by the public on account of his defense of a famous bandit named Joaquin Marietta who once terrorized the district in which he resided. He was born in Indiana and was taken by his parents to Oregon when ten years old. He labored in the California gold mines, served under the filibuster Walker in Nicaragua, studied law, and was for some time a county



Joaquin Miller in his last days

judge. In 1870 he went to London with a volume of poems, *Songs of the Sierras*, which had been rejected by many publishers in this country, but was accepted there and made a sensation. Returning to America, he engaged in newspaper work in Washington, and finally, in 1887, settled as a hermit in the little cabin which he occupied until his death. On his ten-acre property he built other isolated cabins for his mother, daughter, and visiting celebrities and indigent poets, all of whom were welcome to come and free to go, without invitation or ceremony. About his home he planted thousands of evergreens, which formed a huge cross on the mountainside.

Among his works are *Songs of the Sunland; Life Among the Modocs; Songs of the Mexican Leas;* and a novel, *The Danites in the Sierras*, which was dramatized and enjoyed a successful run in New York.

The Barnacle

STRANGELY enough, the barnacle, so well known to coast dwellers and seafaring men, seems to have been the least known for many years to scientists of any of the myriad forms of life in the sea. So hazy were the results of investigations regarding it that until a few years ago it was classed with the mollusca, but is now known as a crustacean. It is developed from free swimming larvæ and attaches itself to rocks or timbers, which it never again leaves unless detached by force.

An odd belief which obtained in the Middle Ages was that the barnacle was the egg of a migratory goose, the eggs being attached to the branches of trees which overhung the water. Not until it was found that the bird had its nesting place in the arctic regions and came south during the polar winter was this fiction disproved. But the bird is still known as the barnacle goose.

There are several kinds of this odd little crustacean, but the one that gives the ship-owner the most trouble is the sort that fastens itself by a flexible stem to the bottoms of vessels in large clusters, and necessitates the ship being taken to dry dock for their removal.

The barnacle also attaches itself to living organisms, one of its favorite lodging places being the huge bulk of the whale. Sometimes it ventures even into the jaws of the monster. It is one of the paradoxes of nature that the leviathan of the deep is utterly powerless to cope with this small crustacean, which, at its largest size, when within the shell is about as big as a chestnut. It is thought that whales sometimes rub against ships in their attempts to rid themselves of their unwelcome tenants.

Notwithstanding their feeble power of vision, barnacles cannot live long when deprived of light. Almost always found in salt water, there are still certain kinds that live in fresh water. Darwin speaks of a kind that he discovered fastened to the tail feathers of a bird. The commonest sort are the sessile or "acorn shells" which encrust the rocks between tide marks on the seacoast.

Huxley's description of this creature is rather picturesque: "A barnacle may be said to be a crustacean fixed by its head and kicking its food into its mouth with its legs."

To Charles Major

Died February 13, 1913

SOME with a wreath of laurel, and some with a wreath of bay—
But I with a heart-born word or two that I know not how to say,
With a word to send to this lealest friend who has found the further way.

Some with a wreath of roses, and some with a wreath of rue—
But I with a word I cannot frame that I fain would send to you,
But my thought you know, for the long ago made it lasting, deep and true.

Some with a tearful tribute, and some with a silent sigh—
But I with a word I know not how to express, or even try,
For they are too deep, all these thoughts we keep of the golden days gone by.

Friend of the kindly speeches, friend of the clasping hand—
Whether in starlit spaces far, or near in an unseen land,
All I would say to you to-day, I know that you understand.

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

The Trembling Pillar at Rheims

THE "trembling pillar" at Rheims presents a curious problem to architects. The Church of St. Nicaise is surrounded with pillars constructed to prevent the walls from straining. At the entrance of the church is a bell tower. On one of the bells in this tower the phenomenon of the trembling pillar depends. When this bell is rung or even touched the top of this pillar sways.

It goes and returns about seven inches on each side, although the base of the pillar is immovable and the stones are so firmly cemented that it seems like a solid piece of stone.

One authority, after a careful study of this peculiarity, in explanation of which no satisfactory solution is offered, states that what is most singular about the pillar is that, although the four bells are about the same distance from the trembling pillar, only one of them has any effect upon it. The others may be rung singly or all together without moving it.

In 1775 a little window was made in the roof of the church opposite the pillar. A board was placed on top of the pillar and on it were put two glasses of water. Then the bell was rung. Immediately the pillar began to sway, and at the fifth stroke of the bell the two glasses were thrown off.

The ringing of this bell has no effect on the pillars between the "phenomenal" one and the tower, nor on any of the others. But formerly it was the first pillar which swayed, then it became immovable, and some years ago the one next to it became the eccentric one.

Scientific Discovery by a Cat

THE cat has often served the purposes of science, but generally not to her own comfort and frequently with the loss of her life. One cat in Australia, however, proved her usefulness in the advancement of human knowledge without being compelled to sacrifice herself on the altar of science.

This cat belonged to a member of an expedition into the interior of Australia. One day it brought to its master a strange little animal which it had captured among the rocks. The trooper handed the animal over to the anthropologist of the party, who saw at once that pussy had made an important discovery.

The animal she had caught was a new and apparently rare species of the tribe of insect-eating marsupials belonging to the great family of which the giant kangaroo is the most conspicuous representative.



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Finance

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

The Fight for the Gold Supply

If you were to walk into any bank in Paris these days, and ask the paying-teller to give you gold for a hundred-franc Bank of France note, the chances are that he would look at you pityingly, and ask you where you had been that you didn't know that gold wasn't being handed out across the counter like that. In Germany, you would be likely to have the same experience, if, indeed, you weren't handed over to the police and cast into jail as a suspicious character. All over the continent of Europe, indeed, it is the same thing—there is simply no gold to be had. Every one who has any in his possession is holding on to it as though it were the last gold he ever expected to see. By the banks the most frantic efforts are being made not only to keep their gold holdings intact, but to add to them wherever possible.

To the unprotected supplies in the United States these gold-hungry foreign banks have naturally turned. Suppose exchange rates on New York *are* such that to take gold from here and import it into Europe means a slight loss on each shipment—what difference does that make? A time of famine is no time to stickle over the price of one's bread. The point is that the foreign banks are in need, or think they are in need, of every ounce of gold on which they can lay their hands. Here in the United States there is an apparently plentiful supply. What more natural, then, than that the slight charge extra should be cheerfully paid, and the precious metal purchased here in quantity for shipment to the other side.

What more natural, indeed? Twenty-seven million dollars in gold shipped away from the port of New York since the beginning of the year. That is the way it has worked out, so far. And the movement may or may not be over. In the opinion of people well qualified to judge, we are likely to send out a good many more millions before we get through.

All very well for the foreigners who need gold and are having to pay only this slight premium to get it. But how about us? This is a big country with an abundant gold supply, but $27,000,000 is a lot of money, especially when it is taken bodily out of the cash reserves of the banks within the short space of a very few weeks. The foreigners have come here and got what they wanted. The next question is as to how we are fixed to let them have it.

Not nearly as well as a good many people seem to think. Money rates have remained fairly easy during all the time that this efflux of gold has been in progress, but that doesn't prove anything. We have a system in this country by which, at certain periods of the year, currency accumulates at New York and the other big cities, and keeps money rates there low whether they ought by rights to be low or not. That is no test. What counts is not the rate for money at a point which is temporarily holding a substantial part of the whole country's idle cash. What counts is the way the loans of the country's banks stand, and the percentage of reserve they are carrying. That is what tells whether the country is in a position to stand the loss of any considerable amount of gold.

Loans of the seven-thousand-odd national banks in the United States were shown in the last Comptroller's statement to be of record-breaking proportions—to have reached a figure never approximated even during our periods of greatest commercial expansion. Percentage of reserve to liabilities, on the other hand, was disclosed at the lowest point touched in recent years.

In itself the fact that loans are away up and that reserves are away down does not mean that we are going to have a panic or even a serious financial disturbance, but it does mean that we are in no position to spare any such amount of gold as we have been sending away. Accumulation at New York of momentarily idle cash belonging to the interior banks has given to the money market a superficial appearance of ease, but the money market isn't really easy. Far from it. What has been happening is that in the lull following the harvesting of the crops, the inland banks have been sending some of their idle cash along to New York—which cash the New York banks have been cheerfully exporting to Europe just as though it was theirs to export. All of which is very well as long as the inland banks do not want their cash back. But let the interior start calling upon New York for currency and the real situation will quickly enough be disclosed.

Well, in that case, can't we get back from Europe some of the gold we have been sending there?

Get gold from Europe at a time like this?—when the Bank of France is refusing to pay even its own notes in gold!

But when Europe wanted gold badly enough to pay for it, it was able to supply itself here? Why, then, if we want gold badly, can't we do the same thing and draw what we need from over there? Ah, now we come to the crux of the whole matter. The gold market in the United States is "free." The gold market abroad isn't. There never was a time, even when the 1907 panic was at its worst, that a man holding United States notes couldn't take them around to the Treasury and get gold for them. Can he get gold for Bank of France notes in Paris at present, when, far from being panicky, the situation cannot even be called acute?

It is all very satisfactory, of course, to think of this government's being the only one whose notes can at any time be converted into an equivalent amount of gold. But it has its disadvantages. If all the markets were on the same footing, it would be all very well. But the other markets, unfortunately, are not on the same footing—there is not another country on earth but this one where the government cannot, and frequently does not, step in and interfere when it considers that too much gold is being exported.

Between all the civilized nations of the world there is a constant struggle for gold, in which the various means of attracting and retaining the precious metal are actively employed. We are in the game, too—we are forced to be in it—but on a different basis from our opponents. They are equipped to play it, we are not. Our position is very much that of a man who, although knowing nothing about the game, sits down to play poker with good players, self-satisfied because he knows he is honest and well supplied with money.

What means of protecting their gold holdings have the other markets which we have not?

In the first place, government-controlled banks, which, when some outsider comes in and starts to raid the gold supply, are in a position to bid against him. Take it in London where, every Monday morning, there is a gold auction, the week's receipts from the mines being sold to the highest bidder. Suppose the New York banks want gold and bid for more of it than the Bank of England considers they ought to get—what happens then? Simply that the Bank of England itself begins to bid against them. To keep them from getting it the bank may have to pay a high price for the metal, but that it is willing enough to do. To protect the market when it needs protection and at whatever cost, is the bank's business.

That is one thing the foreign government banks can do to prevent an outsider from taking gold. Another is to pay their notes in gold coin so worn as to make it useless for export, or even to refuse to pay their notes in gold at all. To the latter expedient the Bank of France, when occasion arises, resorts without hesitation. If the directors of the bank decide that gold must not be exported, no gold is paid out over the counter, and that is all there is to it.

Even more paternalistic is the attitude of the German government in this matter of gold supplies. The rate of exchange on Berlin or Frankfort, at New York, may be so low that gold ought naturally to flow out, but if the Reichsbank does not want to see the metal go, the word is quietly passed out, and nobody dares begin shipping. To go contrary to the wishes of the government would mean too much loss in other directions. Time and again it has happened that a threatened outflow of the precious metal from Berlin has been averted by a mere expression of desire on the part of the government-controlled Reichsbank that the gold be not sent.

And then, of greater importance than this direct control of gold supplies abroad, is the fact that the great central banks in all the foreign markets have it in their power arbitrarily to control lending rates, and, through them, the rate of exchange. Is exchange on London, at New York, for example, so low that an outflow of gold to the United States is threatened? Very well, then, say the directors of the Bank of England, we'll raise our loaning rate, and that will quickly enough cause exchange on us to rise to a point where New York can't afford to buy our gold. Very effective, indeed, is this ability on the part of the great central banks of Europe to raise and lower the loaning rate. In the fight to conserve gold supplies it is being continually used.

Back in December exchange conditions were such (demand drafts on London sold at $4.84½) that gold in large amount should have been imported into the United States. London and Paris stood us off, and less than $2,000,000 came in. Since the beginning of the year, with exchange conditions not particularly favorable to gold exports, some $27,000,000 in gold has gone out.

That is what comes of our playing a game which we are less well equipped to play than are our opponents.



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IN TWO PARTS—PART I

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

VOL. LVII] No. 2933 | WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1913 | [10 Cents a Copy $4.00 a Year

Public Service and Public Journals

As earnest supporters of the Administration, we hope to discuss all its measures temperately, and when we differ to differ as friends.—HARPER'S WEEKLY *of March 11, 1871.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY *disclaims all party allegiance and maintains a wholly independent position toward men.*—HARPER'S WEEKLY *prospectus for 1882.*

Two principles in journalism are fundamental: (1) The chief function of a public journal is the rendering of public service; and (2) the first requisite of full exercise of that function is perfect freedom.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS initiated the movement which struck the shackles of party subserviency from the American press and gave to it the spirit of independence which makes it to-day the greatest power, save Christianity, within the nation.

"Servility to party spirit," he declared at Utica in 1881, "is the abdication of that moral leadership of opinion which is the great function of the political press. It is a subserviency which destroys the independence of the paper, but it does not save the party. There is not a party in the history of this country which has been utterly overthrown, not the Federal nor the Whig nor the Democratic party, that might not have survived long and victoriously if its press had been courageously independent. The press submits to be led by party leaders, while its duty is to lead leaders."

"The journalist, then," echoed a successor of Mr. CURTIS at New Haven in 1908, "must be independent not only of politics, but of his community. His responsibility is to the whole people, but to perform fully his part he must be independent of the whole or of any portion. Above capital, above labor, above wealth, above poverty, above class, and above people, subservient to none, quick to perceive, and relentless in resisting encroachments by any, he should stand as the guardian of all, the valiant watchman on the tower, ever ready to sound the alarm of danger, from whatever source, to the liberties and the laws of this great union of free individuals."

HARPER'S WEEKLY has never been subservient. It tolerated BUCHANAN; it supported LINCOLN with fervor, and held fast to the Republican party till 1884; then it broke away upon a moral issue and three times stood sturdily with GROVER CLEVELAND; it rejected free-silver Democracy in 1896 and 1900, but upheld sound-money Democracy in 1904; it supported TAFT in 1908 and opposed him in 1912. Its record is made; its judgment has been ratified by the people in all instances save two; it offers no apologies; it harbors no regrets.

For an even half-century its candidate invariably was a cause; never once did it shirk its duty, not for a moment did it waive its right to commend, to praise, to criticize, or to condemn the acts of an individual. And then it deliberately disregarded the principle enunciated at Utica in 1881 and reiterated twenty years later at New Haven.

Seven years ago, to this very day of this very week, the following editorial appeared in this place:

> At a dinner given the other evening by the Lotos Club of this city in his honor, we ventured to suggest the nomination of President WOODROW WILSON, of Princeton University, as the Democratic candidate for President of the United States.
>
> It was not a hasty or ill-considered utterance. And yet, though based upon earnest conviction and due reflection, there was no expectation that such a suggestion at this early day would evoke substantial response. That it has done so justifies a reference to the subject in these columns. Elsewhere we reprint some of the journalistic comments based upon the meager reports in the daily papers. In a more personal way, verbally and by letter, we have received a surprising number of approving messages, which we are not now at liberty to quote. It seems worth while, therefore, to invite consideration of some of the reasons that might properly be adduced in support of the proposal.
>
> (1) Mr. WILSON is, as stated, more than the accomplished scholar, the practical educator, the competent executive he has proven himself to be; he is, in truth, a statesman of breadth, depth, and exceptional sagacity. (2) He is an idealist, yet notably sane. (3) He is a genuine orator whose words ring true and bear conviction. (4) He stands for everything that is sound and progressive. (5) He holds the respect of every one with whom he has come in contact, and the admiration particularly of all college-bred men. (6) His fidelity to the interests of the whole people is as unquestioned as his integrity. (7) He represents no class, no creed, no hobby, no vain imaginings. (8) He is at the fullness of his powers in age and experience. (9) He has profound convictions from instinct and learning and the courage of fearless expression. (10) He has no enemies—his is a clean slate. (11) He possesses to a degree unequaled since the days of BLAINE that indefinable quality known as personal magnetism. (12) He is not only high-minded, but broad-minded and strong-minded. (13) He was born in Virginia and hails from New Jersey.
>
> His nomination would be a recognition of the South which the South nobly deserves. His election would be an everlasting pledge of a country united in fact, in determination to solve all besetting problems, in inspiration to fulfil America's highest destiny. Such is the man, and such a man is needed by the country, from whatever political party he may spring. We have no hesitancy, therefore, in inviting serious consideration of the suggestion.

For the first time in its long life this journal became an advocate, not merely of a party, but of an individual. To make clear the reason for so abrupt a departure from the course pursued undeviatingly for half a century, it is necessary to recall the situation which then existed.

It was 1906. Political conditions were worse than disheartening; they were appalling. The regnant party had grown so drunk from power and assurance that it was threatened with disruption from within. In the White House was a ramping egotist; in the Capitol was a conscienceless oligarchy. Back of both as partners or as masters were the illegal, illicit, and insatiable aggregations of transportation, industrial and financial corporations. Whichever of the two contending forces in Washington should win in the inevitable struggle for supremacy, here lay and would continue to lie the actual authority. The great mass of honest-minded, country-loving people were as pawns upon a chess-board, in the face of an impending panic. Underneath was a sinister smoldering of the embers of discontent and resentment.

And there appeared no way of escape. The party of the opposition, the time-honored party of liberalism, of constitutional government, of true Democracy, was rent in twain. Three successive times, twice as a radical and once as a conservative, it had gone down to foredoomed defeat. It utterly lacked coherence; it had no purpose; its very reason for being seemed to have disappeared. Clearly, as was quickly proven by the event, no hope of success lay in the preliminary triumph of one faction over the other. Clearly a new standard must be raised, a new leader discovered, and a fresh inspiration found; else the very fabric of popular government was imperiled by possible collision of the greed of autocracy and the rage of the mob. One has but to pass in review what has happened since 1906 to realize the gravity of the situation as it then appeared to thoughtful and far-seeing minds.

Arrogance had rendered the Republican party impotent to afford relief or achieve reform. Wretched as was the condition of the Democracy, it alone pointed the way of hope. But the road was dark. Twice its most winning personality had failed and was doomed to fail again. Appeal to vaunted common sense had been made in vain against an aggressive and spectacular leader of hosts.

But one recourse remained—a reversion to faith in the power of ideals as embodied in an individual. To set forth lucidly, even convincingly, the merits of an abstraction and the need of its support was not difficult; it had been done for long by many—but aimlessly and without avail. Not ideals alone, nor a mere individuality, however vivid, could suffice. Personification of ideals was the absolute requisite of success. The condition not only justified, but compelled subordination of all other considerations to the mere possibility of rendering public service through specific performance. The question, as ever, arose: Who is *the man?*

It is a mere statement of fact, set forth as such simply and for no purpose of either seeking credit or inviting debit, that this journal thereupon proposed WOODROW WILSON for the Presidency, and began a direct and unqualified advocacy which, barring a brief interlude of silence for which it was in no way responsible, it has continued undeviatingly to the present day of complete fulfilment. A partial summary of its endeavors is published elsewhere in this number for the gratification of those readers who manifested accord with the purpose from the inception of the movement.

It is no mean record. The somewhat difficult preliminary task of eliminating absurd prejudices against the scholar in politics seems to have been done with sufficient patience and thoroughness.

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The quick recognition of insistence that the candidacy of a Southern-born man had become an advantage instead of a barrier still possesses happy significance. As time passed and the idea began to take root and form, partly in consequence of certain efforts in the field of practical politics which call for no recital here, welcome carping was evoked. Advocacy so zealous and so persistent, involving constant exploitation, careful interpretation, unqualified praise, and unremitting defense, was pronounced unbecoming, in questionable taste, of doubtful value, "idolatrous," and generally violative of the highest standards of journalism

The warrant for these criticisms could not then and cannot now be gainsaid. But there was no false pretense. The attitude of HARPER'S WEEKLY toward Mr. WILSON during these seven years has not been judicial; it has been that of a lawyer to his client. As an advocate, urging the greater accomplishment, it neither could nor would be distracted by minor faults, if such there were. Weighing of the large and broad against the small and narrow forbade recognition of petty and trivial things. There was but one goal in sight, and there was but one way to reach it. That is the reason, the quite simple and most excellent reason, why no word or suggestion of criticism of WOODROW WILSON has ever appeared in these columns.

Not, of course, in consequence of, but happily coincidently with, the efforts of this journal, the aspiration tentatively adventured, but vigorously—perhaps too vigorously, too earnestly, too determinedly—pressed upon attention is now realized. The credit and honor of the achievement belong to the man himself, whose keen intelligence, remarkable insight, and amazing self-reliance bore him and his cause to triumphant issue. It is only the estimate of personal attributes and the prescience of coming events on the part of HARPER'S WEEKLY that has been confirmed; only its intent to fulfil its obligation as a public journal that merits passing recognition; only the joy of service that could constitute full requital.

The period of advocacy now finds a natural and proper ending. A President of the United States stands upon the highest pedestal in the world, far above the plane of possible competition. He wants no exploitation; his every act is noted. He seeks no defense; his deeds make answer to accusation. He needs no interpretation; his faintest whisper carries farther than the combined appeal of hundreds. He requires no spokesman; his own is the voice of the people. For them he stands as their chosen tribune, immune to unjust criticism, sure of deserved rewards; necessarily alone, but serene in his solitude and consciousness of right.

No argument is needed to show that undiscriminating praise would not only be an unkindness to a President of the United States, but would come unworthily from a public journal.

"The press," said Mr. CURTIS, "is never a more beneficent power than when it shows the country that, while loyal to a party and its policy, it is more loyal to honor and patriotism. It is the palladium of liberty because it is the only power in a free country that can alone withstand and overthrow the crafty conspiracy of political demagogues. If it does not lead, it is because it chooses to follow; it is because it does not know that no office is so great as that of molding opinion which makes parties and Presidents; that no patronage is so powerful as the just fear of an unquailing criticism brought home to every word and every act of every public man, and commending its judgment to the intelligence and the conscience of every citizen."

HARPER'S WEEKLY reaffirms the principles of its great editor. It regrets nothing that it has done; it rejoices in the re-establishment in power of the party which should and can be great, liberal, and truly Democratic; it feels that it has peculiar reason to wish for the administration of President WILSON the greatest conceivable measure of success.

To that end and in that hope, as a natural sequence of the result accomplished, it now resumes the exercise of its normal and highest functions as an independent Journal of Civilization, free and glad to commend generously all that it deems praiseworthy, and equally free and ready to criticize frankly or condemn unsparingly whatever it may adjudge deserving of censure.

From this day forward the attitude of HARPER'S WEEKLY toward the administration of President WILSON will differ in no respect from its attitude toward the administrations of his predecessors.

No holder of public office can be as big as his party; no party as great as the nation; no group of politicians as potent for good or ill as a fearless and independent press.

"All Forward-looking Men to My Side!"

Everybody hopes that Mr. WILSON will prove to be a sound political leader and will eventually receive the support of all the political truth-seekers who understand him.

But whence will transpire the intelligence to understand him?

In the closing words of his inaugural he says:

> I summon all honest men, all patriotic, all forward-looking men to my side. God helping me, I will not fail them if they will but counsel and sustain me!

Where are they coming from, these forward-looking men to whom his summons thus goes out? Where is the requisite mental power to estimate Mr. WILSON'S character, penetrate his political intentions, and back him if they are acceptable?

Of course he is the Democratic President and we look to see the Democratic party furnish him, at first, his chief support. But Mr. WILSON'S mind and his spirit are very interesting faculties. Few people even think they understand them as yet. To the great majority Mr. WILSON is an unknown force. But as he is followed and studied he will become known and gradually understood and will attract or repel support for mental reasons. Folks who comprehend what he is after and think it desirable will cleave to him. Folks who think otherwise will obstruct him if they can.

In the present condition of parties, wherever there is the brains to understand Mr. WILSON he may get supporters. Almost everybody is well enough affected to him, but almost everybody is more or less in doubt about what he is and what he means. But after a while most people will think they know whether he is their kind or not.

Then it will be very interesting to watch the realignment. There are very able men concerned with "the interests" and not all of them are money-blind. They will watch him closely and if they conclude that he is the doctor the country needs they will be for him, no matter how great the shock of their support may be to him. And there are herds of wild asses, some of whom he may lose by disregard of details that they think all-important or by thinking soundly on matters about which their thought is unsound.

Mr. WILSON'S appeal is going to be to the intelligence of the country. Wherever that intelligence exists, among Democrats, Republicans, or Bull Moose Futurists, he may enlist it on his side if he can convince it that it belongs there. Wherever there is the brains to understand him he may and probably will get support.

The Inaugural Address

President WILSON'S inaugural address is short and readable. It is not up to his own best essays in literary quality, but it should rank rather high among inaugural addresses considered as "mere literature." It does not threaten either of LINCOLN'S. It has not the pervasive quality of JEFFERSON'S first. It, of course, hasn't the downrightness of either CLEVELAND'S first or his second. There is nothing of WASHINGTON'S formalism shot through with purpose, and nothing of the biting quality of the ADAMSES. To tell the truth, the address is fuller of cognizance than of commitment. It feels its way. It reveals a man very much awake, very much alive, but not disposed to make a fool of himself. Evidently the new President understands that the Presidency is not a medal to be worn, a prize to display, but a troublesome undertaking to be approached warily. We suspect he is right.

Barring some concessions, possibly necessary to the cant of the day, it is a pretty sincere document. The President enumerates the things that ought first to be done. They are: Tariff reform; banking and currency reform; reform of our industrial system (a large order; naturally, not reduced to specifications); the improvement of agriculture, both scientifically and by better financial arrangements; conservation; the guarding of the health and vitality of our people.

These aims are admirable. They are more than that: they are the inevitable aims of any administration in the United States at this period; that is to say, the period of the disappearance of the frontier, the period of the realization of the limits of our resources; the period in which we find ourselves dealing with some of the problems of older nations. After all, it is geography that controls—what they used to call "civil geography." The bottom of politics is economics. In the main, the dry-as-dust fellows who consider the physical bases of history and neglect all but a few men are right. Economic causes turned ROOSEVELT a radical, just as they turned CALHOUN a nullifier, just as they enabled LINCOLN to be a liberator. President WILSON, too, is in their grip.

But he is not their slave. Theirs is the true "fell grip of circumstance," but it is not all. Nature imposes economy, but not injustice. That is the affair of men. The new President is entirely right to take account of necessary economies, to warn his countrymen that they must begin to accept limitations. But he is equally right to insist that morals count, that ideals count, that men count. We wish he had insisted more on the way parties count, for the success of his administration depends on the way he manages a party. But, at any rate, he has not forgotten, in his careful recognition of the times, the other factor in affairs—that is to say, men, with their wills and consciences.

That is the hope of his inaugural address—the comfort of it. The new President has given us no reason to doubt that he will do his best and exact the best of those who will serve beside him.

The Scandal of the Pork Barrel

President TAFT'S budget message, though sent in on the eve of his retirement and of the adjournment of Congress, was nevertheless worth while. For one thing, it was worth while as the most effective answer to the absurd contention of Congress that a President must not send in a budget or anything like it; for that was what Congress meant, if it meant anything, by ordering the heads of departments to send in their estimates directly and separately. The President, of course, has complete authority to demand any estimates he wants from the departments, and it is not merely his right, but his duty, to communicate to Congress anything concerning the state of the Union that he thinks important.

And surely nobody can right now question the importance of this matter of regulating government appropriations. We are glad the President again demands attention to it, but it had already forced itself to the front, through the performances of the now defunct Congress, until it overshadowed every other question of national legislation. Take the entire list of the appropriation bills of the short session, the way they were put together, the way they were passed, the amounts they carried, and the distribution of those amounts, and they constitute a national scandal of the first magnitude. The present methods of Congress in dealing with appropriations indicate nothing less shameful than a flat failure in one of the greatest functions of representative government—a function which is of course quite indispensable. For those methods violate every principle of sound business; they work in a fashion utterly unregardful of the general welfare—the only lawful object of any money bill; they are in themselves unethical, immoral, dishonest. For a Congressman has no more moral right to vote away the people's money to promote his own interest or ambitions than he has to steal it and put it in his own pocket.

One's natural impulse is to go after the men who have done that thing. Notwithstanding the difficulty of fixing responsibility, we trust the press of the country will do all it can on that line; that is to say, in the way of punishment. But the main thing, of course, is to try and find means to put a stop to these practices which have so long disgraced Congress and plundered the taxpayers of the country.

What Can We Do About It?

Here, briefly, are the worst features of our present usage with appropriation bills:

There is no plan or device to insure that they shall, in the aggregate, bear any proper relation

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to the government's income. In this all-important matter nobody is responsible, for nobody has any real control.

They bear no proper relation to one another, but are prepared by separate committees, each intensely jealous of its own powers.

They do not follow any comprehensive plan of public development, but spend the public money spasmodically, unsystematically, often quite uselessly, nearly always wastefully.

Individual items in every one of them are simply concessions to the demands of individual Senators and Representatives, obtained by bargaining and log-rolling, for the benefit, not of the public, but of small communities or of special business interests or of the individual lawmakers themselves.

Is it possible to stop these things?

It will certainly be extremely difficult. A proper budget system, such as they have in England, would undoubtedly work wonders. But this journal has already pointed out why we cannot have such a system. It presupposes a relation between the executive and the legislature and between the two Houses of the legislature, which simply doesn't exist in this country. Even in England a great constitutional change was recently necessary in order to establish firmly the necessary relation between the two Houses of Parliament.

We can, however, have some sort of a budget system, and President TAFT is probably right in reluctantly agreeing that a budget committee of Congress will be better than none at all. It should at least secure some preliminary consideration of the appropriations as a whole, and the executive will have *somebody* to deal with on that subject; it now has nobody. We see no reason why there should not also be a committee for the executive departments. The statements and reports of the two bodies might still further promote publicity and stir up public opinion.

For that, we fear, must be, after all, our main dependence for relief—the aroused conscience and intelligence of the country. It is slow to act and often clumsy in action; but surely it will not remain forever inactive in the presence of such a national reproach as the forever growing pork barrel. It cannot devise a perfect usage with money bills, but it can make it dangerous for any party or any public man to be any longer complacent with this outrage.

Delay and Diplomacy

An irreverent and purposeful Washingtonian, who had dined with diplomats, was once moved to inquire why the district messenger service would not do the diplomatic work in that capital quite as well as the established machinery, with its expense and tiresome formalities. It struck us at the moment that he had an idea. Of late it has struck us that there is an idea he hadn't compassed.

Look at this Panama Canal tolls business. Suppose we had tried to settle *that* by telegraph and cable. Suppose the United States had wired or wirelessed our position to Great Britain and Great Britain had had to reply with equal celerity. Where should we have been? The only safe answer is that we should have been in an elegant row, with no prospect of agreement until somebody's head was broken.

Behold, therefore, the wisdom of embassies, the utility of plush breeches, the horse sense of going through forms. A few months ago the English were purple over this thing—and some of us were pale. Since then nothing has happened except that nothing *has* happened. There has been an exchange of notes. Time has elapsed. Both Americans and Englishmen have done a little thinking. Englishmen have stopped talking insultingly. That has permitted Americans to listen to CHOATE and ROOT and some others who know about these things. An honorable exit that is also peaceable is no longer despaired of. On the contrary, the best bet is that the United States will do the right thing—as England did in the *Alabama* matter—and that England will not even have seemed to threaten us.

Our friend was wrong. The district messenger service couldn't have done it.

Congress and Prohibition

The so-called WEBB-KENYON liquor bill is a joke. Plenty of good people probably accept it as a bill sincerely intended to prevent the shipment of intoxicating beverages into states that have passed state-wide prohibition laws. It does nothing of the kind. It merely prohibits the shipment into prohibition states of liquors to be used in violation of the laws of such states. No state law forbids the consumption of liquors. All the state laws do is to forbid the sale of liquor. Even if the WEBB-KENYON bill is passed over President TAFT's veto—as it may be before this is printed—anybody living in a prohibition state will still be perfectly free to order from another state alcoholic drinks for his own consumption. If it is found and proved that he is ordering the stuff to sell he can be prosecuted. But that is equally true now, under the state laws, without any intervention of Congress.

There is the remote possibility that federal agencies may be in some way used to help the prohibition states enforce their own laws. That is the only way in which the WEBB-KENYON bill can count at all. We hardly think it will count that way even if it is passed. It is hardly likely that federal district attorneys in prohibition states will give the incalculable amount of time and energy necessary to discover how many of the innumerable shipments of liquor into their districts are for purposes of sale rather than consumption and to the accumulation of evidence sufficient to convince juries.

The law amounts to nothing. We are cynical enough to add that if it had amounted to anything it would never have been passed. Maybe, however, it will help Representatives and Senators in whose constituencies the prohibition sentiment is strong. Mr. WEBB, for instance, is a bright young man, very well liked, with a rather serious constituency, the more intelligent part of which will doubtless condone his efforts to conciliate the less intelligent.

Meanwhile it is to note that the actual consumption of liquor in this country during the past year was much the greatest on record. We fail to derive from the facts any confirmation of the hope that people can be legislated into the habit of temperance. Sincere and honest legislation can do a good deal to protect young people from temptation and to stop the indecencies of the liquor traffic, but it cannot cure drunkenness.

Assuagement

In view of the *Courier-Journal's* double-leaded insistence that Congress "disown the MONROE doctrine" and "authorize the President to invite Great Britain, Germany, and France to join us in occupying Mexico," we are less disposed than we might have been otherwise to regret that Marse HENRY'S "influence with the administration" may not be as great as it would have been under TILDEN.

Hypocrisy and Humbug

The *Tribune*, still squirming, quotes and says:

> The idea of imposing Republican postmasters for life upon the people of Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, and all of the other states where Democrats have had to become renegades to make enough Republicans to hold the jobs and are wholly out of accord with the wishes and sentiment of their communities! Is that right or fair or decent? Dr. ELIOT says it isn't. He doesn't propose to have his livery stolen to serve the devil in, anyway.—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

What, Colonel? Dr. ELIOT doesn't say anything of the kind. Get up to date. Dr. ELIOT repudiated the alleged quotation criticizing Mr. TAFT for classifying those 40,000 postmasters. He and the National Civil Service Reform League, of which he is president, have commended the classification. In his recent utterance he says he found no fault with Mr. TAFT, but merely discussed the question of possible examination of incumbents of unclassified places precedent to their classification.

We accepted the original statement of Dr. ELIOT'S views unhesitatingly. Our authority was the *Tribune*. We haven't happened to see the revised version noted, though we accept with equal readiness the same authority. But did President TAFT direct or does the *Tribune* approve competitive "examination of incumbents precedent to their classification"? Hardly. Nevertheless, adds the *Tribune*, smugly, "Mr. TAFT'S order doesn't inflict these postmasters on the South for life; they can be removed if found unsatisfactory." They can, can they? Why, certainly. But "found unsatisfactory" by whom? By post-office inspectors, to be sure, every blessed one of whom is a Republican.

Fudge! The forty thousand faithful are glued there if the order stands. The *Tribune* knows that full well and likes it. It also knows, when it hints sanctimoniously at our wanting "a wholesale distribution of spoils," that we wish for nothing of the sort, but that what we do object to is wholesale grabbing of spoils under cover of "civil-service reform."

In the name of righteousness, hypocrisy, and humbug! Bah!

Lunacy or Dotage

The TAFT veto of the immigration bill was the act of an executive who carried only two states in the Union at the last election, and no one could affirm positively that he executed the will of the people in vetoing a bill favored by a large majority of both branches of Congress. If it is wrong for the courts to thwart the popular will by nullifying laws on constitutional grounds, it is equally wrong for a President to thwart the will of Congress because his opinion of the wisdom of certain legislation does not agree with the opinion of the legislative branch of the government.—*Springfield Republican.*

Did the people vote for a "literacy test" at the latest election? We hadn't heard of that. And does the *Republican* seriously mean to intimate that the Supreme Court does "wrong" when it pronounces a bill unconstitutional, even though by so doing it "thwarts" what somebody declares to be "the popular will"? Has Springfield become a bug-house?

Official

Department of State—Special Order No. 1: All ambassadors, envoys, and ministers are hereby directed, when appearing before kings, etc., to wear cocked hats.

Naughty Wm.

MR. MORGAN DID NOT SELL 5 PER CENT. STEEL BONDS FOR 93½.—Large type head-line in Mr. HEARST'S paper.

Thousands of them sold, WM., for much less than that.

You say:

> Instead of being sold at a bargain-counter price, steel bonds were used to buy up the stock of the various corporations he needed. Every one of these bonds represented its full face value in these purchases.

Yes, and when a dollar was worth, say, seventy-five cents in Civil War times and you paid a hundred dollars for something, every dollar represented its full face value, but what you bought was something worth seventy-five dollars. So when you buy something with a steel bond worth one hundred on its face and seventy-five on the counter, what you get is something supposed to be worth seventy-five.

You should not trick your readers with deceitful statements, WM.; you know better.

Don't Grumble Too Loud

The protest of P. H. CALLAHAN, of Louisville, in a letter to Representative JOHNSON, in which he objects to extortionate hotel rates in Washington during the inauguration, is wholly reasonable.—*Courier-Journal.*

No doubt; but speak softly! The coming Congress has liberal ideas and wants to make the people comfortable, and is quite liable, if you complain, to drop a couple of five-million-dollar dollar-a-day Washington hotels into the next pork bill.

Purity for Purists

> HARRISBURG, PA., *Feb. 25.*—It will be a misdemeanor in this state to give to a customer a finger-bowl that has not been "thoroughly cleansed" since its last preceding use if a bill passed by the lower branch of the Pennsylvania legislature last night becomes a law.—*News item.*

Fine! And it is fewer years than you could count on your fingers since it ought to have been a misdemeanor in Pennsylvania to give the state a legislature that had not been "thoroughly cleansed" since its last preceding use. Was it a duly purified lower branch that passed the "pure-finger-bowl bill"?

He is Not Hated

Mr. WICKERSHAM has earned the hatred of big business and the undying enmity of every trust promoter and every trust beneficiary in the country.—*The World.*

He may have earned it, but we should be greatly surprised to know that he has received it. What he has received is the respect of all hands. He has conducted the Department of Justice according to the standards of a high-class lawyer and of a gentleman. Such men do not incur the hatred of opponents. Mr. WICKERSHAM has illustrated, admirably, what may be expected of a first-class corporation lawyer when he takes a retainer from the people.

HARPER & BROTHERS

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Original from PENN STATE

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Impressions of M. Bergson

THE hurried query which frequently meets the student of philosophy nowadays, "what is it in particular that M. BERGSON teaches, anyhow?" is as difficult to answer as the question of the young student on her way to an examination, "Couldn't you just give me the gist of KANT'S *Critique* in a few words?"

There is no brain colossal enough to make the summary of M. BERGSON'S contribution to philosophy in a few words. Dr. JOHN DEWEY, at once colleague and opponent, took two quiet hours of a long summer afternoon to state BERGSON'S theory of duration and yet at the end of the time all was not said. Within the last twelve years four hundred and seventeen books, pamphlets, and articles have been published about BERGSON and his philosophy, in eleven different languages, to say nothing of the ninety books and articles in which M. BERGSON has himself set forth his doctrine.

To the thousands of those turned away from the doors of Havermeyer Hall, on the afternoons when the philosopher spoke, it may be reported that he is a small man, who did not in youth waste too much time in the acquisition of mere height. He is not over five feet three, is slender in proportion, and has the Frenchman's small waist. His age would be very difficult to guess. He was publishing some thirty-one years ago and yet he hardly looks over fifty now. In expression and coloring he still has the aspect of eternal youth which belongs to those who live intensely the life of the mind and spirit. HENRI BERGSON, despite a bald head surrounded by a fringe of perfectly white hair, is another of those men who seem to have no age because the eternal part so dominates and controls the physical casing. His manner of speaking, in both French and English, is finished and fluent. His enunciation is clear and incisive and his manner so perfect that one cannot detect a single mannerism. One listener commented: "Is it not a great experience thus to watch a man in the throes of profound conceptions, threshing out new thoughts as he stands there before us?" And still another commented: "Is not his manner consummate art? Though he has probably been over this ground a hundred times, yet he pauses, considers, goes on again at a rush, as if he were threshing it all out for the first time before us." The truth is M. BERGSON puts himself into the attitude of his audience with consummate skill, and when a profound or difficult truth is on his tongue he gives his hearers time to ponder. No more finished speaker has ever addressed us on philosophical subjects.

The secret of his popularity is easier to analyze than the real contribution he has made to philosophy. First and foremost his medium is acceptable. Like the late Dr. JAMES, BERGSON is a great literary artist. Technical jargon is discarded in favor of a lucid, brilliant prose, alive with similes, metaphors, comparisons. One has but to turn the leaves of any one of his books to run across such arresting and suggestive lines as:

"Consciousness is the name of the rocket whose extinguished fragments fall back as matter."

"Consciousness, *which is a need of creation*, is made manifest to itself only where creation is possible."

"An ego which does not change cannot endure."

"Quantity is always quality in the act of becoming."

"The more we study Nature, the more we shall comprehend that duration means invention, the creation of forms, the continual elaboration of the absolutely new."

"It (namely, evolutionist philosophy) does not hesitate to extend to the things of life the same methods of explanation which have succeeded in the case of unorganized matter. It begins by showing us in the intellect a local effect of evolution, a flame, perhaps accidental, which lights up the coming and going of human beings in the narrow passage open to their action; and lo! forgetting what it has just told us, it makes of this lantern glimmering in a tunnel a sun which can illuminate the world."

Whether legitimately or illegitimately, another secret of M. BERGSON'S hold upon people is that they derive from his doctrine the one great necessity of life, namely, hope. Speaking of this to M. BERGSON, the present writer saw a very beautiful smile overspread his face as he replied: "Yes, it is true, is it not, that no spirit yet has thriven upon mere negation?" Dr. JAMES, too, had recognized this and countenanced a "*will to believe*." But BERGSON has gone far beyond Dr. JAMES in his teaching of life as free creation; of God—if by God we mean the ultimate principle underlying the universe—as unceasing life, freedom, and power; and of life as free activity in a universe of endless possibilities.

Many of our more timid philosophers, in their anxiety to say nothing upon which they may be tripped up, have stripped life so bare that the poor, seething, suffering humanity, clamoring to them for sustenance, are turned away with a stone. Not so BERGSON. He offers men again free, creative energy. He shows Life, the great flux, in which consciousness is continually molding, controlling, restraining matter to the higher victory. M. BERGSON has somewhat limited the authority of pure intellect, but he has given us back the intuitions.

"An intelligent being bears within himself the means to transcend his own nature."

"We do not think real time, but we live it because life transcends intellect. The feeling we have of our evolution and of the evolution of all things in pure duration is there, forming around the intellectual concept . . . an indistinct fringe that fades off into darkness. . . . It is its presence (the surrounding nucleus) that enables us to affirm that the nucleus is a nucleus, that pure intellect is a contraction by condensation of a more extensive power. And just because this vague intuition is of no help to us in directing our action on things, which action takes place exclusively on the surface of reality, we may presume that it is to be exercised not merely on the surface, but below."

To the technical philosopher, doubtless, the great contribution of BERGSON to modern philosophy is his theory of duration; and that when we observe the movable as it flows past us, we are limited by the necessity of first ensconcing ourselves in the stable and the immovable. Thus, he says the intellect is characterized by a natural inability to comprehend life.

In conversation, M. BERGSON said he sometimes looked to the woman of the future for a further development of philosophy along intuitional lines. "Then," said his interlocutor, "you must regret the present feminist movement in which women are demanding the same rational training, the same political freedom, the same methods of development and attack, as men?"

"Not in the least," replied the philosopher. "On the contrary, I consider *the present feminist movement the greatest event in the history of civilization since the promulgation of the Christian ideal.* Think of it, one whole half of the race coming to its own! rising at last, from the position of drudge or toy, as it may have been, in all cases of admitted subordination, to demand the freedom to think, to live, to assume responsibility. But not till women have every right that men have, equal political power, the same opportunity to make their opinions felt and acted upon in every realm of life, can we hope for a further development of the race."

Perhaps this utterance as well as any other will show how deeply in sympathy with life as it is now developing is M. BERGSON'S attitude.

Like all great thinkers, M. BERGSON is capable of varied interpretation. There is, indeed, in the Introduction to the Bibliography, published by Columbia University, a touch of subtle *diableric* in the way Dr. DEWEY has chosen from BERGSON'S works such fragments as should stress rather the commentator's outlook upon life than the philosopher's own. But all that is published can but serve the purpose of turning those interested in a philosophy of life to BERGSON himself.

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

Correspondence

"AN ASTOUNDING EDITORIAL"

PITTSBURG, PA., *January 27, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In the January 6th issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY there is a most astounding editorial criticizing the Utah State Teachers' Association for recommending an amendment to the state constitution, making the teaching of patriotism compulsory in the public schools. That is to say, a state has no right to teach its wards to respect and obey it! How long could a state maintain its existence that would permit its citizens, unmolested, to insult the flag? Is it possible that a state has not the right to protect its own life? The editor says, "Don't the teachers know that our flag stands for freedom and that freedom is a condition from which all unnecessary compulsion has been eliminated?" In this he talks like an incipient anarchist. Evidently his idea of freedom is license—do as you please—in everything that pertains to patriotism. To require a pupil in the school to respect the flag or obey the authority of which it is the symbol would be "unnecessary compulsion," according to his philosophy. Were this true, a Benedict Arnold might wrap himself in the cloak of patriotism and go scot free.

The animus of the editorial seems to be directed against religion, including Bible-reading, in the school, since the writer likens the requirement to salute the flag ("flag religion" he calls it) to the requirement of Bible-reading in the school, which he dubs as religious persecution wherever there is objection to it. He seems to forget that the state itself is a religious being and has religious duties to perform, that its laws are largely based on the law of God, that its authority comes from God, that its citizens are taxed to support its constitutional and statutory laws and should have their children taught the basis of these laws and the source of the authority it exercises, that all this can be done only by familiarizing the youth of the country with the Bible, which is the very foundation of the civilization in a land declared by the Supreme Court in 1892 to be "a Christian nation."

If the above-named editor wants to de-Christianize America the quickest and shortest route to this end is to banish the Bible from our schools at the behest of some one who, in the name of religion, objects to its use. Of all the foes to Christian America, there are none half so dangerous as the aggressors, such as the above-named editor, who, in the name of religious persecution would make irreligious the great middle section of our country's training school and thus rear up a generation of citizens-to-be with no knowledge of God or His will as it relates to national life, no respect for divine authority or regard for divine law, which alone will command obedience to any human law. It is the welfare, the very life, indeed, of a Christian nation we are thinking of, and not the so-called rights of a few irreligious objectors to Christianity, which is the most vital factor in our national life.

Let the flag float over every school-house and the Bible have a place on every teacher's desk and be read daily in every school-room. For "what you would have in the life of the nation, that you must put into the schools of the land." If there are any who do not like America's Christianity with its fruits of civil and religious liberty, and its public school with the word of God, which above all things else has made America what she is to-day—the pride and envy of all the nations of the earth—theirs it is to hunt a country where they will have things to their liking.

I am, sir,

JAMES S. MARTIN,
General Superintendent, National Reform Association.

This is a smashing letter, but is not our correspondent talking to himself rather than to us? Has he not read into the WEEKLY'S paragraph a great deal that it did not contain?

He has, undoubtedly. He has wholly mistaken the animus of the editorial he discusses.

What a glorious cause reform would be if it were not for the reformers!—EDITOR.

THE SUFFRAGE AND THE HOOK

BEEDENBOSTEL, CELLE, GERMANY, *January 28, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I was so much amused by your comment on Miss Ellen Glasgow's words that I am ready to face the scorn even of Mrs. Lulu McClure Clarke, who once did me the honor to state that we of Beedenbostel were (in her opinion) fast asleep. I cannot imagine anything more ridiculous than a woman who is obliged to beg her husband to "hook her up the back" going to the polls for the purpose of solemnly recording the fact that, after mature and deliberate consideration, she favors this or that candidate for the highest office of one of the greatest nations on earth.

It seems to me, of "sleepy Beedenbostel," that any one who desires to wield such a mighty weapon as the ballot should at least have common sense enough to clothe himself so as to be entirely independent of outside influences. Let us suppose, for instance, that man and wife are politicaly opposed and the husband refuses to "hook his wife up the back" unless she votes for his candidate. Of course, she can call the servant. But supposing the servant is a rank Socialist and takes advantage of her opportunity and, like the husband, should blackmail her mistress. There being no children, the poor lady would be obliged to go to some good neighbor; but the neighbors might also refuse her their aid on similar grounds. I say, supposing all this were to happen to a woman who can't hook herself up the back, as is the case with about ninety per cent. of women. Does any sane person believe that a female vote, under the above circumstances, can be reckoned with?

I am, sir, O. M. ROFF.

Oh yes; we do.—EDITOR.

GERMAN FOODS AND FOOD LAWS

PITTSBURG, PA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—In a recent issue of the WEEKLY Mr. Albrecht Hartung states that "we have the greatest confidence in European food, but none whatever in American." Also that "we are all so distrustful of the food placed on sale in this country . . . that we buy the imported German article."

My dear Mister Innocent, don't you know that the German pure-food laws are made for Germans in Germany? Preservatives are strictly prohibited in food preparations sold in Germany, but permitted if said foods are for export.

"Frankfurters," for instance, contain no borax if made and sold in Germany. If made and sold for foreign countries the packer can use as much borax as he pleases. This is only one instance. I could cite a dozen if space permitted.

Also the editor is away off when he states that "German beer, for example, beats our beer." He should say, "The average German beer beats the average American." True, few of our brewers are turning out a beer that equals the best German, but I know of some that do.

I am, sir,

H. C. STIEFEL.

FIAT MONEY

CARSON CITY, NEV., *January 13, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—In your issue of December 28, 1912, you say: "So it is not easy to get much of a hearing for sane, thoughtful talk about the matter. It is much easier to get a hearing for sensational, misleading talk, for quack remedies, for fiat money schemes, and the like. . . ."

Will you kindly in your next, or some other early issue state what other *money* there is now, or ever has been, or ever can be, than "fiat money"?

Is not all *money*, even the *gold coin* and the "*greenback*" made by the *fiat of the law* and only by the fiat of the law?

I am, sir,

A. L. FITZGERALD.

No; gold has intrinsic value. You can buy commodities with gold whether it is coined or not.—EDITOR.

PAUL JONES IS BURIED

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—We got Paul Jones buried, all right, didn't we? I thought we'd get him buried if you brought it out in your papers.

Thank you.

I feel so glad that he is buried.

I am, sir,

ELIZABETH JOLLS.

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TO WOODROW WILSON: GREETINGS!

Good morning, Mr. President!

To you, indeed, it hardly seems needful that this journal should offer assurances of its own good-will and good wishes. In all its life no political enterprise has ever engaged its sympathies more deeply than that which ends to-day as you take your solemn oath of office. But to you, too, we can offer whatever heartening there may be in our conviction that you also have the good-will and the good wishes of the majority of Americans.

We have no fear, Mr. President, that you will overestimate the value of our own or any other assurances in that matter; even if you agree with them, you will not vainly imagine that your present great prestige and popularity are a secure possession. For we feel sure that you are not politically short-sighted. We feel sure that you do not need to be told that the more auspiciously a man enters upon a great trial of his quality the more he has to fear from anything like failure to meet it worthily. You have shown convincingly that you understand the incessant nature of democracy's demands and the necessity of meeting them continuously, unfalteringly—of fighting all one's battles through, as Grant said—if one would survive politically.

In that clear-eyed envisagement of obligations and of dangers we find, indeed, one of the chief sources of our hope in your administration; for we regard it as one of the many proofs of your political competency.

On this point, no doubt, we differ with many other observers of your career. For we do not in the least share the apprehension that your long years of devotion to academic tasks will be found to have dimmed your eyes to harsh realities. On the contrary, we take comfort from the circumstance that you have all your life been studying in quiet such problems as now confront you, such careers as you yourself are now attempting. We are happy to feel that, like most Americans, but unlike your immediate predecessor, you like politics; that you understand politics; that you have already proved yourself an excellent politician. We shall be disappointed if, before the end, you shall not have proved yourself a great politician.

So shall we all be, Mr. President, and so will you be; for none of us has indicated a clearer comprehension than you have indicated of what the times and the country's mood really demand of you. Administrative skill, executive efficiency—these, of course, are always demanded of a President. But you know that to-day, for you, they will not be enough. You know that you face a crisis; that you may, quite conceivably, inaugurate an epoch. Before we take up, with other journals, our constant duty of unsparing criticism, perhaps you will permit us briefly to indicate what we conceive your full task and opportunity to be.

It is to lead democracy in a fresh advance which it now clamors for. It is to guide democracy wisely while it compasses and overcomes a new kind of opposition that for some generations has been erecting itself among us; a kind of opposition to democracy which is all the more baffling and confounding because it is, in the main, an outcome of democracy itself; because it is as if, in our startled battling with it, a giant strove with his own giant offspring. In this respect the curious instinct of the cartoonists is no false leading, but a true indicator of our real predicament. For the real foe of democracy in this country wears no form that privilege has ever worn before. It is not monarchical, it is not aristocratic, it is not military, it is not clerical. It is entirely economic and industrial. The seat and source of it is neither court nor camp nor church; it is the common market-place. The essence of it is, to be sure, monopoly, and monopoly is old. But this kind of monopoly, self-created and self-sustaining monopoly, is new. It is young and vigorous. Of all the forces that make against democracy it is the youngest and most vigorous now extant in the world.

That is your giant antagonist, Mr. President; and democracy expects of you nothing less than that you forthwith prove yourself its Jack the Giant Killer.

A great expectation, truly! For the movement you must head, like most of democracy's periodical uprisings and self-assertions, is vague and instinctive, as well as tremendous. But we cannot doubt that you both comprehend its sweep and are striving to find for it definite aims and reasonable methods. Fortunately, you are in deep sympathy with it; otherwise you could never hope to guide it. But fortunately, too, you have yourself written the history of another very similar movement—the movement by which the people, with Andrew Jackson leading, once before "took possession of their government." Turn to the skilful phrases in which you yourself have pictured that advance, estimated alike the gains and the costs of it, praised and blamed its leadership, and you will find there many a true word and many a sound reflection that should to-day be helpful to you and to your fellows in leadership. For the present age seems plainly to demand of you that in many respects you be like Jackson. But it is a later age; may it not therefore demand more? You have had a better training than Jackson's, and no such harsh, embittering antecedents; may we not, therefore, expect of you less of error and violence and excess, and more of restraint and of just consideration and calm foresight, yet without loss of firmness in essentials?

Yes, Mr. President, it is a great expectation, a daunting expectation. We should be insincere, we should be merely flattering you—or any other man alive, for that matter—if we pretended an absolute assurance of your proving entirely equal to it. It is enough that, like your party and like the country, we should account you, of all men visible now to the nation, the man most likely to prove equal to it.

We do not neglect to note your handicaps; we shall not forget them when we fall back into our ordinary function of watchfulness and criticism. It was your immediate predecessor's misfortune to lead a party which had been too long in power; it is your misfortune that you lead a party which has been too long out of power. It lacks the training power alone can give. It has the habit of irresponsible protest and criticism, not of responsible action. You will be surrounded by men who can speak only from conviction, not from experience. To keep your leadership, you must be, perhaps, complacent with ignorance and prejudice. Do not, we beseech you, be too complacent; for that may prove your greatest danger. We do not underestimate the necessity of tact and consideration and whatever else may make for harmony, but we would, nevertheless, fortify you in loyalty to your own superior training and instincts. For it must be with you as with every other man lifted up to high place and great power. There is no way to spare you the duty of self-reliance; there is no way to spare you the loneliness of your great station. If you relieve it with a kitchen cabinet, we, for one, shall not be too censorious.

Your party is also hungry, for it comes in from a long wandering in the desert, and from this cause, too, you will face temptation and must endure a wearying importunity. More than that: because your party is unaccustomed to power, it will not be at ease in power. Part of your great task in leadership will be to teach it self-confidence; yet it will be equally necessary to hold it back from over-confidence and extravagance. There will inevitably be required of you a constant and supremely difficult balancing of restraint and energy, of sympathy and steadfastness, of courage and caution. For the full test of you and your party will be nothing less than this: that through you democracy shall win victories and yet shall not abuse them.

But if, Mr. President, we are thus candidly mindful of all that confronts you, we are also happily mindful of much, of very much, to hearten and to help you. Happily for you, as for us all, you are the choice of no one section, but of the whole country. As your elevation excludes no one section from power, you will escape a kind of bitterness that has borne hard on many of your predecessors; and yet you will not lack the fine inspiration to be drawn from the peculiar pride in you of a particular section, a section strong in loyalties. Southern-born, it is your privilege to restore the South to a full share in the country's affairs, to help her prove her fitness for it, and to revive, let us hope forever, the great tradition of her spacious patriotism in the early days of the Republic.

Less than this, perhaps, but far from little, will be the inspiration of your academic memories. At every crisis there will be the inspiring consciousness that to an extraordinary degree you represent in American public life the training and ideals of American colleges. There will be something still more poignant—the passionate, intimate appeal of your own ancient university, calling upon you, as with bells and songs, to win for *her* still greater honors. If need be, *alma mater* may serve you better still. If the worst comes to the worst, if the path of duty becomes the way of sacrifice, if it so happens that you must lay down even popularity itself on the altar of patriotism, you can still see the tall tower with which she commemorates that other President of whom, in the hour of his seeming failure, you yourself wrote:

"The men who assess his fame in the future will be no partisans, but men who love candor, courage, honesty, strength, unshaken capacity, and high purpose such as his."

Yes, Mr. President, the task is great, the dangers manifold, and manifold the temptations. But all your youth will now, surely, rise up and reinforce your manhood. The great thing has happened—has happened to *you*, of all men. Surely you will not quail before it. Surely you will not lack in the face of opportunity and of danger the supreme human quality; you will not lack courage—the kind of courage that is one with sincerity. As you go to meet Fate's call, the time's demand, your country's summons, your mood will not be one of pride or self-sufficiency; yet surely it will be as if, in your own heart, a drum beat, or a trumpet sounded.

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THE NEW ERA

Wilson's Inauguration Marks the Passing of the Old Days and Methods and the Beginning of Another Phase

BY A. MAURICE LOW

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

THE inauguration of Woodrow Wilson as the twenty-eighth President of the United States means more than the mere passing of the Presidency from the man who has ended his labors to one who is about to assume them, important as that occurrence is. It means more than the political revolution that it signifies, the transfer of the control of the government from one political party to the other, always a matter of moment in a country where the party system of government prevails. When the people vote a party out it means, flatly, repudiation, dissatisfaction with what has been done, disbelief in the promises of reform. That is about as dramatic a thing as happens, although like most things of this life it has become commonplace and lost its novelty, therefore it does not affect us as keenly as it should. It is a startling thing when several million people are moved by a common impulse, when after due deliberation and consideration they agree that they have been inefficiently or corruptly served, that their confidence has been violated, that the pledges which they had a right to expect would be observed have been ignored, and that their only hope is to dismiss unworthy servants and try those who give hope of something better. But the coming of Mr. Wilson to the White House, and with him the Democratic party in a majority in both Houses of Congress, means more, a great deal more, than even this. It means that the old days have ended and that a new era has come.

A person would be quite blind to the signs of the time not to see that a very great change has come over the American people during the last few years. They have changed in a great many things, they have changed in the view they hold of the relations that ought to exist between the people and the state, between the people and the men who are intrusted with the duties of making laws, between the people and the men whose duty it is to administer the laws. There is now a different concept of "service," of what we familiarly know as politics, of the relations between individual and individual, of the duties and responsibilities and obligations of citizenship. It is a change very much for the better and a change that was inevitable. It is a spiritual and mental enlargement. It is a sure sign of progress.

Mr. Wilson marks the new era, not so much in himself, but in the circumstances that brought him to where he is. He stands for the new, for the aspirations and impulses that to-day animate so many of his fellow-countrymen. In the past a great many things were done that were tolerated but not approved, that were condemned but not resisted. It is not necessary to go into details, for every reader knows what they were. It is sufficient to say that when, to use only one example, railways gave rebates to their large shippers, the persons who profited by this discrimination were unable to convince themselves that any harm was done, or that they did injury either to the people as a whole or to any individual. It is not that these men had dulled consciences or that their moral sense was blunted; it was simply that their point of view was wrong and their morality had been subordinated to their teaching. A man who bought in large quantities, they argued, was properly entitled to a lower price than one who bought sparingly, it was simply the ordinary rule of trade that wholesale prices were always lower than retail, and the same principle was applied to transportation. The great shipper ought to have more consideration shown to him than the smaller, favors that the powerful had a right to demand the weak could not expect. The existence of this state of affairs was known to most and aroused no great opposition. The little men looked forward to the day when they would be great and could impose their own terms; until that time they were content to wait. Meanwhile it occurred to no one that discriminations were unjust and dangerous, that if one man paid less than another some man had to pay more, that in the end the public paid the bill and was at the mercy of a few individuals and was denied the advantage of competition and that healthy rivalry which can only exist when no unfair preference is given to any of the competitors. As with freight rebates, so with everything else. The "smart" man was the successful man. To break the law was foolish, but to evade the law was not dishonorable, but clever. It must be repeated that the men who did these things were not dishonest. They did simply what society permitted, and whatever society sanctions is proper.

Rebates and other evasions and infractions of the law are no longer permitted. They are as much criminal as pocketbook-snatching or burglary. They cannot be condoned because they are "business" any more than the misdirected ingenuity of the thief is condoned because it is his business. Whether the world has grown more moral or more sensible need not be discussed; the cause is not material so long as the result is seen, and the result is apparent to every one. Nor is it important to try to discover to whom the praise shall be awarded, whether it is due to an individual or to a party or to any particular force. What was vital to be accomplished, what was for the general good, has been accomplished, not completely, for there is never a finality in progress, but as a long step forward. And in taking this step consequences no one could well anticipate have followed, and it is these consequences that are well worth consideration.

In the last few years the American people have become radical. That is said neither in reproach nor in approval, but as a simple statement of fact. That they have become radical is in itself neither a thing to be ashamed of nor to be feared; it is only the way in which their radicalism takes shape that may be, but not necessarily is, a thing to be guarded against. It is quite natural that in the effort to bring about reforms some of the reformers more inspired by zeal than discretion should have been carried too far in the other direction. Out of reaction comes revolution, and revolution is always extreme. This revolution has destroyed parties as they formerly existed and brought about a new alignment of forces. The old parties have not been robbed of the names that were the banners under which they fought and which were their greatest assets, but often names survive and the things they cover are new. The election of last year brought into existence a party that was nothing if it was not radical, but which did not have the courage to call itself radical, and left another party in the main conservative tinctured by mild radicalism, and still another party in the main inclined to be radical balanced by a strong conservative element. That word conservative has been used as a term of contempt, but it should not be. The whole system of nature, without which life would be impossible and progress not to be imagined, is a never-ending conflict between the forces of action and reaction, the violent contact of extremes, which produce the happy mean. Nature is always trying radically to destroy itself and conservatively to save itself. Society needs the radical force to drive it forward, to try experiments, often to be led away by quite unsound doctrines; and the conservative force to prevent it from being driven too far or too recklessly forward, to make experiments more difficult so that caution can be imposed, to block taking up every idea that for the moment seems to promise Utopia. It would be a very bad thing for the world if it was made up only of radicals, and it would perhaps be even worse if there were nothing but conservatives. But the conservative is not to be hooted at or despised. The man who is satisfied with what is old simply because it is old and sets his face against progress is of little use to himself and an injury to the world; the man who walks with caution and must be convinced that what is new is good, not because it is new but because it really has merit, is a useful citizen and of value to the state.

It is because there are now these two forces well defined and powerful that the coming of Mr. Wilson to the Presidency means so much, and on him so much will depend whether these forces shall be wisely directed—and curbed when necessary—or work havoc. The past has played its part and is dead. No man believes that we shall ever again sanction the things of which we now disapprove or tolerate offenses that are no longer permitted. That day is gone, but in being witness to a new day there is danger that reform may go too far. It will perhaps be said that reform can never go too far, that the only way to remove an evil is to extirpate it, and that half-way measures are never satisfactory; they are a palliative, but not a cure. Theoretically the argument is sound, but the soundest theories must often yield to the necessity of circumstance. Evolution has accomplished more than revolution; mild remedies are often more efficacious than violent. After every revolution comes reaction, and when the pendulum swings forward too far it must traverse an equal arc before it comes to rest. Action and reaction—it is the story of life in two words.

It is a momentous time, this twenty-eighth Presidency, and the next four years will be of extraordinary interest to the people of the United States, to the people of all the world in only scarcely lesser degree. Hardly any man has come to the Presidency with more difficult problems confronting him or that demand higher wisdom or a more unselfish purpose or greater courage. There is no era of good feeling; it is a time of bitter and violent partisanship, of great unrest, of little veneration for the past and of confidence in the generation of to-day being able to build not only for itself, but for the future. Iconoclasm makes a greater appeal than reverence. Time was when the Constitution was held in such respect that to change it was regarded as little less than impiety, and so surely was it thought to be safe from attack that it was regarded as impregnable and a sure bulwark against any violent change in the fundamental system of government. Since the conclusion of the Civil War it has come to be believed by Americans that only as the result of war with a foreign nation or a crisis that threatened the very existence of the nation could the Constitution be changed, but we have seen now that even the Constitution is not powerful enough to withstand assault. In a time of profound peace both at home and abroad, with no foe threatening and no fear of rebellion or revolt, the Constitution has been amended; another amendment is pending; other amendments have been proposed that if carried would bring about radical changes. No one will now say that what has already been done will not be done in the future and that the Constitution of ten years hence may not be a very different instrument from that which the fathers left as their legacy.

Much that the people complain of is justified and is the result of a vicious system that has given greater consideration to the individual than to the mass, and many grievances are imaginary or are inevitable in a state of society highly specialized and extremely complex. But in seeking to remedy the evils that are real and not imaginary the tendency of recent years has been to enact legislation that should protect the mass against the individual, and it has been forgotten that the mass is only an aggregate of individuals. It may seem contrary to the spirit of the age and the dictates of humanity to say that too much of the time of legislators has been directed to ameliorating the condition of the employed and too little has been spent in making it possible for them to become the employer. Legislation that makes opportunity more difficult is not wise legislation. The poor man with the right ambition is not content to be always poor, but looks forward to the time when he may be rich, and the legislation that stifles enterprise or hampers initiative is not in his interest. When regulation takes the form of paternalism that deprives men of incentive and offers no premium to brains, the stupid are not helped and the clever suffer. When capital is regarded with suspicion, capital hides itself rather than risk attack. When to be rich through honest effort is to incur hostility, no inducement is given to properly directed energy.

It is no exaggeration to say that in the wisdom and patriotism displayed by President Wilson and his party in Congress during the next few years the course of the United States for many years to come will be shaped. Tempered radicalism, progress in the real sense of the word, measures that are for the good of the great majority but with consideration for the minority—for the minority, while it may be wrong, is not necessarily criminal—legislation that has a definite purpose in view and so framed that that purpose can be carried out, will meet with the approval of the majority of the American people who have turned their backs on the past and are facing the future with hope. Radicalism that is radical merely for the love of the new and the untried, that delights in experiments simply for the sake of toying with the unknown, that has no settled principles, that yields too easily to the pressure of unconsidered public opinion, that magnifies agitation or exaggerates discontent without cause, will be sternly rebuked.

The opportunity is great. It is said that the opportunity and the man always meet. With the opportunity existing and Mr. Wilson the man one may feel that the future is secure and that the great reforms which the public demands will be carried out wisely.

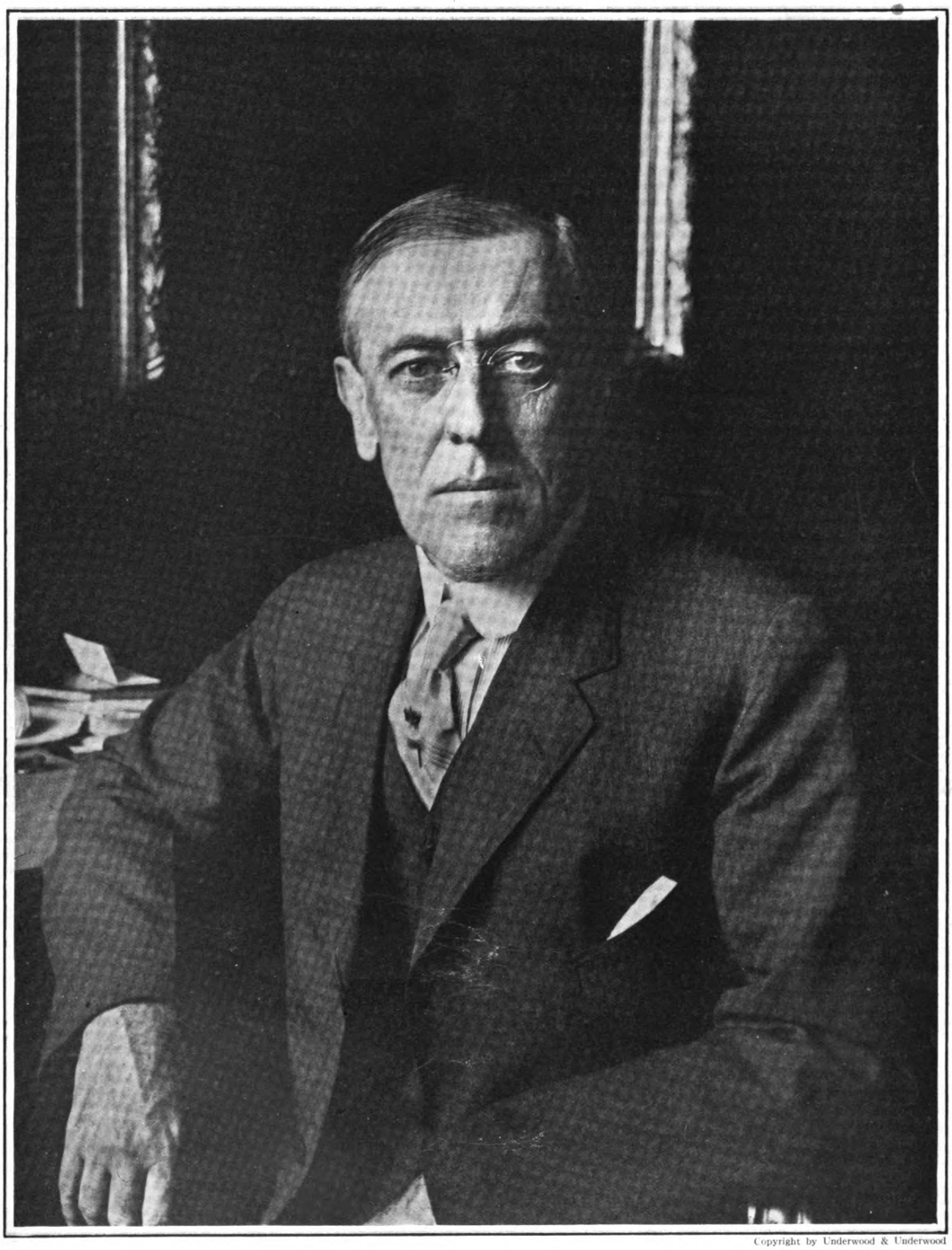
SONG

BY SARA TEASDALE

Look back with longing eyes and know that I will follow,
Lift me up in your love as a light wind lifts a swallow,
Let our flight be far in sun or windy rain—
But what if I heard my first love calling me again?

Hold me on your heart as the brave sea holds the foam,
Take me far away to the hills that hide your home,
Peace shall thatch the roof, and love shall latch the door—
But what if I heard my first love calling me once more?

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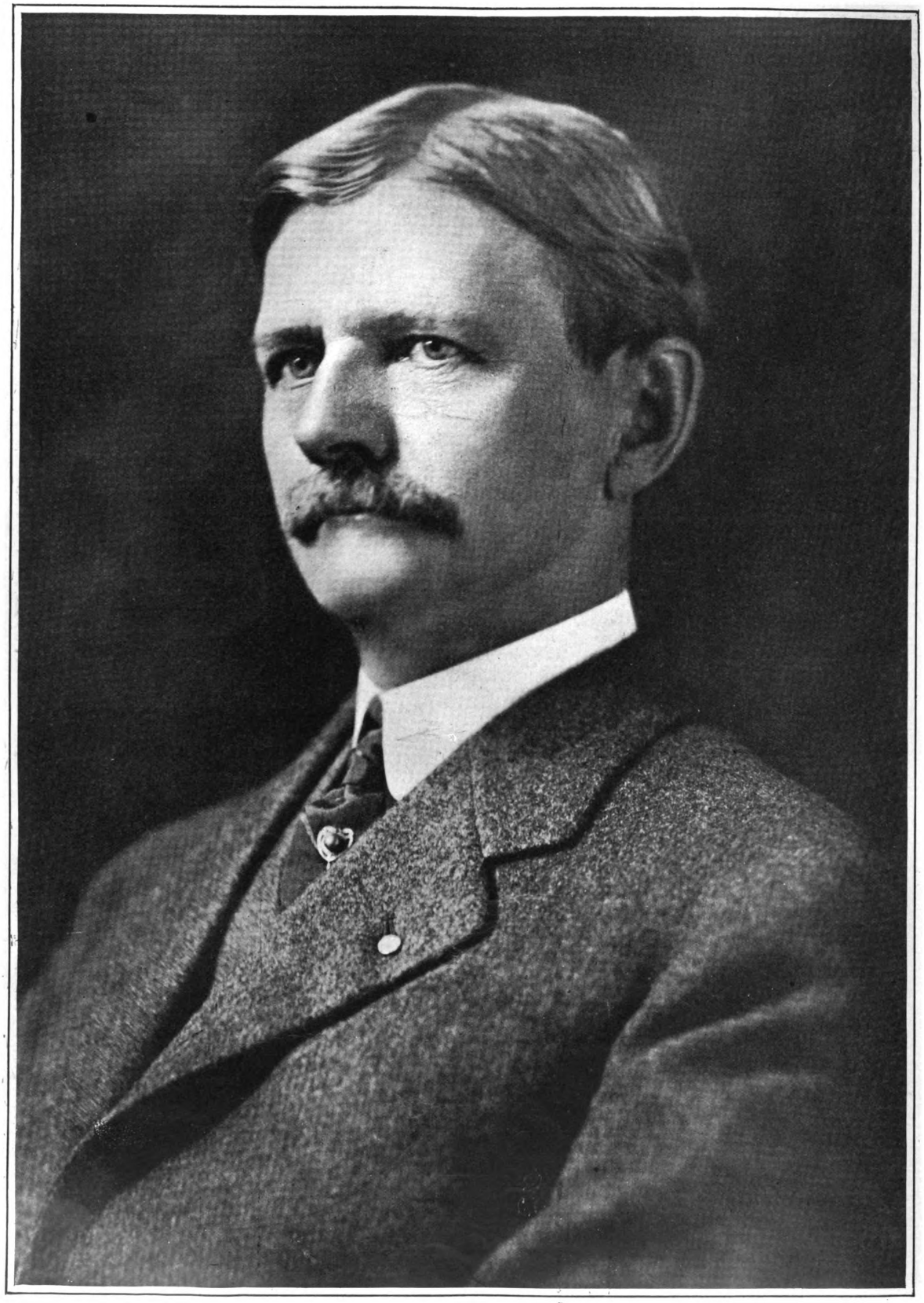
PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON

FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH

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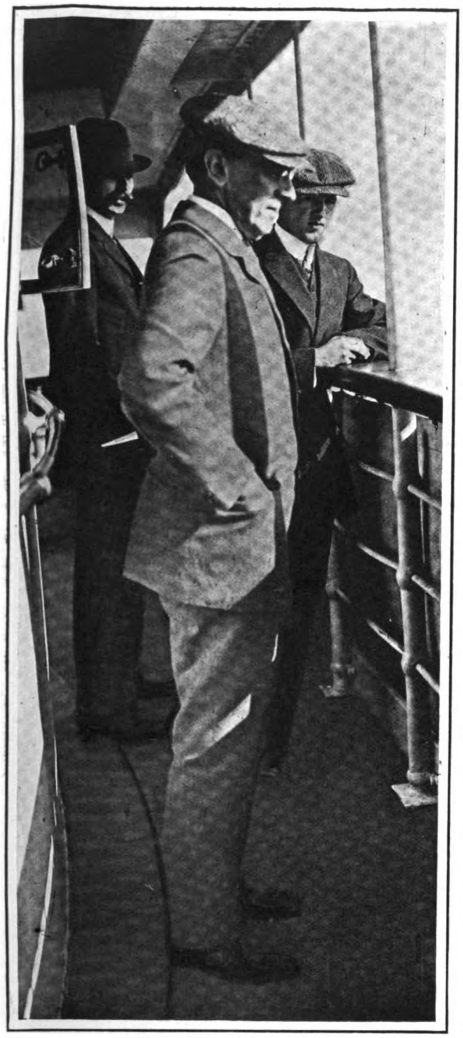
THOMAS R. MARSHALL

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

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En route for Bermuda



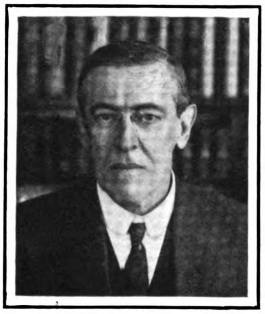
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A profile view of the President



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The first photograph after his nomination



In the State House at Trenton



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He is a golfer, like his predecessor



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Greeting the citizens of Marion, Indiana, on a speechmaking tour



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Admiring a baby after his nomination. Most candidates do this before

THE INFORMAL SIDE OF PRESIDENT WILSON

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THE NEW MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MRS. WOODROW WILSON

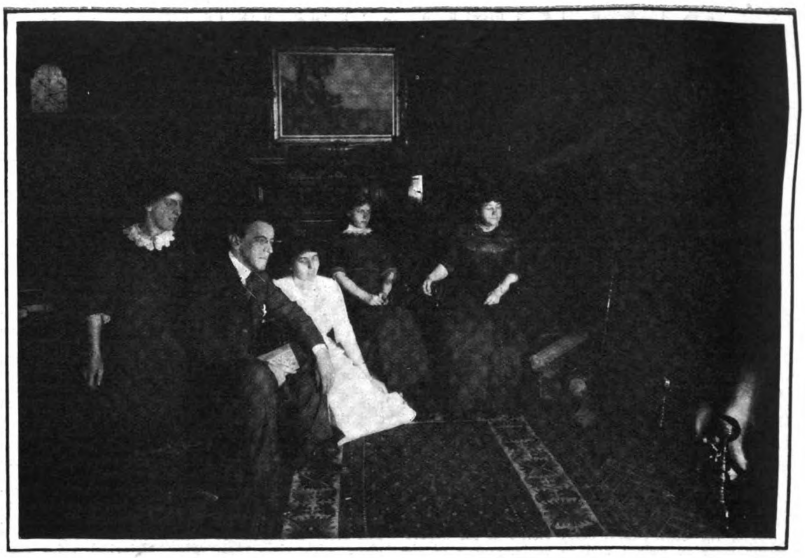
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Miss Eleanor Wilson



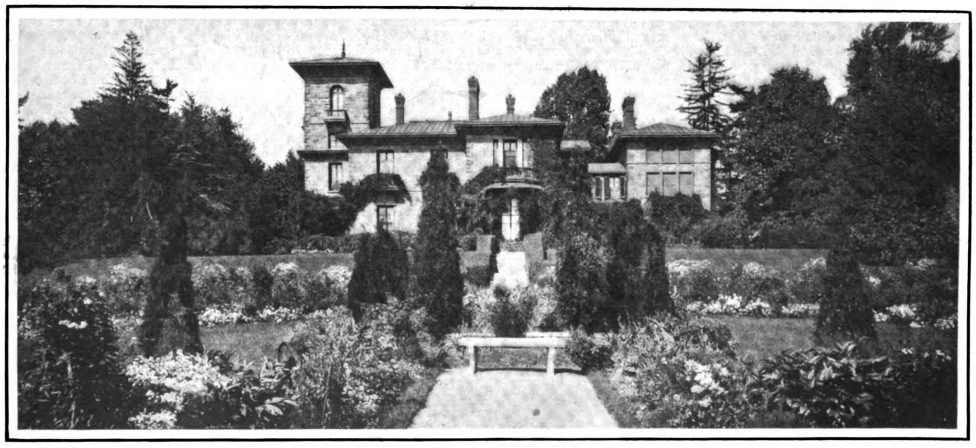
A family group—President and Mrs. Wilson and their daughters



Miss Jessie Wilson



Miss Margaret Woodrow Wilson



The home at Princeton which Woodrow Wilson left when he entered politics

THE NEW WHITE HOUSE FAMILY

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INAUGURATIONS OF THE PAST

Some of the Dramatic and Picturesque Circumstances under which Mr. Wilson's Predecessors have been Inducted into Office

WASHINGTON has been witness to many inaugurations in many different moods. There have been inaugurations grave and gay, inaugurations dramatic and inaugurations comic, inaugurations with the black clouds hovering and war the background, inaugurations when the people were in a jubilant mood and bent on holiday-making, inaugurations when it was feared before the day was over the sound of rifle-shot and cannon would light the fires of civil strife, inaugurations without ceremony and those in which all the pomp and pageantry compatible with Democratic simplicity were part of the show.

The most dramatic inauguration was Lincoln's first. Every one realized that civil war was imminent, passion ran high, open threats had been made that the hand of the assassin would defeat the will of the people and Lincoln would not be permitted to take the oath as President. Many members and Senators had thrown up their seats in Congress to sit in the Congress of the Confederacy, many clerks in the departments were so defiant and so contemptuous of the power of the government that they flagrantly flaunted secession badges. Under these circumstances, and with no one knowing what the day might bring forth, Mr. Lincoln took the historic ride along Pennsylvania Avenue that was to lead to Valhalla. According to custom then fairly well established, Mr. Buchanan, the outgoing President, called for his successor at Willard's Hotel, where Mr. Lincoln was staying, and in an open barouche they drove to the Capitol. So great was the fear that an attempt would be made to assassinate Mr. Lincoln that a company of German sharpshooters was stationed on the roofs of the highest buildings on Pennsylvania Avenue. Ball cartridges had been served to them, and their instructions were to fire if any hostile demonstration was made. The carriage was surrounded by a swarm of detectives and secret-service agents who kept the people at a safe distance. Mr. Lincoln delivered his inaugural address from a platform in front of the Capitol, and near enough to sweep the entire plaza was a battery of light artillery, its caissons filled with grape and canister, the gunners at attention and ready for action. This force was under command of Lieutenant-General Scott, and the veteran, who was not mounted but sat in a low carriage from which he could see everything that went on, would not have hesitated instantly to have turned his guns loose had any attempt been made to interfere with the proceedings. As every one knows, they passed off without misadventure, but tension was not relieved until the new President returned to the White House.

Comedy always joins hands with tragedy. While Scott and his men were ready for they knew not what, Mr. Lincoln gave a touch of the comic to the affair. According to a contemporary writer, he appeared on the platform dreadfully stiff and awkward and plainly embarrassed by the gorgeousness of his wardrobe, which evidently had been ordered for the occasion and worn for the first time that morning. A silk hat, shining as only a silk hat can shine that has just left its bandbox, and a ponderous gold-headed cane completed the Presidential attire. Mr. Lincoln managed to rid himself of the cane, but what to do with the hat was the greatest problem of statesmanship for the moment. He could not stand covered in the presence of the multitude, the hat was too good to throw away, it was entitled to more respect than to be dropped on the rough boards of the platform, so for a few minutes Mr. Lincoln stood there with the hat in his hands, vainly searching for a place in which to deposit his treasure with safety. Immediately behind Lincoln sat Douglas, and oh, the irony of fate! it was Douglas who saw his rival's embarrassment, it was Douglas who leaned forward and gently took the hat out of Mr. Lincoln's hands, it was Douglas who held it while the address was being delivered and restored it to its owner at the conclusion of the ceremonies. And think of the laugh that would have been raised if any one five years earlier had predicted that Douglas would be holding Mr. Lincoln's hat while Mr. Lincoln was delivering his address as President of the United States!

Lincoln's second inauguration was uneventful, the war being over and the danger of assassination no longer feared—so little are men able to read the future. For the first time there was a new feature in the inauguration procession. The negro took part in it, for he was now a citizen and not a chattel, and as a citizen and a freeman he exercised his right to march behind the man who had liberated him, to show his gratitude.

Certainly the most fabled inauguration was Jefferson's, because it has given birth to the whole myth of Jeffersonian simplicity and the legend of how he showed his contempt for flummery and fuss and feathers by riding to the Capitol and hitching his horse to a paling while he went in and took the oath instead of being carried there in state in a carriage and four, and swearing to obey the laws in the presence of the multitude. Now the facts are as near history as the story of Dick Whittington and his cat, who is supposed to have made his fortune and afterwards become Lord Mayor of London because he took a cat to the realms of a dusty potentate whose palace was overrun with mice, much to the annoyance of the dusky monarch and the numerous ladies attached to his court. The cat, according to veracious chroniclers, being a good mouser and knowing what was expected, soon rid the palace of its pest, and Whittington returned to London laden with gold and precious jewels.

Thomas Jefferson was undoubtedly a sound Democrat, but that did not prevent him liking good horses and fine clothes and a suitable amount of display. The story of Jefferson's famous ride—worthy to take place with those two other historical rides commemorated in song and story of Jack Gilpin and Paul Revere—rests on the testimony of a visiting Englishman, who probably had an eye for color and the makings of the original yellow journalist. Jefferson came to Washington at the end of November, shortly after his election, and took lodgings at a house on New Jersey Avenue only a couple of hundred steps from the Capitol. Here he remained during the winter, and it was this house that he left a private citizen and revisited President of the United States, for he did not give up his lodgings until three weeks after his inauguration. He had intended, despite his Democratic simplicity, to drive from his temporary home to the Capitol in a coach behind four magnificent horses, and his son-in-law, John Eppes, had been commissioned by him to select horses befitting the august duty they were required to perform. For some reason which has never been explained, Eppes did not send the horses to Washington on time—although later Jefferson acknowledged the receipt of four magnificent bays—and as nothing but the best was good enough for Jefferson, instead of taking a makeshift carriage he mounted his horse and rode the short distance to the Capitol. The Washington *National Intelligencer* of March 6th makes no mention of the horse incident, but it does say that Jefferson, "attended by a number of his fellow-citizens," "repaired to the Capitol," that the day was ushered in by a "discharge of artillery," that the Alexandria company of infantrymen and an artillery company paraded in front of the President's lodgings, and that as soon as he left the Senate Chamber, where he had taken the oath, thus following the precedent set by Washington, "a discharge of artillery was made." So much for Jeffersonian simplicity.

There was almost as much tension about the inauguration of Hayes as that of Lincoln. A great many persons believed that Hayes was not the legitimate President, that Tilden had been cheated out of the election, and that in all fairness and justice a Democratic and not a Republican President should be Grant's successor. As in Lincoln's time, threats had been made that Hayes would not be permitted to take the oath, there was wild talk of an army of Democrats a hundred thousand strong marching to Washington from the South, prepared to do battle if necessary to prevent the infamy of a man not the choice of the people being made President by fraud. Grant and his advisers were not deaf to this talk, and although it proved idle, they took suitable precautions. A sufficient force of regulars was drafted to Washington to prevent disorder or even more formidable resistance if it should be attempted, but the inauguration passed off without incident. Hayes was the only President to take the oath of office in the White House and to take it a day in advance of the prescribed time. The 4th of March, 1877, fell on Sunday, and Grant's term of President ended at twelve o'clock on that day, which would have left the nation without a President for twenty-four hours, as Hayes was not to be inaugurated until the following day. In view of the grave emergency then existing and the questions raised as to the legality of Hayes's right to the Presidency, it was deemed advisable that no interregnum should exist and that he should qualify by taking the oath in advance. On March 3d General Grant gave a state dinner at the White House which was attended by Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, the members of the Cabinet, Chief-Justice and Mrs. Waite, and a few others. At half-past seven, before dinner was announced, President Grant, Mr. Hayes, Chief-Justice Waite, and Secretary-of-State Fish retired to the Red Room, but so quietly was this done that few of the guests noticed their absence, and if they did, attached no importance to it. In the Red Room the oath was administered to the President-elect by the chief justice, who with Secretary Fish signed it as witnesses, and then the paper was confided to the keeping of Secretary Fish. Very few persons at the dinner knew that for the first time in its history the United States had two Presidents—Grant, who was in office, and Hayes, who had actually become President. It was the general expectation that Hayes would take the oath on Sunday, but the day passed uneventfully, and on the following day, Monday, March 5th, he was duly sworn in with the customary ceremonies. It was not until some time later that the official announcement was made of Hayes having taken the oath on the preceding Saturday.

One of the most spectacular inaugurations Washington has seen was that of Andrew Jackson. His election followed a bitter campaign, and when he arrived in Washington and refused to call on Adams, the retiring President, the latter's friends, to show their resentment, determined they would take no part in the inauguration, and the only military company then in Washington refused to act as an escort in the procession. This slight made the Jackson men more resolute to have the inauguration a greater success than any that had gone before, and from all parts of the country came the new President's adherents. Most of them on horseback, some in carriages, not a few on foot crowded into the mudhole that was then the capital of the nation, and as accommodations were few they had to camp out in the muddy streets. Some of Jackson's old soldiers, learning that there was to be no military escort, hastily organized themselves and formed his guard of honor. A picturesque but motley crowd followed their hero to the capitol. Most of the men wore rough hunting shirts with fox or coon-skin caps, their appearance showing that they were more familiar with life in the open than that of cities; but the afternoon was the climax to this extraordinary inauguration. A great crowd rushed to the White House to meet the President, and between fighting to shake his hand and grabbing refreshments the place became bedlam. Punch was made by the barrel, but as the waiters brought in the glasses a rush would be made for them, the glasses broken, their contents spilled over the dresses of women and on the floor. Men with boots heavy with mud stood on the satin sofas and chairs; to thin out the crowd in the mansion it was necessary to set up tubs of punch in the grounds.

It is a coincidence that two Presidents of modern times, candidates for re-election, who were defeated, were inaugurated under the most dismal weather conditions, as if an omen of the stormy days ahead of them. Rain fell in torrents on the 4th of March, 1889, when Benjamin Harrison was to become the twenty-third President of the United States. In case the rain continued it had been arranged that the ceremonies should take place in the Senate Chamber, but Mr. Harrison refused to disappoint the crowd assembled in front of the Capitol, and under a dripping umbrella, with every one water-soaked, he delivered his address. The frightful blizzard on the 4th of March four years ago is too recent for the public to have forgotten. That day was one of the worst Washington has ever known, and the streets of the capital were buried deep in snow. Railway communication was suspended, telegraph wires were carried down, and for that day the seat of government was practically isolated from the outside world. The most ardent patriot or the most enthusiastic Republican could not face the weather, the east front of the Capitol was deserted, and in the presence of a crowd that filled every inch of space Mr. Taft took the oath in the Senate Chamber and there delivered his inaugural address.

Grant's first inauguration saw the greatest military display ever held in Washington, with the single exception of Lincoln's review of the army at the close of the war. Grant's second inauguration was held on a bitterly cold day, and many of the soldiers had their fingers frozen. No provision was made for heating the ballroom and nearly everybody wore either an overcoat or wraps.

Vice-Presidents who have succeeded to the Presidency by death are not publicly inaugurated. Tyler, Harrison's successor, took the oath in a room in a Washington hotel; Arthur took the oath first in New York and again two days later in Washington; Roosevelt was sworn in at Buffalo, a few feet from where rested the corpse of his predecessor.



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LINCOLN'S FIRST INAUGURAL PROCESSION

FROM A WOOD-CUT IN "HARPER'S WEEKLY" FOR MARCH 16, 1861

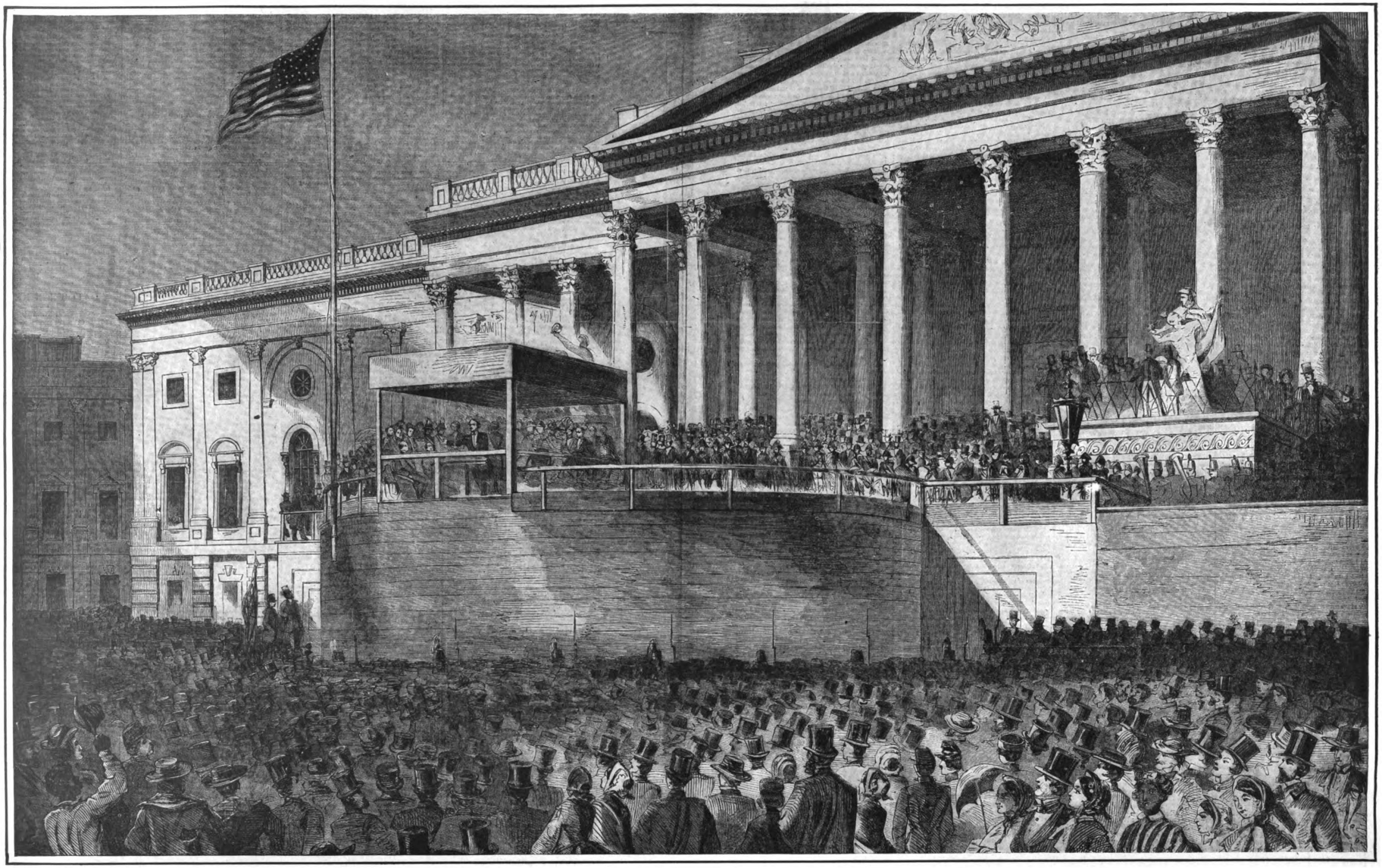
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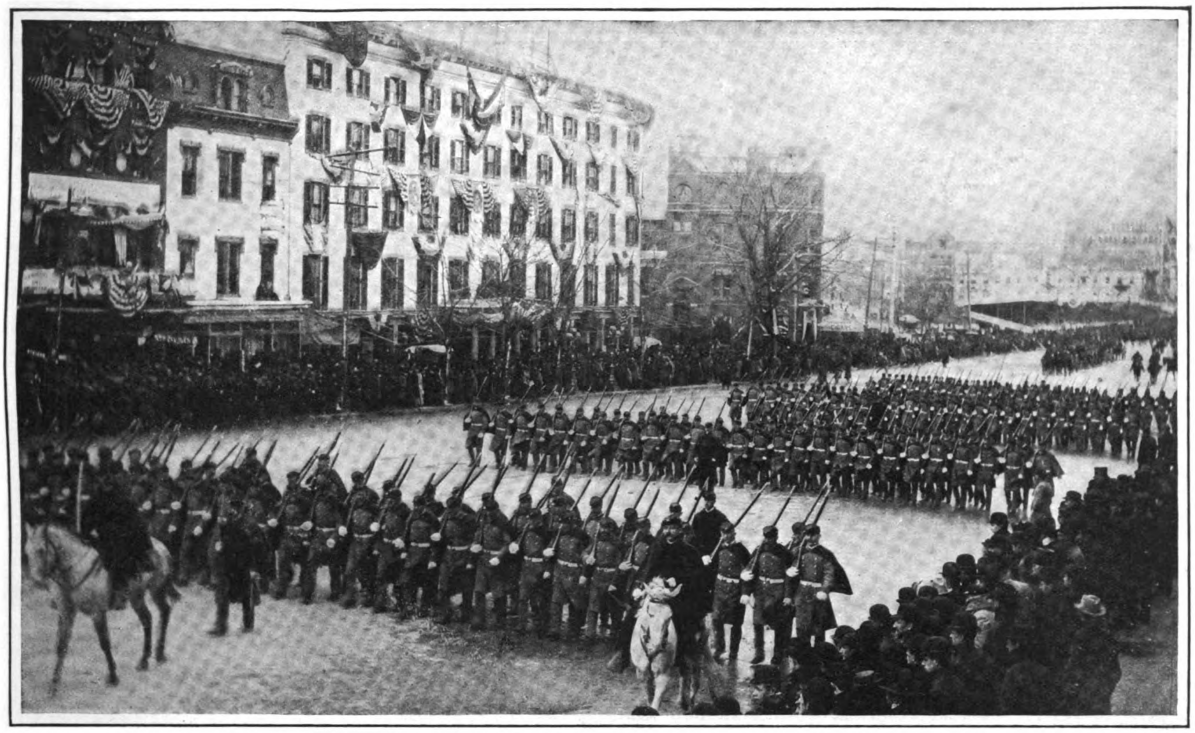
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THE FIRST INAUGURATION OF LINCOLN, MARCH 4, 1861

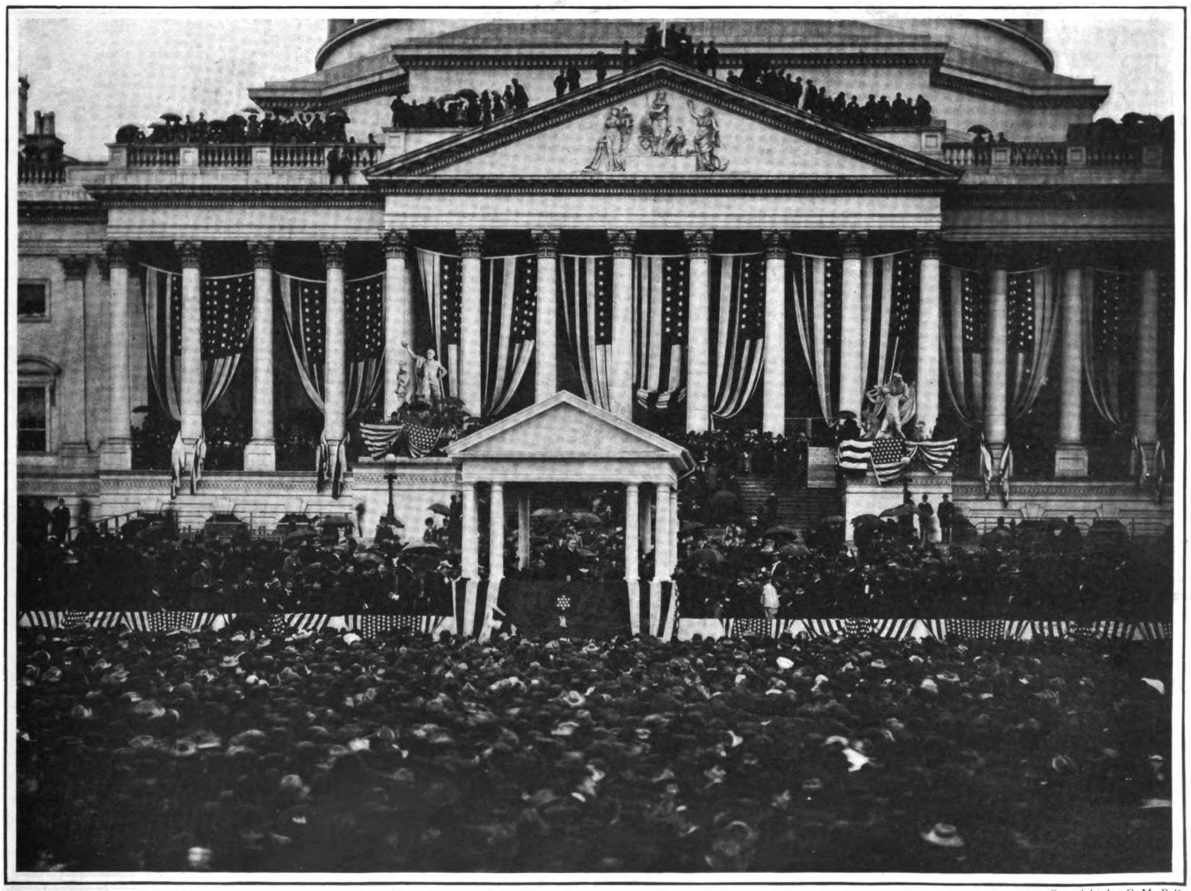
FROM A WOOD-CUT IN THE ISSUE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" FOR MARCH 16, 1861

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President Cleveland's second inauguration—The military parade passing along Pennsylvania Avenue

FROM A CONTEMPORARY ISSUE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



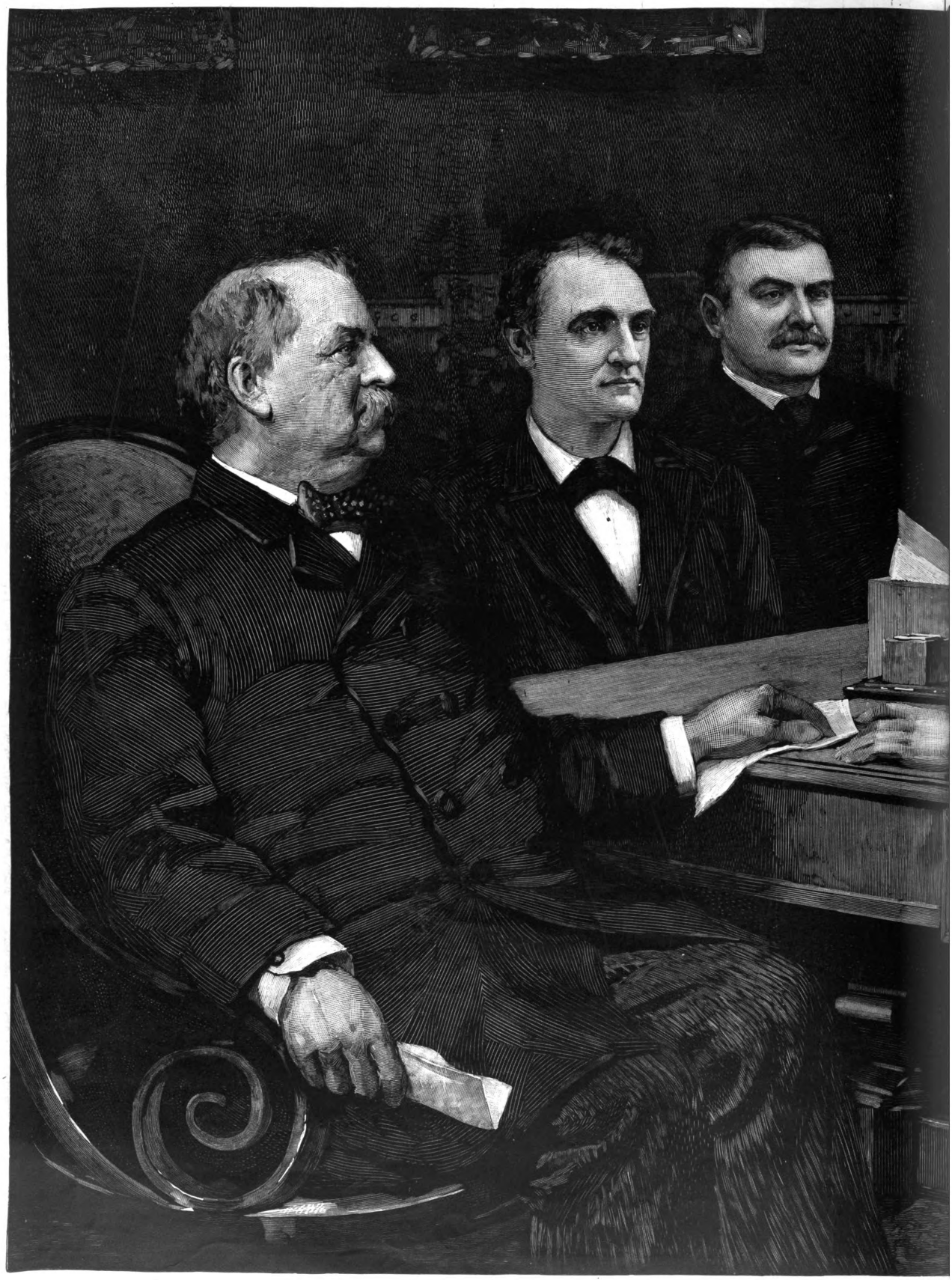
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President McKinley delivering his inaugural address, March 4, 1901

FROM A CONTEMPORARY ISSUE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

TWO MEMORABLE INAUGURATIONS

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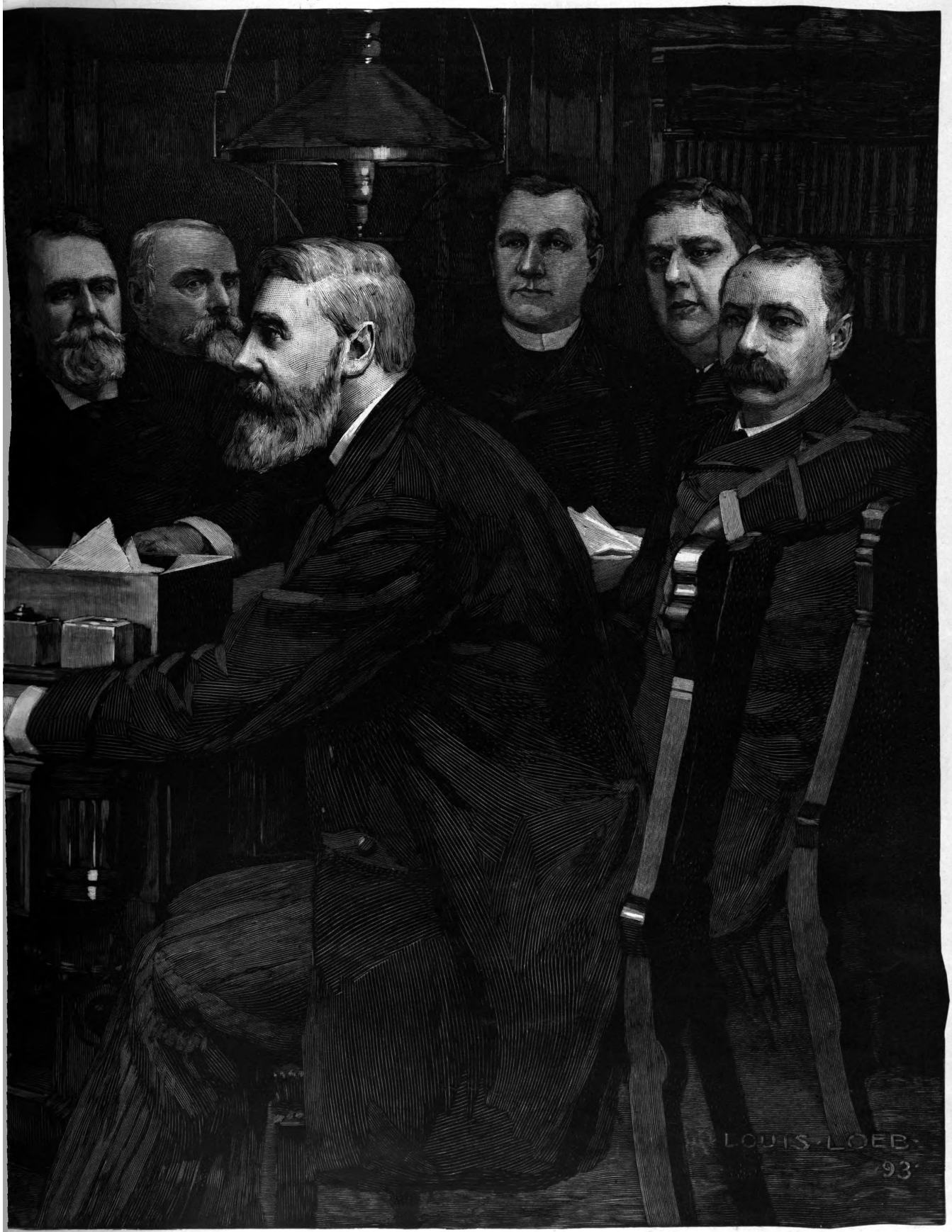


THE LAST DEMOCRATIC

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ARE: MR. CLEVELAND; JOHN G. CARLISLE, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY; RIC
SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE; WALTER Q. GRESHAM, SECRETARY OF STATE; HOKE SMITH, SECRETARY

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB FOR THE ISSUE

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PRESIDENT AND CABINET

RD OLNEY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL; HILARY A. HERBERT, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY; J. STERLING MORTON, THE INTERIOR; DANIEL S. LAMONT, SECRETARY OF WAR; AND WILSON S. BISSELL, POSTMASTER-GENERAL

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Mrs. Madison

The White House in Mrs. Madison's time
(From an old print)



The White House as it appears to-day



Mrs. Cleveland in her boudoir in the White House

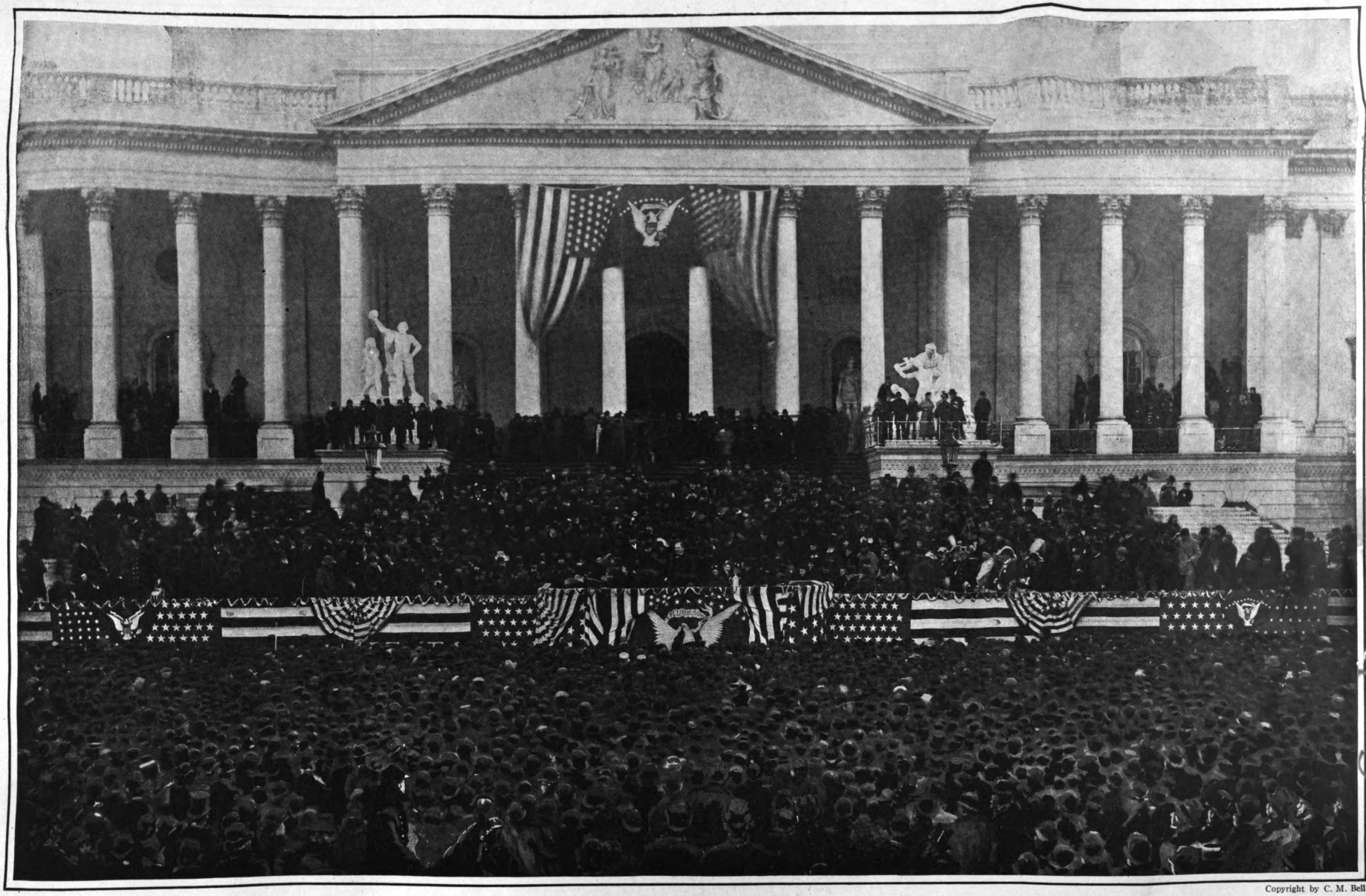
ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO AND YESTERDAY

TWO FAMOUS CHATELAINES OF THE WHITE HOUSE

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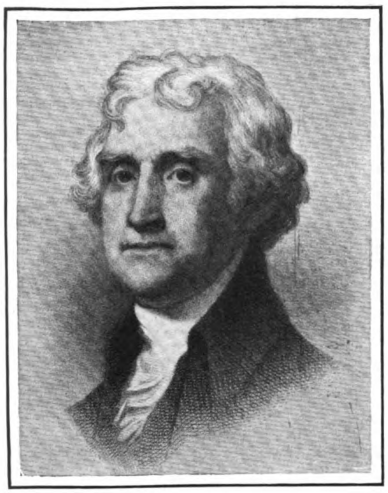
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THE LAST DEMOCRATIC INAUGURATION

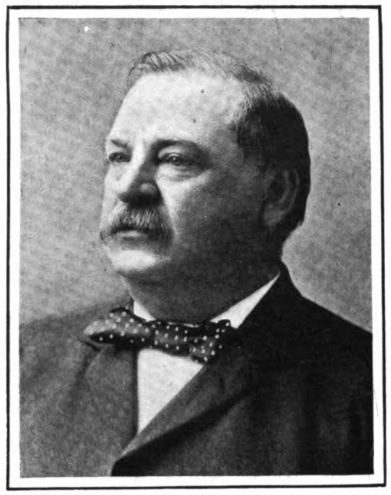
PRESIDENT CLEVELAND DELIVERING HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS AT THE CAPITOL, MARCH 4, 1893

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN A CONTEMPORARY ISSUE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

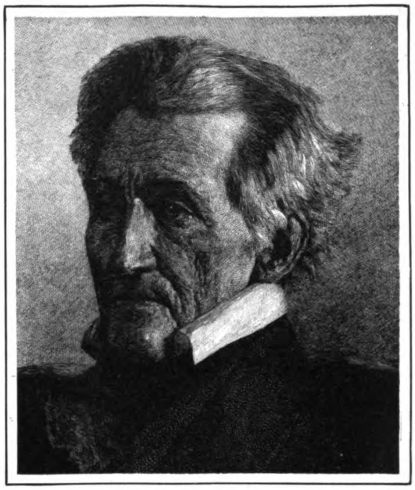
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Thomas Jefferson



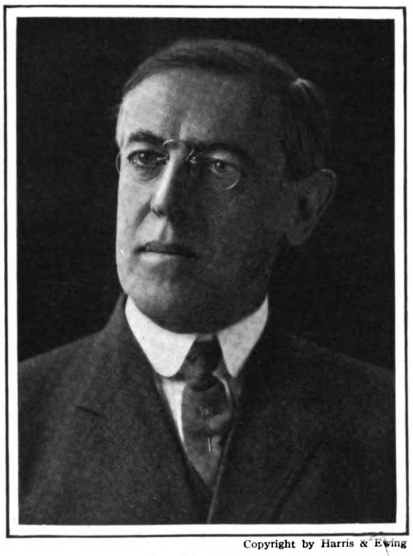
Grover Cleveland



Andrew Jackson



John Tyler

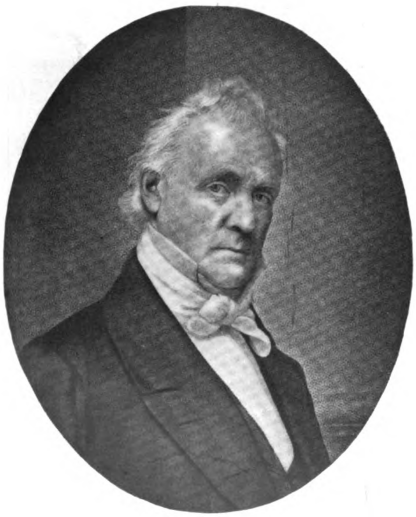


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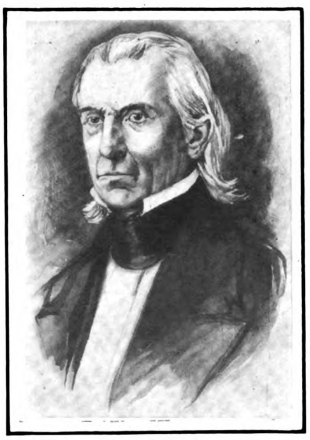
Woodrow Wilson



Franklin Pierce



James Buchanan



James Knox Polk



Martin Van Buren

OUR DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTS

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WITH CAP AND BELLS

BY KENNETH GROESBECK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. VICTOR HALL

ABOVE the clatter of the dishes and the chatter of the circus folk around the long table rose the voice of Gaston Beaupré.

"You others," he cried, smiling around at them expansively—"you others do not live, is it not? Twice daily I taste of life like strong wine when I fly through space an' thousands are dumb. That is life for you, if you will."

They fell silent at once and looked at him affectionately—the clowns and the bareback-riders and the animal-tamers—a motley crowd, still in their ring costumes, for the evening performance was yet to be given. And the lion-tamer, in the silence that followed the Frenchman's outburst, drawled:

"We others, we don't do nothin' but earn our livin', Gaston. An' not so much o' that, times bein' hard!"

But Gaston Beaupré was standing, his dark eyes shining with excitement.

"I stan' on the little platform an' all below are the crowd—dim, silent. I rub my feet in the rosin—so—an' fly into the air, down, down, with the wind whistl' in my ear. The trapeze he fly to meet me—then, whiz! up, up, an' the turn in the air, an' always I come exact to the same spot in the platform of arrival. An' up from the crowd come first silence, then roar, motion—'appiness that I am safe once more!"

He looked about him apologetically at the still silent table, while the lamps flickered and the canvas billowed gently above his crisp curls.

"She start me," he said, smiling ruefully down at the proprietor's daughter beside him. "So don' say, 'What conceit little Frenchman have!' She say how hard is our life. Messieurs et mesdames, all my fren's, I ask you' pardon!" And with the most charming of bows he left them to stroll under the stars until the people should begin to arrive.

"You *did* start him, Dolly," smiled the fattest woman in the world, beaming maternally at the girl opposite. "And he's a dear, even if he does think his act's the only thing going."

"It's good stuff, too," growled the heavy voice of Ryan, the proprietor, from the head of the long table. "There's not another man this side o' the ocean that can do the dip o' death like that Gaston. That's why I got him!"

They pushed back from the table with a noisy clatter and trooped to their dressing-rooms in the various wagons, most of them to rest up for the evening performance. But Dolly Ryan, otherwise Mlle. Desmoulins, champion bareback-rider of the world, went out to join Gaston, who was smoking the single cigarette he allowed himself daily, in harmony with the peaceful stars.

They came in shortly arm in arm, stopping to look at Dolly's little sister Frances, the pet of the whole company. Together they stood a moment beside the portable crib, and the man smoothed the damp curls back from the baby's forehead with infinite tenderness.

"Sweetest things in the world, babies, *hein?*" he whispered, smiling down at the sleeping child.

"Next to acrobatics?"

"Nex' to nothing, *petite,*" he said, slowly. "Excep' you!"

It was that very night that Gaston missed his grip on the slender bar of the trapeze as it rushed through space to meet him and shot into the net below. And though he climbed nimbly back and was successful in his second trial, he landed poorly, and the roar that came to his waiting ears seemed to lack something of its usual enthusiasm.

Ryan said nothing on this occasion, nor did he speak when the fault was repeated twice in the following week. But when he came upon Gaston drinking from a pocket flask one evening shortly after, he shook his massive head ominously.

"This won't do, old man," he said, laying his huge paw on the other's arm. "Cut it out or it 'll get you!"

But Gaston flung away with an angry gesture and Ryan looked after him doubtfully and called his daughter.

"Dolly, my girl," he said, slowly, "Gaston's drinkin'. You've got to stop him if you want to marry him. It's ruined many a crack tumbler before this, and it will him. It means he'll fall down on his act and lose his job, an' before you know it he'll be down and out. Have a talk with him."

But even to Dolly's gentle remonstrance Gaston turned a deaf ear and shook her hand angrily from his arm.

"I am no child, I," he snapped. "I know what is best, *chérie.* My nerves they go, and one small drink before I go on, it steadies them. So I become my old self once more."

The girl looked up at him imploringly. "Please stop," she said, simply. "Please, for my sake. I know what it will lead to, Gaston."

His eyes flashed angrily. "If you have not confidence in me, Gaston Beaupré, do not trouble with me. Perhaps—who shall say?—I am not worthy of it. So your father think, anyway." He walked away proudly, his head in the air, only to return at once in a sudden reversal of feeling and kiss her hand.

"I ask your pardon, *chérie.* I am not myself. Soon I will give it up entirely—so soon as my nerves they come back to where they were." He smiled at her with all his old charm and left her. But the girl stood still, a far-away look in her eyes, and her lip trembled.

Through the month that followed they did a series of one-night stands, and Gaston Beaupré went to pieces with paralyzing rapidity. He was over thirty and nearing the age when all acrobats must begin to think of giving up the most sensational of their acts. This, his emotional temperament, and the liquor he used in greater and greater quantities worked his swift downfall. He was nervous, overwrought, uncertain. With every member of the company he showed his irritation, except with little Frances. To her he was always the same gentle, kindly soul, ready to ride her all about the circus grounds on his back, or to tell her by the hour the most wonderful stories in all the world.

Then came the fatal day, dreaded by all that little company, when Ryan called Beaupré into his office in the proprietor's wagon and bade him sit down. The fat woman saw him go and wiped her eyes. And the animal-tamer swore softly and kicked the ground savagely at his feet.

"My boy," began Ryan, gently, "you've got to give up your act. It's gettin' dangerous. I don't know what it is" (he knew well enough), "but we must find another job for you. And no matter what you do you've got to give up the drink if you want to marry Dolly. That's final!"

There was a red spot in each of Gaston's cheeks as he rose to his feet. "You 'ave no right to insult me," he said, his voice shaking with anger. "I give you my resignation."

"Sit down, Gaston." Ryan's voice was very quiet, and he shook his great head patiently. "Think it over. I'm nearly your father, you know!"

"What are you suggest?" said the younger man, coldly. "What work is left for me to do, since I am a failure at what I love to do?"

Ryan looked at him perplexedly. "There's a particular branch of the profession that pays mighty well for the few men that do it best," he said, hesitatingly. "What most athletes go into—"

But Gaston rose to his feet, trembling with passion. "It ees not possible," he said, "that you are suggest I become a clown? To be laughed at, mocked at, by a common mob? I, Gaston Beaupré?"



Then it shot up the tent pole and crowed musically

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"Why not?" said the other. "You can count the really great clowns on the fingers of your one hand, Gaston. You're too sensitive, man. Can't you see that it ain't what you do, but how you do it?"

But Gaston—poor, outraged gentleman, his heart a fiery volcano of revolt, turned abruptly on his heel with a gesture that said volumes, and stalked away, his head high. It was a quiet little company that gathered about the long supper-table that night, and a new man did the dip of death.

Then, to complete their sadness, little Frances fell ill. She was taken with a high fever, and the distracted father summoned the best medical aid he could find in the country they were covering. Hour after hour the child lay in a sort of stupor, with Dolly, pale and crying quietly, close at her side, and the doctor, with his finger on her pulse, while Ryan strode up and down before the tent, helpless. It was just then that Gaston returned, after an absence of two days, hollow-eyed, white, the ghost of his former self.

The two men entered the tent together, and Frances opened her drooping eyes and smiled faintly. The doctor stood up. "It's the crisis," he said. "There's only one way to pull her through it. She must be interested, amused, kept awake. Or—she'll die."

But all their coffrts were in vain. Little Frances tried hard to smile as they romped forlornly around her, but her eyes would close, and each time it seemed longer before she opened them again. The doctor pressed his lips together and shook his head. Gaston stood by her side, and the tears rolled unchecked down his cheeks until he left the tent abruptly. The moments sped by and the child sank, rallied, sank, until it seemed as if she would never notice them again.

Then at the tent door appeared a wonderful, indescribable object. The face, if it was a face, was painted in fantastic colors, and it was hard to say whether it walked on its hands or its feet. It was a tangle of limbs, a wonderfully contorted, marvelous sight. It made the strangest sounds as it came and flew into the tent with a double air somersault, perching on the chair beside the child's bed.

Little Frances opened her eyes dully and then they brightened. The object fell over backward and came up smiling entrancingly. Then its head disappeared, and its feet, incased in long-fingered gloves, waved in the air. Then it shot up the tent pole, where it crowed musically, and folded up on itself all the way down the pole. Again it whirled to the bedside, fell over backward, and came up unexpectedly on the other side of the bed with more entrancing grimaces.

So it went on for half an hour, while three sad-eyed people shouted with laughter and all the time watched through their tears the little white face in the crib, whose eyes followed the object's every swift motion as it rolled and tumbled and wriggled into impossible shapes, all the time with the most wonderful sounds in the world.

Then it perched by the bedside and told stories with what breath it had left, in a high, squeaky voice, of all the hobgoblins in the universe and of fairies and gnomes, of treasure and magic. And if ever the eyes



"Sweetest things in the world, babies, *hein?*" he whispered

in the little white face dimmed the object fell over backward with a squeal, to go up the tent pole like lightning, or to appear suddenly where it was expected least.

Till at last the doctor held up the hand that had been all the time on the thin wrist and silence fell, even on the object, as for the hundredth time it started up the pole.

"She can sleep now," he said, and the child's eyes, all their dimness gone, closed in quiet slumber. They stood around her in strained silence a moment and then tiptoed from the tent. The object had disappeared.

Straight to the dressing-rooms strode Ryan, with Dolly at his side. They found Gaston wearily washing the grease paint from his hollow eyes.

"You saved the kid's life," began Ryan, abruptly, "with the most wonderful collection o' stunts *I* ever saw, an' I've seen some."

Gaston's eyes glistened and he straightened perceptibly. Dolly went swiftly to his side, and her hand slipped into his.

"You can have anything I've got," went on Ryan, with a shake of his head. "You can do as you please. You don't have to be a clown or anything else."

Gaston held out his two hands with an impulsive gesture and Ryan took them. The young man's eyes were bright, with all their old fire.

"Why not?" he cried, throwing up his head proudly, with the old alert gesture. "To bring smiles, 'appiness, to hungry hearts? Pouf! Who cares for the dip of death?"

A COUNCIL OF NATIONAL DEFENSE

BY CAPTAIN JOHN ROBERT PROCTER

General Staff, United States Army

AN editorial in HARPER'S WEEKLY a few months ago made a plea for the adoption of a fixed programme or policy for the army and navy of the United States. This is a need recognized by all military men in both the army and the navy. Major-General Wotherspoon, formerly President of the Army War College, recently stated before a Congressional committee that in all his studies at the War College he had never found any evidence of a military policy in the United States. General Emery Upton, author of that valuable study, *The Military Policy of the United States*, while not denying the existence of such a policy, demonstrated that it was always a mistaken policy and one that was constantly shifting. The distinction is unimportant, for it may be said with truth that a shifting policy is no policy at all.

The adoption of a wise military policy would insure an economical expenditure of military and naval appropriations with a maximum of efficiency, and would provide a system of national defense fitted to the needs of the country within the limits of the appropriations and in harmony with national and foreign policy. The question might well be asked, Why have we not such a military policy? The answer is that there are several interests involved, and these interests do not get together. Congress, which is responsible under the Constitution for providing the national defense by making appropriations therefor and prescribing how these appropriations shall be expended, does not possess the technical military knowledge necessary to determine, unassisted by expert advice, the amount and character of national defense suited to the needs of the country. When estimates have been submitted to Congress and bills drawn, the military experts are called before the committees in Congress and given a hearing. Usually this is not in any sense a getting together. Very little discussion takes place. The estimates are, as a rule, based on the organization imposed by Congress, and the officers who appear before the committees are called upon to show the need of the money asked for in connection with the existing establishment. If any official has the temerity to propose a change in the existing organization or the adoption of a new policy, he is looked upon with suspicion and is put in the position of an accused person testifying in his own defense. This is not conducive to a free interchange of ideas nor to mutual understanding.

The General Staff of the army, since its creation less than ten years ago, has been working toward the formulation of a sound policy for the land forces, and has recently put its conclusions into the form of a "Report on the Organization of the Land Forces of the United States." Prior to the completion of this work, however, the House Committee on Military Affairs initiated legislation for making radical changes in the organization of the army. Some of these changes were in accord with the plans of the War Department, but were considered harmful in the method of their accomplishment. At least one—the increase in the enlistment period—was directly opposed to the policy of the War Department and General Staff. These proposed changes were first put in the form of separate bills, but later were placed upon the army appropriation bill as "riders," and, after a bitter fight and a veto by the President, some of them were passed in an amended form and others were defeated.

To follow the history of one of these proposals will show the impossibility of obtaining a sound military policy under the present system. The House Committee on Military Affairs recommended that the term of enlistment in the army be increased from three years to five years, for the reason that the House was committed to a policy of retrenchment, and this change would have the effect of decreasing the pay of the older soldiers. The War Department was in favor of retaining the shorter period because, recognizing the one traditional military policy of the country that has remained fixed and that is likely to remain fixed for all time, that of maintaining a small standing army in time of peace and relying upon a larger army of citizen soldiery in time of war, it believed that trained soldiers should be turned out into the population as rapidly as possible and organized as a national reserve to be called upon in the emergency of war—obviously the most economical method of maintaining an adequate trained force and the one that interferes least with the economic life of the nation.* This necessitates a short enlistment period with no re-enlistment of any but the non-commissioned officers and a few of the best privates, who must be retained as instructors. Some officers of the General Staff were in favor of reducing the period to two years, but in view of the proposal to extend it to five years the War Department decided that its best course was to devote its efforts to the retention of the three-year period.

The majority members of the House Committee scouted the idea of a reserve, calling it impracticable and un-American; or, as one member expressed it to the writer, "made in Germany." The two Houses of Congress failed to agree, and the bill went to conference. A compromise was effected between those among the conferees who favored a longer enlistment period and those who supported the army view, with the result that the bill as finally passed provided for an enlistment of four years with the colors and three years in a so-called reserve. Thus in the same bill the reserve principle was adopted, though in an impracticable form, and an enlistment period was provided that will make a reserve more difficult to obtain. Such inconsistencies are bound to occur when military policies are shaped in a secret conference composed of legislators only.

The remedy for this condition is obvious. Establish by law an advisory body composed of representatives of the army and navy and of those who shape military and naval legislation in Congress. The deliberations of such a body would surely result in some proposal for a legislative programme that would more nearly escape the criticisms of technical experts and that would at the same time more nearly accord with the views of Congress than any legislation enacted under the present system.

After these two interests had agreed upon a military policy, there would still be a doubt, however, as to whether or not this programme provided adequate means for supporting, or was justified by, the foreign policy of the United States. It would be well, therefore, before adopting any programme for the national defense, if those who control the foreign policy of the nation are represented in the conferences.

During the last sessions of Congress a proposal to establish such a body as that described above was pending in the form of a bill to establish a Council of National Defense. The function of this proposed council, as defined in the preamble of the bill, was to "report to the President, for transmission to Congress, a general policy of national defense and such recommendations of measures relating thereto as it shall deem necessary and expedient." The council was to consist of the following members: the President of the United States (*ex officio* president of the council), the Secretary of State (to preside in the absence of

*It costs about $600 a year, not including [illegible] head charges, to maintain a soldier with the colors, and about $[illegible] a year to hold him as a paid reservist subject to call in the event of war. After a soldier has been thoroughly trained, he is of no more value in time of peace, as a war asset, with the colors than in the reserve, and it costs ten times as much to keep him.

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the President), the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, the chairmen of the committees on appropriations, foreign affairs, military affairs, and naval affairs of both the Senate and the House, the chief of staff of the army, an officer of the navy of high rank to be selected by the Secretary of the Navy, the president of the Army War College, and the president of the Navy War College.

The history of this bill is typical of all propositions to approach governmental questions from a scientific, non-political point of view. A brief review of it follows:

On the 19th of May, 1910, Representative McLachlan, of California, introduced a resolution in the House of Representatives calling upon the Secretary of War to inform the House as to the condition of the country for defense in the event of war, and the additional forces necessary, if any, to afford reasonable guarantee against successful invasion of the United States territory in time of war. This resolution was passed by the House, in what appeared to be a spirit of levity, on the last day of the session. The General Staff of the army spent the following summer and fall in the preparation of a reply to this resolution, and on the 14th of December the Secretary of War submitted it to the House. The report was of such serious import that the Speaker returned it the same day on the ground that it contained confidential matter which, under the rules, it would be impracticable to withhold from publication if received by the House.

It would not be violating any confidence to say that the report did not recommend any large increase in the standing army, but rather emphasized the necessity for a change in its organization and, above all, invited attention to the need of a well-defined military policy, and to this end recommended the creation of a permanent Council of National Defense. Although the report did not officially get any further than the Speaker's desk, this last recommendation was not without some result, for on the same day that the report was returned to the War Department Representative Hobson introduced the bill providing for such a council. The bill did not come up during that session of Congress, and a similar bill was introduced in the next Congress in the form described above. This bill was reported favorably by the Naval Committee of the Democratic House, February 6, 1911, and was embodied as a plank in the Democratic platform by the Baltimore Convention, yet when it came up on the calendar of the House on August 6th a prominent Democratic member objected to its consideration. It never came up again. The Naval Committee embodied its provisions in the Naval Appropriations bill as a "rider," but this was ruled out on a point of order.

In the hearings on the bill before the House Committee on Naval Affairs of the Sixty-first Congress it was endorsed by Secretary of War Dickinson, Secretary of the Navy Meyer, General Wood, Admiral Mahan, Admiral Wainwright, General Wotherspoon, Representative Hull, then chairman of the Military Committee, Admiral Rodgers, and Commander Hill.

Secretary Meyer expressed the opinion that "this council would result in a definite policy and would increase efficiency as well as economy."

General Wood considered the bill one of the most important measures for military efficiency that had ever come up for consideration.

General Wotherspoon said: "I consider this decidedly the most important measure that has ever come under my observation since I have been in the army in forty-odd years."

Admiral Mahan, in a letter to Secretary Meyer, said:

"The general purpose of the bill seems to me excellent. It would compel the deliberation in common of a number of men whose specialties are closely allied actually, but are not brought into formal cooperation, as the bill provides they shall hereafter be. . . . I believe that Congress, the ultimate arbiter in matters of military provision, would be enabled to judge much better through the institution of this proposed council."

Secretary of War Stimson, writing in *The Independent*, April 18, 1912, said:

"A bill is now pending before the House of Representatives to establish a Council of National Defense, containing representatives of both Houses of Congress and the heads, both civil and military, of the War and Navy departments. The establishment of some such organization would, in my opinion, go a long way toward insuring a continuous, intelligent treatment of our military and naval problems."

Congress has appropriated annually upward of a hundred million dollars for the support of the army. The country does not receive an adequate return for this large expenditure, as has been pointed out repeatedly by officers of the army. The appropriations are made very nearly in accordance with the estimates of the War Department, but the department must base its estimates on the existing organization. The wastefulness of the expenditures is due, therefore, to faulty organization, which in turn is due to piecemeal legislation without any fixed policy. The squandering of millions of the people's money on an ineffectual fighting force can be avoided only by the adoption of such a policy, and this can be assured only by establishing a Council of National Defense.

MILWAUKEE'S NON-PARTISAN GOVERNMENT

The New Scheme of City Administration which Drove the Socialists from Office

BY WARREN B. BULLOCK

MILWAUKEE, by its non-partisan movement, is setting a new code of business ethics for municipal officialdom throughout the West, is achieving business success, and its methods are being copied by other cities throughout the country.

"The city of Milwaukee is a great business enterprise. It should be conducted by the municipal officials as such.

"The municipality is a corporation. Its officials are the directors, elected by the voters, who are the stockholders in this business enterprise.

"Under party control of public affairs, such a business management of the city as should be, is not, and cannot be."

This is the outline by Dr. Gerhard A. Bading, mayor of Milwaukee, of the method under which he believes cities of America should be managed, and the creed under which he is trying to handle Milwaukee, not as a municipality, but as a big business, whose financial turn-over is more than five millions of dollars annually.

What the Galveston and Des Moines commission form of government was to the nation when the commission-rule idea was first given life, the Milwaukee idea of non-partisanship is to the later and more progressive mind of 1913.

Non-partisanship, devised as a means of uniting the anti-socialistic sentiment of the city against the rule of the red flag of the Socialist, has proved more than an invention, politically, to defeat the revolutionaries; it has been proved to be a great economic discovery, destined, Milwaukee believes, to open a new era of practical municipal management. This epoch, which with its modern ideas of municipal research, a properly limited paternalistic control of private enterprises, had been an impracticable theory until Milwaukee, with its elimination of factional politics, opened the way for the impartial reception of new progressive ideas by city officials, with open minds, not pledged to subservience to party committees or bosses.

Milwaukee devised a non-partisan administration as a means of ousting the Socialists, who in two years ran the city expenses higher than ever before by $1,000,000. It was not what the radical progressives call a movement of the business "interests," it was an outburst of the common man's protest against misrule, wastefulness, and party machinery domination of every phase of city affairs. This outburst caused the politicians to be forgotten, the every-day business man to come into the ascendant, and the first year of non-partisanship has proved so successful that already there has been one cut in taxes, in the face of the establishment of many innovations, some costly.

Milwaukee is converted, it appears, for all time, and the Progressives, Republicans, or Democrats will never again be known in Milwaukee city offices as such. The Socialists plan to retain their efforts to make this a Socialistic city, but the non-partisans, as they are known here, have no fear that non-partisanship will ever be overturned.

Here is how it was accomplished:

In the face of the Socialist strength, and with both old parties dominated by political managers, more or less discredited and not trusted by the great body of the voters, the city Republican and Democratic committees held a conference, at which it was agreed to divide the city list of officers, by which each of the old parties would have a fair representation on the spring election ticket, voted upon last April. The Republicans thus, by lot, drew the mayoralty, and the Democrats the two other at-large offices, the city comptrollership and the treasurership. Candidates for mayor, all to be Republican, became candidates at the primary election, and the people chose Dr. Bading. Democratic aspirants for the other two offices were likewise voted upon, and Joseph P. Carney and Louis M. Kotecki were the respective candidates for city treasurer and comptroller. In the wards the same rule was followed. Where the wards were strongly Democratic in tone, a Democrat was the candidate. Republican wards were conceded to the Republicans, until the candidates were evenly divided throughout the city. Thus an evenly balanced ticket was formed, as an initial step. Part of the non-partisan pledge was that no person elected to office upon this ticket should, during his entire time of office, participate in any manner in any partisan campaign or election. Thus during the Presidential election all the members of the administration were barred from serving as party chairmen or appearing officially at public meetings, and were confined to their right to cast their own ballots at the polls for the Presidential candidate each man might prefer.

Thus partisanship was utterly eliminated, and the Socialists were defeated. Defeated candidates at the primary turned in and worked for the successful non-partisan nominee at the regular election. The same course was followed at Minneapolis, where a division between Republicans and Democrats threatened to allow a Socialist victory. The rivals conferred, and one retired, throwing his sincere support to the rival, who was elected. Mayor Nye, the victor, has spent much time in Milwaukee, studying the manner in which this city eliminated every vestige of partisan politics from the city government, and is copying Milwaukee methods in the flour city.

One of the first steps taken by the new administration was indicative of the administration policy. The city trolley affairs are in the hands of a great corporation, being a branch of one of the big New York organizations. The chief engineer of this corporation's Milwaukee companies was Fred G. Simmons, a life-long corporation executive. Mayor Bading, seeking a city commissioner of public works, offered the post to Mr. Simmons. It was not financially a post such as Mr. Simmons might easily command from a corporation, but the possibilities of accomplishment appealed to the corporation executive. Even as Colonel Goethals, with the modest salary of a colonel of United States army engineers, is disbursing hundreds of millions in the building of the Panama Canal, and winning fame as a builder, though not fortune, by his success, so "Fred" Simmons decided to apply his talents to the making of Milwaukee's public department a model of business success for American municipalities.

Corporation man though he had always been, his first step, almost, was to open an attack on the weaknesses of the very trolley company whose employee he had formerly been. Forcing the company to pave between its tracks, sprinkle its share of the streets, and otherwise conform to the city's demands for efficient service, Mr. Simmons amazed the people who had protested against his appointment as a municipal official, and brought to naught their predictions that the non-partisans had named a corporation tool to the most important post under the administration.

"When I was with the company," he said, "I worked for the company, and as long as I am in the employ of the city I will work for the city."

Simmons, showing the absolute non-partisanship of the administration, refused to appoint to a job in his department the father of an influential member of the administration, saying merely that he would not employ an inefficient man if he were the relative of every alderman or official in the City Hall. This demand for results has been carried throughout the City Hall, under non-partisanship.

Mayor Bading, in his own outline of his hopes for the future, and a review of the work of 1912, has written the following estimate of non-partisanship as a theory which has been demonstrated satisfactory in Milwaukee:

"The year 1912 marked a new era in the affairs of the city of Milwaukee. Its citizenship has received the congratulations of the nation at large for the work done at the polls last April, when the incubus of Socialism and of party politics in municipal business was thrown off, and thrown off, I believe, for all time to come. Henceforth the business of our city will be conducted on the basis of efficiency and economy, with a dollar's worth of service for every dollar paid by the taxpayer, and with the merit system supreme in city service.

"A glance at the past year's tax bills, as compared with those of 1911 or before, will show that Milwaukee's non-partisan administration has made a satisfactory start on the labors which it is pledged to carry out. This is the test of efficient city government: More improvements each year, with a tax-rate commensurate with actual work done and service rendered; not a high tax-rate and an expenditure of public money such as to raise conjecture as to what mysterious purposes it was devoted. While not quite ten months in charge of the business of our people, this administration has made wonderful progress in carrying out those pledges by which it was intrusted with municipal affairs for two years. I regard myself as chief executive, or, I might say, as chairman of the board of directors of the biggest corporation in Wisconsin—namely, our city of Milwaukee.

"But while much has so far been accomplished, there is much that must be done. We have restored confidence in the fairness of our city government. There is no longer the feeling that those who serve the people in the City Hall are hostile toward the industrial and commercial activities of the community. This is evidenced by the unprecedented building activity in Milwaukee. Since last April all records have been broken in the building line, showing that our people no longer view with timidity or fear the acts of our public officials, as was the case in 1910 and 1911.

"We have started on the great problem of water supply and sewage disposal, the paramount labor confronting Milwaukee for the next few years. We have started granting the franchises recommended by the railroad commission of Wisconsin to perfect our street-car service.

"A bureau of municipal research has been founded, to guide in the future all our acts and our expenditures for the best interests of those who must pay the bills. A new and complete system of accounting is ready for installation in connection with the work of the director of this new bureau.

"An important stride has been made in plans for a greater inner and outer harbor. The harbor commission, an advisory body of citizens, has been reorganized. Its personnel includes men best versed on the subject. The commission now has a secretary, working under the department of public works, and on a legal basis, so that he can be paid for his research work. The commission has plans nearly completed which will insure for use by the city a large appropriation made by the government for harbor work here."

The Socialist administration, with its many theories of conducting municipal business in the interest of the laboring people, attracted many publicists to study its methods, and was the subject of wide attention, but, as the work of the non-partisans in "getting results" is becoming known, many leaders in municipal thought, throughout the West particularly, are beginning to advocate a wide-spread copying of the Milwaukee idea in municipal management.

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Interludes

THE READY REPLYER

A Compendium of Tinned Conversation for Use in Embarrassing Moments

(For a Young Man Who Has Been Forbidden the House Caught in the Drawing-room by her Father)

Father *(with great show of heat, as he nervously swings his right foot to and fro)*: What the dickens are you doing here? Didn't I tell you never to darken my front door again?

Young Man *(with a pleasant smile on his countenance)*: You sure did, Mr. Wrinklepate, and let me tell you, sir, that never in the whole history of speech was an idea more clearly and convincingly conveyed than by your good self when you imparted your wishes to me on the auspicious occasion of my last visit here; for which reason I have not only paid heed to your words, but have also followed your instructions to the limit, taking them in their most literal interpretation. To avoid darkening your door I have chosen the evening for my arrival when the conditions were such that no act of mine could add an atom to the general opacity of things, the night itself having already darkened your door to such an extent that even I could not by any stretch of the imagination be suspected of darkening it further. Moreover I have brought along with me this little electric baton, which, as you will observe, sir, upon the pressure of this little button on the side, provides a minute, but none the less perceptible, augmentation of the light, so that in reality I have brightened your door rather than otherwise, which considerate act on my part, added to the fact that I am possessed of a naturally sunny disposition, has enabled me not only to carry out your instructions to the letter, but to go a step further for the general illumination of all concerned.

Father *(endeavoring with a supreme effort of the will to control a natural inclination to remove the visitor summarily)*: You know well enough that I meant that you were never to come through my front door again!

Young Man *(most amiably)*: Even that intimation, sir, I have endeavored to the full extent of my power to respect, in pursuance of which endeavor I beg to assure you that I did not come through the front door at all, but at great personal inconvenience to myself climbed up the fire-escape of the house next door to your roof, and entered by the skylight on your roof, enduring considerable personal peril in that upward climb, as well as laying myself open to the possibility of arrest by the police as a burglar engaged in the nefarious project of breaking in. I might have come in through the back door and still remain within the intimations of your inhibition, but I assumed that when you used the word front door you meant any door, so that you cannot fail to see that in every way possible I have shown a complete understanding of and respect for your wishes.

At this point back away slowly toward the window, and, if the old gentleman laughs, drop on your knees and ask for the daughter's hand, and if, on the other hand, his right leg swings backward like a pendulum, with his heavily booted foot held rigidly poised for a forward plunge, dive through the window, and take your chances of landing on a tolerably soft passer-by on the highway outside in order to break your fall.



THE ARROGANCE OF THE HONEYMOON: WHO CARES FOR THE OLD WORLD, ANYWAY?



"Hello, Mister! How's Everybody in China?"

PREMONITIONS OF SPRING

I can hear the birds a-humming that the gentle spring is coming on the way; and beneath the sleet and snowing I can feel the green things growing that will make a floral showing in the May.

Far above old winter's bluster I can see the snowy cluster of the trees with their blossoms all a-glitter, while the early robins twitter in despite the tang so bitter of the breeze.

I can see the gloomy plumber getting daily glummer, glummer, full of drear, as his profits for gas-fitting, and his pay for sitting, sitting, on a frozen pipelet hitting, disappear.

I can hear the coal-man groaning, and his hard lot now bemoaning, as he sits, that there'll be no cash in fuel when the seasons in their duel show old winter harsh and cruel smashed to bits.

Oh, the lovely days of springtime, with their hammock and their swing-time, soon we'll spy, as a certain soft cadenza in the general influenza and the sneezes of all men, sir, prophesy!

Horace Dodd Gastit.

YET IT PAYS

The American genius for advertising, so often and so justly praised for its fervor and its artistic excellence, at times shows the need of a restraining hand. An honest Broadway hatter recently displayed in his window a mound of hats, with the placard, "The genuine pseudo-Panamas." Not far from him was an establishment that bore across its front this flaming sign: "Bargains! Bargains! Waterproof Umbrellas!" They *are* rare, too. In many street-cars of late a brewing company that is big enough to know better has been parading an appealing life-size portrait, in color, of a bottle of beer, reinforced with the following rhyme in purest New-Yorkese dialect:

"Missing empty bottles soon run into coin.
That's why we pay for their return."

REPARTEE

"My only fear in respect to woman suffrage," said Mr. Baldibrow, "is its possible effect upon the public life of the future. Woman's love of a bargain would cause her to go in for cheap statesmen."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Baldibrow, with an indulgent smile. "Well—look at the pile of illustrious remnants you men are still sticking to!"

Whereupon Mr. Baldibrow began to hem like a stump-speaker, but nothing came of it. His eloquence was not equal to the occasion.

A REASONABLE PROPOSITION

"But your own meter says ye was goin' forty miles an hour," said the constable.

"Hush—please!" whispered the demonstrator. "I'm trying to sell this car to that old chap in the tonneau, and I've speeded up the meter seventy-five per cent."

"Oh—all right, boss," said the constable. "You gimme twenty-five per cent. o' the profits, and I'll let ye off."

HURRY UP!

"Now's the time for a fellow to win fame at the mere cost of a telegram," said Blobbs.

"In what way?" asked Wilkins.

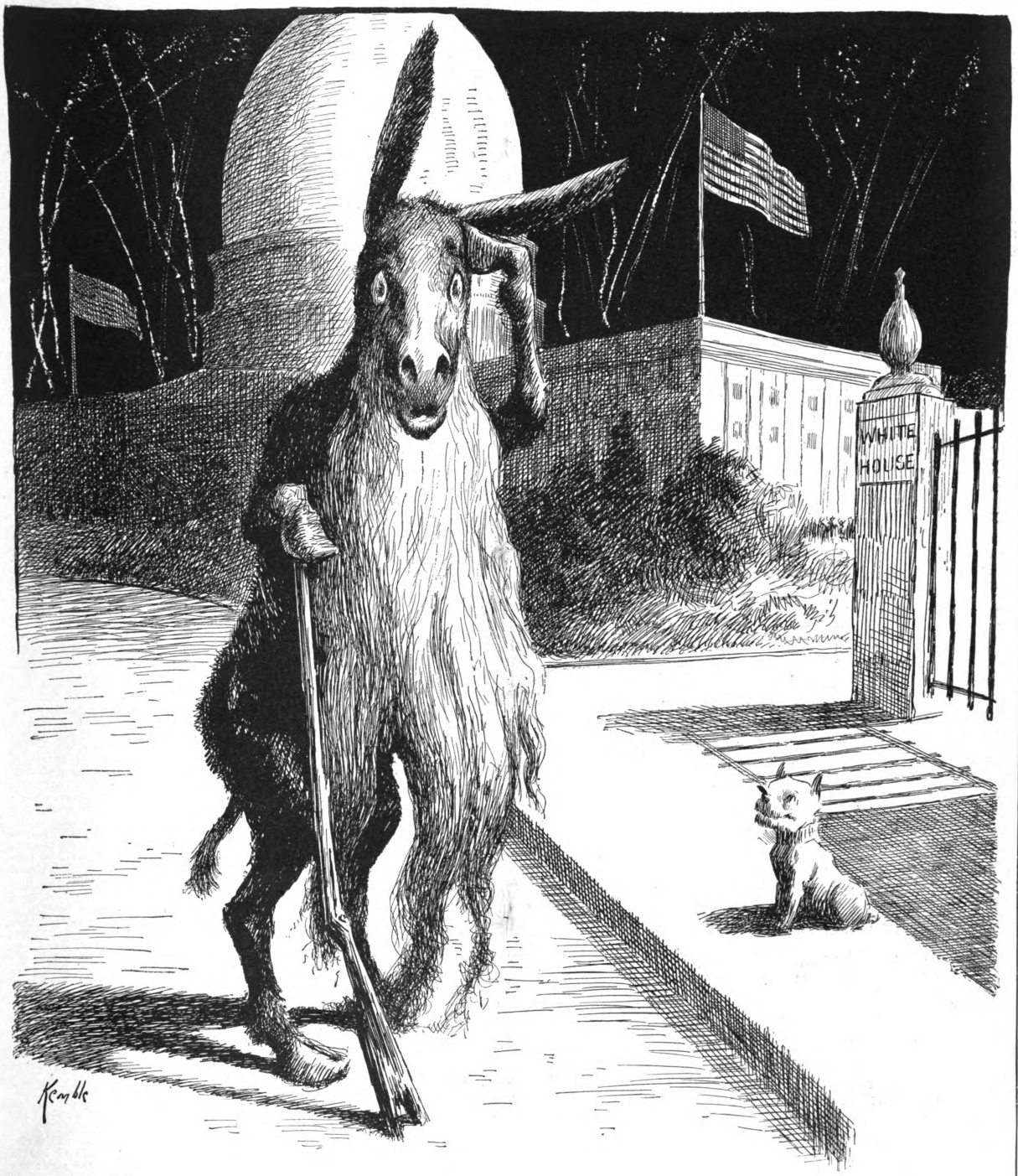
"Just telegraph a denial to a newspaper that you have been offered a place in Mr. Wilson's cabinet," said Blobbs.



THE LAUNDRY ARTIST

In "Marines" she is certainly fine,
She can turn out a "wash" that's divine;
And like all of her bent
She is never content
Till she sees her work "hung on the line."

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AFTER HIS TWENTY-YEAR SLEEP

"IS THIS THE VILLAGE OF FALLING WATER?"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

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FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

Creditor and Partner

THE ALLIANCE OF INVESTMENT VIRTUES AND SPECULATIVE POSSIBILITIES CONTAINED IN CONVERTIBLE BONDS

A SUCCESSFUL manufacturing business in the Middle West recently found itself in need of additional capital. The man who had built up the business went to the town capitalist, showed him the profits of the concern, and suggested that he put some money into it. The man of means thought it over and then refused. The business was a good one and making money, he knew, but he was past the point of taking risks on his investments. The manufacturer then proposed to the capitalist that instead of putting money into the business he lend it a certain sum, outright, on mortgage. Again the answer was in the negative—there was not enough in it that way for the lender, it appeared. On what terms, then, *would* he let him have the money? On mortgage, the capitalist replied, he (the lender) to have the privilege at any time of changing the loan into an equivalent interest in the business. "I won't put this money into your firm as a partner," he said, "and I won't put it in as a creditor. But if you're willing to give me the option of being either of the two I choose during the next five years you can have what you want."

On that basis the arrangement was made. And on that basis a lot of other arrangements for securing needed capital are being made these days. Corporations needing money have tried to get it by selling common stock—in other words, by offering the investment public an interest in the business, just as the manufacturer mentioned above offered the town capitalist an interest. Nothing doing, has been the reply; we don't want to take the risk. Offers of bonds bearing a fixed rate of interest have met a reception no better. "There's not enough in it for me," the manufacturing man's wealthy friend replied when approached along those lines. "The cost of living is too high for any ordinary fixed rate of interest to attract us," investors cry. So what happens? Exactly what happened in the other case. The investor finally "comes across," but only in exchange for a writing which makes him not only a creditor, but which gives him the right, lasting for a term of years, of at any time and at his own option becoming a special partner to an equivalent amount.

There have been, at the time of writing, five big bond issues since the beginning of 1913, and in every case but one the bonds have been convertible, at the option of the holder, into stock. In the length of the period during which the conversion privilege is to remain operative, in the amount in bonds that has to be turned in to get a share of stock, and in other details the issues differ, but in this one main thing they are all alike—they make the man who buys them not only a creditor of the company, but a potential partner as well. If business gets bad and earnings fall off and shares in the company are depressed in price, he has merely to "stand pat" with his bonds and collect the interest as it comes due. If, on the other hand, business is good and earnings are large and the company's shares increase in market value, the fortunate owner of these "convertibles" can change his position to that of a shareholder by simply turning in his bonds and demanding stock in exchange.

An ideal arrangement from the investor's point of view—that is the thought which naturally first comes into one's mind. But not too fast—before jumping to that conclusion there are one or two things to be considered. An absolutely safe bond, bought at a price low for it, *as a bond*, and yet convertible into stock—that would, indeed, represent the *ne plus ultra* in investment. But how about all these convertible bonds (not the new ones, particularly, but the rank and file of them so popular at the present time), are they ideal investments *as bonds?* And how about the prices at which they are selling? Can they be bought at the prices warranted by their standing purely as investments, or must more be paid for them because of the privilege of conversion into stock which goes with them?

As to the investment standing of the convertibles, a slight knowledge of security values is all that is necessary to realize that most of them hold no exalted rank. Some of these issues, it is true, are secured by mortgages of one sort or another, but only in the fewest cases can this security be called first class. And in the majority of cases there is no security at all, the bonds being mere "debentures"—long-term promises to pay.

Now it is quite true that the debenture bond of a big railroad like the New Haven or the Atchison can be an investment security of considerable merit. From an investment standpoint, indeed, such a security outranks an innumerable number of so-called "first-mortgage" bonds secured on properties which, under foreclosure, wouldn't begin to bring the face value of the bonds. But because the principal "convertibles" are better than some of the mortgage issues that cannot be called good at all it is by no means said that they rank well among bonds which have, actually, a high degree of investment merit. As a matter of fact, taking them as a class, they don't. The man who is looking for bonds of really high grade will not find them in the convertible class. What he will find there in the great majority of cases, if he knows enough about judging security values to be able to recognize what he sees, are bonds of just fairly good grade—the kind of bonds, for example, in which a business man can legitimately invest some of his surplus money.

As to the price of these securities, few of them can be bought at a figure representative of their intrinsic investment value. With real first-mortgage railroad bonds of high grade obtainable to net the buyer four and a quarter per cent. or over, bonds of the grade of most of these convertibles ought to yield at least five per cent. How many of them do? Run down the list of percentages yielded by the prominent convertibles, and it will be seen that in most cases the yield is as small as or smaller than if the securities were first mortgages of the highest grade. Take even the convertible bonds of companies whose stock sells far below the conversion price and where there seems little likelihood that it will ever be possible profitably to exercise the conversion privilege, and even there it will be found that the mere possibility of the thing causes the bonds to sell higher than they otherwise would. It is impossible to get away from it. To take a chance is human nature. Stipulate that a bond is convertible into stock, and, at whatever price that stock is selling and however remote may be the chance that it will ever sell up to its conversion price, the fact that the bonds *are* so convertible will add a number of points to their market price. The gamble that something may happen suddenly to increase the market value of the company's shares is, the buyer of the bonds will tell you, worth the few extra points that he has to pay. In only too many cases he doesn't realize that he is paying a good many extra points.

The convertibles as a class, then, are not a suitable form of investment where absolute safety and as high an income yield as is consistent therewith are the main considerations. By no means, however, does that damn them even from an investment standpoint. There is a good deal of real investment conducted with objects in view other than the obtaining of the greatest amount of safety possible. Drawing the exact line between speculation and investment is a ticklish business, but certain it is that there is a large amount of legitimate investment for profit. The widow dependent upon the little income from her investments and the holder of trust funds cannot, of course, sacrifice anything in the way of safety or income yield for the chance of increasing the principal. But there are a good many classes of investors which legitimately can. A man with a good established business, for example, who is making more money than he needs to live on is by no means bound to invest his surplus in the kind of first-mortgage bonds that never move more than a point or two one way or the other and that bring in only four per cent. Some of his accumulated surplus can very properly be invested that way, but after that has been attended to he is free so to invest his money as to give the principal a chance to grow. It comes pretty close to being his duty, as a matter of fact, to do so.

For investment of that sort the convertibles, undoubtedly, present great possibilities. A bond, exchangeable for shares which have risen far above par and which consequently sells at so big a premium that it yields only a low rate of income is, of course, no investment proposition from any angle. But where profit possibilities exist and have not been discounted, it is a different story.

In investing for profit, as in investing for income or anything else, safety remains the primary consideration. In the case of the business man's investment it isn't necessary that the security be a first mortgage or that it be backed up by the kind of collateral that ought to be there in the case of a savings-bank or trust-fund investment. But it *is* necessary that the bond be absolutely "good." Is the security in question a debenture? Well, then it ought to be backed up by demonstrated earning power—dividends paid on the stock over a long series of years. Is it a mortgage issue? In that case the buyer wants to be very sure that the property on which it is secured is valuable enough to cover the *whole issue*—that just a little really good "stuff" hasn't been put back of the bonds, perhaps, to make it possible to sell them as a mortgage issue. In any case and whatever the type of bond, the great thing to be sure of is that it is a good bond of its own type.

The goodness of the bond having been passed upon, rate of income is the next consideration. Nobody who knows what he is doing buys convertible bonds for the income they yield, but, on the other hand, there is no reason why a reasonable income should not be had. A convertible bond, indeed, that sells so high that the income yield is very low is not a suitable investment even for the business man's surplus. Far more reason is there for the prospective buyer of such a bond to buy the stock into which it is convertible. The income in that case will be materially higher and the security not much less.

What counts principally, of course, in the intelligent purchase of convertible bonds, is the chance of price appreciation in the security into which they are convertible. For that the buyer is, in the great majority of cases, sacrificing a good deal in the way of income and even something in the way of safety. He is lending his money, to come back to the original idea, only on the stipulation that, at any time he may elect, he may change his rôle from that of creditor to partner. What such a partnership may be worth to him—that, of course, is something he is going to have all figured out before he goes into the deal at all.

To put it another way, before he buys convertible bonds he is going to have a very definite idea as to what is likely to happen in the stock for which they are exchangeable. That the stock is going to rise in value and carry the price of the bonds up with it is something which, of course, neither he nor any one else can definitely know; but the possibilities of that happening constitute, actually, the underlying motive for the purchase. I don't believe in this proposition quite enough to buy the shares, is the line of reasoning, but I do believe that the shares are going up and that if I can get bond protection for my money and a "call" on the stock thrown in it is a good proposition.

The business prospects of the company, therefore, and the past market record of the shares into which the bonds in question can be converted become considerations of the greatest importance—the latter particularly so. Here is a bond which, at any time during the next five years, can be exchanged for ten shares of stock, say, in the X Y Z Railroad. What is the first thing which comes to mind in any consideration as to what that privilege may be worth? The price, naturally, at which these shares have sold in the past. Prospects for future business are, of course, important, but even more so, in the opinion of the average buyer, is the black-and-white record which shows him what, had he had his privilege during the past five years or so, he might have made. If during that time the price of the shares has on several occasions sold higher than the point at which the convertible bonds can now be bought, there is a first-rate chance that they will sell there again. It doesn't prove it, of course, but granted that nothing has happened in the mean while to reduce the intrinsic value of the company's securities, there is a strong presumption in favor of recurrence.

One thing, however, has got to be remembered, and that is that the creation of a large issue of convertible bonds in itself acts as a drag on the price of the stock and keeps it from rising as it otherwise might. As soon as the stock begins to get up, holders of the bonds begin to exchange them for shares, the result being that the floating supply of shares is largely increased. If the outstanding issue of convertibles is a big one, the increase in the company's share capital may be very considerable—so considerable, indeed, that not only is every one who might want to put the stock up in price scared off, but the intrinsic value of each share made appreciably less. Numerous are the instances to be found, in the market, of shares which, because they have big issues of convertibles "overhanging" them, have been weighted down in price. The logical deduction is that, other conditions being equal, the smaller the issue, the more likely is the conversion privilege to become valuable.

Another important point in connection with the conversion of bonds into stocks, not always appreciated, is that where the bonds are convertible "at a price"—say, at 175, as in the case of the Union Pacific fours—the stock has got to move up a good deal more than a point in order to carry the bonds up a point. "Convertible at 175" means that for each $175 in bonds the holder may care to turn in, the company will hand over one share of stock, irrespective of what the market quotation of the shares or bonds may be. When the convertible bonds are purchasable at 100 and the stock into which they are convertible can be sold at 175, there is no profit or loss on the operation—the two quotations are on a parity. A rise of a point in the stock to 176 will not, however, carry the price of the bonds up a point, to 101. It needs $175 *par value* of bonds to get $100 *par value* in stock—from which it follows that the "pulling power" of a rise in the stock toward a rise in the price of the bonds is in the ratio of 100 to 175, or 4 to 7. Differently expressed, the stock has got to go up seven points to carry up the bonds four points.

In the case of bonds convertible at a price high above par this is a serious disadvantage. It means, in the first place, that the stock has got to sell at a high price before the conversion privilege is of any value at all. It means, in the second place, that of any rise in the stock above the conversion point the holder of the convertible bonds only gets a partial benefit. The deal, in other words, isn't that the lender of the money is to have the right at any time to buy an interest in the business equivalent to the amount of his loan, but only to the extent of a part of it. And that, whether the bond-buyer realizes it or not, wasn't the original proposition.

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The Gentler View

By Florida Pier

Premature Content

If the reforms and creeds, ideals and activities, are making toward any agreed goal, it is toward a happier, serener, simpler, and at the same time more interesting life for each individual. With this as the surface destination, it becomes a droll contradiction that we look with disfavor on the few people who have already arrived there. We each of us know some family that answers all the requirements of the model family of the future. It lives outside the city, yet near enough to come in for the *Ring*. Its home is a place of such proportions that it lends them dignity, yet does not force opulence upon them, and has an air of elevated democracy, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say of simple aristocracy. The husband and wife work at the same thing, their activities are many, but principally carried on inside the family circle. Their children are marvels of healthy prattling intellectuality. The house contains objects of genuine beauty understood by their possessors. The keenness, originality, and talents of each member are above the average. They are precisely the product which idealists and reformers, each in their own way, hope to evolve by the thousand.

It would seem obvious that they should be studied with fervor. They are prophecies of the future, and if we believe them to be authentic we should give them our closest attention and imitation. What we actually do is amazingly different. The majority regard them as queer, spontaneity and naturalness coupled with intelligence being for some reason embarrassing to the many. There are others who adore such a family, if they be so fortunate as to know one. They gloat over each detail of their lives. They are besieged with questions from friends who delight in the family at second hand. Their delicious simplicities are balm to worn nerves. The individuals themselves are loved, their ways are affectionately chuckled over, the oasis they make in modern life is a tonic and refreshment. Yet there is a reservation in the approval bestowed upon them. Instead of being visited as a group that is living as it should, and alone out of all the world needs no change brought about in its midst, they are seen as a delightful but wholly unreal fairyland having no serious connection with the rest of civilization.

We go to them as we would to "Peter Pan," sure in advance of the beneficial results of so innocent and healthy a pastime. When we come away we feel it to be a return to hard ground, a descent, in fact, from Peter Pan's tree-tops. It is just possible that the weight of our own morality brought us to earth, for, though we like to see Peter Pan living in the tree-tops, we do not for a moment believe that the tree-tops are a feasible environment for the majority. We go further, and with a perverse, tiresomely rigorous instinct feel that a residence in the tree-tops cuts one off from the great masses of people who are living on the ground, that to be cut off even by being markedly above is to be somehow in the wrong. We feel that the residents of tree-tops tend a little to become scornful of those below them, when not entirely oblivious of their existence. The pleasant but necessarily isolated existence of our delightful family is, we feel, led much nearer the clouds than it is to solid earth. We, of the earth, shake our solemn heads at this. The heights have their advantages, we grudgingly admit. They give a broad view of distances, but, we add hastily, the distances are very distant, and the resultant attitude is that the members of the family and a few harmonious friends alone seem of normal size, while every one else is reduced to the scuttling specks seen in a bird's-eye view. When we have gone as far as this in the ungracious business of dissecting, we find that our perfect family has a little the effect of being a selfish family, and this because we cannot help feeling that its content is premature.

Why we should insist upon riding this moral high-horse it is impossible to tell. It might be traced to Puritan disapproval of happiness, and, if it were, it would be dismissed with the abruptness owing such crabbed emotion. It may be a Greek doubt of the wisdom of flaunting contentment so openly in the eye of the jealous Fates. It may be a grave belief that the few have no right to grasp happiness even though it rests on their palm when the many suffer so sorely. Or it may be just a funny human panic at seeing some one calmly eating the ices when you have many a hard task to do before you can expect the joy of sitting down to soup.

Whatever the reason, we cannot sweep away our feeling that though these groups remain lovable and diverting above everything, they are somehow cheating. They ought to be struggling and theorizing and panting and disillusioned as we are. If we have to go through these unpleasant phases, it was not friendly of them to have failed to go through them with us. Hurrying ahead and calmly sitting down and taking their ease under the tree of Active-Serenity-And-Keen-Contentment, while we flounder along within view, appears, in the light of our own self-pity, a heartless thing to have done.

Forcing Plants with Radium

Professor Heinrich Molisch, the famous Austrian botanist, who has been experimenting with the growth of plants for many years, has been working on the effect of radium emanations upon the resting buds of trees. He placed small tubes containing a preparation of radium against the terminal buds of a lilac bush for from one to two days. After a certain length of time the buds that were treated opened, whereas the others remained in the resting state. After a treatment of 24 hours with a tube containing 46.2 milligrams of pure chloride of radium, the buds opened a month later, instead of in the following spring. This method of forcing had the disadvantage of acting unevenly upon the bud, so that one part was affected more than others. Instead of placing the tube against the buds, he then tried other experiments in which the radiations were made to act upon the buds; and in these tests the results were more nearly uniform.

Curiously enough, the effect of the emanations or of the radium could be obtained only if the buds were treated in the latter part of November, or in December. After treatment in September or October there was no result whatever. On the other hand, if the treatment was delayed until January or February, when the resting stage of the plant was coming to a close, there was no acceleration evident. Indeed, in some cases the effect of the radium was actually to retard the development. This would indicate that the bud may not be completely formed in the autumn until several weeks after the leaves have fallen from the tree.

To produce any effect at all, the treatment must not be too short, for there is a point below which the radium seems to have no influence upon the plant whatever. Nor may the treatment be too prolonged, for in that case the plant seems to be injured. These results are similar to those obtained in experiments made to find whether and to what extent the winter buds can be forced by ether vapor and by warm water. Similar positive results were obtained with several other plants, such as the chestnut, the tulip tree, the Norway maple, and others. Some plants, however, remained indifferent to the treatment; among these were the ginko, or Japanese "maiden-hair-fern pine-tree," the plane-tree, the beech, and the lime. The beech and the lime also failed to give results when treated with ether and with warm water.

The Metal of the Standards

There are, undoubtedly, no products of human skill on which a greater degree of care is expended than the standards of weight and measure in use among the civilized nations. Two things in particular must be considered — accuracy and durability. Nature does not, it is contended, furnish any single metal or mineral which exactly answers the requirements for a standard of measure or weight that shall be as nearly as possible unalterable.

It is held that the best substance yet produced for this purpose is an alloy of ninety per cent. of platinum with ten per cent. of iridium. This is called iridio-platinum, and it is the substance of which the metric standards prepared by the International Commission of Weights and Measures are composed.

It is hard, it is less affected by heat than any pure metal, it is practically non-oxidizable, or not subject to rust, and it can be finely engraved. In fact, the lines on the standard meters are hardly visible to the naked eye, yet they are smooth, even, sharp, and accurate.

It is said that if our civilization should ever be lost and relics of it should be discovered in some brighter age in the remote future, there is nothing which would bear higher testimony to its character than these standard measures of iridio-platinum.

Travel In Comfort

When you travel, be comfortable.

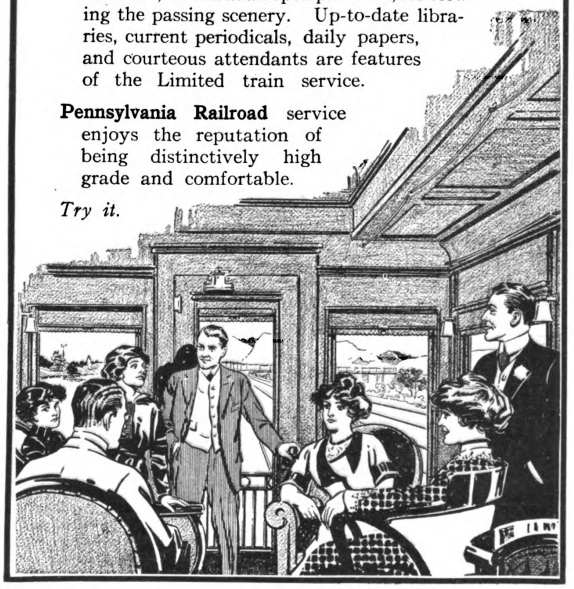
The tracks and trains of the **Pennsylvania Railroad** are built for comfort.

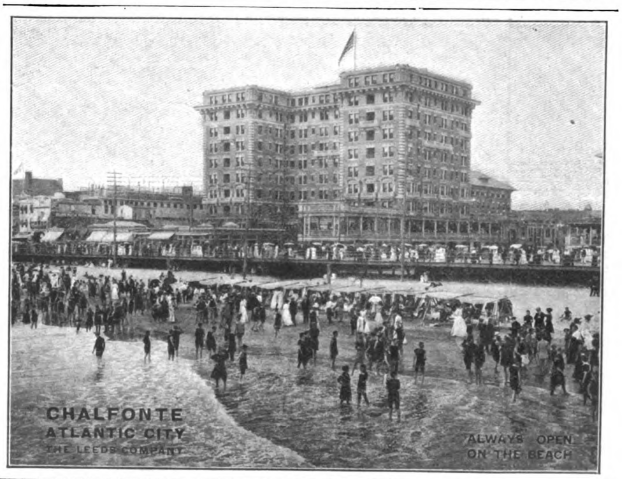
The roadbed is rock-ballasted and evenly graded; and the rails are solid steel. The cars, both Pullmans and coaches, are all-steel, heavy and easy riding. The through express trains have parlor smoking or club cars with moveable easy chairs, and a la carte dining service that is unexcelled. All sleeping cars are the last word in appointments; the coaches are cheerful, commodious and restful.

Limited trains, like the **Broadway Limited** between New York and Chicago, the **24-Hour St. Louis, The Pennsylvania Limited, Congressional Limited, and Chicago Limited** have Pullman observation cars on the rear with moveable armchairs and large windows, as well as an open platform, for viewing the passing scenery. Up-to-date libraries, current periodicals, daily papers, and courteous attendants are features of the Limited train service.

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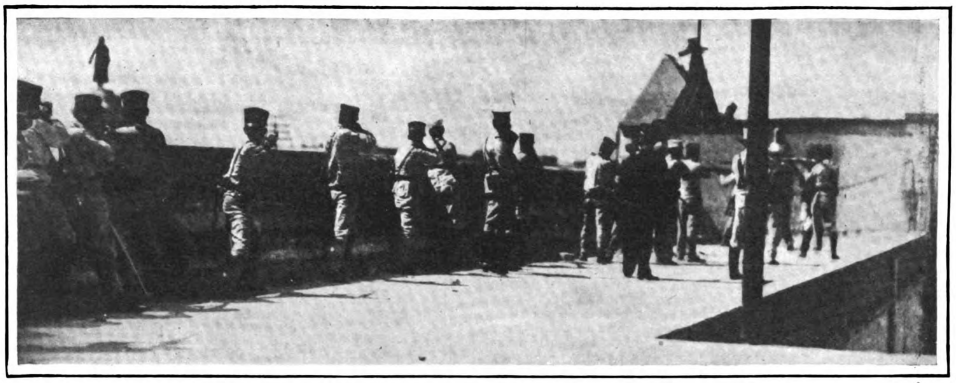
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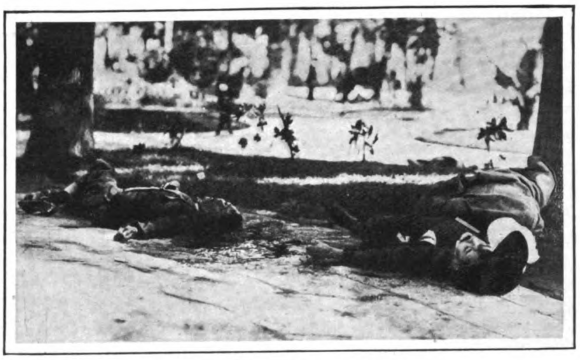
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Federal soldiers resisting the successful attack of General Diaz upon the Arsenal, which was captured with 50,000 rifles, cannon, and ammunition



Victims of the street fighting. They had sought refuge behind the lamp-post, but in vain



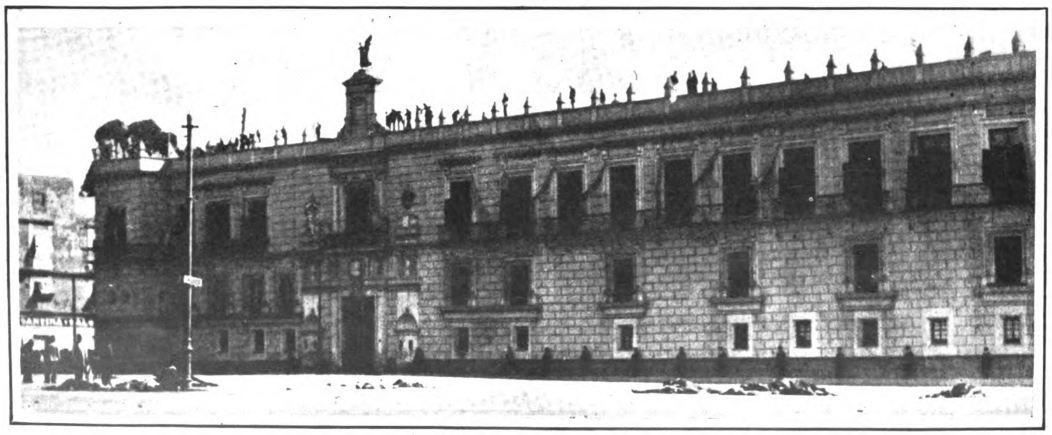
Two of the non-combatants, shot down in a garden in front of the cathedral



The late President Madero riding to the National Palace after a street battle



Citizens cheering for General Diaz after his release from prison by the revolutionists



The north front of the National Palace fifteen minutes after the first repulse of the revolutionary troops by President Madero

MEXICO CITY IN CIVIL WAR

AFTER TEN DAYS OF CIVIL WARFARE, PRECIPITATED BY THE REBELLION OF GENERAL FELIX DIAZ, WHO INTRENCHED HIMSELF WITHIN THE ARSENAL, PRESIDENT MADERO WAS DEPOSED BY GENERAL HUERTA AND TREACHEROUSLY MURDERED. THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SHOW SOME OF THE SCENES IN THE STREETS OF THE CAPITAL, WHICH HAS BEEN LARGELY DESTROYED BY ARTILLERY FIRE

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The Peanut Industry

THE peanut, sometimes called ground-pea or ground-nut, is known in our Southern States as the pinder and goober. The French call it *pistache de terre*. It is generally believed to be a native of Africa, where it is the principal food of certain of the Congo tribes. Four or five species of the nut flourish in Brazil.

Its cultivation has been successfully attempted in Spain. In this country it is raised chiefly in the states of Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, and it has been cultivated with success in California.

The culture of the peanut is not attended with much difficulty. Land suited to the raising of corn or melons is generally selected, and care is taken that there be nothing in the soil that would stain the shells.

Planting begins when the danger to plants from frost has passed. The ground is plowed five or six inches deep, and then harrowed. The nuts are taken from the pod without breaking their skins and are planted two or three together in rows about three feet apart and twenty inches from hill to hill, being covered with two inches of earth.

In October, when the nuts are ripe, the farmer loosens the earth and pulls up the vines, to which the nuts adhere, and turns them over to dry. He performs this task only in pleasant weather and when the ground is dry. When the vines have lain in the sun for a day, which is sufficient time for them to dry, the grower stacks them around a stake about five feet high.

The vines remain in stack from three to five weeks, after which the nuts are picked off, placed in sacks, and shipped to market. A vine under favorable conditions often bears more than a hundred nuts, and the yield per acre frequently exceeds forty bushels.

The greater part of the Virginia and North Carolina crop, which is more than two-thirds of the whole crop of the country, is marketed in Norfolk and Petersburg. To polish them, and to remove the earth and stems, the nuts are scoured in large metal cylinders, from which they pass through blast fans, in which a strong current of air separates the fully developed nuts having sound kernels from those imperfectly filled, and from empty pods. The sound nuts fall through the fan upon sorting tables, where those that are discolored are taken out, and the bright ones are passed on into sacks that will each hold about one hundred pounds of nuts. Each sack is marked with the brand that indicates the grade of its contents.

The dark and the partially filled nuts are shelled, and the kernels are used by candy manufacturers.

Roughly speaking, three varieties of peanut are grown in this country—the white, the red, and the Spanish. The white—the most important variety—has a nut with two kernels with pink skins; its vine spreads along the ground, in this respect unlike that of the red variety, which grows more upright and in a bunch.

The pod of the red nut holds three and sometimes four kernels, and has a deep red skin.

The Spanish is a much smaller nut, with a lighter skin and milder flavor than either of the others possess. The entire crop is shelled, and used especially in the confection known as nougat.

The peanut is a much more useful product than most people think it to be. Besides its use in the roasted form, there are innumerable uses whereto it is put.

The nuts contain from forty-two to fifty per cent. of a nearly colorless, bland, fixed oil, resembling that of the olive and used for similar purposes.

More than twenty-five years ago there was begun in Virginia the manufacture of peanut-flour, of which a particularly palatable biscuit is made. North Carolina has long made pastry of pounded peanuts. It is also eaten for dessert, and is roasted as a substitute for coffee. We all know to what extent peanut butter is now manufactured and sold.

The peanut is most nutritious. The negroes in many districts in the South employ it in making "porridge custard," and they also make of it a kind of beverage.

The vine furnishes a fodder as good as clover hay, and hogs fatten on what they find on the fields after the crop has been gathered.

Eye Photographs

NEARLY everybody knows that we see objects as pictures on the retina of the eye. Out of this fact, doubtless, there sprang up the popular belief, amounting in some quarters to superstition, that "pictures" may be seen in the eyes of dead men.

This error has been seized upon by writers of sensational fiction. They have thrilled us with incidents wherein the murderer has, in due course, been identified by means of the "picture" of himself left upon the retina of his victim. The idea is, of course, that as the eye of the victim last rested upon the countenance of his murderer the sensitive retina had taken and retained, as its last impression, a "picture" of the slayer's face.

In view of the repeated assertions of scientific men that no such thing could happen, it is surprising that this superstition still endures in various parts of the world. Certain investigators, it appears, not contenting themselves with pointing out how absurd, even in theory, is the idea of the "eye photograph," have been at some pains practically to demonstrate the fallacy of the belief. The experiments were not for obvious reasons made with human eyes. Instead there were used the eyes of rabbits; not only those of dead rabbits, but of living ones as well; and every effort was made to determine whether the retina of the rabbit's eye would receive and retain an impression even remotely resembling a "picture" or "photograph." The results were such as to dispose for once and all of the idea of the "eye photograph." Careful observation made of rabbit eyes subjected to suitable tests showed nothing whatever resembling any picture.

Echoes Louder Than Sound

To most persons it would seem impossible for an echo to be louder than the sound that produced the echo, but under certain rather peculiar conditions this is really true.

When a revolver is fired from a balloon the report is sharp, but not so loud as it would be if the gun were fired on the surface of the earth.

If the balloon is up something like two thousand feet or higher, there will be a few seconds' silence after the revolver shot and then a roar or deep rumble will rise up from the earth.

If an explosive is lowered from the basket of the balloon until it hangs a few hundred feet below, and it is discharged with an electric spark from a battery in the hands of one of the aeronauts, there will come to the ears of those above a report like a revolver shot and then a few seconds of silence, followed by a peal of the loudest thunder ever heard.

There is no solid background about or above the balloonists to produce a rebound of the atmospheric sound-wave and the air is more dense below. Thus, when the sound-waves penetrate the denser lower strata of air and then the solid earth, the echo produced seems to the ears of the occupants of the balloon far louder than the original sound.

"Down Brakes"

IN newspaper accounts of railway collisions one frequently encounters this statement:

"On seeing the danger, the engineer whistled 'down brakes' and reversed the lever."

As a matter of fact, the expression "down brakes" has been obsolete for a long time. What the engineer really does when a collision seems impending is to shut off steam, apply the air-brake, and open the sand valves. All this takes about five seconds, and in that time all that human effort is able to accomplish for the train and passengers may be done. Railway engineers are instructed never to reverse the engine after the air-brake has been applied, because the reversal reduces the resisting power of the brakes.

Eskimo Lamps

IT is believed that the Eskimo lamp was invented before its possessors emigrated from their original home, which was probably farther south and near the seacoast. But the form of the lamp becomes more specialized the higher the latitude is. The lamps of southern Alaska have a wick edge of two inches, while those of Point Barrow and northern Greenland have wick edges of seventeen to thirty-six inches. The lamp is employed for melting snow and ice to obtain drinking-water, for cooking, lighting, warming, drying skins, and in the arts. It is also a social factor and the sign of the family unit, each head of the family having his lamp.

Wood-pulp Sponges

TREATED with chloride of zinc, wood pulp forms a viscous mass. When salt is added and the mixture has been rinsed with alcohol and compressed a fair imitation of a sponge results.

Two steel vestibule trains, representing in workmanship and artistic finish the perfection of the car builders' art, have been put into service between Boston and New York. They form the "Merchants Limited" of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, the 5 o'clock five-hour train between the two cities.

These new trains are practically indestructible; they are built like battleships. They are made of steel, reinforced underneath with two immense steel girders running the length of the car.

Each of the new trains will consist of six cars, exclusive of the diners. There will be four parlor cars, a combination parlor and baggage car, and an observation smoker. All of them have a steel exterior and an interior of inlaid Mexican mahogany. For rich, yet unobtrusive decoration, they surpass anything heretofore turned out from the Pullman shops.

The usual drawing room has been eliminated in the parlor cars, giving them 36 chairs instead of 28. These chairs, upholstered in tapestry, with self-adjusting backs, are models of their kind.

These cars are the first to have the new, indirect system of lighting. From a dozen bronze lacquered domes, each containing a 100-watt lamp, light is thrown upward against the white ceiling of the car. Thus reflected and diffused, the light has the softness of twilight, and yet the finest print can be read without eye strain.

Each car carries its own lighting system, generated by a dynamo run by a belt from the car axle.

The old system of hot-water heating has been discarded for direct steam heating, while drafts are eliminated by the Garland system of ventilation.

The interior finish of the observation smoker, with 40 leather chairs, differs from the others, in that it is of rich cocoa-wood. A buffet, in which hot coffee can be made quickly by electricity, is attached to this car.

The traveller will find himself in surroundings calculated to afford all the relaxation he needs to make his journey between the two cities one of positive pleasure.

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The Old Sea-Clock

Clocks came into use in Europe during the thirteenth century. There is evidence to show that they were employed at a much earlier period than that, although it is probable that for the most part they were regarded as mere curiosities. The first form was that of the "balance clock," the construction of which rendered it impracticable for use at sea. Its movements were irregular and its utility was nullified by the rocking motion of vessels.

Huygens had used pendulums for the regulation of clocks on shore so early as 1656, and in 1675 his application of spiral springs as regulators of watches, made them, in a measure, available for use at sea; but the fact remains that the real introduction of time-keepers, whereby standard time could be carried to any part of the world, and longitude, as well, be determined, came at so late a period as the eighteenth century, with the inventions of John Harrison. The rise of modern navigation may be dated from the improvement of the sextant in 1731 and the invention of the chronometer in 1735.

With the chronometer of to-day, and the ingenious instruments on board every ship, there is now no difficulty in ascertaining the time, and, consequently, the longitude.

But such was not always the case. On the vessels of the old days, before the inventions referred to, and when only the crudest sextants were known, seamen frequently had recourse to curiously clumsy devices. These, nevertheless, saved the mariner from chaos and destruction; and, even though he could not name the hour with any degree of certainty, and was often mixed as to his longitude, he at least knew the day of the week—no small comfort on the high seas.

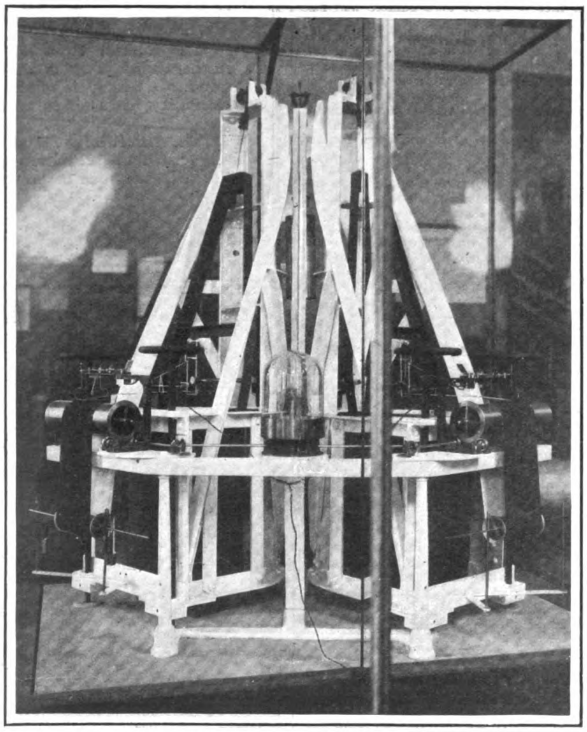
Eclipses of the moon and the positions of the stars afforded some assistance to the old-time skipper. He was, however, greatly handicapped by his lack of astronomical knowledge and the inferior quality of his "spy-glass." Moreover, eclipses could not be arranged for every night in the week, and there were dark nights when the stars could not be seen.

A popular form of sea-clock in the old days was the sand-glass. Many of these glasses were timed to run twenty-four hours and, prior to the departure from port, the ship's glass was set exactly at noon. If it were carefully watched and turned as soon as the sand ran down, the skipper could reckon the days with a fair degree of accuracy.

Side by side with the large glass were placed half-hour and minute-glasses. The man at the helm carefully watched this sea-clock and announced the time at regular intervals by striking a bell. It was customary to estimate the duration of any incident by so many glasses. "To flog the glass" was an operation very congenial to lazy seamen. It consisted in turning the glass before all the sand had run down, so that the watch was appreciably shortened.

The twenty-four-hour glass was even employed, aside from keeping a rough account of time, for the purpose of estimating longitude. The difference between the twenty-four-hour glass and the time by the sun was estimated; and this difference was held to represent the longitude east or west, according as the sun's time might be before or after the "time" returned by the glass.

"Taking the sun" was a queer operation in the old days. Clumsy quadrants and sextants were utilized. Toward midday the captain appeared on deck to perform his solemn function. After much screwing of eyes and wagging of the quadrant, the master would bawl out to the mate, "Make it —— bells!"



TO MEASURE EARTHQUAKES

THE LARGEST SEISMOGRAPH IN THE WORLD, RECENTLY PRESENTED TO THE NEW YORK MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY. IT RECORDED THE LAST EARTHQUAKE IN ALASKA, 3,100 MILES DISTANT, FOR TWELVE MINUTES.

Color Changes in Fishes

It is a well-known fact that the color of the skin of fishes changes from time to time, apparently under the influence of external conditions. Many studies have been made of this phenomenon, and it has been found that certain cells of the skin, those containing the black pigment, contract when acted upon by certain stimuli, thus reducing the total amount of black exposed. The study of the red and yellow pigment cells has been much more difficult, for the reason that these pigments are dissolved by alcohol, so that the material is not readily prepared for microscopic study. Dr. Karl von Frisch, of Munich, has carried on experiments that help us to understand the workings of these color changes. He finds that the red and yellow pigment cells are connected with the spinal cord and with the sympathetic nervous system by means of nerve fibers, the same as the black cells, and like the latter they are made to contract by stimulation. This is in marked contrast to the condition found by Biedermann to obtain in toads, in which the black cells expand while the yellow ones contract, and *vice versa*. Dr. von Frisch found the same conditions for many species of fish, belonging to several families.

Another series of experiments leads to the discovery that when the pigment cells are stimulated directly similar contractions take place in all the three kinds of cells. For example, an electric shock, or a mechanical blow, will cause the skin to become pale. It is not certain, however, whether these stimulations act directly upon the cells or indirectly through the nerves connected with the cells, as a reflex. The absence of oxygen and an increase in the temperature produce similar results.

Especially interesting are the results obtained from experiments on the influence of light upon the skin. In these experiments care was taken to distinguish between the action of light impressions received through the eyes, and that of light acting directly on the skin. A reaction of the skin color to changes in the light had already been established for reptiles and amphibians, but was not certain in the case of fishes. Earlier investigators had observed a contraction of the pigment cells under the influence of intense illumination in eels and in several members of the salmon family. Dr. von Frische could not get these results when he repeated the experiments. But with other species of fish he obtained quite different results. When one of two similarly pigmented fish was placed in the dark the skin became paler in a few seconds. This is true even after the fish has been blinded. A similar result had been observed in minnows; but it was later discovered that here the change in the skin is brought about not by the direct action of the illumination upon the skin, but as a reflex result of stimulating the so-called "third eye," a little outgrowth on the top of the brain. This "epiphysis" probably corresponds to a third eye, since it appears like an eye in the early stages of development, and in certain reptiles the resemblance to the eye is complete. Moreover, when this lump of tissue is cut out of the minnow, without injuring any other part of the brain or nervous system, the animal ceases to respond to changes in illumination by changes in degree of pigmentation of the skin. When this "eye" is present, however, the minnow's skin can be made to change color by directing a beam of light upon the top of the head, even after the fish has been blinded. In some species experimented with by Dr. von Frisch, the change can be brought about by playing a beam of light upon a limited area of the skin, or by causing a deep shadow on a limited portion. But no effects are produced by merely illuminating the head. And in all the changes noted the red and yellow pigment cells take part just the same as the black.

Changes in color through "psychic" stimulation are quite common in fishes. By this is meant that the changes may be brought about by disturbing the nervous system of the animal in some way. In one species of fish the animal becomes pale when it is merely threatened with the finger! In another species excitement produces a darker color. This difference is compared to the fact that human beings may become pale with anger, or flushed under the influence of the same emotional disturbance, and the analogy is a true one, for in both man and fish the change in appearance of the skin is brought about through nervous currents from the sympathetic nervous system, or from the spinal cord.

The adjustment of the minnow to the color of its surroundings is brought about by the expansion or contraction of the red, yellow, and black pigment cells. Over a red, green, blue, or violet bottom the reaction of the fish is the same as that to a gray of a certain shade, according to the illumination. Thus the apparently purposeful resemblances of these animals to their surroundings are brought about without anything corresponding to consciousness or purpose, but are the direct results of the construction of the animal and the constitution of its cells.

Synthetic Food

For some time chemists have been trying to prepare a synthetic nitrogenous food. It is known that in the work of digestion the nitrogenous materials which are absorbed go through a series of degenerations or disintegrations, and the organism assimilates them in the simplest possible form. Accordingly, the artificial food must offer to the organism nitrogenous elements relatively simple. A Belgian named Effront took the residue of the manufacture of beer from distilleries, and drew from it the sugar which it contained, washed it, pressed it, and mixed it with sulphuric acid, obtaining in this way at the end of two or three days a solution in which the nitrogen presented itself in the form of diverse acids easily assimilated. The pasty extract finally obtained possessed a very pronounced taste of meat, and has a food value not less than three times greater. Trials of this food made in Brussels by doctors are said to have been highly satisfactory.

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PENN STATE

The Reason of Plants

By John T. Timmons

MAN, with all his boasted wisdom, is not intelligent beyond a certain degree. Plants possess reason too.

Go into the garden and watch a few of the plants growing there. You will find them doing things for a reason in a way that is beyond the comprehension of the most intelligent human being.

How many persons have noticed the manner in which the hop vine climbs the pole? The vines run round the pole from left to right, and will not change their mode of ascension, no matter how much man attempts to train them or induce them to run round the pole in the opposite direction.

There is a reason for this, and perhaps more than one. Man is unable in all his wisdom to tell why, but he has to acknowledge there must be a reason.

Bean vines and, in fact, all other common trailing or climbing vines run directly opposite to the hop vine. They go round the poles or trellis wires from right to left, and it is difficult to induce any of this class of vines to change their plan or method of growing, and when started round in the direction taken by the hop vine, they will untwist themselves if possible, and start in their natural course.

There are reasons for these vines growing as they do, but man has not been able to determine what those reasons are.

It happens quite frequently that vines find their support weak or insufficient to sustain their weight, and they reason out a plan to solve the difficulty. They entwine with one another, weaving a rope that is often much stronger than the support over which the vines climb. Frequently vines will reach out from opposite points toward each other, and, if observed closely, they will be seen to reach for each other and, with exact precision, they will clasp hands, as it were. Such a combination of strength is often needed to sustain great weight in foliage and fruits.

Two vines may grow a few feet apart, and there will be a sudden impulse in each to reach out and embrace the other, and if they are watched it cannot be denied that they know just how far they are apart, and how they must reach each other.

Many an old landscape gardener can tell us that trees and plants are emotional. When a tree that has stood for years in some old-fashioned grounds, such as our forefathers used to possess, is removed on account of injury or disease, or to make room for something else, the trees and shrubs that stand near, and which have been companions for years through wintry winds and summer breezes, show their regret and sorrow very often by sickening and dying.

Flowering shrubs are more apt to show their emotion in such cases. Many shrubs will die within a few weeks if separated from their companions in the garden.

Ferns and begonias as well as some of the sultanas, which are much better known as "patient bloomers," will not tolerate the removal of plants that have been companions for years, or even a few months. If one is removed, the others will show their sorrow by wilting and drooping, and in many instances the plant removed from its companions will wither and die, not even yielding to the kindest treatment and excellent care.

Ferns must be allowed to remain in their accustomed place in the window, or in the conservatory, or they will do little, if any, good for the flower-lover. Many plants resent certain acts on the part of owners, which are meant for kindness. Kindness has killed thousands of cacti. That species of plant is very independent.

Plants that have been companions for months and separated will regain their former composure and show it in their appearance if reunited within a few days. Is that not emotion?

Saints in Prison

ONE of the extraordinary customs in that fossilized perversion of Buddhism, Tibetan Lamaism, is a form of self-immurement. It consists in being voluntarily walled up in a small cave for several years, even as many as twelve. This penance prevails especially in the neighborhood of the great monastery of Tashilunpo near Shigatse, in the upper Bramaputra valley, where several such hermits are acquiring sanctification in dark holes. In one case a devotee who has just been released after twelve years lived in a grotto with a square hole a span in diameter left in the front wall. Each day a monk passed through this window provisions of barley meal, tea, and water, but did not speak to the inmate. That mute anchorite spent his time in constant reading of the holy scriptures of Buddha, which he took into the cell with him, by aid of a small lamp, oil for which was furnished from time to time. All day he read and prayed, and rose regularly in the middle of the night for devotion. Although he might kindle no fire, even in the cold of a Tibetan winter, he was permitted to wear nothing but a cotton shirt. In addition to the scriptures he studied magic, particularly meditating on one kind which, they say, rendered him insensible to cold and finally freed him from the laws of gravity, so that he could travel as with wings. At last, when his time for release was at hand he was expected to crawl out through the tiny window. Sven Hedin, who saw one of these cells, told the monks this would be impossible, despite the man's emaciation, but they said it would be done miraculously. After his release, the devotee received saintly honors and rank at the chief temple of his sect; and some other candidate for sanctification eagerly entombed himself in the foul cave.

The Multiplication of Infusoria

SPEAKING generally, no one has ever given more than an approximate estimate of the rate of multiplication of microscopic animals. But Miss L. L. Woodruff, writing of her experiments in the organ of the Biological and Medical Society of London, seems to come very close to definite numbers. On May 1, 1907, she took one individual of the species *Paramæcium aurelia*, and, after putting it in a drop of water, took care to isolate it and count the numbers that this single animal reproduced until May 1, 1912. During this period of five years her observations were continued daily, and she counted 3,029 generations, corresponding to 452 the first year, 690 the second year, 613 the third year; 612 the fourth year, 612 the fourth year, and 662 the last year —that is, three generations every two days. The number of individuals produced from the commencement of this experiment is such that, could it be maintained in arithmetical progression for a comparatively short period of time, the volume would be greater than that of the earth itself. But there is reason to think that, in infinitely continuous generations, the potency of reproduction would vary much from year to year. However, these experiments show pretty conclusively the creative potency of living protoplasm. The celebrated calculation of the multiplication of grains of wheat is apparently not to be mentioned in the same breath.

Indians on the War Path Against Tree-Killers

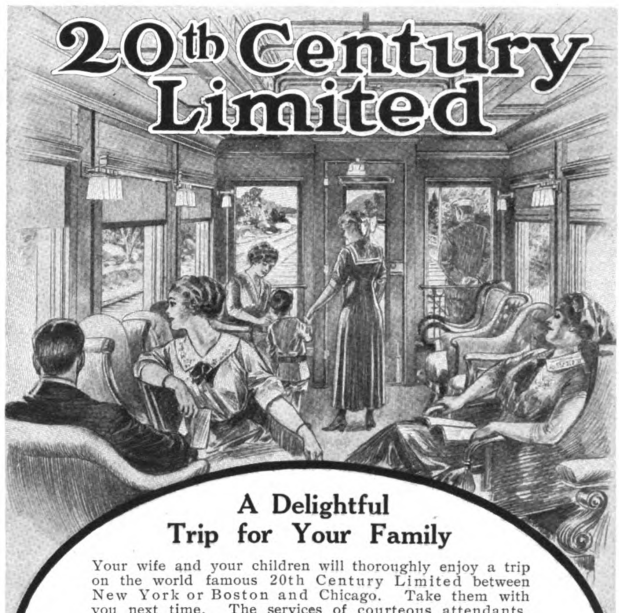
THE Black Hills beetle, which, through neglect to apply the proper methods of control at the proper time, killed, during the period from 1897 to 1907, more than a billion feet board measure of the merchantable-sized timber in the Black Hills of South Dakota, was found in 1911 to be threatening similar devastations in the valuable timber of the Tongue River Reservation of the Cheyenne Indians in southeastern Montana.

A co-operative beetle control project was organized, in which the Branch of Forest Insects of the Bureau of Entomology, U. S. Department of Agriculture, gave advice and instructions, the Indian Service of the Department of the Interior furnished the funds, and the Cheyenne Indians did the work.

Eleven thousand and seventeen trees were cut and barked between July 1, 1911, and July 1, 1912, in order to destroy the beetles. The fact that a large percentage of the trees which harbored the beetles was sawed into lumber by mills installed for that purpose, resulted in a total net cost of but $903.53 against a probable saving for the next ten years, in the stumpage value of the trees, estimated at $75,000 to $125,000.

The Colors of Grapes

THE dark-red color of certain grapes is due to a compound of tannin which all varieties of the vine contain. The color seems to depend on the combined action of the air, light, and heat. The change in color is produced naturally in the vine by means of a specific ferment which carries the oxygen of the air to the grape. These ferments are often the agents of coloring in vegetable substances, as they are often seen in apples and in potatoes which have been cut open and thus exposed to contact with the air. The grapes that are white on maturity owe the absence of coloring to the absence of this ferment.



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The Match

ONE would naturally think that so important a discovery as that of phosphorus would have at once led to the invention of the match; but the fact is one hundred and fifty years elapsed after such discovery before an obscure chemist stumbled upon the principle of the present "fire-stick." This principle was that the friction of phosphorus between rough surfaces—for example, two pieces of brown paper—produced a flame.

During the early years of the nineteenth century it was found that potassium chlorate, in combination with loaf-sugar, kindled when brought into contact with sulphuric acid. This fact was at once utilized, and attractive metal cases, containing one hundred sugar and potash-tipped splints, as well as a phial holding asbestos saturated with sulphuric acid, soon made their appearance. They cost a guinea each, or about five dollars. The device was not, however, long popular, not so much because of the price, which was ultimately reduced one-half, but by reason of the affinity of the acid for water. It absorbed moisture from the atmosphere in such quantities as speedily to make the device inoperative.

Then it was suggested that if phosphorus were heated in a phial until an oxide formed within upon the glass, and a sulphur-tipped splint were dipped therein, it would ignite on again coming in contact with the outer atmosphere. The cost of phosphorus operated against the general adoption of this idea.

The first friction match, or "lucifer," as it was called, was invented by John Walker, a chemist, of Stockton, England. This consisted of a splinter dipped in a compound of antimony sulphate and potassium chlorate. Ignition was obtained by compression between two pieces of sandpaper, an operation that proved objectionable since the heads were apt to fly off without igniting the wood.

Then phosphorus was substituted for antimony. This match was known as the "Congreve." Gradually the composition was improved, other constituents taking the place of the potash, until the perfect match was developed.

To-day phosphorus is the chief ingredient of the tips of most friction matches. The sulphur is added to insure a continuance of the flame, in order that the wood may be thoroughly ignited. The characteristic peculiarity of each variety of matches is confined to the preparation of the tips. All manufacturers employ very nearly the same ingredients, but in varying proportions. From one-eighth to one-twelfth of the tip is red lead, niter, or some other substance securing a proper amount of oxygen to feed the flame. The remainder of the tip is phosphorus, and gum or glue to secure the fluidity essential to adhesiveness.

Almost any light wood furnishes a suitable match splint. Birch has the preference in Europe, while white pine is the favorite in this country.

By modern processes the wood that is to be made into splints is sawed into blocks two inches square. These are fed to machines that instantly reduce them to well-shaped match-splints. As rapidly as the splints drop from the machine—unless round matches are desired—they fall in regular order upon an endless belt that carries them to the dipping trough. To obtain a round match the wood is first forced through dies.

In the dipping-trough the splints are brought into contact with a wheel-brush revolving in melted sulphur. Passing on, they reach a second trough where the phosphorus mixture that provides the tip is, in like manner, applied. Then they go to the drying-room.

Safety-matches are, for the most part derived from the employment of red phosphorus. The theory of the safety-match is to separate the phosphorus and the chlorate, which are united in the head of the ordinary match. The dipping mixture for the match is of potassium chlorate or nitrate, antimony sulphide, and glue. This match will not kindle unless it is rubbed against a surface containing phosphorus. But some manufacturers put a small quantity of phosphorus into the match itself, and then it is not a safety-match.

The Japanese produce a variety of peculiar matches, some of which are made of paper. One form burns with an evenly luminous flame, creating, as combustion proceeds, a red-hot ball of glowing saline matter.

Animal Trials

MANY curious technicalities are found in the laws of Europe in the Middle Ages. For instance, in the case of a child killed by a pig, or a man killed by a bull, the trial was conducted exactly as if the animal had been morally responsible. It was indicted, placed before the ordinary tribunal, and, on conviction formally given over to execution.

The researches of Baring-Gould show that, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, guilty animals suffered death on the gallows, cocks were burned at the stake, and processes against snails, flies, mice, moles, ants, caterpillars, etc., were common. Where the ordinary courts of justice failed, culprits, animate and inanimate, fell under the ban of the ecclesiastical courts. Thus orchards were excommunicated by the bishop because children resorted there to eat apples.

A curious trial was that pertaining to the Protestant chapel at La Rochelle, which was condemned to be demolished in 1685. The bell had a fate that was quite droll. It was whipped, as a punishment for having assisted heretics. It was then buried and disinterred in order to represent its new birth in passing into the hands of the Catholic Church.

It was catechised, and had to reply; it was compelled to recant and promise never again to relapse into sin. It then made ample and honorable recompense. Lastly, it was reconciled, baptized, and given to the parish which bears the name of St. Bartholomew.

When the governor, who had sold it to the parish, asked for payment, the answer made him was that it had been Huguenot; that it had been newly converted, and consequently had a right to demand a delay of three years before paying its debts, according to the law passed by the king for the benefit of those newly converted.



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Sugar

IT is not known who invented, or discovered, sugar. Sugar has, it seems, been known since the dawn of history, but not in all countries. The Chinese appear to have delighted their palates with some sort of sugar for more than three thousand years; and it was known in India earlier than in Europe, being made from a juicy reed or cane.

One of the generals of Alexander the Great is said to have carried sugar to Greece in the year 325 B.C., as Sir Walter Raleigh, some two thousand years later, carried tobacco from Virginia to England. But even so late as A.D. 150 sugar was still a rarity in Greece. The famous physician Galen used it as a remedy for certain maladies.

Experiment has demonstrated that sugar has remarkable sustaining power when eaten by those undergoing great fatigue. The invention of the first process for refining sugar is ascribed to the Arabs, and a Venetian merchant is said to have purchased the secret from them and introduced the process into Sicily. The refining of sugar was first practised in England about 1659.

The Regeneration of Organs

MANY inferior animals have, as is well known, the power of replacing various parts of the body when lost, such as the tail, and even, in some cases, the head. A worm may sometimes be divided into various sections, and each section will proceed to live its separate existence. Experiments made by naturalists to obtain a better understanding in this regenerating faculty have shown that the lungs of frogs and salamanders have grown again after being almost wholly extirpated. Also the horns of snails have been extirpated with like results. Each so-called horn has an eye which communicates with the outside world, and these eyes have been re-grown with the horn, though practically useless for purposes of vision. It is established likewise that the caudal horn or tentacle of the silk-worm, if taken off, will grow again, although it will be smaller than the primitive one, and in some cases invisible to the naked eye. The crab and lobster, as is well known, can grow new claws.

Artificial Ears

ARTIFICIAL ears are so skilfully made that they may with difficulty be distinguished from natural ones, it is claimed.

When the individual who has lost an ear applies to the manufacturer for a substitute, there is made a mold of the remaining ear. If there be left any part of the other, a mold of that part also must be taken to assist in the fitting of the artificial. Manufacturers assert that no two ears are alike, and that it takes a skilful workman to prepare an ear from the mold or molds.

When finished, the new ear is pasted on the stump, or simply set in the position of the lost ear. It is really only the first artificial ear that is expensive, the chief cost pertaining to the making of the mold. Vulcanized rubber, which can be bent and twisted, has been found to constitute the best material for the making of artificial ears.

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IN TWO PARTS—PART II

HARPER'S WEEKLY

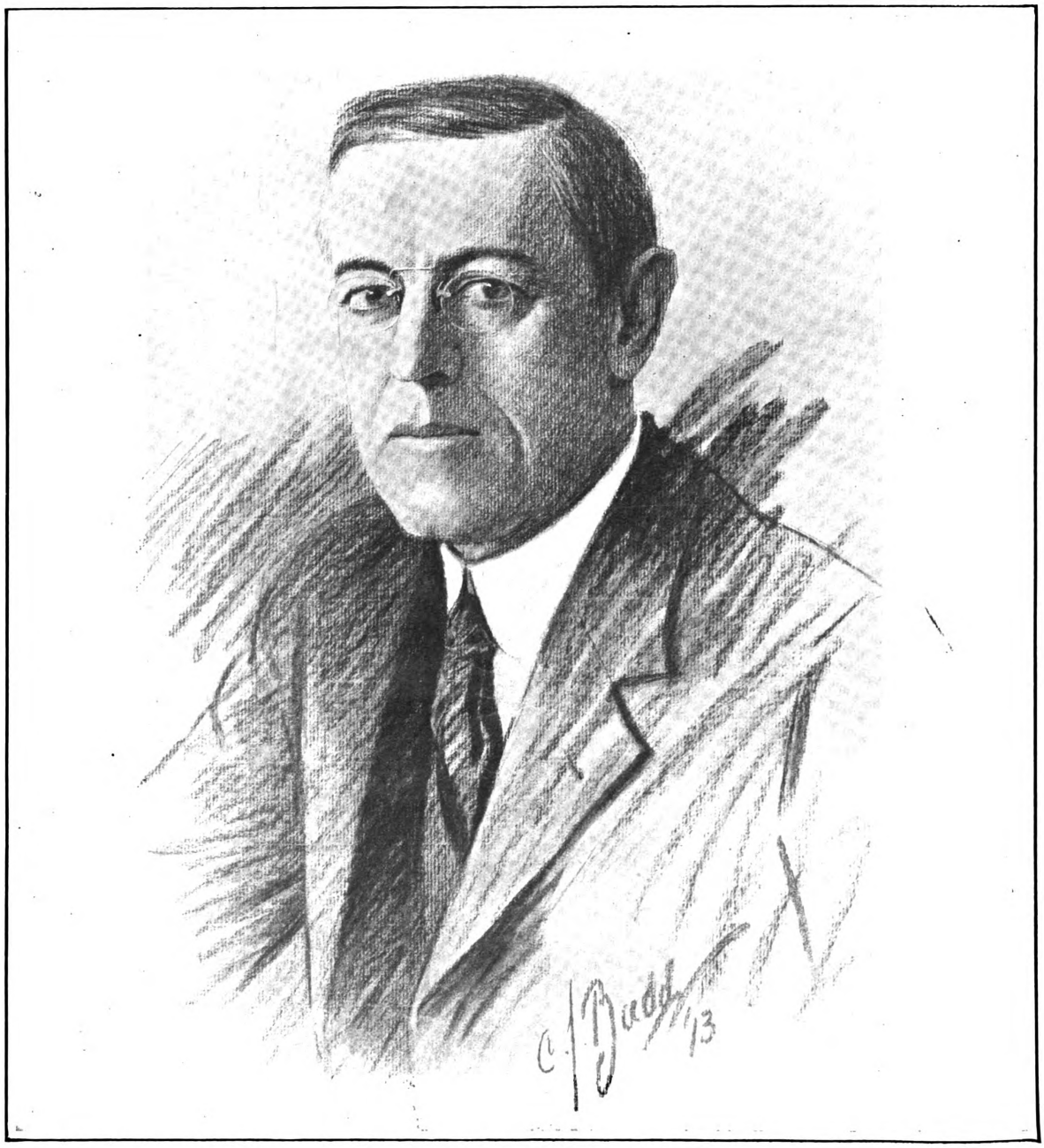
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. LVII. New York, March 8, 1913 No. 2933

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THE TRIUMPH OF AN IDEA

BEGINNING AND CONCLUSION OF SEVEN YEARS OF PUBLIC SERVICE



WOODROW WILSON

PROPOSED FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES IN MARCH, 1906
INAUGURATED PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES IN MARCH, 1913

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THE TRIUMPH OF AN IDEA

"Meanwhile, please God, as ever hitherto in a crisis of the Republic, a man will emerge from comparative political obscurity, capable of holding high the torch of personal liberty, that all the people may see the clear light and revert gladly to the pristine standard of individual and industrial progress which, despite temporary retrogression, continues to be the glory of the nation."—*North American Review*, August, 1910

Selections from about Three Hundred Columns of Editorial and Special Articles Published in "Harper's Weekly" and "The North American Review" during the Seven Years beginning on March 10, 1906, and ending on March 8, 1913

MARCH 10, 1906

AT the dinner given the other evening by the Lotos Club of this city in his honor, we ventured to suggest the nomination of President WOODROW WILSON, of Princeton University, as the Democratic candidate for President of the United States, using substantially these words:

For nearly a century before WOODROW WILSON was born the atmosphere of the Old Dominion was surcharged with true statesmanship. The fates directed his steps along other paths, but the effect of growth among the traditions of the fathers remained. That he is pre-eminent as a lucid interpreter of history we all know. But he is more than that. No one who reads, understandingly, the record of his country that flowed with such apparent ease from his pen can fail to be impressed by the belief that he is by instinct a statesman. The grasp of fundamentals, the seemingly unconscious application of primary truth to changing conditions, the breadth in thought and reason manifested on those pages, are as clear evidences of sagacity worthy of the best and noblest of Virginia's traditions as was that truly eloquent appeal which last year he addressed to his brethren of the South, that they rise manfully from the ashes of prejudice and lethargy and come back into their own.

It is that type of men we shall, if, indeed, we do not already, need in our public life. No one would think for a moment of criticizing the general reformation of the human race in all of its multifarious phases now going on by executive decree, but it is becoming increasingly evident that that great work will soon be accomplished. When that time shall have been reached, the country will need at least a short breathing-spell for what the physicians term perfect rest. That day, not now far distant, will call for a man combining the activities of the present with the sobering influences of the past.

If one could be found who, in addition to those qualities, should unite in his personality the finest instinct of true statesmanship as the effect of his early environment, and the no less valuable capacity for practical application, achieved through subsequent endeavors in another field, the ideal would be attained. Such a man I believe is WOODROW WILSON, of Virginia and New Jersey.

It was not a hasty or ill-considered utterance. And yet, though based upon earnest conviction and due reflection, there was no expectation that such a suggestion at this early day would evoke substantial response. That it has done so justifies a reference to the subject in these columns. Elsewhere we reprint some of the journalistic comments based upon the meager reports in the daily papers. In a more personal way, verbally and by letter, we have received a surprising number of approving messages, which we are not now at liberty to quote. It seems worth while, therefore, to invite consideration of some of the reasons that might properly be adduced in support of the proposal. (1) Mr. WILSON is, as stated, more than the accomplished scholar, the practical educator, the competent executive he has proven himself to be; he is, in truth, a statesman of breadth, depth, and exceptional sagacity. (2) He is an idealist, yet notably sane. (3) He is a genuine orator whose words ring true and bear conviction. (4) He stands for everything that is sound and progressive. (5) He holds the respect of every one with whom he has come in contact, and the admiration particularly of all college-bred men. (6) His fidelity to the interests of the whole people is as unquestioned as his integrity. (7) He represents no class, no creed, no hobby, no vain imaginings. (8) He is at the fullness of his powers in age and experience. (9) He has profound convictions from instinct and learning and the courage of fearless expression. (10) He has no enemies—his is a clean slate. (11) He possesses to a degree unequaled since the days of BLAINE that indefinable quality known as personal magnetism. (12) He is not only high-minded, but broad-minded and strong-minded. (13) He was born in Virginia and hails from New Jersey. His nomination would be a recognition of the South which the South nobly deserves. His election would be an everlasting pledge of a country united in fact, in determination to solve all besetting problems, in inspiration to fulfil America's highest destiny. Such is the man, and such a man is needed by the country, from whatever political party he may spring. We have no hesitancy, therefore, in inviting serious consideration of the suggestion.

From the Atlanta "Journal"

That was a high compliment paid to Dr. Woodrow Wilson by George Harvey when, at the Lotos Club dinner to Dr. Wilson, he placed that distinguished educator in nomination for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket in 1908.

The surprise was complete to Dr. Wilson and all the guests, but the latter promptly showed their approval by prolonged and hearty applause. The dinner was in no sense political, and of those present probably a majority were Republicans; but, none the less, all voiced their approbation of the honor done their guest.

Since it is well known that Harvard men talk of President Roosevelt as successor to President Eliot, when Mr. Roosevelt shall have left the White House, this nomination of Dr. Wilson suggests what may prove to be a notable coincident.

If time should indeed bring it about thus, then, verily, shall we have come upon a satisfactory solution not only of the problem as to what we shall do with our Presidents, but also of the puzzle as to where shall we look for them.

From the Washington "Star"

George Harvey, the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, suggests President Wilson of Princeton University for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1908. Well, why not? That is, if Mr. Bryan, or Mr. Hearst, or some other man of their faith, is not on the cards for the contest. In other words, if the Democratic party is not wholly and irrevocably radical, and is willing to make another appeal to the country under conservative leadership, Professor Wilson has claims to consideration.

In 1904 the party turned from the strictly political to the judicial field for its candidate. The play was for conservative support. Mr. Bryan had twice been defeated on a radical platform, and hope of success on that line was faint. So Judge Parker, perfumed with the approval of certain Eastern influences, was nominated. He failed, it is true, but not because of his conservatism. His colorlessness was a handicap, and, besides, nobody could have defeated Theodore Roosevelt. The fates themselves would have upset any Democratic programme that year.

Now why not turn from both the political and the judicial fields to the field of scholarship? Why not try a distinguished educator, who stands in that field and in all fields for safe things and things of good report? As Mr. Roosevelt is a man of Eastern birth and Western training, Professor Wilson is a man of Southern birth and Eastern training. He is not only a distinguished executive as an educator, but has reputation as a brilliant historian, and he has lived long enough in New Jersey to imbibe much of the spirit of that state about practical matters.

Two of the most successful of our early Presidents were scholarly men, who knew books as well as everyday business, and had strong leanings toward the academic shades. Mr. Jefferson, whose greatest pride it was to have founded the University of Virginia, would have made a perfect president of that or any other similar institution. And Quincy Adams would have made a perfect president of Harvard University. Henry Clay marveled at the ability of so bookish a man, who poured himself out so fully in a diary, to grapple familiarly with political affairs.

It might be well for the Democracy, unless it is thoroughly Bryanized, or Hearstized, to nominate Professor Wilson, or some other clean, clear thinker of his class. In the past forty years it has failed with several politicians, an editor, a soldier, and last time with a judge.

From the Washington "Star"

The *Charleston News and Courier* cordially indorses George Harvey's suggestion of President Wilson of Princeton for President. In commenting on the *Star's* comments on the subject, wherein it was pointed out that Mr. Jefferson and Quincy Adams, both of whom acquitted themselves ably in the White House, would have served well in such an office as President Wilson now fills, the esteemed *News and Courier* says:

"According to his lights and for his day Dr. Wilson does not suffer in comparison with either of the great men named. He is capable, he is loyal, he is faithful to the Constitution, and he would make an ideal President. The so-called 'vested interests' would not be afraid of him, and the revolutionary or Socialistic wing of the party would have respect for his honesty, however they might differ from him upon questions of policy. Dr. Wilson is a Southern man who is fully known and appreciated in the Northern half of our country. He possesses great executive ability. He is a man of wide reading and fine scholarship, and would make an altogether admirable candidate.

"Why not nominate him? He is sound on the currency question and orthodox in his views of popular government. He is not a political hack discredited by political failure, and he would measure up fully to the requirements of the office of President. We do not think he is any such man as Mr. Cleveland—we do not think there is any other such man in this country; but taking him by and large, he would make a fine candidate and an ideal President."

"Not any such man as Mr. Cleveland?" Let us all hope not. Surely the Democratic party does not want another such man as Mr. Cleveland in the White House. He got in the first time by a scratch—the same sort of scratch that landed his young pupil McClellan in the Mayor's chair in New York for a second term—and at the end of four do-nothing years was defeated. He was nominated and elected in 1892 under the management of William C. Whitney, acting for the great corporate interests in New York, and at the end of the four most disastrous years the country had ever known in times of peace the Democratic party was in such a state of discord and demoralization that a rattling stump-orator, by the aid of one rousing deliverance, took complete possession of it, and is still in possession. An educator—even an ordinary educator—ought to be able to beat that. The chances are that President Wilson, with an opportunity, would.

But listen to Henry Watterson, who, breathing the balmy air of Florida just now, is seeing all things whole and making prophecies. In a summing up of the political situation for his newspaper, Mr. Watterson concludes as follows:

"The old Democratic party grew so strong that it was able to make its exit the signal for a bloody war. The Republican party has grown so strong that it thinks it owns the earth, and has measurably lost the fear of God. The people seem at length ripe for a clean sweep. But they must be unified on some fighting-line and under some adequate leader, who, whatever else he is, we may make sure will not be a conservative."

In this view of the case President Wilson will not do at all, for his nomination would appeal above all things to the conservative sentiment of the country. Can Mr. Watterson be "unified on some fighting-line" with Colonel Harvey and the *News and Courier*?

From the New Haven "Register"

The Hartford *Courant* takes a hand in the movement to persuade the Democratic party to nominate for its next President a college president. It says: "If Colonel Harvey's suggestion about trying their luck in 1908 with a scholar finds favor in the eyes of the Democratic brethren, they are by no means shut up to Colonel Harvey's nominee—Dr. Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton. Dr. Eliot of Harvard is a little too old, perhaps, but there's Dr. Henry Wade Rogers, dean of the Yale Law School, not yet fifty-three, and young for his age. He isn't a university president now, but he was. And there's Dr. Edwin Anderson Alderman, president of the University of Virginia, not yet forty-five, and one of the nicest Democrats living. Dr. Rogers is a New-Yorker by birth, Dr. Alderman is a North-Carolinian." We grow nervous when we are left out of a controversy like this, so even at the risk of butting in we suggest that it end in an agreement to have the ticket read: For President, Rogers of Yale; for Vice-President, Alderman of the University of Virginia. Platform, the old flag and an appropriation. The latter ought to corral every Republican in sight.

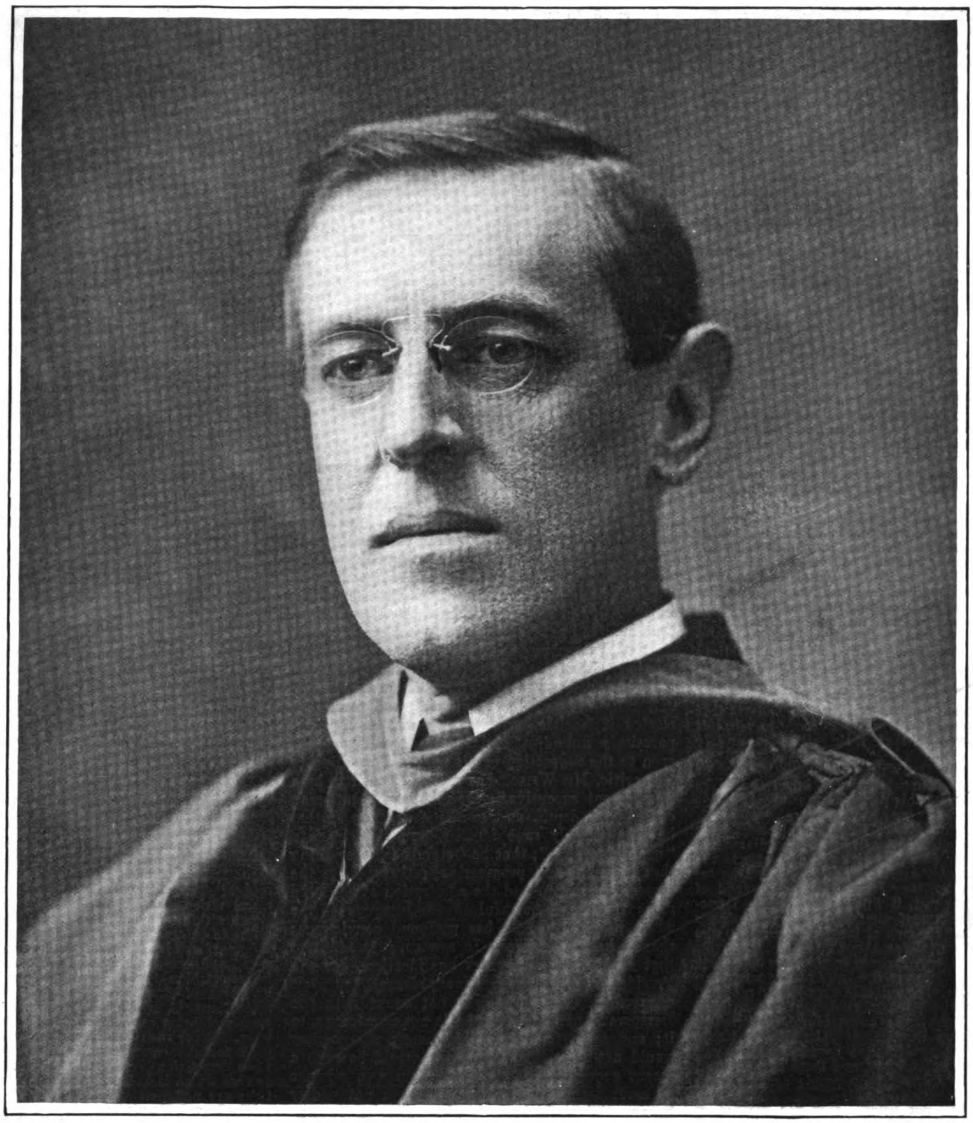
From the Charleston "News and Courier"

George Harvey is backing Dr. Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, for the Democratic nomination for President in 1908. The Hartford *Courant* suggests that Dr. Eliot, of Harvard, may be a little too old, but that Dr. Henry Wade Rogers, dean of the Yale Law School, is not yet fifty-three years of age and is young for his years, and it suggests further that Dr. Edwin Anderson Alderman, president of the University of Virginia, not yet forty-five, is "one of the nicest Democrats living." We would very gladly vote for Dr. Woodrow Wilson, and we might not offer any serious objection to Dr. Eliot or to Dr. Rogers, but we could not quite stand Dr. Alderman, of the University of Virginia. If we must have a university president let us draw the line on Alderman and take Woodrow Wilson.

From the Raleigh "News Observer"

George Harvey, the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, suggests President Wilson, of Princeton University, for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1908.

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WOODROW WILSON, PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

FROM "HARPER'S WEEKLY" OF MARCH 10, 1906

If he can organize the Jersey voters as well as he can drill the freshmen or write history, he would be a winning candidate.

From the Knoxville "Tribune"

HARPER'S WEEKLY suggests that the Democrats nominate President Wilson, of Princeton, as their next candidate for President. Such a proceeding would give Bryan and Hearst and lots of their followers a shaking up that would be the opposite of gentle.

From the Baltimore "Sun"

George Harvey nominates President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, for President of the United States. This might stop Harvard from getting all the big offices.

From the Columbus "Journal"

The suggestion of HARPER'S WEEKLY to the Democrats to try a scholar for a Presidential nominee next time has created a favorable impression.

MAY 26, 1906

From the "Brooklyn Eagle"

Since the dinner at which the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY suggested Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, as the Democratic candidate for President in 1908, things have happened rapidly. Democrats at that time did not see things so clearly as they see them now. The threatening dangers of demagogy in the specious dress of one or all of the various "isms" which are now being exploited were not so evident to thinking men as they are to-day. There had not at that time been heard the call of Democracy to all who believe in the principles of Thomas Jefferson to rally to the defense of the party and the nation.

It took Colonel Harvey's hearers a full minute to make up their minds whether or not the speaker meant what he said. The assemblage of eminent men gathered about the tables in that brief minute did some of the most rapid thinking of their lives.

After the dinner was over and the di ers had gone home they continued thinking about Woodrow Wilson in the new relation which Colonel Harvey had suggested. If the suggestion had been intended as a joke or as a compliment it would have ended there. Dr. Wilson would have understood the joke and would have appreciated the compliment. His perception is too keen, his mind too sane, to permit any misunderstanding on his part. When Colonel Harvey made his speech the idea was as new to Dr. Wilson as to the other guests. Weighing all the facts at his command, he concluded, as any man of good judgment and sound sense would have concluded, that Colonel Harvey did not mean to be taken seriously. He dismissed the matter from his mind.

But Colonel Harvey was entirely serious. He meant exactly what he said, that in his opinion Woodrow Wilson was exactly the kind of a man to make a President who would give to his country the best possible administration; that he was not only the kind of man, but the very man, to command the united support of working-men of all parties in all parts of the country; that he was the right man to guide the nation through the threatening breakers of radicalism.

Colonel Harvey was not the only one who did a lot of thinking that night and the next day. The majority of the men at the dinner were Republicans, but they were men of distinction; men of strong minds and clear heads. These men are still thinking of what Colonel Harvey said. It mattered not to them that the speaker had named Dr. Wilson as a fit man for the Democratic candidate. The question which each one asked himself was whether or not Dr. Wilson would measure up to the requirements of a man to succeed the very active, very energetic Theodore Roosevelt. Measured by any and all standards, the unanimous verdict was that Woodrow Wilson was such a man as the country required.

One of the objections which is likely to be raised to the possible candidacy of Woodrow Wilson is that he is not a politician, that he has never "won his spurs," as the saying is, in the arena of practical politics.

At first thought this objection seems a valid one. Looked at more closely, it loses much of its force. By the admission of all well-informed men there is no one in the United States who is more thoroughly familiar with the historical development of this country than Woodrow Wilson; there is no one who knows in large and in small the results of all the different policies under which the country has been governed; there is no one who has seen more clearly than Woodrow Wilson the threatening approach of popular revolt against the accumulated power of the vested interests of the country, and there is no one who, in argument, at all events, is better able to dissipate the threatening clouds of revolt against the privileged class.

Another objection raised against the candidacy of Dr. Wilson is the allegation that he is a student and not a practical man of affairs. This allegation, as all who have ever known Woodrow Wilson can abundantly testify, is based upon misinformation or lack of information. It probably arises solely from the fact that he is the president of a university, and the popular idea of a university president is that he is an academician as contrasted with a man of affairs. One of the professors at Princeton, in speaking of him a few days ago, said:

"Woodrow Wilson is not only the finest scholar I have ever known, but he is the shrewdest business man I have ever known. He is not only a sound thinker; he is, above all else, a man of action."

Some have raised the objection that the people at large do not know who Woodrow Wilson is. That is in a certain sense true; and the fact that it is true, rather than an intention to promote his candidacy, is the reason for this article.

Woodrow Wilson is a spare man, of medium height, noticeably wide forehead, very expressive eyes, and very attractive personality. He was born in Staunton, Virginia, on December 28, 1856, and to-day in his fiftieth year is at the height of his mental vigor. He

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was graduated at Princeton in 1879, studied law at the University of Virginia, received his degree of Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins, was a professor at Bryn Mawr and afterward at Wesleyan University. He accepted the chair of jurisprudence at Princeton in 1890, and, upon the resignation of Dr. Patton, was the unanimous choice of the trustees for president of the university. Under his administration Princeton has grown in every respect more rapidly than ever before. He is to-day rated, both here and abroad, as America's foremost living historian in that field which deals with the political and social development of the nation.

Woodrow Wilson is put down as a conservative, a Democrat of the old school as opposed to the latter-day Democrats, who are technically known as the "radicals."

"The radicals are in control," say the practical politicians. "No man of the conservative type can be nominated by the Democratic party. If nominated, a conservative cannot be elected."

In a certain sense Woodrow Wilson is a conservative. He is a conservative in that he believes it is the duty of the elected rulers of a people to learn from experience, rather than act upon theory. He believes it is their duty before taking any action involving a change of policy to gather all available information, to sift, to examine, to deduce, and so to learn why failures have been made and how to avoid future failures. He believes that every American citizen should be taught to think for himself and to see clearly for himself. He believes that every party man should have a better reason for being a party man than because he was born of certain parentage or in a certain place.

His views upon public questions are not hard to collect from his public utterances. On the questions which now agitate the American body politic he has very strong views, "definite" he might call them, and these views can hardly be called conservative. He believes that the present political unrest, of which Socialistic, Municipal Ownership, Independence League, and other similar movements are but symptomatic, is the logical and inevitable result of one definite policy of government, the fixed policy of the Republican party. Dr. Wilson's view of this policy is that it consists of nearly half a century of legislation, systematically forced upon the country, favorable to the welfare of particular vested interests. He believes that the American people have already come to see this in a vague way and that their vision is rapidly clearing.

The real issue in Dr. Wilson's mind is whether or not these strongly intrenched vested interests will be permitted to continue this policy at the expense of the people at large.

Dr. Wilson firmly believes that the time will come when the nation must find a way to subordinate the accumulated power of these privileged interests to the general interests of the country at large; and he believes that when the time comes that the demand of the people must be met, it will be the old-time Democratic party which must meet it. Then he believes there will be a call for men of intellect, for men "who know what they are talking about."

The vision of the American people may not clear sufficiently to let them see the issue at the next election. It is entirely conceivable that the "radical" element, the reactionists who seize a phrase such as "free silver," "municipal ownership," "government ownership," and on it attempt to build a platform, may have its way again. But sooner or later will come the new line of cleavage, and there will be lined up for battle the forces of the people against those of the privileged interests.

Dr. Wilson does not believe that the method of reform will be the destruction of the corporations and trusts, the great modern instruments of business, for he believes them the natural and indispensable machinery of modern economic effort. He believes that the method of their reform will be such an amendment of the laws as will take away from them all artificial advantage such as, for example, the tariff gives many of them, and such a clarification of the law, both civil and criminal, as will fix responsibility in an unmistakable way upon individuals, the directors and officers of the corporations, whose identity now seems lost and submerged, whose very consciences seem confused. He confidently looks for the individualization of responsibility, the reapplication of old-fashioned morals to the individual management of new-fashioned business.

Like most students of political economy, Dr. Wilson has another count in his indictment of the policy of government fathered by the Republican party. "The country has never known so great prosperity," is the Republican argument. "The country is like a young man who finds himself heir to a rich estate," say the economists. "By good management he could easily live abundantly from his income. But he knows he has a bank account and in the fullness of life he draws lavishly and recklessly on his capital, thinking not of the time when his fortune will be spent." It is a notable fact that every disinterested economist in the country believes that the United States is using up its capital rapidly.

The economists, who are at the same time practical men, know that it will be difficult to make the nation at large see the truth of this doctrine. The younger element enjoys rapid living. Retrenchment is a word for which young men have little use. It is a conservative word. It implies thinking ahead, planning for the future. The element in the American population which stood a unit for Theodore Roosevelt and elected him triumphantly does not want retrenchment.

"The nation is great and strong," say the young men everywhere. "It is growing daily greater and stronger. Why retrench? The policy of bold, vigorous administration is developing the country, and, more than that, it is developing the world. It has made us a world power. It will make us the world power. Let the distant future take care of itself."

Dr. Wilson is a practical man as well as an economist. He knows that this view, for the present, at least, must prevail. And there is just enough truth in it, so far as the rapidity of the nation's progress is concerned, to make it temporarily defensible. Unlike some of his fellow-economists, he does not believe that there is cause for serious alarm in the present tendency of the United States to enjoy itself, even though the nation is spending its capital. He is an optimist, and believes that the nation is certain to see the end of the path in plenty of time to change its course. And yet, conceding all this, Dr. Wilson believes that the time has come when those in authority should have constantly in mind the truth and the end of the way. In other words, it should be the nation's policy to bring about gradually the change which is necessary to reach sound economic living, which is living on the income without reckless encroachment on the capital.

In regard to the conflict between capital and labor Dr. Wilson is, as in other things, a consistent believer in individual rights and responsibilities. All law gets its genesis by a conflict of interests; and there is nothing malign in the conflict itself. It becomes malign only when one side or the other is permitted to take an unfair advantage. He believes that in the contest between capital and labor the law should not take sides, but should hold the balance true at all hazards, seeing to it that both sides act without malignancy or false advantage—acting as umpire, never as partisan.

MARCH 31, 1906

It is interesting to note the further comments, newspaper and individual, on the suggestion of WOODROW WILSON's name as the Democratic candidate for President in 1908. An important characteristic of the comments, which we quote on another page, is their invariable recognition of the merits of Mr. WILSON. The Troy *Press*, for example, which is inclined to treat the suggestion impatiently, is forced to admit the truth of all that has been said of the equipment of the president of Princeton for the national office. After quoting with approval the tribute which appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY of March 10th, it asserts that Mr. WILSON cannot be nominated, and cannot be elected if he be nominated, because he is comparatively unknown, and therefore it is opposed even to the suggestion of his name. According to this critic, Mr. WILSON has proved himself to be a "competent executive"; that he is "a statesman of breadth, depth, and excellent sagacity"; that he is a notably sane idealist, and that he is a "genuine orator"; that he "stands for everything that is sound and progressive"; that he has the respect of all men and the admiration of educated men; that he is faithful to the interests of the whole people; that he has profound convictions; that he has no enemies. In a word, it is admitted that Mr. WILSON possesses qualifications for the Presidency in an extraordinary degree, but it is asserted that all these will not count with the Democratic party because he is not now known to it; and that if he were nominated, the country would not elect him because he would be such a recent acquaintance. It is, of course, a mistake to assume that WOODROW WILSON is not widely known. There is no man who writes on government and on politics who is so generally and so favorably known. However, the mere fact that the only opposition to Mr. WILSON as a candidate that has yet been expressed is put on the ground that the Democratic party will not nominate an exceptional man whom it does not know to-day, and that the people will not elect a man of acknowledged virtues to whom they have just been introduced, is very illuminating. So far, it is clear, no valid objection has been expressed, and therefore the suggestion of Mr. WILSON's name becomes all the worthier of that serious consideration which we have invited. It would probably be very difficult to defeat a man so endowed as is Mr. WILSON because the country has learned of his fitness to serve it only recently.

The assertion made by ex-Judge ALTON B. PARKER, during his recent tour in the South, that the next nominee of the Democracy for the Presidency ought to be a Southern man, has attracted a great deal of attention in Washington, as well as in the states directly concerned. Judge PARKER pointed out that during the last ten years it has proved impossible to secure harmonious action on the part of Western and Eastern Democrats. Mr. WILLIAM J. BRYAN was deserted by Eastern Democrats in 1896 and in 1900, while Judge PARKER himself in 1904 failed to poll the full Democratic vote in the West. The deduction from these facts is that prudence dictates the selection of the next nominee from a different section—to wit, the South, which has no enemies within the party, because it has loyally supported the Democratic nominee no matter whether he has been a Western man or an Eastern man. It may also be pointed out that, since the South's manufactures have acquired enormous development, a Southern man would no longer be accused or suspected of hostility to a protective tariff, though he could undoubtedly be trusted to advocate the revision of certain schedules of the Dingley act. He would therefore appeal very strongly to the Republican revisionists, of whom there are so many in Massachusetts and in some other states. We add that, as there are few, if any, great fortunes in the South, and as the railroad interest is comparatively unimportant, the masses of Northern voters would not suspect a Southern man of being a tool of railways or monopolies.

MARCH 31, 1906

From a Letter by Henry Loomis Nelson in the Boston "Herald."

An exceedingly interesting movement is in process of fermentation. It is a movement which is exciting interest in the South. It does not naturally appeal to managers of the Democratic organizations—at least it cannot yet appeal to them. Its fortune depends wholly upon the way in which public opinion directs itself, whether there is enough discontent in the existing conditions in both parties to stir up a sentiment which will make of managing politicians a negligible quantity.

The movement, which is germinating, was started a few weeks ago by George Harvey's mere suggestion that Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, would make an excellent President of the United States. Such a suggestion, uttered suddenly, seems like a dream, and perhaps it would not be worth discussion were it not for the reception which it has met. This has been particularly warm, not only on the part of newspapers in the South and West, but of a large number of serious-minded men who are in politics, but who have been convinced that politics in this country must be elevated to a higher plane than they are on at present.

Revelations which have recently been made have stirred the country, and there is thinking going on. The evil effects of combinations between politics and money-making are no longer the knowledge of a few. The world knows how corrupt, how base, how unsafe to all honest and decent people, and to all our solid social institutions, is the partnership between government and business. From the Senator receiving fees to protect a favored interest to the policeman receiving bribes to protect vice and law-breaking, the whole sordid company have been exposed to the public gaze, and the public does not like them.

By reason of these revelations there has come a healthful drift, a drift in which one may even find some persons and some institutions which, in recent years, have not been unwilling to avail themselves of corrupt conditions that made, for the time, for their pecuniary advantage. It is growing clearer to the eyes of some men who heretofore have been dim of moral vision, that in the long run corrupt politics is not healthful for any one, including the man who seems to be especially assisted by an iniquity.

Sound business, in other words, flourishes most with sound and honest government. Combinations of legislators at Washington, as elsewhere, in aid of combinations of capitalists are likely to lead to social revolutions in which the rights of capital are in danger of being confounded with their wrongful privileges. Under such conditions that which is sound and good for the community is likely to be demolished when demolition becomes the order of the day, as well as that which is bad and unwholesome. Social revolutions are not discriminating.

Woodrow Wilson's name has given to men who have been dreaming of a better state of things something concrete to reflect upon. He stands for an idea which just now is an idea that a good many people would like to see embodied in politics. These people are convinced that there is need in our government for something superior to much that we have. There is need for a man who has not made a business of politics in an era when the business could not be successfully conducted except by methods the true character of which is now understood. Being understood, those who have practised them do not stand well before the community.

It is often said that the business of politics is a worthy and even a patriotic occupation, and worthy also of the attention of the best minds. It is easily seen, however, that as the business has been carried on by the partisanship of private interests and politicians it is not worthy of high-minded men. Such men can have no more to do with our scrap politics than an iron merchant can have to do with junk questionably acquired. Good citizens, thinking of an abstraction, have long been wishing that men might be chosen to office who would regard official life as involving the performance of public duty, and the mention of such a man as Woodrow Wilson necessarily clothes the abstraction with flesh and blood.

They say, and say truly, "Here is a man who has been a student of government, an historian of American politics, a distinguished writer on themes with which many of the present race of politicians, of whom we are very weary, have not even a bowing acquaintance." He has become distinguished among Americans for the same reason that many practical statesmen have become distinguished among Englishmen—for accurate knowledge not only of the theory of the State, but for practical knowledge of the working of our institutions. He has knowledge, and the power to apply it. That he has practical ability is shown by his statesmanlike plan for the bettering of the system of instruction at the great university of which he is the head.

He is the kind of man who is selected for government work in nearly all civilized countries but our own, and the time has come when some men of the Democracy are thinking that the day of small things has passed, and that we might as well turn our back upon the foolish assertion of the ignorant that knowledge is incompatible with practical efficiency. Not that we have not already had knowledge and efficiency in our high places. We have given the men

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having these qualifications, however, for the further reason of their availability. However this may be, there is an idea abroad that we must try to find good men and strong men for our political places who will give us better government, government which is not tainted either by corrupt bargaining, leading to a revolt which is sure to be inspired by the spirit of extravagant communism.

It does not matter much at present whether those who are thinking in this way are few or many. It is important that a good many repentant sinners are at last in agreement with the idealists, that a good many who have thought to find their profit in corrupting public life have at last become convinced that a pure and intelligent government will be better for business than a subterranean control of government. It does matter whether Woodrow Wilson be a possibility or not, it does matter that there is a noticeable disposition to treat the mention of his name respectfully. It is a name which is entitled, whatever may be the connection in which it is named, to respectful treatment, but we can all remember the time when the mere suggestion of such a name would be met by an inquiry as to his standing with the horde known as the "boys."

The question suggests itself, are we beginning to see the end of the kind of politics in our country which is so like the politics of the gentlemen of Greece and Italy who were accustomed to relieve travelers of their money on the highway in order that it might be distributed among themselves and the *gendarmerie*?

It is certainly to be hoped for. At any rate, the kindly manner in which the mere suggestion of Mr. Wilson's name has been received indicates that some people are reflecting as to the possibility of changing our politics and of reforming the character of our politicians by putting superior men in service. That the South is taking an interest in this particular person is doubtless due to the fact that Mr. Wilson is a Virginian.

Here is a man who was born in Virginia, who is trained in the knowledge of government, whose writings show that he thinks like a statesman, who has been so successful as an administrator that his experiment at Princeton is the most interesting work now going on in education, and whose relations for many years have been with a Northern state. It is wonderful this list of reasons in the life of a man that make people stop and think when he is suddenly named for an office for which his fellow-citizens have never thought of him.

Yet it is not because he is Woodrow Wilson, not because of his special fitness, that the reception of the suggestion is interesting and important; it is because of the testimony thus borne to the fact that a man like him would at this juncture be peculiarly welcome to the headship of the nation.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

From the Troy "Press."

In giving due weight to these considerations, we object to his nomination on the ground that the people would row Mr. Wilson up Salt River. No Great Unknowns will answer the purpose. Demonstrated political virtues must precede a Presidential nomination. Probably Colonel Harvey will agree with us in presuming that a month ago not one per cent. of the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY or the Troy *Press* knew whether Mr. Wilson was a Democrat or a Republican. In the circumstances, it is no disparagement to this distinguished educator to say that practically his nomination is impossible, and would be preposterous, if possible. He could not be elected. Princeton should rest content with the honor of having for a citizen the only ex-President living. It should not ask for both a President and an ex-President.

This boomlet is the compliment of one scholar to another, and an excuse for directing widespread attention to Woodrow Wilson's superior qualities.

A Letter from an Educator.

EXETER, N. H., *March 7, 1906.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—It is with great pleasure that I read your recent editorial suggesting President Woodrow Wilson as the proper Democratic candidate for the Presidency. I want to congratulate you upon having the foresight and good sense to take this stand. I have known him for several years, and came into close contact with him while I was a member of the faculty at Princeton. It has often occurred to me that he would make an ideal Chief Magistrate, and I voiced that sentiment in an article I wrote about him some years since. He is my model gentleman, and I believe that there is no man in any party his equal for the days that are ahead in this country. Let me haste to say that I am an independent in politics, lest my motives be misunderstood. I shall be glad to do anything I can to help on this boom you have started.

I am, sir,

NATHAN WILBUR HELM.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, APRIL, 1906

Whom Will the Democrats Next Nominate for President?

BY A JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRAT

IT is high time that thoughtful Democrats should begin to consider the question, on what issue they mean to appeal to the American people in 1908, and what standard-bearer is most likely to lead their hosts to victory. A new Federal House of Representatives will be chosen in November of this year; so will many Governors; so will many state Legislatures, which, in their turn, may powerfully affect the composition of the Federal Senate. The rank and file of the Democracy will be immensely encouraged in their effort to pluck success from the coming contest at the ballot-box, if they know that their leaders, far from maintaining an expectant attitude, and allowing things to drift, have agreed upon a sound and attractive policy, and are prepared to name a candidate for the Presidency who shall be "available" in the true sense of the word, through his power to inspire confidence, to command respect, and to secure the zealous support of the Independents, who in 1884 and in 1892 proved themselves able to turn the scale.

I

So far as the framing of an issue is concerned, it should prove a much easier task for Democrats than for Republicans. As regards the two great questions of tariff revision and the regulation of interstate railways and other great corporations engaged in interstate commerce, the Republican party seems to be irreparably ruptured. Only with the help of Democratic Senators, if at all, will Mr. Roosevelt be able to place a rate-making bill embodying his personal views upon the statute-book. It follows that government control of consolidated capital cannot be made a pivotal issue at the next Presidential election. It is true that the Democrats may justly claim to have upheld from the outset the popular demand for Federal supervision of huge railway combinations and of all formidable trusts; but the Republicans may as justly say that the same demand was recognized and pressed by their Executive chief in the White House, by many of their Senators, and by all but seven of their Representatives. It would, therefore, be difficult, if not impracticable, to make the election of 1906, or that of 1908, turn on the Trust issue. It is otherwise with the question of tariff revision. The Protectionist Republicans, or Standpatters, have shown themselves absolute masters of their party, in both the Senate and the House of Representatives; for, if they permitted the House to pass the Philippine tariff bill, it was with the foreknowledge that the measure was going to its grave in a Senatorial committee. President Roosevelt, who, some time ago, was an advocate of tariff revision, seems to have bowed to the inevitable, and, of late, has evinced no inclination to urge reductions of the Dingley Tariff. On the other hand, the Republican friends of revision in the Fifty-ninth Congress, though relatively few, are resolute and impassioned, and have betrayed more than once a willingness to organize a revolt against the dominant element of their party, and their spirit of insubordination is strengthened by the knowledge that, in many sections of the country, the movement for revision is gaining great momentum even among Republican voters. We doubt if it would be possible to find a single Independent—by which, of course, we mean a man who in theory and practice is non-partisan—who is not also an avowed and earnest revisionist. Under the circumstances, the Democrats are not so much called upon to make tariff revision the axial issue of the contests in 1906 and 1908 as they are to accept frankly and eagerly an axial issue already made for them. That they will hail such an issue with enthusiasm is obvious. A party which in the past has demanded a tariff for revenue could not fail to welcome revision as at least a step in the right direction.

We see, then, that tariff revision, which events have made the main plank in the Democratic platform, will strongly commend Democratic candidates, provided these are wisely selected, not only to the great scale-turning body of Independents, but also to that large and growing minority of Republicans whose party allegiance is slack compared with the firmness of their demand for certain reductions of the Dingley tariff. Under the circumstances, Democrats should be able to repeat in Massachusetts the triumph gained by Governor William L. Douglas two years ago. In New York, where the Republican party is rent by faction, the Democrats certainly should be able to do much better next November than they did in 1902, when they cut down Governor Odell's plurality to less than nine thousand votes. They ought not to miss victory in Pennsylvania, where their nominee for State Treasurer was elected less than five months ago. Bright also is their prospect of carrying Ohio, where their candidate for Governor was successful at the latest election. They will surely recover Missouri, which only for transient reasons gave her electoral votes to Mr. Roosevelt in 1904. They have a right to expect considerable gains in Maine, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa, where there are many tariff-revisionists in the Republican ranks. On the whole, the Democracy seems pretty well assured of preponderance in the next House of Representatives.

II

Having thus proved successful in the preliminary skirmish, what step should next be taken by the national Democracy in order to win the great battle for the Presidency? It will not avail them to have the right platform: they must have the right candidate as well. They had the right platform in 1880, and if, with or without his consent, they had nominated Samuel J. Tilden, feeble and moribund as he was, they would have proved as irresistible as were the Christian cavaliers of Spain when they charged with the dead Cid at their head clad in his armor and propped upon his war-horse. That they had the right platform in that year is evident from the fact that President Arthur soon after recognized the necessity of revision, and brought about the creation of a Commission for the purpose. In 1884 the Democrats did not win by virtue of their platform, which was an evasive one, but because a large fraction of the Republicans in pivotal states bolted from Mr. Blaine and voted for Mr. Cleveland. In 1888 Mr. Cleveland stood on the right platform, but the non-partisans were inactive. Four years later the Independents rallied; and as there was simultaneously a good deal of discord among Republican leaders, caused by Mr. Harrison's frigid treatment of many of them, Mr. Cleveland's victory was monumental. It is our judgment that in 1904, after Judge Parker's electrifying telegram to the St. Louis Convention had blazoned in deathless colors his fidelity to the gold standard, the Democratic candidate could not have been beaten by any man except Mr. Roosevelt, who, although not, by principle and by practice, a Jeffersonian Democrat, as Senator Tillman justly says, had at that time proclaimed his approval of two Democratic demands, that, namely, for the federal supervision of interstate railways and of interstate commerce generally, together with that for tariff revision. Having stolen the Democratic thunder by his advocacy of federal supervision of interstate railways and of interstate commerce, Mr. Roosevelt remained the cloud-compelling Zeus, and kept his place upon the summit of Olympus. It is, in other words, our opinion that the contest of 1904 did not turn upon platforms at all, but solely upon the vote-getting qualifications of the candidates, and, naturally, as Chief-Judge Parker was comparatively little known, and may possibly have lacked Mr. Roosevelt's magnetic personality, he had to succumb.

To which of the great sections of the Republic should the Democrats now turn for a candidate? Nebraska and some other Western states declare that we ought to put forward William J. Bryan for a third time. We have never questioned the ability or the patriotism of the eminent Nebraskan. We believe that, if elevated to the White House, and loaded with a sense of tremendous responsibilities, he would evince sobriety and caution, sagacity and foresight. Neither have we ever seen cause to doubt his loyalty to Chief-Judge Parker, the nominee of Mr. Bryan's party in the last Presidential campaign. Traitors there unquestionably were among pretended Democrats; but William J. Bryan was not one of them. Can he, however, blame his brethren when they confess a superstitious fear that he was born under an unlucky star? Never in the history of this country has an American citizen been elected Chief Magistrate who twice previously had been a candidate for that great office and twice had been defeated. Only thrice in our annals has a man who had even been *once* defeated been renominated and elected. We refer, of course, to Jefferson, to Jackson, and to Cleveland. The only other man whom Western Democrats would be at all likely to propose is Governor Folk of Missouri. He is relatively a young man, little more than eligible, in respect of age, for the Presidency, if we judge by precedents as well as by the letter of the Constitution. His career, which promises great distinction, has but begun. He, if any man, can afford to wait. As for the states east of the Mississippi and north of the Potomac, they present at the hour when we write no man whom the national Democracy would be at all likely to nominate. It is improbable that Mr. Hearst would even come forward as a candidate before the next Democratic National Convention, unless he should have been successful in obtaining the Governorship of New York. Mr. George B. McClellan has solemnly declared that he will accept a nomination for no other office so long as he is Mayor of New York City. It is possible that a Democrat may be chosen this year Governor of Pennsylvania, but there is reason to fear that this state would still prove insuperably Republican in a Presidential year. We may add that no Pennsylvania Democrat can be said to have a national reputation. We should next point out that the day is distant when either the Democrats or the Republicans will take a nominee for the Presidency from the states west of the Rocky Mountains. That section has yet much to gain in respect of population before it can pretend to such an honor.

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There remains the section south of the Potomac and the Ohio, which is composed of former slave-holding states. The Democratic leaders of that section have hitherto deemed it inexpedient to press upon Democratic National Conventions the nomination of a Southern man. There is nothing new about this belief in a Southerner's unavailability. It prevailed for many years before the Civil War. James K. Polk was the last Southerner nominated by a Democratic National Convention for the Presidency. The Whigs, for reasons that we cannot pause to enumerate here, did not concur in the opinion that a Southern man was unavailable. They twice nominated Henry Clay, a representative of Kentucky; and on one of the only two occasions when they were successful they nominated Zachary Taylor, of Louisiana. Is it any longer true that the nomination of a son of the South is inexpedient? Is it not a fact that all Northern Democrats, all Independents, and many large-minded Republicans are convinced that the time has come to make a Southern man Chief Magistrate? Must we not acknowledge that the South, although nominally restored to the full privileges of states in the Union when she was permitted to send Senators and Representatives to Congress, is still partially disfranchised so long as her sons are debarred from the highest honor in the gift of the Republic? Shall we ever witness a veritable union—not of force and law, but of hearts—until, with the cordial concurrence of a large part of the North, a Southern man becomes Chief Magistrate? When a Southern man takes possession of the White House, then indeed will the white flowers of concord and mutual affection bloom above our battle-fields and the last drop of bitterness be purged from the sad memories of fraternal warfare. Then, indeed, will peace smile upon the land, and equity lift its head triumphant. We profess in the North to have forgiven the South, but not yet can we claim to have brought forth fruits meet for forgiveness. They profess in the South—and they proved in 1898 that the profession was sincere—to have accepted accomplished facts, and to have acquiesced loyally in a Union which they failed to subvert. Their recognition deserves acknowledgment, and their loyalty reward. That reward can only take one adequate, one convincing, one decisive form—the elevation of a Southern man to the Presidency of the United States.

III

No observant and fair-minded Northerner will deny the existence of an abundance of Presidential timber in the South. For fashioning the ribs of the Ship of State, Georgia pine is as well fitted as the cedar of Maine. It is not true that the states once Confederate have lost the breed of statesmen that once dominated the commonwealth. We could name many a Democratic Senator to-day, and more than one Democratic Representative, who, in respect of political experience, political insight, and political prescience, measures fully up to the standard of Chief Magistrate. There are Senator Morgan of Alabama and Senator Pettus of the same state, and, if some persons perchance should deem them disqualified by age, there are Senator Daniel of Virginia, and Senator Bailey of Texas, than whom no men in the Senate are more respected on the score of knowledge, judgment, and the power of lucid, forceful exposition. May it not, however, be true that these distinguished Southern legislators, by the very reason of their prolonged prominence in public life, and of their strenuous and gallant upholding of the interests of their section, are ill calculated to allay lingering prejudices that ought to be extinct and to quench the last flickering embers of sectional animosities which it is a shame to keep alive?

We must remember that the question of nominating a Southern man for the Presidency is complicated with the imperative necessity that the first *post-bellum* Southern administration shall be memorably successful. If the first Southern administration should prove a failure, or only a half-success, it is much to be feared that there would never be another, so vast and so rapidly increasing is the numerical preponderance of the North. To insure such success, it is indispensable that the temper of the Republicans, if beaten in 1908, shall be resigned and acquiescent, not angry, vindictive, and defiant. In other words, if a Southern President is to leave behind him a bright record of constructive statesmanship and useful legislation, he must have the good-will, if not the active support, of the whole country, and such good-will is only to be gained from a conviction, deep implanted at the North, as well as at the South, that both sections can count upon his sympathy and, above all, upon that intimate acquaintance without which sympathy is fruitless.

We probably will be permitted to assert without contradiction that such all-embracing sympathy, such intimate and comprehensive acquaintance with the views, wishes, and interests of all sections of the Republic, is not possessed at the present juncture by any eminent Southern statesman. No veteran Southern statesman would claim it, we think, though we are sure that more than one of them sincerely regrets the lack of it. Is it necessary, however, that the Democracy, in its search for a worthy and a promising candidate for the Presidency, should confine itself to men who have spent the best part of their lives in the political arena? In this country political parties that have coveted success have not always circumscribed thus narrowly their field of selection. It was not, of course, his brief and almost speechless legislative experience in the Virginia Assembly, but his priceless military services, culminating in the capture of Cornwallis, which caused Washington in 1788 to receive every electoral vote for the Presidency. It was not his civil record in Tennessee, but the victory of New Orleans, that carried Andrew Jackson to the White House in 1828. It was not the fact that he had been Governor of Indiana Territory and a member of both Houses of Congress, but the fact that he had triumphed at Tippecanoe, and, in the War of 1812, had beaten British soldiers under Proctor and totally routed them in the Battle of the Thames, that caused the country to go "hell-bent" for William Henry Harrison in 1840. It was the battles of Palo Alto, of Resaca de la Palma, and of Buena Vista that made Zachary Taylor Chief Magistrate, although he was asserted and believed never to have voted in his life. Not a few well-informed persons are convinced that, had the Republicans in 1868 put forward a typical representative of the Thaddeus Stevens faction, and had the Democratic National Convention nominated, as it was on the verge of doing, Chief-Justice Chase, the latter, sure as he was of Horace Greeley's zealous support, would have had a fair chance of securing a majority of the Presidential electors. If the Republicans were overwhelmingly successful that year at the ballot-box, it was because their choice fell on the man who hailed from Appomattox, though he had not voted for years, and though his latest vote is alleged to have been cast for a Democratic ticket.

Nor have party managers in the United States always confined themselves to the army, when, turning away for the moment from professional politicians, they have discussed or agreed upon the selection of a candidate from some other field of public usefulness. We can see in retrospect that, if the Republican National Convention in 1856 had followed the advice of Thaddeus Stevens, not yet discredited by headlong partisanship, and had nominated Justice McLean of the United States Supreme Court, they would probably have carried Pennsylvania, and, in all likelihood, have gained a majority of the electoral votes. In 1904 the Democracy conferred a nomination for the Presidency on the Chief Justice of the New York Court of Appeals, and, as has been already intimated, there is but little doubt that, after his memorable telegram to the St. Louis Convention, Chief-Judge Parker would have been elected had he not been pitted against a popular idol. He would have beaten with the utmost ease a Republican competitor of the Hanna type.

IV

Is it only in the legislative arena, in the army, or in the judiciary that great political parties must seek a name to conjure with in contests for the Presidency? Is it true that, as things are now, the intellect of the nation flows solely or mainly through those channels? Has not industry its generals, its commanders-in-chief, its conquerors? If brains were the only pre-requisite, would not the creator of a transcontinental railroad, the imparter of prodigious development to the nation's natural resources, the successful consummator of such an enterprise as the Panama Canal, deserve the suffrages of his fellow-citizens for the highest post at their disposal? There was a time when a large part of the American people would have answered the question in the affirmative, for in 1812 they gave no fewer than eighty-nine electoral votes to De Witt Clinton, who was already advocating the great undertaking which he was ultimately to accomplish, the construction of the Erie Canal. It is possibly true, however, that, in our day, owing to the inimical relations of labor and capital, a victor in the field of industrial evolution, however qualified he might be on the score of intellectual worth and of services to the country, would be unavailable as a candidate if considered from the viewpoint of his vote-getting ability. For the moment, therefore, the triumphant organizers of production and transportation, who, by sheer dint of mental energy, have amassed colossal fortunes, may be eliminated from the list of available nominees.

There remains a field of activity and usefulness the importance of which to the nation cannot be overestimated; nor will any fair-minded man dispute that the eminent and fruitful workers in that field may challenge the highest office in the gift of the American people on the score of merit and of availability. We refer, of course, to the victors in the vast and inestimable department of public instruction; to the great captains of the higher education. The designation of such men for distinguished functions under the Federal government is by no means unprecedented. George Bancroft had been a college tutor and a schoolmaster, and he left incomplete his famous *History of the United States* to become Secretary of the Navy in the Polk administration, and, subsequently, he was sent to represent his country in London and in Berlin. Edward Everett, after the death of Daniel Webster, left the presidency of Harvard College to become Secretary of State. Mr. Andrew D. White, the former president of Cornell University, has more than once been invited to occupy the highest posts in the nation's diplomatic service. No one has ever disputed that the statesman-like duties assumed by these organizers, directors, and inspirers of the higher education were admirably discharged. Why, then, should not the Democratic party in 1908, when seeking a nominee for the Presidency who will not only deserve but command success, turn its eyes in the same promising direction? Is it not quite possible to find among the presidents of honored universities a man richly qualified for the headship of the federal government by great natural ability, by long and distinguished professional experience, by the illuminating and invigorating trend of his studies, by his exceptional popularity, and by his unique power of securing the confidence, the sympathy, and the support of all sections of the Union?

V

We submit that such a man may be found in Woodrow Wilson, of Virginia, now president of Princeton University. Woodrow Wilson, we may briefly recall, was born at Staunton, Virginia, on December 28, 1856, and is not yet, therefore, fifty years of age. He was graduated from Princeton in 1879, and, after studying law in the University of Virginia, he began the practice of his profession in Atlanta, Georgia. The lady whom he married in 1885 was a native of Savannah. Impelled by his personal tastes and aptitudes to transfer his energies from the law to the field of the higher education, he became successively a Professor of History and Political Economy in Bryn Mawr College and Wesleyan University, then a Professor of Jurisprudence and Politics at Princeton; and, finally, since August, 1902, he has been the president of the last-named university. He is held in the highest honor by every Princeton graduate and by all university men. He is known to a multitude of thoughtful readers as the author of *Congressional Government: A Study of American Politics;* of *The State: Elements of Historical and Practical Politics;* of *Division and Reunion, 1829–1889*; of a life of *George Washington;* and, finally, of an elaborate and comprehensive *History of the American People*. As was pointed out the other day in HARPER'S WEEKLY, no one who reads understandingly his record of his country's extraordinary growth, which in his *History of the American People* seemed to flow with such apparent ease from his pen, can fail to be impressed with the belief that he is, by instinct and education, a statesman. The grasp of fundamental principles, the seemingly intuitive application of primary truth to changing conditions, the breadth of thought and the cogency of reasoning exemplified in the pages of that work, were rightly acclaimed in HARPER'S WEEKLY as clear evidences of sagacity, worthy of Virginia's noblest traditions, as was also the eloquent appeal addressed last year by President Wilson to his brethren of the South, in which he called upon them to rise manfully from the ashes of prejudice and lethargy, and come back into their own. We ourselves cordially concur—and we believe that far-sighted Democrats all over the country will concur also—with HARPER'S WEEKLY in the conviction that the country needs relief from the strenuous and histrionic methods of Federal administration now exemplified in the White House. It needs a man who is a genuine historical scholar, and who has conclusively proved himself a competent executive. It needs a statesman of breadth,

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depth, and exceptional sagacity; an idealist, who, at the same time, shall be exceptionally sane. It needs a man who, although steeped in Jeffersonian teachings, can be trusted at a given crisis to ask, not what Jefferson *did* a century ago, but what Jefferson would do *now*. It needs a man whose nomination would be a recognition of the South, which the South nobly deserves, and whose election would be a decisive proof of the full restoration of the Union. Such, unquestionably, is the man whom the country urgently requires, by whatever political party he may chance to be brought forward. Such a man is Woodrow Wilson, of Virginia and New Jersey. We add that he is a Democrat, and of course a tariff revisionist. In a word, he meets all the exigencies of the situation.

APRIL 4, 1906

From the Savannah "Press"

Princeton already has one President "in her midst," and in our opinion he was one of the best the nation ever had. He is a scholar, in some ways a littérateur. President Roosevelt is an historian and an author who has written extensively about bears and Federalists.

In this line Woodrow Wilson is superior to either. If his history is open to some criticism from a Southern viewpoint, the volume on *The State* is above reproach. The distinguished author went to school when he was a boy in Augusta, where his father was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in the Georgia city. The *Press* has watched his career with interest and enthusiasm. Several years ago this paper nominated him for Chancellor of the State University. Naturally, he preferred to be head of his own alma mater at Princeton. He may have been born in Virginia, but he is a Georgian, married a Georgia woman, and ought to get the electoral vote of Georgia if he concludes to become a candidate on the Democratic side. We presume, of course, that HARPER'S WEEKLY is boosting him for the Democratic nomination. With this understanding we are for him.

From the Columbus (S. C.) "State"

Mr. Harvey is agreeably surprised at the public reception given the suggestion that the Democrats make Woodrow Wilson their leader, although he says his remarks in the Lotos Club were not hastily made or ill considered. The idea of having a statesman for a Presidential candidate is somewhat novel, but nevertheless it is attractive to the non-politician, and Mr. Harvey has grouped quite a formidable number of reasons favorable to Mr. Wilson.

There is no reason why "serious consideration" should not be given to the suggestion. Presidential timber is not too plentiful, and Presidential timber of the redwood variety is alarmingly scarce. It might be a terrible shock to the American people to have such a man as is described by Mr. Harvey aspire to the Chief Magistracy, but they would get over it; it could be shown that there was precedent for such a thing; there were statesmen in the long ago, and they did quite well. In fact, much used to be done by Americans in a quiet way. The "big stick" was not always the favored policy; it is an excrescence of modern methods.

From the Kansas City "Times"

Woodrow Wilson, whom HARPER'S WEEKLY suggests for the Democratic Presidential nomination, is, with perhaps one exception, the most excellent Democrat in Princeton, New Jersey.

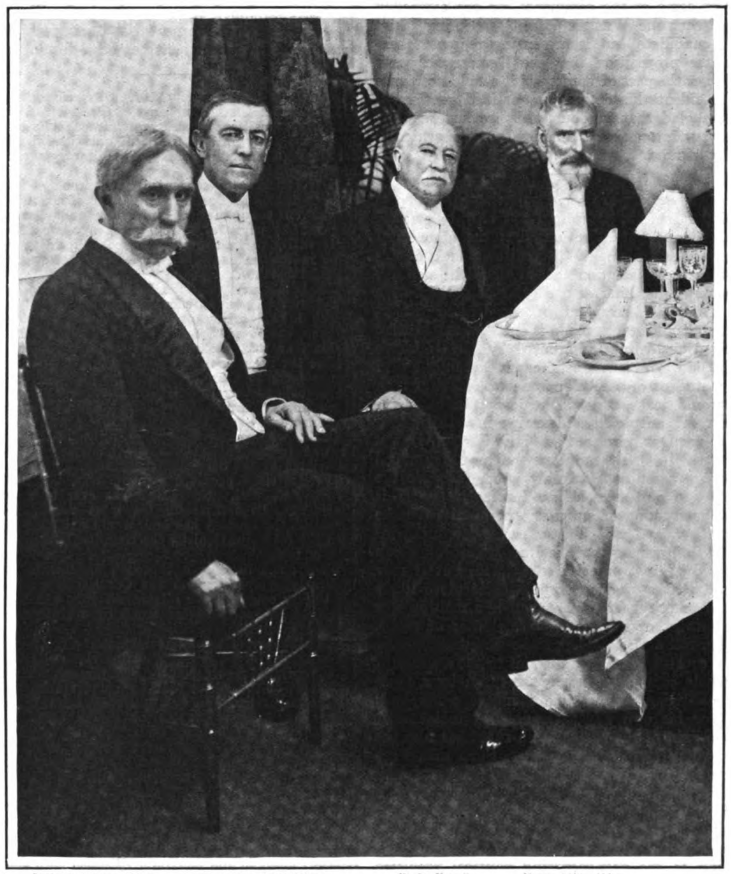
APRIL 7, 1906.

It is asserted by friends of Mr. WILLIAM J. BRYAN that he has made up his mind not to seek the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1908. Where, then, will the national convention of the Democracy look for a candidate? Mr. JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, of Mississippi, maintains that it should not look to the Southern states. If the opinion is based on the assumption that a Southern candidate for the Presidency would provoke a revival of sectional animosity at the North, we believe Mr. WILLIAMS to be mistaken. A more plausible objection is that it is impolitic to take a candidate from a part of the country which the Democrats are sure of carrying. Politicians have long been in the habit of selecting candidates for the Presidency from states that are or have been doubtful. This objection on the score of expediency could be met by the selection of a man born, brought up, and educated at the South, but who, subsequently, by long residence at the North, has acquired an intimate knowledge of his fellow-countrymen in that section. As we have formerly pointed out, such an ideal combination of qualifications is presented in WOODROW WILSON, president of Princeton University. No objection to his candidacy could be made on the ground that New Jersey is irretrievably Republican. Local pride plays a great part in that state, and although it was swept by the Republicans in the last three Presidential years, it gave its electoral votes to TILDEN and to HANCOCK, and thrice voted for Mr. CLEVELAND. We add that in 1901 a change of less than 9,000 votes from one side to the other would have defeated the Republican candidate for Governor.

APRIL 14, 1906.

The suggestion that WOODROW WILSON be the Democratic candidate for President in 1908 continues to excite comment from the newspapers of all parts of the country. The most serious effect of the suggestion has been felt in the South and in New Jersey. This is natural and logical, for Mr. WILSON was born in the South, and his boyhood is remembered not only in Virginia, his native state, but in Georgia, where he attended school, where his father preached, and where he married his wife. He has always been, as will be seen from the remarks of the Savannah *Press*, in high favor with the Georgians, and was once suggested for Chancellor of the State University. In New Jersey, where he was a student at Princeton, and where, since he has been professor and president, the suggestion is as cordially received as it is in the South. The Savannah *Press* says that it is in favor of Mr. WILSON for President on the understanding that he is to be the Democratic candidate. The original mention of his name was as that of a man very worthy to be the Democratic candidate. It is not quite accurate to say, as the *Press* does, that HARPER'S WEEKLY is "boosting" Mr. WILSON. It is doing nothing of the sort. It has recognized in him a man eminently fit to be President and to be the Democratic candidate for President. The statement of this fact alone is a complete answer to the other statement that the WEEKLY has put him forward as its candidate. We would, it is true, be delighted if the Democratic party would consent to make so sensible and proper a nomination as this would be. Not only New Jersey but Pennsylvania welcomes the suggestion. New England newspapers treat it respectfully, while one Western paper shows its appreciation of Mr. WILSON by ranking him with GROVER CLEVELAND.

To the WEEKLY the interesting feature of all this comment is the evidence it affords that a good many Democratic newspapers realize the value of character, of dignity, of intellectual equipments for the Presidential office. Faith is shown, too, in the strength of repose and in the power of quiet. The Southern newspapers indicate that their part of the country quite understands the honor that a nomination of a Southerner would be to their section, but they also show that they are chiefly glad that a Southern man is talked about, not because of the place of his birth, but because of his worthiness for the highest office in the land. Mr. WILSON is not mentioned because he is a Southerner, but being mentioned because of his own personality, his own character, his own accomplishments, and his own ability, he also happens to be a Southerner. This makes the incident especially gratifying to the South. Another very significant statement is to be found in the closing paragraph of an editorial of the Trenton *American* which we lack space to quote in full this week. If, says this newspaper, Mr. WILSON be nominated, he "will unquestionably have back of him the men of both parties whose ideals are the restoration of primal principles and a return to constitutional government." From all this it will be seen that much good has been accomplished by the mere suggestion that Mr. WILSON'S candidacy is one which the Democratic party ought to take into serious consideration.



Richard Watson Gilder President Woodrow Wilson W. D. Howells Henry Mills Alden

At a dinner to Mr. Alden in Franklin Square in 1906

This advice may not fructify into action, but at least the suggestion has excited comment, and may excite discussion, that must benefit the party and the country. It has made serious editors lift their eyes from the crowd of politicians who are running along in the old ruts to contemplate a man who has what we might call real Presidential ability and Presidential virtues—that is, ability and virtues which are his own, and which distinguish him from a mass of people who have mere availability. When it is considered that supposed availability has been the leading virtue of all the Democratic Presidential candidates who have ever been defeated, it seems odd that it is still a virtue as highly considered by those who make slates. It is probably true, however, that no Democratic candidate ever will be successful without a preliminary victory over the slate-makers. Therefore it is gratifying to a political onlooker to note the pleasure with which thoughtful men receive a name that would never occur to a pro-

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fessional namer of candidates for defeat. It is now demonstrated that there are editors — and presumably many readers for every editor—who would be glad to transform the Democratic party into a real and intelligent opposition which, being intelligent, would enjoy its proper share of power, and, when out of power, would be recognized as a force to be reckoned with on account of both its intelligence and its patriotism.

APRIL 21, 1906

It would be impossible to reprint in the WEEKLY all the comments of the press of the country on the suggestion that Mr. WOODROW WILSON is an admirable statesman, a thoroughly equipped public man, and that he would be an excellent Democratic candidate for President. In view of some of the comments, we are compelled to say that the WEEKLY is not "booming" him as its candidate, but is presenting reasons to explain the proposition that the Democratic party would act the part of wisdom if it should nominate for President this eminently qualified gentleman. We are glad that in doing this we have excited some very interesting discussion, most of which is worthy of note.

Naturally there are some objections to the proposed nomination. It would not only be strange if there were not objections, but the absence of them would indicate a discreditable lack of interest in the intimation that it would be well for the country to think of a scholar of politics as a fit man to be President of the United States. Among the objections made is one that might have been anticipated; it is aroused by Mr. WILSON'S scholarship. In some instances it is boldly stated that a student or a scholar is not the kind of man who would make a good President; in other instances this suspicion of learning is veiled under the convenient phrase that Mr. WILSON is not "practical." One strange person argues that all professors must be absolutely wrong because the majority of professors believe in free trade. This is the assumption of a writer who admits that he is practical, and well illustrates the reasoning indulged in by many practical men. Nothing can be urged against practical statesmen, but it may be said that a student of politics is more likely to be a practical statesman than is a manipulator of primaries, or a successful distributor of spoils, or a log-rolling legislator, or one who would prefer a new court-house in his district to the welfare of the whole country. Usually we mean by a practical politician a man who manages a machine, first, for his own advancement, and incidentally for the gain of the party which furnishes him the votes which keep him in place. Such men have their uses, but the time is here when our highest offices should be filled by men who are trained to the high duties of statesmanship by study, by the thoughtfulness on public subjects which is aided by learning, by the application of the fruits of learning to the ever-recurring political problems of all times. To prefer for President a so-called practical organization man to a scholar of politics is like preferring as general superintendent of a railroad the driver of a locomotive to a man to whom railroad construction, economics, and operation have been a lifelong study. One writer asserts that we would better choose our "Presidents from among statesmen — men who have already filled political office satisfactorily, and even from among these to select such men as have mastered jurisprudence." It would probably be better still to choose our Presidents from among those who are fit for office because they comprehend the questions of statesmanship, and from among those who have so mastered jurisprudence, as Mr. WILSON has, as to be among the most eminent teachers of the science.

One of the objectors asserts that college professors are not well thought of for public men either in England or here. The fact that a man is a college professor is, indeed, not in itself a recommendation for him for this high executive office. But by professor most of the critics mean scholar, and they hold in effect that to study the art of politics is to disqualify one to practise the art. This is true of the art, or arts, most frequently practised, but it is not true of the art as it ought to be practised. This particular objector is, moreover, wrong about England. There the scholars of politics are preferred, and have been leaned upon by the country and by the parties, ever since responsible government assumed its present form. In the present Cabinet are several distinguished men of letters and one who was Regius professor of history at the University of Oxford; and did an American practical politician ever write so practical a book on American government and American politics as Mr. BRYCE has done? Did ever an American parliamentarian lead the House of Representatives more skilfully than did the author of *A Defense of Philosophic Doubt* lead the House of Commons? Was there ever a more astute party leader than the Homeric scholar who for so many years was the Prime Minister of England? Is not one who comes to understand his subject by long years of study more likely to be practical and right than one whose practicality is confined to the devising of means for getting himself and his friends into office? Even if the unstudious man has learned the arts of government by long experience, is he likely to be better equipped than he who is familiar with the experiences of the centuries during which the art of modern government has been developing?

From the Trenton (N. J.) "American"

No one who has read any of President Wilson's masterly expositions of statecraft, no one who has followed the story of his life, will question his fitness for the high office for which Colonel Harvey nominates him.

It is apparent to students of the trend of modern politics that the Presidential battle of '08 must be fought on the issues of autocracy and democracy. The radical party of a few years ago must be the conservative party two years hence. President Roosevelt's radicalism has changed the course of events, has turned the tables.

The Democratic party is historically the conservative party. Thomas Jefferson insisted on a strictly literal interpretation of the Constitution. Andrew Jackson destroyed the United States Bank because of his fear that the money power might through it become the ruler in America. James Buchanan feared to use force to compel South Carolina to remain in the Union, and thereby subjected himself to accusations of weakness. Grover Cleveland's administration was so conservative as to warrant the charges of the radicals, who seized the party reins in 1896, that he was in sympathy with the monetary principles enunciated by the St. Louis convention.

The American people are progressive, but are conservative as well. No radical has ever been elected President. Even Lincoln, the most nearly radical President the country has had, would not pass muster with the centralizationists, the Hamiltonians, the radicals, of to-day.

Woodrow Wilson is a thorough Democrat. He is in hearty sympathy with the Constitution. Around his banner could gather all those forces which recognize that all real progress comes by evolution rather than by revolution.

The tendency of the Democratic party is away from the quagmire of Socialism and imperialism, and back to the principles of popular government. The fact that most of the states that have undertaken governmental supervision of the railroads have proceeded along the Democratic line of giving equal opportunities to all men and special privileges to none, have exemplified the power of the states to deal with those questions which, under the Constitution, are theirs to deal with, is sufficient evidence on this point.

It is true that the United States has never called a college president to the office of Chief Executive, but Thomas Jefferson's scholarship and John Quincy Adams's intellectuality fitted either of them for such a chair as President Wilson now holds, while Grover Cleveland and Benjamin Harrison both emerged from the White House into university lectureships, and President Roosevelt is already spoken of for a college presidency.

There seems to be an opinion that to win the highest office in the gift of the American people requires a spectacular career. True, Roosevelt has played in the limelight since his entrance on the public stage. Undoubtedly his gallery-plays had a prominent part in his election. But while a spectacular personality may increase a President's popularity, it invariably weakens the party to which he owes allegiance. Theodore Roosevelt has demonstrated his own popularity. The coming election will more clearly expose the weaknesses of his party.

President Wilson, if nominated, will unquestionably have back of him the men of both parties whose ideals are the restoration of primal principles and a return to constitutional government.

From the Bridgeport (Conn.) "Post"

The idea of nominating Professor Wilson is beautiful, but if we were to lay a wager on it we should be willing to place a big red apple against a small crabby one that William Randolph Hearst stood the better chance of carrying off the prize in the end, and, what is more, if the nomination were left to Democratic votes the owner of the "yellow" journal would beat the professor by a majority so large that it would be Hearst first and no second.

From the Holyoke (Mass.) "Transcript"

If Mr. Wilson is all that Mr. Harvey says he is, and most people agree that he is, how in the world could he tie up to the national Democracy as it is composed to-day? The Virginia and the New Jersey in him would forbid such a union.

From the Haverhill (Mass.) "Gazette"

Colonel Harvey, of HARPER'S WEEKLY, wants the country to be serious and consider President Woodrow Wilson as a Democratic candidate for President in 1908. A number of good things are said about the Princeton man, and not one of them can be gainsaid, but the candid observer of the country in this year of our Lord 1906 must confess that he sees comparatively little of a nucleus in the Democratic party around which such a candidate could hope to build up a successful support, while the character of the support that he might be expected to draw from the Republican party would be apt to forget the excellent qualities of the candidate and turn from the friends that were flocking around him. In short, the Wilson candidacy would inevitably be an anti-Roosevelt candidacy, and the temper of the people doesn't indicate that the return of the administration of affairs into the hands of the anti-Roosevelt, monopoly-backed Republicans—or Democrats, for that matter—is likely to arouse much enthusiasm.

From the Pittsburg (Pa.) "Press"

Colonel George Harvey, the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, has made the suggestion that Professor Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, be nominated as the Democratic candidate for President of the United States. Although nobody can beat Roosevelt, the Wilson suggestion appears to have been taken seriously. At all events, Colonel Harvey is able to print in HARPER'S WEEKLY some half a dozen more or less thoughtful responses by newspapers representing different parties and different sections. Of course, the high character, mental attainments, patriotism, are everywhere conceded; but Colonel Harvey is too keen a humorist not to notice that the closest approach to enthusiasm evoked by his effort is found in the columns of a paper with Republican leanings.

If Professor Wilson had been born in a log cabin, had then gone to the bad, and became a United States Senator, incidentally showing his ability to boss a state legislature, he might have been made the nucleus around which to rally a formidable candidacy. But he has done none of these things. He is a mere scholar. He hasn't any military record that any one knows of; he hasn't even a barrel to atone for his other deficiencies. What is there about him to inspire the "boys" with enthusiasm? The football squad will be for him, but can they buck the Popocratic center?

From the Chicago "Record"

George Harvey, editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, devotes the leading editorial of this week's issue to a serious discussion of his recent suggestion that Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, be the next Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

In a categorical statement of the reasons which make President Wilson available, the editorial lays stress on the fact that he was born in Virginia, and that therefore "his election would be an everlasting pledge of a country united"; says he is an accomplished scholar, an idealist, yet notably sane; a genuine orator whose words ring true and bear conviction; that he stands for everything sound and progressive; that his fidelity to the interests of the people is unquestioned; that he "represents no class, no creed, no hobby, no vain imaginings," and is in the fulness of his power in age and experience. Continuing the list, Mr. Harvey says Professor Wilson has profound convictions from instinct and learning, but has no enemies; that he possesses personal magnetism, and is not only high-minded, but broad-minded and strong-minded.

From the Augusta (Ga.) "Chronicle"

We have no idea that the thought of entering politics had ever found lodgment in Professor Wilson's brain, and his nebulous nomination, so to speak, by Mr. Harvey, the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, to the highest office in the land, doubtless took him completely by surprise.

The wisdom of trying to elect a Southern man President has been strongly debated in the past, but it must be admitted that this is a somewhat different proposition. Professor Wilson has been identified with Princeton University and New Jersey in his life-work, but, as Augustans are well aware, he was born in the South, of Southern parents, and grew to manhood in this immediate section, his father, Dr. Wilson, having been at one time pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of this city, and afterward permanently connected with the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina. He may, therefore, be truthfully said to be a happy combination of the intellectual product of North and South—of the latter by heredity, birth, and breeding, of the former by long association in the prosecution of his career.

Probably, however, the most significant feature of the incident is that the selection of a Southern man as a prospective candidate for the Chief Executorship of the nation, and the statement that the South deserves the honor implied by such recognition, should have come from a publication with the past record of HARPER'S WEEKLY, for most assuredly that paper has not hitherto manifested any unusual affection for the people of this portion of the Union.

That is an extremely gratifying transformation to contemplate, however much weight the proposition of its editor at the Lotos Club banquet may have with the politicians and others who smooth such rough-hewn ends of suggestion.

From the New Haven (Conn.) "Leader"

Undoubtedly all Colonel Harvey says of President Wilson is true, and being true there is no doubt concerning the high character and general ability of this candidate, if he may be called a candidate.

Nothing is more true than that statement of the fundamental issue for the Democrats in the immediate future which is made by "Jeffersonian Democrat" in the current number of *The North American Review*. If the Democratic party is wise, it will seize the opportunity offered to it and

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contend for tariff revision. In doing so it can certainly have no stronger or better-equipped leader than WOODROW WILSON. Here lies one of the many reasons why the Democratic party should seriously consider the president of Princeton for their candidate in 1908. It is not our intention to be too insistent upon the value of our suggestion to the Democratic party, and for obvious reasons. We cannot refrain, however, from saying that the present condition of parties is such that fitness for office, high character, and unusual endowments are about the last qualifications for which party leaders are looking. As will be seen from some of the press comments which we publish, the question asked by the usual party editor is, "Can he [the suggested candidate] carry the doubtful states?" or, "Can he drive the discordant elements of the Democratic party so that they will pull strongly together like a well-trained team?" Mr. HENRY WATTERSON especially is convinced that the Democratic party is the party of all the discontents and political vagaries of the time, and that Mr. WILSON is not the man whom the crowd so afflicted will follow.

This may be so. If it is, the task of making of the Democratic party the opposition party to the strong and well-managed Republican party is very, very difficult. The opponents of the Republican party cannot, however, expect to overcome it unless they take away some of its now dissatisfied strength. In order to do this they must unite on some important issue in favor of which they will be harmonious, just as the Republican leaders have united in hostility to tariff revision, notwithstanding their own internal and threatening discords. It is to be hoped that the people of the Democratic party will prove the falsity of the critics who say that nothing good can come out of their organization: that no good man, no statesman, no man of worth, can be nominated by such a barking multitude as are now at one another's throats, and, therefore, at the throat of the party itself. The truth is that those who say that Mr. WILSON or any one of his character and ability—any one, in a word, who is fit to be named for President—cannot be nominated, are thinking of the wire-pullers, the slate-makers, and of the men who ought to be engaged in better work, but who impair the real usefulness of which they are capable by considering too much the men to whom politics is a business, and too little the people with whom a good man, a true man, and a fit man is always available. It is true enough that WOODROW WILSON is not a candidate for the little conventional politicians, but he is the kind of candidate who would gladden the hearts of the people, who would satisfy their sense of proportion and their respect for a great office of honor and dignity, in whose occupant they desire activity, but the activity of wisdom guided by knowledge. If the Democratic people desire to have their party occupy the high place which would make it the adequate opponent of the Republican party, a respectable opposition when in the minority, and a strong, patriotic, helpful government when in control, they must stop thinking about who can carry the doubtful states or who is available, and apply themselves to the attempt to discover what Democrat is worthy to be President. Then they must compel their managers and slate-makers to nominate their man. Leaders of public opinion, like some of the editors who are rather timidly commenting on WOODROW WILSON, could do no better than to awaken the Democratic people to a realizing sense of their own power and to arouse them to such an assertion of it as the usual politician would highly respect.

From the Niagara Falls (N. Y.) "Gazette"

Editor Harvey, of HARPER'S WEEKLY, suggests that the Democratic party name Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, as its standard-bearer in 1908. He is a scholar, an orator, a broad-minded man representing no faction or creed, without enemies and at the fullness of his power.

APRIL 28, 1906

From the Detroit (Mich.) "Journal"

Editor George Harvey, of HARPER'S WEEKLY, ever unsparing of himself when he sees an opening for a national improvement, has embarked upon a task that would dismay less stout a heart. He announces his intention of making President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, the Democratic Presidential nominee, and President Roosevelt the president of Harvard. To be sure, Editor Harvey might make the transformation scene a little more symmetrical by sending Dr. Roosevelt to Princeton to exchange woodland reminiscences with Honorable Grover Cleveland. Still, an ambition to keep the highest office in the land in the collegiate family is altogether praiseworthy.

Undeniably he [Mr. Wilson] is all that Editor Harvey said he was at the Lotos Club dinner—a brilliant scholar, an able orator, a bustling executive, and a statesman of parts. With the possible exception of Dr. Eliot, he is clearly the most conspicuous figure on the educational horizon to-day. But he has yet to demonstrate those rough-and-tumble qualities of the successful animal-trainer needful to lead the boisterous Democratic band to victory.

MAY 12, 1906.

Not so much in order to gratify the justifiable pride of the editor of the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* as to present to our readers the ablest argument that has been made by any Democratic editor against the nomination of WOODROW WILSON for President, we reprint the following paragraph:

We must say we don't care for a college professor for President of the United States. HARPER'S WEEKLY will please copy.

Seriously, we ought to say that this editor does not really believe that a college professor is necessarily disqualified for the Presidency of the United States because he is a man of learning. He would undoubtedly admit, if he knew Mr. WILSON, that he is most admirably qualified, for he has the learning of a statesman, a knowledge of our history and of our politics, a reverence for our traditions, a respect for our institutions, and a regard for the dignity of the highest office in the land, which are not the happy possession of many practical politicians, and which, say some of the commentators, have not been as conspicuous as they might have been of recent years. This, however, is a question of taste which we do not care, at present, to discuss.

From the Springfield (Mass.) "Republican"

It is not surprising that the leading article in the April *North American Review* booms Woodrow Wilson for President of the United States, and cordially indorses the stand taken by HARPER'S WEEKLY in the same direction, for both are guided by the same hand. . . . Colonel Harvey's thought and effort in this matter are to be commended. His appeals for high and strong action on the part of the Democratic party, as it must face the serious issues of the next Presidential campaign, are worthy of recognition and applause.

Nor will they be without some valuable result. No high standard was ever lifted in this way without some effect upon the march of a party. Everything which will tend to persuade the politicians of the minority to look higher than the feeding-trough, and to realize that the best opportunity for service, as well as the greatest hope of success, must lie upon a higher plane, is to be welcomed. It is not often enough realized that the journalism of the country has a vitalizing power of this sort to wield. Therefore Colonel Harvey's leadership in this particular matter is worthy of sympathy, and in it there may be larger hope and potency than the merely practical politicians are yet ready to recognize. Dr. Wilson is doing an admirable work as the progressive head of Princeton University, and may not be called into the field of national politics. But the idea that some one of the caliber and capacity for statesmanship, even though as yet inexperienced in politics, can profitably be made use of by the Democratic party is a worthy one, and the more it is considered the more favorably the thought is likely to appear in the eyes of men of sense and patriotism. They will be ready to admit that the man who now rules at Old Nassau would in all human probability make a fine figure in the White House, and it is a good deal more profitable to talk about Wilson than to discuss the weather or the factional differences of the Democracy. Colonel Harvey's thought is of the right sort.

From the Savannah (Ga.) "News"

It is rather remarkable that the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, which has always been classed as a Republican paper, should suggest a candidate for the Democrats to nominate for President. Still, he probably thought in doing so he was rendering both the country and the Democratic party a service.

There is no doubt that Mr. Wilson is an able man and one worthy of any honor to which he might aspire. He has the qualification of having been born and reared in the South and of having spent the greater part of his life since he reached man's estate in the North. His native state is Virginia, and his youth was spent at Columbia, South Carolina, and in Augusta, this state. If he should be nominated for President his nomination, therefore, could properly be credited to the South, and as there has been much talk in recent years as to the advisability of naming a Southern man for President, it is not improbable that Mr. Harvey's suggestion will command a good deal of attention.

In fact, it has already been commented upon by a number of Southern papers, and, as far as we have been able to observe, all of the comments have been of a kindly nature.

It is, of course, too soon to speak very positively about Presidential candidates. It is far from clear yet what the issues will be, but if they should be such as to commend themselves to Mr. Wilson we have no doubt that his friends would have no difficulty in securing very favorable consideration of his candidacy.

He isn't an unknown man, though he has had nothing to do with public office and very little, we assume, with politics. As to whether or not he knew that it was Mr. Harvey's intention to bring him out as a Presidential candidate we are not informed, but there isn't much doubt that Mr. Harvey's action wasn't distasteful to him.

Mr. Wilson is making a great institution of Princeton University. It is growing rapidly. Only a man of very superior ability could maintain himself at the head of it. We wouldn't be surprised if Mr. Harvey's suggestion should be given much more than a passing thought by the Democratic leaders and by Democrats generally.

MAY 19, 1906

Learning and Public Men

Without regard to any particular Presidential candidate, it is high time that the country should begin to appreciate learning as a valuable possession of its public men. Many of those who discuss the suggestion of WOODROW WILSON'S candidacy say that the nomination would be excellent, but that Mr. WILSON is not available because he has not been engaged in practical politics. The truth is that the happiness and fortunes of the country would be greatly enhanced if we could introduce into its government a few idealists, thereby replacing an equal number of practical men. Whatever troubles we are having with our governments, national and state, are owing to the mistakes and the blunders of practical men—that is, men whose idea of politics is to work a machine for the benefit of those who give the directions to those who turn the crank. Most of our disastrous experiments in government, and especially in law-making, might have been avoided if we had been willing to be guided by the universal experience of other peoples and of earlier times. A knowledge of the political history of the world embraces a knowledge of facts and their consequences, which ought to be had by every one who is undertaking the tasks of government. It is a knowledge which, to statesmen of the older countries, and to the statesmen of our own country, to all but those practical politicians who are blinded by the glamour of practical manipulation of basic political machinery, has always seemed to be essential to the proper conduct of government. It was in an eminent degree the mental furniture of those who framed the Constitution of the United States. Without it, the Constitution would not have been the simple, dignified, sufficient instrument it is; more likely it would have contained some of the patent nostrums which disgrace and enfeeble some of our modern constitutions.

It is the misfortune of the country that the practical politician has been powerful enough and influential enough to deprive the nation of the services of the men of "light and leading," whose learning has especially fitted them to be advisers, legislators, and executive officers of the Republic. To say, at this day, and in view of our political conditions, that a man learned in the art of government, in the law and custom of the Constitution, is impractical because of his learning, and therefore unfit for the service of the Republic, is, in effect, to assert that the Republic cannot enjoy the services of its own superior men. The comments which come to the WEEKLY on this interesting topic indicate the great need of thought on a condition which, in the last analysis, results from the thoughtless acceptance of the untruth that superior men intellectually are unfitted for the service of democracy by very reason of their superiority. The mere presentation of this logical consequence of much of the comment that reaches us ought to open the eyes of those who have made it. It is, indeed, made to the harm of the country. It is insistence upon a theory that the highest honors of the government must be denied to those who will wear them most reverently, and that the most important services must be performed by men who, to say the least, do not walk upon the higher ranges of our citizenship.

There is one word more to be said upon the availability of WOODROW WILSON, or of any man who, like him, has not engaged in the struggles of politics, has not contended for office in his own behalf, but who has studied and mastered the principles of our government, who has felt their spirit, and who has inspired hundreds of the youth of the country with his teachings and writings. The men who ordinarily nominate candidates may doubt the availability of such a scholar in statecraft, but the people will not be moved by the considerations which act upon the minds of the slate-makers. The Milwaukee *Sentinel* is a loyal Republican paper. Speaking with a knowledge of practical politics, not always possessed by the practical politicians, but which is illustrated by more than one episode in the history of the country, it points out the high spirit of the people. It says that "were it a matter of referendum to the party rank and file," the candidacy of one who has little but his availability to justify the naming of him "would hardly stand one chance in a thousand against that sterling and representative American, the president of Princeton University." The politicians who make slates, and those who believe in their omnipotence, misjudge the intelligence and virtue of the American people. Moreover, they forget facts, momentous facts, of not remote date. They forget that more than once the people have forced the slate-makers to nominate whom the people would, and whom they would not have named. They forget, too, that the people have more than once broken slates, and that nothing is so untrue in this country as the statement that a man is unavailable because party politicians say that he is. The Democratic party must convince the people, not the party's managers.

From the Hartford (Conn.) "Times"

Who is "the ablest Jeffersonian Democrat in the United States"? The editor of *The North American Review* asserts that this title belongs to the anonymous author of the leading article in the April number of that periodical, the title of which is, "Whom Will the Democrats Next Nominate for President?" As the main object of the article is to recommend the selection of President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, for this honor, the writer cannot be Mr. Wilson himself. No one will attribute this composition to Princeton's other distinguished resident, Mr. Cleveland. The style is not his, although it is quite

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possible that the views expressed are. The clearness and vigor of the article are such as we might expect from John G. Carlisle, but he is probably not its author. Nor can it be attributed to Judge Parker, although the ideas presented harmonize well with some that were expressed by the eminent New-Yorker in recent public addresses in the South. It is, perhaps, an easy way to conceal identity to allude to any man merely as "the ablest Jeffersonian Democrat," for there are a good many Jeffersonian Democrats left, in spite of the admitted excess of the death-rate over births among the Jeffersonians during the past third of a century.

The suggestion that the president of Princeton University shall be the next Democratic candidate for President of the United States is based on two propositions: First, that it would be well to follow Judge Parker's advice by naming a Southern man (President Wilson was born in Virginia and grew up there); second, that the time has come to look for "Presidential timber" among "the great captains of the higher education." Mr. Wilson is named because, in addition to being a Virginian and a Democrat, he has shown in his books that "he is, by instinct and education, a statesman"; that "he is a genuine historical scholar, who has proved himself a competent executive"; "a statesman of breadth, depth, and exceptional sagacity"; an idealist who is at the same time "exceptionally sane"; a man who would ask in a crisis "not what Jefferson did a century ago, but what Jefferson would do now."

Unquestionably this is the sort of a President the country needs. The eulogist of Mr. Wilson says with much quiet force that far-sighted Democrats are in agreement that "the country needs relief from the strenuous and histrionic methods of federal administration now exemplified in the White House." We can also agree with him that Judge Parker "would have been elected had he not been pitted against a popular idol." We are not yet out of the woods into which idol-chasing has led us. But maybe we shall get into the open again before November, 1908.

There are several university and college presidents in the country who are admirably fitted to hold the highest office in the gift of the people. President Eliot, of Harvard, is abundantly qualified, and his elevation to the Presidency of the nation would be, probably, the best thing that could happen. President Wilson, of Princeton, is a younger man. His Southern antecedents are certainly an important element of his eligibility. It is a good thing to propose him, and the seed sown in this *North American Review* article is not wasted.

From the Columbus (Ga.) "Ledger"

HARPER'S WEEKLY has placed Woodrow Wilson in nomination for the Presidency. He would find a solid South behind him.

From the Boston "Record"

Colonel George Harvey, of HARPER'S WEEKLY, has thirteen compelling reasons for choosing Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton, as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. President Wilson is a man of force and magnetism, an orator of broad views, a Southerner resident in New Jersey. He would be an ideal public servant, sane and able. If W. C. Whitney were alive and as active a political influence as he was in 1902, to aid Harvey, the idea would be considered. But who in the present Democratic organization would regard it seriously?

From the Wilmington (Del.) "Every Evening"

HARPER'S WEEKLY urges Woodrow Wilson, president of the University of New Jersey, at Princeton, for the Democratic nomination for President of the United States in 1908. President Wilson is a Virginian by birth and a Jerseyman by adoption, thus being solidly grounded in old-time Democratic associations. His ability is unquestioned, and he would make a candidate for whom thousands of good citizens could vote with great satisfaction. But as he is lacking in political affiliations of the character that lead to high political preferment, nothing is more improbable at this time than his nomination two years hence.

From the Milwaukee "Sentinel"

HARPER'S WEEKLY stands to its guns in the matter of its choice of Woodrow Wilson as Democratic candidate for President in 1908, and points with satisfaction to the brisk breeze of comment stirred by the suggestion. Availability aside, there can be no reasonable question of the excellence of the choice.

The nomination of Mr. Wilson would be a good thing for the country as betokening a return of his party to historic party ideals and first principles, and a sobering up after the radical "crazes" and aberrations that have bedeviled its counsels and alienated its conservatism during the past twelve years or so. Thoughtful Republicans would welcome for the sake of the general good the appearance of a safe and sane united party of opposition. They would welcome the nomination of a man of Mr. Wilson's large caliber and high character, even though he might in reality be a harder man to beat at the polls than, say, a firebrand like Hearst, whose nomination alone would be a public calamity as inflicting on the country another campaign of disturbance, unrest, and apprehension.

The high character, broad patriotism, profound knowledge of American political history and institutions, executive capacity, and personal fitness for the highest office in the gift of the American people of Woodrow Wilson are as the good wine which needs no bush. The best men of both parties could regard the prospect of his election with a sense of at least security. Faith in the "common people" requires the conclusion that if the Democratic nomination were a matter of referendum to the party rank and file such an aspirant as the chief of yellow journalism would hardly stand one chance in a thousand against that sterling and representative American, the president of Princeton University.

From the Toledo (Ohio) "Blade"

Woodrow Wilson has been nominated for President on the Democratic ticket by HARPER'S WEEKLY. There is at least a suggestion of tall timber in the name.

From the Athens (Ga.) "Banner"

When such strong Northern periodicals as HARPER'S WEEKLY begin to talk about a Southern man like Woodrow Wilson for the Presidency, it is time for the Southern people to begin to take interest in such a movement.

JUNE 2, 1906

A commentator on the suggestion that WOODROW WILSON would be a good Presidential candidate for 1908 is troubled with a new thought. It is this:

As a rule the man who writes history is not regarded as possessing the peculiar characteristics of the politician which qualify him to make it in a government which derives power through popular acclaim.

If it be true that the man who possesses the arts of the modern politician is the only man who is reasonably sure of success with the people of the United States, this republic has sunk to a very low political and social level. Moreover, if the people of the United States are so shallow that they can be led by the transparent wiles of the party leader, or hack, or tout—whichever he may be—to prefer the man who is seeking place for his own or his party's gain, to a man who has the wisdom and the knowledge of a statesman, they are in so bad a way that some one, for them, ought to consider seriously the propriety of their surrendering the right to govern themselves.

From the Baltimore "World"

HARPER'S WEEKLY has suggested President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, as a possible and practical candidate for the Democratic Presidential nominee in 1908.

Why not?

This country has during the past decade witnessed the presence of several men of various professions in the Presidential chair—McKinley, Roosevelt, Cleveland, *et al.* Bryan, radical; Parker, judicial candidate for the highest office in the land, have both gone down beneath an avalanche of Republican votes; Roosevelt, advocate of the strenuous life, bear-hunter, man of all trades, in whose opinion the only correct method of enforcing the performance of any act is either to employ the "big stick" or else appeal to the people.

The United States has had enough of Roosevelt. That he made a good executive officer in some respects cannot be denied. That he was, generally speaking, one of the best we have had for a long time is a statement frequently made by his admirers; and yet can any one doubt for a moment but that a continued policy along the lines laid down by our present distinguished Chief Executive would result in other than the establishment of a one-man power? Roosevelt has done well enough—but we have had enough of him.

Experience, bitter experience, told by the count of the ballots, proves that American Democracy must, indeed, advance a strong candidate if it would make any bid whatever for success in the Presidential contest two years hence. A strong but conservative, a mild-mannered but firm man is the character whom Democracy should choose to lead her clans to victory; and in naming Professor Wilson, Colonel Harvey has made a wise, a noble selection, at the same time paying a tribute to Wilson's qualifications as a man.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1906

To William J. Bryan: Greeting

Your public utterances we, in common with millions of your fellow-citizens, await with keen interest. Most of your theories have been stolen and applied somewhat ferociously in practice, but you may have others and new ones. If so, permit us to pray quietly that they be no worse. You are doubtless aware that if the Democratic convention were to be held to-morrow, you would receive a third nomination for the Presidency of the United States by acclamation. It may please you also to learn that a vast majority of citizens are firmly convinced that there is only one Republican who could hope to withstand the effect of your present popularity. Truly a gratifying and happy homecoming, wholly without precedent, and surely most comforting to one willing to die with a cause and trust to time for a satisfactory resurrection! Fortunately, you are able to turn a bland countenance to the future. We are well aware that your desire to become President is not insatiable. We know from your own lips that you believe that your place in history will be fixed, not by any political position, however exalted, you may hold, but by the steadfastness of your adherence to the principles you have advocated. Many, though neither you nor we, would be surprised two years hence to see you stand upon the platform in the national convention, and ask the country to re-establish a truly democratic government of the whole people, under the banner of such a one as WOODROW WILSON.

NOVEMBER 24, 1906

The sole requisites for the re-establishment of the Democratic party upon an enduring basis are an Issue and a Man.

The issue: Extinguishment of tariff taxation now bearing upon the poor, and the substitution, for revenue purposes, of graduated inheritance and income taxes to be paid chiefly by those whose surplus wealth has been acquired through privileges accorded by the state and opportunities afforded by a democracy.

The man: WOODROW WILSON, of Virginia and New Jersey.

The Democrats of New Jersey possess a rare and glorious opportunity to point the way, and make a striking contrast by naming the Man as their candidate for United States Senator to succeed JOHN F. DRYDEN.

Can they rise to the occasion?

DECEMBER 22, 1906

"What is all this talk we hear about Mr. WOODROW WILSON, of Princeton, N. J.? From the dimensions of a mild and fugitive intellectual speculation which might readily have passed as a mere distraction of the late summer it has grown of late far more concrete and ominous. At Washington just at present it may be said to have reached the proportions of an animated discussion; a discussion, too, of no particular geographical or political restrictions. What does it all mean? Is it that we are asked thus early to believe that HEARST was really the salvation of the Democracy? We confess that unaided we should never have penetrated that disguise!"—*Leading Editorial in the New York "Sun" of December 7.*

APRIL 6, 1907

No Deal, Square or Otherwise

It is difficult to believe that any one who will carefully read and consider Mr. WILSON'S speech can fail to recognize not only its soundness and saneness, but its essential Americanism. The proposition that there should be no class, or classes, in this country favored by our laws is fundamental democratic truth; and Mr. WILSON clearly points out that we have departed from this general principle; that we have built up whatever law-sustained special privileges we possess; and that a strong sentiment, perhaps a prevailing sentiment, among us favors the punishment of our erstwhile favorites while we retain the vicious principle that has created and fostered them. Mr. ROOSEVELT'S own refusal to consider tariff reduction, his belief that it is comparatively immaterial, are evidences of the prevalence of this sentiment. His loyal advocacy of the evils of trade-unionism, of its monopolistic features, of its demands for the recognition in law of unionists as composing a favored class, although they are a minority of labor, is another evidence. Mr. WILSON is opposed to all class legislation, and it is this view which we have in mind when we say that his statesmanship is not only sound, but is essentially American because it is essentially democratic. The difference between this statesmanship and another which has captivated some minds by its seeming fairness is illustrated by the following extract from Mr. WILSON'S speech:

If we are to restore the purity of our law and the freedom of our life we must see to it—in all moderation and all fairness—that no class whatever is given artificial privileges or advantages, and that our life moves free again of fear or favor from whatever quarter or whatever class. What we need is not a square deal, but no deal at all—old-fashioned equity and harmony of conditions, a purged business and a purged law.

How much nobler and higher than the other is the ideal of Mr. WILSON will be seen at once by all who have not forgotten or rejected this Republic's own ideals of individual liberty and equality. It is one of the hopeful signs of a doubtful time that Mr. WILSON'S speech is greeted sympathetically and cordially by the independent and Democratic press throughout the country.

MAY 4, 1907

Some of the Candidates Suggested

In looking about for some one who might be the candidate of a real opposition party, many names have been suggested. Governor JOHNSON, of Minnesota, is a recent one, and still more recent are the names of Judge GRAY and of JUDSON HARMON. All these men have elements of strength among the Democratic voters, Judge GRAY and Mr. HARMON, perhaps, especially among the Democratic voters of the Southern states. Both of them possess also the respect of the better element of the Republican party with whom they have come in contact. They are public men of character, of

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patriotism, and they possess those qualifications of statesmanship which, in England and in all European parliamentary countries, almost inevitably insure their possessors continuous public careers. It is especially worthy of note in discussing this subject or in mentioning contemporaneous phenomena that the serious suggestion that, next year, the Democratic candidate ought to come from the South is made by Northerners. It is the well-known fact that the Southerners themselves hesitate; they are not sure that it is yet their time, or that they possess precisely the man whom they would be willing to see nominated. There is one name that is constantly recurring to the minds of men who are looking for a possible candidate of the kind who desire a President who will put an end to spectacular turmoil; who will be a true reformer, but who will not be willing to break the law or to play obnoxious politics for the purpose of securing what he regards as reforms. Mr. WOODROW WILSON'S candidacy was first suggested, in print, in these columns. It was accepted kindly, notably by the South, whence he came to the North, but at first the suggestion was often regarded as academic; but it becomes more and more apparent, as time goes on, that it was a very practical suggestion, so that the thoughts of serious men are coming back to it again and again, as was pointed out in the article copied from the New York *Times* in the last number of the WEEKLY. So far, WOODROW WILSON is the man who most satisfies the desires and convictions of men who for good and patriotic reasons would like to see a change; who think that Mr. ROOSEVELT'S administration is injurious to the country; and who will strongly desire to defeat any candidate whom he may oppose upon the Republican party—a desire that has within the week been severely rebuked by more than one prominent Republican newspaper.

JULY 27, 1907

Woodrow Wilson on Liberty

WOODROW WILSON has spoken a great many wise and statesmanlike words, but he has rarely spoken more wisely, more patriotically, and more convincingly than he did at Jamestown on the Fourth of July. Several great truths were spread forth in his speech, and one among them is especially pertinent at this time, when it seems to be the object of government to seek the objects of those who are administering it by evading, or twisting, or in other ways defying the law. The founders of this government, he said, "loved the law"—not more law, nor less law, nor even better law, but "law they could rely upon and live by." The law, to them, was not to be escaped or twisted to meet the ends or designs or whims or fancies or dreams of those charged with the duty of administering and executing it. And again he said: "Too much law is too much government, and too much government is too little individual privilege." All this has a bearing upon the efforts to control, to restrict, to destroy, individual effort by laws that give to government powers which are hostile to individual liberty. Mr. WILSON does not believe that corporations and their business should be destroyed; that the community should be deprived of their services; that the growth of production, so wonderful within a hundred years, with its cheapening of products and of their transportation, should be stopped or checked because some individuals holding offices, it may be, in the corporations have been guilty of crimes. Punish the guilty individuals, is his contention, but do not deprive the world of the beneficent work and its results of which some of the criminally disposed have taken advantage. And this is sound statesmanship, and the opposite is demagogy, or worse.

AUGUST 3, 1907

On the Main Line

HARPER'S WEEKLY, which is endeavoring to restore "safety and sanity" in the Democratic party, gives a good deal of attention in its last issue to the qualifications of Senator CULBERSON of Texas as a Presidential candidate. Mr. CULBERSON is all right, but why should Colonel HARVEY have sidetracked his "logical candidate" of a year ago, President WOODROW WILSON of Princeton University? A President-maker cannot afford to be fickle in matters of "logic."—*New York "Tribune."*

We have never designated President WILSON as a "logical candidate," for the quite simple reason that we do not know what a logical candidate is; maybe he is one who, if elected, would not appoint illogical ambassadors. In any case Dr. WILSON continues on the main line, has been going particularly strong since he declared that he would send law-breakers to jail instead of merely jawing at them for political effect, and his name will be presented to the next Democratic national convention by the still sovereign state of New Jersey.

AUGUST 24, 1907

The Ideal Candidate

Woodrow Wilson, a native Virginian at the head of a great Northern university, and a Democrat by birth, training, and conviction, would honor his party as a candidate and his country as a President. But despite the worthy intentions ascribed to New Jersey, there is little chance of his nomination, although there are good grounds for believing he would be strong at the polls. His name would be well calculated to solidify the South, and be a tower of strength with the great and growing independent vote of the North. Furthermore, his scholarship, his mastery of the principles of political economy, and his unquestioned intellectual capacity for the Presidential office would compel the respect even of his opponents. The probability that the Democratic party will not adopt Mr. Wilson for its standard-bearer implies not that it might not do so with credit and advantage. At any rate, Colonel Harvey, having proposed the name of a wise and worthy Democrat to lead his party in 1908, is to be commended for standing stanchly by his candidate. And the Democracy itself will show superior judgment if, in its crucial action in convention, it shall name nobody worse than Wilson.—*Troy "Press."*

JANUARY 18, 1908

A WINNING TICKET

Wilson and Johnson

For President

From the New York "World"

If the Democratic party is to be saved from falling into the hands of WILLIAM J. BRYAN as permanent receiver, a Man must be found—and soon. Dissociated opposition will no longer suffice. There must arise a real leader around whom all Democrats uninfected by populism, and thousands of dissatisfied Republicans, may rally with the enthusiasm which springs only from a certainty of deserving success and at least a chance of achieving it.

The Man's principles must be sound.

He must be a defender of the Constitution, but not the worshiper of a fetish. He must realize that "a return to the *old ways*" of government by Plutocracy, Privilege, Protection, and Plunder is impossible; that the moral regeneration begun in violence must be completed in sobriety. He must be opposed, as a matter of policy, to gross extravagance in the use of public funds, and he must detest, on principle, any taxing of the people beyond the actual requirements of their government. He must favor immediate reduction of the tariff. He must be a hater in equal measure of paternalism and socialism. He must set his face like flint against government ownership of railroads, initiative and referendum, government guarantees of bank deposits, and all other populistic notions. He must demand from all corporations publicity, obedience to law, and recognition of the superior rights of the whole people, but he must also observe the obligations of the state to protect its own artificial creation in all legitimate and authorized undertakings. He must favor the singling out and rigorous punishment of individual wrong-doers, not merely the fining of an impersonal corporation. He must be a radical conserver, not a destroyer, of both public and private credit. He must be an opponent of imperialism, militarism, and jingoism. He must prefer too little government to too much government, and must insist unceasingly upon rigid application of the basic principle of government by the people through their authorized representatives in Congress in preference to any government by commission.

The Man's personality must be inspiring.

Certain personal attributes are essential to successful candidacy. Known fidelity to high ideals. Unquestioned integrity. Veracity. Courage. Caution. Intellectuality. Wisdom. Experience. Achievement. Breadth of mind. Strength of body. Clarity of vision. Lucidity of expression. Freedom from contaminating association. Universal respect and confidence of his fellow-men. Simplicity in manner of livng. Eloquence. Human sympathy. Alertness. Optimism. Enthusiasm. In a word, the rare blending of uncommon intelligence and plain common sense in what might be termed Sane Idealism. Finally and practically: Availability!

Such are the requirements—many and exacting. One Democrat who unquestionably meets these qualifications is WOODROW WILSON, president of Princeton University.

Dr. WILSON is primarily a scholar—an historical scholar—who in the course of his work and growth has become a statesman of breadth, depth, and capacity, a true Democrat who, though steeped in Jeffersonian doctrines, asks not what JEFFERSON did a century ago, but what JEFFERSON would do *now:* an able theorist, but a no less competent executive, who has had much administrative experience as the head of a great university.

Not only is WOODROW WILSON qualified in every respect for the great office of President of the United States, but he is an available candidate.

Who else could surely carry New Jersey? Who would stand a better chance of carrying New York? Who would more certainly restore Missouri and Maryland to the Democratic column and eliminate all possible doubt of the result in any other Southern state? Who has a stronger personal following, fewer enemies, nothing to retract, no entanglements, no commitments to capitalism or demagogism?

Who would more surely command the undivided support of the powerful independent press? Who would appeal more strongly to the latent moral sense which twice elected CLEVELAND? Who would inspire a more hopeful feeling of security and stability in the minds of all business men engaged in honest enterprise?

The *World* has already presented JOHN A. JOHNSON, Governor of Minnesota, as an available Western candidate for the Democratic nomination for President. It takes equal pleasure in presenting WOODROW WILSON as a Southern candidate, no less available and with Presidential qualifications exceeded by those of no man whose name will be presented to any national convention.

JANUARY 25, 1908

A Candidate from the East and South

There is a good deal more to be said in favor of WOODROW WILSON'S candidacy for the Democratic nomination than was brought out in the *World.* In the first place should be noted certain considerations suggested by the facts that he is by birth and rearing a native of Virginia; that he was admitted to the bar in Georgia, and practised in Atlanta until he renounced the law for the calling of an educator; and that the lady whom he married was a native of Savannah. There is no doubt, then, that he would be accepted all over the country as a genuine representative of the South, although, like JAMES MADISON, he was sent as a young man to Princeton, and is now the president of that university. Is it not expedient that the next Democratic nominee for the Presidency should be a son of the South? Is it not admitted by many large-minded Republicans, as well as by all Northern Democrats and all independents, that the South, although nominally restored to the full privileges of states in the Union when she was allowed to send Senators and Representatives to Congress, is still partially discriminated against so long as her sons are practically debarred from the highest honor in the gift of the Republic? Shall we ever witness a veritable union, not of law, but of hearts, until, with the cordial concurrence of a large part of the North, a Southern man becomes Chief Magistrate?

Another truth that cannot be driven home too often or with too much emphasis is the complication of the question of nominating a Southern man for the Presidency with the imperative necessity that the first *post bellum* Southern administration shall be indisputably successful. To insure such success it is indispensable that the temper of the Republicans, if beaten in 1908, shall be resigned and acquiescent, for they will remain masters of the federal Senate, and, if vindictive and defiant, could paralyze all the efforts of a Democratic Chief Magistrate and a Democratic House of Representatives. Once more we repeat what we said in another place nearly two years ago, that if a Southern President is to leave behind him a bright record of constructive statesmanship and useful legislation he must have the good-will, if not the active support, of the whole country; and such good-will is only to be gained from a conviction, deep implanted at the North, as well as at the South, that both sections can count upon his sympathy, and, above all, upon that intimate acquaintance without which sympathy is fruitless. Such a conviction unquestionably exists with reference to WOODROW WILSON. Is such all-embracing sympathy, such intimate and comprehensive knowledge of the views, wishes, and interests of all sections of the Republic just now possessed by any other distinguished son of the South?

There is another point of view from which the nomination of WOODROW WILSON might not only exercise a healing and unifying influence upon the sections, but also have a freshening and invigorating effect on the whole electorate. The American voter is pretty tired of military men, professional or amateur, considered in the light of candidates for the Presidency. He is also just a bit tired of lawyers, and even of judges. He has become alive to the fact that, as things are now, the intellect of the nation does not flow solely or mainly through military, forensic, judicial, and legislative channels. He knows that in our day industry has its great captains and education its field marshals. Nor will any man now deny the right of eminent and fruitful workers in the educational field to challenge the highest office in the gift of the American people on the score of merit and of availability. As a matter of fact, even in the past may be found precedents for the selection of such men for distinguished functions under the federal government. GEORGE BANCROFT, who was Secretary of the Navy in the POLK administration, and subsequently represented the country in London and in Berlin, was by profession a college tutor and a schoolmaster. EDWARD EVERETT left the presidency of Harvard College to become Secretary of State. ANDREW

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D. WHITE, formerly president of Cornell University, has been invited more than once to occupy the highest posts in the nation's diplomatic service. As we pointed out twenty months ago, no one has ever disputed that the statesmanlike duties assumed by these organizers, directors, and inspirers of the higher education were admirably discharged. Why, then, should not the Democratic party in 1908, when seeking a nominee for the Presidency who will not only deserve but command success, turn its eyes in the same promising direction? It certainly could find in WOODROW WILSON, the president of Princeton University, a man richly qualified for the leadership of the federal government by great natural ability, by long and distinguished administrative experience, by the illuminating and invigorating trend of his studies, by his exceptional popularity, and by his unique power of securing the confidence, the sympathy, and the support of all sections of the Union.

There is still another point of view from which the name of WOODROW WILSON deserves careful consideration in connection with the next Democratic nomination. With the exception of ex-President CLEVELAND, he is the only widely known and eminent American citizen who at the present time is a resident of New Jersey. Now there is not a state in the Union, not even Virginia nor Massachusetts, that has so much state pride as New Jersey. Perhaps for the reason that uninformed New-Yorkers sometimes speak of her with condescension, New Jersey passionately covets the recognition and appreciation which she believes herself to deserve. New Jersey has never had a President of the United States, and if one of her native-born or adopted sons should be nominated for that great office by a national convention, the difficulty of his opponent would consist, not in averting his sweeping of the state, but in preventing him from securing a unanimous vote. In 1908 only a Jerseyman will be absolutely certain to carry New Jersey, though we do not dispute the *World's* assertion that Governor JOHNSON would run considerably better than would Mr. BRYAN in that state.

What is true of New Jersey is measurably true of New York also. There is a multitude of Princeton men in the Empire commonwealth and its metropolis; and wherever you meet a Princeton man you meet a sturdy, devoted, and indefatigable champion of WOODROW WILSON. He could rely with almost equal confidence on all college graduates who are alive to the magnitude of the services rendered to the nation by organizers and administrators of our great universities, and who believe that the time has come for such services to receive due recognition. For this reason, and because the breadth and warmth of his human sympathies, together with the soundness and equity of his political and economical views—he is a tariff revisionist—would commend and endear him to the great mass of the people, we believe that WOODROW WILSON would be more likely than any other Democrat to carry New York by a handsome majority.

We scarcely need refer to the effect of nominating a son of Virginia for the Presidency on the states which in *ante-bellum* days were spoken of collectively as constituting the "South." There is not a doubt that WOODROW WILSON could win back for the Democracy every one of the Southern states now or lately lost—namely, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri. All the rest of the Southern commonwealths he would hold in a vise of steel. On the score, then, of availability, conjoined with the qualifications of high character and eminent ability, what Democrat can possibly vie with the President of Princeton University?

MAY 15, 1909

Looking Ahead

We now expect to see WOODROW WILSON elected Governor of the state of New Jersey in 1910 and nominated for President in 1912 upon a platform demanding tariff revision downward.

MARCH 5, 1910

An Old but True Saying

We believe Colonel GEORGE HARVEY will be willing to vote the Democratic ticket if the party will nominate somebody that nobody else would support.—*Houston Post.*

One with God is a majority.

Marse Henry on the Road

We are happy to note that on the very day—February 16th—when he reached the age of threescore and ten, Marse HENRY WATTERSON began to perk up. Having observed that "half the editorial columns that come to us are headed 'The Democratic Opportunity,'" he pushed the scales from his eyes and took a look around, with cheering results. Heartily approving our suggestion to Democrats to get wise and busy, he continues:

> "Easier said than done" is the comment which practical men, conversant with affairs, will make to this undeniable generalization. Colonel HARVEY feels the need the more acutely, since nowhere have the local conditions been so discouraging as in New York. These seem to be mending, however. Let us hope that they will mend elsewhere as well. If they do, it must be through the process of education and development, because the old order having passed from the scene, we shall have largely to rely upon the new order, which is actually in the saddle and has come to stay.
>
> As Colonel HARVEY says, there is Governor HARMON, of Ohio. There is, as he says, Governor MARSHALL, of Indiana. Both may be re-elected. That would place them in the running and far in the lead. The one might defeat the other. That would open the way for a third man. We doubt whether any party would go directly to a university for its Presidential nominee; but all that is said of WOODROW WILSON is true, and, if the Democrats of New Jersey make him Governor, whoever comes off winner in the national convention will have to beat him.
>
> Then there is FOLK. "What's the matter with FOLK?" The politicians out in Missouri do not seem to warm to FOLK. But neither did the politicians in Ohio warm to TAFT. Sometimes parties have to do as they may, and politicians—especially local and state politicians—as they must; their adaptability, as a rule, fairly spontaneous and readily adjusted. Then, there is GAYNOR—!
>
> We looks towards you, Colonel HARVEY, we looks towards you, and we renews the assurance of our distinguished consideration!

We cannot consider Marse HENRY's conversion as complete, but it is to rejoice to see him seated on the anxious bench alongside the recalcitrant Deacon. It is only a question of time now with both of them. Perhaps it will cheer them up to hear that we have looked into that little matter in Ohio and find that Governor HARMON is as sure of re-election as the Democrats are of carrying New York and New Jersey.

APRIL 9, 1910

President Wilson's Speech

Whoever is interested in the success of the Democratic party will do well to read on pages 9 and 10 of this issue of the WEEKLY the recent discourse of President WOODROW WILSON upon what that party must do to deserve success.

"We must supply efficient leaders," says Dr. WILSON, "and eschew all lower personal objects of politics." That is true.

And what are the higher objects that he would have the Democrats attempt?

He names them, and in few words. The Democrats must serve the whole people rather than the "business interests" alone; they must save the individual from being crushed or unnecessarily hampered by the organization of society; they must follow the Constitution and not twist it or stretch it unduly; they must deal with the trusts not as partners of government, but merely as conveniences in our economic development; they must take the government out of the business of patronage, and simplify it, and "challenge the people . . . to depend upon themselves rather than upon fostering powers lodged in groups of individuals."

But read Dr. WILSON's own words. They best convey his ideas, and the ideas are fundamentally sound and important, and deserve to be thoroughly assimilated by Democrats who seek a sure foundation for their hopes to rest upon.

JULY 23, 1910

Progressive Politics

The Arbiter of the Destinies of the Human Race, having chopped down six mighty elms in the interest of conservation, and having swiped the beads of perspiration from his manly brow, assumed the judgment seat, summoned the varlets of the press, and said:

> "I want to make it clear that I am seeing both sides. I wish you would make that emphatic. I want to see regulars and insurgents, party men and independents, Democrats as well as Republicans."
>
> "You don't want to see the Democrats win next fall, do you, Colonel?" he was asked.
>
> "Not if the Republicans do the right thing," he answered, promptly.

Good Work! Clearly it is up to "the Republicans." Will they do "the right thing" or won't they? We should like really to know, but inasmuch as the only things so far officially approved as right are LODGE in Massachusetts and BEVERIDGE in Indiana, we guess we shall have to wait and see.

Meanwhile, what about the Democrats who are thus graciously invited to bask in royal favor in the event of Republicans going wrong? In New York, affairs continue unsettled. Over in New Jersey the Democrats have persuaded their best man—WOODROW WILSON—to accept the nomination for Governor if it shall come to him unsought and with substantial unanimity. As the *Evening Post* well and truly says:

> WOODROW WILSON has done the right thing, and in precisely the right way, in stating his attitude toward the proposal to make him the Democratic candidate for Governor of New Jersey. He will "not in any circumstances do anything to obtain" the nomination; he does not "wish to draw away from" his present duties and responsibilities as head of Princeton University; but if, as many well-informed persons have assured him, it is "the wish and hope of a decided majority of the thoughtful Democrats of the State that he should accept" the party's nomination for the Governorship, he would deem it a "duty as well as an honor and a privilege to do so." If he should be nominated, it may confidently be predicted that he will express himself on the questions of the day with the same frankness and the same dignity with which he has stated his position in regard to the acceptance of the nomination. The New Jersey campaign would be sure to become one of the centers of interest throughout the country, besides being of a character to tone up the political situation in New Jersey itself. Already it is stated that Republican managers are bracing up to the necessity of finding a candidate fitted to be measured against WOODROW WILSON in case he should be put up by the Democrats. His statement of his attitude absolves him from the necessity of paying any further attention to the pre-nomination canvass, but it makes it incumbent on earnest Democrats in New Jersey to use every effort toward the securing of a candidacy which would help both the party and the cause of good government not only in their own state, but throughout the country.

Likewise the *World:*

> In their search for a candidate for Governor the Democrats of New Jersey aimed high and they have been successful. When Dr. WOODROW WILSON signifies a willingness to accept political leadership in that state there is encouragement for the organization everywhere. Good men and great men are not likely to force themselves on the party, but they will be found and they will respond to the call of the people if they are wanted.
>
> An educator by profession and never a politician, Dr. WILSON is more of a statesman than most of the men who have passed their lives in public office. He understands the philosophy of government. He appreciates the virtues, the capacity, and the limitations of popular rule. He has meditated, written, and spoken much on all phases of our politics, and his utterances will be scrutinized in vain for demagogy, violence, or folly. He has a penetrating, and an informing mind. He has a patriotic desire to be helpful. Above all, he has character.
>
> If the people of New Jersey make Dr. WILSON Governor they will have a great Chief Magistrate.

And the *Sun:*

> Whether or not WOODROW WILSON is the next Democratic candidate for Governor of New Jersey, whether or not, that is, the nomination goes to him on his own terms as representing "the wish and hope of a decided majority of the thoughtful Democrats" of his state, the fact that he is willing to take it, so offered, and would regard it as "an honor and a privilege" as well as a duty, is one of not a few happy omens for the national Democracy.
>
> Too long that party has been the object, and the just object, of general contempt, of its own contempt. Futile, impotent, Bryanized, bedlamized, it has held out nothing to honorable ambition. A future of hopeless fatuity seemed to lay before it. Many of the men who voted its national ticket did so only because they were sure that it would be defeated. It seemed incapable of effectual opposition, incapable of enlarged views. It was given over to petty brabbles and exploited for the benefit of a charlatan.
>
> Well, a change has come over it. It has got a man or two in conspicuous office who is recommending it by well-considered efficient action, by real reforms and economics. Not merely on account of Republican factions or mistakes, but by its own positive achievement, it is earning remission for its idiocies and proving itself fit for power. Its present is fruitful. It can nourish reasonable hopes. Democrats of intellect and sense, men highly fitted for public life, can feel once more that the post of honor is the public station.

And the Newark *Evening News:*

> Whatever the event, there can be no question that leadership of the WOODROW WILSON type is the one thing that would rehabilitate the Democratic party and place the coming campaign upon a dignified level.

And the Boston *Herald:*

> It would be a long leap from WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN to WOODROW WILSON.

It would, indeed. But isn't it high time for the Democratic party to make some sort of jump? It has been shivering on the brink of oblivion ever since the Orator from the Platte donned the crown of thorns, and, until quite recently, it has seemed likely to just peter out. But the immediate question is not of the Presidency, but of the Governorship of a great state. Goodness knows New Jersey needs a big man. She now has a chance to get one, and should, in all conscience, seize the opportunity. Let other commonwealths take heart and do likewise! The states cannot hope to retain the power and dignity scrupulously withheld for them by the Constitution unless they install their biggest men in the biggest places. New Jersey is setting the pace. Will the others heed her admirable example?

The Big State of Jersey

Curiously enough, the only note sounded in New Jersey in antagonism to the prospective candidacy of WOODROW WILSON for Governor emanates from one of the ablest and most independent public journals in the state—the Newark *Sunday Call.* No less odd than its attitude, moreover, are its reasons. "A good many of us," it says, "would vote for President WILSON on the simple ground that a man of his brains and energy would be pretty certain to make good in any office within the gift of the people of his state." But, alas! "it is just a little state," and "there have been those

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IT TAKES GRIT TO REMOVE GRIME

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

FROM "HARPER'S WEEKLY" OF NOVEMBER 11, 1911

who have said that they are afraid New Jersey with Governor WILSON might be top-heavy." If so, so much the better for the state. But is not our Newark contemporary unduly modest? Out of fifty-two states and territories, New Jersey stands sixteenth in population and sixth in industry. It has $716,000,000 of capital invested in manufacturing, pays 266,000 wage-earners $128,000,000 a year in wages, and turns out nearly $800,000,000 of products. Only New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts, and Ohio surpass her in this respect—and Ohio, despite her vastly greater area, is very little ahead. Even among cities, the home of the *Sunday Call* stands sixteenth, and its neighbor, Jersey City, seventeenth, in population. A little state? Not at all. It is one of the biggest in the Union, and it ought to have in its Executive Mansion—which also it ought to have, but hasn't—its very biggest man. In view of the fact that Mr. TAFT got a plurality of 82,000, it may not put him there, but—you never can tell.

AUGUST 6, 1910

The Effect of a Candidacy

The governments that are best regulated and have most vitality are those which, by means of their institutions, can renew themselves. And the way to renew themselves is to bring the government back to its original principles.

This was the utterance of a statesman who lived centuries ago.

I want to find the best man for the office: the man who is most acceptable to the rank and file of the Republican party and the independent voters.

Or, as revised for publication, in view of certain criticism:

If I am consulted, my position is that we must find, not only the best man for the office, but the man most desired by the great bulk of the Republican and independent voters.

This was the utterance of a politician of the present day.

The two modes of procedure thus indicated are wholly divergent. With respect to the making of political issues, the one upholds reversion to principle; the other subserves expediency. Applied to the selection of candidates for public office, by the one character is considered the prime requisite; by the other, availability. It matters not to the directive politician what may be the real purposes of a nominee, so be it he has given no offense

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to one or more of various classes, and consequently, upon grounds of negation, can be expected to catch the votes of all. The sole aim is success at the polls, and all means, however disingenuous and seemingly discreditable, are held to be justified by the end in view. *Per contra,* to the mind of the patriotic statesman, triumph upon such terms seems unworthy and is consequently undesired. The ultimate effect of precedent established by the adoption of wrongful methods is reckoned more harmful than the temporary gain thus acquired, and no hesitation is felt in putting the burden of rectification of temporary error upon the better understanding of the future. But, we are informed, concept such as this is idealism, and attempt to apply it in an intensely practical age would be futile.

Surely, if this be a statement of fact, thoughtful citizens must regard the immediate future of the Republic with no little foreboding. But is the premise correct? Is the assertion true? Admit conditions whose existence cannot be denied. Grant that an ignorant and selfish charlatan, by virtue of his attractive personality, appealing eloquence, and helpful environment, has virtually controlled one great political party, to its infinite hurt, with respect to both principle and policy, for sixteen long years. Grant that another adventurous spirit, by exercise of sheer daring and matchless cunning, has, in the same historic interval, achieved unprecedented personal ascendancy in the dominant organization. Grant that a rapacious clique thwarted an honest Chief Magistrate's best endeavors to lift some of the burdens of taxation from the shoulders of a long-suffering people. Grant that, in many states, notably in our greatest, the best intentions of high-minded Executives have been rendered nugatory by jealous party leaders, drunk with obvious power derived from secret sources. Grant that corruption continues to be the silent partner of politics in scores of municipal and local governments. Must we, therefore, assume that the American people have definitely renounced their allegiance to ideals, have forfeited their self-respect, have parted with their common sense?

We hope not—and we have reason to think not. The reason is this:

For a score of years an important Eastern state has been misruled by satraps of a party whose authority has been sustained by official patronage—federal and state. The people have chafed under such dispensation and have craved a change; but the sole alternative offered by the opposition, promising no better, was not acceptable.

So the matter rested, with every prospect of yet another disheartening campaign involving a choice between candidates named by two trading "machines," until a certain recent day, when suddenly there appeared, like a meteor in the sky, the announcement that a fully equipped and most eminent citizen would accept his party's nomination if it should come to him unsought and without entail. His message was simple and direct. He had no wish for the place; he had other work of the utmost importance in hand; he did not say, but all knew, that his election would involve great personal sacrifices; he would prefer immeasurably to remain at the head of a great university—*but,* all his life, he had preached the duty of citizenship, all his life he had lamented the tendency to evade public responsibilities, all his life he had urged subordination of personal inclinations to public service. If, then, as so it seemed, a large number of his fellow-citizens sincerely believed that the occasion demanded him as his party's candidate, he could not fail to heed the call, regardless of the result at the polls, without giving the lie in practice to all that, as an educator, he had preached.

Behold the effect! Immediately the managers of the party in power awoke to the necessity of revising their calculations. The "average" candidate would not now serve. They must find a man of the highest standard to cope with such a one in opposition. Their most outspoken public journals emphatically declared the state to be "already lost" in the event of their failure or refusal to do so. Immediately, too, previsions were changed throughout the state with respect to candidates for the Legislature. The opposing party at last beheld a chance to win under inspiring leadership if only they should nominate their best men. To offset this sentiment of encouragement, the party in power foresaw the need of naming *their* best. The entire face of state politics was changed and the standard of fitness for public position was raised overnight by the simple declaration of a conscientious citizen.

Beyond the boundaries of the commonwealth, moreover, the effect has been no less marked and gratifying. New life has been injected into the decrepit and apparently decaying old party of the masses, demands for sane platforms and strong nominations have been well-nigh universal, a higher level is sought throughout the country, and a higher level will surely be attained, by the one party in the hope of scoring at last, and by the other as the only possible means of holding its own.

Woodrow Wilson may not be elected Governor of New Jersey. He may not even be nominated. He is not really an "available" candidate. He has offended Capital. He has offended Labor. He has rebuked Bigotry. He has condemned License. Practically every class, whose favor the modern politician quoted above would cultivate, has fallen under the ban of his unreserved and unwavering judgment. We ourselves have the honor of differing with him to some extent respecting American government of the Philippines. His very nature forbids trimming sails to catch popular breezes, and no power or ambition could, in our judgment, divert his adhesion a hair's-breadth from the statesman's utterance quoted above:

The governments that are best regulated and have most vitality are those which, by means of their institutions, can renew themselves. And the way to renew themselves is to bring the government back to its original principles.

That is not Radicalism. It is not Reactionism. It is prudent Progression. Upon that broad platform, if any, we suspect, Woodrow Wilson will stand or fall, as the case may be, with the perfect serenity of one who has satisfied his conscience by expressing his willingness to perform a civic duty.

That the election of a man of such undoubted ability, courage, and character would be stimulating and a godsend to the entire country is, we believe, beyond question. But the most important achievement has already been wrought. The resounding plaudits that have greeted his expression of willingness to become—in the old-fashioned phrase—a true servant—not a wilful master—of the public, proves conclusively that the American people have been fooled this time as long as they can be fooled, and await with eagerness opportunities to show that they have *not* renounced their allegiance to ideals, have *not* forfeited their self-respect, have *not* parted with their common sense.

So much at least has been accomplished.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1910

President Wilson to the Lawyers

Everybody seems to agree that nowadays, right here in free America, democracy needs a lot of looking after. The note of free-and-easy confidence and optimism on the subject, once so common, is grown decidedly rare. People may differ about the precise character of the danger. While some fear that "the interests" will simply go on increasing their power, others are more concerned lest there be a sudden revulsion to Socialism. But that there *is* danger to democracy in the way business is now carried on, and that something must be done about it—something serious and thoroughgoing and difficult—this feeling is in the air. Along with it goes the desire for guidance and counsel, the demand and searching, more or less unconscious, but more and more urgent, for leadership. Now this demand is directed toward the politicians, now toward the scholars, now toward the clergy and others committed to good works, now toward those very masters in business whose power is the most disturbing feature of the situation. In an address before the American Bar Association at Chattanooga last week, President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, turns it full upon the lawyers.

He speaks as himself a lawyer, and the reasons he gives why our present emergency presents to his profession a peculiar and transcendent opportunity and obligation cannot be lightly dismissed. It is hardly too much to say that he makes out his case; that he shows that the bar *is* the profession, that the lawyers *are* the men, whose aid and counsel democracy in America is at present peculiarly in need of.

Democracy in Need of Legal Advice

To show how President Wilson shows this would be to give in different form a great part of an address which would much better be read in the form he himself gave to it; but to indicate briefly the train of thought he follows may be permissible.

Our present struggle, he points out, like all the past struggles of society, is a struggle for law. The history of liberty is a history of law. What we are fighting for is not right ideas about this new order in business, about corporations and trusts, about our own and other people's rights and duties, but the embodying and establishing of those right ideas in law, so that society shall be actually conformed to them. And the need is not merely for law, but for a kind of law that laymen will not readily find or frame. It comes, too, at a time when the understanding of law, particularly constitutional law, is far less general than it used to be, and also the interest in law; at a time when legislatures listen with impatience to constitutional discussions; when the great mass of lawyers have been themselves drawn into those distinctly business activities which characterize the age, and devote their knowledge and skill solely to the service of particular interests. The lawyer-statesman is the only man who can meet the precise need of society to-day; and the call for him is all the more urgent because it comes when law and statesmanship seem to be nearer a complete divorce than at any time since a group of great lawyers framed our Constitution. Expert legal knowledge and instinct, exercised in statesmanship—this is the requirement.

It may be put more specifically. The dominant device of the time is the corporation—so distinctly a legal device that it is in great measure a legal fiction—and the marvelous extension of its function has submerged the great mass of individuals and raised up a few to a height where they are practically freed from individual responsibility. To rehabilitate the individual—by rescuing the submerged, by making responsible the overpowerful and over-privileged—is the task in hand; and it is clearly a task for the same kind of skill that has created the corporation and made its immunities so bewilderingly effective. More specifically still, the problem for the lawyer-statesman, the problem of the corporation, is to "abandon at the right points the fatuous, antiquated, and quite unnecessary fiction which treats it as a legal person": There is this happy illustration:

One thinks of the old Confederation, which we had to abandon because it tried to govern states and could not command individuals.

And there is a wealth of amplification and enforcement of the central appeal which makes it, one would say, irresistible by men of any nobleness. It would be hard to find in the oratory of recent years—even since political insurgency set a new standard of candor with public questions—another taking account of our present state which goes straighter to the vital issues, or offers so practical a lead.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1910

Well Done, New Jersey

It is a great day for New Jersey and a great day for the nation when a man like Woodrow Wilson comes forward to help reclaim and vivify our political life.

So says the *Evening Post* and so say they all—the *World,* the *Times,* the *Sun,* the Springfield *Republican,* the Indianapolis *News,* the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* the Richmond *Times-Dispatch,* the Charleston *News and Courier,* the Boston *Herald,* the Philadelphia *Record*—all of the big independent public journals of the country. No less vital and significant is the attitude of the press of New Jersey. The Democratic newspapers, led by the faithful old Trenton *True American,* are enthusiastic, of course. That was to have been expected. But New Jersey has strong independent papers. One of the ablest and highest-minded in the United States is the Newark *Evening News,* which says:

Woodrow Wilson is the nominee of the Democratic party for Governor. He is more than this, though. He is the candidate of thousands of Jerseymen, who have never been allied with the Democracy.

So far as the Governorship goes, the campaign this fall is not to be conducted on strict party lines. Ties of partisanship have been loosed in this year of grace and insurgency.

The crying demand throughout the country is not for party success, but for good government, for representatives unbossed by special interests, for officials who will work for the welfare of the masses instead of the classes. The demand is for a real Democracy, not a sham one; for statesmanship, not demagoguery; for an upright administration, not one that is only straight in partisanship.

The president of Princeton University meets these requirements of the times.

His ability as an administrator is acknowledged.

He has been accused of being no politician, but no one has disputed his statesmanlike qualifications.

A noted student of governmental affairs, he has always been found preaching Democracy.

A political economist, he has stood consistently for a square deal to both labor and capital.

A believer in personal integrity, he has insisted that personal wrong-doing, even when garbed in corporation robes, must be personally punished.

He holds that no position in the public service, in

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financial affairs, or in corporation control is so high as to relieve individuals from moral responsibility for their acts.

By his personality and by his beliefs, Dr. WILSON has thus become, as the result of a Democratic nomination, a candidate who is more than party-wide.

His nomination marks a new era in New Jersey politics. His selection has raised the political standard to a new high level.

Dr. WILSON has not been named primarily because of his availability as a vote-getter. He has been chosen for his fitness for the position of Chief Executive of a great state. And, of course, the recognition of that ability means votes.

New Jersey voters will honor both themselves and their state by electing Dr. WILSON.

Another is the *Jersey Journal,* which for thirty-odd years was the sturdy spokesman of the Republican party, but now speaks up frankly and pointedly:

The Democrats have nominated not only their strongest man, but one of the really big men of this country, for Governor. If the Republicans fail to nominate their strongest man, WOODROW WILSON'S majority will probably make the Maine landslide look like a stage performance in comparison.

The selection of Dr. WILSON is more than a party matter. He is not a politician or an office-seeker. He is a type of the very highest citizenship, an original thinker, a man of great executive force, eloquent, able, fearless, clean, and patriotic. The people understand that the promises he makes and those of the platform upon which he stands will be kept.

The November election in New Jersey promises to become historic.

A third is the Newark *Sunday Call,* which perceives "abundant cause for the general satisfaction which is expressed on every side, in all parties and factions, by men of principle in the nomination." "Thousands," it concludes, "who have heretofore supported the Republican party, albeit with some qualms, will turn to Dr. WILSON with confidence and with satisfaction. His career, his literary works, his speeches, and his personality have raised him to a position high in the ranks of statesmen, and his is no cold-blooded intellectuality. He is a cordial and sympathetic and essentially modest man, yet he has shown that he can fight, and he has led a wholesome life, inspired by high ideals and guided by settled principles. If he is elected, there will be found in the executive office at Trenton a gentleman, a man of honor, a Governor who will command respect for himself as well as for the office he fills."

True Leadership

The *Sunday Call* also notes the fact—it was a fact—that "the unrest and deep dissatisfaction of many Republicans with the Republican party in the state and with its failures of administration would have made the election of almost any respectable Democrat a possibility, and the temptation to use such a condition for the benefit of bosses must have been considerable. That the leaders took a broader view and determined to rehabilitate Democracy, as well as win an election, was gratifying in the extreme." It was, indeed. When former Senator JAMES SMITH, JR., in one of the most effective speeches ever made in a political convention, declared that practically none of the two hundred and forty delegates from Essex had ever seen Mr. WILSON, that personally he knew him very slightly, but that all were animated solely by a desire to raise the highest possible standard, he spoke the exact truth. When ROBERT DAVIS was asked to disregard the time-honored precedent of Hudson voting as a unit, he did not hesitate an instant to waive his strong personal inclinations in the common interest. There followed an absolutely "open" convention, in which each and every one of the fourteen hundred delegates spoke what he liked and voted as he pleased. This was the very antithesis of bossism; it was leadership of the highest order. Mr. WILSON paid due and fitting tribute to the breadth and unselfishness of these two leaders, in particular when, in accepting the nomination, he declared without reservation of any kind:

I did not seek this nomination. I have made no pledge and have given no promise. Still more, not only was no pledge asked, but, as far as I know, none was desired.

If elected, as I expect to be, I am left absolutely free to serve you with all singleness of purpose. It is a new era when these things can be said, and in connection with this I feel that the dominant idea of the moment is the responsibility of deserving. I will have to serve the state very well in order to deserve the honor of being at its head.

Heartening words, these! It is, indeed, the beginning of a new era when such things can be truly said. No wonder, as the *Evening Post* remarks, "it leaves the Republicans absolutely stunned."

Mr. WILSON'S majority will be about forty thousand. That's all.

Looking Ahead

We now expect to see WOODROW WILSON elected Governor of New Jersey in 1910 and nominated for President in 1912 upon a platform demanding tariff revision downward.—HARPER'S WEEKLY *of May 15, 1909.*

At the expiration of sixteen months since the above appeared in this place, we perceive no occasion to revise our calculations.

OCTOBER 22, 1910

The Campaign in New Jersey

It is a novel and remarkable canvass that WOODROW WILSON is making in New Jersey. Abandoning all partisan claptrap at the outset, he went straight to the heart of his subject, and not once, in a small multitude of speeches, has let the main thread slip through his fingers. The foundation of his argument is the simple fact that the Republican leaders owe so much to the special interests which have helped to keep them in power that they cannot honorably break the alliance. He makes no claim that Democratic leaders would have acted otherwise under like circumstances. He perceives little difference between the avowed principles of the two parties and none at all between the great masses of voters who comprise them. He rests his case solely upon the condition which has tied the party in power hand and foot and has left the other free at least to act in the interest of all the people. Whether it can or will so act, if given the opportunity, Mr. WILSON does not assume to say. But he does think the time has come when a test should be made, in view of the hopeless entanglement of the directors of the Republican party.

This is new doctrine, but none can gainsay its logic or soundness. That it is welcome is indicated by the size of the audiences which have gathered to listen and by the wide-spread attention accorded throughout the country. Probably never before have the utterances of a candidate for Governor constituted the theme of so many editorials. And there seems to be no cessation of interest either within or without the state.

It is not to be wondered at that the intrenched opposition continues in a state of stupor. How to cope with keen intelligence, perfect candor, and obvious sincerity seems to be beyond their ken. At present they are grasping vaguely at straws. The Republican candidate, Mr. VIVIAN M. LEWIS, an amiable and estimable young man, first essayed to uphold his stand-pat platform, but has now virtually repudiated it and disavows allegiance to the old régime, to which hitherto he has been unwaveringly faithful and to which he owes his nomination. Not so the Old Guard itself. True to its idols, confident in the power of its bureaucracy, and disdainful of aroused public sentiment, it marches sullenly along the same old road. "We stand pat on the candidate and the platform," was the keynote sounded by former-Governor GRIGGS as a preliminary to sneering allusions to "the schoolmaster in politics." "He is running for Gove -r," added Senator KEAN, contemptuously, "with the idea of reforming the whole state, although he never considered it worth while to give the people the benefit of his advice until he became a candidate for Governor"—possibly because his time was somewhat occupied as president of Princeton University. "They say he is a scholarly man," chipped in DAVID BAIRD, a candidate for United States Senator, "but he doesn't know anything about running the state. When he got through there wouldn't be any state; there would be a revolution. Maybe he sees that there is a million and a quarter in the treasury and he wants to manage that. Now don't you people worry about South Jersey on Election Day, for we propose to lick this man." And so it goes.

Meanwhile, Mr. WILSON continues placidly on his way, analyzing and elucidating issue after issue with simple directness and telling force. That the Old Guard, backed by its beneficiaries with unlimited funds, will make a desperate effort at the finish to defeat him by fair means or foul may be taken for granted. But the people will render the verdict on November 8th as between this most exceptional man responding to a call of civic duty and the group of men whose impelling motive is mere lust of the power which they have wielded so long to personal advantage and to the shame of the state. The result may be awaited with equanimity and the surest of confidence.

NOVEMBER 5, 1910

Next Tuesday

We are not a real prophet, but as a guesser we beat them all in 1904 and 1908. So we guess again:

That ROOSEVELT will lose New York by 100,000.

That WOODROW WILSON will carry New Jersey by 40,000.

That BALDWIN will carry Connecticut by 5,000.

That HARMON will carry Ohio by 25,000.

That the results in Massachusetts and New Hampshire will be close, with the chances in favor of Foss and BASS.

That BEVERIDGE will be beaten.

That the Democrats will have a majority of forty in the next House of Representatives.

That Democrats will succeed the Hon. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW and the Hon. JOHN KEAN in the United States Senate.

Amen! So be it!

NOVEMBER 12, 1910

The Oratory of the Campaign

Again, after the deluge of campaign speaking, the inquiry is pertinent, What has become of eloquence, of high art in oratory? We have all been reading speeches every day for a month or two. Some of us have even had the energy to go and listen to a few of them. Can any one of us declare that he has either heard or read a single one that could be called great? Is there so much as a single paragraph that sticks in one's mind because it had the thrill of genuine eloquence—of high thought, suffused with strong feeling, nobly phrased? Our hands do not all go up at once, and if, after a while, anybody answers, the names most likely to be mentioned are probably the late Senator DOLLIVER'S and WOODROW WILSON'S. Dr. WILSON'S is certainly the one oratorical reputation that the campaign has most distinctly enhanced. But the papers, although they have reported him liberally, have seemed much more intent on bringing out whatever was striking or unusual in his views or merely epigrammatic in his language than on determining his claim to the really highest attainment in public speech. They have, as a rule, left out altogether the passages, particularly the perorations, in which he sought to move rather than merely convince his hearers. That seems to be the fashion of present-day reporting, and possibly it is in part responsible for the apparent dearth of eloquence in our oratory. But a more probable partial explanation is that the orators themselves are too much in the habit of speaking to the papers rather than to the audiences in front of them. For true oratory is like acting: the highest effects of which it is capable are immediate, direct. They can be repeated by the aid of print only as the reader is stirred to merge himself in an imaginary audience. If we read the papers less we should doubtless not only go oftener to hear our public men speak, but also have more exciting public speaking to listen to.

NOVEMBER 19, 1910

Incidentally

We made ten guesses, viz.:

That DIX, HARMON, BALDWIN, FOSS, and BASS would win.

That BEVERIDGE, DEPEW, and KEAN would lose.

That the Democrats would elect a majority of forty in the next House of Representatives.

And (10), that WOODROW WILSON would carry New Jersey by 40,000.

Most people thought the last guess crazy. We have to confess. It wasn't a guess at all. It was what HOSEA BIGLOW called a prophecy. We knew, all the time.

The nine guesses came true, too.

A Clean Slate

The following excerpt from the Trenton *State Gazette* of November 4th fairly illustrates the type of argument that was used by the Republican press of New Jersey during the recent campaign:

The Democratic machine of city, county, and State is spending more money than it has since 1894, in its effort to defeat the will of the people.

Where do they get it? Every dollar of it comes from the corrupt corporation interests of Wall Street. Those friends of Col. GEORGE HARVEY, JAMES SMITH, JR., JAMES NUGENT, and R. V. LINDABURY, the self-appointed committee who tendered WOODROW WILSON the nomination "on the part of the thoughtful Democrats" of New Jersey.

The effect of such slander upon the minds of the people is accurately measured by the election returns. But, now that it is all over, we wish to say flatly—and we know whereof we speak—that

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not one dollar was asked from or contributed to the Democratic campaign fund in New Jersey by any "corporation interests," corrupt or otherwise, nor by any corporation in or out of Wall Street, nor by any individual associated in the remotest degree with Wall Street or anything connected with Wall Street.

Results Talk

It appears, therefore, that WILSON in New Jersey has a plurality this year which is about one-eighth of the total vote of his state two years ago. The pluralities of HARMON and FOSS are in each case about one-twelfth of the 1908 total, and that of DIX in New York is one-twenty-fourth of that total. Judge BALDWIN needed a plurality of about 8,000 to give him relatively as big a victory as Mr. DIX won in New York.—*Hartford Times.*

Put in another way, the comparison (taking the combined Republican and Democratic votes as the total of two years ago) stands thus:

	Total vote	Net Dem. gain	Per cent.
New York	1,537,000	267,000	17
Ohio	1,075,000	134,000	12½
New Jersey	447,000	132,000	30

There can be no question as to who scored the greatest triumph and now holds the lead among Democratic vote-getters of the U. S. A.

NOVEMBER 19, 1910

Echoes

A PALM FROM NEW JERSEY

Colonel George Harvey is entitled to the palm. He predicted that New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Massachusetts, and Connecticut would go Democratic and that Democrats would succeed Chauncey M. Depew, John Kean, and Beveridge in the United States Senate. Colonel Harvey was mistaken as to high majorities in only one instance. He predicted that New York would give Dix 100,000. In the other States his estimates were below the mark.—*Jersey Journal.*

A CUP FROM NEW YORK

To the Editor of The New York Times:

In the light of what has just happened, a consideration of "Col. Harvey's Guess," recently reprinted by you from HARPER'S WEEKLY, should be interesting. The Colonel said Roosevelt would lose New York by 100,000. He lost by about 110,000. That Wilson would carry New Jersey by 40,000; he did it by about 44,000. That Baldwin would carry Connecticut by 5,000; he squeezed through with something like 3,600. That Harmon would carry Ohio by 25,000; he did by over twice that. That the results in Massachusetts and New Hampshire would be close, with the chances in favor of Foss and Bass. Both got there, apparently, the former with a liberal margin. That Beveridge would be beaten; he was, it seems. That the Democrats would have a majority of 40 in the next House; they show 49.

And, consequently, the Colonel's prediction that Democrats will succeed the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew and the Hon. John Kean in the United States Senate appears a pretty safe one.

The Colonel, as he says, may not be a "real prophet," but as a guesser he is entitled to the cup on the third win.

New York, November 9, 1910. J. W. E.

—*New York Times.*

FROM SUSPICION FREED

HARPER'S WEEKLY insists on having WOODROW WILSON for the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. This tends to remove the suspicion that HARPER'S WEEKLY is still voting for Andrew Jackson.—*Manchester Union.*



After Wilson crossed the Delaware and licked the political Hessians at Trenton, many of the vanquished became his fast friends
FROM "HARPER'S WEEKLY" OF DECEMBER 9, 1911

TURN ABOUT, ETC.

Just think of it. Some one is proposing to make Mr. Roosevelt president of the University of Michigan. The only excuse for this proposition is that HARPER'S WEEKLY keeps talking of the president of Princeton as the Democratic nominee for President.—*Birmingham Ledger.*

A CONVERTED STATE

Colonel George Harvey should have gone into the ministry. He is a sure-enough wonder at making converts.—*Trenton Times.*

END OF THE CONCERT

With President Woodrow Wilson the Democratic nominee for Governor of New Jersey, life on the editorial page of Colonel Harvey's HARPER'S WEEKLY should, indeed, be "one grand, sweet song" again.—*Detroit Journal.*

PREDICTIONS

The editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY has two ways of reminding them that he told them so. One is the usual way; the other is novel. It's simply to reproduce in his paper, when the time comes, the predictions made by him in the pages of the other publication he edits—*The North American Review.* One of the times came when the New Jersey Democrats nominated Dr. Woodrow Wilson for Governor; the prediction reproduced from the August number of the *Review* was that, "as ever hitherto in a crisis of the Republic, a man will emerge from comparative political obscurity, capable of holding high the torch of personal liberty, that all the people may see the clear light and revert gladly to the pristine standard of individual and industrial progress which, despite temporary retrogression, is the glory of the nation." Wasn't Dr. Wilson in comparative political obscurity, and hasn't he emerged for fair, and isn't he the dandy torch-holder? The heart of Editor Harvey sings with joy. With Editor McKelway, of the Borough of Brooklyn, he acclaims Dr. Wilson as "the foremost American Democrat." Do you hear that, Mr. Bryan? Are you listening, Governor Harmon?—*Hartford Courant.*

REPUBLICAN JUDGMENT

Colonel George Harvey, editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY and a militant Democrate of the old-time battling school, has wielded his powerful and brilliant pen to no small effect in making Dr. Wilson's candidacy possible. Colonel Harvey believes that a party which is represented in Ohio by a Harmon, and in New York by a Gaynor, is worthy of a Wilson in New Jersey. Even Republicans must admit that the meeting of such worthy foemen in the field is a tonic which must ultimately be wholesome to the best principles of their own cause. A weak and decayed Democracy clinging to ancient and abandoned issues is a menace. An awakened Democracy, standing as Dr. Wilson does on a platform of equalization in taxation, regulation of corporations, and economy in administration, is an inspiration.—*Grand Rapids Press.*

STILL CIVILIZING

HARPER'S WEEKLY under George Harvey's management is still a "journal of civilization." It was largely instrumental in giving the Jersey Democracy a leader to lift it to higher political levels.—*Trenton Advertiser.*

LOOKING AHEAD

Well, if Colonel Harvey isn't the prophet himself, he must be one of the Colonel's contributing editors. When we are looking for a political "hunch" hereafter, we shall go straight to Franklin Square.—*Trenton True American.*

INVITED TO DINNER

For the third time Colonel George Harvey has hit the nail on the head, hit it hard and right in the middle. HARPER'S WEEKLY of the 5th of November, printed quite a week before the day of election, contains the complete results.

Good! We declare you in with that dinner which Joseph Pulitzer is going to give another prophet the first Monday in December, 1911. And the star-spangled ban—!—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A CITY OF SMALL HALLS

All the papers are talking about George Harvey's guess about the result of the elections in the pivotal states this year and how nearly he hit it. Says the Waterbury *American:* "Colonel Harvey is a wonder—this year." Colonel Harvey is a wonder every year, and the older he gets and the more guesses he makes the more wonderful he seems. It is now the intention of the Equal Suffrage people of Richmond to have him speak here before the season is over about the rights of women, and the hall will not be big enough to hold the people who will want to hear him.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

OH, VERY WELL!

George Harvey didn't do it all, but he did some, and some helps a lot.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

CHEEKY CHARLESTON

George Harvey predicted the result absolutely, following us in that.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

PREDESTINATION

The most attractive of the political creations of yesterday is obviously Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey. Long known as a capable thinker concerning politics and government, he proved himself on the stump a candidate, and yesterday he demonstrated himself to be a vote-getter of great power.

Except George B. McClellan, whose residence in the state was nominal, Jersey has never had a Presidential candidate. There is fair prospect that the reproach, if it be such, is not unlikely to be removed. All over the country Democratic thought will turn to-day to Dr. Wilson as the appointed one for 1912. His probable rival, Governor Harmon, of Ohio, was a member of Cleveland's cabinet and conspicuously bolted Bryan, and thus furnished an argument against his availability. In his cooler academic retreats Dr. Wilson has been identified with neither Democratic faction.

Dr. Wilson, besides being a Jerseyite, is a Southerner born—if nominated, will be the first Presidential candidate of Southern birth since Lincoln. When it comes to rounding up delegates to the national Democratic convention, it will not hurt him south of Mason and Dixon's line that he is able to sing "Dixie." A progressive Democrat who is able to escape the anger of the conservative Democrats, and a Southern man who has lifted himself out of sectional strife, Dr. Wilson is plainly being chosen by destiny.—*New York Globe.*

DEMOCRACY'S GREATEST ACT

The greatest act of the Democratic party in the elections of this year was the nomination for Governor of New Jersey of Woodrow Wilson, President of Princeton University.

The national significance of Woodrow Wilson's established reputation as a vote-getter can hardly be overestimated. He looms up at once as a prominent candidate for the Presidential nomination, a possible figure on which the conservative interests of the East, the radicals of the West, and the unvarying Democrats of the South may easily unite in the mutual conviction that fairness and justice from him could be depended on. He is a native of the Sunny South, born in Staunton, Virginia, the state of Washington and Jefferson and Lee, nursed in the bosom of the Mother of Presidents; he learned law in the University of Virginia; he practised law for two years in Atlanta, Georgia, before he became a college professor. He knows the feelings of the South as few men prominent in the North know them. This is a matter of importance in a President's administration. It is a matter of even greater importance in a national convention where the South as a safe Democratic section must hold the balance of power.

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It is entirely possible that New Jersey's election of a Governor has given to the national Democracy a suggestion of the open door to triumph in 1912. That is a gratifying reflection to Democrats in every state in the Union.—*Brooklyn "Eagle."*

A SAMPLE FROM THE SOUTH

The fact seems to be that, since the repudiation by the Democratic party of Grover Cleveland, Wilson is the one man available for the Democratic nomination who can command the respect and confidence of the safe and sane element without which Bryan has three times essayed to be President and three times met contemptuous rejection. Wilson seems to be thoroughly sound on the basic principles of Democracy and tainted with none of the populistic vagaries Bryan and his crowd fastened upon the Democratic machine, to the disgust and driving away of every state and section that was Democratic except the South, where there is no choice. He seems to be imbued with a noble idea of liberty and individual independence, absolutely honest and reliable, as safe from the wildisms and fanatical doctrines of Roosevelt and Bryan, on the one hand, as from the selfishness and partisanship and treachery and sycophancy of Taft on the other hand.

Well, it suits us.

We believe all the signs of the times point to the nomination of Wilson by the Democrats in 1912 and his triumphant election, and we believe it will be a complete turning-point in American history, the casting out of all the small breed of swindlers, opportunists, demagogues, and riders of the wave of specious popular feeling of the hour, and a return to the simplicity of first principles.—*Greenville (South Carolina) "News."*

FIRST IN THE LINE

It is obvious that his impressive victory, due in great part to his candid canvass, to the sympathy he has shown with the current of opinion, and to the grasp and command he has also shown of the essential elements of the national situation, must put him in the front rank of the new leaders and in the line of promotion to the highest national honors.—*New York "Times."*

WATCH AND WAIT

The victory which Woodrow Wilson has won in New Jersey is not wholly one of personal conquest of the men who have voted for him. It consists more in the choice by the people of one of the oldest of the commonwealths, as their leader in dealing with the large issues of the hour, of a man whose life has been dedicated to a profound study of political institutions, whose books, orations, and speeches have shown him competent to deal in a large-minded and dispassionate way with the task of governmental reconstruction which lies ahead. His election brings him before the people of the nation as a man whose convictions and temper fit him peculiarly for shaping new laws; and if he succeeds as well while Governor as he has as a pleader for the opportunity to serve in that capacity he will become a formidable candidate for the nomination to the Presidency in 1912. And this is the more inevitable in view of his peculiar appeal to the South, where he was born and in part educated. Its purposes he would appreciate as would no other Northern man. Should his record as Governor lead to discussion of his name as a Presidential candidate, he would be especially strong as nominee because of the powerful appeal he could make on the platform. How practical and efficient Governor Wilson will prove to be under the stress of actual conditions at Trenton remains to be seen. Those who have known him longest and who have studied his method of approach to the voters during his remarkable recent tour of the state are confident that he will not be disappointing. The practical politicians of both parties have had notice served on them that nothing will be hid, but that everything will be done on the assumption that once the people know the facts they will force right action. Watch Wilson; that's all.—*Boston "Herald."*

IN THE MINDS OF DEMOCRATS

Mr. Woodrow Wilson is yet to be tried. His campaign in New Jersey is the subject of wide comment. The present Governor, a Republican, was elected by a majority of about 8,000. Mr. Wilson overthrew that majority and won his election by a majority that is between 40,000 and 50,000. If he makes good as Governor, higher political honors await him.

Governor Harmon and Governor-elect Wilson are already being spoken of for the Democratic nomination for President. Governor Harmon has the advantage because he carried his state by a larger majority than Mr. Wilson did, and also because he has a record as an administrator that invites confidence. But both are the sort of men to whom Mr. Wilson called attention in his Princeton address. They are the sort of men the people are looking for. They are certain to put the public interests before their own political advancement. Neither may be nominated in 1912 for President, but at this time both are in the minds of the Democratic masses for the nomination to that high office.—*Savannah "News."*

JOSEPHUS DANIEL'S JUDGMENT

The country is turning away from the charlatans like Roosevelt, no matter how brilliant; the Smooth-it-aways like Taft, no matter how personally amiable; the barterers in legislation like Aldrich, no matter how able. They are looking for men to lead who will serve the true welfare of all the people, owe no obligations to special interests, and whose ability and character fit them for leadership. Machine politicians and noisy demagogues have palled on the public. They wish sincere and capable men who will make war on monopoly while conserving all business, large and small.

New Jersey has sounded all the depths of machine politics, subservience to trusts, obedience to railroad dictation, the making merchandise of office and of legislation. Its Senators are small editions of Aldrich and Cannon. One is the quick and zealous tool of all trusts, the other has used his high office to try to secure favorable legislation for his own business. There has not been a Congressman of the first order of ability from New Jersey in twenty-five years. The men who have led both parties have been trusted friends of the trusts, and the people have had no representatives.

This was the set year for New Jersey to repudiate bossism and trust favoritism. The Democrats turned to Princeton and selected Woodrow Wilson as their candidate. He is the foremost American college president, and his books on government are authorities in this country and abroad. He is a man of letters who has "mixed with men and prospered." He knows books, but he knows men also, and the vital problems that must be solved for men of every class and condition. He is a speaker of uncommon ability and was as popular with the "boys" in the shops as the scholars in the universities. Business men saw he was no dreamer, but a practical man of affairs. He made few promises, but impressed men of all parties that he would regard public office as a public trust. And that, together with the trend against Republicanism, assured his election.

The people of North Carolina take deep interest in Mr. Wilson and his career. When his father was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Wilmington Mr. Wilson was for a time a resident of this state. His nephew is Professor of Latin in the University of North Carolina, and last year he charmed the state by his oration on Lee at the University of North Carolina. The whole legislature went to Chapel Hill to hear him, and never did an orator so completely captivate an audience. When Mr. Wilson was nominated for Governor of New Jersey all who heard him at Chapel Hill felt like congratulating the voters of that state upon the treat in store for them. His campaign was a revelation to those who expected learned and dry scholastic essays. His success is a matter for national congratulation.—*Raleigh "News and Observer."*

A SOLITARY "IF"

New Jersey needs at this juncture a strong progressive leader. It is the home of many great corporations which wield a power in and far beyond that commonwealth. If Woodrow Wilson can live up to his reputation as a prophet of better things and establish himself as an efficient champion of the people, he will be in line for higher honors if his party should have the good fortune to regain supremacy in national affairs.—*Springfield "Union."*

TO BE RECKONED WITH

Probably the most remarkable victory won Tuesday is that of Woodrow Wilson, who was elected Governor of New Jersey by the surprising plurality of 46,000. It was at first thought that the plurality would not be more than 25,000 at the outside. But it has been steadily growing until it has reached 46,000. This is almost unprecedented. Only three times, and then on the vote for President and in extraordinary years, has this plurality been exceeded. Except in those years it has hardly been approached. Mr. Wilson's remarkable victory carries with it the control of the legislature, and that means the retirement of Senator Kean, who will give place to a Democrat. Of course every one is now talking of this new personality. Mr. Wilson has shown, not simply that he is a thoroughly well-informed man on public questions, but that he is a most effective campaigner and a man of the people in the best sense. In his speeches he was able to discuss the most profound subjects in such a way as to bring them home to the average man who, perhaps, had never thought much about them before.

Mr. Wilson made the most favorable impression on all who heard him. He has made a favorable impression on the country at large. He is, as all know, a man of the highest character. Of his intellectual power there can be no doubt. He is a student and a scholar deeply read in the nation's history. In him we have a revival of the old type which was once so popular in America. There has been much fun poked at the scholar in politics, and it has not always been misdirected. But here is a man who is a scholar and who has shown a wisdom in politics that many a boss might envy. What the future may hold for Woodrow Wilson is, of course, a mere matter of speculation. He has to go through another test—namely, that of administering public office. In that he may fail; but the probability is that those qualities which have brought him success thus far—knowledge, wisdom, poise, and ability to act with other men—will serve him well in his new position. There is no more interesting personality now before the people than Woodrow Wilson. A man who can carry the doubtful state of New Jersey by a plurality of 46,000 is to be reckoned with.—*Indianapolis "News."*

NOVEMBER 26, 1910

MICHIGAN

By the New Democrats, of which Colonel Editor George Harvey is a luminary, Dr. Woodrow Wilson was induced to resign as president of Princeton University and run for Governor of New Jersey to test his own political popularity and the strength of the Democratic principles and doctrines which he typifies. Had he been defeated, it would, of course, have demonstrated that this new school of Democracy is not justified in its Presidential ambitions and hopes. His election, on the other hand, buries yet deeper the era of Bryanism and its attendant heresies.

The kind of campaign which Dr. Woodrow Wilson has conducted in New Jersey also throws a new light upon the man. There was nothing in it of uncertainty and academic aloofness. He met all attacks upon him firmly, vigorously, and with just the proper amount of dignity. He showed remarkable political sagacity and resourcefulness. It is no longer safe or logical to deride the ambitions of the academic statesman, the New Sage of Princeton. Dr. Woodrow Wilson is a Democratic figure to be reckoned with.—*Detroit "Journal."*

A SERIOUS TEST

By the way, the Colonel—that is, Colonel Harvey—proved a good guesser on the election. The *News* carefully preserved his predictions in HARPER'S WEEKLY of the 5th, feeling sure that they would as a whole go so far wrong that even as humble a publication as this paper would be warranted in advising the Colonel—that is, Colonel Harvey, again—to come back to Vermont and settle down on an abandoned farm, if one could be found. The aforesaid predictions, however, averaged wonderfully correct for a fact, and the *News'* admiration for Colonel Harvey as a guesser has risen to that profound height that it actually believes he could estimate the exact number of beans in a jar at a church fair.—*Northfield, Vermont, "News."*

AN AEROPLANE IN SIGHT

Hats off to George Harvey, editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, as a prophet. With the remark that it beat 'em all at guessing in 1904 and 1908, the paper a few days ago made the guesses which make his batting average 1,000, which deserves at least an auto, if not an aeroplane.—*Sioux City "Tribune."*

A BLUE RIBBON

Brother George Harvey of HARPER'S WEEKLY will get the blue ribbon as a political prophet.—*Waco "Times-Herald."*

BEHOLD THE RESULT

Colonel Harvey, who supplied the silver platter upon which the gubernatorial nomination was offered to Woodrow Wilson, predicts in HARPER'S WEEKLY that his political protégé will come out of the contest to-morrow with a plurality of 40,000.

Predictions are easily made and figures are easily written. It gives a prognosticator no more trouble to say that a candidate's plurality, or majority, will be 100,000 than to say that it will be 10,000.

A plurality of 40,000 for Woodrow Wilson means a "landslide," and the person who calmly views the situation, eliminating from his mind every iota of hysteria, must admit that there is nothing in the air, on the earth, or in the waters under the earth to indicate a "landslide."—*Trenton "State Gazette" of November 7th.*

DECEMBER 17, 1910

A MATTER OF HISTORY

Henry Watterson has been saying things about George Harvey which we allow no man—doesn't matter how much we love him and how loyally we follow him—to say in our presence without resentment. In reviewing the present situation of the Democratic party, as brought about by the recent elections, Harvey touched upon a somewhat similar state of affairs in 1892, and observed that the Democratic party failed then, "partly because of the black fact of treachery in its own ranks when the time of its testing came. Ignoble men, holding its high places, betrayed their leader and their cause." That is the truth, written on every page of the political history of this country during the last eighteen or twenty years.

Mr. Watterson agrees with Harvey in effect, for he says that "the primary cause of the failure was that the party and the administration did not live up to the platform on the faith of which they had come into power." That is partly true, but only partly true. The party was to blame. The Administration was not to blame. Mr. Cleveland did not make the Wilson bill, "laid in a morass and built on lines of water," as the great Kentuckian describes it. He did not even approve it; he really ought to have vetoed it; but it is worse than nonsense to say that Mr. Cleveland was in any sense responsible for it or its failure to meet the platform. Mr. Cleveland is out of the way now. He has not been in politics for fourteen years. Instead of trying to unload on him the sins and stupidities of the party he twice led to victory, Mr. Watterson ought to "get together" with George Harvey and the rest of the boys and forget so much of the past as he does not remember.—*John C. Hemphill, in Richmond "Times-Dispatch."*

Major Hemphill is right and Marse Henry is wrong, as Major Hemphill usually is.—EDITOR.

NOMINATED, NOMINATED

Colonel Harvey is already electing Woodrow Wilson President in 1912, and he is getting to be so dangerously near a correct political prophet that it almost seems like witchery.—*Baltimore "Sun."*

TAKING NOTICE

Colonel Harvey, who had more to do with persuading Woodrow Wilson to become a candidate for Governor than any other man, and more to do with having him nominated than any other man, now makes the prophecy which, in view of the Colonel's surprisingly accurate forecasts heretofore, is worth attention:

"We fully anticipate the nomination of Woodrow Wilson for President of the United States by the Democratic national convention of 1912, as against William H. Taft, Republican candidate."—*Syracuse "Post-Standard."*

HEAVY HITTING

After a careful perusal of the current HARPER'S WEEKLY'S observations on the general result of the election, we do not hesitate to award the I-told-you-so pennant to Colonel George Harvey.—*Columbus "Journal."*

A SURE THING

Editor George Harvey, of HARPER'S WEEKLY, is inclined to admit that Governor-elect Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, is likely to be the Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States against President Taft, who will be nominated by the Republicans. Colonel Harvey has already shown himself to be a good guesser.—*Burlington "Free Press."*

APPLAUSE FROM THE GALLERY

On election eve we reproduced Colonel George Harvey's forecast of the election from HARPER'S WEEKLY, and the editor hit the nail so squarely on the head as to excite admiration and applause from many of his brethren of the press. We again print the fore-

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cast as food for pleasing comparison with the actual results.—*Macon News.*

THE SAME

Colonel Harvey of Harper's publications had much to do with the nomination of Woodrow Wilson for Governor of New Jersey, and later he made a remarkably accurate prophecy of election results in various states. Therefore Colonel Harvey's latest political forecast is of special interest. It is as follows: "We fully anticipate the nomination of Woodrow Wilson for President of the United States by the Democratic National Convention of 1912, as against William H. Taft, Republican candidate."—*Rome Sentinel.*

CORRECT

Editor Harvey, of HARPER'S WEEKLY, has his guessing-cap on again. This time he guesses—and with full belief in the accuracy of his guess—that the Democratic National Convention of 1912 will nominate Dr. Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, for the Presidency, and that the Doctor's Republican opponent will be William H. Taft, of Ohio.—*Hartford Courant.*

REASONABLE EXPECTATIONS REALIZED

Quite as was expected, HARPER'S WEEKLY nominates Woodrow Wilson for President next time. HARPER'S WEEKLY was the original Wilson man.—*Holyoke Transcript.*

IN DUE TIME—NOT YET

The keen eye of HARPER'S WEEKLY has been focused on Woodrow Wilson now for a number of years, and the paper has been forecasting his fortune with the accuracy of a prophet. It reviews its own prophecy as to that eminent educator, economic scientist, and now statesman in its current issue, and adds:

"We now fully anticipate the nomination of Woodrow Wilson for President of the United States by the Democratic National Convention of 1912, as against William H. Taft, Republican candidate."

Colonel Harvey promises to continue the prophecy. While the time for the fulfilling of the last has not yet arrived, it is entirely possible that it will be, indeed, highly probable, especially when viewed in conjunction with the past performances of the prophet.

But the most important of all prophesies is yet to come. Will Woodrow Wilson be elected President of the United States? Of course, it will be finally made; maybe before the next National Democratic Convention, or maybe after. Whenever, it will be interesting.—*Norfolk Landmark.*

PARTNERSHIP

HARPER'S WEEKLY joins the Birmingham *News* in advocating the nomination of Woodrow Wilson for President in 1912.—*Birmingham News.*

DECEMBER 24, 1910

A BIG PLACE RESERVED FOR TEXAS

Much to our surprise and chagrin, Colonel George Harvey is giving trouble again. Because of his friskiness and penchant for jumping the fence and getting into the Republican pasture at the most inopportune time, we have kept him hitched of late years because we could not trust him to stand while we went into the store to get the mail and a box of sardines. So docile did he become as a result of this restraint that we decided after the dawn of the Democratic year of jubilee the other day to ride him without saddle or bridle and to give him the freedom of the pasture in which to kick up his heels and snort.

We fear we shall have to hitch him to the post again and resume our disciplinary measures. Here before we have had time to consume a Thanksgiving turkey and lay before the Lord of Hosts the expressions of gratitude which become the occasion and the season—here is Colonel Harvey nominating a candidate for President for us.

"We now fully anticipate," he says, "the nomination of Woodrow Wilson for President of the United States by the Democratic national convention of 1912, as against William H. Taft, Republican candidate."

Far be it from us to impeach the availability of Dr. Wilson. For him we entertain only feelings of admiration, respect, and confidence. He is Presidential timber of which to be proud. In character, statesmanship, scholarship, and Democracy he is a credit to the party, to his native Virginia, to his adopted New Jersey, and an honor to an appreciative republic. His elevation to the Presidency would be as the birth of a new day to a trust-ridden and demagogue-infested country. There is not one objection to him that we can discern at this time.

But, Colonel Harvey, we haven't reached the nominating stage yet, and you must remember that a lot of the boys are to be consulted before we fling our banners to the breeze. There are other Democratic sons who are entitled to be considered—sons of equal worth and availability—and we must carefully weigh the merits of each after we have prepared for the conflict. We are not ready at this moment, and the record upon which we are to go to the country is yet to be made. Dr. Wilson, Governor Harmon, and the other leaders are to perform some conspicuous service in the making of that record. We will be better able to settle the question of availability after all this has been attended to.

It will be a year before the party can even begin to see the light with respect to the ticket of 1912. We must nominate the most available man, availability being the chief consideration, since it is universally admitted that Wilson, Harmon, and others are in all respects up to the mark in character, capacity, and Democracy. And then when the time comes to nominate, we must let the people have a say. Conceding Colonel Harvey's prescience with respect to matters political and his zeal for the cause, when the cause meets his approval, we cannot leave the matter in his hands altogether.

So if he persists in ringing the dinner-bell before the fire has been built in the kitchen, we shall have to call him down. We have a keen appetite for the blessings to come of Democratic government, but let all things be done in order. At present we are concerned as to what a new Congress is going to do to make a Democratic victory possible.—*Houston "Post."*

Our patience with Brother George Bailey is limitless. Strive as he may to swerve it, his heart holds as true to the right as the needle to the pole. It is only a question of time when his slow coach will take its allotted place in the procession, well up in front, close behind the band.—EDITOR.

ONLY NOMINATED AS YET

Colonel Harvey has already nominated and elected Woodrow Wilson President in 1912. Are the orange and black to be nailed up under the red, white, and blue?—*Houston "Chronicle."*

VICTORY IN SIGHT

The Democratic victory was wide-spread and sweeping. It shows what can be done with a party united and aggressive and true to its own principles. The state of North Carolina, which seemed to have been wobbling two years ago, has reversed itself entirely and has reclaimed the three Republican districts, sending a solid Democratic delegation to Congress. Instead of being weak and apologetic, the Democratic party has jerked itself together, and, following the advice of Colonel George Harvey, has indulged in some "pizen-mad, pig-headed fighting." It has not only reclaimed everything that it had lost, but it has put itself in line for 1912, and has shown itself not only worthy of confidence, but also entitled to a Presidential victory, which is apt to come.—*Savannah "News."*

THE FIGURE ON THE HORIZON

HARPER'S WEEKLY must be given the credit for the discovery of Woodrow Wilson as a national and economic political factor. As far back as 1906 Editor Harvey picked out the president of Princeton as a fit subject for Presidential lightning, and he has steadily and consistently stuck to it ever since. In the mean time Dr. Wilson has been growing on the country, until he not only looms up as Presidential size, but he is well to the front amid the ruck of the Democratic leaders for the nomination.

It must be admitted that there is no bigger or clearer figure on the Presidential horizon than Dr. Wilson, and in all probability he will be a strong contestant for the chief prize in the national Democratic convention of 1912.—*Macon "News."*

NONE WHATEVER

George Harvey insists that he knew all the time that Woodrow Wilson would get there. Well, now that he's got there, is there any reason to assume that he will stop?—*Charleston "News and Courier."*

FROM AWAY BACK

Many men pride themselves upon being political prophets, but there is only one in America in the year 1910 who has made good to the claim. Early in the year, when most people believed the Republicans would continue to win victories, Colonel George Harvey, editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, looked for big Democratic victories, and he said so in his paper. Here is the record of this editor who is a prophet "as is a prophet" sure enough.—*Raleigh "News and Observer."*

WELL, WELL, WELL

Colonel Harvey's newspaper campaign, though unquestionably costly, was well arranged and carried out. There is no discounting the fact that the funds of "the interests" back of Professor Wilson's candidacy were well disbursed among the Philadelphia and New York newspapers, all of which surrendered more space to the New Jersey contest than they did to those within their own borders, with, perhaps, a single exception, that of Tener's assailant. It cannot be said "all honor," but it can be said all credit to the sagacity of the expert politicians who planned and worked out to a successful issue the scheme to elect the Democratic ticket in New Jersey. They were master hands and heads that did the work.—*Camden "Courier."*

JANUARY 28, 1911

The South Asks No Favors

From the Nashville "Banner"

The current number of the *North American Review* has an engaging editorial article with the interrogatory heading, "Will the Democratic Party Commit Suicide?" As the Democratic party still has a potential existence it has never been guilty of self-destruction, but it has at various times evinced a strange fatuity for blunders of a suicidal tendency. It has a monumental record of forfeited opportunity and a demonstrated capacity for what in culinary parlance is known as "throwing the fat in the fire." This lack of perspicacity has given it the jackass as its emblem. It was with reference to the reputation established by the party's conduct in the past rather than any immediate threat of renewed blundering that induced the question asked by the *North American Review*, but it is also warranted by existing conditions.

In the course of the article the further question is asked, "Who, then, can prevent the election of a Democrat as President?" And this is followed by the declaration, "The answer is swift and certain. Only the Democrats themselves." The *Review* looks with apprehension to a solitary figure in the West that "has held the partisan millions in the hollow of his hands for nearly two decades and even now threatens to palsy the prospects of success." But with the visible waning of the Bryan influence, "out of the ruck have shot up strong and vivid personalities. Men have arisen, real men, men of force, of conviction, of understanding, of ideals—the rugged and successful Harmon; the picturesque, though uncertain, Gaynor; the firm but cautious Dix; the virtuously homely Marshall; the crudite Baldwin; the winning Plaisted; the flamboyant Foss; and finally, like a meteor in the sky, the bold and sentient Wilson. Truly a goodly few, but yet a few."

With this array of leaders—new, strong, and successful, with the control of the House of Representatives that has always presaged success in a Presidential contest, and with a divided Republican party in opposition, the prospects of the Democracy seem indeed good. These facts considered, the *North American Review* asks what of the issues, and declares that of these, "paramount stands the tariff." This issue the *Review* says "must be met squarely and courageously by the Sixty-second Congress."

When the situation is carefully surveyed this conclusion is undoubtedly correct. There are other issues, but the tariff leads. It was on the tariff that the House was won. But in the tariff lies a Democratic danger. The tariff, when it comes to specific revision, has always been prolific of division, and the discussion of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill revealed lack of Democratic unity. Senator Bailey's stand against free raw materials aroused the criticism of Mr. Bryan, who had put a plank to the contrary in the Denver platform. But the *North American Review* thinks the problem should not be difficult. "The Democratic policy," it declares "is traditional. It was established eighty years ago and has varied since only in degree and in unimportant phrasing. It never comprehended free trade. It stands now, as then, for a tariff primarily for revenue and incidentally for protection."

This is a correct statement of the party's historical position. The *North American Review* makes elaborate criticism from prominent Democrats of the past in support of its position. "Such," it says, "is the Democratic creed, enunciated by Jackson, amplified by Polk, and reiterated by Tilden and Cleveland," and adds, "it is the policy, not merely of the party, but of the whole people. Wherever it has been adhered to in practice, the party has been successful and the country has prospered. Whenever it has been disregarded, the party has gone down to defeat and favored interests have come into complete control of the government."

The trouble with Republican tariffs has been not so much that they offered protection to home industries, as that they created these "favored interests," of which the editorial article in the *North American Review* speaks. They have been partial tariffs, sectionally and otherwise. They have fostered and pampered the trusts, instead of safeguarding the real "infant industries" and the public interests in general.

The country would prosper under a new tariff framed on the traditional Democratic policy, and the country is ready to trust the party with power if it will unite in an earnest effort at sensible and impartial revision. Robert J. Walker, Secretary of the Treasury under President Polk, and the author of a tariff that served the country for a number of years, one under which the Democratic party had a long-continued supremacy, declared among other things: "That the duty should be so imposed as to operate as equally as possible throughout the Union, discriminating neither for nor against any class or section."

The new industries of the South will ask no protection other than that a properly regulated revenue tariff would afford. There should be no "favored interests," and no sectional discrimination. Andrew Jackson said in his second inaugural: "While the chief object of duties should be revenues, they should be so adjusted as to encourage manufactures. In this adjustment, however, it is the duty of the government to be guided by the general good." This is the true doctrine of tariff revision in a nutshell. It is from the fountain source of Democracy, and is the historic position of the party.

If it be adhered to by the majority in the House of Representatives in the coming Congress and made the chief declaration of the party platform in 1912, the Democracy, with a suitable Presidential candidate, should win. All the chances are now in its favor, if fate will save it from fatuous blundering and the baneful interference of false leaders.

FEBRUARY 4, 1911

Knight Errant of the New Democracy

The somewhat acrimonious controversy over the Senatorship in New Jersey ended in a decisive victory for Governor WOODROW WILSON over ex-Senator JAMES SMITH, Jr. It resolved into a struggle between the New Order and the Old, and the result was inevitable. Governor WILSON was handicapped from the beginning by the inferior quality of the "primary" candidate whom he felt in honor bound to support, and necessarily he had to face charges of personal ingratitude because of the fact that his own nomination was attributable largely to Mr. SMITH'S endeavors. But he could not escape the conviction that even a half-baked primary law must be upheld and, highly as he esteemed Senator SMITH personally, he did not see how he could honorably ignore the fact that the former Senator was regarded by the people, rightly or wrongly, as the personification of bossism and as an ally of the corporations. So he went straight to the voters themselves and aroused public opinion to such a degree that the members of the legislature found it irresistible.

We doubt if a more daring act was ever performed in American politics. Governor WILSON not only jeopardized the success of his administration, but also hazarded his political fortunes. He could not but know that, in taking the stand he did against Mr. SMITH, he was inviting the antagonism not of that established leader alone, but of all like him throughout the country. Most men would have hesitated long before taking a

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step which might easily have proven fatal, and we are not sure that the public would not have held such conduct pardonable, under the circumstances. But the Governor did not fancy the inevitable suspicion that he had either been a party to fooling the people or had been fooled himself. So he took the clear road up the hill, turned neither to right nor left, never flinched, kept his good humor—and won in a walk.

What effect the controversy will have upon the reform legislation to which he is pledged cannot be foretold, but it is a fair guess that the dominance which Governor WILSON has already attained over the legislature will be held securely. Moreover, Senator SMITH is not only a strong partisan, but a good sportsman, and we have no anticipation whatever that he will try to subvert the new administration in any way.

So far as the country is concerned, Governor WILSON'S action has won universal commendation, and his daring has captured the imaginations of the people more completely than anybody, except possibly CLAY, BLAINE, and ROOSEVELT, has succeeded in doing before. Already, in contrast with DIX and HARMON, he is hailed as the Knight Errant of the New Democracy, and as such will be nominated for President in opposition to WILLIAM H. TAFT.

FEBRUARY 11, 1911

Champ Clark

BALTIMORE, MD., *January 1, 1911.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have just read Mr. Ryerson W. Jennings's communication advocating the nomination of Champ Clark (soon to be Speaker) by the Democratic national convention. Which suggests some thoughts:

The other day the Washington *Times* contained an editorial which, in a mass of other things, correct and incorrect, made these statements that are absolutely true, and we cannot get away from the truth of them:

"It is getting plainer every week that the people who are taking charge of the Harmon movement are much the same people who engineered the Alton B. Parker movement in 1904, and proved themselves incapable of holding within a million as many votes as the Bryan force could hold.

"The Democrats need a candidate who, while not being Mr. Bryan, shall be able to command the sincere support of Mr. Bryan. . . . It is plain as a pikestaff that no Democrat is going to be elected in 1912 who has Mr. Bryan distinctly opposed to him.

"If the Democratic party has not one man of Presidential size and availability, who can command the support of Mr. Bryan without driving away all the moderates in the party, then its chance of winning is mighty poor."

Champ Clark has never been one of Mr. Bryan's close counselors—Bryan's Missouri *fidus Achates* has always been Senator William Joel Stone, he of the affidavit face, able politician, and great tactician. Yet Mr. Bryan would gladly support Mr. Clark for President, and I know what I am talking about. And it makes not a bit of difference how much we love or hate Mr. Bryan—and nearly all men seem to do one or the other—he controls at least a million votes. At least one million men believe in his sincerity and patriotism to the extent that they will vote as they think he believes. At least a million men who ordinarily vote the Democratic ticket will not vote for Mr. Bryan; he realizes this and knows now that there is no use to run now, and perhaps this will be true as long as he is alive.

Another thing: If the Democracy wants the curtain to fall on it again, and this time forever, let it try the experiment of electing a man without knowing whether he can work in harmony with his party in Congress. That was where Cleveland fell down and took his party with him. We know Champ Clark can work harmoniously with Democrats in Congress; he got them together when he did not have even a committee assignment to give; he got them together, whipped the enemy, and won a great victory at the polls. He found the Democrats of the House a mob; they are now a solid phalanx and will elect him Speaker without a dissenting voice. This is the kind of leadership the party has long needed; hasn't it sense enough to recognize it when it comes? If we elect Harmon or Wilson, can any man do more than *guess* that *perhaps* he *may* be able to *sort of* get along with his party in Congress? Why not elect the man who has proved that he can do it?

I am, sir,

OLD POLITICIAN.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW—March, 1911

The Political Predestination of Woodrow Wilson

Whether predestination is absolute or conditional is a cardinal point of controversy between the Calvinists and the Arminians whose determination is not essential to the purpose of the following argument. Equally foreign to need in welding the chain of reasoning is decision of the question of dominance over the world—whether of a personal God or of the powers of Nature. But two assumptions on the part of the reader are requisite to understanding: (1) That the laws of logic, growing out of conditions and circumstances, are irrefragable as applied to human affairs, and (2) that, even so, irrespective election of an individual without reference to the use he may make of his moral agency, cannot be maintained.

Upon this hypothesis we confidently base the prediction that, barring accidents of a physical nature, the two chief opposing candidates for the Presidency of the United States in 1912 will be William Howard Taft, Republican, and Woodrow Wilson, Democrat. We do not presume to impute to dialectics the nomination of the former. That, frankly, must be taken for granted. The reasons for its assumption, however, are sufficiently obvious. (1) He is a candidate. (2) He controls the federal patronage. (3) He has won the confidence and respect of the people in large measure and is gaining favor daily. (4) He is gradually acquiring the active friendship of the inevitably conservative business men, without whose support no candidate has been elected President since 1832. (5) He is and will be unopposed by Roosevelt for the very practical reason that defeat or election will spell the ending of his career as President, probably immediately, but surely at the expiration of four years. (6) His rejection by the National Convention would be unprecedented and would presage certain defeat of the party at the polls.

But one obstacle lies in his path—Insurgency. By a remote possibility the new and eager League of Radical Republicans may secure control of the convention and nominate, not Cummins, the wheel horse, but La Follette, the resolute, imaginative, inspiring leader. In that event, the Democrats will nominate Judson Harmon in consequence of causes precisely analogous to those set forth below which render the choice of Woodrow Wilson as the opponent of President Taft a virtual certainty.

Logic predestines antithesis. Circumstances, conditions, uncontrolled and uncontrollable, demand it. History decrees it. Invariably the opposing candidate has been named, not by the opposition itself, but by the party taking the lead—in all but three instances by the party in power.

Sift the records! Sharp alignment of political organizations was first made in 1840. Prior to that time the elements constituting general opposition had been segregated and their strength dissipated. Four candidates had entered the race against Van Buren in 1836 and each had received votes in the electoral college, but Jackson's representative had a majority over all.

1840.—Van Buren reaped where Jackson had sown and his administration was a failure. Nevertheless, his renomination was universally accepted as a certainty when representatives of the new Whig party assembled for the first time in national convention to designate a candidate for President. Much difficulty was experienced in reconciling the various discordant elements and great deliberation characterized the proceedings. Three days were consumed in conferences of committees representing the various delegations. Clay was recognized as the ablest man in the party, was the most popular, was the natural choice, and, at the beginning, was a prime favorite. Even as late as the second day the aggregate informal vote of the committees was: For Clay, 103; for William Henry Harrison, 97; for Winfield Scott, 57. And yet on the succeeding day Harrison was nominated by acclamation. Clay, the intellectual leader, the idol of the masses, the experienced statesman, had been found to be "unavailable." Why? He was too like Van Buren. Both were skilled in statecraft and politics; both were civilians; both were dependent for public favor upon recognition of their mental gifts and shrewd practices. An opposite was the requirement of the opposition. Harrison, the rough-and-ready soldier, the military hero, met the unconscious demand.

1844.—Clay's star was in the ascendant and he received every vote in the Whig national convention. Van Buren, who had been beaten by Harrison, was the leading candidate for the Democratic nomination. On the first ballot he received 146 votes to 83 for Lewis Cass and 24 for R. M. Johnson and he held the lead till the fifth. The delegates sympathized with Van Buren's desire for vindication. He was still considered the most sagacious political manager within the party. But on the ninth ballot the unknown Polk was nominated. Why? For the same reasons that Clay was defeated for the Whig candidacy against Van Buren in 1840. The similarity had continued too marked. Both had just declared themselves opposed to the annexation of Texas. Both had long records in political service to uphold and defend. Both were affirmative. Polk was wholly negative. His views were unknown; his convictions adaptable. Polk was chosen.

1848.—The Democratic convention named Lewis Cass to succeed Polk. Although he bore a military title, the nominee was noted chiefly as a lawyer and an orator. The leading candidates before the Whig convention were Clay, Daniel Webster, Scott, and Zachary Taylor. Clay was still the idol of his party and Webster its greatest statesman. Both were lawyers and famous orators. Both were rejected. Of the two remaining candidates, Scott and Taylor, both were heroes of the Mexican War. But Scott was the more cultivated, the more diplomatic, the more courtly, and the prize went to "Old Zach," the uncouth, the very antithesis of Cass.

1852.—Millard Fillmore had succeeded to the Presidency, upon the death of Taylor, in 1850. Clay had revived his famous compromise measures and secured their enactment, thereby so weakening the Whigs in the North without strengthening them in the South that the reunited Democrats aggressively demonstrated their confidence by holding their convention in advance of their opponents. On the forty-ninth ballot they nominated Franklin Pierce, an inconspicuous and inoffensive Governor of New Hampshire, who nevertheless embodied the spirit of the "young democracy." Two weeks later the Whigs assembled. Fillmore was the natural or "logical" candidate and led on the first ballot, but on the fifty-third General Winfield Scott, the opposite in all respects of the young civilian, Pierce, was nominated.

1856.—Pierce's administration was a failure and early in June the Democrats nominated James Buchanan, the experienced statesman and diplomat. The Whig party had perished and its successor, the Republican party, held its first convention in Philadelphia on June 17, 1856. There was no expectation that a distinctive Republican could win. The only apparent possibility of success lay in finding a candidate who would draw the votes of both the Whigs and Americans. Such an one was the jurist, McLean, who received very strong support. But, as ever, when the time came for action McLean's similarity to the Democratic nominee proved fatal to his aspiration and the prize went to John C. Fremont, the dashing young general, "the millionaire without a dollar, the soldier who never fought a battle, the statesman who never made a speech," the man unlike Buchanan in more particulars than any other who could have been selected.

1860.—The Democratic party broke in twain at its National Convention in Charleston in April before a vote was taken for candidates. Upon the adoption of the Douglas platform the delegations from eight Southern states withdrew. Nobody could obtain two-thirds of the votes remaining, but Douglas held a plurality of nearly one hundred on fifty-seven ballots. The convention then adjourned to reassemble in Baltimore on June 18th. Meanwhile the seceders had arranged to meet in Richmond on June 11th.

This was the situation when the second Republican convention was called to order on May 16th. The nomination of Seward seemed assured. Who could hope to compete with the foremost Republican statesman, the great Governor of the greatest state, the one commanding figure standing forth luminously against the background of the new organization? Thurlow Weed, the master of political managers, fully anticipated his nomination on the first ballot, and when the votes were cast a large plurality, 173½ to 102, did indeed go to Seward. But a clear majority was lacking and on the third ballot Abraham Lincoln was nominated.

Why? The result at Charleston, though not conclusive, had made clear the fact that the Republican candidate must oppose Douglas. Was Seward, the statesman of like class, the man for the undertaking? No; instead, Lincoln the rail-splitter, Lincoln the gaunt and awkward country lawyer, "Old Abe" the story-teller, yet one and the only one whose mettle had been proven in debate with the Little Giant himself—his nomination was decreed and inevitable.

1864.—Lincoln was renominated as a matter of course—the man of peace, the lover of concord, the rustic civilian. Instinctively and instantly the Democrats named in opposition General George B. McClellan, the man trained to war, the practised soldier, the accomplished gentleman.

1868.—Again a military hero — Grant, named with complete unanimity by the Republicans in May. The Democrats met in July. McClellan was not mentioned, but Hancock stood third on the first ballot. His time, however, was not yet, not against another military chieftain. Tradition forbade. On eighteen of the first twenty-one ballots not a solitary vote was cast for Seymour. Pathetically, when the tide seemed to be turning his way, he beseeched his fellow-delegates, "Your candidate I cannot be." But remonstrance was unavailing. The Logic of Circumstance compelled the nomination of the "Peace Governor," the very opposite

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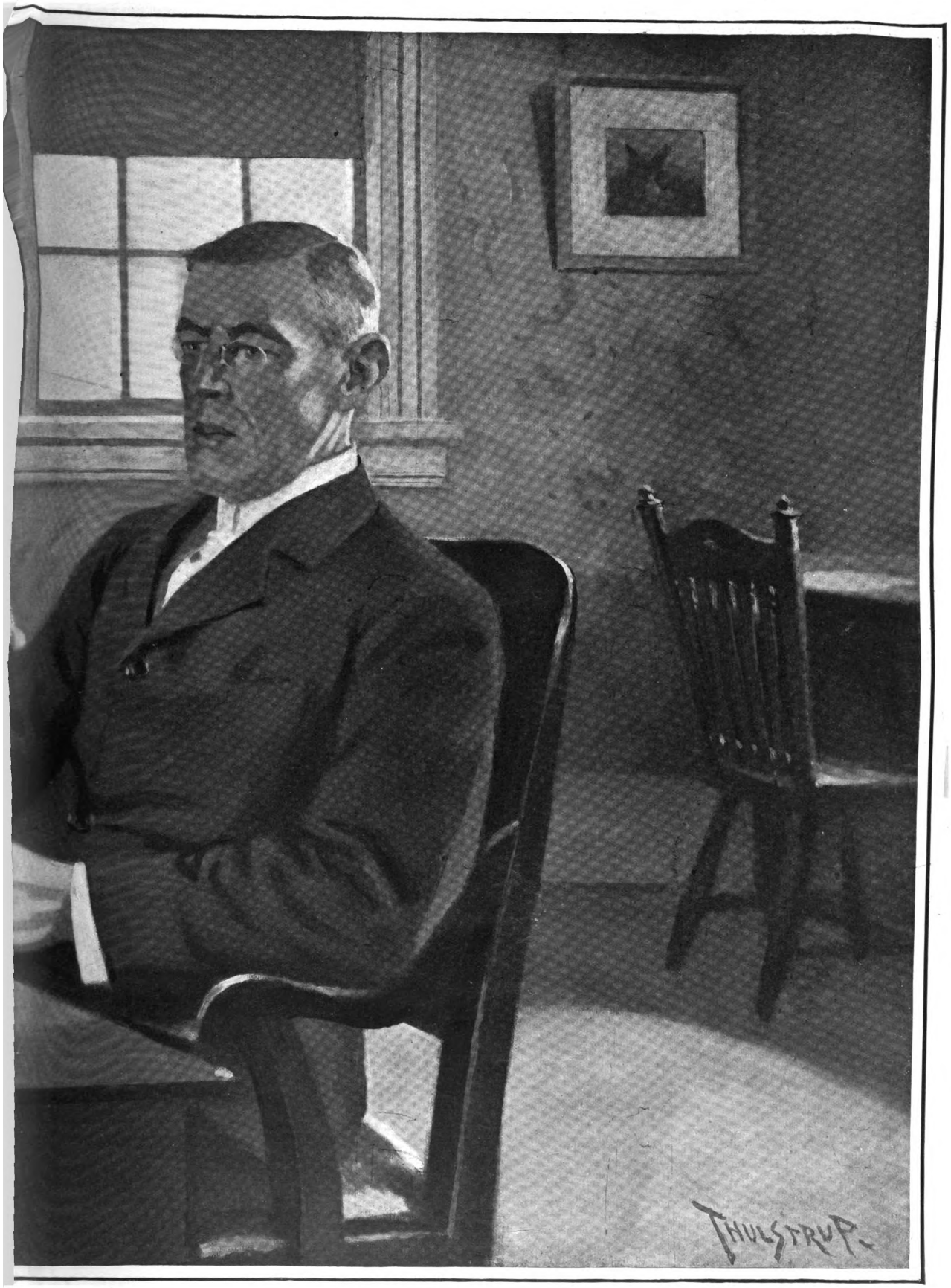


GOVERNOR WOODROW WILSON AND HIS SECRE

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TARY IN THE EXECUTIVE OFFICES AT SEA GIRT

DE THULSTRUP

Y" OF AUGUST 19, 1911

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of Grant; and on the twenty-second ballot not a vote was cast against him.

1872.—Grant again! Grant the sturdy, silent, soldier President; Grant the Democrat turned Republican. Against him, Greeley the vociferator, Greeley the genius erratic, Greeley the Republican turned Democrat.

1876.—Hayes, the commonplace, the "safe-and-sane" Governor of Ohio, had been designated by the Republicans when the Democrats met in June. Hendricks of Indiana awaited the Democratic nomination. A far stronger, more popular, more appealing statesman than Hayes, his supporters, led by the capable McDonald and aided by powerful Tammany, were more than confident of securing for their favorite the prize. But he, too, was a mid-Western Governor; he, too, was prudent, conservative. Tilden, the reformer, the radical, was named on the first ballot, and the men from Indiana sat in their seats as if stunned and refused to make the vote unanimous. They felt betrayed when, in fact, only the inevitable had happened.

1880.—Garfield was not named as a soldier, but as a statesman. He had become the chief figure in the House of Representatives, had just been elected to the Senate, and was reckoned one of the most eloquent and persuasive orators in the land. Bayard was the most fit Democratic candidate, as he was the foremost Democratic statesman and orator, but therein he resembled Garfield. Tradition pointed unerringly to Hancock, graduate of the Military Academy, the "superb soldier" who neither possessed nor assumed to possess any knowledge of public affairs or any capacity for civil government.

1884.—Blaine at last—the dashing leader, the experienced statesman, the brilliant orator, the Plumed Knight. Again Bayard was a candidate. But he, too, was a Richard; he, too, had served long in Congress; he, too, was an eloquent speaker. Enter the stolid Cleveland, who then was famed only for common sense and sturdy courage, who uttered platitudes monotonously, who had never served in a legislative assembly, and who had never even visited the national capitol.

1888.—Cleveland renominated! But a different Cleveland. No longer conservative. Now an ardent tariff reformer, almost a free-trader, held to be a radical. Against him Harrison the ultra-conservative, "uncompromisingly in favor of the American system of protection."

1892.—Again Harrison *vs.* Cleveland.

1896.—For the second time the opposition took the lead. McKinley, the good, kindly, patient, painstaking, serious McKinley, was named on the first ballot. Three weeks later the Democrats met in Chicago. The radicals were in full control. Free Silver was the only cry, and Bland, the apostle of Free Silver, was regarded as an almost certain winner. But Bland differed little from McKinley. In their upbringing, in temperament, in method, in Congressional service, in previous attitude toward silver, even in manner, they were not unlike. It is commonly said that Bryan won the nomination with a striking speech. But who can tell what would have happened if that oration had not been delivered? It was a convention of radicals seeking a radical candidate. Bland could never have satisfied; nor Boies; nor Pattison; nor Campbell; nor any one bearing the slightest resemblance in thought, word, or deed to the prudent McKinley. The nomination of a Bryan was inevitable—predestined by the Logic of Circumstance.

1900.—Again Bryan *vs.* McKinley.

1904.—Roosevelt had succeeded to the Presidency and had been unable wholly to resist the impulses of his ardent temperament to break away from the traditional policies of his party. Already he was recognized as embodying the spirit of the times which has since been termed progressiveness. He had, in fact, appropriated so many of Bryan's notions that the political inclinations of the two could hardly be contrasted with marked effect. So patent was his tendency that, but for the death of Hanna, the controlling elements of the Republican party would probably have tried to defeat him in the convention. However, he was nominated without dissent.

Bryan had then been absolute master of the Democratic organization for eight years. He held undisputed control of the National Committee, and his great personal popularity had not waned perceptibly. Had a Republican nominee of the McKinley type been designated, his power would have been unbroken and he would have named the Democratic candidate. But the nomination of the promising radical Roosevelt fixed the outcome of the Democratic convention irresistibly. With all his authority and personal following Bryan could not hold even the one-third essential to the defeat of Parker, whom he had attacked viciously; and the staid and sober judge was named in opposition to the fiery Roosevelt.

1908.—Back swung the pendulum. Roosevelt's tempestuous administration was reaching its close. Taft was nominated — Taft the moderate, the pacificator, the judge considerate, patient, kind, the natural and proud successor, as he has since declared, of his prototype, McKinley. The old Republican leaders breathed more freely. After all, the Roosevelt disturbance might prove to have been only an episode.

Such was the condition when the Democratic convention assembled in Denver. Only four years before the conservatives had dominated completely. They still controlled the National Committee. But they were as helpless in the face of the Taft nomination as Bryan had been in the face of Roosevelt's candidacy. Again the fetching orator became the standard-bearer of the Democracy and achieved the customary party disaster.

Such the record! In each and every instance the type of opposing candidate, if not the man himself, has been marked by the party making the first declaration. Invariably seemingly coherent certainty has yielded to the greater power of the Logic of Conditions—the irresistible demand of Circumstance for Antithesis.

SUMMARY.

1840.—The assured nomination of Van Buren compelled the nomination of Harrison in place of Clay.

1844.—The nomination of Clay compelled the nomination of Polk in place of Van Buren.

1848.—The nomination of Cass compelled the nomination of Taylor in place of Clay, Webster, or even Scott.

1852.—The nomination of Pierce compelled the nomination of Scott in place of Fillmore.

1856.—The nomination of Buchanan compelled the nomination of Fremont in place of McLean.

1860.—The assumed nomination of Douglas compelled the nomination of Lincoln in place of Seward.

1864.—The renomination of Lincoln compelled the nomination of McClellan in place of Seymour.

1868.—The nomination of Grant compelled the nomination of Seymour in place of McClellan.

1872.—The renomination of Grant compelled the nomination of a Greeley.

1876.—The nomination of Hayes compelled the nomination of Tilden in place of Hendricks.

1880.—The nomination of Garfield compelled the nomination of Hancock in place of Bayard.

1884.—The nomination of Blaine compelled the nomination of Cleveland in place of Bayard or Randall.

1888.—The renomination of Cleveland compelled the nomination of Harrison.

1892.—The situation reversed.

1896.—The nomination of McKinley compelled the nomination of Bryan in place of Bland or Boies.

1900.—The situation reversed.

1904.—The nomination of Roosevelt compelled the nomination of Parker in place of Bryan or Cockrell.

1908.—The nomination of Taft compelled the nomination of Bryan in place of Parker or any conservative.

Therefore, in

1912 the renomination of Taft will compel the nomination of Wilson in place of Harmon, just as the nomination of La Follette would compel the nomination of Harmon in place of Wilson.

Why?

Obviously but one theme of inquiry demands consideration: Who is the real Antithesis of Taft? Bryan? Yes, as in 1908. But Bryan's races have been run. Gaynor? Yes; but Gaynor is disqualified by Fate. Folk? Yes; but Folk clearly is outclassed. Champ Clark? Theoretically, perhaps, but practically only as a pretty compliment. Dix? The carrier of water upon both shoulders? The upholder of party fealty, on the one hand, and the source of pretexts to bolters on the other? Neither opposite nor apposite is Dix. Remain Harmon and Wilson. Which, we repeat, is the Antithesis of Taft? Unroll the moving portraits.

In but one essential particular—that of age—is marked a greater dissimilarity between Taft and Harmon than between Taft and Wilson; and that seriously to Harmon's disadvantage, in view of the facts that the average age of Presidents at inauguration has been only fifty-three, and that of the three elected when more than sixty-four two died within the year.

The contrast is complete, conclusive; the evidence overwhelming. The finger of Predestination, guided by Logic, Circumstance, Conditions, and History, points unerringly to Woodrow Wilson, Democrat, as the opponent of William H. Taft, Republican, in 1912. Blessed Columbia!

Note the points of similarity and of divergence:

CHARACTERISTICS	TAFT	HARMON	WILSON
Age in 1913	Fifty-five	Sixty-seven	Fifty-six
Physique	Robust, portly	Good form	Lithe, sinewy
Environment	Mid-west	Mid-west	South, East
Habitation	Ohio	Ohio	New Jersey
Ancestry	English	English	Scotch-Irish
Religion	Unitarian	Baptist	Presbyterian
Heredity	Golf for success	Golf in moderation	Golf for amusement
Temperament	Prudent	Cautious	Judicial
Manner	Genial	Serious	Graceful
Address	Winning	Friendly	Charming
Nature	Grateful	Appreciative	Just
Grain	Commonplace	Normal	Tenacious
Temper	Sweet, mellow	Cool, controlled	Quick, zealous
Intellect	Capacious	Plodding	Keen, imaginative
Knowledge	Wide	Restricted	Profound
Mental attitude	Tolerant	Considerate	Self-reliant
Disposition	Conciliatory	Steadfast	Unassuming
Expression	Earnest, pleasing	Commonplace	Eloquent, persuasive
Diction	Fair	Ordinary	Fine
As lawyers	Judicial	Essentially sound	Analytical
Political affiliations	McKinley Republican	Cleveland Democrat	Tilden Democrat
Political purpose	Steady progression	Stability	Intelligently radical
Political tendency	Mildly progressive	Conservative	Luminous
Political character	Pure	Strong	Immovable
Political convictions	Constant	Firm	Immovable

Echoes

MARCH 11, 1911

THE SCHOOLMASTER IN POLITICS

From the St. Paul Pioneer "Press"

Just at this writing Woodrow Wilson looms upon the political horizon, casting considerable of a shadow. Likewise his situation is one involving some hazard and some uncertainty.

For some months prior to the fall elections Brother George Harvey kept HARPER'S WEEKLY on tiptoe yelling that Wilson must be the next President of the United States. For some weeks after the election he was equally vociferous.

This enthusiastic support resulted in William Jennings Bryan and his cohorts entertaining very grave suspicions of Woodrow Wilson. It argued that Mr. Wilson was, perhaps, too acceptable to Wall Street influences.

Mr. Wilson, promising to be a real Governor, swept New Jersey and immediately started in to be a real Governor. He came out strongly for popular government, the Oregon plan, and other reforms, and he started a fierce battle against the bosses of his party three hours after he was elected. The bosses turned on him with terrific abuse and attempted to scare him out. He would not scare. They tried to flatter him and he would not "fall for the oily stuff."

He went to the finish and beat the bosses and corruptionists out of their boots.

Wall Street's candidate for Senator was beautifully beaten, and all because of Governor Wilson's nerve in doing just what he told the people he would do if elected.

Now Mr. Bryan comes out and says he was mistaken in Wilson, that he rejoices to do him honor, and commends him most heartily as a true and triumphant Democrat.

Mr. Wilson now stands in the position of being the only Eastern Democrat who has won the regard of the Bryan following.

The question now is, Did Wilson in making his fight on corruption, and especially in winning the Bryan eulogy, also retain his apparent strength with the "old-line Democrats" of the East? Will George Harvey have heart failure now that Bryan has appropriated Mr. Wilson to his cause?

If Wilson still holds his strength in the East, his new position in the Bryan affections will make him most formidable in the next Democratic convention.

At any rate, the former president of Princeton has proved that he is a real leader, a fighter, and a politician of keen insight and effective strategy. He swept his state because he promised the people that he would fight the gang. He kept his word. Conservative, scholastic, and generally scorned as a dreamer before election by the practical politicians, he outwitted them all—and he did it by keeping faith with the people and taking an advanced stand on behalf of the principles of popular government. He had the nerve to jump into the senatorial contest in his state and force the legislature to keep faith with his people, while the interests shrieked themselves hoarse about the awfulness of an executive dictating to the legislature.

So the schoolmaster has become a national figure, and a continuance of his virile administration thus far will make him a commanding figure in the next national convention of his party.

THE CANDIDATE OF THE PEOPLE

From the Detroit "Journal"

What about the "academic," the "hypercultured," the "theoretical" Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey—now? He has elected his man, James E. Martine, the primary nominee, to the United States Senate in a fierce contest fought out in the New Jersey legislature. James Smith, Jr., yesterday withdrew. James

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Smith, Jr., the most powerful political figure in and the admitted Democratic boss of New Jersey, until the coming of the ex-president of Princeton, has been overthrown by Governor Woodrow Wilson.

For years Colonel-Editor George Harvey's eulogies to and roseate prophecies for Woodrow Wilson were wont to elicit only good-humored giggles. And those dinners to Dr. Woodrow Wilson that Colonel-Editor Harvey used to give to stimulate Wilsonian sentiment in the revivified Democracy! Exquisite viands exquisitely served! All the guests slapped the editor and the doctor on the back and went home chuckling. If any chuckling is being done just now Editor Harvey and Governor Woodrow Wilson are clearly entitled to do it.

It was startling to some of the earlier gigglers when Dr. Woodrow Wilson, by a majority of forty thousand in a state that is just as likely to go Republican as Democratic, was elected Governor of New Jersey last fall. But he didn't stop there. He tucked his academic gown into his belt and waded into Boss James Smith, Jr., who had been the Boss Murphy of New Jersey for decades, and Woodrow Wilson has driven him to cover.

What is to be the effect of this? There are lots of probable effects; big ones. With the announcement of Boss Jim Smith's surrender Governor Woodrow Wilson leaped from the level of "Presidential potentialities" to the pinnacle of undeniable possibilities. Had he been unable to beat Boss Jim Smith for the Senate, Governor Woodrow Wilson would have lost the following of the New Jersey Democracy, probably a New Jersey delegation to the national Democratic convention. However, as the *Journal* a few days ago pointed out, he would even then have won strength in the national party. But Woodrow Wilson won, won in New Jersey. He has control of his party and his party controls the state. He will go to the national Democratic convention in 1912, in all probability with a solid New Jersey delegation clamoring for his nomination as President.

Woodrow Wilson is an Eastern Democrat. With the possible exception of Mayor Gaynor, there is no one in New York State to challenge his Eastern leadership.

AN OLD-FASHIONED CONVENTION

From the Omaha "Bee"

The question has been raised as to the expediency of Governor Woodrow Wilson's course in adopting the Oregon idea of government. Will it tend to strengthen or weaken his Presidential candidacy? He has been mentioned as satisfactory to the conservative, not to say reactionary, element of Democracy. How will this action on his part suit that element? Some of these old-liners already have expressed disappointment at the Governor's step. The discussion serves to deepen the interest centering about him as the chief rival of Harmon for the Democratic nomination next year.

But Dr. Wilson has not begun his political career with an apparent effort to cater to any class in particular; that is, any class of politicians. He has been almost defiant thus far in ignoring safety-valves and distress signals, and he is likely to continue in that course. At least one of the old guard, Colonel George Harvey, has failed to find fault with him for it, too. Colonel Harvey, always an anti-Bryan Democrat, does not even waver in his support of Dr. Wilson because the doctor stood for the radical Bryan apostle, James E. Martine, as against James Smith, Jr., an old-liner, for Senator from New Jersey. The Colonel thinks very little of Senator-elect Martine as a statesman, but he does not allow that to dissuade him from his devotion to Governor Wilson, whom he hails as "the knight errant of the new Democracy," and says "and as such will be nominated for President in opposition to William H. Taft."

MARCH 18, 1911

"A VERY GREAT PROBABILITY"

From the New York "Times"

It was a shrewd and experienced Frenchman who declared: "No generalization is absolutely true, not even this one." The leading article in *The North American Review* for March concludes as follows:

"The finger of Predestination, guided by Logic, Circumstance, Conditions, and History, points unerringly to Woodrow Wilson, Democrat, as the opponent of William H. Taft, Republican, in 1912. Blessed Columbia!

"THE EDITOR."

This impressive statement is based on a relatively simple inference from the history of politics in the United States for the last seventy years—viz., that when one party has named or is sure to name a candidate, the other party has named one as completely different as could be found. The opposing candidates are marshaled in due order and the contrast is brought out as clearly as the facts admit. Then the nomination of Mr. Taft is assumed and "the moving portraits" of Taft, Harmon, and Wilson are "unrolled" to prove that Harmon is too like Taft to get the nomination and Wilson too unlike Taft to escape.

We submit, with the modesty called for when commenting on the "Finger of Predestination," that the contrast shown is not so obvious, deep, and complete as to shut out all chance of error. The "ancestry" of the two men is not radically different; the "manner" and "address" are quite alike; the "political tendency" may be interpreted as similar, and the "political convictions" are far from irreconcilable. The "Finger" must have groped and dug diligently to find matter for "unerring" inference on these points as described. And it is to be added that neither on these points nor on some of the others is the insight of the writer beyond question. The Senators who have been trying to mold the President's policy to suit their personal aims during the last three months have found him quite as "tenacious" as Mr. Wilson ever was, and Mr. Hale, for example, would hardly describe him as excessively "compassionate." Some of them may think him "prudent," for he has refused to walk the path on which their traps were laid, but the stand-patters would say that the spirit in which he has dealt with Canadian reciprocity is as "daring" as anything yet done by the new Governor of New Jersey. We think Colonel Harvey goes a little too far when he says that "the contrast is complete, conclusive, the evidence overwhelming." He has made a plausible guess at the probable course of events in the near future, and he sustains it by some interesting, though somewhat overworked, historical analogies, but "the Political Predestination of Woodrow Wilson" he hardly establishes on this basis, as the hero of it doubtless very plainly perceives. The very great probability that Governor Wilson will be the Democratic candidate is hardly strengthened by the argument from predestination.

A QUESTION OF "FORM"

From the Philadelphia "Inquirer"

Colonel George Harvey, head of the publishing-house of Harper & Brothers, editor of the WEEKLY and of *The North American Review*, has been something of a stormy petrel in politics of late. He has indulged in destructive criticism to an extent which must have rattled the bones of the late George William Curtis. His antipathy to Colonel Roosevelt knows no bounds and his language at times is unparliamentary. While his rank as a publicist is due to his personal ability quite as much as to the influence of his organs of opinion, he is always interesting and often a shrewd prophet. He has just published in the *Review* an article prophesying the nomination of Taft by the Republicans next year and the compulsory nomination of Governor Woodrow Wilson as a direct result.

The renomination of Taft seems as well assured as anything so far ahead in politics can be predetermined. It is certain that only some great mistake on his part or refusal to run will deprive him of the customary honor. Colonel Harvey admits that Taft is growing in strength and that, although the so-called insurgent movement has lost none of its force, it is not likely to be turned against Taft, because such a policy would be suicidal in view of the existing political situation.

But the Democratic nomination is much more in doubt, and it is interesting to know Colonel Harvey's reasons. He publishes in tabular form an analysis of the characteristics, qualities, and accomplishments of Taft, Wilson, and Harmon, the latter being, as he conceives, the only possible rival of the New Jersey Governor. His results are quite unfavorable to the Ohio Governor. Harmon is too old, too conservative, and to deficient in winning personality. He is overmatched at all points by Wilson. If this were a matter of a horse-race it would look as if "form" was all in favor of the New Jersey man. There are others, but Colonel Harvey cannot see them. Bryan is impossible, Gaynor disqualified by Fate, Folk is outclassed, Champ Clark only a complimentary candidate, and Dix a trimmer.

All of which is very interesting, but Democratic nominations do not always result from logical situations. No one can tell what a thousand unterrified Democrats will do in convention. Pleasing as the showing must be to the friends of Wilson, it must be said that a political campaign is run on different lines from that of a patent-infringement suit.

WELL-GROUNDED CONFIDENCE

From the Perth Amboy "News"

Colonel Harvey says Governor Wilson will certainly be the next Democratic candidate for President. We are inclined to believe Colonel Harvey is right.

WORTH KEEPING FOR REFERENCE

From the Baltimore "Sun"

The political prognostication in which Mr. George Harvey indulges in an article in *The North American Review*, quoted in yesterday's *Sun*, is most interesting. The conclusion at which he arrives is that Mr. Taft will almost certainly be renominated next year and that his renomination will force the nomination of Woodrow Wilson by the Democrats. Mr. Harvey admits that there is a remote possibility of the defeat of Mr. Taft by the insurgents or progressives. If they control the convention he thinks the nominee will be La Follette. In that event, he continues, the Democrats will nominate Judson Harmon in consequence of causes precisely analogous to those which will render the choice of Wilson as the opponent of Taft a virtual certainty. Logic, he contends, predestines antithesis. This he undertakes to prove by the various nominations made since 1832, but his proof in this regard looks more like assertion than evidence. As a rule, he assumes that where one party nominates a conservative the other must nominate, or, at least, has always nominated, a radical or one not so conservative.

It is not apparent, however, that this has been the case. Both Hayes and Tilden were conservatives. There was no antithesis in this respect between Cleveland and Harrison. Why should the nomination of McKinley in 1896, for instance, have compelled the nomination of Bryan? Free-silverism was the paramount issue at the time. McKinley had committed himself by his votes in Congress to the free-silver theory. The wise and logical thing for the Democrats to have done at that time would have been to nominate a man like William L. Wilson. Instead of this, in a frenzy, the party nominated Mr. Bryan, endorsed free silver and other things which were foreign to its historic principles, and thereby put the Republican party in control of every state in the Union except those of the old Confederacy, which were held together on the race issue. But will the renomination of Mr. Taft necessitate the nomination of Governor Wilson? Might not the friends of Governor Harmon argue that, he being the only man who could carry Ohio against Taft, and Ohio possibly being essential to Democratic success, the renomination of Taft would force the nomination of Harmon?

Moreover, is it sure that if the insurgents should be in control of the Republican National Committee they would nominate La Follette? Would not Roosevelt be the more probable nominee? Still, Mr. Harvey's speculations are ingenious and have a certain air of plausibility that makes them worth while remembering for future reference.

MARCH 25, 1911

NEW JERSEY IS PROPERLY PROUD

From the Newark Sunday "Call"

Mr. George Harvey, having made a Governor for New Jersey, proposes to make a President of the United States from the same material. Mr. Harvey is editor and owner of *The North American Review*, and in the last number of this periodical declares that Woodrow Wilson is to be the Democratic nominee for President against Mr. Taft. His analysis of the men and the situation leaves no doubt as to his own preferences. Mr. Harvey, who is also editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, has been a New Jersey politician in his time, and his title of "Colonel" came to him as a member of Governor Abbett's staff. He is commonly credited with having induced ex-Senator Smith and other Democratic leaders to accept Mr. Wilson as the party's candidate for Governor, and they and he were convinced that by naming the doctor they were putting him in line for the Presidential nomination. It is needless to remark that since the election Colonel Harvey has not had the assistance of his former associates in advancing the cause. There have been other recruits enlisted, however, and the mail of the Governor is filled with letters from supporters, we understand, while an organization occasionally pledges its support.

Colonel Harvey bases his confident prediction of Governor Wilson's nomination in 1912 upon his own assertion that President Taft will be renominated. Dr. Wilson, to his mind, represents the opposite of Mr. Taft, and the editor goes so far as to tabulate the differences, physical and spurtive as well as mental and political. The radical position taken by the Governor on measures which Jerseymen, in their narrowness, have regarded as state issues, are evidently considered by the Governor's friend and backer as essentially characteristic. Dr. Wilson is tabulated as "daring," "uncompromising," "intelligently radical," "immovable," and his political purpose as "reform." He resembles the President only in his age and in the fact that he is "charming," while the President is "winning" in manner.

We of New Jersey have not looked with delight upon Colonel Harvey as a political adviser, but there is no question of his influence through the periodicals he controls and his wide acquaintance with potent persons. His intimacy with Governor Wilson, the fact that the latter is a frequent contributor to Colonel Harvey's magazines, and that his books are published by the concern of which Colonel Harvey is the manager, sufficiently indicate that the Colonel speaks with knowledge of Governor Wilson's views, and probably of his ambitions and private opinions. If the Colonel can make Dr. Wilson President, it is as good as done and Dr. Wilson is willing.

New Jersey has had a candidate before national Democratic conventions in the person of the late Governor Joel Parker, while General McClellan, the nominee against President Lincoln in 1864, was afterward a Jerseyman and a Governor, too. Grover Cleveland was born and died a Jerseyman, but the interval of his political activity was spent as a New-Yorker. Vice-President Hobart was a Jerseyman, and Theodore Frelinghuysen and William L. Dayton were candidates for the second office. But we have never had a Governor of New Jersey right in the forefront of the national combat, with an editor of the *North American* behind him. It is a novel experience and highly interesting. It is also somewhat embarrassing. This is a homely little state, accustomed in its small way to have Governors look after the Cape May County judgeships carefully, and to remember whether Lew Martin was Senator of Sussex, or only judge, or both. To have a Governor in full training for President, with every utterance noted in Nevada and in Maine, and addresses to the West Hudson Board of Trade read with eagerness in North Carolina, and perhaps farther, is an unaccustomed and difficult experience. One feels the sense of discomfort which afflicts the father whose daughter's poem has been published in the local paper. One does not know just what one's manners should be with such a child of genius in the family.

However, we Jersey folk will learn to bear our honors jauntily in time, no doubt, and it will be a present relief to realize that the Governor's eloquent utterances and broad discussions of general issues are not intended wholly for Jersey ears. The point of view changes at once, and the alarm that some have felt that New Jersey is to be reformed all in a minute will subside into the continual joy of watching what Colonel Harvey and the Governor are accomplishing in the national arena.

DENVER GIVES IT UP

From the Denver "Republican"

The distinguished editor of the Harper publications, in the current issue of *The North American Review*, enters upon prophecy. It has to do with the Presidential campaign, which is far enough removed to make divination a popular pastime. Mr. Harvey, as his antecedents would foretell, is a believer in qualified predestination and foreordination; and it has been foreordained that Governor Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, shall line up against President Taft in 1912!

By way of digression it should be stated that for years Editor Harvey has been nursing and coddling Princeton's former president as the hope of the national Democratic party. Up to the present Mr. Wilson's manager has done well; he has not forced his candidate or entered him where the odds against success were too great. As a result of this splendid conservation the new state executive of the trust commonwealth stands well in the forefront.

When we wrote that Mr. Harvey betrayed his ancestry by basing his prediction upon predestination, or, in other words, that Mr. Wilson had been born to the "purple" of the White House, therefore he must ascend, we would have been pleased to let it stand there; but the modern king-maker is mistrustful of

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himself. He inserts an "if." His prophecy is based on the premise that Mr. Taft is chosen by his party as its leader, failing which Governor Wilson must stand aside for the present and await a more opportune season.

If the Republican party should turn from Taft to La Follette, there would be place for Harmon of Ohio, the stolid, old-fashioned Democrat, as an offset, an antithesis to "Bob son of Battle" of Wisconsin. This may sound illogical at first blush. Why not nominate the fine-grained, staunch head of a famous university as against a firebrand? The answer comes from the Harvey table published with the article showing the characteristics of the candidates. In "temperament" Taft is set down as "prudent," Harmon as "cautious," and Wilson as "daring." In "temper" the incumbent of the Executive chair is "sweet, mellow," while Harmon is "cool, controlled," but Wilson is "quick, zealous." This table of characteristics goes through the phrenological chart to prove that Wilson is a demigod while the others are mortal. The point sought to be made, however, is this, that La Follette and Wilson are too much alike in characteristics to be chosen as opponents. In support of this contention Mr. Harvey goes back seventy years to show that national conventions obey the "law of antithesis." To go no farther back, the nomination of Roosevelt by one party compelled the nomination, not of Bryan, but of Parker, by the other party. The nomination of Taft, the judicial, mildly progressive Republican, brought Bryan to the front the next time.

All this sounds so plausible we are almost ashamed to confess that we are "stumped."

GIVE THE VOTER A CHANCE

From the St. Louis "Times"

Mr. George Harvey, a political prophet, who has succeeded in amazing the simple-minded on more than one occasion by the accuracy of his predictions, has written an article for the current number of *The North American Review*, in which he maintains that if the Republican party nominates William H. Taft in 1912 (as he thinks inevitable, in view of numerous precedents) it will be necessary for the Democrats to nominate Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey.

On the other hand, if by some revolutionary process the Republicans were to nominate La Follette, it would prove necessary for the opposite party to name Judson Harmon as their leader.

The first thought suggested by this "programme of predestination" is that it seems amazing that the average voter is still the tool of a few men who represent nobody and nothing save themselves, and who have no consideration for anything save stratagems.

The voter is, theoretically, the man who elects a President; theoretically, again, his choice would seem to be made from among the suitable men of the nation. But as a matter of fact his privilege of voting is narrowed down to two candidates who are not of his choosing, and for neither of whom he may entertain a very high opinion. The few who make the selections have, according to Mr. Harvey, no special thought as to the fitness of the man, other than as his fitness consists of a good chance to defeat the other fellow.

The second thought arising from the plan Mr. Harvey has mapped out is that the Democrats seem destined to play in bad luck to the end. For Mr. Wilson, we believe, is as little representative of present-day Democracy as any individual that could be found.

The party of Jefferson seems to be gaining in opportunity to be supplied with everything save promising candidates.

REMOTE POSSIBILITIES

From the Syracuse "Post-Standard"

George Harvey has an article in *The North American Review* he calls "The Political Predestination of Woodrow Wilson." It is an attempt to predict the nominations of the national conventions of 1912 by historical analogy. No one can take note of the effect which the nomination of the dominant and entrenched party has had in determining the selection by the minority party without acknowledging the force of Mr. Harvey's argument—that the logic of events points to the nomination by the Democratic national convention of Governor Wilson.

Mr. Taft, says the writer, will be renominated. It would be unprecedented in the Republican party to refuse him the nomination. He closes to-morrow the first half of his administration with more general favor than he closed the first year and with the prospect of gaining rather than losing popular support. Mr. Taft is conservative. Against him Mr. Harvey argues the Democrats must nominate a radical. Reviewing the elections from 1840 to 1908, he shows that the party out of power has sought not a candidate similar to the nominee of its opponents, but dissimilar. While the Democrats have run the radical Bryan against the conservative McKinley and Taft, they chose the conservative Parker against the radical Roosevelt; and the antitheses are quite as striking in elections farther back. Wherefore he argues that as between Wilson and Harmon, the only two whom Colonel Harvey recognizes as serious candidates for the nomination, Wilson will be preferred.

Still, Colonel Harvey will admit, much may happen in the next year.

Among Democrats

You can turn aside from the measure if you choose, you can decline to follow me, you can deprive me of office and turn away from me, but you cannot deprive me of power so long as I steadfastly stand for what I believe to be the interests and legitimate demands of the people themselves. I beg you to remember, in this which promises to be an historic conference in the annals of the party of the state, you are settling the question of power or impotence, the distinction or the ignominy, of the party to which the people with a singular generosity have offered the control of their affairs.

These sentences of Governor Wilson were spoken in the course of a prolonged conference with the Democrats of the House of Assembly of New Jersey in which he urged them to live up to the letter and the spirit of the platform on which he and they were elected. They are, perhaps, not very extraordinary sentences—merely a forceful wording of ideas that cannot be called new. But they were spoken long after—not before—the election; by a man who meant every word of them; to men who knew that he meant what he said and that he would not hesitate a moment, if there should be need, to go from them straight to the people and by "publicity, pitiless publicity," make his words good. Must they not also have felt that what he said was not merely sincere, but true; not merely true, but wise? Such a leader, with the ear of the public and the gift of speech, *cannot* be deprived of power so long as he keeps faith with the people and will not be made afraid. The future of the party, not in New Jersey alone, but in the nation, *does* depend on its keeping its pledges. For that party to-day, honesty is the best policy, courage is the best caution. If anybody doubts the wisdom of such leadership, let him consider how much stronger Woodrow Wilson himself is at this moment than he was during the campaign, brilliant and convincing as he was when he was making the pledges which he is now so steadfastly insisting upon keeping. Or consider why Democrats as well as Republicans are predicting that the next New York legislature will be Republican, while across the river Republicans as well as Democrats are expecting New Jersey to remain Democratic.

The Two Kinds of Democrats

Such leadership is not merely wise; it is essential. Nothing could be more shallow and absurd than the notion that because a party or a people is democratic it can dispense with leaders. The contrary comes much nearer being true. In order that democracy may truly prevail, in order that "the interests and legitimate demands of the people" may control the actual working of government, it is simply indispensable that there shall be leadership, and the franker and more open the leadership is, the more clearly its character and motive are defined, the better it will serve, because the better will be the opportunity of the public to express its will effectively.

Unquestionably there are two kinds of leadership offered to the Democratic party throughout the country at present, and a certain division in the party is indicated by the differing choice of different communities, different states and sections. To one group of leaders and their followers the term "progressive" is coming to be not infrequently applied. It is not a good use of the word. That title belongs to one of the Republican factions. "Progressives" and "conservatives" are the correct names for the two wings of that party, and they are, in fact, for the two wings of the strong-government party in every self-governing country. For the two wings of the opposing party, the party of individual and local self-assertion, the party of liberty, the best general terms are "moderates" and "radicals." But they do not perfectly fit the division, such as it is, among the Democrats in this country to-day. The alignment is too irregular. It is too much affected by sectional differences and also by the play of the same selfish special interests against which one of the Republican factions has revolted. "Thoroughgoing" and "half-hearted," or merely "sincere" and "insincere," would be, for the time being, rather more accurate designations of the two kinds of Democrats which the party contains and which are contending for control in the various states and in the nation. The contest is none the less real and important because it is confused, because the lines of it are ill-defined. Upon its outcome depends, of course, the control of the platform and nominations. But more than that is involved. The character and the aims of the party for many years to come are involved. The immediate future control of the government is involved. The fate of the other party also is involved, logically and directly involved, for if the Democrats fail to play their proper rôle the insurgent Republicans will essay it.

It is by making clear the choice open to all Democrats that such candid and courageous leadership as Governor Wilson's is of so great, so inestimable service at the present juncture. In the other party other men are playing a part somewhat like his; but no other Democrat in the country is now making of his words and deeds—in fact, of his very name—quite such a touchstone of other men's Democracy.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, APRIL, 1911

The Problem, the Solution, and the Man

The fact that we live in an age of action, not of thought, is charged with more meaning for us than for those of older countries. They have as guides the beacon lights of their own histories, but the conditions confronting us are without precedent either at home or abroad. Hence the vital need of pausing at intervals in order that we may determine, so far as possible, whether we are being swept unresistingly along a torrent to certain doom or are gliding passively down the river of natural progress to a haven of peace, equality, and common happiness. So, while comforting our souls with the reflection that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come, it nevertheless behooves us, as a prudent people, to remedy artificial evils, which invariably have their genesis in want of thought, by the application of thought itself. The poet Lowell expressed the idea to homely perfection.

"I honor the man who is ready to sink
Half his present repute for the freedom to think;
And when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
Will sink t'other half for the freedom to speak,
Caring naught for what vengeance the mob has in store,
Let that mob be the upper ten thousand, or lower."

THE TARIFF AND REVENUE

What, then, is the one great problem upon whose solution depends the future of our country and our people? That, in a commercial age, it is economic goes without saying. That, in a sense, it is moral may be accepted as an obvious fact. Recent manifestations of the instinct of an alert-minded people to seek and concentrate upon the concrete readily induce the suggestion that it is the tariff. But the tariff is not a problem. It is no more than a phase become a political issue. Whether imposts should be laid for revenue or protection is a question of importance, to be sure, but of far less importance than in former years when academic judgment outweighed practical considerations. It would be the height of folly to blind our eyes to the conditions that now exist and cannot be changed. We rightfully lament and condemn governmental extravagance, but none can deny that application of the most rigid economy would counterbalance but temporarily the increasing cost of administration of a rapidly growing commonwealth. Despite the enormous revenues now derived from various sources, each day adds two hundred thousand dollars to the deficit, and this sum would have been doubled by the enactment of the absurd pension law recently approved by the House of Representatives. We must, moreover, accept as a fact that actual needs will multiply rather than diminish.

How are these colossal sums to be obtained? By reducing the tariff to a revenue basis? In part, perhaps, but by no means to an extent sufficient to meet the requirements. Let us not deceive ourselves in this regard. No intelligent man now advocates the destruction of our great manufacturing industries through the adoption of free trade with other nations. The utmost that is sought is a lowering of excessive and prohibitive rates to a standard that would enable reasonable competition to kill monopoly. The effect would be a reduction in the cost of products to the consumers, and to that extent it would be beneficial. But, clearly, there would ensue no material increase in revenues unless the manufacturer were driven out of business entirely—an outcome contemplated and desired by no one. There is well-grounded belief that manufacturing profits, as a rule, are excessive and should be brought within bounds to the advantage of the consumer, but since there is no thought of abolishing them altogether the industries will survive and prosper, though more moderately, and will continue to meet the market demands. It is idle, then, to anticipate any increase in revenues approaching adequacy from a lowering of the rates. The tariff, as we have said, is no more than a phase—a phase, indeed, of only a part of the real problem, because essential as the procurement of money for government undoubtedly is, it is as a bagatelle compared with the collateral results.

THE PARAMOUNT PROBLEM

The vital problem now confronting the people of the United States, the problem involving the perpetuity of free institutions, the problem which transcends all economic, political, and moral issues, is how to make equitable distribution of the combined earnings of labor and capital without rending the fabric of popular government. The apothegm of Ricardo, still upheld by certain

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powerful but short-sighted classes in England, to the effect that the laborer is entitled to just enough food and clothing to keep the machinery of his body working until it shall wear itself out, finds no adherents here. We have advanced at least far enough to recognize that humanity is a part, and a very large part, of political economy. But this is only a step. We have much farther to go to insure the supremacy of evolution over revolution as an effective force in the development of civilization. Our colossal fortunes have sprung into being so quickly that there has been hardly time to effect a readjustment of the relationship of Wealth to the State which conserves it, but no thoughtful mind can fail to appreciate that readjustment must be had and soon, not merely for the relief of Labor, but quite as much, if not more, for the protection of Capital itself. We cannot equalize fortunes. "When two men ride a horse, one must ride behind." Nor would we, if we could, sound the death knell of individualism. But we can try to correct methods and influences which have produced great inequalities, and which, if unchecked, cannot fail to make the disparities yet more enormous. True it is that never before and nowhere else has Wealth been so sensible of its duties as it is now and here. It builds hospitals, libraries, schools and colleges without number, but such remedies serve only to palliate the disease. They do not extirpate the germs. The process, moreover, is artificial, discriminatory, and offensive to, if not indeed destructive of, the self-respect of the masses. Less charity and more justice is what the American people want and what they are entitled to receive.

INTERDEPENDENCE AND CO-OPERATION

That is the problem. Where lies the solution? Primarily in the spirit with which the subject is approached. Not independence, but interdependence, has become the law of life in this country. Co-operation, a drawing together in frank and unselfish tolerance of one another's opinions, is positively essential to the settlement of every great question. And this concurrence must be general, must come not only from all groups, but from all sections. Invariably and naturally the older and richer community is the more conservative, the more reluctant to accept innovation, the more obtuse in recognizing either the equities or necessities of change. That the West does not appreciate the extent of its obligation to the East is apparent to the most casual observer, but no less manifest in the East's obduracy in ignoring the teachings of the West. The historian, Woodrow Wilson, depicts with insight and accuracy "the moral of our history."

"The East," he writes, "has spent and been spent for the West: has given forth her energy, her young men and her substance for the new regions that have been a-making all the century through. But has she learned as much as she has taught or taken as much as she has given? The westward march has stopped upon the final slopes of the Pacific. Populations now turn upon their old paths, fill in the places they passed by as neglected in their first journey in search of a land of promise; settle to a life such as the East knows as well as the West—nay, much better. With the change, the pause, the settlement, our people draw into closer groups, stand face to face, to know each other and to be known: and the time has come for the East to learn in her turn; to broaden her understanding of political and economic conditions to the scale of a hemisphere. Let us be sure that we get the national temperament; send our minds abroad upon the continent, become neighbors to all the people that live upon it and lovers of them all."

THE SOUTH AS TEACHER

This is the true spirit—the essence of patriotism indicative of the brotherhood of man. We need not dwell upon the West's resentment against the East nor the East's distrust of the West. But we do know and must recognize that these unhappy sentiments have pervaded the two sections in the past and have not yet been wholly eradicated. The cure lies in better understanding, to be acquired through fuller acquaintanceship. The South is the natural arbiter because the South, revivified and prosperous, more philosophical as a consequence of enforced conditions, has become less dependent upon its sister sections than either the West or the East. By virtue of the genius for statesmanship and clear thinking which it developed in the early days, it was the leader for scores of years and should be the leader now.

Its duty is plain. Out of the happy outcome of its own patient sufferance it may well indicate to the impatient West the advantages to be derived from the exercise of tolerance. From its own bitter experience it can point out clearly to the East that, while great possessions may be lost temporarily to a community, that which a free people come to recognize as a vital truth can never die, that the test of a man's strength and worth is not so much what he achieves as what he overcomes, that brawn weighs less than brain and brain less than character, that even from a selfish view-point it is easier to lift human beings up than to hold them down, and that the soundest security for property lies in interesting the largest number of individuals in its preservation and the smallest number in its destruction. Hence the value, the incalculable value to all, of equitable distribution of the combined earnings and accumulations of labor and capital.

How to obtain such apportionment is the question. Not by violence surely. The exercise of mere force, whether physical or legislative, is destructive, not creative, and at best can only clear the way for something different and probably worse. Not by decreeing a new system of government as one would order a new suit of clothes, for the simple reason that the tailor does not live and never has lived who could make it fit. And yet not by compromise of principle which has been aptly described as a good enough umbrella for politics, but a poor roof for statesmanship. It is quite as essential, in this land at this time, that our methods should be orderly as that our aims should be rational.

THE DIRECT TAX

May it not be that the remedy lies in direct taxation? Why not frankly acknowledge that our government can no longer be fed by those who have little and are constantly getting less, and must be supported by those who have much and are steadily acquiring more? Attempts have been made from time to time to impose adequate taxes upon incomes and inheritances. Some have been insincere; all for one reason or another have been abortive. Is it not now time to undertake the task with resolute determination to succeed? Can a better solution of our most vital problem be devised?

Advocacy of legislation making such imposition does not involve assault upon a class. It is not a contest of classes at all. It is no more or less than recognition of the natural rights of free men to establish a system under which all members of each present and succeeding generation shall possess substantially equal privileges. A tax upon incomes is not, as is so frequently said, a tax upon industry. It is rent of exceptional opportunity, a just payment for peculiar advantages levied in proportion to the gains derived from their exercise. And a tax upon inheritances is not a tax upon the earner, but upon the beneficiary who, having played no part in the making, should be willing to share his bequest with the state whose aid was essential to its acquirement and whose protection continues to be requisite to its preservation.

We are accustomed to regard our very rich as broader and more generous-minded than the very rich of other lands, and we set forth in evidence their magnificent benefactions. But making big gifts is quite different from paying big taxes. The former not only gratifies vanity, but presumably paves the way to a place among the angels, while the latter merely discharges a just obligation. So we must expect that the opposition will continue as strong as ever, and that the usual arguments must be confuted in fairness and reason. But this is not difficult. There need be no question of double taxation and no antagonism between state and nation. Co-operation alone is essential. It is useless for a commonwealth to impose a tax which can be evaded by a mere change of residence. But the federal government can make such a tax general and conserve all state prerogatives by allowing a reduction equivalent to the amount paid under similar enactment to the state. The would-be dodger would then be compelled to leave the country to avoid bearing his fair share of the total burden. And the justice of the proposal is indicated by the fact that there is no civilized land from England to Italy to which he could go and obtain better terms than the highest we would think of exacting for the protection of his property.

RECIPROCITY

Other questions, other issues, there are, to be sure, but all are allied with and subordinate to that which is vital and fundamental. We have seen that governmental needs not only exceed present revenues, but must of necessity increase, along with growing population at home and multiplying responsibilities abroad. Clearly, under these conditions, other sources of income must be found before ordinary business prudence will permit the general lowering of tariff rates so much as a shade below the revenue basis. The pending reciprocity bill is a neighborly and commendable act, but none can deny that its practical effect will be a very considerable increase in the present deficit. Its espousal, then, by a responsible Administration, which fails to indicate simultaneously an alternative method of meeting the enhanced deficiency, is political rather than statesmanlike, a mere expedient to appease public wrath, not the inauguration of a policy which could be made general. Proper taxation of incomes and inheritances, however, would render the development possible, feasible, and greatly advantageous to the toiling masses.

THE ROOT OF DISCONTENT

No less direct is the relationship to our chief problem of all proposals to loosen the bonds of representative government by the substitution of primaries for conventions, by the election of Senators by popular vote, by adoption of the initiative, referendum, and recall. The genesis of these questionable devices is the common and warrantable belief in the minds of the people that the poor bear burdens that should be borne by the rich, and that the failure, so far, of popular will to find expression through enactment of laws makes a change in the system itself essential to readjustment. The present trend toward pure democracy as a substitute for the government of delegated powers established by the Fathers is directly traceable to the obduracy of that alliance of Greed and Wealth which for so many years has controlled the dominant political party. Whether or not this revolutionary tendency is healthful is a question which need not now be considered. It suffices to point out the causes of its origin and growth—and these are manifest. Can any one believe that assaults upon the principle of representative government would ever have attained their present proportions but for the conviction in millions of minds that the many are being grossly discriminated against in favor of the few, especially in the matter of taxation, and that refusal to tax incomes and inheritances has been deliberate in order to make necessary for revenue purposes heavy imposts upon products essential to maintenance of very existence? There can be no question as to the root of the prevailing discontent, and there can be no doubt of the people's full comprehension or of their firm determination to shift the burdens by prudent methods if possible, but by radical measures if necessary.

NO HOPE FROM THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

Who is best equipped to meet the situation? One can perceive little ground for hope from the Republican party until it shall be put out of power and be kept out long enough to dissolve its accumulated special partnerships. However good the intentions of a Republican President and even a portion of a Republican Congress may be, recent history proves conclusively that they count practically for naught. The party is tied hand and foot, has made so many trades with all sorts from Mammon to Mormon, has accepted so many favors, has become so dependent upon the power of money, that it is utterly helpless to break its bonds. The Democratic party is inexperienced; it may be ignorant; it has yet to prove itself capable. But it is a fortuitous circumstance that nobody in recent years has considered it worth bribing. Consequently it is at least free, free to do its best without fear or favor, and, so being, should be preferred.

LIBERAL OR CONSERVATIVE

Fifteen months hence the two leading candidates for President will be placed in nomination. One will be labeled Republican, the other Democratic. But the time has passed when a live issue can be raised between mere appellations. The sharp line of demarcation once drawn between the two great organizations has worn away in the roaring loom of time. The reality will find one regarded by the people as a conservative and the other as a liberal or progressive. Assuming, as we may with reasonable certainty, the renomination of President Taft, but one question in practical politics will confront the Democratic convention. That will relate to the tendency of the great body of voters. Is it toward liberalism or conservatism? If the former, then clearly the Democrats, if wise, will name a man generally recognized as more progessive than Mr. Taft; if the latter, they will designate one regarded as less radical. The relative personal merits of proposed candidates will

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PENN STATE

be weighed naturally and properly, but the final determination will or should be reached through a balancing of their respective tendencies. All will resolve to the making of the most effective contrast, the one way or the other, with the Republican nominee. It cannot be a difficult task. Mr. Taft occupies middle ground. He is a standpatter in so far as he pronounces the present tariff law the best ever enacted, and he is an insurgent in his advocacy of that trifling sop to the whale called reciprocity. Although sincerely in favor of improving the government, he is by no means a zealous reformer. His bent is mildly and slowly progressive—and yet sufficiently advanced to be regarded as liberal in contrast with an old-time conservative.

BACKWARD OR FORWARD?

The Democratic party, then, when the time comes to make a choice, will be at the parting of the ways. Which road shall it take? The old familiar path through the meadows, traveled in 1904 and leading presumably to stability and noninterference with things existing, or the new high-road to reform? Shall it wear the garment of the Old Democracy or don the fresh mantle of the New? Shall it face cautiously sidewise, even perhaps a trifle backward, or shall it raise its eyes fearlessly to the beacon light high up on the mountain-top? The question will be one of judgment no less than of right and all shades of opinion, from the reactionary views of Wall Street to the vagaries of Oregon, will merit consideration. But a careful diagnosis of the present temper of the people clearly indicate that, if an election were to be held to-morrow, a Democratic candidate regarded by the people as less progressive than President Taft would be defeated, and that a candidate generally recognized as being more progressive, more liberal, more radical, if you like, than President Taft would almost as surely win.

There need be no qualification of the first declaration because there appears no statesman answering that description whose intellectual and moral merits could be held to be in any way superior to those of President Taft; nor is there one whose powers of fascination are equal to those of our popular Chief Magistrate. There would be then no compensatory advantages, and the differentiation in policy would shape the result.

It does not follow, on the other hand, that any person reckoned as more progressive or liberal could win. Far from it. President Taft will be a strong and attractive candidate. He has amply demonstrated his good intentions, has fully proven his exceptional abilities, and is gradually developing notable capacity for true leadership. In opposition to him, irrespective of political tendencies, must be pitted a man equal in all respects except experience, equal in intellect, in courage, in loyalty to the Constitution, in understanding of democratic institutions, in nobility of character and purpose, in freedom from wrongful influence of class or section, in fidelity to the interests of all the people whose lives, liberties, prosperity, and happiness must be safeguarded and conserved by the great Republic which belongs to them and to them alone.

THE DEMOCRATIC FACTIONS

Grant that such an one be found. Can the Democratic party act as a unit? In four successive national elections one faction has defeated the other. Cleveland Democrats voted against Mr. Bryan, and Bryan Democrats did not vote for Mr. Parker. Do the differences which have eventuated thus fatally continue irreconcilable now when success seems almost within reach? What reason is there to believe that, left to themselves, the factions divided by the Alleghanies will coalesce without reserve? Can Eastern Democrats be induced to accord freely to Mr. Bryan the position, not of dictator, but of leader, which is rightfully his until the next candidate for President shall be named? Can Mr. Bryan be persuaded to desist from seeking truth in the well so constantly that his vision is circumscribed to his own image? Is a more tolerant, a more considerate, a more respectful attitude on both sides within the range of possible attainment?

Candor demands the admission that Eastern Democrats have been unjust to Mr. Bryan. To disavow what is honestly believed to be a false doctrine, even to oppose a policy regarded as fatal or wrong, may be and often is a conscientious duty. But to question a man's sincerity, to insinuate sordid motives, to discredit his purposes without cause or proof, is only to invite just resentment and swift retribution. It is not surprising that Mr. Bryan should still consider the seaboard metropolis, if not the enemy's country, at least as unfairly inimical.

MR. BRYAN AND THE EAST

But the East has no monopoly of wilful uncharitableness. When Mr. Bryan declares that any possible candidacy supported by the New York *World*, the New York *Times*, and HARPER'S WEEKLY "must be viewed with suspicion" he implies much that he must know to be unwarranted. Surely he must be aware that many years before he himself became a public character Joseph Pulitzer began a warfare upon plutocracy which has been continued unwaveringly and unceasingly. If ever there was a public journal of proven independence and unsusceptibility to wrongful influence everybody knows that the New York *World* is that newspaper. Nor can Mr. Bryan be ignorant of the consistently high-minded and conscientious course of the New York *Times*. Of HARPER'S WEEKLY it suffices to say that the only man whose advice with respect to shaping its policy its present editor has ever sought or received is William Jennings Bryan. True, there have arisen differences of opinion, but Mr. Bryan has no reason whatever to assert that the views of those journals have been one whit less honest or less rightfully intentioned than his own, whose perfect sincerity may be granted. No fair-minded person can withhold admiration of Mr. Bryan's amazing prescience of popular tendencies, but events have seemed to demonstrate that, in a practical sense, it is no less fatal to be too far ahead of the procession than to linger too far behind. The time may come when the people will demand prohibition, for example, or government ownership, or initiative, referendum, and recall, but that time seemingly is not yet. Consequently, from motives of policy no less than of principle we suppose we should again differ with Mr. Bryan; but even so, should disagreement upon mere side issues be permitted to prevent unison in upholding fundamental truth?

Herein lies the opportunity of the unbiased, uncommitted South, the mother of Democracy—to act not merely as umpire between these two factions, but to take the lead, to insist that resentments so ancient as to have become childish be buried, to demand from both greater consideration, more respect for and greater faith in one another, and to make it perfectly clear that manifestations of churlishness by either will meet with stern and effective rebuke.

THE MAN

Let the apportionment of responsibilities be even. The West has furnished the party, as well as the opposition, with the majority, though not the greatest, of its issues. The South is to enforce harmony and amalgamation. The East presents the man—Woodrow Wilson, the highly Americanized Scotch-Irishman, descended from Ohio, born in Virginia, developed in Maryland, married in Georgia, and now delivering from political bondage the state of New Jersey.

Great occasions find great men. Here is one who, if he had lived in the days of Jefferson and Madison, would have rivaled the one as a champion of the people, and would have equaled the other in comprehension and lucid expression of fundamental law. No other living personality so happily combines the dominant traits of those two great statesmen; no other has evidenced so perfect a blending of profound knowledge and simple devotion to humanity; no other has shown so clearly how quickly the old truths will spring into new light and power when touched by the magic wand of full sincerity; no other more surely embodies the authority of sustained thought, of unremitting labor for unselfish ends, the spirit of sacrifice and devotion, the instinct of independence, the love of perfect freedom. Born a polemic and controversialist, intellectually combative and self-reliant; fearless to the verge of temerity; indifferent to applause or censure for its own sake; incapable of intrigue; prompt to accept conclusions based upon right *versus* wrong without inquiring or caring whether they be politic or even expedient; persuasive in oratory, but devoid of artifice; too intent, too earnest to employ cheap and paltry devices; his pockets filled with moral dynamite; his every thought springing from knowledge that all of the basic principles in our political order, including conservatism, emerged from the well of the most radical democracy, and that democracy itself is only letting in light and air; at the height of his powers of intellect and judgment; upon the high plateau of middle life, best adapted to noble and enduring achievement, stands the man, the liberal, the progressive, the radical, if you will, wide-eyed, open-minded, calm, resolute, exact in thought, effective in action, the most vivid and virile personality, save one, developed on American soil in half a century. Such, without exaggeration or undue emphasis, is Woodrow Wilson.

The old South has bred great statesmen from the beginning of the Republic. To her greatest, the peerless son of Virginia, we owe the political emancipation of the people from oligarchical rule and the establishment of the political party which has survived the assaults of a century. Now let the new South give to the new Democracy another true leader, armed with the power of his faith in the people and their faith in him, and the quickened spirit which enabled Jefferson to break the bonds of paternalism will again become the glory of the nation.

THE EDITOR.

APRIL 8, 1911

The Voice of the People

Apparently Woodrow Wilson is to be the next President if it requires the leading article in every number of "The North American Review" from now until November of 1912. Last month his qualifications were demonstrated in a tabular comparison that left his hypothetical opponents without a statistical leg to stand on. Now we have an analysis of "The Problem, the Solution, and the Man" which, if less mathematical, is as convincingly antithetical as ever, with its climax of "the highly Americanized Scotch-Irishman, descended from Ohio, born in Virginia, developed in Maryland, married in Georgia, and now delivering from political bondage the state of New Jersey."—New York "Evening Post."

"VERY CLOSE TO THE PEOPLE"

From the Savannah "News"

Colonel George Harvey, who was one of the speakers at the Hibernian banquet last night, is strongly wedded to the idea that Governor Wilson is the logical candidate of the Democratic party for President. He expressed that idea in an interview yesterday, and he also believes that the Democratic party isn't going to do anything in the direction of reforming the tariff that will greatly disturb the business of the country. He has confidence in the Ways and Means Committee that has been named, especially in Mr. Underwood, its chairman. That doesn't mean, we take it, that the Democrats are not going to so reform the tariff that it will be satisfactory to the people. It simply means that they have a clear appreciation of their responsibility and that they will act with care and caution.

It seems to us that Governor Wilson stands an excellent chance of being the Democratic nominee for President. He has made a record since he entered the political field as a spokesman of the party. His achievement in his campaign for Governor of New Jersey gave him a place among the very ablest of the Democratic leaders and showed him to be a progressive without being a radical putting out new theories which do not appeal to the common sense of the people.

Naturally here in the South there is a very kindly feeling for Governor Wilson, since he is a Southerner. We have been talking of the advisability of naming a Southern man for President for a number of years. The time for doing that seems to have arrived. Sectional feeling has practically disappeared and Southern men are in the really prominent positions in the House of Representatives or will be as soon as Congress assembles in extra session. We have all along contended that the North would give a Southern man a warmer support for President than a Northern man simply to prove that sectionalism in that section was dead, if for no other reason. Governor Wilson meets the Democratic demand in practically every particular—at least it so seems in this part of the country. In the West the sentiment may not be as kindly to Governor Wilson as it is to Governor Harmon and Mr. Champ Clark, but the question, after all, when the convention meets will be, which stands the best chance of being elected?

Mr. Bryan was regarded as a wonderful campaigner, and much of the large vote he received in each of his Presidential campaigns was due to his personal efforts on the stump. It is doubtful, however, if he is as good a vote-getter as Governor Wilson proved himself to be in his New Jersey campaign. Governor Wilson in that campaign got very close to the people, and he would do the same thing if named by the Democrats for President. It is among the probabilities that 1912 will see a Southern man named for President.

SAVANNAH IS SATISFIED

From the Savannah "Press"

"The political prognostication in which Colonel George Harvey, editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, indulges in an article in *The North American Review* is most interesting. The conclusion at which he arrives is that Mr. Taft will almost certainly be renominated next year and that his renomination will force the nomination of Woodrow Wilson by the Democrats."—*Americus "Times Recorder."*

This suits us. Both candidates, if we may call them that, were in Atlanta last week and spoke from the same platform in the auditorium. Each made a good speech, for both men had a message to deliver. It is the consensus of opinion in Georgia that Woodrow Wilson is one of the most accomplished and statesman-like men in the country. He was followed around in Atlanta by crowds all the time. He had to make about three speeches a day and yet did not trifle with his opportunities. He is not a mere hand-shaker. He spoke under every possible condition. He did not deal in demagoguery or claptrap. He addressed the Young Men's Democratic League; he foregathered with the Princeton Alumni. He was jumped up in the

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lobby of the Piedmont and placed upon a table; he responded to the call of Governor Hoke Smith at a little banquet given in his honor, and, lastly, he spoke before seven thousand people in the auditorium, where he was followed by President Taft.

Governor Wilson, of course, is partly Georgian and received ovations everywhere he went. He stayed in Atlanta just forty-eight hours and was crowded with attentions and won a large following. He proved the truth of his own statement, and when the people are convinced that you are sincere in the desire to render them public service "they will follow you in inconvenient numbers." Governor Wilson had to get up early and speak late to meet all the demands made upon him in Atlanta. He is a great student, a close thinker, a careful speaker, a man who holds the confidence of the people, and will be a quantity to be reckoned with when a candidate for President is chosen next year.

He gets right down to the people in his public discussions. He is not pedantic or obscure. He talks in an easy, natural vein, and he is the most unique and striking figure in public life to-day. We agree with Colonel George Harvey once more.

"Woodrow Wilson is hailed as the Knight Errant of the new Democracy, and as such will be nominated in opposition to William H. Taft."

LOYAL, INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC

From the Portland (Indiana) "Commercial"

We have no knowledge, of course, regarding the measure of enthusiasm that will follow the nomination of Governor Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, for the Presidency by Colonel George Harvey, but we regard the Savannah speech in which Colonel Harvey placed his favorite before the people of the South as one of the most adroit and at the same time finished productions in favor of a candidate that we have ever read. The sponsor for Governor Wilson's candidacy is certainly an enthusiast, and being in a position as editor of *The North American Review* to wield a large influence over the people, it is not improbable that his utterances may bear fruit for his favorite even as they are now awakening a great deal of very earnest discussion. Perhaps it is a little early to start Presidential booms, for there is danger of them being punctured before the nominating convention meets a year hence, and yet there is a great deal in getting the people to thinking that when they come to act, they may act with intelligence and discrimination.

What Colonel Harvey has said has the merit of being free from partisan feeling, if we judge him by his words, for the Savannah speech throughout is a strong and dispassionate appeal to reason. Every one knows that the Democrats have for years been rent asunder by factions. Bryan was defeated largely by the votes of the East. Parker, though weak everywhere, was notably weak in the West. Bryan's strength was in the territory of Parker's greatest weakness, and Parker's strength was among the men who had done most to bring about a miscarriage of Bryan's candidates. The South was true both to Bryan and Parker, not, perhaps, because it loved either very greatly, but because the negro question, always acute in that section, would make her loyal to any ticket that the Democracy would make. And because of this loyalty she is in a position to act as arbiter between the Democratic factions of the East and the West, and bring both sections with her to an honest and undivided support of a candidate who cannot be said to be an Easterner or a Westerner or a Southerner, but so cosmopolitan that he combines the loyalty, the intelligence, and the patriotism of them all.

Colonel Harvey's description of his candidate is not only unique, but it constitutes a literary gem that is well worth reading.

THE LAW OF LOGIC ESTABLISHED

From the Galveston "News"

The North American Review for March has a most interesting and searching argument by its editor intended to prove that Dr. Woodrow Wilson, who is just now engaged in bringing about the political regeneration of New Jersey, is predestined to be the Democratic nominee for the Presidency next year. The argument is founded chiefly on the postulate "that the laws of logic, growing out of conditions and circumstances, are irrefragable as applied to human affairs," which, translated, means that even politicians must yield somewhat to the logic of events.

The antithesis between Taft and Wilson is proved, and if the laws of logic "are irrefragable" even by political conventions, the nomination of Dr. Wilson would seem to be predestined indeed, unless some one better fitting the logic of events should rise above the horizon during the next year. The editor of *The North American Review* finds, by searching the political history of the country for the last half-century, that the law of logic does require that the two opposing parties shall nominate men who are in essential respects antithetical of each other, and that the party which picks its nominee last must be governed by the political character and personality of the man picked by its adversary. A single instance will at once illustrate and somewhat support the idea: When the Republicans nominated McKinley, a conservative, the Democrats nominated Bryan, a radical; when the Republicans nominated Roosevelt, a radical, the Democrats equally faced about by nominating Parker, a conservative.

The law seems pretty well proven by this appeal to history, and that Taft and Harmon are alike in more respects than they are unlike is pretty conclusively shown by the analysis. The nomination of Taft by the Republicans assured, the nomination of Harmon by the Democratic party would make it the exponent of stand-patism, and the Republican party the exponent of cautious progressivism; whereas the nomination of Wilson would make the Democratic party the exponent of intelligent radicalism. Thus the Democrats have in these two men excellent material with which to personify whichever attitude they wish to assume toward the political problems of the time, though in choosing they must take into account the very strong probability that if two men so nearly alike as Taft and Harmon should be nominated, the progressive Republicans will put forth a nominee who will appeal to the radical elements in both parties, and tend to concentrate the stand-patters on Taft.

There is no reason why the Democrats should act without foreseeing the full consequences of their act.

MANY CALLED, BUT FEW CHOSEN

From the New Orleans "Picayune"

The nomination and election of a President of the United States do not occur until more than a year away, and the people at large are not troubling themselves on the subject in advance, and nobody is anxious about what may happen in the premises except the candidates in expectation, whoever they may be. The party nominations will be made in June or July of 1912, and the election will be held in November of that year, so that there is plenty of time in which conditions that will control may shape themselves.

George Harvey, in the March *North American Review*, has foreseen all that is predestined in those nominations, and he undertakes to tell how it is going to be. Gazing into the future, he sees that President Taft will be the Republican nominee and Woodrow Wilson the Democratic candidate.

Taft is an avowed candidate. He controls the federal patronage. This is all that can be said in his favor. He started out to be immensely popular, but he destroyed it all by playing into the hands of the tariff-raisers. He was charged with having been an active agent in vastly increasing the expenses of living for the masses of the people in order to put more money in the already plethoric pockets of the manufacturing monopolies and trusts. He split the Republican party into the regulars or stand-patters on the one side and the insurgents or low-tariff progressionists on the other. No other President so rapidly destroyed the popularity with which he first set out, and it was not a popularity he had won by his services, but it was a friendly feeling that had been bestowed upon him because he seemed to be such a good fellow.

But all that is gone, and he has no hold on the people whatever. Save where by some bargain and sale, like his deal with the Pacific coast states in the matter of the Panama Exposition, Mr. Taft has no following in any part of the country. Even the people whose hearts he gained in Georgia by eating "possum" dinners with them care for him no longer, but even if they did they could do his campaign no good because Georgia is a Democratic state. In calling a Democratic Congress into special session he will ruin all his chances with the stand-patters, who will be enraged at seeing their tariff broken up by the free-traders, and the disturbances that will unsettle business all over the country will carry capital and the commercial classes against him.

Then there is Roosevelt. He is starting out on a new political campaign, not so much to set forth his special doctrines as to look over the situation, and he may prove to be a big thorn in the side of the candidate for re-election. Roosevelt's influence was a large factor in Taft's election, and in return for Taft's abandonment of all the Roosevelt policies the Colonel will see to it that the President shall not be renominated.

On the Democratic side there are Mayor Gaynor of New York City, Governor Harmon of Ohio, and Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey. Each has his admirers, but not one of them has a national reputation gained through great public services. They are to a great extent beginners who have not been proved as to statesmanship. We will know more about them by June, 1912. They will then have had time to develop.

NO POPULISM, NO SOCIALISM

From the Jacksonville "Times-Union"

Colonel George Harvey sees in the next campaign the West furnishing the Democratic party with a majority of the issues, the South enforcing harmony and amalgamation, and the East furnishing the candidate in the person of Woodrow Wilson. Colonel Harvey selects Governor Wilson on the idea that he is more progressive, more liberal, and more radical than President Taft.

We do not believe the South will accept the rôle Colonel Harvey assigns. Colonel Harvey may not know it, but there are men south of Mason and Dixon's line who have ideas and stand by them, who think for themselves and are not sending West for their views.

The Democratic party is almost certain to win the next political fight. Its chief danger lies in the fact that it may cease to be the Democratic party. If it abandons Democratic principles or hides them under a lot of Populistic or Socialistic rubbish, the party will again go down in defeat and ought to go down in defeat.

There are a number of men now who seem to think that it is incumbent on them to make political parties out of a number of political principles thrown down in a promiscuous heap. They do not seem to realize that the Democratic party was made before they were born. So far as theory of government is concerned, the Democratic party has always insisted on a strict construction of the Constitution, the rights of the states to self-government, except where they have explicitly surrendered their rights for defense against a common enemy. In economic matters the party has always stood for equal justice to all and special favors to none. It is and has always been opposed to a high protective tariff.

All the men who call themselves Democrats agree on these principles and on the tariff, the one question that now demands immediate settlement. If the Democrats will make a fight for tariff reform and for nothing else they will win.

Those who insist on adding Populistic or Socialistic principles will, if they succeed, add only discord, and we do not think the South will sit tamely by and submit to the incorporation of these elements of discord into the platform. In 1912 a Democrat or a Republican will be elected President. Socialism may triumph at some time in the future, but if it does it should be through the election of a Socialist calling himself a Socialist. We do not wish to see any man go up to be inaugurated clothed with stolen goods.

MAKE ROOM FOR POLITICIANS

From the Indianapolis "News"

As Colonel Harvey is, we believe, the original Woodrow Wilson man, it is not surprising that he should already see the New Jersey Governor as good as nominated. The Harvey dreams have been so wonderfully fulfilled up to date that one cannot marvel that Harvey should think that everything he dreams is going to come true. But really his interesting discussion of next year's nominations in the current *North American* is far enough from being convincing. It is based on the theory that the second party in the field always chooses a man who is antithetical to the candidate first chosen—that, indeed, it is compelled to do this. Here is the statement of the theory:

"Logic predestines antithesis. Circumstances, conditions, uncontrolled and uncontrollable, demand it. History decrees it. Invariably the opposing candidate has been named, not by the opposition itself, but by the party taking the lead—in all but three instances by the party in power."

So if Mr. Taft is renominated by the Republicans—and this is taken for granted—there will be no reason for the Democratic convention to meet at all, as Wilson will already have been nominated. The Republicans are to nominate both candidates. This seems to be carrying predestination a good way. . . .

The premises are unsound, the facts awry, the conclusions do not follow. We agree that Governor Wilson has an excellent chance for the nomination, and agree, too, that he would make an admirable candidate. But that the job is already done we do not believe. There is nothing in the record appealed to that sustains the theory or that "points unerringly" to the nomination of Governor Wilson. The theory is itself without foundations, as our history shows. Conservatives have more than once been nominated by both parties, as in the case of Cleveland and Harrison and in that of Hayes and Tilden. National conventions are not so completely overruled by fate. We must leave some place for the dickering and manipulations of the politicians, for these are factors that cannot be neglected.

THE MOST LIKELY NOMINEE

From the Syracuse "Post-Standard"

Colonel George Harvey is a wise man. He knows the political history of the country, he knows present political conditions pretty well, he knows public men. Fixing his telescope upon 1912, he sees the candidates so clearly that he recognizes them. It is to be William H. Taft against Woodrow Wilson, says the Colonel, you can bank on it.

The Colonel said it in a St. Patrick's Day speech, but he said it before in *The North American Review*, and he says it hebdominally in his picture paper. He is so sure of what's coming that he can figure it out by historical analogy, by rule of political necessity, or by *reductio ad absurdum*.

The Colonel gives his reasons and they are as convincing as reasons given fifteen months ahead of the convention usually are. He says that Mr. Taft has gained greatly in public estimation in a year, that he is now generally recognized as of exceptional ability, and that he is developing qualities of real leadership. Mr. Taft is a great man, says the Colonel, deserving renomination, and entitled to have as opponent the best the Democratic party has to offer.

Colonel Harvey is right. Mr. Taft will be renominated. It does not now seem probable that there will be a national movement against him. The opposition will be local to states having political leaders out of sympathy with him, Bourne of Oregon, La Follette of Wisconsin, perhaps Cummins of Iowa.

Against Mr. Taft, Colonel Harvey pits Woodrow Wilson, who, he says, rivals Jefferson as champion of the people and Madison in his lucid expression of fundamental principles. Colonel Harvey has been the friend, fellow-philosopher, and political guide of Dr. Wilson, as well as the publisher of his books. His enthusiasm is halcyon. But one doesn't have to accept all Colonel Harvey's adjectives to admit that Dr. Wilson is to-day a more engaging Presidential candidate than Judson Harmon, who is likely to be his principal competitor. He is more likely to be nominated than any other man.

CONDITIONS MAY CHANGE

From the Paducah (Kentucky) "News Democrat"

Colonel Harvey has always been looked upon as an authority when he assumes the rôle of a political prognosticator; his latest look into the future, therefore, will be at least interesting. In a recent article in *The North American Review* he makes the prediction that Governor Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, will be the standard-bearer of the Democratic party in 1912 and declares that the logic of events points unmistakably to his nomination for that honor. President Taft, he says, will be renominated, because it would be unprecedented for the Republican party to refuse him the nomination, and also because he has closed the first half of his administration with more favor than he closed the first year and with the prospect of gaining rather than losing the support of his party.

In view of the fact that President Taft is a conservative official, Colonel Harvey argues the Democrats must oppose him by nominating a radical, and in his judgment Governor Wilson is the right sort of a radical to nominate.

Colonel Harvey is a little previous in his predictions, and as it is a long time until the 1912 campaign and many conditions may arise ere then, no one as we see it can accurately foretell the outcome.

BRYAN AND PREDESTINATION

From the Portland "Oregonian"

Colonel George Harvey, who dragged Woodrow Wilson from the scholastic obscurity of Princeton into the bright white light of his present political glory, discusses brilliantly in the current *North American*

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PENN STATE

Review the "political predestination" of the Governor of New Jersey. Professor Wilson is fortunate in having a press agent of the persuasive powers and prophetic instinct of Colonel Harvey; for has not that journalistic genius pointed out in advance each step in the forward march of the professor in his new career? The "political predestination" of Professor Wilson, in the terms of his authorized and inspired biographer, "guided by logic, circumstances, conditions, and history," is to be the Democratic nominee for President in 1912.

Editor Harvey proves by appeals to history that every Republican candidate for President is opposed through the operation of fixed and inevitable political causes by a Democratic candidate of strongly contrasted characteristics. Therefore, since Taft—in the Harvey opinion—is to be renominated, it is incumbent on the Democrats to find his antithesis. Who is he?

Wilson is the real "antithesis" because he is lithe and sinewy in figure, eloquent of speech, a radical Tilden Democrat, hails from the East and South, and is imaginative, profound, and uncompromising. It may be agreed that the Wilson eulogist has here described a type fairly opposed to Taft; but he has failed to mention the one potent and final reason why Governor Harmon will not be the Democratic nominee, and Wilson is likely to be. It is that Colonel Bryan has in the *Commoner* distinctly voiced his hostility to Harmon, and he is probably friendly to Wilson.

Logic, circumstances, conditions, and history may have much to say about the naming of the next Democratic Presidential candidate; but Bryan will have more to say.

ENTITLED TO A GUESS

From the New Haven "Union"

Since he predicted the result of last fall's election with substantial correctness, Editor Harvey has taken on some laurels as a prophet. The worst slap, however, which has yet been given to Governor Wilson's name as a Presidential possibility is the prediction of Brother Harvey, acting as it does in the nature of an endorsement. We are quite certain that the rank and file of the Democratic party does not want the sort of leadership that Editor Harvey would endorse.

Aside, however, from Brother Harvey's opinion, and such significance as it carries, it must be admitted that Woodrow Wilson is certainly a possible Democratic nominee for President in 1912. There are, however, Champ Clark and Joseph Folk and Mayor Gaynor and Judge Harmon and some others to be considered. Nineteen-twelve is yet too far away for one to worry over this matter. Brother Harvey, nevertheless, is entitled to his guess.

In these columns last month we summarized the arguments by which *The North American Review* made the Hon. Woodrow Wilson out the "man of destiny" in matters Presidential. This month the *Review* comes to bat again with another "leader" upon "The Problem, the Solution, and the Man," in which Governor Wilson is extolled as "the highly Americanized Scotch-Irishman, descended from Ohio, born in Virginia, developed in Maryland, married in Georgia, and now delivering from bondage the state of New Jersey." Somehow this categorical praise seems designed to bring Mr. Wilson under the Interstate Commerce Act, but such is not its author's object. Colonel Harvey evidently intends that Governor Wilson shall be the Democratic nominee for the Presidency, even if it takes up all the space in his magazine from now to the Democratic national convention of 1912. It's a new kind of steam-roller. How will it work?—*Chicago "Evening Post."*

It is understood by Iowa Democrats from press despatches concerning Mr. Harvey's speech that ovations of peace are made to all factions of the Democratic party and a purposed gathering of all forces on a new issue for the campaign of 1912. The speaker pointed out that the wide-spread demands for reforms, such as election of United States Senator by direct vote, the initiative and referendum, etc., is a cry rising because of diseased economic conditions, which he claims could not be remedied by the adoption of all these. He urges to strike at what seems to be the cause of all the discontent, the unequal distribution of wealth, and as a remedy he proposes the adoption of a heavy national inheritance tax. This, Iowa Democrats take it, will be the great Democratic slogan during the next campaign.

The expression of Democrats in the Iowa legislature concerning Woodrow Wilson are very complimentary.—*Keokuk "Democrat."*

Governor Harmon of Ohio, Governor Marshall of Indiana, Speaker Beauchamp Clark of Missouri, and other Democratic eligibles who have but a single state to stand sponsor for them before the next Democratic national convention, must look to their laurels. George Harvey, as the John the Baptist of the Wilson boom, has them all blanketed in his pronunciamento for his favorite candidate. "Descended from Ohio, born in Virginia, developed in Maryland, married in Georgia, and now delivering from political bondage the state of New Jersey," Governor Wilson may claim distinction in the rôle of the favorite son which is to be envied. And before the date of the convention it may be that other antecedents, direct or collateral, may be discovered by which New England, New York, or possibly some other states in the West and South may be annexed to this long roll of interstate forebears.—*Philadelphia "Bulletin."*

Colonel George Harvey, editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY and of *The North American Review*, unburdened his mind on the Presidential situation before a Southern audience at Savannah, Georgia, on St. Patrick's Day. Colonel Harvey is a Democrat, and was in the South coaching the candidacy of Governor Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, who for six years, at least, has been the editor's ideal for a Democratic candidate. Colonel Harvey's speech was as significant for the tribute he incidentally paid to President Taft as for his eloquent advocacy of the nomination of Woodrow Wilson. There is a note of doubt and anxiety in Colonel Harvey's address when he speaks of what the Democracy may do. It is clear that he hasn't faith that his party will select the best man, and with anything but the best pitted against President Taft he is sure the Democracy hasn't any show.—*Minneapolis "Journal."*

Colonel George Harvey shows that Woodrow Wilson is a Scotch-Irishman, an Ohioan, a Virginian, a Marylander, a Georgian, and a Jersey man, and therefore is likely to appeal to a strong following because of what may be called local sympathy; but all these attributes are as nothing compared with the fact that Woodrow Wilson is a clear-headed, bold, and honest thinker, and stands four-square for what he believes to be the rights and interests of the people. It is this character that will make him the universal choice. People do not ask where he hails from, but what he is; and knowing what he is, they will ask him to serve them.—*Mobile "Register."*

Governor Wilson is beyond question an attractive candidate. He has a wide view, is an excellent historical student, has delved deep into the science of government, has successfully conducted an important and growing university, has beaten an experienced political leader "to a frazzle," and has made an impression of personal forcefulness far beyond the borders of his state. Whether he would be acceptable to the Old Guard in New York, for example, remains to be seen; but Colonel Harvey may have the satisfaction of knowing that his candidacy is well regarded by many thousands of his fellow-countrymen.—*Providence "Journal."*

Editor Harvey, of HARPER'S WEEKLY and *The North American Review*, has been making speeches in the South in favor of Governor Wilson's nomination for the Presidency. It should be easy plowing in that land. The South has ever been susceptible to appeals for its sons, and Governor Wilson's eloquence and his fondness for discussion of constitutional questions fill the Southern ideal of statesmanship. It may be said that Colonel Harvey's advocacy down there carries more weight than it does in New Jersey, but the energy of his campaigning is likely to have its effect everywhere.—*Newark Sunday Call.*

Colonel Harvey, in comparing President Taft and Governor Wilson of New Jersey, says: "Taft is prudent, Wilson is daring; in intellect Taft is capacious, Wilson keen, imaginative; Taft has wide, while Wilson has profound, knowledge. Taft's diction is fair, while Wilson's is fine. Taft's tendency is mildly progressive, while Wilson's is intelligently radical. Taft's character is pure, Wilson's luminous. Taft's convictions are constant, Wilson's immovable." Why not nominate and elect them both. They seem a good pair to draw to if Colonel Harvey is correct in his diagnosis.—*Norfolk News.*

Colonel Harvey did not mention Governor Harmon of Ohio, but his dark references to the impolicy of the Democrats having a candidate less progressive than President Taft suggest that thought of Governor Harmon was not altogether absent from his mind. In view of the fact that Colonel Harvey rent the welkin with his shouts against Colonel Roosevelt, his present analysis of Democratic opportunity and duty, and his willingness to snuggle up to Colonel Bryan as an anti-Harmonite, present a moving spectacle.—*New York Globe.*

Futurity betting is always at long odds. When a horseman backs a new-born colt to win a two-year-old event two years in the future the bookmakers always are willing to give him a bargain. A sport who now places a little coin at long odds on Taft and Wilson to win the two convention handicaps in 1912 might lose his money. But the indication is that he would at least get a run for it. There doesn't appear to be anything wrong with the dope on which Colonel Harvey's "tip" is based.—*Sioux City Journal.*

Colonel George Harvey's advocacy of Governor Woodrow Wilson for the Democratic Presidential nomination is fairly sublime in its absolute committal. There can be no possible retraction; the Colonel has let go all holts. Seldom did any man ever bind himself so completely to what any other might do or say. We, too, think very highly of Governor Wilson, and trust that there will be no cause for repentance on Colonel Harvey's part.—*Charlotte Observer.*

Colonel Harvey argues that as between Wilson and Harmon, the only two he recognizes as serious candidates for the nomination, Wilson will be preferred. We believe, however, that the Colonel, after a sober second thought, will admit that many things may happen in the next year to change his point of view. It is too early to groom candidates or to make predictions.—*New Orleans States.*

It must be remembered that Colonel Harvey was the man who prophesied the nomination and election of Taft months before those eventualities occurred, and when Root was the most-talked-of candidate. He, at least, is not afraid of losing his reputation as a prophet and Governor Wilson is fortunate in having so stanch an ally.—*New Orleans Item.*

The analysis is not just to Harmon; however, granting the writer's premises, it's difficult to avoid his conclusion. But whether it shall be Harmon or Wilson with Taft for the opponent, it matters not which party shall prevail, we can all join Colonel Harvey in the exclamation with which he concludes "Blessed Columbia!"—*Youngstown Vindicator.*

Editor Harvey of *The North American Review* has not impressed the *New Haven Union* very deeply with his argument to prove that Woodrow Wilson is the "predestinated" Democratic Presidential candidate, but it will admit that he has given us a "new line of political dope."—*Waterbury American.*

There may be no significance in the fact that Colonel Harvey's utterances follow closely after the friendly expressions of William J. Bryan. But it is certain that Governor Wilson is more prominently in the spotlight at present than any other Democratic "possibility."—*New Britain Register.*

Colonel Harvey, of HARPER'S WEEKLY, predicts that Woodrow Wilson is the coming man for President on the Democratic ticket, and it is the Colonel's proud boast that no political prophecy he ever made failed of fulfilment.—*Paterson Guardian.*

"Col. George Harvey booms Woodrow Wilson for the Presidency?" Pshaw! That's no news. That was a foregone conclusion before Dr. Wilson was so much as nominated for Governor of New Jersey.—*New York Tribune.*

About the only thing Col. George Harvey hasn't done in the way of electing Governor Woodrow Wilson to the Presidency is to announce the exact vote in the electoral college.—*Columbus Journal.*

We expect the renomination and re-election of President Taft, but we think Colonel Harvey has named the strongest man that the Democrats could nominate against him.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

MAY 13, 1911

A Distinction with a Difference

Speaking in Kansas City last week, Governor WOODROW WILSON defined his position on initiative, referendum, and recall in these words:

If we felt that we had genuine representative government in our state legislatures no one would propose the initiative or referendum in America. The most ardent and successful advocates of the initiative and referendum regard them as a sobering means of obtaining genuine representative action on the part of legislative bodies. They do not mean to set anything aside. They mean to restore and influence, rather.

The recall is a means of administrative control. If properly regulated and devised it is a means of restoring to administrative officials what the initiative and referendum restore to legislators—namely, a sense of direct responsibility to the people who choose them.

The recall of judges is another matter. Judges are not lawmakers. They are not administrators. Their duty is not to determine what the law shall be, but to determine what the law is. Their independence, their sense of dignity and of freedom, is of the first consequence to the stability of the state. To apply to them the principle of the recall is to set up the idea that determinations of what the law is must respond to popular impulse and to popular judgment.

It is sufficient that the people should have the power to change the law when they will. It is not necessary that they should directly influence by threat of recall those who merely interpret the law already established. The importance and desirability of the recall as a means of administrative control ought not to be obscured by drawing it into this other and very different field.

A more effective combination of clear thinking and lucid expression could hardly be imagined. The utterance, moreover, possesses peculiar importance because it is more than likely to be that of the Democratic national convention of 1912.

MAY 27, 1911

Getting Acquainted with Governor Wilson

In the West Governor WILSON now appears to be far and away the most popular Democrat in the United States. . . . The Governor has not avowed himself a Presidential candidate. It is far away from his thoughts to indulge such an aspiration. He is merely seeing the country. But one of the special correspondents traveling with him reported, after the Colorado experience, that he has been accepted as a candidate "at every point that he has visited since leaving Princeton on May 3d, and it is no exaggeration to say that the expressions of public esteem which have been accorded him make it clear that he is the man whom the West regards as being the MOSES to lead the Democratic party to victory in 1912."—*Springfield Republican.*

All right, except that Brother BRYAN is the only authentic Democratic MOSES, and we can't sit still and see anybody try to deprive him of that well-earned title. MOSES, it will be recalled, wandered faithfully with the people a long time in the wilderness and stood by them through considerable foolishness, but because of some mistakes he had made did not lead them to victory nor himself enter the Promised Land. It is a JOSHUA that the Democrats are now looking for, a man "full of the spirit of wisdom." It is a JOSHUA that the Western Democrats think they have found.

HARPER'S WEEKLY *has again achieved an editorial page which exerts the influence and power which resided there in the days of* GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. *Its vigor and brilliancy are features of the journalism of the day.*—THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

We Smooth Out Wrinkles

Our amiable neighbor, the *Sun*, we are pained and surprised to observe, is beginning to manifest

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symptoms of disapproval of the conduct and sayings of Governor WOODROW WILSON. It began to nag him as soon as he started off on a short vacation to get acquainted with the folks out West, and it seems likely to continue the practice with a persistence that has become characteristic, if not indeed unique. It now calls him "the Governor Itinerant" who, "swallowing the recall in general, rejecting it as applied to judges, at once tickles the mob and reminds the reactionaries that, after all, he is rather of a conservative sort of demagogue as demagogues go." This was apropos of Mr. WILSON'S remarks in Portland, to wit:

While I heartily favor the use of the recall for all administrative offices, I do not approve of it for the judiciary, on the theory that one of the greatest dangers with which we are beset in our efforts to secure better government is impatience. We are prone to use too much haste, to take too many short cuts. I admit that logically it is unanswerable that if we elect judges we have the right to recall them, but I don't care a peppercorn for logic.

Many people will think they perceive a good deal of horse sense in this declaration; but it doesn't suit the *Sun*, which also would have disapproved OLIVER JOHNSON'S assertion, made in the course of the BEECHER-TILDEN case, that he was "a Spiritualist, but not a damned fool." The way is one the *Sun* has. It is always disappointed and disposed to be resentful when one who differs with it obstinately refuses to show himself a damned fool.

Certain persons who used to run things over in New Jersey feel the same way. What they objected to last winter was Governor WILSON'S methods as recalled (apologies!) by the *Evening Sun:*

The Hon. WOODROW WILSON, the peripatetic Executive of a neighboring state, addressing the Yale, Harvard, and Princeton clubs of San Francisco, in joint dinner assembled, said:

"The debate as to whether things are wrong is settled. Things are wrong. Now, we must get up a debate on how they may be right."

But the only sort of joint debate that Governor WILSON has any use for is one in which he does all the talking, as when he sent for the members of the legislature at Trenton and conferred with them for many hours in a speech in which he outlined what he wanted and assured them that he was going to get it, if it took them all summer to give in.

We fail to see how the Governor could have prevented others from talking even if he had wanted to, as to which, in the words of Mr. WELLER, he didn't. But perhaps the best answer, with respect to the remedial legislation to which the *Evening Sun* refers, is that he did indeed get it without encroaching unduly upon even the happy springtime, to say nothing of the blithesome summer. That is how he happened to have time to travel about awhile in order to see how other Governors and legislatures are doing things. A writer in Brother JAMES SMITH'S Newark *Star* was duly horrified and demanded that the salary of the Governor be stopped during his absence from the state, but so far there has been no general uprising.

In point of fact, the one thing most needed in this country at this time is better acquaintanceship. It would do Brother Dr. EDWARD P. MITCHELL a lot of good, for example, to go to Kansas and Arkansas and Oklahoma. He wouldn't get as good golf as he now enjoys at Baltusrol or Morristown or wherever he plays, but he would fetch home a deal of valuable information and would leave behind just the variety of coruscations that Kansas might chew on to advantage.

It is wholly unnecessary to assure our regular readers that these humble suggestions spring, not from a captious spirit, but from an inborn desire to do good. We would not scold the *Sun*. On the contrary, we would cheer it up, and as evidence of good faith will even now relieve its mind of its most ponderous burden by asserting with the utmost positiveness that if the Democratic convention shall offer the nomination for President to WOODROW WILSON he will accept.

Also that he'll get it.

JULY 8, 1911.

Reforming New Jersey Cities

Trenton, New Jersey, has adopted the commission form of government, and New Brunswick and Hoboken have rejected it. So, concludes the Waterbury *American*, "Governor WILSON has suffered his first big defeat at the hands of the politicians." To this extent the statement is accurate: The machines of both parties bitterly fought the measure, and their efforts were supplemented by those of the officeholders, firemen and policemen included. But these forces combined would hardly have prevailed but for a general disposition on the part of the voters of New Brunswick and Hoboken to await the results of the experiment in Trenton. No exception can be taken and none has been taken by Governor WILSON to this evidence of prudence. Trenton is a typical good-sized American city, and will afford an excellent illustration for the guidance of its neighbors, who naturally prefer an object-lesson somewhat nearer home than Galveston or Des Moines. If the experiment should turn out well, the change will be, as the Springfield *Republican* observes, "not the least of the Governor's achievements during a remarkable administration," from which he will "gain credit in the most ample measure for wisdom as well as daring." The bi-partisan machines will continue to fight the reform, of course. They must. Their very existence is at stake. But such temporary respites as they have won in New Brunswick and Hoboken will serve only to tighten the hold which Governor WILSON already has upon the people, whose battles he is fighting, and time will do the rest.

Down in Old Virginy

Said a Virginian of fine reputation and distinguished ancestry and much personal service to the state: "There is none other but WOODROW WILSON the Democrats can nominate for President. He is just as sure to get the nomination as the sun shines, and if he gets the nomination he will also get the election. He is a little too advanced on some of the questions of the day, which are not questions at all; but he has ability, character, and courage, and would make an ideal President."—*Richmond "Times-Dispatch."*

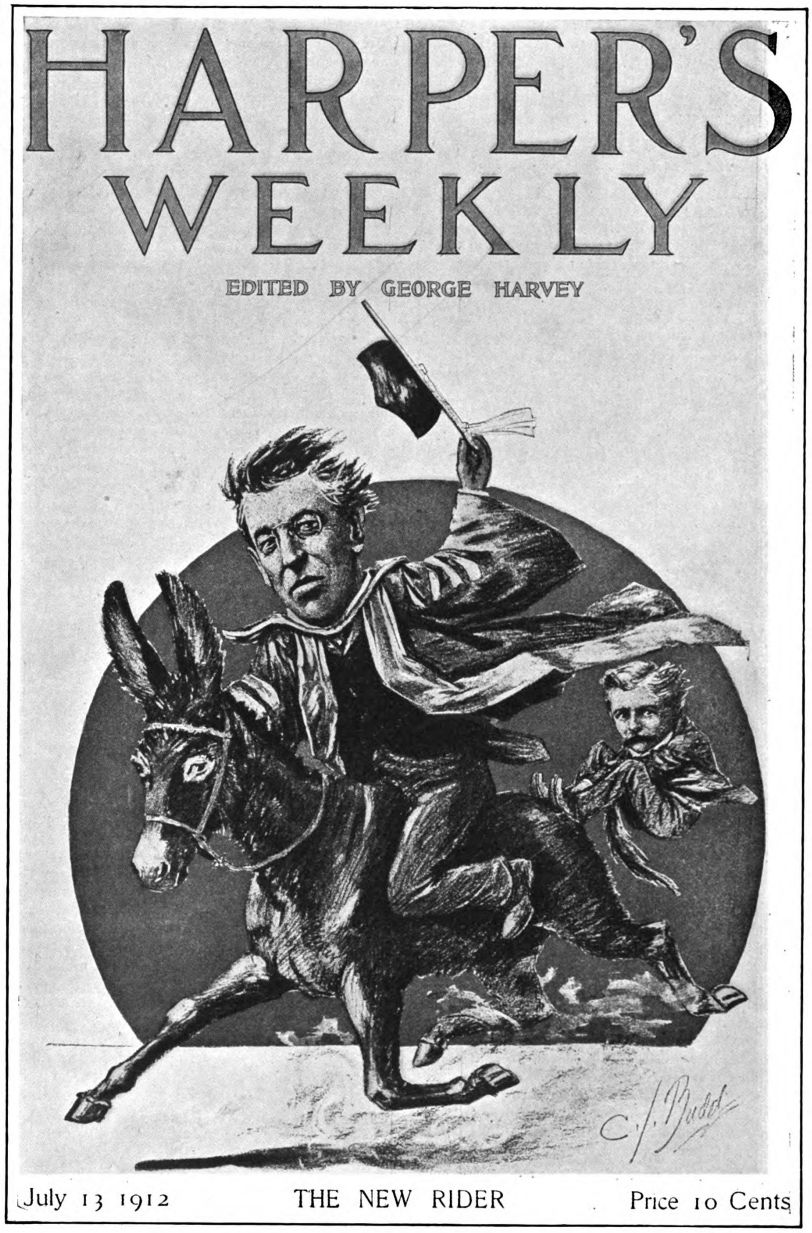
"A good many people feel that way," adds Deacon HEMPHILL in his most sententious manner.

AUGUST 26, 1911

Utopian Thought

If every man in the country read HARPER'S WEEKLY and believed every word in it we should think that WOODROW WILSON would have a fine chance to become President.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

And it would be a country worthy of its President!



SEPTEMBER 2, 1911

Why Governor Wilson was Nominated

Dr. WILSON was nominated for Governor because he was regarded as a highly respectable and widely respected citizen, who would make a pleasing stool-pigeon for the Democratic machine and its big business beneficiaries.—HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM, *in the Outlook.*

Perhaps some persons so regarded him, and possibly there were enough of them to have prevented his nomination if they had known in time what manner of man he was, and had wished to prevent it. But no one of average perception, who had more than a superficial acquaintance with Dr. WILSON, could possibly have estimated him as a

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PENN STATE

man who would make a stool-pigeon for any machine. Mr. NEEDHAM is likely to find, if he goes deep enough, that Governor WILSON's nomination was due to an impression long and strongly held that he was a first-class man, of firm character and remarkable qualities and acquirements, who was needed as a leader in Democratic politics.

SEPTEMBER 9, 1911

The Same Man He Was

A strange and inexplicable metamorphosis is exhibited in the case of the Governor of New Jersey. As Dr. WILSON, university president, he was cautious and conservative.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Our Boston brother cannot have informed himself of Dr. WILSON's career at Princeton. He was no stand-patter college president. He introduced the tutorial system to get more effective instruction for the young gentlemen, and he tried his best to reform and democratize the social machinery of the university. The *Advertiser* thinks that "at some precious time" after he became Governor he concluded that conservatism was not going to be popular and pitched it all out of his head and restocked his mind with more marketable intentions.

That is all nonsense. The late president of Princeton and the present Governor of New Jersey are the same man to a hair, using the same head and with very few changes in its furniture. The Governor admits that he has changed his opinion about the initiative and referendum and has come to regard them as good brooms for political house-cleaning. But the mind that got for Princeton some novelties that he thought were good, and tried against bitter opposition to get others, is the same mind that in the Governorship has reached out for what it has considered to be political benefits for the people of New Jersey, and that with enlarged opportunities would reach boldly out for what he thought would benefit the people of the whole country.

There has been no metamorphosis. To distrust Dr. WILSON and reject any or all of his views is the voter's privilege, but he is the same man he always was and true to the same fundamental convictions.

NOVEMBER 11, 1911

For President: Woodrow Wilson *

There are many reasons why the Democratic party would do well to nominate Woodrow Wilson for President. I shall set forth a few.

Because he is thoroughly equipped, mentally and morally, by birth, training, and experience.

A good inheritance from a virile ancestry is a great help to one who has to make his way in the world. Money has its uses in this country. Titles are not to be despised in other lands. Good breeding is desirable everywhere. Far more valuable than all combined are the attributes which crystallize into character. These constituted Wilson's heritage. The stock from which he sprang has produced the best type of American. His grandfather, James Wilson, and his grandmother, Anne Adams, were Scotch-Irish, born in the County Down. His maternal grandfather, Thomas Woodrow, was English. Wilson served his apprenticeship under William Duane on the Philadelphia *Aurora*, and himself became a publicist of marked ability. Woodrow was a militant minister. Both were Presbyterians, firm in the faith, strong in conviction. Wilson's son, Joseph Ruggles, married Janet Woodrow in 1849, and to them a son, christened Thomas Woodrow, was born in Staunton, Virginia, not quite fifty-five years ago. Brains, conscience, convictions, he inherited. Character he developed under the tutelage of the scholarly divine who was his father.

Thenceforward to this day Woodrow Wilson has been fitting himself for public service. Political economy was the passion of his youth. "The facts of government," using his own accurately discriminative phrase, became the dominant interest of his mind. He mastered theories and studied the results of practice. He longed to enter public life and work out political problems at close range. The legal profession seemed to provide an avenue, and he obtained admission to the bar. But he continued to study and to learn through teaching.

It is not needful to mark the successive steps in the unaided advancement of the poor minister's son to the presidency of a great university. The progress was steady and sure, because it was based upon intelligence and industry.

Common sense is a highly desirable possession. It obviates mistakes and at times averts unpleasant consequences. Presidents have utilized it to the advantage of the country. Mr. Hayes might have wrought immeasurable harm by attempting greater things than his intelligence could hope to achieve. His was a time when a commonplace mind in the White House was perhaps the most useful. But greatness was the requisite in Lincoln's day, as in Jefferson's and as now, at the beginning of a period of essential readjustment of the relations of people to promotion, of government to industrial development and enterprise, and of individuals to direct and indirect taxation.

These problems cannot be expected to solve themselves. Mere negation no longer suffices as a national policy. Constructive achievement is the pressing need. Here common sense, even such extraordinary common sense as is possessed by our present Chief Magistrate, falls short of the requirement.

Intelligence of the highest and rarest is peculiarly essential in a President at this time. And such is the order of Wilson's. His sense is anything but common; it is most uncommon—keen, searching, penetrating, going straight to the root of difficulty, intent upon finding, not a palliative, but a cure. In his case to a notable degree felicity of expression rests upon clarity of thought. Wilson is not an orator in the accepted meaning of the term. He does not utilize sound in public speaking. His phrases are not rounded for purely rhetorical effect, and he never declaims. Yet no American now living can hold the attention of an audience so closely. The reason is simple. He seeks the understanding rather than the admiration of his hearers. Each word conveys a definite meaning, each is selected with precision, and each finds its rightful place. His eloquence is knowledge, not art, and its convincingness lies in its simplicity. The auditor feels that a conclusion wrought by processes of logic is the crux of the utterance. And the intuition is correct. Wilson invariably has a reason for an opinion, and always has it ready for use. Although positive, he is never dogmatic. Telling why he thinks as he does is what gives himself no less than his hearer the greatest pleasure and satisfaction. That Wilson has wider information respecting theories of government than another, or perhaps any other, is not surprising. All his life has been given to its acquisition. But it is not enough to possess knowledge. One must be able to impart and elucidate its lessons. And, thanks to his experience as a teacher, few will deny that in this respect Wilson was not excelled even by Madison or by Hamilton, and stands today actually pre-eminent.

Because his conception of public service is true.

But is he "sound"? Are not his proposals "radical"? What about his advocacy of "referendum" and "recall"? Let us see. We are now weighing the relative merits of candidates for the Democratic nomination for President. It may be well, then, to note at the beginning that each and every statesman whose name has been mentioned in this connection has pronounced in favor of the Initiative and Referendum as a method of assuring popular government. There is consequently no point at issue as between them here, except in so far as Wilson would restrict its adoption sharply to the obvious and pressing need of a community. Observation convinced him that the system has worked well in Oregon, and he frankly said so. But he added with characteristic prudence:

> I do not go so far as to say that it will work out with the same satisfactory results elsewhere. Its application generally throughout the country in states where conditions are different, it seems to me, would be a matter of expediency rather than of the principle involved. I believe most thoroughly in self-government, and each state, having local conditions and local issues, must choose for itself the methods of applying the remedies.
>
> The idea of this method of action is not to supersede lawmaking or ordinance-making bodies, but merely to supply a means of action to be used, when and if necessary, in order to keep representatives constantly aware of their dependence upon public opinion and the judgment of their constituents. It is nowhere sought to substitute these methods of action for those long established among us. The purpose is merely one of rectification, restraint, control.
>
> The same may be said of the recall; that is to say, the right of the voters of any political, self-governing unit to cancel the election of an officer and substitute some one else upon occasion. This is merely a means of heightening the sense of responsibility, and when properly safeguarded by the law can only with difficulty be used for any other purpose. Its intention is to establish in the field of administrative action the same sense of dependence on the common judgment that the initiative and referendum are meant to create in the field of legislative action.
>
> In short, these are methods by which we are not attempting to destroy, but to restore—not to impair, but to repair—the great institutions which have been serviceable instruments of our liberty.

In other words, he upholds the referendum and recall, not as a *substitute for*, but as a *guarantee of*, truly representative government. It is "the gun behind the door," to be used only in extreme cases against those who have betrayed their trust and violated their pledges.

It is as "a method of action," not as a fundamental change, in a government of delegated powers that Wilson supports the referendum and recall and even so draws a sharp line between administration and interpretation of laws. Speaking in the heart of the section whose people, not without cause, distrust machine-made and corporation-made judges and feel the need of direct control over them, Governor Wilson said positively:

> That is all wrong. Judges are not lawmakers. Neither are they administrators. Their duty is to determine not what the law should be, but what the law is. It is of the first consequence that their sense of freedom should be unhampered and preserved.

"But," he was asked, subsequently, "if a judge misuses his office to serve a man like Lorimer, should not the people have the means to recall him?"

"I cannot," he replied, "bring myself to further dangerous impatience. It is only a matter of waiting in the case of elective judges. The remedy comes at the end of their terms of office. But to apply to judges the principle of the recall is to set up the idea that determinations of what the law *is* must respond to popular impulse and to popular judgment. No, no; that is all wrong. I do *not* believe in the recall of judges."

Here we have the blending of positive conviction and intelligent discrimination characteristic of the man—the reasons why, simple, lucid, convincing, conclusive. Whether a like distinction is held in mental reserve by candidates who commend in general terms the referendum and recall will doubtless be made manifest in course of time. Caution invariably awaits revelation of the effects of frankness.

In any case, by his own confession, Wilson stands convicted of inconsistency. Speaking in Norfolk, he brazenly declared:

> For twenty years I preached to the students of Princeton that the referendum and recall was bosh. I have since investigated and I want to apologize to those students. It is the safeguard of politics. It takes power from the bosses and places it in the hands of the people. I want to say with all my power that I favor it.

In the recent review published in *The Outlook* one finds this passage:

> "You have certainly shown that you are not afraid to change your mind, Governor."
>
> "I hope I have grown," he replied. "For fifteen years I taught my classes that the initiative and referendum wouldn't work. I can prove it now, but the trouble is *they do*."

If such inconsistency be a crime, the most may be made of it rightfully, because fuller illustrations may be had at any time. Persistence in error is as incompatible with a nature like Wilson's as abandonment of truth. Self-betrayal of discovery that he has been in the wrong may be reckoned a certainty always, for the simple reason that to one of his upbringing concealment of fact is no less heinous than deliberate falsehood. Most men are technically truthful. Wilson is honest in his mind. Temperamentally he is incapable of acting under the rose. Whatever he has done or may do, wise or unwise, politic or impolitic, tactful or tactless, has been or will be done in the open. His cards are always on the table.

Upon this conception of conduct Wilson has based his every act as a public servant. If it be regarded as unsound, then truly his election to the Presidency would make for apprehension, for he knows no other way.

Because his proposals are radical.

Whatever is, is conservative. The referendum is required to effect a change in fundamental law. A proposal to eliminate it would be radical. So is a suggestion to extend its application to statutes. Obviously there is no disparity in principle. To any change whatsoever that militates against self-interest the opprobrious term is applied indignantly by the one who considers himself most concerned. From this viewpoint the very provision for making a change contained in the Constitution itself is radical. Again, what was radical yesterday becomes conservative to-day. To free the slaves was the most radical proposal ever made in this country, because the act not only violated

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property rights as guaranteed by the Constitution, but was done in frank disregard of the technical prohibition of that great instrument, under the specious guise of military necessity.

So now with the proposal to free the people by restoring to them the power of governing themselves. That is the first and dominant article in the creed of Woodrow Wilson. Not that they are now deprived of that prerogative, as might have happened through substitution of a monarchical form of government. Nothing so obvious as that. Only this: that the process has been rendered so difficult that, instead of governing themselves, the many have come under the dominance of the few, who act by indirection and under cover of the darkness of secrecy to achieve their own purposes. Whether or not this is the actual condition may be a matter of opinion, but to those who have watched and analyzed the work of state legislatures, and more particularly that of the federal Congress with respect to the tariff, it seems a patent fact. Morcover, the constant unrest of the masses during recent years bears evidence of their feeling that the road to effective legislation has been made too tortuous to tread.

Wilson says: Open an avenue through the jungle.

But how? By direct primaries for all elective offices, President and Vice-President included. By popular election of Senators. By open conventions, caucuses, and committees. By legislation in the full light of day. By full discussion of measures before the faces of the people. *If and when necessary,* by Initiative, Referendum, and Recall.

These are the means proposed. They are radical because they involve change. *But the purpose aimed at is conservative*—conservative of republican institutions. If it be not achieved, our theory of government is belied, our faith in majority rule as the beacon-light of humanity is crushed, our confidence in the desire and willingness of a democracy to safeguard both property and personal rights is forsworn. This way, and this way only, safety lies. To conserve the Nation through intelligent radicalism. Why not? How else? Let it stand at that.

Because he is constructive and effective.

Ignorance may be destructive; passion often is; intelligence never. To-day, in this country abounding in resources, energy, and skill, industry pauses, business lags, development has practically ceased. Why? The answer is universal: Uncertainty, resulting in lack of confidence. In such a conditon, what is the chief need? Clearly, unless we admit failure of popular government, a revival of the recognition of mutuality of interest.

"We have passed the time of excitement, of general complaint, of undiscriminating condemnation," says Wilson. "There has been hostility enough all around. What we need now is to take common counsel as to what is for common benefit, for the good of the country and of the several communities in which we live and earn our bread and also our happiness. We need frank, outspoken, friendly opinion. We need criticism which is not intended to damage, but to create a better understanding all around. To have any fear or favor in the matter is to be untrue to every standard of public duty. . . . We want to put business on a sound basis and with the assurance that when we have done it we have not destroyed anything, but have reconstructed. We want definite information as to what the law means and what it provides. We don't know now what the offense is and what the penalty is."

Some assume to think otherwise, but are disposed to temporize when asked to elucidate. Wilson, be it observed, never blinks a fact. Nor does he hesitate to speak as plainly and explicitly to a powerful aggregation or organization as to an individual. He does not believe that Labor can profit by championing inefficiency and idleness through Union rules, and says so because he "knows of no other standard by which to judge these things than the interest of the whole community," and surely "the laboring man cannot benefit himself by injuring the interests of the country."

So, too, with the captains of industry, who must come to recognize that they are "trustees, not masters," of properties whose management "determines the development or decay of communities" and is "the means of lifting or depressing the life of the whole country." Such men "should regard themselves as representatives of a public power" and act accordingly, because the opportunities of all are affected, their property touched, their savings absorbed, and their employment determined by these agencies.

All Wilson asks of corporations is that they give the people honest service at a reasonable rate, not with the primary idea of squeezing and exploiting them, but with the primary idea of serving them. Nor can he perceive any advantage in dissolving corporations, however great, when so doing serves only to throw great undertakings out of gear, to the infinite loss of thousands of innocent persons, and to the great inconvenience of society as a whole. Regulation, not disintegration, is Wilson's remedy for existing evils, without regard to the "size or might" of the corporation, "if you will but abandon the fatuous, antiquated, and unnecessary fiction which treats it as a legal person, as a responsible individual." He would be loath to sacrifice the "efficiency and economy" which tend to stimulate rather than destroy competition, and he would applaud and encourage the builders of properties, however great, while sternly condemning and repressing mere manipulators who deceive and swindle the public.

In working out these problems, moreover, "the Democratic party must be a party of law and of service within the law. If we cannot serve the country under the law, we must ask the people to change the law. We must not take it upon ourselves to change it without their consent."

Upon utterances such as these Woodrow Wilson was elected Governor of New Jersey. To carry out his pledges he was obliged to win the support of a Republican Senate and to beat down the opposition of the bosses within his own party. He did both by appealing directly to the people, and placed upon the statute-books a record of constructive and effective legislation unmatched in the history of any state. Destruction followed—destruction of the control of state government by a public-service corporation; that and no other.

Because he is free.

We have the highest authority for the declaration that no man can serve two masters; and yet how many in public life have tried and are now trying! Not willingly, many; not wittingly, some; but perforce. One owes his advancement to a class, another to a political machine, a third to an individual. We have had such Presidents. One whose name need not be mentioned was indebted to each of the three factors in about equal measure. Being a just and grateful man, he made recompense accordingly. Upon the class he helped to confer great pecuniary benefits; to the "organization" he gave the offices and opportunities to plunder; the individual he raised to a position of high honor and great power. All this he did in conformity with the custom of his party and with the seeming acquiescence of the people, despite the facts that the class was not needy, but greedy, that the "machine" was shameless in appropriating public moneys to its private uses, and that the individual was the most brazen corruptionist the country has ever produced.

When these, to whom he was most directly indebted, had been satisfied, the good President, who sincerely believed himself to be most fair and honorable, paid devoted attention to the welfare of the millions whose votes he had received, and became, in common judgment, deservedly popular. The initial payments, exacted from the people, were regarded as no more than just rewards for services rendered in saving the people from themselves.

Undue blame should not attach to the individual for such a performance, even though it be in effect a betrayal of trust. Custom is a mighty power, and loyalty to one or to a few is less easily disregarded than fidelity to all. Circumstances and environment, too, are most potent agencies. Few have attained great political prominence without making alliances and incurring lasting obligations in the successive stages of advancement. Nor can many withstand the influence upon perspective of association.

It is not, then, so much a matter of condemnation of others as of congratulation upon the mere incident that Wilson is free. Whether or not, in like situations with others, covering years of office-seeking, he would have become likewise entangled, is beside the mark. It is the *fact* that is important and peculiarly fortuitous at a time when, if ever, it is desirable that a President should have the whole people as his one and only master.

That such is indeed the case with Wilson hardly requires demonstration. It is evidenced conclusively by his every word and deed. To the leadership which effected his own nomination for Governor upon a platform guaranteeing specific reforms he stood ready to accord due recognition, but when that leadership came into conflict with faithful performance of public duties he could not and did not hesitate to choose and to serve the one master to whom he had pledged his own allegiance. He did not attempt to weigh obligations, the one against the other; he did not temporize nor try to harmonize. The straight and narrow path pointed out to him in his youth was the only one he knew—and he took it, disdainful of personal criticism and heedless of personal consequences. That exceptional credit should be accorded him for so doing does not follow necessarily. The forces impelling his conduct were inherited conscience and developed character, agencies, however, as valuable in the public service as they happily have proven to be irresistible in the man.

It is as a highly important fact, too, rather than as a matter of personal merit, that Wilson's environment, associations, and sphere of endeavor have tended to keep high his ideals, to broaden his vision, and to intensify his resolution. To have achieved great prominence and the rich emoluments which accompany success at the bar would have been a meritorious performance and worthy of all praise, but in no way commensurate with the advantages he derived from enforced industry, from enforced frugality, from enforced association and sympathy with those who, like himself, were compelled to earn their bread and rear their children with the product of brain and toil.

Such necessity and such environment make for that freedom of understanding which is no less the requisite of a great magistracy than freedom from political obligation to any except to all.

Because he is a Democrat.

That may sound trite or commonplace. Let us see. When the time came for the new Republic to put into practice the admirable theories which its founders had put upon paper, the actual application devolved upon the governing class. No one—not even Jefferson—at the time of Washington's inauguration had dreamed of any other possibility. A mighty step forward had been taken. For the first time personal liberty, no less than protection of property, was guaranteed. Equal rights to all white males were also assured, etc., etc. But when it came to the actual management of public affairs the responsibility must devolve, as a matter of course, upon those fitted by birth, education, and training to bear the burdens safely and solve the problems with sagacity. It was to be a government *of* the people necessarily; else it would be no government at all. But it was to be more specifically the very best government *for* the people ever known, carried on in their interest and, with their acquiescence, by the very best and most conscientious governors ever known. This was as far as the Fathers got under Washington and Adams and the other patriotic aristocrats who, during the first twelve years of the Republic, sat in Cabinet, on the bench, and in the two Houses of Congress.

Government *by* as well as of and for the people was first proposed and put into practice by Thomas Jefferson, who thereupon became the first real Democrat. As a student and philosopher he beheld danger in heeding the customs of the past and restricting to a class, however capable, the possession of actual governing powers. He felt the need of broadening the base of government to insure the stability of the structure of democracy. To do so involved implicit faith in the wisdom and sense of justice in the entire body politic. But this he had, and, acting upon his judgment, endeavored by precept and example to instill the theory of true democracy into the minds of the people. Denounced as a radical, even as a revolutionist, he grew stronger and more determined under opposition, until what had been only an impulse originally became a passionate conviction. Reaction followed as a matter of course. Habit of mind is not changed permanently with ease. But the spirit which inspired Jefferson could not be killed. It flashed forth incongruously for a time in Jackson, then waned through long years, until it burst into flame in Lincoln, only to subside again in a period of great development and common prosperity, until there arose from apathy and indifference another governing class—the oligarchy of the Republican party—which has really ruled the Nation as with a rod of iron, even through two administrations which were nominally Democratic and one as spasmodic as Jackson's, to the present day, and is breaking down at last only under the added weight of heedless greed.

The time is ripe and the people are now ready for a fresh manifestation of the spirit of true democracy, which alone can safeguard personal

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and property rights by perpetuating the Republic. It is to be found in Woodrow Wilson, the natural successor by birth, instinct, training, ability, courage, and *faith in the people* of Thomas Jefferson.

Because he would be elected.

I have tried merely to set forth a few of the reasons why Mr. Wilson *ought* to be elected. That he *would* be—speaking, of course, from the present outlook—hardly requires demonstration. But this is one of the years when *the people must nominate as well as elect.* Will they do it? That is the question—the only one.

GEORGE HARVEY.

NOVEMBER 18, 1911.

The Famous Victory

So WOODROW WILSON is down and out. Dear, dear! Who would have thought it? But we may not blink a fact—and this one we have upon the highest political authority. Ex-Senator JAMES SMITH, Jr., emerging from the capacious shell which he has inhabited since he was elected to stay in Newark, dolefully shakes his wise head, and his good friend, the *Sun*, finds that the Governor has suddenly become "a candidate emeritus." All because of what? Because he has been "repudiated" by his state. Because the "magnificent Democratic organization" of New Jersey has been disrupted by his cantankerous insistence upon keeping party pledges. Because, speaking frankly, he fought the big Boss and licked him. Because, as an inevitable consequence, the next legislature will be Republican. So! But what really happened? The Springfield *Republican* sums it up neatly:

> The New Jersey House was lost because of Essex County, which is the home of JAMES SMITH, Jr., the foe of Governor WILSON'S political aspirations; and Essex County became impossible, from the WILSON point of view, the moment that SMITH succeeded in nominating anti-WILSON Democrats. The Governor did not contest the county. Outside of it, his followers made gains, and the Senate is more nearly Democratic than before.

Supplement this statement with the further information that the next Senate, as well as the next House, would be Democratic if the party had carried Essex County, that the machine candidates for the Assembly were definitely pledged by resolutions to oppose reform legislation, and that the Republican and Democratic bosses politely swapped a sheriff for "legislators," and you have the whole story.

True, the cause of good government is not likely to suffer from the presence in Trenton of decent Republicans in the place of puppets of the deposed Democratic chairman whom the Governor courteously kicked out of his office; but it was, indeed, a famous victory. Fresh supplies of oil can now be found for the bi-partisan machinery, the ex-Senator can approach his fellow-bosses throughout the country with reinforced blandishments, and the naturally amiable *Sun* can continue to chortle with glee. We would not begrudge them their satisfaction. Rather let us extend felicitations, especially to our neighbor, the *Sun*. It is a shame that one so brightly named should feel obliged to go about forever cawing like a crow when it should be emulating the lark. Time was when its breakfast food was as toothsome as the lightest of muffins, but of late it has run to pickles in variety hardly surpassed by the inventive Mr. HEINZ himself. The President has proven hopeless, the Attorney-General worse than an anarchist, the Speaker blubber-lipped, the New York Governor distressingly flabby, and the Massachusetts Governor a bemustached flambeau, to say nothing of Brothers BRYAN and ROOSEVELT and other stock objects of sarcastic reference. The only ray of light that has relieved the editorial gloom for months has been an occasional furtive compliment to Uncle JUD. Having got Dr. Syntax on the hip at last, with the aid of the distinguished ex-Senator, the *Sun* can now assume the rôle of Mrs. Partington in relation to the Atlantic Ocean with pristine vigor and characteristic skilfulness in the use of Latin phrases. Let us rejoice and be glad!

The Voice of the South

Last Saturday the Democratic State Committee of New Jersey pledged sixteen counties of New Jersey for Woodrow Wilson for President. It was a stampede, but it formally launched Governor Wilson's Presidential fortunes upon the high political seas. About the same time Governor Wilson, in an interview with HARPER'S WEEKLY, sounded the battle toesin for 1912, summarized as follows: "The call of the day is for leadership: the people demand and will support the men who rightly interpret public opinion and who are ready to make that opinion operative." No wonder the Democrats of New Jersey rallied around the Princetonian. Here is a leader who has made it his life study to understand public opinion; a leader who has shown exceptional courage in carrying out the people's will as Governor of New Jersey; a leader who will dare to do as President what he is now doing as Governor. Governor Wilson maintains that the big question of the day is one of adjustment between economic problems, public opinion, and our system of legislation.

The campaign of 1912, we predict, will revolve around this one big idea of adjustment, and Woodrow Wilson will be the man who will do the adjusting from the White House, beginning March 4, 1912. Congressman Edward P. Kinkead, who launched the Wilson boom last Saturday at Trenton, rightly exclaimed that "if Governor Wilson is nominated at the national Democratic convention, nothing but the hand of God will prevent his election." The country is ready to retire the present failure in the White House, who, with "great searchings of heart," turned down the people's cause of tariff revision on daily necessities.—*Selma (Alabama) "Journal."*

The Men Behind Wilson

Little indeed do they know WOODROW WILSON who fancy he will be changed in the slightest degree by the failure of one county in the state to elect a set of candidates for the legislature of whom everybody knew that they were *not* his followers. Still less do they understand the kind of loyalty WOODROW WILSON has inspired who fancy that the men who, near and far, welcomed and accepted his leadership will by this expected happening be anywise changed except as they may answer it with an increase of confidence and zeal. Governor WILSON has not shaped his course or his opinions by any imagined demands of his own interests or fortunes. His followers have not preferred his leadership because of his personal success or his prospects. He has concerned himself singly with the extraordinary service which he found a chance to render to sound democracy, to free government, to a state long peculiarly surrendered to sinister and ignoble selfish interests. His nation-wide following has come to him because sincere men all over the country quickly recognize him as not merely an uncommonly well-equipped publicist, but a fighter who fought his battles *through*, a champion of good causes who could neither be frightened nor cajoled, a man to whom they could give at least the loyalty they had so long kept undevoted, waiting for a leader they could trust. Such men will hardly be disappointed because he has not made omelettes without breaking eggs. They will hardly be surprised because the most extraordinary and successful assault on machine rule ever achieved in this country did not find favor with the machine itself.

The Boss of Bosses

With respect to the distinguished ex-Senator, candor compels the admission that he has now fully qualified as the leader of the anti-WILSON forces, as the Boss of bosses. Already he had paved the way. Shrewdly foreseeing that no WILSON Assemblymen were likely to be elected in a county where no WILSON candidates were running, he went boldly into the West and hazarded all. The *Times* told about it at the time. In its issue of November 4th, we find the following account of his activities:

> The return of ex-United States Senator JAMES SMITH, Jr., of Newark, New Jersey, from a trip to the West, which was supposed to be purely for business purposes, has revealed the fact that he spent much time in conference with men who will oppose Governor WOODROW WILSON as a Presidential candidate at the Democratic national convention next year. That the former boss of the Democratic party in New Jersey still smarts under the blow administered to his political ambition by Governor WILSON is known. His recent activity in national politics is taken by many politicians in New Jersey as an indication that he means to get even with Governor WILSON, who defeated his attempt to return to the Senate.
>
> Mr. SMITH is not talking for publication regarding his trip to the West, but he has talked to close political friends. He is said to have told them of the strong sentiment in the Middle West for Governor HARMON, and that he found no WILSON sentiment there. Mr. SMITH himself is for Governor HARMON, and looks upon Representative OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD, of Alabama, as an ideal man for the second place on the national ticket.
>
> Mr. SMITH is said to have learned while in the West that among the anti-WILSON Democrats there is a strong sentiment for UNDERWOOD. It is understood that the New Jersey boss has argued with some of the men favoring UNDERWOOD that it would be easier to raise a campaign fund with HARMON as the candidate than it would be with UNDERWOOD. He has also argued, in exchange of confidences with his friends, that a division can be figured by which Governor WILSON will lose Alabama and Georgia in the convention.
>
> Among the statesmen with whom the ex-Senator communed regarding the state of the Union and prospective campaign funds, the *Times* names the Hon. ROGER SULLIVAN, of Illinois, the Hon. JERRY B. SULLIVAN, of Iowa, the Hon. DANIEL J. CAMPAU, of Michigan, and the Hon. THOMAS TAGGART, of Indiana. The report continues:
>
> It is said that in the East Mr. SMITH counts very largely on the New York leaders and on the assistance of National Chairman NORMAN E. MACK. There have been persistent rumors that Mr. SMITH and Mr. MACK figured in a recent conference of party leaders in New York, and the candidate for President on the ticket for 1912 is said to have received much attention.

And concludes:

> The former New Jersey Senator is credited with being the main factor behind an anti-WILSON movement with the chief purpose of systematically stilling the WILSON sentiment throughout the country, but more especially in the Middle West and in the South.

It will be seen, therefore, that the ex-Senator was, in a sense, on trial in the recent election, not before the people, of course, but in the eyes of his illustrious confrères. Clearly, as we have already observed, he qualified as the leader of the bosses in their great movement to bottle up the Democratic party. From this time forward we shall expect to see him receive from his comrades, as we ourselves shall cheerfully accord him, faithful recognition. We begin immediately by sternly rebuking the *Evening Post* for saying that "it would certainly be a queer reason for opposing WILSON as a candidate for the Presidency, to allege that he had suffered locally from the vengeance of a boss whose power he had defied and broken," and the Springfield *Republican* for declaring that "the fairest inference is that the Democratic party ought to be proud of Governor WILSON because of the enemies he has made." Such talk is unbecoming and tends to disrupt the magnificent organization which has lost the last four national elections. The people must be saved from themselves at all hazards, personal grievances must be heeded in selecting a candidate for President, a barrel must be opened to "keep the organization together," bosses must stand or fall together, "demagogues" must be crushed, "open mouths" must be closed, private arrangements with the other side must be inviolate; tradition, in a word, must be respected—all in the name of THOMAS JEFFERSON. Hail, then, to the new chief, the Boss of bosses, the combiner of all forces opposed to the one man who stands forth pre-eminent as the tribune of the whole people!

NOVEMBER 25, 1911

He Takes a Lot of Killing

We do not wonder at a certain acerbity in the criticism Governor WILSON gets from such as began some time ago to be sure of the imminence of his downfall. His behavior has certainly been most inconsiderate of the feelings of people committed to that view of his career. Although he has been in office less than a year, he has maliciously contrived an extraordinary number of disappointments to their reasonable expectations.

Some of them began to form such expectations even before he went into office. They were quite sure, and naturally so, that when it came to regular campaigning and stump-speaking before miscellaneous audiences the scholarly and academic gentleman would be disgusted himself and fail entirely to get in touch with the crowds that curiosity would bring out to hear him. But he inconsiderately threw himself into this experience with positive enjoyment, and he developed a ready sympathy with the temper and the intellectual demands of his fellow-Jerseymen that was, to say the least, contrary to all the accepted traditions concerning fastidious scholars in contact with plain business men and working-men.

Of course, however, when he was actually in office he was going to prove indulgent to the wishes of the persons who had always run things and who had taken him up and nominated him simply to conciliate respectable people. He was well-meaning, no doubt, but what could he do against the really practical politicians who were using him? Well, he was this time quite as inconsiderate of the practical politicians as of the people who saw so clearly that he was going to be a mere figurehead. He not only announced at once that he was going to exercise the party leadership to which he had been chosen, but he did exercise it to an extent quite unprecedented. The gentlemen who were going to manage him were cruelly disappointed at his irregularity and forsook him in disgust, even leaving him unaided to make his appointments and abandoning the high places to which they had generously meant to let him help them to climb.

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But then there was the legislature and the Utopian legislative programme which he had gone about the state assuring people that he and his party really intended to put through. There, of course, would be the end of him—the end of taking him seriously. The old hands would never dream of letting him put through such a thing as the promised election law, or direct primaries, or a law to regulate public-service corporations that might really force the corporations to pay some attention. Yet at this crisis his contumacy was worse than ever. He was no longer merely inconsiderate; he was persistently and systematically outrageous of all precedents. And successfully, too; that was the worst of it. He not only defied the machines of both parties and insisted on keeping his own party's pledges, but he carried the legislature with him. He got that preposterously honest programme through, and the legislature adjourned without a bit of conciliatory jobbery such as the old hands of course expected.

It was the same way when he went out West speech-making. There were two blunders of contradictory character, but both inevitable, which he declined to make. He did not, in excessive eagerness to conciliate a supposed Western sentiment, come out for the recall of judges. He did not, to show his independence, disregard and antagonize Western sentiment. He merely remained himself and talked his convictions and took the West sympathetically—and the West accepted him with astonishing readiness of comprehension.

His latest feat of contrariety is his worst. This time he went beyond his usual practice of giving people every reason to foresee his collapse. He let them see it. Gentlemen who had all along predicted it now at last announced it. But he capped the climax by repudiating his repudiation—he and his friends also. He and they refused to accept even the positive announcement of his downfall. They pointed out that it was not he, but his enemies, who had been really beaten, really repudiated. They proved that the results of the election showed him to be really as strong as ever. Then it also promptly appeared that his friends and supporters throughout the country, instead of deserting him, were actually stirred to a still more ardent activity in his behalf.

No wonder such a man has sarcastic critics. His persistent and obstinate refusal to accept the logical downfalls they predict for him is not merely unreasonable, but exasperating.

DECEMBER 2, 1911

The Voice of the East

All over the country the editors of newspapers are now discussing the Wilson movement. You find opinions expressed in the metropolitan journals and in the country weeklies. You find them in the magazines, in trade publications, and in religious journals, as well as in the daily press.

Taken altogether, these expressions leave no possibility of doubt of the universality and the vitality of the Wilson movement.

This sentiment is not purchased sentiment. It couldn't be bought with the biggest campaign fund ever gotten together.

It is simply the spontaneous, honest opinions of the men who are sitting at the newspaper desks in every city and town in the country—men who are trying to determine the pulse and convictions of the people, and to find the man who will best represent those convictions as the executive head of the nation.

You can sometimes buy individual newspaper men. You can sometimes buy individual newspapers. You can sometimes buy the support of nearly all the newspapers in one town.

But nobody would believe that you could buy newspapers from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, newspapers in county-seats and in state capitals, newspapers that cater to the farmers and others that cater to the factory employees, newspapers in the mining districts and in the lumber districts, newspapers in the mountains and on the prairies, newspapers that are satisfied with some hundreds of readers and others that boast of hundreds of thousands of readers.

Yet fully as comprehensive as all this is the newspaper support that is being given to Governor Wilson for the Presidency.

But newspaper support in itself is not of primary significance. You must go back of the newspapers to find out what is really going on.

The average editor will hesitate a long time before he advocates the candidacy of a man whom he believes to be out of sympathy with the readers of his newspaper. He feels that his readers are his neighbors and friends and he has no desire to antagonize them. He talks with them, receives letters from them, hears from them through his reporters, listens to their discussions in the public places. He feels the sting of their criticisms and rejoices over their commendations. He likes to feel that his newspaper is "in touch" with the community in which he lives.

Unconsciously he is influenced by the views of those with whom he is so intimately associated. Unconsciously he learns to think as they think and to feel as they feel, and presently the sentiments of his clientele become his sentiments, and the first thing he knows he is putting those ideas into his newspaper. So that, speaking generally, the views of an editor are representative of the views of his neighbors and friends, of the readers of his newspaper, if you will.

And thus it is fair to presume that the overwhelming newspaper support of Governor Woodrow Wilson from one end of the country to the other is merely an expression of the universal desire of the people of the United States that Governor Wilson be called to the leadership of his party in the next Presidential campaign.—*Trenton "True American."*

DECEMBER 9, 1911

New Jersey and the Boss of Bosses

My, but our philosopher and friend of the envied poise, Colonel GEORGE HARVEY of HARPER'S WEEKLY, discoverer and custodian o the WILSON boom, is becoming peeved. This New Jersey boss, JIM SMITH, who made Mr. WILSON Governor and was stung by the hand, etc., turned the state over to the Republicans, and a lot of newspapers, including the *Sun* which shines for all, have insisted that the return of New Jersey to the Republicans was a repudiation of the Democracy's favorite son for President.—*Watertown Standard.*

Here are the majorities for Assemblymen as shown by the official returns for the past three years:

	1909	1910	1911
Essex County.....	7,860 R	4,939 D	7,288 R
Other counties.....	33,642 R	9,531 D	10,388 D
Totals.....	41,502 R	14,470 R	3,100 D

There is the whole story. Despite the great help of Mr. WILSON'S personal candidacy in 1910, resulting in a plurality of 50,000 for Governor, the Democratic Assembly majorities outside of Essex County show an actual increase of 457 votes in 1911 over 1910. Those candidates were supported by Governor WILSON. The candidates in Essex were not. They were nominated by ex-Senator SMITH'S machine and pledged to oppose Governor WILSON'S proposals. Result:

Democratic *loss* in Mr. SMITH'S county.....	12,227
Democratic *gain* in other counties.....	457
Net Democratic loss	11,770

And yet the state went Democratic by more than three thousand as against a Republican majority in 1909 of 41,502. Be its remembered, too, that but for the treachery in Essex County the Democrats would have won both Houses of the legislature for the first time in twenty years. It is easy enough now to see who knocked out that 40,000 Republican majority in 1910, as well as whose policies won public favor in 1911. The Boss of bosses may derive happiness from having gratified a personal grudge at the expense of his party, but if he can find any ground for pride in the size of his own following he is, indeed, a wonder.

Oh yes, Mr. Watertown Standard, the vote in New Jersey was in fact a "repudiation," and a mighty sharp one, too. But it was repudiation of JAMES SMITH, JR., not of WOODROW WILSON, as you will see when New Jersey rolls up another 50,000 majority for him for President next year.

No Occasion for Alarm

Mr. NUGENT, former chairman of the Democratic State Committee of New Jersey, declares that he will see to it that delegates favorable to the nomination of Governor WILSON for President do not get to the national convention from that state. Both NUGENT and ex-Senator JAMES SMITH, Jr., are believed to be HARMON men.—*Springfield Republican.*

So! Well, the Democrats of New Jersey will have an opportunity to choose between Mr. NUGENT and Mr. WILSON in the Presidential primary. The result will speak for itself. Have no uneasiness, Mr. Republican!

Not Inexperienced and not Misunderstood

One of CLEVELAND'S biographers gives a conversation with him that bears quite logically on the present preliminary campaign for the Presidency. CLEVELAND was asked if he did not feel that he had been unfortunate in coming to the Presidency without the long experience in national politics which most Presidents had enjoyed. He answered no; that any disadvantage he had suffered from on that score was fully offset by his coming in free from the political debts and bargains and compromises and commitments which such careers almost invariably entail. It was, in fact, rather fortunate that his experience as an Executive had been in a different field.

It was also, no doubt, thought by many that the people of the country did not understand him and what he stood for nearly so well as they ought to; but that also proved a mistake; the election returns did not sustain it.

Some people are making the same two mistakes about WOODROW WILSON. His experience has been, in fact, exceptionally well adapted to fit him for the real requirements of the Presidency. Compare it in that respect not only with CLEVELAND'S, but with LINCOLN'S—never a national figure until two years before his election. Yet it leaves him extraordinarily free—free to obey his own convictions, free to serve the true needs of his countrymen. And his countrymen do understand him and what he stands for—better, we believe, than at the corresponding stage they understood CLEVELAND or even LINCOLN. His outspokenness and the uncommonly significant and revealing character of his public acts have made it easy to understand him. Straw ballots and newspaper comments are, no doubt, frequently misleading tests of public opinion concerning public men. So, too, are "many letters" from writers already committed to a particular leader. But there are always a few men exceptionally clever at getting at the drift of opinion and sentiment. CROKER, it is said, used to take to the smoking-rooms of the cars when he wanted to find what people were thinking. One such man, not committed to WILSON, and apparently, indeed, rather surprised at his own discoveries, reports from a Southern state that by the careful estimate he has been making WILSON led his closest competitor by about eight out of ten. "The people," he says, "like Mr. WILSON'S aggressiveness. They consider him honorable, upright, and courageous." Still more striking is the discovery that he is peculiarly strong with a certain particularly thoughtful kind of voters; for precisely the same thing has been discovered in the West.

It is always dangerous to make any judgment or calculation on the theory that Americans are either slow or stupid when it comes to understanding character, to discerning the true quality of a public man. They are not infallible, but that is the best thing they do, and they do it better and more promptly than most politicians suppose.

JULY 13, 1912

The Issue Joined

After much hemming and hawing, the Democrats rose to the occasion at Baltimore and nominated their strongest candidate. Granting the probability of the election this year of any reputable statesman who could hold substantially the full support of his party, there can be no doubt that WOODROW WILSON will poll at least half a million more votes than any other whose name was presented for consideration.

The nomination of a conservative, however liberal-minded, would have served only to open the door to Mr. ROOSEVELT. A "dark horse" would have been laughed off the track. Mr. BRYAN himself was a hack. Intelligent choice, therefore, was restricted to Speaker CLARK, the sturdy representative of the Old Order, and Governor WILSON, the virile champion of the New. The basis of Mr. CLARK'S majority in the convention was appreciation of true worth and services rendered, supplemented by strong personal attachments. The foundation of Mr. WILSON'S two-thirds was the feeling that he was a winner, enhanced by admiration of his exceptional intellectual capacity, consideration of his freedom from entanglements, and respect for his moral courage. As between the two, the correctness of the ultimate decision, from the standpoint of availability, is beyond question. If the Democrats cannot elect WOODROW WILSON, they could not elect anybody.

No Democratic national canvass since JACKSON'S has been inaugurated more auspiciously. The points of vantage may be summarized briefly as follows:

A Democratic year. The people are disgusted with the Republican party and eager for a change.

Disruption of the opposition. The differences of the two wings, for the first time since the Republican party was born, are irreconcilable.

An open and honest convention. In marked contrast with the doings at Chicago, there was at Baltimore no arbitrary action on behalf of one candidate and no suggestion of bribery in the interest of another.

The main issue. At last the line is sharply drawn between excessive protection and a revenue tariff.

An unpledged candidate. Nobody pretends that Mr. WILSON is under the slightest obligation to any man or group of men for his nomination.

Elimination of bosses. So far from catering to

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Drawn by C. J. Budd

OUR MRS. PARTINGTONS AND THE DEMOCRATIC OCEAN

FROM "HARPER'S WEEKLY" OF NOVEMBER 2, 1912

those accustomed to control, Mr. WILSON defied them. He had not hesitated to denounce Mr. MURPHY, Mr. SULLIVAN, and Mr. TAGGART by name. His sole appeal was to Public Opinion.

Removal of the blight of Bryanism. Mr. WILSON owes nothing to the marplot who schemed to obtain the nomination for himself. Nor is he bound in any way to recognize the vagaries which for so long have discredited the party in the estimation of the country.

Independent support. Almost without exception, the powerful public journals have already pledged the exercise of their utmost endeavors on behalf of the Democratic standard-bearer.

Moral sentiment. The wide-spread revulsion of conscientious citizens against political depravity which Mr. ROOSEVELT has tried with consummate skill to capitalize for his own advancement now inures to the advantage of Governor WILSON, to the great relief of millions who distrusted ROOSEVELT but knew not where else to turn.

A vivid personality. Mr. WILSON has demonstrated matchless power of effective appeal to the masses generally, and to active, enthusiastic, younger men in particular. This means that his canvass will be surcharged with the same electrical, persuasive energy which achieved his nomination.

Such are some of the weighty influences whose tacit recognition has already induced a common belief that Mr. WILSON's election is a virtual certainty. It is our own prudent judgment, uninfluenced by the billowy enthusiasm of the moment, that he will win. And yet the possibilities ever attendant upon the performance of a great political drama are not to be ignored with impunity. Many a Democrat has been elected in July, only to be buried under an avalanche of votes in November. Mr. TAFT's prospects are now at their lowest ebb. First driven by treachery and shameful abuse to the extreme of undignified personal defense, then fought with unexampled bitterness in his contest for a deserved renomination, and now confronting not only an open detachment from his own ranks, but also a most resourceful and daring Democratic opponent, his record of accomplishments upon which he must ultimately rely is for the moment eclipsed. But the fact that few Presidents have rendered more valuable service under trying conditions remains. Mr. TAFT's fidelity, his conscientious endeavors, his singleness of unselfish purpose, his purity of intent, his notable achievements, are forgotten only for the time. They will be recalled with gratitude and emphasized with effect.

The value of experience to the mind of the country also is to be reckoned with. Since 1884 no man who had not rendered service in the federal government has been elected President. May it not be possible that, in the final judgment, the advantages necessarily derived from actual practice will be accorded serious consideration? How thoroughly the people are convinced of the practical efficiency of President TAFT's policies and methods with respect to our present problems is undoubtedly a question, but such as they are they at least stand revealed by application, and are no longer subjects of speculation or foolish fears. The temper of the people, we take it, is now strong for change, even though it be experimental, but craving for novelty often subsides under the proverbial sober second thought.

As a matter of history, moreover, nobody since JACKSON has been elected President who did not hold the confidence of that great and powerful group commonly referred to as the business men of the country. If there is any serious menace to the present growing prospects of Governor WILSON, we should say that it lies in apprehension of official acts, springing from praiseworthy aspirations, which might tend to retard restoral of general prosperity. That Mr. WILSON will avail himself of the first opportunity to make evident that there is no real cause for such solicitude may, however, in our judgment, be assumed with confidence.

Finally, the Republican party is not dead. Though seemingly sleeping for the moment, it will soon be as wide awake and determined to win as ever before in its successful career. And it is still the strongest, most compact, best equipped, and most skilfully directed political organization the world has ever known.

The menace of ROOSEVELT, we rejoice to believe, is removed, but none can gainsay that his activities will inject a new and perplexing factor into the contest. Will his candidacy serve only to weaken Mr. TAFT, or will it attract a sufficient number of radicals from both parties to upset all calculations? These are pregnant questions to which, in our opinion, answers cannot now be made with any degree of certainty.

One feature of the situation at least is peculiarly gratifying. In view of the sharply defined issues and the repute of the two leading candidates, there is every reason to expect that this will be a campaign of ideas which, though illuminative and exhilarating, will be conducted upon a high plane and kept free from personalities such as in times past have reflected discredit upon American citizenship.

JULY 20, 1912

Not a Kick, Just a Hint

Chairman HILLES's initial pronunciamento begins like a dirge. "The Republican party," he says, "approaches the Presidential campaign with confidence in the solemnity of its cause." We guess it does. If ever there was a time when confidence that gloom o'ershadows all was warranted by the facts, this is it. Nevertheless, Mr. HILLES bucks up and says, stoutly:

> More has been accomplished in the last three years under the administration of President TAFT than was ever before accomplished by an American President in the same period of time.

Oh, come! Everybody knows that Mr. TAFT has done the best he could, and has really accomplished quite a lot, as we have had occasion to remark more than once. But if Mr. HILLES will take a look into WOODROW WILSON'S *History of the American People*—one of the very best histories printed, believe *us*—he will discover that there was considerable doing in the last three years of LINCOLN'S term, to say nothing of a few others'.

Anyway, we are cheered by the reflection that "Upon the solid rock of the rights of the individual as granted by the Constitution the Republican party builds its structure of optimism." The party couldn't do better. That is one of our very best rocks, quite capable of upholding all the gaiety that Mr. HILLES has now or is likely to have for some time to come. But see what the wicked Democrats are up to! "Such liberties," declares Mr. HILLES, firmly, "are now assailed by those who advocate the overthrow of the independence of the judiciary."

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Quite true ! We concur heartily. But who advocates it? Not the Democratic candidate. He is as sot as the meetin'-house against the recall of judges. Who, then? T. R.? Well, of all things, don't call him a Democrat!

Better keep in the furrow, Mr. HILLES. Humbug is going to get short shrift in this campaign.

Enthusiasm for Wilson

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, *July 2, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have read HARPER'S almost every week since 1900, not so much for the political suggestions as for the wit and humor of your editorials whether in favor of a man or idea or against them. When you picked Wilson as "a winner" a year or two before the last Democratic convention, I did not think you would prove to be a good prophet. I did not then know the Princeton reformer, but all of us have come to see that you were right and I doff my hat to HARPER'S. Your judgment of men proved to be admirable. Almost every one here, whether in academic circles or not, and regardless of political creed, is enthusiastic about Wilson's nomination at Baltimore, and many Republicans joined Democrats in telegrams to Bryan and others in the convention urging the nomination of the New Jersey Governor. For my part it seems that the Democratic party has won a new lease of life by this wise and progressive move. Public opinion in this part of Chicago is well-nigh unanimous for him. You deserve much of the Republic for calling its attention to this remarkable leader and statesman.

I am, sir,

WILLIAM E. DODD.

JULY 27, 1912.

To Resign or Not to Resign

The resignation of Governor WILSON has not yet been received. It is curious how many good reasons can be found for not doing a thing which one does not want to do.—*Newark "Sunday Call."*

There is no personal reason why Governor WILSON should resign if he doesn't want to. Governor CLEVELAND didn't. Party considerations, however, deserve to be and apparently are being taken into account. If Mr. WILSON should resign now, New Jersey would almost surely elect a Democrat as his successor in November, for a full term of three years. If he should resign after November 5th, the president of the state Senate would succeed him for the unexpired term of one year. The present Senate is Republican. Whether the next one will be is a question. The chances seem to be about even. Advice in such a case amounts to little, because the advisers are pretty certain to recommend either what they themselves want or what they think the recipient wants. It is a question which Mr. WILSON will have to decide for himself. Whichever determination he reaches can evoke no just criticism.

AUGUST 3, 1912.

A Response in Advance

The Baltimore *Evening News* quotes the following from the Democratic platform:

We believe in the preservation and maintenance in their full strength and integrity of the three coordinate branches of the federal government—the executive, the legislative, and the judicial, each keeping within his own bounds and not encroaching upon the just powers of either of the others.

It then inquires:

This plank virtually pledges Governor WILSON, in event of his election, to keep his hands off the legislative branch of government. It cannot mean anything else if it is to mean anything at all.

Now, what is he to do as President? Will he agree to the pledge of his party platform not to interfere with the intents and purposes of Congress, or will he repudiate that plank and use the "big stick"?

On August 20, 1911, Mr. WILSON was quoted in this journal as follows:

When I was running for Governor I frankly said that, if elected, I should take my election as a mandate to lead; a declaration by the people of New Jersey that I was required to be the leader of the state, the single lever for the executive control of its government. My opponent said that, if elected, he intended to be a "constitutional" Governor, that he would make recommendations to the legislature, and then leave the legislature alone to decide whether his recommendations should be carried into effect. I said that if that was what was meant by being a "constitutional" Governor I intended, if elected, to be an "unconstitutional" Governor; for I should hold that I had a mandate from the people of the state not only to recommend reforms, but to use every honorable means in my power to have them made into laws. I offered myself as a leader and the people of New Jersey accepted my offer.

That is the answer.

Big Politics

Dr. WILSON'S election means—
If Dr. WILSON were elected—
In short, were Dr. WILSON elected—
As with the tariff, if Dr. WILSON were elected—
Dr. WILSON has been at the head—
While Dr. WILSON has been Governor—

T. R. *in the "Outlook."*

WOODROW WILSON has been the head of the New Jersey state government for nearly two years. Most people refer to him as Governor. But not your canny THEODORE. Why? do you suppose. The answer is easy. It is because he thinks the Plain People distrust all high-brows or learned men as being out of touch with themselves, and so he shrewdly utilizes every opportunity to recall to their minds the fact that the Democratic candidate was once a college professor. Ain't he the cute one?

AUGUST 10, 1912.

In Fine Form

Marse HENRY is in fine form again. For the time being he is out of the awful slough of Kentucky politics that no one but a Kentuckian understands, and speaks again on outside topics. Hear him:

WOODROW WILSON could not escape election if he tried. He will sweep the country. We engage to bet the *Sun*, state by state, a dinner on each state that he carries every state in the Union.

That's a bet of upward of fifty dinners. Think of the fine constitutional stability of a man who would bet fifty dinners on one election; all of them, of course, to be paid for and eaten.

Again he says:

Either the writer of the *World's* tariff articles should be "bored for the simples," or else holes should be dug in the golden dome to let the darkness out.

That is because the *World* has not squared with what the ranking Colonel in all Kentucky conceives to be sound Democratic doctrine on the tariff. The language in which General SHERMAN defined war suffices Colonel WATTERSON to define the protective tariff, and any Democrat who varies much from that definition had better not let Marse HENRY catch him.

"The Commoner's" Future

Speculation as to happenings to follow November 5th strikes us as somewhat premature, but the following from the observant Savannah *News* is worth passing notice:

There is speculation as to whether or not Mr. BRYAN would be offered a place in the Cabinet if Governor WILSON should be elected President. The fact that he has contributed one thousand dollars to the Democratic campaign fund will have the effect probably of stimulating this speculation.

Governor WILSON would undoubtedly feel under considerable obligation to Mr. BRYAN, but he isn't the sort of a man to let a personal obligation of any sort interfere with what he believed to be his duty to himself, his party, and the people generally. If he believed that Mr. BRYAN was the best man in the party for Secretary of State or Secretary of the Treasury or for any other Cabinet position he wouldn't hesitate to invite him into his Cabinet, not because of any service he might have rendered him in getting the nomination at Baltimore or in the campaign, but simply because of his ability to contribute to the success of his administration.

As a matter of fact, Governor WILSON owes nothing to Mr. BRYAN thus far. Mr. BRYAN didn't advocate his nomination. He planned to bring about his own nomination at Baltimore, and his plan failed, mainly because the WILSON boom got away from him. In the campaign that is just beginning Mr. BRYAN may render such good service that he may place his party under obligation to him, but if he does, Governor WILSON will not sacrifice any personal or party interest to reward him. In shaping his administration, in the event of his election, he will regard Mr. BRYAN as only so much material available for the positions to be filled.

It is close to the bull's-eye, in our cautious judgment.

An English View by Sydney Brooks

One of the pleasantest results of Mr. Woodrow Wilson's nomination—I am looking at it from a purely British standpoint—is that there is now at last some chance of placing the relations between the Democratic party and the outside world on a basis of mutual understanding. For the past sixteen years the Democrats have been as much alienated from foreign as from American opinion; but to-day, in Great Britain at any rate, through all the innumerable comments evoked by the Chicago and Baltimore conventions, there runs a clear strain of congratulation on the all-round improvement in Democratic prospects and policies.

The weakness of many American public men is that they have never been grounded in the fundamentals of political science. They rarely impart the sense of a solid, mellow background of reading, culture, and philosophy. Their politics is usually the politics of personalities and committee-rooms. It seemed to me no small part of Governor Wilson's strength that he had not only as a student got to the bottom of things, had not only as a writer and professor applied his knowledge to the discussion, criticism, and illumination of tangible measures and events, had not only superadded a sustained and all-round experience in the daily work of administering a great university, but also that he was a man whose politics was the politics of ideas and of their embodiment in legislation. If he is elected in November, as I take it for granted he will be, the White House for the first time since the Civil War, and for the second time in American history, will be occupied by one who may fairly be called a political thinker. In talking politics with Governor Wilson one instinctively talks not of men, but of measures; not of "politics," but of the ways and means of statesmanship. His campaign for the Governorship of New Jersey seemed to me of a character unique in American electioneering. There was none of the usual party claptrap and vituperation, no effort to keep alive meaningless party lines and traditions, no dealing in sonorous generalities. From first to last Mr. Wilson appealed to reason and to conscience. He discussed nothing but specific and ponderable issues, and on each one of them he showed just where he stood. In language that the most ignorant could understand and the most fastidious could appreciate and be stirred by, with innumerable happy side flashes of humor and illustration, keeping always to a high elevation of thought and feeling and practicality, and eloquent with the eloquence that is only born of conviction and sincerity, Mr. Wilson laid bare the abuses of New Jersey politics and industrial organization, clearly outlined his programme for their reform, and asked from all who cared for the good name of their state the support that would enable him to carry it out. Republicans and Democrats flocked to the meetings of this university president who saw and spoke so clearly and stated what he proposed to do so frankly and modestly; Republicans and Democrats joined on polling-day in electing him by a triumphant majority. To-day for the first time since I, at any rate, have had the pleasure of knowing it, New Jersey is a self-governing state and its statute-book is beginning to show some approach to justice and humanity and some appreciation of the requirements of a modern community. Even in England we were able to follow the Governor's fight with the machine with intelligence and understanding.

I do not think that since his election Mr. Wilson has done or said anything that did not show the real stuff of statesmanship. For all his years in the lecture-room there is nothing "donnish" about him. His manner is utterly unpretentious, even in its geniality; his rich, clear flow of talk is flecked with a sunny and spontaneous humor; his whole bearing speaks of alertness, zest, and of confident energy guided by patient reflectiveness. I do not know any American with a wider or a sharper vision or one so intolerant of shams, haziness, and the specious forms and aspects of things that pass muster as realities. If any one can knit the heterogeneous units of the Democratic party into a single, effective whole, it is surely he; and, like all other Englishmen, I should like to offer my congratulations to his countrymen on bringing forward such a man at such an hour.

AUGUST 17, 1912

Progress of the Campaign

It was a thoroughly democratic and very polite audience of some thousands that gathered at Sea Girt to listen to Governor WILSON'S soothing speech of acceptance. Senator JAMES, in making the formal notification, took occasion to lambaste the predatories in true Kentucky fashion, but the candidate abused nobody, criticized gently, and generally took a markedly philosophical view of conditions and needs. Indeed, his speech primarily was most noticeable for what he refrained from saying. He hardly mentioned the Republican party and he paid no attention whatever to the BRYAN platform. If he felt that Mr. TAFT had shown poor taste, to put it mildly, in trying to link him with ROOSEVELT, he gave no sign. He made good his initial statement that he should speak "not to catch votes, but to satisfy the thought and conscience of a people deeply stirred by the conviction that they have come to a critical turning-point in their moral and political development." He outlined no programme; he hardly touched upon specific issues; he merely portrayed in clear and beautiful phrase the crux of his own beliefs. And the key of his appealing utterance was the spirit, not of strife and destruction, but of patriotic co-operation.

"The Nation," he declared, "has been unnecessarily, unreasonably at war within itself, when there were common principles of right and of fair dealing which might and should have bound them all together, not as rivals, but as partners. As the servants of all, we are bound to undertake the great duty of accommodation and adjustment."

Instead of urging citizens, as Mr. TAFT urged them, to vote in a certain way to win back prosperity, he pointed the wider way.

"What we are seeking," he said, "is not destruction of any kind, nor the destruction of any sound or honest thing, but merely the rule of right and of common advantage." Again, "It would be a chapter of readjustment, not of pain and rough disturbance." And again, "Our task now is to effect a great adjustment, and get the forces of the whole people once more into play. We need no revolution; we need no excited change; we need only a new point of view and a new method and spirit of counsel."

He paid an ungrudging, though perhaps unconscious, tribute to the chief achievement of the TAFT administration in proving to business men that rigid enforcement of laws is not necessarily incompatible with business good and business success.

"It is a happy omen," he remarked, "that their

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attitude has changed. They now see that what is right can hurt no man; that a new adjustment of interests is inevitable and desirable in the interest of everybody; that their own honor, their own intelligence, their own practical comprehension of affairs, are involved. They are beginning to adjust their business to the new standards."

He regarded the tariff from the same viewpoint. After declaring with emphasis that "there should be an immediate revision, and it should be downward, unhesitatingly and steadily downward," he defined the correct method as follows:

"It should begin with the schedules which have been most obviously used to kill competition and to raise prices in the United States, arbitrarily and without regard to the prices pertaining elsewhere in the markets of the world; and it should, before it is finished or intermitted, be extended to every item in every schedule which affords any opportunity for monopoly, for special advantage to limited groups of beneficiaries, or for subsidized control of any kind in the markets or the enterprises of the country; until special favors of every sort shall have been absolutely withdrawn and every part of our laws of taxation shall have been transformed from a system of governmental patronage into a system of just and reasonable charges which shall fall where they will create the least burden. When we shall have done that, we can fix questions of revenue and of business adjustment in a new spirit and with clear minds. We shall then be partners with all the business men of the country, and a day of freer, more stable prosperity shall have dawned."

There may be a way to take reasonable exception to this proposal, but if so it is yet to be discovered by the Republican papers which have undertaken to find a basis of criticism.

The most important phase of Governor WILSON'S declaration is that which bears upon his personal attitude. These are his words:

"We represent the desire to set up an unentangled government, a government that cannot be used for private purposes, either in the field of business or in the field of politics; a government that will not tolerate the use of the organization of a great party to serve the personal aims and ambitions of any individual, and that will not permit legislation to be employed to further any private interest. It is a great conception, but I am free to serve it, as you also are. I could not have accepted a nomination which left me bound to any man or any group of men. No man can be just who is not free, and no man who has to show favors ought to undertake the solemn responsibility of government in any rank or post whatever, least of all in the supreme post of President of the United States."

They are good words, voicing a conception that is not only great but noble; and their immediate value is enhanced immeasurably by the undeniable truth of the simple declaration, "I am free." Therein lies the heart of the strength of WOODROW WILSON as a candidate before the people.

The Republican papers complain bitterly that Mr. WILSON gave them nothing that they can get hold of. It is true; he didn't. He presented his Constitution for inspection and consideration; his by-laws will be submitted later in segregated form. The method is novel, to be sure—indeed, almost "original" as the slightly dazed and wholly unoriginal BRYAN remarks—but contrasted with the customary, tiresome protestations of this, that, and all other good things under the sun it certainly impresses us, along with the public generally, as being distinctly refreshing.

AUGUST 17, 1912

A Hint, We Hope, in Time

We respectfully suggest to the directors of the Democratic canvass that WILLIAM H. TAFT is not the man whom WOODROW WILSON has to beat.

An Unusual Speech of Acceptance

The remarks of the newspapers about Governor WILSON'S speech of acceptance, particularly of such as have felt they must find fault with it, are decidedly out of the common. We all remember what was once said of another Democratic candidate: "We love him for the enemies he has made." Similarly, even if one had not read Governor WILSON'S speech, one would be disposed to like it for the kind of criticism it has provoked.

What is said of it by the opposing editors? So far as we have observed, there are substantially two arraignments, and for the life of us we cannot find them very withering. The Governor's address is found to be gentlemanly! It is also found to be modest! It departs egregiously from our present-day usage by avoiding epithets and violence. It also sinks contemptibly below the accepted standard for candidates in that it does not even pretend to solve all our problems and offer remedies for all our ills. Let us concede at once—for, indeed, we must—that both these criticisms are correct. There is no denying them. The speech, inexplicable as it seems, was entirely polite, perfectly well-bred, and dignified. Stranger still, it actually contained such astounding confessions as that there were things the candidate did not know all about, and that he felt the need of counsel and meant to seek it!

With another utterance from another candidate ringing almost simultaneously in its ears, what could the country think of such an attitude? Could it feel otherwise than disappointed? Could it possibly value six thousand quiet words set against twenty thousand loud ones? Could it afford to listen to a man who promised but few things and confessed his limitations when here was another man gifted with omniscience and promising everything?

Well, surprisingly enough, it would—and we think it did. Governor WILSON has successfully employed a method of oratory and of leadership which has many times proved its efficiency. In a time of turmoil and blatancy he has made himself heard by forbearing to shout. In a time of scrambling self-assertion, of unlimited panaceas and programmes, he has made himself impressive by his unpretentiousness, convincing by his self-restraint.

What Wilson Promises

So much for what the Democratic candidate refrains from saying—for that is practically the sole burden of his opponents' criticism. It is almost entirely negative. Rarely, indeed, has so important a public utterance evoked such wide-spread approval of what it did contain.

And it contained much. Moderate as it was in length, and quiet in manner, it succeeded in confessing an ample political faith and in outlining a comprehensive purpose. It interpreted—we believe correctly—the temper of the time, and correctly described the state of the country. Becoming constructive and practical, it then dealt, as it should have done, not with specific measures, but with policies. The sum of its achievement was this: that it gave us all to understand what kind of an administration of our affairs we may expect if Governor WILSON shall be President, and if his party shall follow where he leads.

We may expect readjustment, but not revolution. That is the keynote of the whole—"a new point of view and a new method and spirit of counsel," but no "excited change." Governor WILSON is for meeting the changed conditions of our life candidly, and with new laws—radical laws, if you please—but not with a new and strange form of government.

We may expect the one great reform we have fully discussed and resolved on—tariff revision downward—made, indeed, without vindictiveness or violence; but, nevertheless, "unhesitatingly and steadily downward."

We may expect a policy with the trusts and other great industrial combinations and confederacies equally firm for justice, yet equally free from any impulse of mere destructiveness; laws to prevent and punish unfairness and wrongdoing, but none against mere bigness, none to arrest the natural course of economic development.

We may expect a conservation policy which will conserve without mere hoarding; which will prevent waste and robbery of our natural wealth, but permit and encourage the proper use of it.

We may expect a revision of our laws of currency and banking, to make our system more elastic, more modern and scientific, and more responsive to all the needs of business.

We may expect, if we ourselves have the virtue to play our part in the change, the proper working of representative government—the true "rule of the people" through public servants brought again into a right sense of loyalty to the entire public. And in the highest place of all, we may expect a leadership at once resolute and entirely democratic; ready to learn and be advised, but of good faith and courage; a leadership by consent and counsel, but nevertheless an authoritative and fearless spokesmanship of the people.

That is what we understand Governor WILSON to have resolved and promised when he accepted the nomination for the Presidency and the headship of his party.

AUGUST 24, 1912.

As to Mr. Schiff

The *Tribune* wants to know "just how far west of the Hudson River will Governor WILSON wish to spread the glad tidings of the accession of Mr. JACOB H. SCHIFF to his standard?" And we take the liberty of replying that there is no reason why he should not rejoice to have the information spread all over the country. A better, broader, or more patriotic citizen than JACOB H. SCHIFF does not exist in these United States—and nobody knows that better than the *Tribune*. No humbug, now.

Correct

DR. WILSON, although he is an able man and no doubt regards himself as a safe man, is, nevertheless, plainly touched by the progressive disease.—*Hartford Courant.*

Touched? Why, bless you, he is incurable!

SEPTEMBER 14, 1912

Progress of the Campaign

Governor WILSON has formally opened his campaign by a short excursion into Pennsylvania and a speech before the Woodrow Wilson Workingmen's League in New York, his first political address in that city since his nomination. In Pennsylvania he was received with great enthusiasm, and although it was not on the programme that he should make any rear-platform speeches, the people insisted on his talking, and wherever the train stopped there were cheering crowds to encourage him. It was not alone the enthusiasm, which was very marked, but the thoughtful attitude of his audiences that impressed the men who were carefully watching the reception accorded the Governor. The principal speech was at Williams Grove at a farmers' picnic, and taking the Pennsylvania farmer as a rule he is hard-headed and intelligent, slow to move, but with a mind of his own, ready to listen to argument but able to think for himself. Governor WILSON has set a good many of those farmers to thinking.

At Williams Grove Governor WILSON referred to Mr. ROOSEVELT'S conversion to protection—"I say a convert because he at one time very frankly avowed a different opinion," the Governor said—and then proceeded to discuss Mr. ROOSEVELT'S rather injudicious characterization of protection as "prize money." In Vermont Mr. ROOSEVELT had told an audience that the prize money received by the manufacturers was legitimate booty. The analogy is a very interesting one, the Governor said, and he continued:

"Prize money is generally acquired by capture and not by any process of earning, but Mr. ROOSEVELT is always frank and says that his only objection to the system is that too much of the prize money remains in the hands of the officers, and too little of it is distributed to the crew. His own object, he avows, is to see to it that more of the prize money gets into the pay envelopes of those whom the freebooters employ. The interesting point I wish to raise now is, who supplies the plunder? From whom is the prize money taken? I suspect that a vast proportion of it comes out of the pockets of the farmer, unwillingly enough, no doubt, but inevitably, for I see in him that great helpless class, the unbenefited consumer."

Mr. ROOSEVELT is proud of his many gifts and accomplishments, but the thing that he takes the greatest pride in is his skill as a phrase-maker, and nothing delights him more than to rake over some one else's discarded thoughts and palm them off as something brand new. "Prize money" sounds well and is just the sort of coinage to appeal to a mixed audience, but it is going to plague its maker before the campaign is over. Sometimes Mr. ROOSEVELT unconsciously tells the truth and strips away humbug, and he has done so in this instance. Nothing could be more correct than to liken the Republican doctrine of protection—which is one of the doctrines Mr. ROOSEVELT has appropriated as his own—to "prize money," for prize money isn't money for which an equivalent is given, but is money taken by force, just as the profits allowed by protection are forcibly taken from the helpless consumer. Prize money is just a little bit more respectable than piracy, but not much, and the line is about as fine as the inordinate profits allowed by protection and the illegal gains of usury. Prize money—Mr. GEORGE W. PERKINS is a good authority on the subject, by the way—is an excellent theme for Democratic speakers, and Governor WILSON has shown his ability as a campaigner in having at once brought it to public attention.

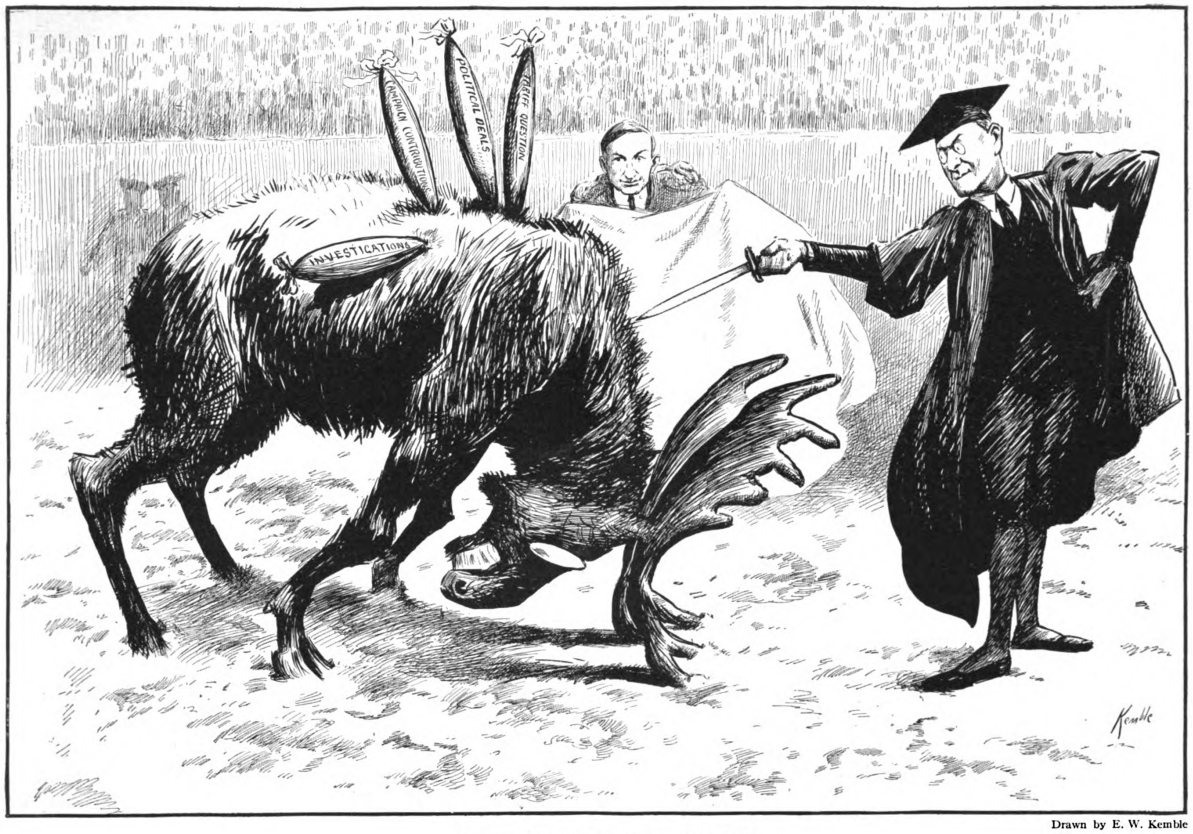
The Democratic campaign thus far has been well managed and has made good progress. The difference between the Republican, the Bull Moose, and the Democratic campaigns, and the three men who are their party representatives, is symbolized by their speeches and their actions. Mr. TAFT resorts to silence—the apathy of despair. Mr. TAFT knows that he is defeated, and he looks defeat in the face manfully and with dignified resignation. The Bull Moose fears defeat, but tries to escape from his fears in a fury of sound. He must talk, for without his talk there would be little left to the campaign, and the special correspondents attached to his show report that oxygen tanks have been installed in his private car so as to be able to pump him full of gas in case of emergency. We had a suspicion that the Bull Moose campaign was in a bad way, but when the doctors bring oxygen cylinders into the sick-room it is about time for the obituary writers to overhaul their material. Pretty soon the Colonel will be given doses of brandy under a physician's directions, and then what will Dr. LYMAN ABBOTT do and what will become of his milk certificate? Between Mr. TAFT'S grim silence and Mr. ROOSEVELT'S grotesque campaigning Governor WILSON has thus far pursued the safe middle course of a few well-phrased addresses. His speeches are not "dashing"; men do not stand on their heads, carried away by his oratory or break into song, but they go away with something to think about, and that is the test of every appeal. In this campaign the speech is the man and what he stands for and the result that is to be: Mr. TAFT speechless and the party impotent; Mr. ROOSEVELT vociferating explosively, and his party rushing about aimlessly, snatching at everything and able to hold nothing; Governor WILSON, of measured utterance, thoughtfully speaking to thoughtful men who are tired of a party that does nothing and distrustful of a party whose principles are too elastic to command respect.

SEPTEMBER 21, 1912.

Dix, Murphy, et Al.

The Democratic political episode at Syracuse was a cheap-John affair. Govenor DIX'S obvious attempt to tuck Mr. WILSON into seeming approval of his candidacy was even more discreditable than Mr. MURPHY'S cunning effort to get his picture taken in happy and helpful company.

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Drawn by E. W. Kemble

THE FINISHING TOUCH

FROM "HARPER'S WEEKLY" OF NOVEMBER 2, 1912

Governor WILSON could hardly have acted differently. One is not obliged to be a goat even to avoid seeming rudeness. But the situation itself would never have arisen if the campaign management had possessed an atom of experience or capacity. The midst of a great campaign is no time and a critical state is no place for the rousing of unnecessary antagonism through the snubbing of individuals. If Mr. WILSON feels that Governor DIX's renomination would endanger the national ticket, he has a perfect right to say so, and perhaps should say so, as in duty bound, frankly and manfully. But there is no reason why a Presidential candidate should permit himself to be dragged into factional quarrels at all either to help a local aspirant or to gratify important newspapers. When it comes to campaign management, MURPHY does not seem to hold a complete monopoly of what the *World* calls stupidity.

The Difference

The discussion of "WILSON'S second term" in HARPER'S WEEKLY seems to be about as wanton a waste of good printer's ink as anything the country has ever seen.—*The "Evening Moose-Mail."*

It may be wasteful, but it surely lacks the wantonness involved in advocating a third term for T. ROOSEVELT or anybody else.

SEPTEMBER 28, 1912

Echoes

KEEPING AT IT

In other words, Colonel Harvey raps the Democratic rainbow-chasers. He foresees danger and knows Presidential elections are not won at headquarters, at little White Houses, in twenty-eight-story buildings, nor yet on private yachts, nor in the clubs of the editorials. The colonel notes the all-wise editorials of the New York Democratic newspapers which flippantly argue that the Roosevelt movement is all froth, while their news columns note that the colonel spoke to thousands on his late tour through New England, supposedly an "enemy's country" for T. R.

Meanwhile, he is doing his level best to stir the Democratic directors to work—*Johnston "Tribune."*

TWO PREDICTIONS

HARPER'S WEEKLY warns the Democrats not to underestimate the strength of the Bull Moose, intimating that he may be a closer competitor than Taft. Colonel Harvey has proved himself something of a political prophet in the past, but it does not follow that he understands the situation in the country at large in 1912 as he did the situation in New Jersey in 1910, when he predicted the election of Wilson as Governor by substantially the majority which he actually received. Unless the Republican party has gone to pieces completely, Taft will get practically all the electoral votes that do not go to Governor Wilson.—*San Antonio "Express."*

THE MAN TO BEAT

In a recent issue, HARPER'S WEEKLY makes this wise suggestion:

"We respectfully suggest to the directors of the Democratic canvass that William H. Taft is not the man whom Woodrow Wilson has to beat."

It is well to reiterate that those who are in the habit of belittling the efforts of Theodore Roosevelt, blusterer and bluffer though he be, will probably be very much surprised at the result of the November election.

Judging from conditions as they exist now, as far as it is humanly possible to forecast elections, it looks now that Woodrow Wilson will be overwhelmingly elected. It would create no surprise if he carried two-thirds or three-fourths of the states. Still the baneful influence of Roosevelt's personality has been so potent that he will no doubt get a very large popular vote in nearly every section of the country, and will be very likely to get the electoral vote of several states.

Doubtless, HARPER'S WEEKLY is right; Taft is not the man Governor Wilson has to beat.—*Pensacola "Journal."*

KEEP TOGETHER! GET BUSY

HARPER'S WEEKLY advises the Democrats to make no mistake, and that it is not Taft but Roosevelt they have to fight. This is a long cast into the stream, but it may be wise. Roosevelt has had some astonishing successes. He has been able not simply to turn defeat into victory, but actually to make defeat appear to be victory. His last performance is of this kind; and we do not know how many people will believe it.

The Democratic press appears inclined to ridicule Mr. Roosevelt's pretensions; but it would be better to give serious warning to the people, lest it be imagined that the campaign is already won.—*Mobile "Register."*

"A VOTE FOR WILSON"

For several weeks, in HARPER'S WEEKLY, Colonel Harvey has been quietly tipping the Governor of New Jersey that to win the Presidency he will not have to beat Mr. Taft. Evidently the advice has not gone astray, and if more proof were needed than Colonel Harvey's word, it comes from the Vermont election. The *Knickerbocker Press* has called attention many times to the fact that something is happening in national politics. After Vermont it seems almost certain that the tip will go out from Republican national headquarters before another month has passed to beat Roosevelt. The only way to beat Theodore Roosevelt, it may appear, will be to vote for Woodrow Wilson. Roosevelt is by no means elected President of the United States at this time, but, as they say in the melodramas, if Governor Wilson makes one false step, all is lost.—*Knickerbocker "Press."*

Mr. Hilles at Work

Hello! WILSON is a traitor. Mr. HILLES made the startling discovery last Sunday. TAFT having carried Texas and the election being over, the Republican chairman took up his well-thumbed copy of the *History of the American People,* and his eagle eye lit like the business end of a wasp on the following paragraph:

The proclamation, when it came, was no law, but only his (LINCOLN'S) deliberate declaration of policy for himself and for his party; and changed, as he meant that it should change, the whole air of the struggle and of politics as well.

Mr. HILLES threw up his hands; he was shocked. Then he took pen feverishly in hand and wrote:

It is safe to say that not even the most radical unreconstructed Southern man would attribute to LINCOLN this motive, which it remained for the historian WOODROW WILSON alone to discover, that LINCOLN abolished slavery to further his own political ambitions and those of his political party.

Yes indeed, it is quite safe to say that. It is equally safe, possibly, although preposterously silly, to say that WILSON wrote that LINCOLN issued the Emancipation Proclamation to "further his own political ambitions," when he never wrote anything of the kind. What he did write and what Mr. HILLES quotes—namely, that President LINCOLN seized the opportunity to clarify the whole situation by adopting a war measure to solidify the moral sentiment of the North—is the exact fact. President TAFT put the case quite clearly, on the same day that Mr. HILLES had his fit, in these words:

Mr. LINCOLN suffered greatly by the criticism and abuse of those who thought he did not act quickly enough in issuing the Emancipation Proclamation, and later from the attacks of those who thought the act was a great mistake. Now, as we look back upon it, we realize that his selection of the time was most fortunate. He delayed action until he could take it as a war measure under the Constitution and could defend what he did as within his lawful power as commander-in-chief of the army and navy in the prosecution of the war.

The emancipation did not free all the slaves. It could not free those who were in territory not within the arena of war, but after he had issued this proclamation the completion of the steps needed to secure the abolition of slavery as a constitutional amendment was a necessity and only a matter of time. It is right, then, that LINCOLN should be held up in history as the man chiefly responsible for the freedom of the negro.

If Mr. HILLES had seen this first, he might have been spared his spasm. Even so, we dare say noth-

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ing could have prevented him from adding that "apparently, if he could," Governor WILSON "would close every American mill and buy in foreign markets, because, in the first place, he is an aristocrat born and bred, and because he wants the American people to buy where they can buy the cheapest."

It is pretty terrible, no doubt, that one should want the American people to buy where they can buy the cheapest, but that one should wish so "because he is an aristocrat"—*i. e.*, the son of a hard-working, under-paid Presbyterian minister—is incalculably worse.

Mr. HILLES has our sympathy. Moreover, as everybody is remarking these days, "Poor Mr. ——!" Never mind who.

Hot Air in Kansas

The following is from the press report of Mr. ROOSEVELT's speech in Topeka:

He insisted that Mr. WILSON's knowledge of what he did when President was gained in the seclusion of the classroom at a time "when Mr. WILSON was still taking the position of an ultra-conservative and was being carefully groomed for the Presidency by GEORGE HARVEY and other representatives of the Wall Street interests."

It is difficult to see what difference it makes where Mr. WILSON acquired his knowledge; the important thing is that he got it, and has it still, as the Colonel is finding out, somewhat to his annoyance.

If, in the midst of his aerification of bleeding Kansas, the Colonel can derive satisfaction from designating us as a "representative of Wall Street interests," the pleasure, in the words of Mr. WEBER to Mr. FIELDS, is all his. No, not quite. A little must be spared to his seventh little Governor, the Hon. CHASE S. OSBORN, of Michigan.

The difference between the two seems to be that the Governor's moral obliquity is buried in his mental obtuseness, while the Colonel stands forth as depicted by DRYDEN:

> "A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
> Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
> Was everything by starts and nothing long;
> But in the course of one revolving moon
> Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon."

The Answer

Fact 1. TAFT cannot be elected.
Fact 2. ROOSEVELT can be elected.
Fact 3. WILSON might be elected.—BROTHER MUNSEY.

Ergo, vote for WILSON.

Philip, Sober

ROOSEVELT says:

The key to Mr. WILSON's position is found in his statement that "the history of liberty is a history of the limitation of governmental power, not of the increase of it." This is a bit of outworn academic doctrine which was kept in the schoolroom and the professorial study for a generation after it had been abandoned by all who had experience of actual life.

Mr. WILSON's declaration is undoubtedly the "key to his position." It was the key, moreover, of the position of the American people when they recognized in their fundamental law that a majority, no less than a king, may become tyrannous, and enacted the great constitutional decree forbidding the taking of property without due process of law, guaranteeing equal protection under the law, safeguarding the freedom of speech and the press, and in all other ways preserving the personal liberties which they had won by revolution against the exercise of too great governmental power.

Progress of the Campaign

Governor WILSON has been going strong through the Middle West and talking in plain fashion to his audiences, who evidently like that kind of talk and are willing to hear as much of it as the Governor can give them. At Logansport, Indiana, he paid his respects to one of the G. O. P. derelicts. There was a time when former Senator BEVERIDGE believed that Destiny with outstretched hand was leading him to the White House, but Destiny either got tired of the job or took up with a more promising protégé, and Mr. BEVERIDGE is now content to be a humble follower working in the Bull Moose pasture with visions of perhaps an embassy, or even—for anything may happen on a pirate ship—a seat at the captain's table. Mr. BEVERIDGE was perturbed that if Governor WILSON is elected President he will be "boss controlled." To allay this fear, which really must be very disturbing to Mr. BEVERIDGE when he thinks of the unbossed third-termer, Governor WILSON said: "The way you can tell whether a man is going to be controlled by the bosses or not is to judge whether he is in reach of a boss or not," and then the Governor gave this concise definition of a boss:

"A boss is a political agent of certain special interests, who see to it, through him, that people they can control are put in office, and that laws they don't want are kept off the statute-books; and the men who do that are the men who are interested in the great monopolies of this country."

Having given the definition, it is a pity Governor WILSON did not follow it up with a practical illustration. "For instance," Governor WILSON might have added, "the special interests that put Mr. ROOSEVELT into the Presidency by subscribing to his corruption fund did not want the tariff reduced, so Mr. ROOSEVELT, although he was in office for more than seven years, kept a revised tariff law off the statute-books." Governor WILSON's long experience in the classroom ought to convince him that the easiest way to convey knowledge is by a concrete example.

Crowds are deceptive. Nothing is so easy as to draw a crowd, nothing so easily throws even the best-balanced man off his feet as the presence of a large, enthusiastic, and cheering audience. "There has never been such a turn-out at a political gathering since JACKSON spoke," one self-important committeeman, recalling hoary tradition, tells the candidate; "you made the circus look like a lawn fête of the First Baptist Church," another tells him, and the candidate would be less than human and more than mortal if he didn't believe it and wasn't able to convince himself that the whole village or town or city was unanimous for him. Making due allowance, therefore, still it is not without significance that Governor WILSON has had rousing audiences on his tour, some of the veterans going so far as to say that the enthusiasm for the Governor exceeded that when Mr. BRYAN was in the height of his fame and could sweep an assemblage off its feet by a mass of uncooked platitudes delivered in a sonorous voice. There is curiosity, of course, to see and hear Governor WILSON, curiosity because he is the candidate of his party, because of the dramatic rapidity with which he has come to the front, because of the things he has done and the courage he has shown, because he peculiarly appeals to popular imagination and offers the people not only promise, but brings them inspiration; and after curiosity has been satisfied he makes a higher appeal. He talks common sense and his words ring true. The good impression he made in Pennsylvania has been deepened by his tour of the West. There is no complaint this year on the part of political managers that General Apathy is in the saddle. The people are keen to be enlightened and are doing their own thinking.

The third-termer complains that Governor WILSON is following "an outworn philosophy." To a man who has thrown honor into the scrap-heap and regards truth as a joke and honesty a discarded virtue a great many things besides philosophy must seem to be "outworn," but the great public stubbornly clings to the fundamentals.

OCTOBER 12, 1912

A Message to the West

We have received the following communication from a resident of Des Moines, Iowa, who is engaged actively in business:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I am an ardent admirer of President TAFT. I firmly believe him to be entitled to another term and hope that the Republicans will come to their senses in time to give him the party vote as he deserves, for the party vote will elect him, without doubt. In the event that he is not to have the indorsement of the voters and it goes to Mr. WILSON, as it certainly will if President TAFT is defeated, what is to be the attitude of the business world of the East toward the New Jersey man? Is there nervousness that will lead to trouble? Have the people overcome that mental attitude that does so much toward making trouble when there is a Democratic President? There is now so much wealth distributed all over this Republic, we are getting so far away from that narrowness that formerly decreed that with a Democrat in the Presidency there must be depression, that it seems things ought to go along just as well with WILSON, Democrat though he is, as with any other reputable man in the office. Have we become great enough to recognize that a Democrat can be a patriot and intends to do the very best possible for his country? I was raised a Republican and for many years thought that to elect a Democrat meant a panic. I have none of that feeling now, but how about the people generally? It is the mass of men and women who determine such things, and their mental attitude will control. Can HARPER'S tell us what is likely to occur in the East if the election results favorably to WOODROW WILSON?

I am, sir,

C. C. PUGH.

And we reply: There is no apprehension whatever in this part of the country of unhappy consequences ensuing from Governor WILSON's election. The Republican and ROOSEVELT papers are doing their best to scare the voters, but everybody realizes that they are only tugging at their bootstraps. It is an old game and it is played out.

The fact is, Mr. PUGH, that folks hereabouts have grown, not merely skeptical, but weary, of fatuous iterations that one-half of our people want to ruin their own and their country's industries. Nothing will "happen" here when it becomes known that WILSON has won. But deep down in the hearts of all thoughtful men who have their stake in common prosperity there will be intense relief and much rejoicing—relief at the downfall of a dangerous upstart and rejoicing over the inversion of the pyramid of popular government which the Republican oligarchy has kept standing so long and so perilously upon its apex. Governor WILSON is not the only one who will "thank God and take courage." He will have as company his entire community.

If by any chance you should surmise that our judgment to this effect is colored by our desire, we ask you, Mr. PUGH, to read what President TAFT said yesterday. He congratulated the country upon "existing prosperity" and the "assurance" of its continuance afforded by quite obvious confidence among business men. Now when you consider—as, of course, you must be aware—that these business men now fully anticipate the election of Governor WILSON, you can easily draw your own conclusions respecting their state of mind.

Instead of a panic there will ensue an era of exceptional prosperity, not for a single year as a consequence of bumper crops, but of long duration because of a firm conviction in the minds of the people that its basis will be sound and that its blessings will be shared by all in such proportions as may conform to the just rewards of individual efforts under laws which confer special privileges upon none.

A Pertinent Query

Can anybody imagine WILLIAM H. TAFT, while he was running for the Presidency, writing from the White House such subtle and at the same time such purposeful letters calculated to wring money from a stone as were written to the late Mr. E. H. HARRIMAN in 1904? Can anybody imagine WILLIAM MCKINLEY doing it, or GROVER CLEVELAND, CHESTER A. ARTHUR, JAMES A. GARFIELD, RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, or ULYSSES S. GRANT?—*The "Herald."*

Or—what is more to the point—WOODROW WILSON?

The Difference

If you want to maintain the prosperity of America, if you want to keep the farmers prosperous, and the savings-banks accounts full, and the insurance policies from lapsing, and the twenty-five million children in school, and all the opportunities of this land, of which I am sure you are all proud, vote to preserve the public policy of protection for American industry, under which we have grown so great and strong and prosperous, vote for TAFT.—*Senator* ROOT.

And so happy and contented. But the Senator is quite right. If you want to preserve the PAYNE-ALDRICH bill or get another revision upward, vote for TAFT. But if you agree with Governor WILSON when he says:

We don't want to disturb the industry of the country. We are not here to destroy the industry which these men have built up. But we are here to destroy the control over the industry of other people which these men have established and which makes it impossible that we should give ourselves a free field of service—

Then vote for WILSON.

OCTOBER 19, 1912

Wilson and Roosevelt on the Trusts

As the campaign has progressed, Governor WILSON's speeches, instead of falling off, have been steadily gaining in interest and power. They are already a remarkable series of discussions of great public questions. Before he was nominated an eminent college president predicted that if he were named his public discussions alone would prove of incalculable value to the country. The remark is already justified. Not within the memory of the present generation has any candidate for the Presidency done so much to illuminate issues and to clarify public opinion.

There was never much doubt that on the leading issue of the campaign, the tariff, Governor WILSON would be more than a match for his two adversaries. Neither of them has ever shown the slightest mastery of that issue, and the country, moreover, has indicated that it favors the Democratic position. As a result, the Democratic candidate has had a clear and increasing advantage every time the tariff has been touched.

That being obvious, some may therefore be moved to criticize his judgment for giving so much time to the trust issue, for going into it so fully. It may be thought that in this regard it would have been better politics if he had not met ROOSEVELT's challenge so promptly and completely. But Governor WILSON was right—right in his judgment as well as in his conscience and his [illegible]. He was right for three reasons. The first is that the tariff issue and the trust issue [illegible] he has again and again pointed out, inseparable; he is correct in holding that the tariff has been the most potent cause of monopoly in this country, and that that phase of it cannot be neglected. The second reason is that ROOSEVELT'S

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PENN STATE



TWO AMERICAN GENTLEMEN

"CONGRATULATIONS, MR. PRESIDENT!" "THANK YOU, MR. PRESIDENT!"

DRAWN BY C. J. BUDD

FROM "HARPER'S WEEKLY" OF NOVEMBER 9, 1912

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trust programme, artfully contrived to mislead well-meaning people, demanded analysis and exposure. The third reason was that Governor WILSON knew exactly how to analyze and expose it.

He has done it, and done it so well that nobody should ever need to do it over again. He has done it so well that no intelligent man has any right to be in doubt any longer as to what ROOSEVELT'S and PERKINS'S trust programme really means. Neither has anybody any excuse for uncertainty as to where Governor WILSON himself stands on this question.

The Issue Absolutely Clear

Those enlightening speeches ought to be read in full by every serious-minded American, concerned for the future of his country. But it seems to us possible to put into a mere paragraph the essence of the matter as Governor WILSON explains it. Indeed, he has by a single phrase put his finger on the heart of the unsoundness of the entire ROOSEVELT proposal. He has called it a proposal "to legalize monopoly." When that was said, pretty nearly everything was said that was necessary to enable us to condemn the plan. For the phrase is absolutely correct. ROOSEVELT and PERKINS, of course, prefer the word "regulate." But to regulate is to recognize, it is to accept, it is to validate, it is to legalize. It is, as Governor WILSON has made plain, to condone and to pardon the methods by which monopolies have been established, methods which are at last understood, and can therefore be attacked by law. It is to tie the hands of government. It is in effect to surrender to a thing which democracy has been fighting for centuries.

This is not rhetoric. It is cold fact and clear reasoning. It brings us up with a jerk and makes us realize the actual peril we are confronted with, it makes us see with startling distinctness just what is ahead of us if we are going to follow any longer the leadership of loose-thinking men like ROOSEVELT and his present associates.

Nor is Governor WILSON one whit less clear in stating his own position. He does not, like ROOSEVELT, talk as if he knew all that can be known about this problem of great combinations. He does not treat it as a simple matter or pretend that he and he alone has completely mastered it. But he tells us plainly where he stands and what he will do and what he will not do. He will not, he pledges himself, consent to legalize monopoly without considering the methods by which it has been attained. He will not accept the fact of bigness as a proof by itself of superior economic efficiency. On the contrary, he will do all he can to prevent the achievement of monopoly by unfair methods—and he specifies the methods that are unfair. He will go farther and do all he can to destroy monopolies that have been established by those unfair methods, and not by superior efficiency. He will thus stand for freedom in business, for the freedom of both the big and the little enterprises. He will thus stand for freedom and for real efficiency, and he will stand for honesty and justice.

There is the issue, gentlemen of the electorate. ROOSEVELT says, "Monopoly is inevitable; let us regulate it and try to make the monopolists be good to us." WILSON says, "Monopoly is not inevitable, except in those industries which economists have all along recognized as 'natural monopolies.' The other sort of monopoly I will not recognize. I will not accept it, I will not legalize it. So long as I have breath in my body I will fight it, for in fighting it I am fighting for democracy, I am fighting for freedom, I am fighting for the ideals of this American Republic."

OCTOBER 26, 1912

Governor Wilson His Own Interpreter

Last week, impressed with the extraordinary excellence of Governor WILSON'S speeches on the trust question, this journal and many others had a try at putting his contention into fairly brief editorial paragraphs. Some of us, we think, did pretty well, but for our own part we are quite ready to admit that since our effort Governor WILSON has done the job a lot better himself. Last Friday, at Wheeling, West Virginia, he spoke this paragraph:

> I want to say this about the Democratic party programme: The thing that has created the trusts, that has created the monopolies, is unregulated, unfair competition. If we can only bring it about that newcomers shall have a free field, then we can take care of the gentlemen in the trusts, because then the most intelligent competitor will get the market and the little man can grow big instead of making himself big by the legislation of Congress and by special favors from the government. We can do that by having Federal laws thread all this system of ours with statutes which make it criminal to do what these gentlemen did to build up their monopolies and which will see to it that the men who did commit the offenses have time to think it over in some building from which they will not for some time come out. I am not afraid that the penitentiaries will be crowded. Just as soon as the law takes hold of these things and men are behind the law who want to injure nobody in particular, but to administer justice to everybody, then special favors will be withdrawn and there will be another face upon affairs in America.

Evidently Governor WILSON needs neither an interpreter nor a condenser. All he needs is a reporter—and that people should read what he himself has said. We think that most of those who do will agree with us in the judgment that his handling o the trust issue is easily the masterstroke of the campaign.

NOVEMBER 2, 1912

Our Prediction

I

We venture to suggest the nomination of President WOODROW WILSON, of Princeton University, as the Democratic candidate for President of the United States.—*Harper's Weekly of March 10, 1906.*

II

We have a shrewd suspicion that the Democrats of New Jersey will nominate WOODROW WILSON as their candidate for Governor in 1910, with a view to presenting his name to the Democratic national convention of 1912.—*Harper's Weekly of November 28, 1908.*

III

We now expect to see WOODROW WILSON elected Governor of New Jersey in 1910.—*Harper's Weekly of May 15, 1909.*

IV

At the expiration of sixteen months since the above appeared in this place we perceive no occasion to revise our calculations. Mr. WILSON'S majority will be forty thousand.—*Harper's Weekly of September 24, 1910.*

V

We now fully anticipate the nomination of WOODROW WILSON for President of the United States by the Democratic national convention of 1912, as against WILLIAM H. TAFT, Republican candidate.—*Harper's Weekly of November 19, 1910.*

VI

We end this series of prophecies with a prediction that WOODROW WILSON will be duly elected President of the United States in November next.—*Harper's Weekly of July 13, 1912.*

VII

We now predict that WOODROW WILSON'S majority over all in the Electoral College will exceed **300**.

(*Nota bene:* It was **339**.)

JANUARY 25, 1913

Mr. Wilson's Speeches

Isn't it getting to be about time for Wall Street to remove its blue glasses and take a square look at the rest of the country? Nobody else is having spasms over Mr. WILSON'S speeches. Why should the Street that May Be Straight, but is Sometimes Called Crooked? And why not try to *get* things straight, too? Here, for example, is our neighbor, the *Sun*, whose accuracy of statement is proverbial, printing the following in its financial columns:

> In these utterances the man that is to be the next President of our country and is to have a party friendly to him in control of both Houses of the national legislature has declared that the business men of the country are substantially dishonest and must change their hearts; that the banking system of the country stands already "convicted" of heinous and dangerous practices; that society in the country is in need of general reconstruction; and that he, the President-elect, has started out with his war paint on and holds a whip in his hand to hurry the reconstructing process. And he has added that if business disturbance results from all this it will be because capitalists have conspired to bring it about and for which they will deserve to be hanged as high as HAMAN. It has been agreed in defense of Mr. WILSON that in speaking as he did he spoke extemporaneously and was carried away by oratorical afflatus.

Now let us see about this. We have read Mr. WILSON'S speeches, but we found nothing of this sort in them. He did not "declare that the business men of the country are substantially dishonest." On the contrary, he evinced belief in their integrity and good intentions. But he did say frankly and truly that the country needed to be convinced of their uprightness and unselfishness, and that it was up to them to do the convincing.

There was no novelty in this assertion. Senator ELIHU ROOT, who represents in Congress downtown Manhattan as well as up-State New York, who used to have a law office in Wall Street, and who ought to know what he talks about, made the same declaration far more succinctly and with much greater emphasis in his recent speech to the Chamber of Commerce. These were his words:

> There are hundreds of thousands of people outside the great industrial communities who think you are a den of thieves. There are hundreds of thousands of people who think that the manufacturers of the country are no better than a set of confidence men.

The distinguished Senator then went on to urge his hearers to strive to overcome this impression by their acts. And that is what Mr. WILSON did—just that and nothing more. Mr. WILSON'S language was less brusque than Mr. ROOT'S, but he aimed at the same thing. And wasn't it good advice? If not, we for one don't know what good advice is.

Then again Mr. WILSON did not say that our banking system stands "convicted of heinous and dangerous practices." He said it stood convicted of general incompetency and specific inability to meet the needs of the country—which is just what everybody in and out of Wall Street has been saying for years.

And Mr. WILSON did *not* say, in either Chicago or New York, that "if business disturbance results from all this it will be because capitalists have conspired to bring it about," and ought to be hanged "as high as HAMAN." What he did say was that if unscrupulous persons should try to fetch on a panic to serve their own wicked ends or to discredit those who are trying to accomplish reforms, they ought to be and would be held up to derision and scorn—held up or hung up as high as HAMAN.

Well, who wants to deny the rightfulness of that proposition? If he had said higher than HAMAN, we shouldn't object. Panics are bad things, very bad things, and no punishment is too severe for anybody caught encouraging them. Maybe it wasn't necessary for Mr. WILSON to say that at this time; we think probably it wasn't; but what he said was all right.

It may be that "it has been agreed in defense of Mr. WILSON" that he spoke extemporaneously, and "was carried away by oratorical afflatus," but if so we should like to know who did the agreeing. Surely Mr. WILSON would not admit that he did not speak deliberately, and there is no reason why he should, for he didn't say a thing that wasn't true. He did speak extemporaneously, to be sure, and that was a mistake, because only segregated and misrepresentative portions of his Chicago speech got into the Eastern papers; but that is the only real ground for criticism we have found or can find.

The *Times'* financier, after due consideration, reaches this sage conclusion:

> There was an undercurrent of hope that the responsibility of office, once it actually rests on his shoulders, will lead Mr. WILSON to weigh more carefully the effect of his public utterances, but the real sentiment of the Street in respect to the influence to be exerted by the incoming of the new administration was pretty accurately reflected in the course of prices of the Stock Exchange. It remained true, none the less, that inferences, perhaps well founded and perhaps not, had as much to do with the effect produced by Mr. WILSON'S words as had the direct statement of his views as he expressed them. The Street's own interpretation, in other words, heightened the effect of the President-elect's discussion of the questions which he treated in his address at Chicago a week ago and in his later statement, in which he dealt with the policy which he expects to pursue in the selection of his Cabinet. In this fact lies the possibility that the market effect of this factor was overdone.

The "real sentiment of the Street," we believe, is usually "pretty accurately reflected in the course of prices on the Stock Exchange." It is not uncommon, moreover, to see an effect "heightened by the Street's own interpretation." Sometimes, too, it does happen that the market effect is "overdone" by speculators.

Well, that is Wall Street's business. It isn't Mr. WILSON'S. And it isn't the public's. If there are those who think they can make money by selling stocks on their own "interpretations," that is their privilege. It is also the prerogative of others to buy shares for the same purpose on *their* judgment.

Let 'em go it, we say. There isn't any panic or any sign of a panic, and all the stock-jobbers combined couldn't make one in a time like this if they should try. Investors are not alarmed, and have not the slightest cause to be. They haven't been selling any shares, either. It is a strictly "professional" market and unworthy of a moment's attention from Mr. WILSON or anybody else associated with him in gauging real public sentiment.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

VOL. LVII] No. 2934 | WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1913 | [10 Cents a Copy $4.00 a Year

Beginning of the New Administration

THE beginning of the new administration is more than pleasant; it is exhilarating. We doubt if any previous inaugural address has won the universal acclaim that was accorded President WILSON'S frank and eloquent statement of his aspirations.

Mr. MARSHALL, too, spoke with a homely simplicity that was truly refreshing. We confess our inability to grasp the full significance of his metaphor of the harness, but there can be no doubt of the inadvisability of using blinders when they obstruct the vision; nor can the value of a stout breeching be overestimated when essaying a perilous descent. It was a quick jump from cruppers and the like to "the golden metewand of honor," but we like that, too. It fetches back to mind LOWELL'S delicious remark about LESSING, to the effect that "he continually trips and falls flat over his metewand of classical propriety."

Not that Mr. MARSHALL fell or even stumbled. Far from it. His footing was sure and firm, and his peroration in favor of righteousness the world around was in every way commendable. In fact, the only portion of the Vice-President's address which we find unsatisfying is his declared intent to enter upon a four years' period of silence. It is to hope sincerely that he will reconsider this unhappy determination, and so tend to mitigate whatever of "severity" his good lady thought she detected in the manner of our new Chief Magistrate.

It was no easy job to construct a satisfactory Cabinet out of existing Democratic timber, but the consensus of opinion seems to be that President WILSON did as well as could have been reasonably expected. Three of the appointees are positively first-class—Mr. MCREYNOLDS, Mr. LANE, and Mr. HOUSTON. Each of these possesses rare equipment for the work before him. Less certainty is felt regarding perhaps two of the others, but there is no disposition to prejudge or belittle them. It has often happened that those from whom the least was expected have shown up best in the final accounting.

Mr. BRYAN naturally overshadows all except, of course, the President. He has been a conspicuous figure in our public life for so long—much longer than Mr. ROOSEVELT—and has held so tenaciously to his theories of government that his final triumph over repeated failures adds peculiar interest no less to his vivid personality than to his doings as a responsible officer of state. The whys and wherefores of his appointment hardly call for further discussion. Mr. WILSON simply followed the precedent established by JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, LINCOLN, and HARRISON. Whether or not in the back of his head he deemed it safer, as Mr. DOOLEY put it, to have Mr. BRYAN "in his bosom than on his back" is of little moment. The real reason for the appointment appears clearly in Mr. WILSON'S own public declaration made a year ago in these words:

> We have differed as to measures; it has taken us sixteen years and more to come to any comprehension of our community of thought in regard to what we ought to do. What I want to say is that one of the most striking things in recent years is that with all the rise and fall of particular ideas, with all the ebb and flow of particular proposals, there has been one interesting fixed point in the history of the Democratic party, and that fixed point has been the character and the devotion and the preachings of WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.
>
> I, for my part, never want to forget this—that while we have differed with Mr. BRYAN upon this occasion and upon that in regard to the specific things to be done, he has gone serenely on pointing out to a more and more convinced people what it was that was the matter. He has had the steadfast vision all along of what it was that was the matter, and he has, not any more than ANDREW JACKSON did, not based his career upon calculation, but has based it upon principle.

Surely one need go no further than this to find the motive and justification of the President's selection. Simultaneously, it is interesting at this time to recall that Mr. BRYAN himself fixed the basis upon which choice should be made. Writing in his paper as long ago as January, he said plainly:

> Cabinet positions ought not to be regarded as currency with which to pay debts. They are responsible positions, and in filling them the President-elect should look to the future and not to the past. A public official has no right to discharge political obligations at the expense of the public. The men selected by Mr. WILSON for the Cabinet should be selected not because of personal service rendered to him, nor even because of past service rendered to the party. The individual counts for little; the cause counts for much. An individual, if he has had a proper motive for working, finds sufficient compensation in the triumph of ideas, principles, and policies; he does not need the consolations of office. Offices should be used to strengthen the party and to advance the things for which the party stands. It is pleasant to reward those who have been faithful, where that reward can be given without sacrificing public interests, but where past service is considered it is better to consider it as an assurance of future service than merely because it has been rendered.
>
> The *Commoner* declines to discuss cabinet possibilities, but it ventures to express the hope that Governor WILSON will be governed by a higher motive than gratitude in the selection of his official household. A great responsibility rests upon him, and he will need the assistance of the best and bravest for his work. He ought to feel free to select for each place the man best fitted for it; in no other way can he hope to measure up to the expectations of the public. He need not—he should not—consider any service that Mr. BRYAN has rendered to him, or to the public. Mr. BRYAN has been abundantly rewarded for all he has done, and does not feel that the party, or any individual in the party, owes him anything. If he ever holds any office, it ought to be given, whether by appointment or by election, with the view to the service that can be rendered in connection with the work yet to be done, not with the idea of rewarding him for anything that he has done. And the rule which is here laid down for Mr. BRYAN is the rule which he believes should be laid down for all. In other words, the welfare of the party and the welfare of the country, not the ambitions of men or the interests of individuals, should be considered.

Nothing could be plainer than this. It quite disposes of the notion that Mr. BRYAN felt that he was entitled to the first position as a reward for services rendered. In point of fact, so far as our awareness goes, he has never set up a claim upon Mr. WILSON'S sense of gratitude. Those who shout so loudly that the nomination at Baltimore was purely incidental to Mr. BRYAN'S real plan have no occasion to scream; we haven't a doubt that he would say, if indeed he has not already said, the same thing himself. In view of these declarations and attendant circumstances, it seems hardly just to either the President or the Secretary of State to say, as our neighbor the *Sun* says, that Mr. BRYAN enters the Cabinet "not as one chosen for manifest fitness, but because of supposed political and personal expediency."

No doubt the question of expediency was considered. There is no reason why it should not have been. It is the first duty of a President to strengthen his administrative force in every legitimate way, and if Mr. BRYAN'S great personal popularity could be availed of to that end, it would have been a dereliction on the part of Mr. WILSON to refrain from doing so. Nevertheless, as we have indicated, if one but waives the somewhat hazardous task of diagnosing motives, all of the evidence goes to show that Mr. BRYAN was appointed Secretary of State in recognition of what Mr. WILSON considered his true worth rather than of his pre-eminent political position. That, to our mind, is quite as it should be.

Even so, of course the question of Mr. BRYAN'S actual fitness remains and will remain unanswered for some time to come. We are interested to observe that the Springfield *Republican* is just as sure one way as the *Sun* is the other, though why it should say in the same breath that JOHN BASSETT MOORE "knows everything Mr. BRYAN does not know in the field of diplomacy" we have difficulty in comprehending. One might almost suspect—but no, one simply cannot suspect the Springfield *Republican*. A bit of naïveté, that is all. But very high praise of Professor MOORE, to be sure, very high indeed. What!

Our own judgment is that the appointment of Mr. BRYAN is one of the best things that have happened in this country in a long time. He has been sloshing around on the outside long enough. It will do him a lot of good to sense responsibility. Some time will be required, of course. A habit of mind cannot be shaken off overnight. And yet see what has happened! On his way to Washington Mr. BRYAN stopped at Raleigh, and, of course, was called upon to say a few words. "Peace" seemed to be a live topic, and he spoke freely, advocating disarmament, good-will to men, etc., etc. It was the same old speech—very good, too—but the circumstances had changed. As Secretary of State, Mr. BRYAN very quickly manifested an indisposition either to dismantle our battle-ships or to take the rifles away from our colossal standing army.

And what is this we hear from Cuba? The outgoing Congress and President—a bad lot—had enacted an amnesty bill freeing a thousand criminals, more or less. It was all done in the regular way, as provided by fundamental law and statute. The governed were being governed with the consent of the governed, precisely as THOMAS JEFFERSON recommended. And yet, say the despatches:

> Mr. BRYAN to-day sent another note couched in the severest terms, in which he said the amnesty bill made justice a joke and, besides wounding the interests of American citizens whom the Cuban officials have defrauded, violates the terms of the PLATT amendment, which requires Cuba to maintain a government which is adequate for the protection of life and property.

Quite right and proper, of course. But suppose Mr. KNOX had sent that sharp note a year ago, just as Mr. BRYAN was about to deliver his famous address, beginning, "Behold the Republic!" Would the welkin have rung? It would.

It was mere habit of mind, moreover, that predominated when Mr. BRYAN made his enigmatical speech to the employees of the State Department, saying:

> I am not prepared to discuss tenure of office. My own tenure is, as I was about to say, brief, but my tenure has not begun. I am sure your tenure is, therefore, not more uncertain than mine. I have not had time to learn from the President the general policy that will be impressed upon the various departments, but it is not necessary for us to discuss length of service. It is sufficient at this time to make each other's acquaintance, and I hope that when the time comes for me to reassemble you to introduce you to my successor I can look back upon as delightful an association as the retiring Secretary does. I shall look forward with pleasure to becoming better acquainted with you as occasion brings us together.

True, he didn't really say anything; he was only "about to say"; but the correspondents and politicians immediately sat up and took notice. On the morning after, therefore, the Secretary poohpoohed the whole matter and wondered how any-

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body could be so stupid as not to see that his remarks were "jocose"—we think that was the word. Anyway, when Mr. BRYAN appeared at the White House, the President, who also has a lively appreciation of the witty, greeted him with the grand old Princeton song, "Here's to you, my jovial friend!" And on Sunday the Secretary of State wore a top-hat to church. Think of that!

Of course there is going to be a clash. Everybody says so. When an irresistible force strikes an immovable body, etc. But is there? We guess not, though that may be because we attach more importance to brains than a good many people do. Make no mistake! Mr. BRYAN is a very able man. He knows when to quarrel and when not to quarrel, and so does the President. There is nothing to be gained by anybody from squabbling and there is no cause for disagreement between statesmen whose purposes are identical and whose attitude is one of mutual respect and admiration. Makers of mischief will busy themselves, of course; that is what they are for. But there is plenty of room for all under Mr. MARSHALL'S metaphorical harness, and all are needed, too, if the Democratic party is going to justify itself before the country.

Although happily, as we remarked at the outset, the new administration starts genially, it is in fact most serious and fully conscious of its heavy obligations. The excellence of its intent nobody can doubt. Its intelligence is beyond question. Its sense alone awaits demonstration.

The President and the Pie-Hunters

We dare not predict that the President is going to succeed in protecting his time and energy against the horde-like rush of the office-seekers, but his stand is commendable. He announced, immediately after taking up his duties, that he would see no applicant whom he had not himself invited to a conference, and that all applications must first be made to the heads of departments.

We are not sure the attempt to use the Cabinet officers as buffers is wise. As a matter of fact and usage, they have less to do with appointments than Representatives and Senators of the party of the President for the time being. Moreover, like the President himself, they are busy men, charged with great responsibilities, and ought to be protected from selfish importunity.

But there can be no doubt that the President is right in setting the public business ahead of his prerogative and duties as the man behind the pie-counter. The distribution of patronage is, of course, a part of the public business, and an important part. There is nothing whatever to indicate that he thinks it negligible or is going to neglect it. The trouble is that if he gives to it one-tenth of the time the office-seekers demand he will have no time for anything else. Moreover, the worst way he could go about attending to it would be to yield himself to personal solicitations. If he did so, he would have little or no chance for real investigation of the applicants' merits.

The only question is, Can he enforce his rule? Can he keep the applicants at bay? We trust so, but we are not entirely confident. Plenty of people have refused to be interviewed, and have nevertheless found their remarks on the front page of next morning's newspapers. Yet the reporter's ingenuity and artifice is as nothing to the American office-seeker's. The latter's persistence is in truth one of the most extraordinary things to be found in human nature. Nobody has ever quite done justice to it. To caricature it is impossible. The degree of it is in inverse proportion to its reasonableness. There is no reasoning with it, any more than there is with a force of nature.

Perhaps there is a scientific way to deal with it, and perhaps President WILSON is the scientist who has discovered the way. At any rate, we sincerely trust so.

A Matter of Qualification

"I was elected to the Century," said Mr. WILSON with a smile, "on the theory that I was literary."—"*Evening Post*."

And to Chevy Chase on the theory that he was a golfer. That explains all. Knowing well himself, he accepted the one election and declined the other.

The Secretary of Agriculture

DAVID F. HOUSTON, Secretary of Agriculture, stands very distinctly for one way of choosing Cabinet members. So far as we can make out, he had only one "claim" to any such preferment. That was fitness for the place.

The Secretary of Agriculture is at the head of a big establishment, and of a large group of men devoted to two general aims. One of these is scientific investigation; the other is teaching. The department ascertains and accumulates information which is of use mainly to the farmers of the country, though some of it is of use to the rest of us as well; it also endeavors to impart this information—that is to say, to teach, on a very wide scale. Mr. HOUSTON'S peculiar fitness for his new place arises mainly from the fact that he has successfully headed three large establishments—one college and two universities—devoted to the same kind of work—that is to say, to investigation and to teaching. Moreover, one of these establishments investigated and taught agriculture.

Perhaps we ought to add that Mr. HOUSTON, as one might infer from this record, is a man of full education and established character for intelligence, firmness, and integrity. His political "claims," however, are practically *nil*. Though a good citizen and a student of politics, he controls no votes whatever, never "delivered" a delegation to anybody in his life, and is not likely to. While it seems pretty clear that there is no need of politics in his department—indeed, the crying need there has long been to get rid of politics—we are nevertheless afraid that plenty of statesmen and some others will find this appointment surprising. We can only hope that future Cabinets will offer more and more surprises of precisely similar nature.

Old Bay and Her Neighbors

New England is out of it. For the time being her representation in the governing group at Washington is *nil*.

It is interesting. To our mind, it is a mistake. But New England has little reason to complain. For a long time her conscience and patriotism have had little representation at Washington. Her wealth has been over-represented there. She can hardly blame the rest of us if, taking her at her word as to what representation she wants, we have for the moment left her comparatively voiceless.

Nevertheless, there is still plenty of conscience and sense in New England, and we predict that before the end of the new administration it will be called on and will not refuse the summons.

No, Mr. Taft

On Sunday, March 2d, President TAFT went to the Unitarian Church, where he has worshiped for the last four years, and addressed the congregation. The papers say that he said, among other things:

It always has been a wonder to me why all the world is not Unitarian. I think all the world is verging in that direction. We preach the doctrine of sweet fellowship, of love of God, of love of Jesus Christ, and tolerance for every faith which depends upon the great principle of liberal Christianity—and that makes for progress toward morality and higher religion. The one trouble we suffer from—if it be a trouble—is that there are so many Unitarians in other churches who do not sit in the pews of our church. But that means that ultimately they are coming to us.

No, Mr. TAFT, you are going to them. The Unitarian churches throve best when the other folds were uncomfortable. Since the other folds have become more comfortable, the Unitarian company has ceased, we believe, to gain in membership. The American people, Mr. TAFT, have a great and just regard for you, but they never would appoint you a committee of one to go out and ascertain which way the tide is running.

We will not say, Mr. TAFT, that if St. PAUL had been a Unitarian, Christianity would have been known in history as a sect in Cappadocia. But we will say that if St. PAUL had been a Unitarian, it would not have been necessary to collect his epistles. There would never have been enough market for them to warrant it.

A Candidate

They do things thoroughly down in the Tar-heel state. At a grand jollification over some report or other last week Governor CRAIG exulted over "our navy whose battle-ships command all the seas" and Mr. A. H. ELLER passed up a petition for an office reading, "In the first place, my candidate is a gentleman; in the second place he is a Christian; but above all he is a Democrat." Surely that ought to land him.

Harvesters

The Harvester Trust is under fire just now. Some of the testimony which the papers report in the suit being tried in Omaha casts mean doubts on the supposition that Brother GEORGE PERKINS'S grasping trust gets *all* the farmers make. For example:

GEORGE SWANSON, of Crawford, Nebraska, testified he owned 7,000 acres of land, 800 acres under cultivation. He valued his farm implements at $3,350, of which amount harvesting implements represented $730. His testimony also brought out something about the high cost of living. He said he had been receiving for the last two years about double the price of ten years ago for what he sold, while prices for what he bought, including machinery, had advanced insignificantly and in many instances had declined.

GEORGE SWANSON seems to be doing fairly well, though of course he may be paying Brother GEORGE PERKINS too much for harvesters.

Once we knew a man who had been in the harvester business. He was opposed to all trusts, and to the Harvester Trust with the rest, but out of his experience he had this to say. He said that when the country was full of competing harvester companies, the selling agents sold the farmers more machines than they needed or could pay for. Too many farmers bought new machines, gave notes for them, and let pretty good old machines stand out-of-doors and rust to death. Then the notes came due, and were very hard to collect. That was wasteful. But the trust didn't find it good business to sell more machines on credit than the farmer could afford to buy, and didn't try to do it. The trust was content to get the business that existed. The competing concerns continually got business that didn't exist, and lost money on it.

But we all know that, bad as monopoly unquestionably is, untempered competition has had its chance to make this earth a paradise, and somehow slipped up on it.

The Republican Leader

From the *Congressional Record:*

MR. HOBSON. I have been called over the telephone since then and told by a lady that her young daughter was on one of the floats and a ruffian climbed on the float and insulted her daughter.

MR. MANN. Her daughter ought to have been at home.

MR. RAKER. She had as much right there as any one. The gentleman ought to be ashamed of himself to make such a remark.

So he ought. But was he? Could he be? Some think he isn't much of a MANN, however you spell it.

Dr. Friedmann

It is certainly to be hoped that from the visit of Dr. F. F. FRIEDMANN to this country there will come, directly or indirectly, some benefit to the vast number of sufferers from the disease he has promised to cure. Not to them only, but to the multitude of others who are suffering with them, whether as the bearers of their burdens, or from the love of them as individuals, or merely as generous hearts that cannot be indifferent to any such mass of misfortune scattered over the world. For Dr. FRIEDMANN'S visit has at least served to bring before us all in truly heart-breaking fashion the proportions of the White Plague's silent and ceaseless havoc. It has at least forced us to be for a moment mindful of the sickening expectation with which these multitudes look to any one who promises them relief. Surely, therefore, it will stimulate philanthropy and science to more persistent efforts in the search for the longed-for cure.

In arousing this expectation, in promising the cure, Dr. FRIEDMANN has taken on himself a terrible responsibility. The whole world knows of his promise and his pretensions. If he makes them good, notwithstanding the current criticisms of his behavior, he will take his place forever with the greatest benefactors of the race. If his pretensions are false, may God help him, for mankind will never forgive him. It will not be possible for him even to slink away into the miserable company of the creatures who, through venal newspapers, impose quack remedies on the poorest and most ignorant of consumptives. Compared with what he will have done, Dr. COOK'S performance, even if we put the worst possible construction on it, will seem a mere trivial escapade. Quite apart from the incalculable value of the discovery Dr. FRIEDMANN claims to have made, we sincerely trust, for the honor of human nature, that he may be found to have some truth in his claims.

Incidental Aid

It is but a fair distribution of felicitations to say that if THEODORE ROOSEVELT had never lived, or if chance had never made him President, WOODROW WILSON would spend this present 4th of March at Princeton University still writing reactionary books. Mr. ROOSEVELT largely created and, from the high pulpit of the Presidency, gave resounding expression to that liberalism which finally became the dominating atmosphere of the nation, infected Mr. WILSON, and caused a complete about face in his attitude toward popular government.—*Collier's*.

He did contribute somewhat to the net result, we must admit. But perhaps that isn't quite what you mean.

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Pensions

That is a good letter on page 6, in which a correspondent discusses "Pensions for Government Employees."

But the great pension question is not—are pensions desirable? There are two great questions about them: Where are you going to draw the line? and, Where is the money coming from to pay them?

It is likely enough that a pension system for government employees will be devised presently. Our correspondent's arguments about that are very appealing. But what about all the employers of the great organization we call "society"? Where do they come in? When they are used up as working-machines shall there be no pensions for them? Should not everybody have a pension for old age or disability except the farmer, and then should not the farmer have one?

Government, local or otherwise, undertakes, as it is, to keep all needy and helpless persons from starving, and spends vast sums in that duty. How much further than that government can go depends upon the wealth of the country. But some part of the relief now given might, doubtless, take the form of pensions with good results.

Two Ambassadors

It is not easy to get the facts relating to the activities of our ambassador in Mexico, but there certainly is a lot of smoke. On the face of things it looks like the substitution of a competent man of level head would not be undesirable at any early date.

There is one resignation, however, that ought not to be accepted too promptly. It is that of Ambassador LEISCHMAN, who ought to have a chance to show that he has not made improper use of his prerogatives. If he can do it, well and good; but if he can't he ought to be dismissed in such a way as to discourage wrongful practices on the part of representatives of the United States in foreign lands.

The Crossing of Races

President ELIOT, as is well known, is a stickler for purity of race. He objects to the idea that the United States is "the melting-pot of nations," and argues against it when a chance offers. In a recent letter to the Springfield *Republican* he discusses the crossing of different races, and says:

> The East seems to me to teach most emphatically that it is always and everywhere a bad thing, so bad that the progeny resulting from such crossings in part die out and in part revert to one race or the other in three or four generations. In the East the white race has crossed with all the native races, and the progeny is, with rarest exceptions, inferior both physically and morally to each of the races that have crossed. The term "Eurasian" is a term of contempt all over the East, and justly. The results of crossing sixteen to twenty varieties of white people with native races are seen most clearly in the Sandwich Islands, where not a single cross can be shown to be good, not even the cross between the Chinese man and the Hawaiian woman, which all agree is the best cross exhibited in those islands. Unfortunately the East does not supply demonstration in figures on these subjects, because what we call vital statistics have not been kept there till very lately.
>
> The East also proves on a great scale that different races can live, and have lived, in harmony side by side on the same soil and under the same government or similar governments for centuries without mixing, each maintaining its own racial characteristics. The East also illustrates the fact, often illustrated in Europe and America as well, that kindred or related races can intermarry without harm, and produce vigorous and durable descendants. Thus the German, Scandinavian, English, and Americans can undoubtedly intermarry without harm. It is not so clear that people of Teutonic origin can intermarry safely with people of Latin origin. Successful instances of such marriages occur; but there are also many unsuccessful.
>
> In China there are supposed to be traceable in the present population five somewhat distinct types, and in consequence the new flag of China has five stripes of different colors; but these were probably related or kindred peoples, because these peoples are supposed not to have intermarried much in China, and yet the Chinese are a tolerably homogeneous race. In America we may also see the safe blending of kindred stocks and the preservation through many generations of strong strains that have preferred in marriage each its own strain, like the Scotch, the Scotch-Irish, and the Jews.
>
> The general conclusion which I draw from these and similar large-scale facts is that in studying the effects of immigration in the United States we had better leave out entirely the hypothesis that the different national stocks may be blended, melted, or amalgamated into a somewhat new variety of the human race. The animal kingdom supplies no successful instance of such a melting and history records none. Of course a small proportion of a somewhat different race has sometimes been apparently absorbed into a large proportion of another by successive intermarriages with a preponderating stock. The Jews have intermarried somewhat with most of the European races; but in a few generations the descendants are thoroughly Jewish.

In this country we can hardly help founding our ideas of race admixture on the breeding of white with black in our Southern states, mostly as a result of white vice, starting under the régime of African slavery. Surely this is not an instance of successful assimilation. The North-American Indian race has maintained itself better against the white man than the African has done; but the half-breeds have on the whole proved to be neither a large nor a valuable element in the total population. The experience of the world demonstrates upon an immense scale that peoples far advanced in the scale of civilization cannot profitably mix with backward peoples. The purer a race is kept, the more likely is it to maintain itself and prosper. The Japanese forcibly illustrate this proposition; but still we must remember that the admixture of kindred races is unobjectionable.

The likeness of one people to another in this country can be increased indefinitely and to great advantage without approaching the question of assimilation by intermarriage. Schools, public conveyances, places of public entertainment, and the habits of the whole people in buying and selling contribute to produce that external sort of assimilation. So does American equality before the law and American mobility between the different levels of social life. In hundreds or thousands of years this external assimilation may make assimilation by intermarriage safer than it is now; but that is a question for a remote future. Those who advocate or imagine the amalgamation of different races now have, I submit, no support in the recorded experience of the world, and therefore no sound reason for taking action in this direction. The different races that have come, or are now coming, to this country will take care of themselves in these respects and may safely be left to do so. They will promptly Americanize themselves in many respects, but in others will easily remain different and apart.

We have quoted at some length from Dr. ELIOT because this matter of race-admixture is such a nightmare to many people in some parts of the country, especially in the South. It will be observed that he rejects entirely the idea that a race deemed inferior must be systematically kept down for fear that objectionable race admixtures will follow the achievement of prosperity by its members.

A Contrary View

The view maintained by Dr. ELIOT is shared by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, the author of *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*, whose conviction of the value of purity of race amounts to a hobby. The contrary view is communicated to the Springfield *Republican* by Mr. MOORFIELD STOREY, who quotes from a discussion of the subject by Mr. JAMES BRYCE in his recent book about South America, and finds Mr. BRYCE by no means as certain as Dr. ELIOT in his conclusions about the evil results of racial admixtures. He also quotes Mr. SYDNEY OLIVIER, a former governor of Jamaica, as saying:

> Whatever undesirable characteristics, moral or physical, may be accentuated by interbreeding, it is certain that from the point of view of social vitality and efficiency it is not the mixed colored class, if any, that is decadent in Jamaica.

Mr. STOREY argues that prejudice, which has denied the Eurasians a fair chance in Asia, may have had much to do with keeping them back, and he protests against a similar prejudice against mulattoes in this country. With only too much justice, he says:

> There are to-day in this country millions of our fellow-citizens who from no fault of their own are of mixed blood, inheriting necessarily at least something of ambition and ability from their white parents. Their path through life is strewn with thorns enough, and they have difficulties enough to overcome in their effort to hold their own with their neighbors. Many of them have shown marked ability and with equal opportunities many more would rise. It is the duty of every man, at this time when the prejudice against them is sedulously fostered and rapidly growing, to use all his influence against the unfair discrimination and the denial of justice from which they are suffering. We are bound in every way to help these men and women up.

A Supposition

I would spend my last dollar for an American citizen's life, but I would not spill one drop of blood to save an American citizen's dollar.—*Vice-President* MARSHALL.

We don't know about that. Suppose a foreign cruiser should steam up the Wabash and open fire on the Indianapolis baseball-stand. Then what?

Remarkable

Our friend DANIEL LYNCH, of Minerva, New York, writes to us to say:

> DEAR SIR.—I have just read your editorial "Comment" in the WEEKLY of this date and write to thank you for your kindness in ranking us Irish in advance of the negroes. And as I fully appreciate your courtesy, I relieve you from the trouble of continuing to mail my copy of the WEEKLY.

We turn in some perplexity to the WEEKLY of March 1st, and find these words:

> The word for us Anglo-Saxons—English, German, Jewish, Polish, Irish, African—for all of us, in fact, is patience.

It seems to be a matter of precedence that has driven Mr. LYNCH to satire.

Remarkable!

With a gentleman of Scotch-Irish descent in the White House, and a gentleman whose derivation is partly Irish in the great office of Secretary of State, it ought not to be necessary for us to point out to Mr. LYNCH that the order of names in type is quite a casual matter, and that the head of the table continues to be wherever MCGREGOR sits.

Bull-Mooses in Massachusetts

We should like to print the whole of the dissertation upon Bull-Moose politics in Massachusetts, which was communicated from Boston to the Springfield *Republican* by a "Veteran Observer," who is undoubtedly our venerable and respected contemporary, the Hon. FRANK SANBORN. "These Bull-Mooses," says Mr. SANBORN, "are no more in a normal frame of mind than is a Malay running amok, or a Methodist camp-meeting in the hands of a skilled revivalist."

And then he lets go at them as follows:

> For the most part the progressives are new to politics. With the exception of a few who have been prominent in political activity, the entire company—and it seems to have about as many women as men—is a wholly new section of our people in politics. They know little or nothing of what has been done in politics before them. They are ignorant of the fact that generations of reformers, public-spirited, self-sacrificing, and active—have been trying to solve our political problems, to restrain the exploiting hand of wealth, to protect the weak, to save the children, to guard the women, to relieve the aged, and to secure good pay for all. As new-comers with no history the mooses burst upon the political stage and imagine that they are the whole show. They see the evils of the times and, because the evils exist, assume that nobody else has noticed them or made any effort to remove them. But the mooses do not know the facts and they do not understand themselves. Their case is much simpler and less complimentary to them than they suppose.
>
> Most of the mooses have hitherto been of Republican sympathies as far as they have taken an interest in politics. A small proportion has been Democratic. The plain truth now is that the Moose party has been formed and is easily nothing but straight and pure Democratic in every respect but one. This is easily proved. Their great stock in trade, as shown by their resolutions adopted last night, by their bills in the legislature, and by their platform, is what may be termed uplift propositions—help for women, prevention of child labor, minimum wage, old-age insurance, old-age pensions, initiative and referendum, sanitary measures, shorter hours, and so on. Now that field is rightfully, historically, and really now the possession of the Democratic party. The genesis and progress of this kind of legislation is perfectly well known. Ever since the Civil War it has been under way. It does not begin with the philanthropists, which the mooses are, by any means. It begins with the peor people who are suffering for lack of the reforms demanded. The history is long, continuous, full of both discouragement and encouragement of the workers. It goes back to the struggle for the ten-hour day. It deals with the oppressive factory-store extortion, the weekly payment of wages, the employers' liability law, the opening of factory doors outward, the construction of fire-escapes, the protection of machinery, and a hundred more highly necessary and important measures. These always originate with the poor people to be helped.
>
> Help has always been given by the Democratic party. Never has it failed them. It has always been on its job, faithfully and without relaxation. . . . If these mooses had shown in the past a tenth of the interest they show now these reforms would have been secured years ago.

Perhaps Mr. SANBORN will succeed in convincing his Bull Moose neighbors that they are Democrats and don't know it. If not, events will presently so convince them, and in due time we shall have them voting the Democratic ticket as they should.

The Voice from New England

We have observed that New England is comparatively voiceless in the new administration, but, after all, it may be that New England is eloquent in the appointment of Mr. REDFIELD to be Secretary of Commerce. The opposition from home to the appointment of a gentleman from Boston to that place is understood to have been very earnest.

Per Capitem?

There are too few marriages. HAMMERSTEIN informs the interviewers.—*Newspaper head-line.*

Ordinarily, OSCAR, one apiece ought to do.

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PENN STATE

Life's Pauses

INTO the lives of those chosen and chastened for further growth, there come almost always periods of pause, when all that can be done is to creep somewhere to lonely shelter and hold still, controlling the involuntary shuddering while the whirlwind of life passes over. This is like that other moment of holding the breath and staying the consciousness when we plunge under a breaker, knowing that safety is just holding the head low while the roar and splash of the wave breaks above.

In whatever form the pause come, at whatever stage it clutch and hold us still, our first outcry is that of great poet overtaken, ere half his days were done in this dark world, by blindness. The feeling is that our time is wastefully spent, our little efforts thrown broadcast and issueless into the great caldron of life. And yet the answer sounds still, as in the past, even to us to-day:

"God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

Stand and wait? What is there to be found, as we creep in from the rim of life, where the motion swings us far and wide, toward the stillness at the heart of things? We escape perhaps, first, facile and limited explanations of life. There in the quiet we come to know there is no human unraveling of the tragic coil. From SOCRATES to MAETERLINCK, the sages have urged us to believe that human wisdom might explain the vastness that we name Destiny. Poets even as far back as he who chronicled the trials of JOB have insisted that sorrow, failure, misery are but the temporary tests of strength, and that after the season of sorrow would come a proportionate lightening, as in the naïve solution of the troubles of JOB when the Lord blessed his latter end more than his beginning, and gave him, for all his knowledge of suffering, fourteen thousand sheep, and six thousand camels, and a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she-asses, and seven sons and three daughters. That was a primitive day when the human soul would accept such bribes and new gifts consoled for the injustices of fate. The modern voice would still wail, "What are new children to me, if the children of my youth were ruthlessly swept away? What consolation now are riches when I know that chance can leave me at any instant sick, destitute, and despised? What is release to me who know captivity lurks just behind and stretches forth greedy hands at whom it may clutch. It is life and destiny that must clear themselves and prove themselves moral forces, like unto us, or the years are unbearable and life unpardonable. The Book of Job to-day would have to end at the passage: "Wilt thou disannul my judgment? Wilt thou condemn Life that thou mayest be wise?"

Three answers, indeed, may stand out to the soul from the moments of pause, "when hot for certainties in this our life" it stands still, finger on lip to endure and wait. By suffering one escapes the inevitable coarsening of those who evade sorrow. "Pride compasseth them about as a chain; violence covereth them as a garment; their eyes stand out with fatness." However much in the tumult and struggle of existence this seems a desirable culmination, it is not in the moments of pause what with the whole soul one would choose. Rather face all the caprice of chance, the downfall of ideals, the sweeping aside of faiths, ambitions, illusions, the insistent intrusion of death and loss, so one keep inviolate the sense for truth, escape the dangers of easy content and slight optimisms; so that one keep alert and on the stretch the sense for others' sorrows and let the spirit's life wear thin the body's. Who suffers adequately will admit no facile answers to the tragedy and devastation all about. And even while one makes this response to the pause where one is held, sick at heart, broken and disabled, there comes with the answer the task that means more life—the task of keeping oneself from hardness. Only out of still places wherein we suffer can come resignation to this matter so far above the human reason—the incomprehensible terror and pity of life. For even as we think to cease creating in the outer world, we begin to mold the inner life, shaping the quiet places of the soul, and the great responses to pause are pity and patience. It is in the moment of pause, when one stands still, that in truth he prays. And if we have forgotten or cast aside the childish call upon some outer power to protect or release, all the more will he pray to himself to create out of the evil and the mystery some form of fairness and peace; some gentle acceptation of personal futility and agony, hurled, as each one is, by the great winds of chance. At least hardness and scorning need not be born of the pause for thought. Long and long ago the wise singers sang of this to the angry and defiant king:

Of scorn, even for destiny that misses the mark, so far as one's sight carries, far oftener than it hits,

"Whatso law thou canst not see
Scorning: so the end shall be
Uttermost calamity."

there need be none; only the long patience and waiting.

"What else is wisdom? What else man's endeavor?
Or God's high grace, so lovely and so great?
To stand from fear set free, to breathe and wait,
To hold a hand uplifted over Hate;
And shall not loveliness be loved forever?"

Secondly, there comes to one in the pause the acceptation of life's mystery; the sure sense that however much one sees, one is never seeing all. To know that one does not know is enlargement of consciousness. The world and life and chance and destiny grow larger as we face the truth, that the human mind is but catching at the hem of the garment of life. It was PHILIP, among the followers of CHRIST, who could never quite accept this. PHILIP said, "Lord, show us the Father and it sufficeth us!" He had the power to believe only what he saw with his eyes. When NATHANAEL said, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" his natural reply was, "Come and see." Experience he would tell us *is* the truth. We can believe what we have seen with our eyes and touched with our hands. PHILIP was a pragmatist before his time, and practical too, like all of them. What is seen with the eyes and touched with the hands that is believable. But the outlook from the quiet places of the soul is wider. What we see and hear, what we touch and understand are the mere hints and symbols of life. The vital impulse, the great pushing forward of primordial being, the ceaseless creation of new forms to take the place of those destroyed—of this we can know and touch and handle but the little fragmentary bits that float nearest to us.

And last in the pause of life it is that partially we make escape from the chief and most belittling misery of life, from the chains of individuation. What is that eating regret for the past but a kind of separating sense which sees the single fate and the whole as apart?—a division of the self from the whole which in truth contains the past no less than the present and the future. What is that fear of loss but a way of dividing the self off from the being of all reality? What is that hurt at indifference or enmity or ill-will but the illusion of separateness? The whole cannot lose nor yet be hurt.

"But what thing dost thou now
Looking godward to cry,
I am I, thou art thou,
I am low, thou art high?
I am thou, whom thou seekest; to find him, find thou
but thyself; thou art I."

Indeed, compact with the whole, each one is he who loves and unloves; is good and is evil; is stricken, the striker, and the blow that falls. Whatever happens is in the whole and of it and to it. Here, then, in this deeper arcana of consciousness is liberation and mitigation of suffering. If as a separate unit one's portion be to suffer, yet in some other part, in some further development, as a part of the whole one finds joy. In the whole, which we call life, or reality, we live and move and have our being. Never by any effort do we quite *think* ourselves into the truth of the inseparable whole, but doubtless in the pauses of life, when a hush falls upon the tumult of events, we somehow *feel* our way back to the heart of life and there become again, for the time, really primordial being itself, feeling its indomitable desire for being and joy in existence; "the struggle, the pain, the destruction of phenomena now appear to us as something necessary, considering the surplus of innumerable forms of existence which throng and push one another into life, considering the exuberant fertility of the universal will. . . . In spite of fear and pity we are happy living beings, not as individuals, but as part of the one living being with whose procreative joy we are blended."

Correspondence

THE ARMY CANTEEN

MT. VERNON, O.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I notice that the government is asking for men to enlist in the army and navy. There are certain qualifications necessary that all applicants must have before they are accepted for either the army or navy. They must be sober, of good habits, good health, and a lot more of things that would presume that the applicant was a decent, self-respecting fellow. Now is it to be presumed that just as soon as a man joins either the army or navy that all habits of self-respect and restraint are thrown to one side? Does a man lose his manhood just as soon as he joins the army or navy? I remember when we came home from the Civil War that the men, or rather boys, who had passed through as rough a life as comes to most men, they went back to the farm and store and shop, and settled down to the life that they had led before the war.

Not all of them proved true, but those who failed were bad to start with.

These boys came back from the war and took up their burdens, and helped to make this country what it is. Now, if they could come back to civil life decent and self-respecting, what reason have we to believe that the present soldier becomes a degraded and besotted individual as soon as he joins the army? Is the habit of beer drinking necessary to make a man a good soldier? Must he have a saloon at his elbow to keep him from deserting? There is just as much of a canteen to-day as there ever was, with the exception that spirits are not allowed to be sold. He can read and enjoy games and rest without the continued temptation to form the habit of beer drinking. If the American army and navy are to be kept together only by establishing beer-drinking places in the camps and quarters, then our defenses need looking after. Germany has seen the degradation that comes from the use of beer in her defenders, and is seeking some way to lessen the evil. We are sizing up our soldiers as incapable of doing good work, as soldiers, unless they have a chance to fill up with beer. And we are trying to get the saloon back into the canteen, where it will be a continual degrading influence to our young men who go into the army and navy. There are enough temptations for our young men away from home without Uncle Sam establishing a temptation right under their noses every time they go to the canteen for rest, reading, or other recreation. Bad men are everywhere. But it is not fair to judge the army and the soldier by a few black sheep that are found among them. If I should go into certain parts of New York after 10 P. M. and undertake to judge the city by what I should see there, I would be utterly unfair in my judgment.

I am, sir,

W. P. BOGARDUS.

We dissent from the opinion suggested by our correspondent that the desire for a canteen implies that the soldier becomes besotted and degraded when he joins the army. It implies no more than that he continues to be like the average man in civil life.

Spirits were not sold in the army canteens, and it is not contemplated to sell them. Only beer and light wines.—EDITOR.

PENSIONS FOR GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES

NEW MEXICO, *February 11, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your issue of January 25th I find an editorial entitled, "What Good is Life at Sixty?" which closes with these words: "But gracious! how folks are reaching out for pensions!" The subject of the editorial was the pensioning of Post-office employees.

It would be a great misfortune if such a publication as HARPER'S WEEKLY were to withhold its support of what efforts are being made—rare and mostly perfunctory as they are—to provide some measure of relief for disabled and superannuated government employees. From whatever point of view the matter is taken, justice to the men, efficiency to the service, I cannot see how in our day the expediency of the measure can be doubted.

Take my own case, for instance—and I cite it not because it is my own, but because it is in point, and is the one with which, naturally, I am most familiar; there are no doubt many thousand similar ones. I have been a government clerk for over nineteen years, during which time I have given the government the best there was in me, and in return I have been paid, no doubt, all I was worth; but nevertheless not enough to make any adequate provision for old age or invalidism. I am married and have children. Some years ago I contracted tuberculosis, and this disease has progressed until total disablement is in sight and probably very near. When such a time comes I shall be turned adrift, without resources.

Now suppose I were an officer or an enlisted man of the army or navy, what treatment would I get in case of disablement? If an officer, I would be retired on three-quarters of my pay, and this after having been very well paid indeed during my period of active service, after having been kept under the best medical treatment at government expense, for years if necessary, and regardless of the length of my active service. I know officers on the retired list whose active service was less than six months; one I know who served but two months before he went on sick report. And as, frequently, officers are kept on sick report until due for promotion, and then retired with the next higher rank, the three-quarters pay in many cases means full pay of the grade in which they fell sick. And frequently, too, officers are retired for disabilities which incapacitate them for the more strenuous duties of the service, but which are not serious enough to inconvenience them much in private life nor to prevent them from engaging in other business after retirement.

And if I were an enlisted man, what would I get? I would be sent to a hospital and receive the best of treatment at government expense for such time as was necessary, up to six months or even longer. Then, if there were no indications that I would recover completely in a short time, I would be discharged, given a pension, the amount of which depends on the amount of disability, up to $72 a month, and in addition I would be entitled to admission to a soldiers' or sailors' home, where I would be taken care of for the rest of my life at no expense whatever to me. And this also regardless of the length of my active service; two or three months in the ranks would be sufficient.

Of course, both officers and enlisted men are entitled to retirement on three-quarters pay after thirty years of service.

I do not mean to say that disabled officers and enlisted men are too well treated, or treated better than is just and fair; I state their advantages merely to contrast them with what happens to civilian employees in similar circumstances. But leaving comparisons aside and taking the matter on its own merits only, do you think that to cast aside, without resources of any kind, an old or disabled employee after long years of service is humane, or just, or worthy of this government? And don't you think that whatever relief was accorded such men would eventually redound to the benefit of the government in better and more faithful service? I believe so, for we are, as a class, not less honest and grateful than the rest of men. The knowledge that some measure of protection would be extended to us in our dark days could not but make us serve our employer the more loyally while we could.

We do not ask that pensions be given us indiscriminately, or in excessive amounts, or when they are not really needed; what we ask is that when a man, through no fault of his own, but through sickness or old age, becomes unfit for further work, he be given such help as will keep him from becoming an object of charity and a burden on his community.

I am, sir,

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MEMORIES OF MARCH 4th

RECALLED BY ROLLIN KIRBY

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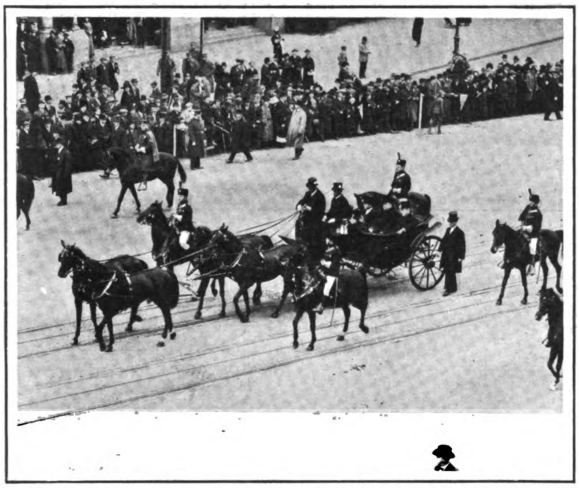
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Anticipations



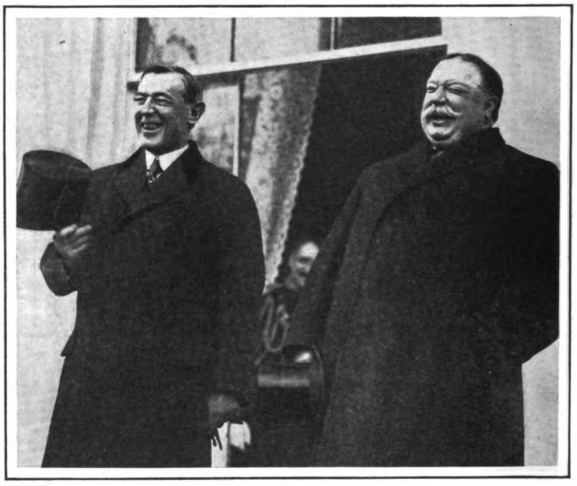
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Inclinations

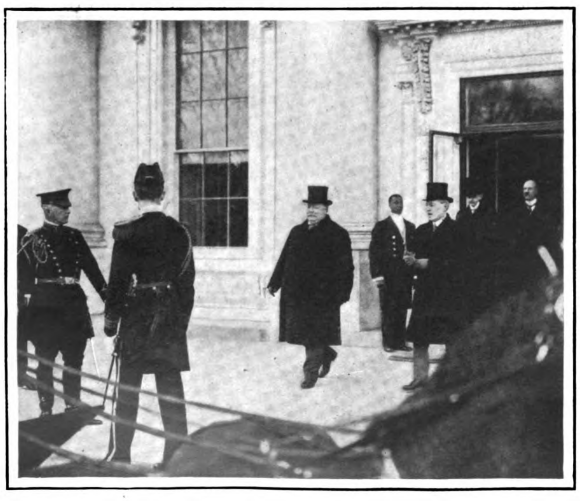


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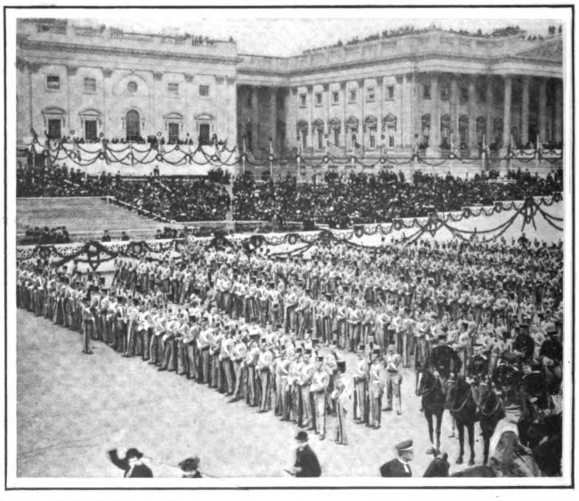
On the way to the inaugural stand



The incoming and the outgoing smiles



Leaving the White House for the inauguration



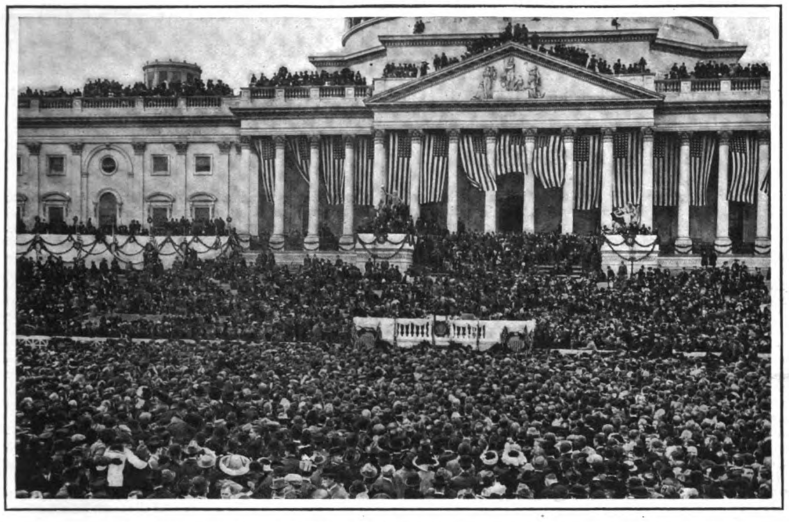
The West Point cadets on parade before the Capitol

CHANGING PRESIDENTS

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President Wilson delivering his inaugural address from the front of the Capitol



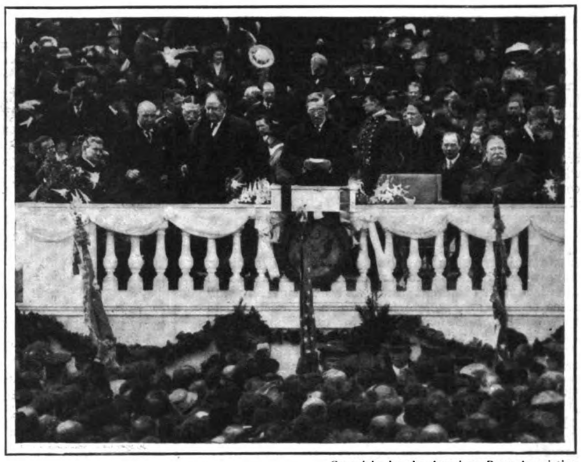
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Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson leaving for Washington



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"This is not a day of triumph; it is a day of dedication"



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"We shall restore, not destroy"



The man who might have been. Justice Hughes and other members of the Supreme Court watching the ceremonies



The new Secretary of State and Mrs. Bryan

WOODROW WILSON'S INAUGURATION

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THE "MODERN" SPIRIT IN ART

Some Reflections Inspired by the Recent International Exhibition

BY KENYON COX

IT is proper to begin an account of the extraordinary exhibition of modern art recently held in New York with an acknowledgment that it is well such an exhibition should be held and that, therefore, the thanks of the public are due to the gentlemen who got it together. We have heard a great deal about the Post-Impressionists and the Cubists; we have read expositions of their ideas and methods which have had a plausible sound in the absence of the works to be explained; we have had some denunciation and ridicule, some enthusiastic praise, and a great deal of half-frightened and wholly puzzled effort to understand what, it was taken for granted, must have some real significance; but we have not heretofore had an opportunity of seeing the things themselves—the paintings and sculpture actually produced by these men. Now the things are quite indescribable and unbelievable. Neither the praises of their admirers, the ridicule of their opponents, nor the soberest attempt at impartial description can give any idea of them. No reproduction can approach them. They must be seen to be believed possible, and therefore it is well that they should have been seen. From this point of view my only regret is that the Association of American Painters and Sculptors did not see fit to include some representation of the Futurists in their exhibition, that the whole thing might be done once for all. In a case of necessity one may be willing to take a drastic emetic and may even humbly thank the medical man for the efficacy of the dose. The more thorough it is the less chance is there that it may have to be repeated.

Of course I cannot pretend to have approached the exhibition entirely without prejudice. One cannot have studied and practised an art for forty years without the formation of some opinions—even of some convictions. But I remembered the condemnation of Corot and Millet by Gérôme and Cabanel; I remembered the natural conservatism of middle age; I took to heart the admonition of the preface to the catalogue, that "to be afraid of what is different or unfamiliar is to be afraid of life." I meant to make a genuine effort to sort out these people, to distinguish their different aims and doctrines, to take notes and to analyze, to treat them seriously if disapprovingly. I cannot do it. Nor can I laugh. This thing is not amusing; it is heartrending and sickening. I was quoted the other day as having said that the human race is rapidly approaching insanity. I never said it, but if I were convinced that this is really "modern art" and that these men are representative of our time, I should be constrained to believe it.

In recollecting the appalling morning I spent in this place certain personalities do, however, define themselves and certain tendencies make themselves clear. It is no time for squeamishness or for standing upon "professional courtesy," and such persons as I may mention I shall treat quite frankly—in that respect, at least, I may follow their own example. Fortunately there is little necessity of dwelling upon the American part of the show. It contains some good work by artists who must wonder at the galley aboard which they find themselves, some work with real merit by men who have aided in the launching of the galley, and a great deal of bad work which, however, seldom reaches the depths of badness attainable by Frenchmen and Germans. But this work, good, bad, and indifferent, is either perfectly well known or is so paled by comparison that it needs no mention. Some of it is silly, but little of it is dangerous. There is one American, however, who must be spoken of because he has pushed the new doctrines to a conclusion in some respects more logical and complete than have any of the foreigners. In the wildest productions of Picabia or Picasso there is usually discernible, upon sufficiently painstaking investigation, some faint trace of the natural objects which are supposed to have inspired them; and even when this disappears the title remains to show that such objects have existed. It has remained for Mr. Marsden Hartley to take the final step and to arrange his lines and spots purely for their own sake, abandoning all pretense of representation or even of suggestion. He exhibits certain rectangles of paper covered with a maze of charcoal lines which are catalogued simply as Drawing No. 1, Drawing No. 2, etc.

This, I say, is the logical end, for the real meaning of this Cubist movement is nothing else than the total destruction of the art of painting—that art of which the dictionary definition is "the art of representing, by means of figures and colors applied on a surface, objects presented to the eye or to the imagination." Two years ago I wrote: "We have reached the edge of the cliff and must turn back or fall into the abyss." Deliberately and determinedly these men have stepped over the edge. Now the total destruction of painting as a representative art is a thing which a lover of painting could hardly envisage with entire equanimity, yet one may admit that such a thing might take place and yet an art remain that should have its own value. A Turkish rug or a tile from the Alhambra is nearly without representative purpose, but it has intrinsic beauty and some conceivable human use. The important question is what it is proposed to substitute for this art of painting which the world has cherished since there were men definitely differentiated from beasts. They have abolished the representation of nature and all forms of recognized and traditional decoration; what will they give us instead? And here is the difference between Mr. Hartley and his Parisian brothers. His "drawings" are purely negatory. If one finds it impossible to imagine the kind of human being that could take any pleasure in them one is free to admit that there is nothing especially disgusting about them. But one cannot say as much for the works of the Frenchmen. In some strange way they have made their work revolting and defiling. To have looked at it is to have passed through a pathological museum where the layman has no right to go. One feels that one has seen not an exhibition, but an exposure.

Of course the work of these artistic anarchists formed only a part of the exhibition. A serious attempt was made to get together a representative showing of the artists whom they consider their forerunners, and a number of the smaller galleries contained what might be considered a series of illustrations of Meier-Graefe. A good many critics who find the latest manifestations of the "modern" spirit quite intolerable are yet able to maintain a complacent satisfaction in these earlier exemplifications of it and even, by contrast, to increase their pleasure in work which seems relatively sane and wholesome. I wish I could feel, as they do, that there is a sudden dislocation with the appearance of Matisse and that everything before him falls naturally into its place as a continuation of the great tradition. I wish I were not forced to see that the easy slope to Avernus began as far back as the sixties of the last century. The lack of discipline and the exaltation of the individual have been the destructive forces of modern art, and they began their work long ago. For a time the persistence of earlier ideals and the possession by the revolutionaries of the very training which they attacked as unnecessary saved the art from entire dissolution. Now all discipline has disappeared, all training is proclaimed useless, and individualism has reached the pitch of sheer insanity or triumphant charlatanism.



An example of "advanced" art at the International Exhibition. Duchamp's stupefying picture, "Nude descending a staircase"

The decadence did not begin with Ingres and Delacroix and Corot, though the ultras would fain utilize the glory of these masters as a covering for their own nakedness. It seems to me clear that it did begin with Manet and Whistler. It is impossible not to sympathize with the revolt against an unintelligent literalism which these men began. It is equally impossible not to see that they suffered from the lack of training and from the lack of a normal relation to their public, and that, in spite of great beauties, their work is ineffectual and fragmentary. There was little of it here, and that not of the best, but there was enough of it, as there was of the more purely Impressionist work of Monet and Renoir and the rest, to show its relation to the *degringolade* which followed. The Impressionists denied the necessity of any knowledge of form or structure, and decried the acquisition of such knowledge. They preached "the innocence of the eye." It was not the business of an artist to know what anything is like or how it is made—his affair was only how it looks. Neither had he any right to compose or select, though, as a matter of fact, they could not help composing and selecting. The colored spot and the vibration of light—these were the sole objects of study. Quite at the end of the Impressionist movement came Seurat, the inventor of a new theory and a new technique which was to revolutionize painting. Two little pictures here, quite dingy and colorless and faded into unimportance, marked the failure of Pointillism. Then come Henri Rousseau, Maurice Denis, Odillon Redon, Mathew Maris, and the more interesting group especially known as Post-Impressionists, Cézanne, Van Gogh, and Gauguin. With these men it is not knowledge of form alone that is unnecessary, but knowledge of any kind. The artist is no longer to occupy himself with the problem of how things look—he is interested only in how he feels about things. Impressionism is too scientific and its discipline too rigid. Even the study of light hampers the effort at self-expression, and is to be thrown away, as impressionism had thrown away the study of form.

One of the oddest of them all is Rousseau, a revolutionist *sans le savoir*. He seems to have been one of those harmless amateurs who continue sending perfectly hopeless pictures before the juries of exhibitions without ever getting them exhibited. He lived a long and obscure life, and died, and then some one discovered that because he had obviously no training and no knowledge he must have had personality. For a generation which demands *naïveté* and spontaneity above all other qualities he is a valuable acquisition, for his *naïveté* is the real thing. His work is perfectly innocent and entirely inept and his pictures resemble the productions, on a larger scale than usual, of a child of seven. There is no one else like him. Maurice Denis is an amiable caricature of Puvis de Chavannes, not without a certain charm, but exaggerating the weaknesses of his model and reducing the method to the verge of absurdity. Odillon Redon is a dreamer in lines as Maris is a dreamer in colors. Both are poets if you will, but neither is a draughtsman or a painter. Their absorption in the subjective vision has prevented their acquiring a sound and definite method of expression.

Cézanne is by far the most interesting as he is the most extravagantly praised of the modernists. I believe him to have been a perfectly sincere searcher, and I admit in him some of the elements of genius. He seems to have had a sense of essential character in portraiture, just as he had a sense of the essential squareness of houses and the essential roundness of apples. He seems always to have aimed at the great things. But he seems to me absolutely without talent and absolutely cut off from tradition. He could not learn to paint as others did, and he spent his life in the hopeless attempt to create a new art of painting for himself. Fumblingly and partially he can express himself to the few—he will never have anything for the many. If Cézanne is a builder, Gauguin is a decorator, but a decorator tainted with insanity. His arrangements of line are sometimes noble and graceful, but the things he represents are often hideous. His color is sometimes beautiful, but it is always unnecessarily false and often unpleasantly morbid. "The Spirit of Evil" haunts more of his pictures than the one so named. In the work of Van Gogh which was shown at the armory I can find little either of the great qualities he is said to have possessed or of the madness that finally overcame him. All I can be sure of is an experiment in impressionistic technique by a painter too unskilled to give quality to an evenly laid coat of pigment.

All these men were, I think, honest enough; unbalanced, undisciplined, and self-absorbed, but not self-glorifiers. I cannot think the same of the two I have next to name. How far mental disease mingles with inordinate self-esteem and immoderate self-exploitation in the later work of Rodin it is difficult to say. Some of his later sculpture and almost all of his drawings are the more lamentable in that they mark the ruin of a great talent. As to Matisse I am no longer in doubt; it is not madness that stares at you from his canvases, but leering effrontery.

Believing, as I do, that there are still commandments in art as in morals, and still laws in art as in physics, I have no fear that this kind of art will prevail, or even that it can long endure. But it may do a good deal of harm while it lasts. It may dazzle the young students of art with the prospect of an easily attained notoriety which they cannot distinguish from fame, and prevent their acquiring any serious training during the years when, if ever, such training must be acquired; it may so debauch criticism that it shall lose what little authority or usefulness it still retains; it may corrupt public taste and stimulate an appetite for excitement that is as dangerous as the appetite for any other poisonous drug; finally, it may juggle out of the pockets of the gullible a few dollars that will be far more wasted than if they were thrown into the sea. To the critics it is useless to speak. How shall we instruct our self-appointed instructors? The students and the public may possibly listen, and for them I have a few words of earnest advice.

To the student I would say: Distrust all short cuts to art or to glory. No work worth doing was ever done without long preparation and continuous endeavor. The success that is attained in a month will be forgotten in a year. To the public I would say: Do not allow yourselves to be blinded by the sophistries of the foolish dupes or the self-interested exploiters of all this charlatanry. Remember that it is for you that art is created, and judge honestly for yourselves whether this which calls itself art is useful to you or to the world. You are not infallible, but your instincts are right in the main, and you are, after all, the final judges. If your stomach revolts against this rubbish it is because it is not fit for human food. Let no man persuade you to stuff yourselves with it.

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"SEEING" MEN

The Art of Picking Winners in the Business World

By Cromwell Childe

DRAWINGS BY J. J. GOULD



The oil man put question after question in quick succession

"SEEING" men is an art. It amounts almost to second sight. Often, in a business "line," some man makes his way mysteriously and rapidly to the top, or near to it. He does not seem to have greater trading ability than many others, nor has he been favored by a larger capital or a more magnetic personality. But he rises. His faculty of "seeing" men has been the magical force.

"Seeing" men means recognizing, perhaps under an unpromising exterior, what a man really is or may grow into, and attaching him to an organization or staff. There are business executives that are geniuses in doing this. Their success is brought about in great measure by the efficiency of the body of men they have picked in this way. It happens many times that a captain of affairs hunts for years for a lieutenant of certain qualities. He finds him at last, in Cinderella-like garb, far down the commercial ladder, a person a hundred other men who really wanted a man of just this type have passed carelessly over. They could not "see."

It is no trick at all to discover the man who has triumphantly made a record, who is already a personality in this trade or that. Unfortunately such a man is unfailingly costly. What he has done, moreover, is no positive guarantee as to his future exploits. Men of great reputation as lieutenants many times prove great disappointments when they shift. The chief who "sees" picks a man whose reputation is yet to be made, and thereby gets the profits himself.

A famous man who is now dead controlled a certain vast business organization. One of his able employees, then well down the line, found himself up against a stone wall as regards increase in pay. He had crept by degrees up to a salary of $3,000; repeated requests could not seem to get him above this. He quietly took himself off to a rival company which gladly paid him something more.

That the big chief knew of him, except possibly by name, he never suspected. But one day, some months later, this occurred: In a council, the famous captain of affairs, who seemed always to be aware of everything without asking, and who at times would cleverly re-arrange his men like pieces on a chess-board, said suddenly:

"Get Jones."

He did not add a word to that succinct statement, and passed on at once to other matters. His executives understood, however. They knew that they were to bring back the man at any figure he might name, under any conditions he might impose. The command was absolute. Their leader had "seen" where they had not. The great organization had to have this man who appeared by no means a necessity.

Whoever walks into the big central offices to-day and has business up at the top will in all likelihood meet this man who, some years ago, was "seen" by the keen brain at the head. In any case he will hear of him. For, quietly, Jones has gone past men of far more brilliant records. Why they, too, did not "see" at the time the command to "get" him was given, his admiring associates of the present moment do not know.

"Call to-morrow morning at nine o'clock," said the president of a big bank in a city of the Far West. The man he addressed was shabby and weather-beaten. In the handsome private offices just off the great banking-room of gold and marble into which he had just been ushered he looked incongruous and out of place. He had entered ten minutes before, bravely, but with a despondency he could not quite conceal. A succession of men had been treating him like the tramp he seemed.

The worn and rough clothes, the unkempt appearance, the air of one who is whipped and is hungry had blinded man after man. For an entire day, at any time, the stranger could have been bought, body and soul, at the price of the merest pittance. The men who turned him carelessly aside or would not even listen cannot, perhaps, be blamed. It is, possibly, not business to give opportunities to every tramp-like unknown. However this may be, one man's eye and brain did go beneath the shabby garments and the general air of "down and out." The curious thing about it was that he was the biggest and richest man the "tramp" had attempted to see. He sat in by far the finest office. This was so splendid that the stranger tried everything else first, and came into it last in pure desperation.

The big banker "saw." He could not, perhaps, have told any one how. The shabby man's personal appearance did not concern him. There was something beyond that in his make-up. What all the other banking-men who had had the chance bitterly regretted afterward that they did not do, this one man did.



His sole occupation had been eating three meals a day

He motioned the shabby man to a chair, and, while drawing out his story, deftly analyzed him. The man's story was simple. It was very quickly told. The stranger had held a good position in a bank in the East. He had left this to search for fortune in Alaska. A shipwreck had beggared him. Even the letters he had from his old bank had been carried away with his other property. No man could possibly be more adrift.

It was a short interview, very short. The shabby man had nothing to eat that night, but he chuckled at that. He had found work. He knew that one man had the capacity to look beneath externals. The big banker, on the other hand, softly laughed as the outcast, with a totally different step, went out. As a matter of formality there went out from the bank within an hour a telegram addressed to a city in the East. But there was really no need for it. An expert had been discovered, one that a dozen other ordinarily able men had been too blind to see.

Both men, the discoverer and the discovered, were in the banking office early the next morning. The banker was eager to see his quick judgment confirmed. He placed his "find" in an inconspicuous corner, but where knowledge and experience would tell. The neatly dressed clerks looked at the new-comer askance. That person steadily kept pace with them. What was their surprise when, at noon, the president stepped over to the stranger, and said:

"I am going out to lunch—join me."

The test of the morning had been decisive. Over the lunch-table the man who a few hours before had been a despairing, hopeless struggler was told plainly that a future was awaiting him. An advance was arranged for. Within a month the man who had tramped from door to door, shabbiest of the shabby, begging for the work he must have, was beginning to attract marked attention in the financial circles of the city. His sunken cheeks had filled out. When well dressed he presented an engaging figure. Three months later he was second assistant cashier. In two years he was the president's confidential man. To this day the other banking men of that section, who have seen many a dollar lost to them since his arrival and climb to power, do not understand how they could possibly have let a man of that ability slip past them. They would not know what was meant if they were told that it was because they were men who could not "see."

A master in the steel trade was looking over a monthly statement with much complacency one morning. Nothing was further from his mind than adding to his selling force. It would be difficult for an organization to be in better trim than his was just at that time. He was good-natured and let a cloth-salesman slip in and get his ear. That individual had some trouserings to sell.

Now the steel potentate did not want any new trousers, and he was not given to buying what he did not care for. He was known as one of the shrewdest, hardest bargain-drivers in the entire country. But there was something about this salesman's talk that fascinated him. He let him go on. With rare ingenuity he made the sale most difficult. Constantly

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cluding him, he led that salesman a merry chase of wits, bringing out every ounce of skill the drummer had. The salesman had no idea but that it was merely a matter of a few yards of cloth. It was, however, an ingenious "try out." The master of steel "saw." He had come across a salesman of rare powers, and he meant to have him.

He bought the cloth. "There's a condition, though," he said, grimly looking out from under his shaggy eyebrows. "It's this: that you'll go to work for me. I'll make it all right with you. What are you getting now?"

Confused, for this was one of the great commercial princes that he was standing before, the salesman commenced to stammer. The recognition of his ability had been almost too sudden and dramatic.

"Three thousand, you say? I'll double it at the start. Come before the end of the week, if you can. It's a crying shame to waste that gift of gab you have on trouser stuff, when with the same talk you can be selling steel rails."

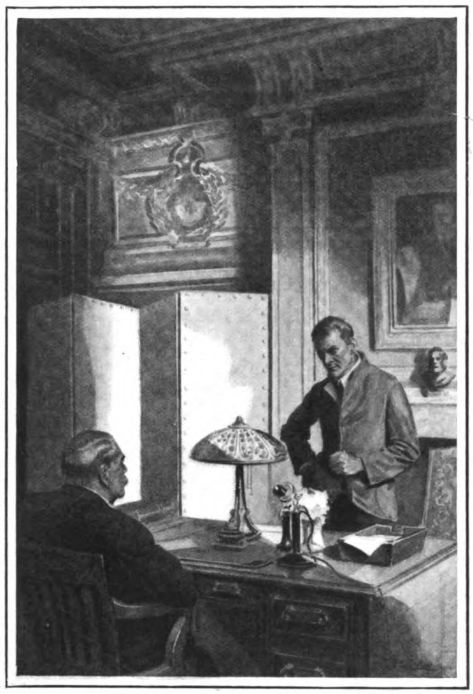
Thus was one of the most brilliant salesmen born in one of the biggest of American industries. A man behind a desk had "seen."

Bob Blyley, an agent for an oil company, had the rare gift of obtaining business where others failed. He had a plan of campaign all his own. He did not claim that the oil he sold was better or cheaper than that of his rivals. He cheerfully conceded that there was no difference in the quality or the price. He simply offered to show any man who would buy from him how he could cut down his oil bill materially. His commissions and salary made a capital income for him, and that ended it. Nobody ever thought of proclaiming him a wonder.

One day he looked in upon the manager of one of the great mining companies. It was a practical impossibility to sell to this manager except for a certain oil company. He always stood by his friends, and Blyley's chief opponent in the trade had many times gone out of his way to favor the old gentleman. But Blyley thought he would try. He remembered that he had several times stormed commercial fortresses where there was only the ghost of a chance, just as in this case, and had "won out."

Bascome was this business dragon's name. He did not make use of the conventional modern method of keeping himself in seclusion. On the contrary, he delighted in showing himself to all visitors, glaring and growling at them from behind a wire grating.

He had heard of Blyley and was a little curious. He noted that his usual gruffness fell on unhearing ears. His growl, "I have oil from a company I am satisfied with, sir. I would not take your oil if you gave it to me," did not seem to have any effect at all. Blyley simply asked if he would not be interested if he could show him how to cut down his present oil bill fifty per cent. Naturally such a question brought forth a certain answer. It was given incredulously and grumpily, but it was an admission.



In the handsome private office he looked incongruous and out of place

The order Blyley was after came inside of a quarter of an hour. The young man was pleased. It was one of the most difficult little battles he had ever fought. It was, however, not so much unlike the others, and he was surprised when, as he started to go—for he had long since been brought into the private office—the old miner laid his hand down heavily on his knee and said:

"No. Wait." He stopped, and then went on. "You're in the wrong business, boy. We need you in mining."

The old mining manager was one of those who could "see." He had never set his eyes upon Blyley before, but that made no difference. Men who can "see" "see" quickly. Long afterward Blyley came to understand the whole story. Mr. Bascome had been looking for years for a successor. In all the organizations over which he was master, employing in the aggregate several hundred men outside of the laboring forces, there was not one to whom he could entrust the reins. This young man's steady, sure method of approach interested him from the start. He was a master of opportunities that he himself did not want to grasp, questions to which the only possible answer was right. Since the death of the man who recognized Blyley for what he was at first sight, that former has handled intricate labor problems with great delicacy, has effected important consolidations, has reduced production costs, has acquired a railroad, purchased interests in manufacturing concerns to which he sells his product. For several years he visited companies in different parts of the West. Other managers saw in him only the ordinary oil-drummer who made fair money.

A soap-manufacturing concern was in deep water financially. It made good soap, delicately perfumed and artistically wrapped. The company was small. Like most unpractical men they thought that people would fall over one another to buy their soap. When orders did not come in they could not understand.

There was something of a reorganization, and a minority element which had more or less business experience climbed into the saddle and forced through the appointment of a new sales manager. The new man took three days to study the sick business. Then he tersely announced his decision:

"Your soap is good, but your salesmen are no good."

Thereupon he commenced the building up of a new staff. Among the applicants that filed past his desk was a tall fellow of careless though pleasing address, who, to the ordinary observer, would have seemed to have no business traits at all. He had no business experience, he confessed that at once. His sole occupation in life, he acknowledged, had been eating three meals a day provided by indulgent parents. He was getting a little tired of this, he went on, and thought he would like to work.

The new sales manager had no difficulty in understanding that. From the strict business viewpoint this was the most unpromising bit of raw material he had come across. But there was something about the boy—yes, there was something. What it was he did not know. But he could not let him go. Without one jot or tittle of evidence, against what would have been the judgment of nine business men out of ten—ninety-nine out of a hundred, probably—he "saw" in this untried, unformed young fellow a great salesman, the one man he needed.

Did the lad who knew nothing of business succeed? Wait and hear the story, which is one of the most curious of business romances, seems incredible, but is in every detail true. The sales manager trusted to his own inspiration, and sent the boy out into an adjoining state. The soap was not even selling in the first town he entered. In the very first store he met an experienced salesman in the same line of business. Despite that handicap he booked one of the largest orders placed in that section for years, with a special discount for cash on receipt of bill of lading. Inside of two weeks he was so depleting the soap stock of his concern that the factory was running a night shift to keep pace with his orders.

How did he do it? Nobody knew; nobody has ever been able to say. He was simply a natural-born salesman that no one had been able to recognize. The great genius in any line of action is always "seen" with difficulty. The commonplace man is invariably accepted before him. The reason is that the exceptional man needs an exceptional chief. It takes a man of extraordinary capacity to discover the extraordinary.

HAWKING WITH THE ADWAN ARABS

BY WILLIAM COFFIN

IT is not often nowadays that one has a chance to go a-hawking. The glory of the sport has long gone by in Europe, its extensive vocabulary is almost forgotten, and it exists there only as the fad of a few medieval-minded sportsmen.

In the East, where the art of falconry perhaps originated, it flourishes still. Riding down the Jordan Valley in December we stumbled upon an unexpected relish to the end of a journey, a day's good sport with Arab falcons, which befell thus:

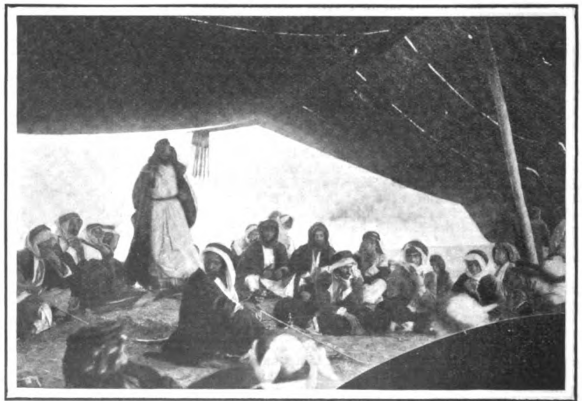
The Adwan Bedouins had come down from their holdings near Heshbon and had been encamped for some three weeks at Tel Nimrin. We crossed the Jordan by the ferry at Damieh, rode down the east side of the Jordan Valley, and in the middle of the afternoon drew rein in front of the *menzil* of our friend Sheik Saoud.

The sheik was from home, but there were many of his camp to come up and give us welcome. We off-saddled, a carpet was laid in the guest tent, cushions and thickly wadded quilts were brought forth, and the cheery sound of the coffee tune rang out.

Before many minutes Sheik Saoud rode up and we went forth to greet him. I had not met him before, but Whiting and Larson were old friends of his. A Bedouin sheik is never an unpicturesque figure, and Saoud was eminently satisfactory in his brown *aba*, on his gray mare with her tasseled saddle-bags and woven saddle-cloth. Balancing on the mare's rump was Sheik Saoud's falcon. He had been hawking



Sheik Saoud and the writer



A group of Bedouins in the guest tent

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and he pulled the quarry, a francolin, from his saddle-bags and held it up.

Hawking! Here was something to stir the imagination. We had no pressing engagement on the morrow save to be at Jericho by nightfall, and it occurred to all three of us that it would be very agreeable to see the sheik's hawks in action.

Greetings, salutations, and salaams take time with the Arabs, but as soon as was decent after we were seated together on the divan in the big tent we led Sheik Saoud up to the subject of his hawks.

Hazzah, the sheik's falcon, stood beside the divan on her block, an hour-glass-shaped stand of wood with a spike at the end.

"What a fine bird," we exclaimed, "and in what excellent condition! And what game do you take with her?"

"Hares chiefly, and birds; but there are larger falcons with which the Arabs take the gazelle and the bustard."

"Is there good hunting near the camp?"

"There is some game, not too far away."

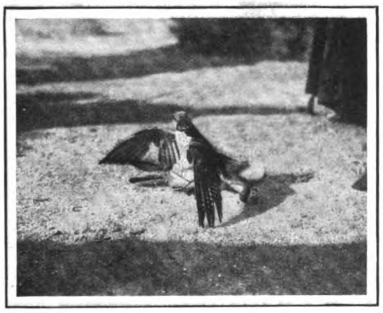
"And how does the hunt follow the falcon and the quarry?"

"On horseback."

"It must be exciting sport."

"Yes, it is not unamusing."

"We have often heard of the sport of falconry, but



The falcon "mantling" over the quarry

we have never had a chance to practise it." This was said wistfully.

"Would you care to go forth the next morning and try your luck with my falcons?"

We accepted, and so precipitately as to cause the sheik to smile. I think he was glad to find something which promised to amuse us so well.

The sheik told us much about the Arab art of falconry. The birds in the Adwan camp were *sakr el wakri*, or "nest falcons," *sakr* being the generic term for hawk or falcon. The *wakri* are used on small game and are caught among the rocky cliffs of the Heshbon district by Arabs who are let down to the nests in bags, a process reminiscent of the *Arabian Nights*. The *sakr el hur*, which may be translated "falcon of freedom," is a larger bird which is found in the Hauran. They are proper passage hawks, and they are netted full grown by the fellahin, who sew up their eyelids with silk thread and put them through a preliminary training. By the time the bird has learned its name, the silk threads have worn through, its eyes are open, and it is salable to some sheik, who completes its education. The Bedouins will pay from $25 to $35 for a *sakr el hur* and use it on gazelle and the lesser bustard.

Muththafy, one of Sheik Saoud's men, came up with his falcon and pegged her out beside Hazzah. Then came Diab, owner of the bay mare, Shb'b the GlGass-eyed, Medfa the Cannon, and others of Sheik Saoud's entourage. We sat in a circle in the guest tent and talked of many things, but chiefly of the Turco-Italian war and of my far country, "Malika." Sheik Saoud had heard of Malika, and there was some information concerning it which he was desirous of obtaining.

"What is the name of the king of Malika?" he inquired.

"We have no king. It is a *jemhurriet*, like Fransa."

The sheik was astonished, and naturally so. *Malik* in Arabic means king, and he had always thought of us as a "king's country." He knows now how to pronounce the word America.

"America is no doubt far from here?" he asked.

"Very far; perhaps a month's journey."

"*Ajeeb!* Is it a large country?"

"Very large, twice as large as your country."

"*Mashallah.* Twice as large as Falistiyn?"

"No, twice as large as the whole Ottoman Empire."

The sheik made no comment, but looked at me suspiciously. Whiting and Larson, in whom he had confidence, backed me up, and on their assurances he accepted the statement.

"And how much pay does the sheik of America get?" he asked.

I told him, and he raised his eyebrows. "It is not very much," he said, "for the sheik of so large a country."

After the evening meal the rababy was brought out and Mohammed made music for us. The rababy is an undersized, one-stringed violoncello, and necessarily has its limitations. Mohammed took it into his lap and to its accompaniment sang us songs. One was about his sweetheart; another of the fleetness of mares, which, in the song, goes by color and not by conformation; a third was political, addressed to the Beni Sakhr, a neighboring Bedouin tribe, who, if this should meet their eye, will please accept a friendly intimation to mind their p's and q's.

We slept that night on the divans in the guest tent. I rested well for a certain space of time and then awoke with a sense of something amiss. It was merely one of the camp dogs who had his nose at my ear and was snuffling curiously. Another was investigating one of my shoes. You remove your shoes when you retire for the night in a Bedouin camp.

Early, the next morning we were astir. It requires some adroitness to get sufficient food at either breakfast or lunch in a Bedouin camp. They go in heavily for the evening meal and the others are left mostly to the imagination. We got some coffee and some bread, but the sight of Sheik Saoud, with Hazzah on his wrist, and Muththafy, too, with his bird, and the line of mares "playing on the rope," offered a prospect so interesting that I don't remember whether I drank my bread or ate my coffee.

It was a fine, bright morning. The air was fresh at that hour, and at Jerusalem in the highlands it would have been cold. Nimrin, only twenty-five miles from Jerusalem as the crow flies, is some 800 feet below sea-level, and there is a startling difference in the climate. When the sun got high it grew hot—very hot; and I know of no more grilling occupation than to ride all day long in the Jordan Valley.

I had been promised one of the Adwan mares, but some one had ridden her off on an errand and had not returned, so I mounted my own. The Adwan are not famous for their horses, but they had one fine stallion and several of their mares looked very attractive. One is always struck by the disproportionate number of mares to stallions in a Bedouin establishment. The Bedouin Arab seems to prefer the female of all animals except the human species.

Every masculine member of the camp was waiting to see us start, and every able-bodied man who could obtain a horse was to accompany us. We were fourteen when we mounted and set forth, three outlanders, and eleven Arabs.

We picked our way in and out among the thorn bushes, over the little stream of the valley, and up and down its rocky gullies. Sometimes we rode in single file, sometimes all abreast, or "comb fashion," as the Arabs say. At least half of the horsemen with us were riding their mares in halters only, which speaks well for the manners of the Arab horses, as hawking excites them very much.

The two falcons had been hooded soon after we left camp. The hoods were removed before we reached ground where the Arabs expected to find game, and evidently serve no purpose save to keep the birds quiet while traveling. The falcons are always flown from the wrist and are never taught to "wait on"—that is, to follow the horsemen in the air—ready to make their strike as soon as the quarry is flushed.

Some fifteen minutes before we got to ground where we eventually found game the hoods were removed from the falcons. We rode on at a foot pace, and presently Sheik Saoud lifted his arm and his bird took wing. Muththafy's falcon followed, and the two birds, flying slowly and low, went perhaps a quarter of a mile from us. Then a remarkable thing occurred. Without using a lure, Saoud and Muththafy stood in their stirrups and called their birds:

"*Jow! Jow!*"

The birds came, skimming low over the tops of the bushes, their jesses streaming behind them, and alighted each one on the wrist of its master.

Several of these flights were made, for the reason, Saoud explained, that as we moved along the birds would imagine they saw game, and to satisfy them they were allowed to go and investigate. Not once during the day did either falcon make a mistake and return to the wrong man, although there were fourteen of us and usually all of us were bunched together. The word "*Jow*," used to recall the falcons, seems to be a corruption of one of the forms of *Ja'a*, to come, although Sheik Saoud, when asked, denied this and said that each falcon was called by its own name. As the sheik's bird was named Hazzah, and Muththafy's something which I cannot recall, but equally unlike "*Jow*," the hunters seem to follow the system of pronunciation so popular on the elevated railways of the United States.

We had ridden perhaps eight miles from camp before we saw any game. Near the tents the going was nasty—hard ground covered with loose stones. We afterward got into a rolling country with a softer, somewhat gravelly soil, and covered with bushes of all sizes, some small enough to be taken in a horse's stride and others high enough to jump. They were dotted so thickly over the ground that it proved impossible to avoid them and keep up speed.

Here the Arabs began to expect hare. Sheik Saoud and Muththafy were in front, and I stuck close behind them. We rode on and on, and then on some more, and there was not a sign of Brer Rabbit. The sun got high, the prospect began to look doubtful, and it was roasting hot.

If there were to be no memories of a real chase, Larson and I were anxious to get some souvenirs of the day in the shape of photographs. So we arranged with Sheik Saoud to fly his falcon in order that Larson might try to photograph the falcon returning to the sheik's wrist. Larson dismounted, and the flight was made and photographed. He had forgotten to secure his horse, and the beast, a stallion, started off. Every one began to chase him, and we were galloping in all directions when there came the electric yell:

"*Arneb! Arneb!*" (Hare).

I looked around and saw Saoud and Muththafy well in the front, saw their two beautiful birds rise in the air and, beyond them, a gray shadow appear for a fleeting instant as the quarry streaked around a bush.

The next moment I was flying over the ground, screeching like a fiend, in the company of a dozen other screechers. The Arab mares seemed to know and love the game. They got away with instantaneous enthusiasm and were scudding along all round me, their owners' loose garments sailing in the wind and the welkin ringing with war-whoops. Larson's loose horse joined us, and he was left behind.

We were in the ruck, perhaps fifty feet to the rear of Saoud and Muththafy. They were tearing along, and I could get glimpses of one falcon beyond them. I set out to win the brush. My mare smashed through one thorn bush, pricked herself, and took the next one in good style. I passed two or three of the Bedouins, closed in on Saoud and Muththafy, passed them, and was in front of the field. I could see the hare and one falcon ahead of me.

The falcon was flying easily just over the tops of the bushes. The hare was legging it straight away for all he was worth and not bothering us with any doubles. The falcon began to fly lower and lower, now five feet from the ground, now three feet, now a foot, and then—before I could realize what had happened—the hare lay motionless on the ground with the falcon at its throat.

I must have been within fifteen feet of the hare when the falcon fastened to him. At the instant of the strike it seemed to me that the hare had stopped, but the falcon was so close to him that I could not see him well, and perhaps the falcon's easy flight misled me. I had expected to see a spectacular strike, something like the dive of a gull for a fish, but the falcons are much more workmanlike than that. Their flight after game is a graceful, unhurried, thoroughly efficient performance, and seems slower than it is.

The hunt, close on my heels, arrived in a bunch, Arab fashion, the mares jerked up short in their last stride. How they are ever stopped with nothing but halters is a mystery. The run had been a short one, a breathless sprint over pretty rough ground. I had a good moment when I passed Saoud and Muththafy. My mare is a Barb. I had brought her from Tripoli, and the Adwan had been looking her over in camp with rather critical expressions.

The falcon was taken off the hare, which was, of course, still alive. The strike of a falcon rarely kills, although the Arabs said that in some instances, when flying them at birds, they kill the quarry before the men can get up.

The hare was put out of its misery, and, as there was no possibility of photographing an actual flight without missing the run, which we could not bring ourselves to consider, Sheik Saoud released his bird and we photographed it on the quarry. The illustration shows the falcon "mantling"—that is, stretching its wings to conceal its prey, which I have since discovered is considered to be a fault.

We had passed over the rolling country and were riding down the stony slope of a wadi when a Bedouin descried a covey of francolin in the hollow. The hoods, which had been put on the birds, were hastily slipped. This was no place for horses, so the cavalcade halted and watched Saoud and Muththafy advance. Some fifty yards from the covey the hawks were flown. We were so far away that I could not see the strike which Hazzah promptly brought off and do not know whether it was made in the air or on the ground. The francolin had got up, and, seemingly little alarmed by the loss of one of their number, moved only a short distance over the slope.

Muththafy's bird had behaved peculiarly. She had not flown at the francolin at all, but had taken ground beyond them and there she cowered and would not budge.

"*Jow*," called Muththafy. "*Jow, jow.*"

Sheik Saoud recaptured his Hazzah, and her quarry was given to Muththafy to wave at his bird. "*Jow*," he called, showing the lure, but the hawk did not move. Muththafy muttered an imprecation, walked to the hillside, and picked up his bird.

We followed the francolin. There were six or eight of them in the covey, and with careful work the two hawks should account for them all. We walked up on them. Francolin are great pedestrians and will break the heart of a man with a gun trying to get within range. Just before the francolin were ready to move off, the hawks were flown again. This time both birds refused. Hazzah fluttered in the air and settled



At home and dreaming of the morrow's sport

again on Sheik Saoud's wrist. Muththafy's falcon, thrown higher, overbalanced herself and landed on Sheik Saoud's back, where she clung.

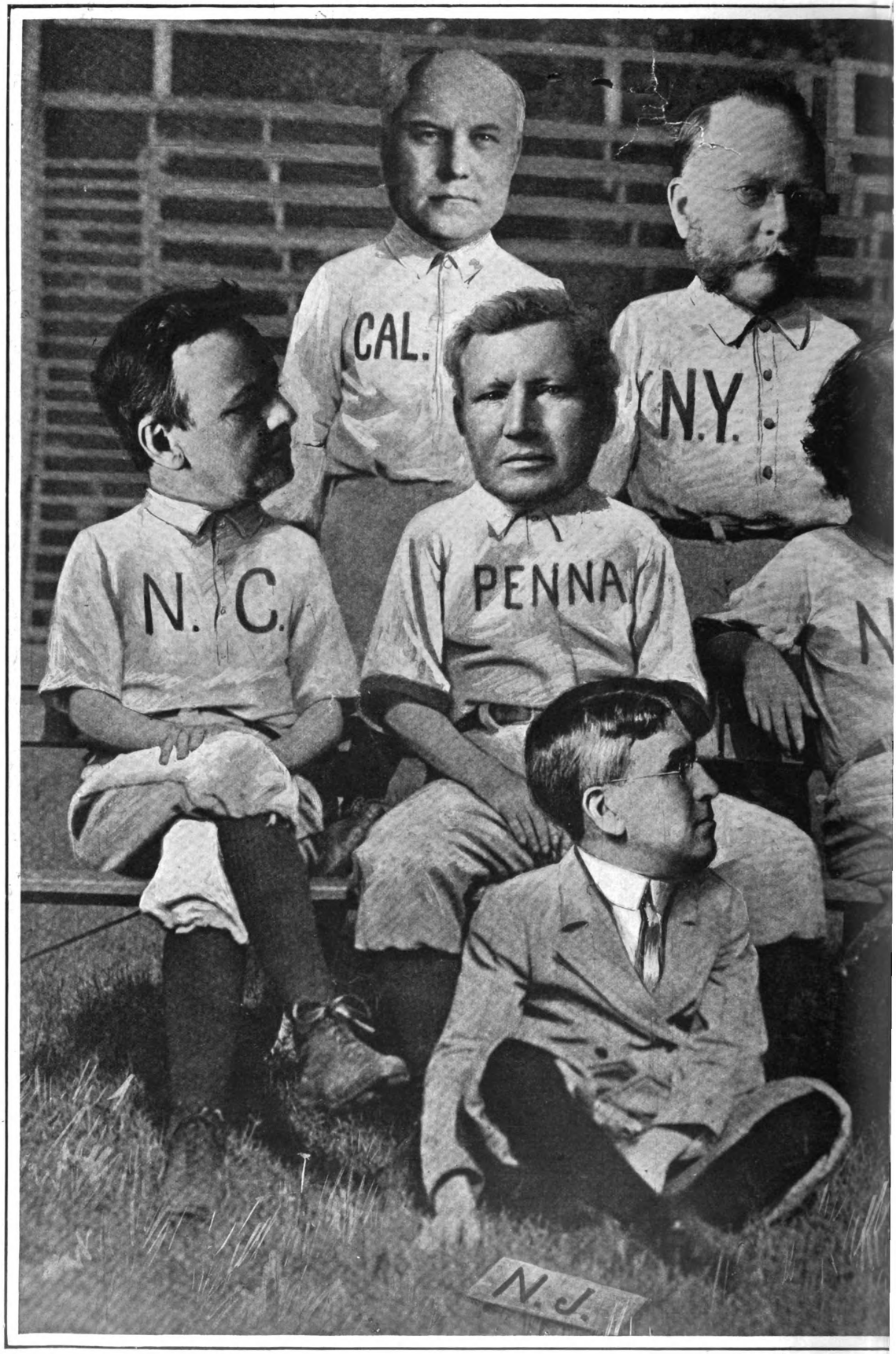
The Bedouins were in a quandary. For some reason their hawks were showing the white feather. A young fellow on the edge of the group solved the mystery.

"*Shoof*," he cried and pointed upward. Far above us in the blue sky a great hawk poised, motionless. Hazzah and her mate had seen it long before we had, and they were taking no chances of having the tables turned on them. It was interesting to see so wild and savage a thing as a hawk (a hawk may be trained, but it is certainly never tame) taking refuge with man against its natural enemies.

The big hawk in the sky ended sport for that day. The hoods were adjusted, the two falcons placed on the rumps of Saoud's and Muththafy's mares, and we turned toward the encampment.

One of these days, if fortune favors us, we will again cross the Jordan, this time with spare hunters, tents, and preparations to stay a few days, and have a try at the gazelle and the bustard under the auspices of the *sakr el hur*.

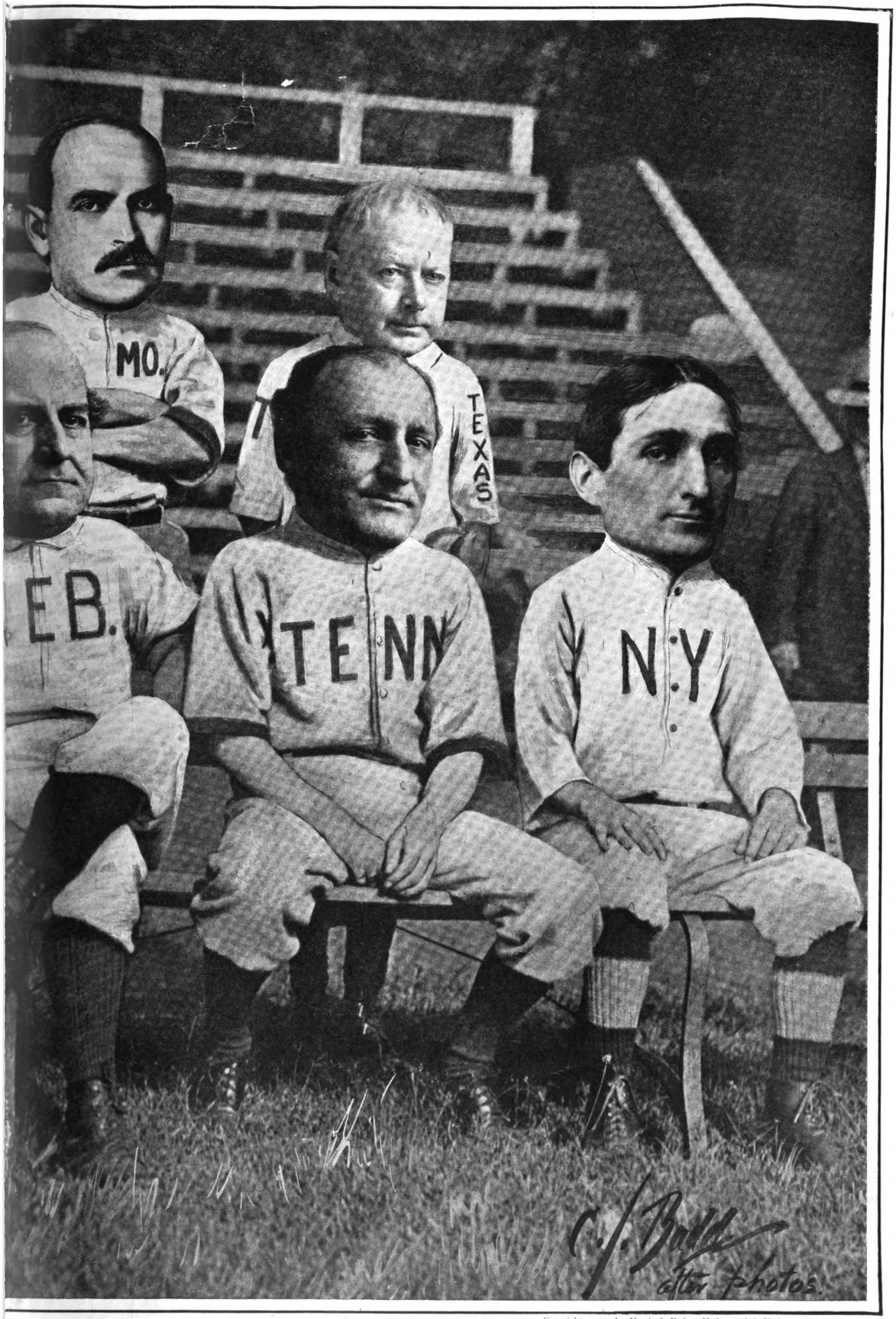
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PLAY

The members of the Democratic Cabinet team chosen by President Wilson to help him in carrying on the work o
Secretary of the Interior; William Cox Redfield, Secretary of Commerce; David Franklin Houston, Secretary of A
Patchop Wilson, Secretary of Labor; William Jennings Bryan, Secretary of State; James Clark McReynolds, Attorney

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BALL!

the new Administration. The men shown in the drawing are, from left to right: Upper Row—Franklin Knight Lane, riculture; Albert Sidney Burleson, Postmaster General. Lower Row—Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy; William General; William Gibbs McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury. On the ground—Lindley Murray Garrison, Secretary of War

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WHERE BERGSON STANDS

An Appraisement of the French Philosopher and His Contribution to Modern Thought

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

HENRI BERGSON has much personal charm. He is a small, spare man, with a splendid cranium, humorous eyes under round-arched brows, an aquiline nose, a firm mouth and chin; his French is lucidity itself; his voice, clear and expressive, though not loud, his thought convincing and full of vivacity. He is never harsh or controversial, always gentle, sympathetic, urbane.

His recent lectures at Columbia University on "Spirituality and Liberty" were an epitome of his philosophy, and the aim of his philosophy is to liberate the spirit of man. A true work of art reveals the world, reveals nature, reveals man. It wakes us from the torpor in which most of us pass our lives. Philosophy should do this too. It should reveal to us man and the world, making the world more real to us, making us more real to ourselves. Philosophy will thus be a continuation of that true science which, full of humility, conscious of its limitations, moves forward along the line of experiment and observation, content to give an account of what it finds without taking this account to be the final statement of the universe.

When we try to penetrate into our own inmost being, to seek there the well-spring from which comes our life; when we examine ourselves, not our bodies only, but our personalities, what do we find? We find sensations, feelings, intellect, will. Which is the most real part of us? Which is most ourselves? The sensations are rather external; the feelings only less so. Intellect and will are more really ourselves. Which of the two is more essential, more nearly fundamental? Both theoretically and practically we shall find that the will is more fundamental. Theoretically, we cannot derive will from intellect. If we possessed only intellect, the power to observe, analyze, generalize, it would never lead to will, to action. But if we have will, action, then theoretically it may generate intellect, as the impress and record of action, the guide to better action. Practically also will may generate intellect. We may not understand a problem, but we feel that, if we make the effort, we can come to understand it. And will can make will; with a little will we can generate much. So will is fundamental. Our task, then, is to dig down into ourselves to the source of the will, to identify ourselves with its flow, and in this way to find out how we really grow; delving to the springs of the will itself, we shall learn how we came into being; we shall learn also, perhaps, how all things came into being.

We shall find that the will is genuinely creative. It produces something new, brings something new into the world, something that could never have been created or foretold. The best example of this, perhaps, is a true work of art. Even if all the elements be given beforehand the result is incalculable. It is something new brought into the world, a real creation. We can thus create outside ourselves. We can also create inside ourselves. We can create ourselves.

If we be the most real part of us, and if the will be free, how comes it that so many philosophers, nay, all the philosophers except two or three, like Schopenhauer, deny the freedom of the will? Why do nearly all philosophers and men of science believe in determinism? Here we come to the most original and distinctive part of Bergson's work. He has faced this question squarely from all sides, has patiently followed out every argument, scientific, psychological, philosophical, metaphysical, has made himself completely master of them all; and then in every case he has turned the materialist flank, forcing his opponent to surrender.

It would not be wise to attempt to summarize here Bergson's argument for free will. It is set forth at length lucidly, convincingly, in his books, *Time and Free Will*, and *Matter and Memory*. But we can briefly indicate his method of attack. It is this: Those who deny the freedom of the will, he says, are led to do this by the very nature of the intellect. The intellect always tends to view things in terms of matter and for a very simple reason. The reason is that the intellect has been developed in the midst of matter for the purpose of dealing practically with matter. It has thus molded itself on matter, adapting itself to the character of matter, like the dyer's hand, which grows to what it works in. And this to such a degree that it tends to explain everything in terms of matter, to see in everything the laws and properties of matter. The intellect tends to materialize what it views. And as one of the properties of matter is that it is not free, but under the law of necessity, so that, knowing its present condition, we can predict its condition at any future time, therefore the mind, imbued with this thought of bondage to necessity from long dealing with matter, reads the same characteristics into spirit, into the will. So it comes that the intellect regards the will as bound by necessity, as not free nor creative. But this is an illusion springing from the habitual function and activity of the mind. Again, the study of history is adduced to oppose the doctrine of free will. But this is in part because of our self-love. We are unwilling to admit the dominating power of great men.

Bergson next considers that part of this tendency which leads to the belief that the mind itself is material, a purely physical activity of the brain, a kind of phosphorescence of the cerebral substance. Let us consider the intellect, he says, and let us begin with memory, since memory is the basis of all other intellectual powers, such as analysis and generalization, for which memory furnishes the material. Is memory a function of the brain? Are mental pictures hidden in the cerebral convolutions? This inquiry is the central theme of his book, *Matter and Memory*, to which readers must go for a full and convincing argument. In his lectures he criticized the materialistic view by approaching it along the lines of its physiological and psychological growth, beginning with Broca's supposed discovery, half a century ago, that a certain function of memory was located in that convolution of the brain which has since been called Broca's convolution. Broca observed a case of aphasia, the inability to remember or utter certain words; after the patient's death, Broca dissected his brain and found a lesion in the convolution in question. From this starting-point he and other physiologists went on to observe hundreds and thousands of cases of aphasia and amnesia, curious partial failures of memory, each with its peculiar features, seeking to find their cause in lesions of the brain, disclosed by dissection after death. Bergson showed how the theory became increasingly complicated and involved till it broke down by its own weight. These researches failed to show that memories resided in the substance of the brain. They showed rather that the brain was the connecting medium between memories, which are not material, and the material organs of expression: for example, the tongue and the vocal organs. When telephone lines are cut, communication from certain towns is cut off. But the towns are not in the telephone wires, nor have their inhabitants been destroyed.

So Bergson holds and proves that pure memory is immaterial, that it is not in the brain, though it works through the brain, and that the whole sum of our memories persists and is preserved. Practical life brings to the front of our consciousness only those memories which bear on our present actions and help to illumine them by bringing up pictures of similar past actions with their results. But all other memories are equally persistent, though not within the field of our present consciousness. From birth, or, rather, from the moment when we come to consciousness, they accumulate and persist until the moment of death; often evoked wholesale at a moment of imminent death, as in cases of partial drowning or dangerous accidents. The sum total of memories thus persists entire until death—and probably beyond death, Bergson adds.

The soul, therefore, of which the will is the central power, is outside matter. The will is not a product of matter, a material force bound by necessity: it is spiritual, free, creative. And our souls, our personalities, are one and indivisible. The tendency to regard them as an aggregation of separate mind states is just one of those actions of the materially molded mind which have been described; it is due to the mind's habit of regarding "things" in the material world as separate, a process necessary in practical action and a tendency strengthened by the mind's habit of enumerating, of imposing number on life. But the personality is really one. Here Bergson turned aside to criticize, in wonderfully luminous fashion, some of the recent theories of "multiple personality," where two or three or more personalities seem to speak through a single body. He excepted the famous case of "Sally," recorded by Dr. Morton Prince, suggesting its likeness to the old cases of obsession or demoniac possession. But as regards temporary lapses into what seems an entirely different personality, Bergson suggested that the true cause was this: It is, he says, very difficult, very wearying, to be a man, to live a human life. It involves ceaseless strain because we do not live only in the present, which is but a line dividing past from future, but we live also in the past from which we are perpetually drawing forth memories of past situations to illuminate present situations; and we live in the future toward which our wills are perpetually straining. We bring both past and future into the present and this means unceasing strain. At times the strain is too great, and the overburdened nature deliberately lays aside a part or all of the past and makes a fresh start, molding a new personality, as it were, which is free of debt to the past. But it is not really a new personality; it is a part of the whole personality, isolated for the time being to lighten the strain. Bergson illustrated this by a case recorded by William James of a Providence clergyman who one day disappeared like a stone dropped in water and came to himself a month later in a little town in Pennsylvania, where, under the name of Brown, he had been selling candies. The mind adopts an alias to escape from its debts, but real identity remains. Again, take another curious fact: the feeling which so many have suddenly experienced, in the midst of a conversation, that just that conversation in just those circumstances has taken place before. Bergson explains that in this way: We have seen that, by an effort of will, we continually bring the past into the present. As the conversation proceeds, in reality all of it but the last word, the syllable just being pronounced, is already past. But the will holds the whole conversation in the present consciousness. But suppose the tension of the will for an instant relaxed. The conversation, all but the word actually being spoken, slips back into the past, to which it belongs, and we regard it as past. This we interpret by the thought that this same conversation has happened before, but this is an illusion due to the relaxation of the will.

Yet in another sense the whole conversation is really in the present. Take a single sentence, a single word, like "philosophy." "As I pronounce it," said Bergson, "when I come to the last syllable the first three are already in the past; yet in a deeper sense they are still in the present. Suppose this word is the last in a sentence; that sentence also, though formally in the past, is really in the present. Suppose that this whole course of lectures had consisted of a single sentence indefinitely prolonged; though in one sense only the last syllable, the syllable that I am pronouncing, is in the present, yet in a deeper sense the whole series would be in the present. Let us carry this process farther. Let us suppose that the sentence had begun fifty years ago, when I first came to consciousness. In the deeper sense it would all be in the present, just as a melody is in the present, one and indivisible, though all of it but the note actually being sung is formally in the past. In this deeper sense the whole of our memories, the whole personality, is really in the present, above matter working on matter, molding matter to its uses."

Spirit is thus outside matter, yet connected with matter. It is free and creative, but quite free only in man, who is at the top of the evolutionary ladder. In the animals we find all our faculties, at least partially: sensation, feeling, memory, will; but they are not free, but bound, held in a vise, getting free only in man. If we regard the whole tide of evolution from the amœba, a mere speck of living jelly, up to man, we may consider it as an effort of life, of spirit, to reach free expression: spirit burying itself in matter, in order to conquer matter and emerge as victor. It is like a train plunging from the light of day into the darkness of a tunnel and finally emerging again into the light.

What, then, is spirit, and whence? What is its relation to matter, to which in every characteristic it is opposed? In general, if we find two things thus opposed at every point, says Bergson, we discover that they are not really isolated from each other, but that both proceed from some third thing which has split itself in two in order to realize two contrary possibilities. Spirit and matter, then, in all likelihood both issue from one source which we may call God; the source from which new worlds burst forth, which we see as nebulæ, gradually gathering themselves into suns. In all these worlds, we may believe, the drama of life is being played: in all of them spirit and matter, under whatever forms, are meeting each other like two opposing streams; the one, spirit, surging upward; the other, matter, flowing downward.

We have compared the stream of consciousness entering matter to a train entering a tunnel and again emerging. Now comes the great question: Is the train the same when it comes forth from the tunnel as it was when it entered? Is the stream of spirit the same after it emerges from its long conflict with matter? Bergson throws out a suggestion. Spirit is a multiplicity in a unity. An infinite number of points in spirit may be centers of consciousness. Through the conflict with matter each may be enriched in itself and also in relation to all others. Thus a ceaseless multiple creation is possible which enriches the very being of God.

Where are we to place this admirable teacher? What is the significance of his teaching for our life and thought? This is always a difficult problem to solve in the case of a contemporary, the harvest of whose work is still necessarily hidden in the future. But perhaps we may approach an answer in this way: The nineteenth century was the golden age of experimental science, bringing marvelous practical results, but leading to philosophic materialism. The twentieth century seems destined to be remembered as an epoch of spiritual thought and life, one of the greatest, perhaps, in the history of the world.

The transition from scientific materialism to spiritual thought and life requires bridges by which the general thinking of the world can pass, step by step, without loss of community from ideas dominated by materialism to the beginnings of spiritual thought.

Bergson is a bridge-builder. His work is a bridge, the nearer abutment of which is broadly and firmly planted on the materialist bank of the river. He spared no pains, no labor, in making himself thoroughly familiar with the whole territory of materialism, and in this he shows his supreme humility. Having laid the foundations of his abutment solidly and firmly, he proceeded to build his bridge across the river. He has built to the farther end of the bridge, resting it firmly on the spiritual territory of the distant bank. But, to carry on our metaphor, he has not set forth through the new territory made accessible by his bridge. Or, if he has perchance explored, he has given us no record of his observations. He has said little or nothing of spiritual life itself, of its laws, its possibilities, its powers, even though he has boldly written up the words "Spirituality and Liberty."

This reticence is the part of wisdom. He built the bridge, not for himself alone, nor for a few select disciples, but for the broad general thought of mankind. It is destined, in his wide, sympathetic purpose, to be a public highway. Anything like premature announcement of marvels to be reached beyond the river might deter those who are in doubt. Therefore, he is both wise and compassionate when, face to face with ultimate questions, he will only say, Perhaps.

The advance of thought must be slow, consecutive, sure. It is right to make good the first step, not speculating too largely on what may be beyond. It is wise to build the bridge firmly, solidly, before asking doubters to pass over. Bergson, therefore, adds to an intellectual lucidity and cogency unrivaled in our time the wise reticence that is needed to safeguard his work. He will not draw the ultimate conclusions until his premises are proven beyond all doubt.

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Interludes

A FLIER IN REAL ESTATE

BILKINS had joined the eager group of fortune-hunters who, instead of digging in the earth for the pure gold of substantial returns, had sought the short cut to affluence. In common with thousands of his hungry fellow-mortals he had deemed it wise to go into a real-estate speculation that promised quick returns.

"Even if the returns don't return as quick as you'd like," he explained to Wimpleton, "the land is always there and you know what you've got. You can see it in plain sight."

Unfortunately it remained in plain sight over-long, and after carrying the venture along for a couple of years Bilkins began to yearn for just a glimpse of the five thousand dollars he had been induced to put into it. So he sought out the agent who had sold him the property, and whose alluring promises had first led him into thinking that the future was secure.

The agent was delighted to see him.

"What can I do for you this morning, Mr. Bilkins?" said he. "Want to buy another block of Everybody's Suburban Villa Sites Preferred?"

"Not on your life," said Bilkins. "I'm long on E. S. V. S. P. at this very moment. Fact is, I'd like to have you take that land back."

"Oh, really," said the agent. "Well, real estate is my business, and I guess you have come to the right shop."

"Good," said Bilkins, genially. "What 'll you take the place off my hands for—or, rather, what 'll you give me for it?" asked Bilkins.

"Fifteen hundred dollars," said the agent.

"Fifteen hundred dollars?" echoed Bilkins. "Why, I paid you five thousand for it, and you guaranteed a return of thirty per cent. on the investment."

"I know I did," said the agent. "That's how I got the figure. Thirty per cent. of five thousand dollars is fifteen hundred. Shall I have the transfer—"

But Bilkins never heard. Before the agent had finished he had fled to his own office and locked his door.

"Gosh!" said he. "I guess I'm lucky to save my socks with a chap like that around."

WORKING BOTH WAYS

"THEY say," said Bildad, reading a farm paper, "that giving buttermilk to calves saves waste."

"So?" said Fattleigh. "That's funny. Since I began drinking buttermilk my waist has disappeared altogether."

IDENTIFIED

"IS that your Prodigal Son?" inquired the visitor to Uncle Zeke's farm, pointing to the youth who spent most of his time swinging in a hammock.

"No," laughed Uncle Zeke, pleasantly. "He's my fatted calf."



HOW TO FIND A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK

THE AMATEUR FARMER

"YES," said the dealer, "I have cows to sell. What kind of a cow do you want?"

"Oh—I don't know," said the amateur. "I guess one with four legs and a couple of horns will do."

A FINANCIAL COURTSHIP

"COME over here in the corner, Jennie," said Binks. "I've something I want to tell you."

"Sorry, Tommy," said the young woman, "but I heard pa say last night that the Supreme Court had decided that corners are illegal under the Sherman Act. If you want to get a controlling interest in me you'll have to choose some other method."

"All right," said Binks, folding her in his arms. "How does an interlocking directorate like this suit you?"

EUPHEMISTIC

"WHAT is old Jemmerson, anyhow—a pawnbroker?" asked Higby.

"Well—yes," said Dubbmore, "only he wouldn't put it just that way. He'd probably call himself a hockulist if there were such a word."

A DEDUCTION

"How old a man is the editor of the *Gazoo?*" asked Wilkes.

"I don't know exactly," said Wilbraham, "but judging from the way he treats every manuscript I send him I judge he has reached his declining years."

A POSSIBLE DERIVATION

"I WONDER where the superstition arose that the stork brings the babies?" said Mrs. Jimpson.

"I guess the man who started it was thinking of the doctor's bill," said Jimpson. "The size of it suggests the stork."

A REAL SURPRISE AHEAD

"WHAT are you doing, Polly?" asked her mother.

"I'm knitting, Mumsie dear," replied the young woman. "I heard George say the other day he was afraid he'd have to buy a new muffler for his car, and I thought I'd knit him one as a sort of surprise."



QUEEN BEE: OFFICER, WITH WHAT IS THE PRISONER CHARGED?

PATROL BEE: VIOLATING SECTION V., YOUR MAJESTY, WHICH STRICTLY FORBIDS A MAN TO VISIT THE POPPY-FIELDS.

A GOOD NAME

"I'VE got a perfect lady's car," said the manufacturer, "and I'll give a thousand dollars for a good name to advertise it."

"Fork over," grinned Jimmerson. "Call it 'The Last Word,' and every woman in the land will insist upon having it."

A GREAT CONVENIENCE

"I WISH I knew what to do with all this broken crockery," said Mrs. Flatdweller. "There isn't any place to throw it away, and—"

"I have it!" cried Mr. Flatdweller, his eyes aglow with the fires of genius. "Put 'em in the parcels post and mail 'em to some fictitious address in the first zone."

UNTIMELY JESTING

"MOTORING is all well enough," said Jorrocks, as Brinley's car sank into the mud up above the hubs, "but there is such a thing as running it into the ground."

"Don't waste your wit out here in the cold, Jorrocks," retorted Brinley. "Go hire a haul. We need it."

NOT A SATISFACTORY ASSURANCE

"AH, Marie," Pentwistle murmured ecstatically, "I worship the very ground you walk on!"

"Is that all?" cried the fair girl, bursting into tears. "Why, since Daddy bought me that new electric I don't walk at all!"

A GOOD BUSINESS MAN

"WELL, Mr. Skinflint," said the doctor, "it is my pleasant privilege to announce to you that you are the father of triplets."

"Well—say—see here, doctor, don't you knock off something for a wholesale order of that sort?" asked Mr. Skinflint.

WHAT IT CAME TO

"I'VE figured the whole thing out, father," said Mabel. "The car to begin with will cost $5,000, which at six per cent. is $300 a year. If we charge ten per cent. off for depreciation, it will come to $500 more. A good chauffeur can be had for $125 a month, or $1,500. I have allowed $10 a week for gasoline, and $5 for repairs. The chauffeur's uniform and furs will come to about $200. Now let's see what it comes to: Three hundred plus five hundred—"

"Don't bother, my dear—I know what it comes to," said the old gentleman.

"What?" asked the girl.

"It comes to a standstill, right here and now," said the old gentleman. "Here—here's ten cents. Go out and take a trolley-ride."



"GEE WHIZ! IT MUST BE FIERCE TRYING TO GET AROUND IN THOSE ONE-LEGGED TRUNKS"

RATHER SPEEDY

"How fast is your car, Jimpson?" asked Harkaway.

"Well," said Jimpson, "it keeps about six months ahead of my income generally."

THE PHILANDERER'S EXCUSE

FOR eyes I love them deeply blue, that rival heaven's fairest hue, and sparkle like the twinkling star up where the lustrous planets are; that carry in their slightest glance a gleam that causes hearts to dance—such eyes, indeed, as greet my gaze when Phyllis o'er my pathway strays.

For hair I've ever been inclined unto the russet golden kind, as burnished as the copper sun that lights my way when day is done, and brings the comfort tried and true when all my labors hard are through—such locks, indeed, as glorify the world when Helen passes by.

For brows the alabaster sort have ever been the kind I'd court. Not overhigh, nor yet too low; unwrinkled as the fresh-dropped snow; that speak of an intelligence that's normal rather than intense. In short, just such a brow as Prue always presents unto the view.

In figure—well, you cannot beat the figure that is styled "petite"—the slender sort that moves with grace however fast or slow the pace. No giantess would do at all in answering my ardent call, but just a pocket-Venus, say, like dainty Violet or May.

A silvery voice like dear Babette's; a tripping toe like fair Annette's; the wit of Chloe and the plain and homely virtues of sweet Jane—these are the points that make for me the perfect maid whose lord I'd be, and where, I ask, in all life's whirl can all be found in just one girl?

BLAKENEY GRAY.



THE RULING PASSION

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ENGLAND'S SUFFRAGE WAR

The Serious Situation Which Has Been Created by the Resolution and Enterprise of the "Militants"

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

THE appearance of the torch and the bomb in England's suffrage war is the momentous happening of the week. The conditions which have led up to this situation are by no means obscure. The woman-suffrage movement in Great Britain has lately been responsible for two remarkable achievements. It has killed a measure of the first importance to which a great party had pledged itself, and it has shaken and all but overthrown a British government. There is no need to look any further for proofs either of its power or of the complications it has introduced into the orderly routine of British politics. After less than eight years of the new propaganda, the suffragists can claim that they have at any rate advanced their cause to a position it never reached or showed any signs of reaching in more than half a century of peaceful advocacy.

The outside world has only heard of the suffrage agitation in England since 1905. Yet it has existed for more than two generations. John Stuart Mill not only expounded with unanswerable force the philosophy of the case against "The Subjection of Women," but himself in 1866 entered Parliament as an avowed champion of woman suffrage, presenting petitions in its favor and moving an amendment to the Electoral Reform Bill of 1867 for the purpose of bringing women within the circle of the Parliamentary franchise. The cause won some notable converts, Mr. Fawcett and Disraeli among others, and a few gifted and distinguished women threw themselves into it, organized societies, and set to work to convert the House of Commons and the country by the strictly pacific and constitutional means of argument, meetings, addresses, and petitions. Parliament has been petitioned on many subjects, but on none, I should think, so often as on woman suffrage. From about 1870 to 1906 it rained petitions, to the number of considerably over three thousand. Nothing came of them. One gigantic appeal, signed in 1896 by 257,000 women, with the signatures systematically arranged in books according to Parliamentary constituencies, was, indeed, allowed the privilege of a week's display in Westminster Hall. And from time to time an M. P. would bring in a woman-suffrage bill which would be good-humoredly allowed to pass its second reading. But nothing more was heard of any of these measures; they never got beyond the initial stage; and their discussion was looked upon rather as a welcome break in the tedium of House of Commons life and as an occasion for a riot of Parliamentary humor. The public was not interested in the question. The press boycotted it. Meetings multiplied, but they yielded no "copy." More and more women joined the ranks of the suffragists, but the agitation they organized had the fatal defect of dullness. The temperate appeal to reason fell on deaf ears. It is safe to say that up to the end of 1905 the average Englishman had hardly given a thought to the movement, knew next to nothing about it, and was profoundly indifferent to its fortunes.

If he has now been forced alike out of his apathy and his ignorance, if woman suffrage is to-day, as it unquestionably is, one of the most convulsive of all the political problems of the moment, the result is mainly due to the new tactics adopted by the women themselves. In the past seven years the agitation for the franchise has ceased to be "academic" and has become instead eminently and indeed painfully practical. Its organizers have studied to some purpose the only methods by which reforms in England, or at any rate the kind of reforms they have in view, are ever carried. It was not, they insist, by argument that the men, first of the middle, and then of the working classes, won the franchise. That argument played a part in their agitations they do not deny, but they still maintain that the operative factor was force or the threat of it. The great reform bill of 1832, they point out, was only passed just in time to avert a revolution. Its successors of 1867 and of 1884 were the result of pressure less menacing, perhaps, but not less direct. And it is, of course, true enough that politicians have little time to spare for questions of abstract justice. Seven times out of ten they act because they have to, because not to act means the loss of votes or of popularity. In the matter of the franchise, especially, the suffragists have convinced themselves that concessions are never granted, but always extorted. Those within the fold do not voluntarily open the gate; it is those without who force it.

When once the women had persuaded themselves that such were the conditions of the political game and that along the old lines of argument and appeal they could effect nothing, their adoption of masculine methods was swift and thorough. To win what men had won they made up their minds that they must act as men had acted. If it was the law of British politics that only those who made themselves a power to be dreaded could obtain a fair hearing, then the obvious course for the suffragists was to adapt themselves to their environment. For the past seven years they have proceeded to do so. They have taken a leaf from the honored note-book of masculine agitation. They have made themselves as ubiquitous and disturbing a nuisance as did the men of 1830 who smashed the Duke of Wellington's windows, or the men of 1866 who threw down the Hyde Park railings.

A record of their activities, indeed, since 1905, would show that there are few devices patented by their brothers for the conversion of politicians that the women suffragists have not made their own, and that they have invented many others that had never occurred to the obtuser sex. They have heckled every single member of the Campbell-Bannerman and Asquith Cabinets and have assaulted most of them. They have been thrown out of innumerable meetings, not always in the gentlest manner. They forced pretty nearly every candidate at the General Elections of 1906 and of 1910 to define his attitude toward their movement. They have invaded the once-sacred precincts of Westminster Hall and the lobbies of the House of Commons, and have there raised pandemonium. At every by-election they have flooded the constituency with banners, leaflets, placards, and admirably effective speakers. When Mr. Winston Churchill, defeated at Manchester, sought an asylum at Dundee, he was pursued from meeting to meeting by a militant suffragist ringing a bell. The law-courts have echoed to women's defiance of man-made law. They have broken the Prime Minister's windows; they have chained themselves to his railings. There is scarcely a town in England that has not been thrown into an uproar by their propaganda. They have organized most imposing and spectacular processions and held monster meetings in Hyde Park and the Albert Hall. A suffragist with a collecting-box outside a London railway station or addressing an open-air gathering in a side street has become one of the commonest of metropolitan sights. They have organized vast window-smashing raids on the shops and private houses of the West End. They have attempted to set fire to theaters in which meetings were being held. They have blown up a Cabinet Minister's house. They have burned restaurants. They have poured acids and other liquids into letter-boxes. They have cut telegraph wires, interfered with railway signals, and sent out false fire alarms by the score. They have thrown hatchets at prominent politicians, smacked their faces, horsewhipped them, and have even been dastardly enough to ruin the greens on numerous golf-links. It is, in short, the barest truth to say that the ability, enthusiasm, and daring with which they have conducted their campaign have never been exceeded by men.

It took them little more than three years to win, at any rate, half the battle, to compel the country and the House of Commons to attend to them and to discuss their demands in a serious and chastened spirit. There is no flippancy, you may be sure, in a Parliamentary debate nowadays on woman suffrage, nor is there any indifference, but, on the contrary, the keenest interest in the attitude of the public toward the question. People may have been shocked, startled, disgusted, and even revolted by the new tactics, but they have long given up the pretense of ignoring a movement in the cause of which several hundreds of women have gone to prison without bravado and without repenting and have there endured the agonies of a hunger-strike. Least of all has it been found possible to ignore it when people and politicians alike find it supported by women of all classes, trades, and professions, by the mill-hands of Lancashire as fervently as by Newnham and Girton graduates; when they see it rapidly extending its operations, adding to its resources, and enlisting the active backing of many of the country's foremost men; and when they observe it reducing the House of Commons to a state not far short of chaos and overthrowing the calculations of responsible governments.

But the woman-suffrage question has some peculiarities that severely handicap its prospects of political success. In the first place, no one can say with any approach to assurance whether most Englishwomen and most Englishmen are for it or against it. The uncertainty as to the true state of public opinion on the subject is only one of the obstacles that the suffrage movement has to contend with. Another is the divergency that exists among its supporters as to the precise form of enactment that they desire to see passed. No bill has yet been drafted which commands the assent of all suffragists and is at the same time politically practicable. Adult suffrage for both sexes; allowing all married women to share in their husbands' electoral qualifications; converting the municipal franchise at present enjoyed by women into a Parliamentary franchise, with the proviso that no woman shall be disqualified by reason of marriage—each of these schemes has its supporters, and so, too, have others. It has been a decided shortcoming in the women's campaign that the fight made on their behalf inside the House of Commons has been nothing like so concentrated and united as the warfare waged by themselves outside the House.

But the most formidable of all the lions in their path is that their movement is not a party issue. On the contrary, it cuts clean across all the normal lines of party change. The only section of the House that, as a section, unreservedly supports it is the Labor party. If woman suffrage only fitted in with the ordinary party divisions, its path would be easy. The government would then incorporate it in a bill, the opposition would automatically declare against it, the Ministry could use on its behalf all the tremendous power that its control over the Parliamentary time-table, its whips, and the loyalty of the party behind it invest it with, and the thing would be done. But as it is no government, acting as a government, can possibly afford to include woman suffrage in its programme, for the simple reason that half of its Ministers would at once resign. In the present Cabinet, Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Edward Grey are resolute suffragists, while Mr. Harcourt, the Secretary of the Colonies, and, above all, the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, are vehemently against the women's demands. If the Liberals were to go out of office and the Unionists were to come in, the same situation would be duplicated, the differences of opinion among the Unionist leaders on this subject being just as pronounced as the differences among the Liberal leaders. There is thus no prospect whatever of any British government in our time being in a position to adopt woman suffrage as a plank in its platform and to stake its existence on carrying it into law; and the problem of grafting a non-party measure onto a Parliamentary procedure that is governed by the party system is an extremely difficult one.

Mr. Asquith met the problem in this way: He promised that if and when the government introduced a bill extending the franchise to men and altering the conditions of Parliamentary voting, the bill should be so drafted as to admit of an amendment conferring the suffrage on women, in regard to this amendment the government would remain absolutely neutral, leaving both Cabinet Ministers and the rank and file to vote and speak for it or against it just as they pleased; and that if the amendment were carried, the government would then make it part and parcel of its bill and undertake to carry it through the remaining stages as though it had been put forward on the Cabinet's own responsibility. That seemed at first sight, and was undoubtedly intended to be, a fair and reasonable offer. It appeared to hold out a genuine prospect of woman suffrage being considered and decided upon by the House of Commons without party bias and simply in accordance with each individual's opinions of its merits or demerits; and if the House as a whole declared in favor of it, then it also seemed to smooth the way to its adoption by the government as an integral part of the major bill. But when matters actually came to a definite issue in the third week of January it was soon realized that Mr. Asquith had promised more than he or any other Prime Minister could perform. Three amendments were on the paper, each one of them proposing some form or other of woman suffrage. But it was quickly apparent that not one of them stood any chance of being debated simply on its merits. Members could not so far free themselves from the influence of party. The Nationalists felt bound to consider what effect their vote would have on Home Rule; a great many Liberals came to the conclusion that to pass a woman-suffrage amendment, when the Prime Minister was notoriously and unflinchingly opposed to woman suffrage, would be to offer him a personal indignity he was very far from deserving at their hands; and a great many Unionists, while they would have voted for the least radical amendment in its initial stage, would probably have voted against it during the report stage in the hope of wrecking the whole bill and of thus inflicting a severe defeat on the government. It proved, in short, impossible to get an extra-party vote on an amendment that was afterward to be incorporated into a party bill. The government faithfully abided by Mr. Asquith's pledges. The whips were not put on; no party pressure was exercised; every man in every group was left free to vote as he liked, and for one joyous day the House reveled in the spectacle of a Cabinet Minister severely trouncing the views of his colleagues in the government. But the net result of it was a state of unparalleled confusion, hesitancy, and intrigue, that gradually gave way to a conviction that, after all, the principal thing to bear in mind was the interests of the party. I am very sure that had the woman-suffrage amendments gone to the vote they would have been settled by each man's conviction of what was most advantageous to his party.

As every one will remember, they did not go to the vote. The Speaker intimated his intention of ruling that the inclusion of any one of them would so alter the character of the bill as to make it for all Parliamentary purposes a new bill and therefore one that by well-established precedent would have to be withdrawn and reintroduced. Faced with this unlooked-for dilemma, at the very end of the session in which it was essential that the bill should pass if it was to enjoy the protection of the Parliament Act, the government had no option but to withdraw the whole measure. At the same time, however, Mr. Asquith promised that next session, if a private member were to introduce a woman-suffrage bill, he would see to it that it was given as much time and other facilities as though it were a government measure. In that way he not only redeems his initial pledge to the suffragists, but puts their cause in a much better position than it occupied when it was entangled with the fate of a government bill. The suffragists, however, are furious, and not unnaturally, over the new postponement of their hopes. Militant tactics have been vigorously resumed and we are undoubtedly in for another period of wild excesses. Meanwhile certain results have followed from the fiasco. The government has suffered a considerable loss of prestige, which, however, is not likely, I think, to be permanent. Members of Parliament have been made to realize that they must take this question seriously, and that to encourage the women to hope for a successful issue by facile promises and a pretense of sympathy is a policy that stirs up in the long run far more trouble than it allays. And, finally, the general public has at last been shocked into a consciousness that this is a very important and a very complicated issue and that its early settlement is imperative if Parliament and our whole political system are not to be discredited.

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PENN STATE



THE BEATITUDE OF JIMMY O'MEARA

BY ELMER BROWN MASON

DRAWINGS BY W. H. D. KOERNER

WINTER was two weeks old and it was eighteen degrees below zero, which means ideal sledding for the lumberman, when Jimmy O'Meara walked into camp. In the first place, he was completely sober, wonder enough in itself. In the second place his garb was beyond belief: a silk hat, with a broad mourning band, a frock-coat of the most clerical cut, an extremely dissipated pair of trousers of the true lumber-jack type, and high-heeled, button patent-leathers which made him walk like a small boy making his first attempt at the outer edge. His face and neck were muffled against the cold in the folds of a linen duster, twisted every way, from which one cold blue eye glared balefully. The other had been permanently eclipsed.

To say we were curious was to put it mildly. We knew Jimmy for the best driver that ever rode a peeled hemlock down a thirty-foot torrent, and the wildest savage when the drive was over that ever mixed vile whiskey with hot Irish blood. The eclipsed eye had been lost in a river brawl, and he had acquired such a reputation for brutal quickness with hands and feet that he boasted, and with reason, that no man the length of the Connecticut dared to "roll" him, a polite term for robbing the drink-senseless lumber-jack of his winter's earnings. In fact, it was hard to credit him with one redeeming trait, but, in spite of all his embracing vices, it was impossible not to like Jimmy.

Our first layers of socks were already stripped off and drying before the stove, and we could hardly wait to finish the evening meal, eaten in that wordless silence prescribed by lumber-camp etiquette, before hastening to the inquisition.

To eager inquiry and outrageous conjecture, however, he remained equally silent until a whilom friend, driven to the end of his resources, begged, in desperation: "Tell us anything, Jimmy, an' niver mind the trut'; yez knows we wouldn't belave yez, anyway." The truculence and violence of Jimmy's answer left no further opening for questionings. We had anticipated a treat of Rabelaisian adventure and we felt cheated and indignant. Our only alternative, physical redress, was out of the question with Jimmy, and the mystery of his apparel and condition remained unsolved and in time ceased to be an object of conjecture.

Meanwhile, twice daily, perched on a chain-bound load of logs, Jimmy guided four horses down a road of which the perilous steepness ended only at slowing-up distance of the "landings."

One Sunday, some six weeks later, I lay in great comfort on the far from immaculate floor of the "office," which I shared as sleeping-apartment with the camp boss, cook, and cookee, my head on a sweater with an understory of woolen socks. Outside it was snowing. I knew the kind of a work-day it would be—warm during daylight, the flakes sticking and melting, while, as evening came, soaked shoe-packs or wet rubbers would freeze solid, and heel-irons and scale-rule would slip on half-frozen logs that seemed to be greased. How very pleasant, by contrast, was a pipe alone beside a red-hot stove!

The door opened, letting in a chatter of Canadian French and pure Irish from the barroom, as the sleeping-quarters of the men are called, and Jimmy entered.

"Have yez any 'chewing,' Scaler?"

The question was part of a formula. I left out the "no" and saved him the next sentence by tossing over my sack of Union Leader. Jimmy preferred the more potent "Sickle," but nevertheless filled his pipe gravely from the red bag. It was a scene we had both acted the previous year. The Sunday poker game would soon be on. I awaited the usual request for a stake, but it seemed long in coming. Instead we fell into desultory conversation: the spruce that scaled eighty-four Blodgett feet, the haying of the road from No. 5 camp, and other happenings that made up our daily life, until, at last, we arrived at a complete silence. It was broken by Jimmy. He took a long, deep breath and his one eye grew steely.

"Do yez know much about missionaries, Scaler?"

I sat up in utter surprise. "Missionaries, Jimmy?"

"I said missionaries," he answered, truculently, "the howliest kind. Listen to me, now. When did yez see me last?"

"You were making the usual fool of yourself after the drive, at Woodville." I responded promptly, a vivid recollection of the scene coming to my mind. Jimmy, mad with the concentrated effects of a week of debauchery, had been kicking with caulked boots his initials in the none too low ceiling of an unsavory hotel, in the interval of buying drinks for a court of other fools who had, for the most part, reached the sodden stage.

"I left Woodville for down-river, then I went up-river, then down again," said Jimmy. "I had money. After that I don't know where I went. It ended with me taking a team and packing a carload of booze with me." Here he stopped and considered me carefully. I felt rather bored. It was a round-about way for a "touch," and I was out of cash, anyway.

"I'm telling yez this, Scaler, not because I need your help, but because yez don't blab." He paused to let this sink in, watching me slyly the while with his one cold blue eye. I nodded gravely, and without further preamble he took up his tale.

"I was bound for anywhere, and that's where I arrived. It was dark when I started out, and morning when I woke up in the woods, and—and she was bending over me."

I gasped. Here, at last, was a romance! A romance of the lumber woods with Jimmy—Jimmy for hero! His single eye was fixed on me, lit with an intensity of emotion. At my expression, however, emotion was promptly replaced by disgust.

"Hell!" he said, "she was sixty, if a day, and wore a shawl."

I collapsed. "What did she do, Jimmy?" I asked, humbly.

"She didn't do anything. What would you have her do?" he answered, sulkily. "I got up dripping pints from every pocket and wishing eleven suns wouldn't chase one another all over the sky. I felt like a lot of people look," he added, significantly.

"'Good morning, madam,' I says, polite.

"'Will yez have a cup of coffee?' she says. I kind of steadied myself and looked at her. It didn't sound like an answer exactly.

"'Excuse me, ma'am, have yez got it in your shawl?' I says, kind of stupid-like.

She just laughed, and then she reached out and took my hand and led me down a little path till we came to a shack all painted white and covered with vines. There was a cat on the door-step winking at all my suns, and, inside, the kitchen looked as clean as after a rain. All of a sudden the suns stopped running around crazy-like, and piled up on one another. I left them that way and stepped inside. I weren't very steady, and sat on a chair, and she brings me a cup of coffee. Then she showed me a little room with white sheets on the bed."

He paused reminiscently. I kept as still as a mouse. The camp cat jumped to the floor from somewhere with a noise that sounded like an earthquake. Jimmy didn't notice it.

"I was sick," he continued. "I was damn sick. It must have been two or three days. All the time I kind of felt she was looking after me, and I heard talk about missionaries and heathens all mixed up with the sick things I saw. It was not all plain-like, though, when everything got very still, and I guess I must have went to sleep.

"When I got out of bed it was early morning. I felt awful shaky and hungry. The sun was shining into the window—only one of them, this time—and my clothes was folded up on a chair. She must have undressed me, and I often wondered how she did it, she was so thin-like. I wondered about lots of things before I was through, though. Well, I went into the kitchen, looking for something to eat. It was clean and awful shiny, but the only thing I could find was three potatoes under a pan. I ain't partial to raw potatoes, so I lit a fire and put a kettle on. I was fixing to boil them when she came in. My, but she was a weak little old lady! The only strong thing about her was her eyes. They were just like fire, but it was a kind of soft fire.

"'Good morning, Albert,' she says; 'come kiss your mother.'

"You can guess how I felt, Scaler. I'd been drunk, and I'd been sick, and the only mother I ever had used to kiss me with the face of a flatiron. But she just stood there kind of smiling-like and waited, and . . . and I did it.

"'Now yez take the path to the store,' she says, 'and get some sausages and tea and coffee and flour, and have it hung up to me.'

"'Yes, ma'am,' I says, and walks out. There was another little path besides the one I had come—I remembered that—and I took it. It led to the village. I'll be telling yez the name later," he added, hastily, and with infinite cunning at my look of inquiry. "Well, I found the store and bought everything I could think of."

Suspicion was growing in my soul. "Jimmy," I said, "how did you know whom to charge it to?"

"I didn't know," he confessed, with no signs of perturbation. "I paid for it."

"Jimmy," I interrupted, still more sternly, "how could you pay for it?" It was axiomatic that Jimmy's wealth was seldom burdensome after a week's spree, and this one appeared to have lasted much longer.

"Luck was with me," he continued, calmly. "I was wondering how to pay for it myself, when I happened to remember that me and another sport started to smoke money at one stage of the game. I finds my pipe and pulls a ten-dollar bill out of it only a little mussed. Money don't smoke easy."

I subsided. I knew his capabilities, and, after all, anything may be true.

"I took all the stuff back and we both cooked. Lord! how I ate! You had orter seen her eat, too—she must have been nearly starved, but just like a bird, all the same. She could always talk while she



"Head it 'Africa'"

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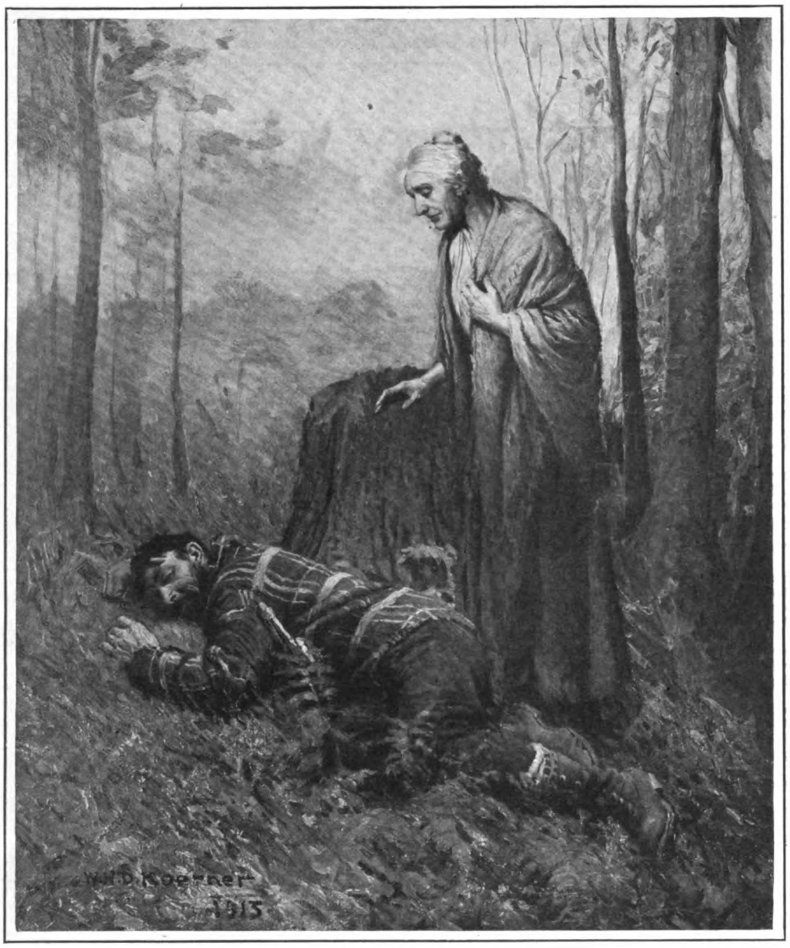
was eating, too. As soon as the dishes were washed she sits down in a rocking-chair and goes to sleep, and I went outdoors to look around. It was awful pretty. There were flowers and rose-bushes everywhere, mostly hollyhocks and common-like flowers that don't seem dressed up—just flowers. I found one rose-bush all brown and dead-looking, and it smelled of whiskey. She must have poured my bottles on it. It made me want a drink something awful. I looked through my clothes, and then went quiet, so as not to wake her, all over the house. Nary a drop could I find and I must have had the matter of twenty pints on me when I go to the shack; I remembered I jingled like sleigh-bells. Then I started down the little path I had come first. I knew there was booze where I had dropped when she found me—I never got there, though." He paused for a few moments. It seemed to me that the psychological process he had gone through was obvious. "I got tired, and it was peaceful-like around the shack."

"At night, after we had ate our supper, she got out some knitting and rocked and talked. I just sat on a chair. It seems I was her son Albert and a missionary. What I was missioning I don't know. She talked

"How?" I asked.

"I persuaded them," he answered, grimly. The modus operandi of Jimmy's persuasiveness was primitive.

"Don't be interrupting. I was tired of hanging around, anyway, so I got a job chopping. I'd be off at five and back before it got dark. She always got me breakfast, but she never thought of lunch, and I didn't want to bother her. I'd steal something the evening before. When I got home I'd tend to the hens—we bought some hens and built a place for them—and worked around the garden. After dark I'd sit and smoke. She liked to have me smoke and wouldn't begin to talk till I did, then I'd listen to her soft voice, and maybe go to sleep, and then nine o'clock would come and she'd make me kiss her and we'd go to bed. It was awful quiet, somehow. There was one day that was awful, though. I got home late and she met me at the door. There weren't no supper cooking and her eyes were wild. 'What did yez leave me for, all these years? What did yez leave me for?' she yelled. 'Ain't I always been a good mother to yez?' and she began to sob and moan and twist her little old hands some-



"When I woke up in the woods she was bending over me"

all the time and kind of to herself. I tried answering at first, but she didn't pay any attention or it seemed to bother her, so I stopped saying 'yes, ma'am,' and just sat. I found out a lot about myself by and by. I had to be careful, though. Now and then she was awful smart. I lost my eye to the cannibals first, and then, without thinking, falling down-stairs. It took a long time explaining that, and I'm not sure she believed me. She'd shoot a question at me and then put her eyes on me all blazing, and I had to answer quick. I got uster it, though, and it didn't matter much, because she forgot right away, mostly. For about a week we went along just the same, me working in the garden and fixing up the wood-pile, and she sleeping a lot when she wasn't cleaning everything. I found out she kept her money in an old teapot; there was eight cents in it, and I put the rest of the ten dollars there. She never noticed it. She told me she had poured a lot of stuff I had brought from foreign parts on the white rose-bush. She thought it was dope to make it grow. Perhaps that it was good for some flowers, but it was bad for others. I didn't dare say nothing. She was looking at me very sharp. Anyway, she never said nothing about it again or about me being sick. I kept thinking all the time that I'd go back to camp and chop, but I didn't feel like chopping. I was all right—not having a good time, but peaceful-like, different from what I had been uster. Well, then I found out she owed forty-two dollars at the store and they was going to bother her. I made them stop."

thing awful. I got supper, but she wouldn't eat nothing, and just kept asking me why I left her, and getting worse and worse. I nearly went crazy. At last she got crying so that I couldn't stand it. I just grabbed her up and carried her around, and that kind of quieted her. She didn't weigh nothing, so I just lugged her up and down till she began to shake and say she was cold. I heated some water and put her feet in it, and by and by she went to sleep. It was awful!"

Jimmy's mouth was twitching and great beads of sweat stood out on his forehead. I looked at the rigid, sinister bulk of the man and marveled.

"It happened the same way once when I was late again, and once when a skunk killed one of our hens and tore it to pieces on a pansy bed, but that was all. Her cheeks began to get a kind of light-redder every day, and she looked more hearty, and often, in the evening, she'd put down her knitting and sing hymns, mostly the thin, bird-sounding kind. It was great. She'd talk about missionaries by the hour and how fine it was of me to devote my life to teaching some word or other—me, a river hog!"

Jimmy was silent a long time, slowly revolving the past in his mind.

"Why did you come away?" I asked, softly.

"The chopping job gave out, and there was no winter work there. We had only a little money—but the store was paid," he added, in parenthesis, "so I came. I'm missionarying," he added, defiantly. "I took a month to break it to her slow till she got uster it. The day before I went, while I was looking over things to see they was all right, she slipped away and was gone till night. I was scared. When she came back she had a big package. In the morning my clothes was gone, all but my pants, and she made me put on them you was so pleased to see me in," he continued, grimly. "She said they was more suitable."

"What did you say her name was?" I asked in the silence that followed. The Lord only knows why! I hated myself the moment afterward. Jimmy was equal to the question, or his simplicity was deeper than guile.

"They called her in the village the little old lady—never woman, always lady," he said, proudly. "They was all afraid of her. I know she was loony," he acknowledged, "but it was such a good loonyness. She just didn't seem to remember things very clearly from day to day, kind of only kept the general run of them."

We both sat in silence. I was stunned, to say the least. Jimmy, perched heavily on the edge of the cookee's bunk, glowered absently at a highly colored lithograph on the wall extolling the excellence of a cure for horse colic. I had drawn myself up to a sitting position on the pile of socks and the sweater, and stared at the stove. A volley of lumber-jack oaths, unequaled in vileness by any profanity on earth, came from the "bar," where the poker game was under full headway.

Jimmy spoke:

"Will you write me a letter, Scaler?"

I silently got a pen, paper, and envelope, pulled out the soap-box that served me as a writing-desk, and waited.

"Head it 'Africa,'" he announced.

"But, Jimmy," I said, "the post-mark . . ."

"Africa," he reiterated, positively.

"DEAR MAM,—I take my pen in hand to tell that this letter will reach you straight by the hand of a friend of mine who is another missionary going to Woodsville."

He paused here for breath and to gaze at me triumphantly.

"All is fine and dandy on the missionary job, and all send their respects. The inclosed thirty dollars is part of what you gave me when I was a kid, and I pay back with much thanks. There is more coming. I come back after the drive. Yours respectfully, Jimmy. I mean Albert," he corrected himself.

"May I change it a little?" I asked.

"Do your damndest," he assented, gloomily. "It took me two days to make that up."

I wrote as follows:

"DEAR MOTHER,—This letter will be mailed to you by a friend of mine who is going to spread the word among the lumbermen at Woodsville.

"I send thirty dollars to apply on the amount which you advanced me in my youth and will send more later.

"All is well with me, and I shall be with you in the spring. With best love,

"Your son,

ALBERT."

I read it slowly to Jimmy, and he nodded. Then he pulled a ten and four five-dollar bills from his pocket and gave them to me. I slipped them into the envelope with the letter, and sealed it.

"Have it registered," I said, as I handed it to him.

"You bet your soul," he answered, and went out the door, down the road toward the company's store.

I was called on to write several such letters during the winter.

The drive was over. The New England spring was fairly bursting with warmth and sweetness, as though each day would make up for the rigors of the winter.

The men had been laid off in the morning, and had taken complete possession of the town. Liquor, its quantity, and the mystery of its advent, equaled only by its vileness, was fast doing its deadly work. By night-time the place was a hell, the few rural representatives of the law powerless.

I had the misfortune, early in the afternoon, to offend a drink-haughty knight of the pick-pole, and escaped my fate only by undignified flight. Later I was told he was hunting me, and, as was poetically quoted, intended to stamp out my guts. Quite frankly, I was looking for a place of refuge. I found it when I came to anchor late in the evening in the back room of a hotel. A roaring poker game was under way, but it was the nearest to a quiet place in the whole town; also the doors were locked and barred at twelve o'clock. I slept uncomfortably draped over the back of a chair the better part of the night, waking now and then to realize dimly that Jimmy was winning hugely, principally because he was the only sober man in the crowd. Morning came at last, and I arose wearily, intent upon catching the first train to civilization. Jimmy went out of the door with me.

"I suppose you are going back," I hazarded, for want of something better to say.

"Oh! You mean that damned lie I told yez in the woods," he answered. "I'm going to get drunk."

The morning was silent, drab-colored, and gloomy. I pondered wearily, as I paced my half-hour wait up and down the station platform, on the absolute dreariness of all things. I told myself that Jimmy tore up my letters as soon as he was out of sight, and put the money back in his pocket. It was not a morning for belief in anything.

Suddenly my eye was caught by a figure emerging from the mist across the tracks. It was clad in a linen duster, high hat, and frock-coat, and walked as though on uncertain stilts. One bright blue eye glanced furtively to the right and left.

Just then the sun came up over the New Hampshire hills, and, as I swung on the train, I suddenly knew beyond question that the morning-glories were wide open and caught the fragrance of lavender in the soft summer air.

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Finance

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

The Fifty-per-cent. Drop in Stock Exchange Seats

In 1906 $95,000 was paid for a seat on the New York stock exchange. Recently a sale was made at $48,000. During the past seven years, in other words, the price of membership in the exchange has been cut exactly in half.

Does it mean that the *value* of the privilege of doing business on the Exchange is actually fifty per cent. less, or is it merely a case of the price of membership being temporarily depressed? Not in a long time, it is true, have stock exchange seats sold as low as at present, but on several occasions in recent years they have sold down substantially in price, only later, and easily enough, to recover their loss. Is the present just another of these occasions—a dip in price more serious than the others but to be followed by ultimate recovery—or does it indicate a permanent change in conditions, and that the privilege of doing business on the stock exchange has become permanently less valuable than it used to be?

Intelligent answer to that question depends upon appreciation of the causes of the decline in the price of stock-exchange memberships. These are threefold. The first is the war which has been waged on large-scale enterprise, industrial and railroad, during the past six or eight years, and which has had the effect of driving the public largely out of the investment and speculative markets. The second is the popular feeling against speculation which has been developed and which lately has crystallized in all manner of effort to regulate the business of the stock exchanges. The third is the creation of a great mass of public-utility and other securities of a class rarely dealt in on stock exchanges, and the establishment of "open" markets in these shares and bonds.

How the first of these things, the war on big capital combinations and the determined efforts to regulate the railways, has operated to restrict the buying and selling of securities on the stock exchange is only too apparent. It has happened in the case of Standard Oil and American Tobacco that compulsory dissolution has been followed by great increase in the value of the stocks of the subsidiary companies. That fact, however, has by no means been enough to reassure the public with regard to possible effects of government proceedings against other companies. There is hardly a really big corporation in the country immune from attack under the trust laws existing, and by no means have investors been willing to take it for granted that the general outcome of dissolution suits would be similar to that in the case of American Tobacco and Standard Oil. In ignorance of where the lightning might be expected next to strike, security-buyers, so far as the shares of the industrial combinations are concerned, have preferred to keep out of the market altogether.

Very much the same thing has been true with regard to railroad shares. Government suits brought against the railways under the Sherman law have, it is true, been much less in number than in the case of the industrials, but not less disquieting has been the activity of the Interstate Commerce Commission and of the various state railway commissions in the matter of regulation. Reflecting the popular wave of anti-railroad sentiment which has been sweeping the country, legislative and regulatory bodies everywhere have been placing restrictions upon railway operations, physical and financial, which have seriously curtailed railway profits. The matter of freight-rates and the refusal to allow the railways to compensate themselves for the wage increases they have been forced to grant is the most prominent example, but by no means the only one.

Investors, in consequence, have been very chary about buying railroad stocks, even the standard issues. The railroads, the feeling has been, will be allowed to earn only about so-and-so much, anyway, and any increase in dividends will be frowned upon. What, then, from the investor's standpoint, is the use of buying securities of this class? Investment brokers have found that a hard question to answer. In only too many cases they have answered it by admitting the contention and advising their clients to keep away from the railroad shares and put their money into something else.

That is the first thing that has hurt business on the stock exchange and worked to lower the price people are willing to pay for the privilege of doing business there. But is this a permanent influence? It would hardly seem so. There is still hard sledding ahead for some of the big capital combinations and the business of regulating the railroads has by no means been completed, but real progress has been made and before very long now there is certain to prevail a more reasonable relation between business and the government. We have been going through a great change in our business and economic life and during the process corporation securities have become less desirable from the investor's point of view, but with the completion of the change securities are going to be just as valuable and as much sought for as they ever were. There will not, it is true, be the same inducement to speculate marketwise on the probability of "melons" and "mergers," but thousands of people who under the old order of things were afraid to touch corporation securities will, under the new régime, invest their money that way. And that, of course, will be a great thing for the business of the exchange.

The second thing which has hurt the price of stock-exchange memberships is the growth of popular sentiment against stock speculation as it has been carried on, and the determined efforts made to legislate against it. Following the panic, the whole matter was brought before the public and investigated and discussed as never before. The upshot was a popular clamor for restriction of the business, which, as is always the case under such circumstances, took the form of demands that all sorts of unreasonable and unjust things be done. A good example is the recent recommendation of the Pujo Commission that all stock exchanges be forced to incorporate at once under penalty of members being debarred from the use of the United States mails.

Of the enactment into law of most of these radical and ill-advised proposals there is very little danger indeed, but that the ultimate effect of the agitation will be to bring about considerable changes in the business of dealing in stocks is very generally admitted. There is little doubt, for instance, that an effective check has been put upon narrow-margin gambling by persons of small means. Manipulative operations, too, involving the "washing" of stocks on the exchange have come in for universal condemnation and will never again be carried on to anything like the same extent in the past. In these and several other directions the amount of business transacted on the stock exchange will be diminished. But by no means is that saying that the business of the exchange will suffer. By all that element among the members of the exchange who are abreast with the times it is freely admitted that such business is highly undesirable—that, looked at from a cold-blooded business standpoint, the commissions it yields are far less than the possible commissions it keeps away.

In the fact, therefore, that the public demands that the stock exchange clean house there is nothing permanently detrimental to the value of the privilege of doing business on the exchange. Public sentiment in such a matter is certain to express itself in a radical and unreasoning way and one calculated to cause nervousness among those engaged in the business. But of any of these wild-eyed proposals being actually adopted the danger is slight indeed. The very possibility is in itself disquieting, but is, after all, a purely temporary influence. After the excitement has run its course and full advantage of the opportunity for self-exploitation has been taken by demagogues and self-seekers, the natural good sense of the American people will assert itself and the maintenance of free and open markets for securities will be helped and not hindered.

The third thing which has operated to bring about a reduction in the price charged for the privilege of doing business on the exchange is the diversion of investors' capital into "outside" securities and the rapid development of the "outside" market—not the "Curb," but the market directly between houses. To deny the importance of such trading would be impossible. No record of the transactions is kept, but, daily, they run into big figures. Practically all of the new public-utility stocks and bonds brought out in such quantity during the past few years, the greater part of the new industrial preferred shares, the securities of all the hydro-electric, timber, and other propositions based on natural resources—these are merely a few of the classes of stocks and bonds which go to make up the great "outside" market.

If the "outside" market came into direct competition with the stock-exchange market it would be a bad thing for the latter, there is no doubt about that. But, fortunately for the interests of the exchange, this trading outside represents overflow and not competition. There is no market outside in Union Pacific or Steel or the coppers or anything else actively dealt in on the Board. Dealings outside the exchange are on a big scale, but are almost exclusively in securities not listed on the exchange at all. Great as has been the development of the outside market, there is just one place where any considerable order in a "listed" security can be executed, and that is on the floor of the stock exchange.

Development of an outside market in which large-scale security transactions can be carried on has had the effect of making stock-exchange memberships seem less valuable, but has really hurt their value not in the slightest. Restoration of confidence in listed railroad and industrial securities will quickly enough prove that the right to do business on the stock exchange is, as it has always been, a privilege worth a lot of money.

Orator vs. Stenographer

Whether it is due to the speed mania of the age or something else, according to the dean of the reportorial corps of the national House of Representatives, members of the Lower House of Congress have increased the average speed at which they talk approximately twenty-five per cent. This does not mean that the maximum speed limit has been increased, but fully fifty men in the House now talk at a high rate of speed where one reached the maximum a few years ago. Four or five years ago there were only two or three members who talked so rapidly that the stenographers had to utilize their best efforts to keep up with them. Former Congressman Charles Littlefield of Maine had the reputation of being the fastest and steadiest talker in the House four years ago. His average for four hours on one occasion was 196 words a minute, a rate that would make even some of the professional reporters scatter ink for yards around. Until Mr. Littlefield entered Congress the record was held by Henry U. Johnson, of Indiana. This man talked so fast that it was necessary to use a double check for accuracy—that is, two stenographers taking him at the same time. It is said that there was much rejoicing among the stenographers when Mr. Johnson failed of re-election. But in the present Congress there are several men who talk almost as fast as did Mr. Johnson of Indiana. Notable among these are Mr. Martin, of South Dakota, and Mr. Murray, of Massachusetts. There are others who exceed Mr. Littlefield's best. The relief comes to the reporters, however, in the slow drawl of the Southern representatives, some of whom speak as slowly as eighty words a minute.

The best stenographer the House corps ever has known was the late Andrew Devine. How fast Devine could actually write shorthand no one ever knew. That he could maintain a speed of 300 words a minute is beyond question, and perhaps he was the only man ever heard of who could fall behind a speaker a couple of hundred words and then catch up without the least difficulty.

A Plague of Crayfish

Crayfish of terrestrial habits abound in warm and moist situations all over the central United States, and in some places are a decided obstacle to agriculture. They dwell in vertical burrows which are carried down to the ground-water, and these holes are often exceedingly numerous and close together. Some species form the soil they excavate into pellets and mold them into chimney-like turrets several inches high above the mouth of the hole, the practical advantage to the occupant of which is the keeping out of surface-water, and perhaps of some enemies, as snakes and kingfishers. These turrets are a great nuisance to the man who tries to mow a meadow in which they exist, the clay chimneys clogging the knives of his machine. Worse than this, however, is the situation in Mississippi and Alabama, where these crustaceans infest certain areas, estimated at not less than 1,000 square miles, upon which it is almost impossible to raise any crops with profit. Crayfish living in streams feed upon animal food for the most part, and perform a useful scavenger service in ridding the water of dead fishes and other carrion. These terrestrial, well-dwelling varieties, however, seem to live mainly, if not entirely, on the roots of plants, and hence are destructive to the vegetation within their reach. When, as happens in badly infested districts, their holes number from 8,000 to 12,000 to the acre, the damage they may do is easily calculated. This damage occurs especially just after the plant appears sprouting above the ground, and it is stated that large fields of young cotton have disappeared in a single night. Corn goes the same way, but not so completely as cotton. The increase of the creatures is rapid, and they are hard to get rid of. One planter gathered twenty-seven barrels from his fields, and the following year could get thirteen barrels more. Draining the land through deeply laid tiles is beneficial; and it is recommended to harassed planters to catch all they can and poison the rest with bisulphide of carbon. They are edible when well cooked, and at any rate ought to be fattening food for pigs and chickens.

Egypt's Debt to Earthworms

The fertility of the valley of the White Nile is renowned. British scientific surveyors report that its remarkable productiveness is due in large part to the diligence of earthworms, which have been digging it for thousands of years. Observations are recorded showing that during the active six months of each year the castings of the worms brought to the surface there amount to about 240,000 pounds an acre. Spread out evenly, this would make an appreciable annual layer. Darwin estimated that the castings of five years in England would cover the whole kingdom with a layer of new earth an inch thick. In the Nile valley the layer would doubtless be thicker were the worms equally numerous and busy, as appears to be the case, because the proportion of non-arable land there is much less than in the British Isles. It must be remembered, also, that, in addition to the beneficial service of stirring up the soil, admitting air and water more easily, and bringing deep deposits to the surface, there is a constant fertilization effected by the vegetable matter dragged into their burrows by the worms, much of which is left to decay where it will do the most good.

The Basque Language

It is said that though the Basque language, which is spoken in the Pyrenees, is one of the most difficult of all languages to acquire, the youngest child, conscious of his own thought, can express himself perfectly in it. It is averred that, in vigor and word-painting, this is the richest of all languages. This may be partly due to the fact that nouns, pronouns, and adjectives change into verbs at will, and verbs may be transformed into nouns and adjectives. Every part of speech, and even the letters of the alphabet, can be declined like nouns, and adjectives are conjugated like verbs.

50,000-H.-P. Lightning Bolt

The "horse-power" of a bolt of lightning, which struck a house in Hesse last summer, has been calculated by a German scientist at no less than 50,000.

The calculation was based upon the fact that the lightning instantly melted two large nails. An electric current of 200 amperes and 20,000 volts might, it is said, have accomplished the work in one second, but the lightning did it in a very small fraction of a second.

STRENGTH

Without Overloading the Stomach

The business man, especially, needs food in the morning that will not overload the stomach, but give mental vigor for the day.

Much depends on the start a man gets each day, as to how he may expect to accomplish the work on hand.

He can't be alert, with a heavy, fried-meat-and-potatoes breakfast, requiring a lot of vital energy in digesting it.

A Calif. business man tried to find some food combination that would not overload the stomach in the morning, but that would produce energy.

He writes:

"For years I was unable to find a breakfast food that had nutrition enough to sustain a business man without overloading his stomach, causing indigestion and kindred ailments.

"Being a very busy and also a very nervous man, I decided to give up breakfast altogether. But luckily I was induced to try Grape-Nuts.

"Since that morning I have been a new man; can work without tiring, my head is clear and my nerves strong and quiet.

"I find four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts with one of sugar and a small quantity of cold milk, is delicious as the cereal part of the morning meal, and invigorates me for the day's business." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

Gerhart Hauptmann's "Atlantis"

BY F. M. COLBY

IT does not speak very well for the honesty of American book reviewers that so few of them expressed the disgust they undoubtedly felt on reading Hauptmann's latest novel. Unquestionably it puzzled and wearied the great majority of them, and yet they joined in the chorus of praise. To one who, like the present writer, has followed the trail of its literary commentators through our newspapers and magazines, it is obvious that most of the "appreciations" of Hauptmann's *Atlantis* had no other basis than a desire to say the proper thing. The reviewers knew that Hauptmann was a very important German writer, but for the life of them they could not see why. Their reviews, for the most part, were attempts to conceal their private embarrassment. Many of them needed a full page of a Sunday supplement in which to hide from their own opinion, putting their readers off with blocks of encyclopedic information instead. To judge by the sheer bulk of the comment it engendered, one would say that the appearance of the English version of Hauptmann's *Atlantis* was clearly the greatest literary event of the year. Yet the genuine Hauptmann enthusiasts are saying, ruefully, that it is about the worst thing he ever wrote and are hinting at pot-boiling motives. There appears to be some sort of a misunderstanding.

This misunderstanding arises in part from the well-known tendency of reviewers to conceal the true sources of their emotions. *Atlantis* appeared simultaneously in German and English just after Hauptmann had received the Nobel prize. It contained a long and vivid description of the sinking of an ocean liner, written before the loss of the *Titanic*, yet paralleling that disaster in a striking way. It reproduced incidents of the author's visit to this country in 1894, mentioned under slightly altered names certain prominent New York citizens, and criticized American art and American morals. Now these are matters which can at a pinch carry their own interest even when there is small skill in the telling. Very modest literary gifts are often sufficient to prevent an account of a general massacre from seeming dull, nor need a man be a master of pathos in order to move us by drowning some nine hundred persons and braining a good many of them with oars before they sink. The usual reviewer does not stop to think how he comes by his goose flesh. He credits to the author's art the thrills derived from contact with the author's raw material. When literature is lazy it can always lean heavily on battle, murder, and sudden death. It is a well-known shift of realist economy. M. Zola, for example, could rest his mind for chapters at a stretch and let a mangled body or an evil smell do his literary work for him. And as to the American impressions of distinguished foreigners, they too have an interest all their own quite apart from any truth that they may contain or any skill in presenting them. The United States is a subject on which no distinguished foreigner need bestow any pains. If he wrote about us in his sleep, we should still read him with interest. These very salient features of the book—matter almost for newspaper head-lines—did, no doubt, jog the minds of reviewers, but they could hardly have staved off weariness throughout the length of its four hundred and fifteen pages. The fact that the weariness was not more frankly expressed is explained by the timidity of American "culture.". The comment, therefore, is very misleading. It has provoked one sincere Hauptmann lover to this outcry:

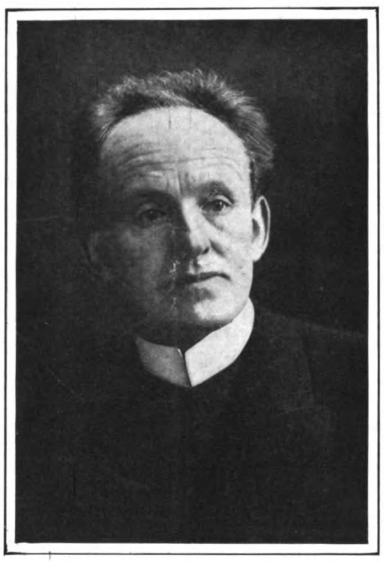
"*Atlantis* was written while the boy was waiting outside for copy. The man inside wrings his hands and works like a dog and is hopeless. The boy outside whistles a tune and cries to him to hurry. So the job gets done in a sort of way. But it is not a Hauptmann job. It is somebody else's kind of a job. If *Atlantis* had come unheralded it would have attracted no attention. Who would have welcomed it, then? The monkey chorus of criticism? No. The critics hurrah for names. They don't hurrah for books. No kind of a book will make them acknowledge a name. . . . But what do I care about Hauptmann's reputation? I care for Hauptmann. His reputation may take care of itself."

Dr. Frederick von Kammacher, the hero of *Atlantis*, is a German physician thirty years of age, who, after winning distinction as a bacteriologist, has written a treatise that has dismally failed. His young wife is hopelessly insane and his best friend is dying. These depressing events "induce in him a state in which men are peculiarly suspectible to love's poison," and he falls under the spell of a Swedish dancing-girl of sixteen who, in a dance called "Mara, or the Spider's Victim," has taken Berlin by storm. In the dance she is drawn to the spider, enmeshed in his web, and dies, symbolizing thereby the conquest of good by evil, symbolizing also the conquest of Dr. von Kammacher's beautiful soul by her own little black one. This valuable bit of double symbolism is made to serve on many a page. In Dr. von Kammacher the love of Ingigerd, the Swedish dancer, turns to a disease, and after putting his three children in school and taking leave of his parents he follows the girl on board the liner *Roland* bound for the United States. Now Frederick von Kammacher's being was composed of very dangerous, not to say explosive, elements. His friends knew that when all was well with him he was a "dormant volcano" and that when things were not well he spat forth fire and smoke. Sometimes he was effeminate; sometimes he was brutal; now and then he was seized with dithyrambic raptures—especially when there was wine in his blood, and he might sonorously evoke the sun if it was daytime and the constellations—especially the "chaste Cassiopeia"—if it was night. Moreover, he was passing through a great crisis in his life—"washing the uniform away from his soul." He was reading Max Stirner's *The Ego and Its Own*. He had already read Nietzsche.

"It was in such a crisis that Goethe went on his Italian journey, that Luther nailed his ninety-five theses to the church door in Wittenberg, that Ignatius Loyola hung his weapons in front of an image of the Virgin, never to take them down again, and that Jesus was nailed to the cross. As for the young physician, Frederick von Kammacher, he was neither a Goethe nor a Luther nor a Loyola; but he was akin to them not only in culture, but also in many a trait of genius."

In short, he was one of those unusual men whose lives enter a peculiar phase at about the age of thirty-five, when one of the two things happen: Either they throw off the morbid matter that has been accumulating or succumb to it in physical or spiritual death.

This is certainly a high promise for any novelist to make for his hero at the start, and the author heightens our expectations by many other alluring announcements. Not only was Frederick's inner life exciting, but outwardly, the author says, he was most engaging. He had an idealistic head set on broad shoulders; he was sprung from a line of statesmen,



Gerhart Hauptmann, author of "Atlantis"

soldiers, and scholars; he was savant, poet, philosopher, and agreeable man of the world; he was a brilliant entertainer with easy manners and a light humor, even when a grim humor crawled in the depths of his being like an evil reptile; he was a "genuine child of the times"; and he embodied in his own person "the Pope and Luther, William II. and Robespierre, Bismarck and Bebel, the spirit of the American millionaire, and the enthusiasm for poverty that was the glory of St. Francis of Assisi." To be sure, it is Frederick himself who makes this last remark about his character, but there is no sign that the author disagrees. In short, it would be hard to find in fiction any character whose claims on our attention are more heavily underscored. Any author who could redeem a tenth of these great promises concerning Frederick would never need to sink a ship in order to stir our interest.

Once aboard the *Roland*, Frederick is alternately drawn to the young dancer and repelled by her, according as his base or higher nature is uppermost, and his dreams repeat the storm of his soul in allegory. As he hovers near evil he enters upon a new philosophy of life, which, though nowhere defined, is evidently something anarchistical, for he hangs on the words of the young girl's father, "who espoused the cause of all who were anarchists, procurers, or adventurers."

"When," says this mentor, "did geniuses ever do anything morally? Even the creator of heaven and earth did not know how to. He produced an immoral world. Every high form of human intellectual activity has thrown ethics overboard. What would a historian be who, instead of making researches, would moralize? What would a physician be who would stop to moralize? Or a great statesman who would toe the chalk-line of your middle-class Ten Commandments? As for an artist, when he moralizes he is a fool and a knave. And please tell me what sort of a business would the church do if all of us were moral? There would be no church."

The speaker declared that of all lands he admired America most because it was known to have been settled by rogues, and because if you spread a tent over it you would have the most beautiful penitentiary in the world. He loved this country as the breeding-place of the purest type of moral idiot. Frederick listens to this and "succumbs to its spell."

Some four days from land and about one hundred and forty pages from the beginning of the volume, a storm strikes the ship and thenceforth rages for several chapters, no doubt paralleling symbolically the complex physical and spiritual disturbances inside Frederick. It is not fair to the general purport of this novel to suppose that Hauptmann would have given us an unsymbolical storm. The waves hiss like a thousand panthers and the rigging howls, booms, groans, and whistles in every key. Frederick dreams of a great spider hanging on a flower and of the dancing-girl and his wife in Paradise, and joins them and takes them both by the hand. But darkness comes and then a ghostly moon, and a gigantic bird flies by on black pinions crying "Moira," which recalls the Greek goddesses of fate, and Frederick awakes in his berth, but falls asleep again. The storm has lulled, but it soon returns again in a cyclone. Frederick's soul is "in chaos and struggle" once more. And then comes the shipwreck, the description of which, the reviewers said, easily "out-thrills" even those "magazines which specialize in this department." Then follows the saving of Frederick and his friends as by a miracle and the arrival in New York, where Frederick is impressed at once by the "shrieking greedy war of competition, waged with every conceivable means, a wild and shameless orgy of competition."

American society is a huge "industrial corporation where art, science, and true culture are, at present at least, wholly out of place," but Frederick finds refuge in a little colony of German artists and tries to save Ingigerd from the seductions of vaudeville. Then follow memories of Hauptmann's visit to New York in 1894, supplemented more or less by the imagination, in which one may recognize Koster and Bial's, Howe and Hummel, Carmencita, Elbridge T. Gerry, Mayor Gilroy, the armless vaudeville performer who fired a rifle with his feet, the Hoffman House bar, some Jewish theatrical managers, and others. In his artistic shelter he hears some plain speech on the subject of American culture.

"Millions of dollars annually," said Bonifacius Ritter, "are spent upon all sorts of objects, an enormous sum on paintings alone. At the same time, there is a class of persons here of Puritanic descent to whom any kind of art is the abomination of the arch-enemy. For instance, there is an association of pious pillars of society, an association of vandals, invested with certain civic rights, whose object is the abolition of filth and the maintenance of chastity. To that end it recently broke into one of the famous clubs of the New York *jeunesse dorée* and destroyed a number of irreplaceable art treasures, masterpieces, among them even a Venus by Titian."

In New York Frederick finds a good genius in the person of Miss Eva Burns, a young student of sculpture, and he too resolves to study sculpture, for which, it seems, he has a talent. At length he breaks the sensual bonds that hold him to the dancer and flies to Meriden, Connecticut, the home of a brother physician, and lives there alone in a house in the outskirts. Dreams throng about him in his solitude and grow more confusing and terrible, the forerunners of typhoid fever. After recovering from his illness, he learns that his insane wife has committed suicide and he goes to Germany with Eva—"to a land where, thank the Lord, the aristocracy of spirit, the aristocracy of ideas, is still a match for that other aristocracy." He urges his brother physician to do the same, telling him America has no use for so good a man who "cannot recommend patent medicines or keep a man chained to his bed by giving him small doses when he could cure him with quinine in a week."

I offer no apologies for this summary because it is as good as the book deserves. Neither I nor the translators are to blame for these banalities. They will all be found in the original. As a poet and dramatist Hauptmann has overcome the barriers of race. The beauty of *The Sunken Bell* and of *Ana Pippa Dances*, the compassion and wrath of *The Weavers*, may be felt by us Americans even through the medium of translations or through the tattered remnants of our college German. But his previous writings sprang from within and he labored to perfect them. The present book is not the product of an art, but of a hasty catering. The hero is a bill of fare for our astonishments. But he savors always of the single dish, *crambe repetita*—literary cabbage, warmed over elements of popular novels—not to decry those hardy, clever folk who write "best-sellers." Somehow the fastidious seem to think of the successful novelist of commerce as standing always beside a ticker which brings the latest news of public wants. He seldom does so. He is often merely a rather wooden person uttering his native wood notes wild. Successful popular fiction is rarely the result of a stooping to conquer. It is generally the expression of an arrested stage of mental development sincere and unashamed. No man has a right to find fault with the late Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth or with the enduring Mr. Hall Caine. But he may be pardoned if he asks, when he finds Gerhart Hauptmann competing with them, What the devil is he doing in that gallery? Unless Hauptmann the poet is threatened with actual starvation, he ought to leave "thrills" (to quote again from our reviewers) to the "magazines that specialize in that department."

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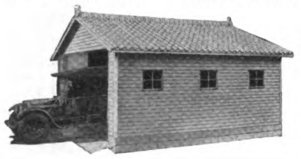
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The Gentler View

BY FLORIDA PIER

An Idée Fixe, Etc.

It is a serious inconvenience to have an *idée fixe.* One does not enjoy it a whit more than one's friends, and that is saying a great deal, for one's friends loathe it. No one knows the insidiousness of it more than the possessor. When every one else thinks that the conversation is going along nicely, you alone know that nothing is irrelevant, and what appeared to you a connection has prodded you off your place of safety, to send you tumbling to your perpetual obsession. It is like being the last rider in a cavalcade that fancies it is presenting a brave appearance. You would like their fancy to be fact, but you have lost your seat, your heels are ignominiously uppermost, and in another second you will land with a noisy thud and every one will be ashamed of you.

You wish your friends could keep you from it. An enthusiasm is as exhausting as any other form of dissipation. You dread it before, you regret it after, and you apologize continually. Every moment is for the enthusiast a separate trap-door which may let him through. He is not to blame; one cannot take precautions against the ground falling from under one's feet. The fact that one subject favors him means that all others leave him listless, which is the very condition in which to be taken unawares. He has to bear with himself, and this being the case, it is perhaps natural that he should expect others to do the same.

Socialists are constantly told by their partial supporters and by their keenest antagonists that, socialism never having been tried, socialistic contentions can only have the light weight of untested theories. But is there not room for a pretty argument in the view that along with the individualistic system which men have evolved for themselves, there has at the same time been evolved an amazingly socialistic system for the women? The women live under a régime more than half socialistic. Or rather, they did, until every one, including the socialists, decided to oust them out of it. They had almost no choice of employment, they had to do what was best for the state—that is, provide it with citizens, at no matter what inconvenience to themselves—and they gave their services free. Nothing could be more socialistic. They were in return paid on the according-to-need system. With the rigorous and noble simplicity which the socialists advise, the women were given the necessities. In the cases where they got more, it was through the seduction of the officials, a thing always to be found in a bureaucracy. They were never paid according to merit of work done. An inefficient mother had the same claim for support as had an efficient mother. Both received a minimum wage.

With the same belief in the instinctive industry of human nature which the socialists profess, women were given a greater amount of leisure than the men working under the individualistic system. This brings us to one of the most frequently combated points. If we lacked the pressure of necessity, would we still work for the pure joy of expressing the talents that are in us? The individualists, a doubting lot, say that we would not; the socialists, who believe present humanity extremely worthless and future humanity marvelously good, say that we would. Well, what could be simpler than getting at least an intimation by seeing what the women have done. They were not pushed by necessity; they had leisure. It is a dazzling chance for the socialists to see how the crux of their cause works in practice.

One would almost rather let them look alone, and draw what conclusions they find convenient, rather than do anything so disconcerting as to look over their shoulders. Let us, however, brace ourselves for a fleeting glance. Let us pretend we have taken it—it was a retrospect easy to all of us—and now what do we think? Well, it being human beings under discussion, the most one can say is: "After a fashion, and in some cases—well, taking everything into account, it is difficult to give a judgment." With genuine chagrin at such indecision, one tries again:

"It is true that many of the women have used their leisure deplorably, those who had most of it being the greatest sinners; which leads us to believe that leisure is always dangerous from the risk of its remaining leisure. Many of the women used their leisure, on the other hand, as an opportunity for giving beautiful and valuable service. Others clogged the issue very much by never having any; unintelligence on one's own part, or unintelligence on the part of others—in fact, any immediate lack—acts just the same as creative force or the desire for money: one works.

Which leads us to a second conclusion: that unless all have leisure and are using it well a great number of people have to busy themselves in tidying up after other people. There was a further obscurity created by a few women not realizing that men and women lived under a different régime, so that when women insisted upon entering into individualistic competition they were regarded as interlopers, and as people who ought to be provided for by some one, whether they were or not, in which case remuneration of their services would be absurd, and as very upsetting phenomena altogether. A man being an investment, his education is a heavy plunge, the possible large returns being the justification. The monetary test coming at the end made for general soundness among the men. The woman, not being an investment, any but the slightest education would have been unwarrantable extravagance, and no test being put at all, or at least never the one that had been expected, general superficiality resulted.

She being obliged to work whether they liked it or not has made the men principally responsible for the civilization of to-day, and the leisure of the women has in a surprisingly large majority of cases given them a precious subjectivity which makes one remember that the socialists plead for something besides materialism.

Having got so hopelessly involved in what one saw, as to lose entirely what one believed, one is brought up sharply at the fact that theories are wise or otherwise according to who practises them. That if we gain a virtue we gain a vice, and that what we believe is the sum total of what we are, which is a matter of mystery—and having arrived at mystery we admit to irretrievable entanglement in our subject.

Subway and Street Air

Two Frenchmen have been experimenting for some time with the air of Paris, with a view to discovering where and when bacteria most abound.

The investigators have discovered that the air in the underground railway is less rich in bacteria than that of the streets, because it contains less dust.

An illustration of this was very marked in an experiment made at the subway station at the Place de la Bostille. In the morning after the platforms had been sprinkled there were found only 410 bacteria in a cubic meter of air. Two hours later, evaporation of the sprinkled water being complete, and many more or less dusty passengers pressing their way to the trains, 68,000 bacteria per cubic meter were found. At the Place d'Italie subway station the figures varied from 60,000 to 140,000 bacteria in the slack or busy hours; while at the Place de l'Etoile station, where several lines converge and the affluence of passengers is enormous, there were from 900 to 2,400 in the afternoon and 90,000 to 270,000 in the "rush" hours. Investigations at more quiet stations furnished very few bacteria comparatively.

The railroad runs first and second class cars, and here again the figures were striking. In the first-class cars the number of bacteria per cubic meter of air ranged from 1,200 in the slack to 30,000 in the busy hours; but in the second-class cars the figures gave from 6,000 in the quiet to 120,000 in the rush hours.

The results of the examination of the air in the churches were also very interesting. It must be borne in mind that the churches of Paris are open all day, and in more or less constant use by worshipers and visitors. In the vast spaces of Notre Dame the air on week-days contained 8,000 bacteria to the cubic meter, on Sundays 66,000, while in Saint-Honoré-d'Eylau, a smaller and much richer church, frequented chiefly by people of social distinction, there were 2,700 bacteria to the cubic meter on week-days, and only 10,800 on Sundays. From which figures it may be deduced once more that personal cleanliness is the strongest factor in the general sanitary conditions of any community.

Potato Bread

The over-production of potatoes in Germany in the last few years has resulted in the discovery of new ways of utilizing the surplus. According to recent information, there are now 436 factories devoted to the preparation of potato products. The tubers are prepared for use as cattle fodder, or for the production of alcohol and starch. A yellowish-white flour is also milled. German bakers are mixing this flour with the ordinary flour of wheat and rye. The product is said to be a bread of excellent taste, which is easy of digestion and remains fresh for a longer time than the bread in common use.

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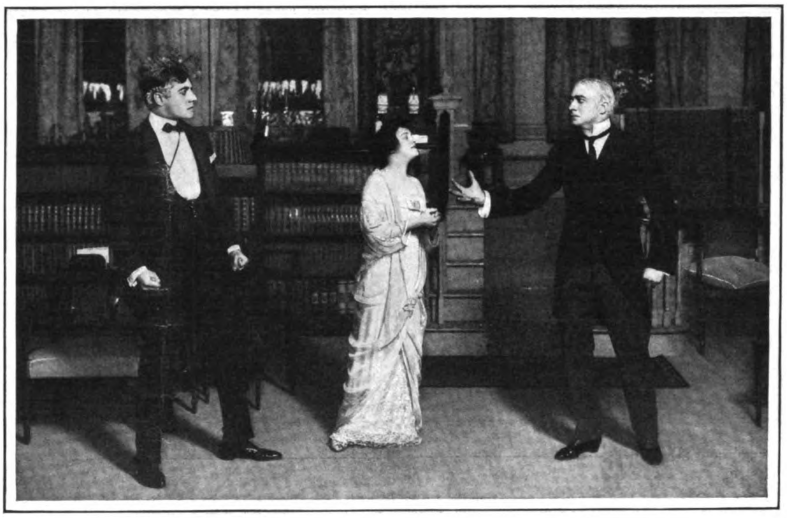
May Irwin and Orlando Daly in "A Widow by Proxy," at Cohan's Theater



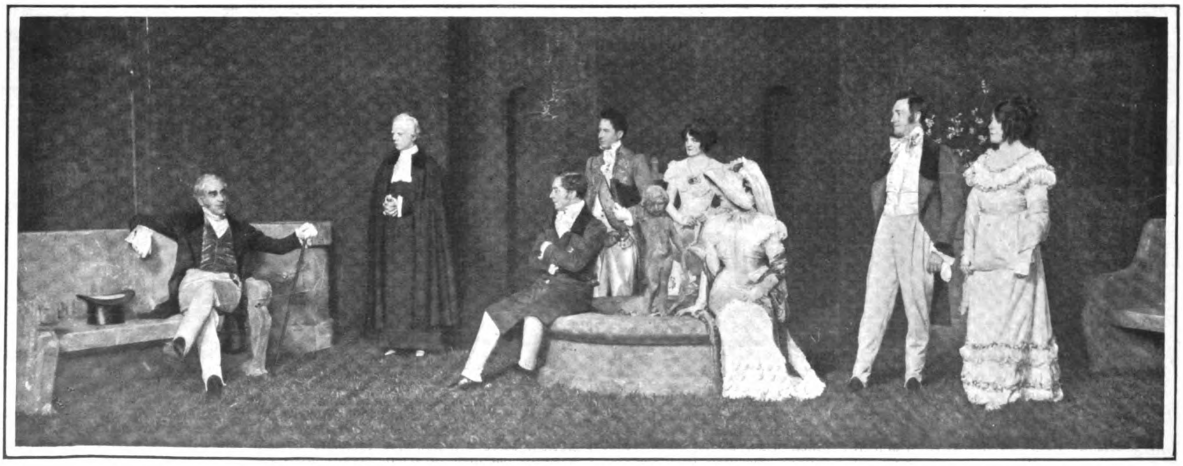
Edith Wynne Matthison in a scene from "Everyman," at the Children's Theater



Lillian Russell, who has been telling audiences "How to Live a Hundred Years"



Edmund Breese (right) in "The Master Mind," at the Harris



A charming pictorial effect in "The Five Frankforters," at the Thirty-ninth Street

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Mr. W. Burdett-Coutts and "Greyfriars Bobby"

MR. W. BURDETT-COUTTS, the English philanthropist and publicist, who was the husband of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts, has been reading *Greyfriars Bobby*, Mrs. Eleanor Atkinson's touching story of a dog's life-long fidelity. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts erected a memorial to faithful little Bobby in the Edinburgh graveyard which contains the grave of Bobby's master, where the dog slept for so many years.

Mr. Burdett-Coutts has written to Mrs. Atkinson the following letter, which is published by permission:

January 10, 1913. LONDON.

DEAR MADAM,—The account you give of the association of the "Grand Leddy"—by which term in its fullest meaning you very perfectly denote the late Baroness—with the historic little dog is so charmingly written, and revives so many memories which are dear to me, that I cannot refrain from writing to you on the subject.

The Baroness' noble record and measureless sympathies made her, in a sense, belong to the world, and your references must be widely appreciated. But I am entitled to speak in the warmer terms of personal gratitude for the touching tribute to her embodied in the closing part of the book.

I only wish she could have read it all; and I am sure her eyes would have moistened at your sympathetic biography of the small but important personage on whom she lavished so much affection, and subsequently no small honor. As you know, she placed dumb animals very near to humanity in the practice and teachings of her long life, and she would have thanked you from her heart for the book, not, perhaps, because of anything in it concerning herself, but because it gives, by an unusual and attractive method, form and effect to the ethics and sentiments which made her love and protect animals.

If I had known of your intention to write about *Greyfriars Bobby* I would gladly have placed at your disposal some illustrations which might have been of use and which now hang at Holly Lodge. It was there, in the summer, that the Baroness had her good time with the dogs—a procession of "members of the family" as I see them now, looking back over forty years; each one turned almost into a human being by her companionship, and the acute mysterious sensibilities it seemed to evoke. They had a good time, too.

But as it is, all I can do is to ask if you will allow me to send you a photograph of the Baroness, which I will retain until I know this letter has reached you. It is not a large photograph, but the last and best she ever had taken. I had a few copies done for her intimate friends, on the first anniversary of her death; and it would be a pleasure to send you one.

Believe me, dear madam, with renewed acknowledgments and regards,

Yours very faithfully

(Signed) W. BURDETT-COUTTS.

To MRS. ELEANOR ATKINSON.

Torpedo Development

INVENTED in 1868, the torpedo made its first appearance in 1877 during the war between Chile and Peru. The Whitehead model of 1877 weighed nearly four hundredweight, and carried thirty-three pounds of explosive. The 1892 model had thrice the weight of the Whitehead, while that of 1906 carried seven times the amount of explosive. Experiments made at the 2,000 yards limit with the 1892 torpedo showed its mean speed to be seventeen knots. Construction allowed for a diameter of about twenty-one feet. Prices also advanced. The first models cost only $1,000. To-day, $2,500 and $3,500 represent the values of torpedoes, although it is hoped to augment the destructive power of the machine without proportionately increased expense. Several kinds of motors have been tried. The Bliss-Leavitt employs a turbine. Improvements are generally directed toward speed development and range capacity.

Rough weather and a movable target both militate against accurate shooting. Presuming the object of attack to be stationary, the torpedo takes 3½ minutes to cover 3,000 yards, and at night, moreover, it is easy to make a mistake of three to four knots in the speed of the vessel pursued, and to locate her half a mile from the spot she actually occupies. On the other hand, the damage inflicted by a torpedo goes far to excuse its use. In the Russo-Japanese War a Russian cruiser struck by a torpedo had a hole of four square yards stove in her hull.

Torpedoes remain but accessories to a ship's big guns. Not long ago it was thought impossible to engage in a naval artillery duel at 3,000 yards; now four times that distance and more is practicable. Meanwhile the torpedo's carrying power has increased from 700 to 2,000, perhaps 4,000 yards. Thus, though the proportion of gain rests with the torpedo, the difference in carrying power is in favor of the older arm. Guns, again, have the advantage of speed in loading compared with the time required to recharge a tube. The decisive phase of a naval artillery duel, in fact, will be too short to admit service of the same tube twice.

Invisibility to-day is only partly realized in the torpedo boat, which can only attack successfully at night. The speed of the torpedo boat has not increased in proportion to that of the battle-ship, especially in bad weather. Also, as a protection against destroyers it has been necessary to arm torpedo-boats with guns, and their tonnage has, in consequence, increased by leaps and bounds, from 50 to 1,700 tons.

Control of Wireless

AT midnight on December 12, 1912, wireless-telegraph operation in the United States, by virtue of a set of regulations recently passed by Congress covering domestic and interstate stations, passed absolutely into the control of the government. The enforcement of the radiographic act is placed in the hands of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor. While it is realized that most wireless operators are not likely to interfere maliciously with important messages, the idea of the regulations is to make it impossible for those who are less considerate to interfere without becoming subject to severe penalties. The violation of the principal regulations is made a misdemeanor punishable with a fine of $500 or imprisonment for one year.

Such interference has been a grave menace to the system ever since the installation of radiographic communication, and the necessity for some sort of authoritative supervision over it has been recognized from the beginning. Late disasters at sea emphasized this necessity, and resulted in Congressional action. The London International Conference last June, to which the United States was one of the signatories, fixed the status of the stations doing an international business, and it was on this basis that the regulations were enacted by Congress.

The regulations fix the wave lengths of the licensed stations and provide that they shall at all times be in charge of a licensed operator. There are regular license forms both for stations and for operators personally. To insure the undisturbed use of the air for government stations the outside stations have to "keep out" for the first fifteen minutes of each hour, during which time the government stations can send without interference. All licensed shore stations also are required to listen for not less than two minutes at intervals to catch any distress signals that may be going. In case a distress signal is sent from any vessel, then all stations except that to which the call is addressed must keep out until all business in connection with such a call is finished. Any station sending out a fraudulent distress call is guilty of a misdemeanor.

There are about one thousand ships under the government regulations that are compelled to carry wireless, and provision is made for an auxiliary engine to furnish power to the ship's radio apparatus in case of accident to the regular machinery of the vessel. Provision is also made for ships within interference distance of a government shore station to operate with reduced electrical power, except in case of distress, when they can use any power or any wave length. The Department of Commerce and Labor has so far granted about 350 licenses to operators, and this number will steadily increase.

Cutting Glass with Cord

A VERY ingenious and simple way has been found to cut glass tubes. A hemp cord a meter and a half long is attached to the point where the cut is to be made and is given a backward and forward movement, causing enough friction to raise the temperature of the tube. Then without loss of time the tube is taken from the cord and inserted into a jar of cold water. The change of temperature facilitates the cutting of the tube as exactly and with edges as polished as if the operation were performed with a mechanical instrument.

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Gipsies

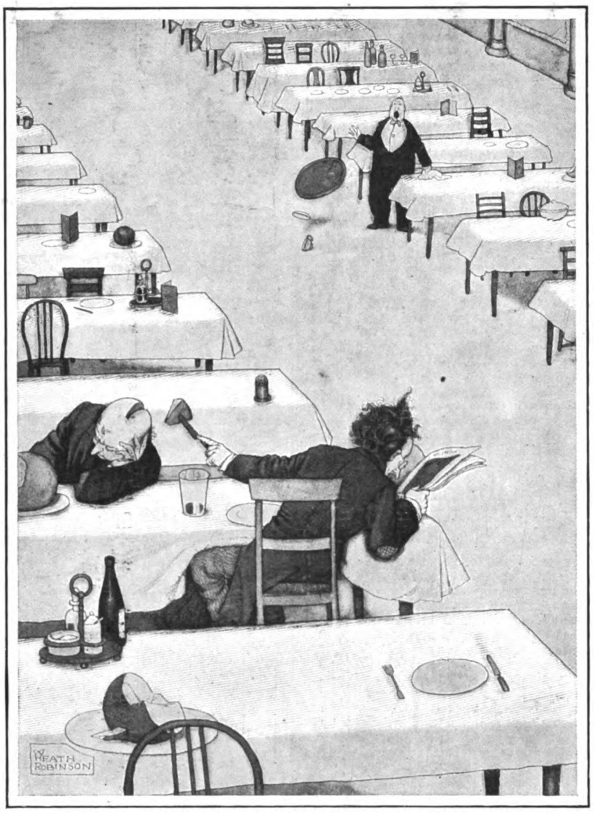
THE gipsies are the most unchanging race in the world. Wherever they are found, and they are found everywhere, from Persia to Mexico, from Central Africa to Siberia, they are the same: a race of outcasts, despised by the people among whom they dwell, yet keeping their own ideal unchanged, true to their barbaric law, jealous of strangers, clever enough to make a living from the weaknesses and foolishnesses of the people who despise them. Climate seems to make no difference to them. They are a living refutation of the socialist dogma that "Man is the creation of his environment," for in all environments they remain unchanged, the same sharp faces, the same black, keen, inscrutable eyes, the same bronzed skin; change in food or conditions of living make no mark on them, and they only take on the customs or beliefs or costumes of other races in order the better to cheat and fleece them. A race without nationality, without laws, without a literature, without a religion, for it is said that in their tongue there is no word for God, none for the soul, none for immortality.

Where did they come from? From Bohemia, say the French; but they are not really Bohemians, nor more numerous there than elsewhere. From Egypt, they sometimes say, themselves, to get a better price for their soothsaying. But there is nothing genuinely Egyptian about them. In reality they came from India. Their strange language shows that; jealously guarded from the knowledge of strangers, it has yet been learned, little by little, and comparison shows it is full of Hindu words, words that you may hear, even now all over the north of India, from Peshawar and Kipling's country, down the Indus and Ganges valleys, to the Hugli and the Bay of Bengal.

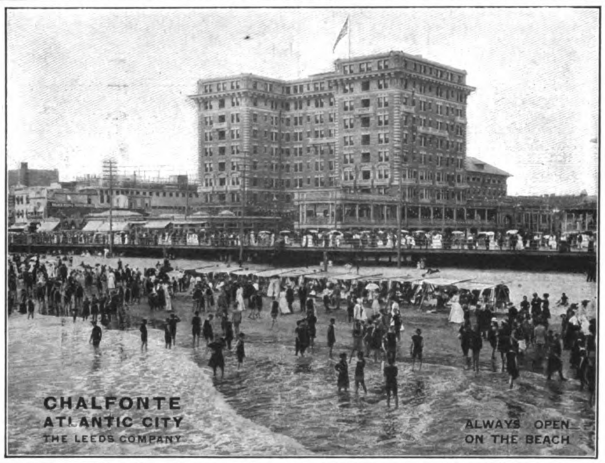
Surprising, perhaps, at first blush, that there should be millions of low-caste or outcast Hindus scattered all over Europe, and even wandering through the byways of America; but only strange because we do not think about it. In reality, Europe is full of Asiatic peoples. For long centuries they came pouring in, especially through the gate between the Ural Mountains and the Caspian Sea. The bitter proverb, "Scratch the Russian and you find the Tartar," may remind us that the great Tartar invasion, under the grandsons of Ghengis Khan, conquered all eastern Europe and settled the Tartar tribesmen all down the vast Volga Valley, across the steppes, and along the shore of the Black Sea. Chaucer's "Saraye in the land of Tartarie" is now in the heart of Russia, but the Tartars are there still. The Huns and the Turks are also Asiatics, as are older peoples, like the Finns. So all eastern Europe is soaked with Asiatic blood; and if so many peoples came from northern Asia, why should it be incredible that one race should come from southern Asia?

It seems probable that the gipsies drifted into Europe in the wake of Bati Khan's invasion, when he came down on Russia with his vast locust-swarms of Tartar horsemen, half a million in number. The gipsies came from central Asia, whither they had been driven from India, by the implacable and destructive invasion of Mahmud of Ghazni, about nine hundred years ago. It was about 1235 that Bati Khan and his locust-swarm began to devastate Europe. And a century later roving bands of gipsies were scattered through eastern Europe—Wallachia, Moldavia, Bulgaria. By 1417 a horde of gipsies made their appearance in northwestern Germany, claiming to be Christian pilgrims from "Little Egypt," but their Christianity was about as genuine as their Egyptian origin. Their thievish, vagabond character was already manifest then, and they were driven from northern Germany, to begin their perpetual wanderings through every European country, and in due time to cross over to America, in the wake of the white races, as they crossed from Asia to Europe in the wake of the Tartars.

But the great bulk of them still remain in the Danube Valley, where they first appeared some six centuries ago. In Roumania there are between a quarter and half a million of them. In Transylvania, which is an Austrian corner lopped off Roumania, there are a hundred thousand more, while Servia and Bulgaria and Macedonia have from thirty to a hundred thousand each. The condition of the gipsies in the valley of the Danube is in some respects peculiar, with considerable differences in the different countries. In Servia, the leveling power of Turkish rule, exerted century after century, had the effect of bringing the gipsies closer to the condition of the mass of the peasantry. In Servia, therefore, though they are still an inferior caste, and are not allowed to exercise the rights and powers of citizenship, the gipsies are perhaps less widely separated from the peasantry than in any other country in Europe. In the Servian war of liberation the gipsies fought valiantly by the side of the Servians, and they have here a certain dignity and the comparative wealth of a more or less settled community. In India, they were in all probability a caste of smiths, which in part explains their one industry, for as smiths and farriers they show considerable knowledge and skill. In Roumania, on the contrary, the gipsies were terribly oppressed; they were captured, and held as slaves, and were treated with a savage brutality and cruelty that even the worst forms of negro slavery never approached. They were without rights, without protection, without hope—mere human beasts of burden, in the estimation of their cruel owners. They lived in utter squalor and wretchedness and misery, nakedness and filth, lower than many of the lowest savages. Happily, however, the present ruler of Roumania, King Charles, has completely removed the last vestiges of this reproach from his country; the Roumanian gipsies are completely emancipated, and those among them who pay taxes are given the privilege of casting a ballot.



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Names that Cheer

BETWEEN Jacques Aa, the first name in the New York City Directory of 1911, and Marie Zysman, the last, there were many oddities, some of which were compiled by the editor of the *World* Almanac. With the exception of February, September, October, and December, every month in the calendar has a living examplar. Mary May is the prettiest. The trail of the money trust appears in Minnie Cash, James Check, Andrew J. Million, Charles Money, William Penny. Bound to glory are Marie Angel, Elias Apostle, Thomas Heaven, Charles F. Paradise, and Oscar R. Saint.

The weather is always with us, as witness William J. Breeze, Agnes D. Cloud, J. Harvie Dew, John F. Frost, Harry F. Mist, Elbridge G. Snow, John R. Rainbow, Molly Warm, and A. Wind. The loveliest names are Lucy Darling, Blanche Fair, Rosa Hug, Pauline Kiss, May Lovely, Mary Loveless, Sarah Birdy, Matilda Pretty, Mary Sweet. By way of cheer we find Beer, Brandy, Ginn, Lager, Port, Rickey, Sherry, Wines, and Würzberger. Naturally, too, we discover Frank Drunke and the following weird zoological collection: Constant Bird, Frank Dove, Abraham Eagle, Harry Falcon, Julius Fowl, Alfred B. Goldfinch, Irene Heron, David Lark, Martin J. Loon, Richard D. Parrot, W. J. Pigeon, Edward Swallow, Helen M. W. Swan, Joseph Elefant, A. Fox, Fred Goat, Robert M. Kid, Ada E. Lamb, A. Lion, A. Lyon, Benjamin Mule, Sol Tiger, A. Wolf, Fred Bee, Axel Moth, A. Roach, Joseph Wasp, Anna Worm.

Pine and Hemlock Paper

ONE of the interesting examples of governmental assistance to special industries is that of the co-operative work conducted at the Forest Products Laboratory, Wasau, Wisconsin, by the Department of Agriculture and a pulp and paper-making association. The growing scarcity of spruce and poplar, the most approved paper-making woods, has led to attempts to utilize other woods, and incidentally has developed several profitable by-products of pulp-making. Experiments to determine the value of hemlock and jack pine as substitutes for spruce have been particularly successful. Not only have very promising sheets of pulp been obtained from hemlock and jack pine, but paper has been made from them on commercial machines which has the strength, finish, and appearance of high-grade newspaper. The use of this cheaper material would seem thoroughly practicable. Pulps composed of mixtures of hemlock, jack pine, and spruce also make a good paper.

Gluttonous Birds

BIRDS, in proportion to their weight, probably eat more than any other living thing. It is a mystery to naturalists how the ring-dove flies after its accustomed meal. One dove was found with 600 peas in its crop; another, in captivity, was known to eat 180 beechnuts at a time; and a third devoured 60 acorns. The robin often eats 2½ times its weight in twenty-four hours, while a barnyard hen with chicks has been observed to resume eating 475 times in the course of a day. The diet of a certain species of hawk composes about 2,000 mice in the course of a month, besides other food. In the mouth of a young heron were found three trout, each weighing three-quarters of a pound. Another was found with seven small trout in its mouth, a mouse, and a thrush, evidently on its way to its nest. The growing bird seems to have an appetite equal to that of the adult.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

VOL. LVII] No. 2935 | WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1913 | [10 Cents a Copy $4.00 a Year

The First Act of President Wilson

WHEN President WILSON declared, in opening his inaugural address, that "there has been a change of government," he spoke the literal truth. It was a change from government *of* the people by an individual and from government *for* the people by an oligarchy, to a government *by* the people, acting through their chosen representatives. But government itself "still lives," vibrant and wide-visioned, unchanged and unchangeable.

It was but natural that friends of the new administration should deplore its unhappy legacies. Even so, it was not the problems themselves that made for apprehension; it was their imminence. The question of time with respect to independence of the Filipinos could await impartial investigation. The granting of statehood or territorial rights to Porto Rico was a matter which obviously demanded painstaking consideration. The diplomatic embroilment with Great Britain must take its normal course. But Mexico was a burning issue, Cuba was threatening, and South and Central American republics were on edge. Time was of the essence of understanding, of declared purpose, of definiteness.

Truly, the situation was disconcerting; and yet, is it not already apparent that the circumstance was fortuitous? For the occasion found the man. A timid President would have procrastinated; a vainglorious President would have issued vain pronunciamentos. Mr. WILSON did neither. He acted with the requisite promptitude, with the requisite firmness and consideration, and with the calm dignity which befits the responsible head of a great nation charged with mighty obligations to weaker peoples.

We believe that we are well within the mark when we say that no act of any President in twenty years has produced results more immediately beneficial, from combined reassurance and indicated resoluteness, than this initial act of President WILSON. The peoples for whose fair opportunities to cultivate peace and prosperity we have become so largely responsible are informed at the outset precisely where they stand in the estimation of their virtual guardian, and precisely what they may expect in the way of protection and encouragement. And so do we of the United States—which also is of vital importance.

Better even than the definiteness of this understanding and the promptness of its declaration is its rightfulness.

"The United States," says the President, "has nothing to seek in Central and South America except the lasting interests of the peoples of the two continents, the security of governments, intended for the people, and for no special group or interest, and the development of personal and trade relationships between the two continents, which shall redound to the profit and advantage of both and interfere with the rights and liberties of neither."

Here is no violent protestation at unfounded aspersions, no bombast, no assumption of either moral or physical superiority, no one of the many careless expressions which have proven so exasperating in the past; nothing, in fact, but a simple voicing of the real spirit of our own people; simple, but convincing.

And yet it must not be understood that tolerance spells license, that we are unmindful of our duties to civilization, or that we forswear for one moment the basic principles of popular government. The MONROE doctrine, sanctioned by the world for nearly a century, still lives as an integral and ineradicable part of our national existence. Primarily for our own protection, conformably to usage among nations from their beginning, no foreign monarchy shall establish itself upon this continent; but incidentally, though no less essentially, conquest and oppression of the helpless is forbidden. One has but to contemplate what might, what surely would, have happened in South and Central America during these many years, but for the restraint enforced by our great declaration, to appreciate the magnitude of the indebtedness of the feeble sister republics to our own powerful nation. In return for this service of incalculable value, we ask what? Territory? No. Concessions? No. Advantages over others for our citizens? No. What then? President WILSON puts it clearly.

"Co-operation," he says, with tactful consideration, "is possible only when supported at every turn by the orderly processes of just government, based upon law and not upon arbitrary or irregular force. We hold, as I am sure all thoughtful leaders of republican government everywhere hold, that just government rests always upon the consent of the governed, and that there can be no freedom without order, based upon law and upon the public conscience and approval. We shall look to make these principles the basis of mutual intercourse, respect, and helpfulness between our sister republics and ourselves. We shall lend our influence of every kind to the realization of these principles in fact and practice, knowing that disorder, personal intrigue, and defiance of constitutional rights weaken and discredit government and injure none so much as the people who are unfortunate enough to have their common life and their common affairs so tainted and disturbed."

Others have rights, others whose lives and possessions are at stake, others whom, forbidden by us to seek protection from their own governments, we are in duty bound ourselves to protect from the ravages of unconscionable strife. That we would deny to any people that which WASHINGTON designated as "the divine right of revolution" is unthinkable, but sharp must be the line between justifiable revolt and the anarchy of self-seeking.

"We can have no sympathy," adds President WILSON, becoming more specific, "with those who seek to seize the power of government to advance their own personal interests or ambition. We are the friends of peace, but we know that there can be no lasting or stable peace in such circumstances. As friends, therefore, we shall prefer those who act in the interest of peace and honor, who protect private rights and respect the restraints of constitutional provision. Mutual respect seems to us the indispensable foundation of friendship between states as between individuals."

"From these principles," he concludes, "may be read so much of the future policy of this government as it is necessary now to forecast; and in the spirit of these principles I may, I hope, be permitted with as much confidence as earnestness to extend to the governments of all the republics of America the hand of genuine, disinterested friendship, and to pledge my own honor and the honor of my colleagues to every enterprise of peace and amity that a fortunate future may disclose."

So it transpires, perhaps to the surprise and surely to the chagrin of the ZELAYAS and the CASTROS, that a change of government or of governing principles and governing men does *not* and cannot mean unbridled license so long as "the government at Washington still lives." The doom of "dollar diplomacy" does not and cannot imply encouragement of treachery and riot and subvention of that peace and order which is "based upon law and upon the public conscience and approval."

That the warning was needed is apparent. The worst element in Cuba lost no time in inviting it, and the plotters, cheered by the reception accorded the unspeakable Venezuelan at the Executive Mansion in Albany, were waiting and watching, like vultures eager to spring upon exhausted and helpless prey. But now they know, as they never understood so unmistakably before, in whose behalf this nation stands ready to "lend its influence"—its influence "*of every kind.*"

It is a statement, says the *Evening Post,* "just oracular enough for its purpose, and no more, combining a maximum of impressiveness with a minimum of offense."

"The President is quite right," admits the *Tribune.*

"In short," says the *Sun,* "the WILSON administration will not be hoodwinked and is not to be trifled with."

"There is not," says the *World,* "a word of encouragement here for the big exploiters, not a word to hearten a murderous uprising, not a word to stir the greed of a dictator disguised as a deliverer, and not a word to expedite the sales of stocks and bonds in the United States by marauding corporations. It is all for liberty, independence, justice, and democracy, the national honor and good neighborhood. It is true that it contains a warning, but there is also a benediction."

And so throughout the country.

Great is the power and incalculable the value of intelligence in high places.

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The Still, Small Voice that is Coming

The cubist picture-show has shut up and moved to Chicago. It was a noticeable show, and we are glad to have seen it, and hope a great many inquiring minds took in what Mr. KENYON COX had to say about it in the WEEKLY last week. So many clever and sincere people have talked about the cubists in a fashion that showed perplexities in the minds of the simple that Mr. Cox's plain speech was comforting and much appreciated.

This is a very crazy world just now, and full of futurists in all the lines of endeavor. Our good friends the social-uplift folks seem to need watching as much as anybody. Their new sensation about the wages of girls is capable of making much mischief unless it is handled with judgment. But it is a wholesome sensation, and so is the prevailing disturbance about prostitution, which is bad to talk about, and all the more needs to be discussed. We seem to be suffering from too much commercialization of life. The apparatus in all things has been developed at too much cost of the living creature, and the living creature is now getting attention. That is right, and good will come of it, but will come, no doubt, in the old-fashioned way—a great, strong wind to rend the mountains and break the rocks, an earthquake, a fire, and after the fire a still, small voice. And it will be that voice, and not the gale nor the earthquake nor the fire, that we shall finally see embodied in legislation.

Just where we are now in this process is matter for the personal judgment of readers of the times, but it blew hard and the mountains of politics were rent, and we had a shakedown, and there seems almost warrant enough already for listeners for the still, small voice to be attentive.

Reassuring

People who keep in mind the way our tariff bills have been made, and the way tariff-reform movements have usually been defeated, might well have been troubled at some Washington correspondence of the Charlotte (North Carolina) *Observer,* printed on the 11th, which began as follows:

> WASHINGTON, *March 10th.*—It became definitely known to-day that since Congress adjourned, Senators SIMMONS and OVERMAN have been very industrious in the formation of a group of Senators from states adjoining North Carolina, with tariff interests similar to those of North Carolina, who will be prepared to stand together for the protection of the interests of the Tar Heel State when the time comes for readjusting schedules in cotton, tobacco, and other state industries.
>
> This movement is being formed not for offense, but for defense, which goes a long way toward giving it warrant. A group of Democrats from seven Middle Western states initiated the idea, and the Senators from the cotton-mill states of the South are simply keeping pace. It was rumored to-day that the New-Englanders are also forming a similar organization to protect their manufactures.

The *Observer's* correspondent went on to state that similar sectional groups, with similar sectional objects, were being formed in the House. In other words, he pictured the precise state of affairs which to sincere low-tariff men would seem most ominous, and to protectionists most encouraging. Naturally the *Observer,* being a protectionist paper, rejoiced editorially.

It is, therefore, highly reassuring to note that as promptly as possible Senators OVERMAN and SIMMONS contradicted the statement of the *Observer's* correspondent. What they say is worthy of prominence, and for obvious reasons low-tariff papers would do well to give it publicity as a matter of record. It is over their own signatures, in the *Observer* of March 13th, as follows:

> *To the Editor of the "Observer":*
>
> We have just read article in *Observer,* March 11th, under the name of GEORGE H. MANNING, in which it is stated that there is a combination between certain Southern Democrats, including ourselves, with respect to tariff duties on certain Southern products. We wish to state with all possible emphasis that the statements in this article, so far as we are concerned, are without a scintilla of foundation. If there is any such movement among Southern, Western, or Northern Senators as described in Mr. MANNING's article, we have never heard of it, and we are sure there is no such movement.
>
> LEE S. OVERMAN,
> F. M. SIMMONS.
>
> WASHINGTON, *March 12th.*

Let us all promptly and gladly accept as entirely sincere the statement of these two eminent Senators. Let us all hope that other Democratic Senators who are similarly under pressure from protected interests in their own states will stand by the platform and principles of their party, support the President, and abstain from every form of log-rolling. Even such Democratic Senators as sincerely believed that it was right to grab what they could in the making of a protective tariff by Republicans must see that the case is different when it comes to a for-revenue tariff undertaken by Democrats. Even a Republican protectionist may well feel that the time has come to try a Democratic tariff, and that it would be wrong to defeat or confuse the experiment by any of the old methods.

The Tariff-Reform Republicans

The new tariff, we repeat, ought to be made by Democrats. It ought to be made by Democrats who believe sincerely in the tariff-for-revenue policy, and both the Democrats and the Republicans who believe in the tariff-for-protection policy ought to give them a free hand. That is the best way to carry out the will of the country as expressed in two general elections.

There is, however, another factor in the situation. There is a group of Republicans, headed by Senator LA FOLLETTE, committed to some measure of tariff reform. These men have done work for the cause that commands respect. In the House they supplied an impressive percentage of the majorities that carried the UNDERWOOD bills. In the Senate they fought the PAYNE bill stubbornly and ably. Naturally, in view of the doubts that long prevailed as to the Democrats' securing a working majority in the Senate and of the fears of Democratic disaffection, tariff-reformers have kept these men in mind, and have considered the possibility of having to call on them for help.

Glad as we are of the prospect that this may not be necessary, there is still no reason whatever for ignoring these men, no reason why we should not accept and appreciate whatever support they may continue to give. On the contrary, policy and justice alike demand that we recognize cordially and candidly the value both of what they have done already and of what they may do in the future.

President WILSON is now, of course, the leader of the tariff-reform forces, and evidently that is the way he feels about it. His inviting LA FOLLETTE to a conference was a natural expression of that feeling, but he had already expressed it in public speeches. We see no good ground for criticism. Certainly, if recognition of any kind is to be extended, it should be open and aboveboard; it should not savor of intrigue and concealment.

After all, the main thing is the brighter and brighter outlook for a genuine and thoroughgoing tariff reform. We are not yet out of the woods, or free to relax vigilance. We sha'n't be till the bill or bills shall be actually signed. But the good old cause is indeed in a good way. It is permissible at least to lift our eyes and recognize that the promised land is at last truly in sight.

The Bull Moose University

Now that Colonel ROOSEVELT's public speeches may be regarded rather as lectures than as battle-cries, there is no reason to worry over them. There was not much that could possibly be accounted new in the one at Philadelphia the other night, except perhaps his recognition of the fact that the Bull Moose party is not going to run the country yet awhile, and that its plans must be shaped accordingly. True, he insisted that all his and their present "studies" of public questions must look straight to action, but as all action must for some time continue to be left to the party in power, it would seem that the only immediately practicable part of the Colonel's admonition to his followers is the advice to study things hard and earnestly.

That advice we feel bound to commend. There are plenty of things in this country that need earnest study, and the Colonel's following ought certainly to benefit by the opportunity to study them. Heretofore there has been need of so much hurry in the Bull Moose movement that such an opportunity has been denied. Indeed, one prominent Bull Moose actually got and proclaimed the notion that anything like deliberation was out of place in such a movement, and that the only thing to do was to pitch right in and do everything at once. We are glad to see that idea authoritatively repudiated and notice given that it is quite permissible to think and even "study" a bit before transforming our faulty politics and civilization. We do not, however, understand that this deliberation is going to be permitted to alter anything in the programme of action which was adopted before deliberation began. Its object is merely to determine the best ways to get that programme actually enforced.

Even so, it may well be worth while. It may possibly raise in some few Bull Moose minds a question as to whether there is *any* way to carry out a plan of universal and immediate amelioration of everybody's lot by government in a world that has hitherto proved a trifle difficult to govern at all.

Going Too Far

> The present President of the United States is a progressive, but it is not going too far to say that he might not have been a progressive if the advanced example had not been set for him by a past President. —*The Chicago Evening Post.*

To say even that is going much too far. Stay on the safe side. Say that the present President would not have been a progressive if he had never been born. That is probably true.

France

Few Americans understand European politics. We do not pretend to. We try to avoid the casual intimations of complete intimacy with the affairs of a dozen states on the other side which one finds, amusingly enough, in various American newspapers. But Europe is mighty interesting, and Mr. BAEDEKER has done a lot for it. So has the Associated Press. We wish, by the way, that Brother STONE would treat his own country's affairs with the same scrupulous intelligence with which he tells us what he thinks we can stand of European affairs.

We gather from the A. P. despatches that Europe is still unusually ill at ease; that Germany is particularly so; that Russia is unusually enigmatic; that England is about where she always is—reasonably in funds, and in hearing of the sea; that Italy is still obedient to the vast impulse of CAVOUR'S genius, and therefore still bent, in spite of poverty and the lack of captains, on imperial enterprises; and that France is once more the center of the continent.

Once again, for the how many hundredth time! In both army and navy Germany is far stronger. The cry "On to Berlin!" was absurd enough, as we now see things, in 1870, when Prussia was only one of many German states. It *should* be absurd now. Yet we are told it is heard. We are also told that in Germany stock exchanges are panicky. There are no peremptory utterances from the Emperor. Germany is spending more money than ever on her prodigious army, but is nevertheless disturbed because the French Chambers also are apparently about to be liberal in their army estimates.

What does it mean? We sincerely trust, nothing. But in Europe, armed to the teeth, anything may at any time mean something. Read PRICE COLLIER'S articles on Germany, now publishing in one of the magazines, and you cannot escape the idea that there are limitations to the German character and to that German energy which has been for so long a time astonishing the world. Read anything worth while about the French and you will hardly escape a kind of superstition that they will keep on forever, in spite of their weaknesses, playing the phœnix and upsetting all calculations. Let a JOAN of Arc or a NAPOLEON arise, and there is nothing they cannot do.

Certain it is that there is happening in France a resurgence of national spirit. They have elected a man for President. Their writers are moving away from salaciousness to purity. They have outdared the world in aeronautics. They have neglected the boulevards of Paris, but built unequaled roads in Algiers, and kept their hold on Morocco. They are earnestly modern, but still, to all appearances, they are quite as resolutely France—and mean to be nothing else.

It is no wonder that Germany should be talking and worrying about Alsace and Lorraine.

College Clubs and Merit

Word comes from New Haven, by way of the newspapers, of social revolution at Yale, and the signing of pledges by virtually all the Sophomores not to join any of the senior societies ("Bones," "Keys," and "Wolf's Head") "until all secrecy is abolished and the men chosen on merit alone."

"Merit"? What kind of merit? Piety, scholarship, pulchritude, manners, money, or efficiency in athletics?

For a successful club, except where it exacts special qualifications, the only form of merit that counts for much is the merit of being acceptable to the existing members. That merit includes all the others. On the basis of that, and not otherwise, can the membership of such little college clubs as those at Yale be recruited.

The Yale senior clubs will get along better if they will cut some windows in their queer little tomblike houses, abandon public life, and settle

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PENN STATE

down into organizations of young gentlemen who like one another. Their ancient mysteries are out of date. As they now exist their university has outgrown them. They were invented to fit a college of a few hundred members, and they have managed to maintain a strangle-hold precedence in the undergraduate affairs of a university with thousands of students. That is absurd. They ought to welcome readjustment, and very likely they do.

In Very Bad

This LUN-YU (lately dowager-empress in China) was of the feeble, normal, feminine kind.—*Hartford Courant.*

Good heavens! "The feeble, normal, feminine kind"! And when did it become normal-feminine to be feeble? Will the *Courant* stand up—in the corner, please—and explain?

Brother Bird of the "Journal"

On page 6 of this paper is a letter from ex-Candidate BIRD of Massachusetts, in reply to some comments of the WEEKLY of February 22d, on his suggestion that Massachusetts should publish a state paper in which everybody's politics should have a fair show. We urged Mr. BIRD not to look to the state to do this duty, but to attend to it himself, and it was a great pleasure to find shortly afterward in the news columns of the *Sun*, this item, to wit:

BOSTON, *March 10th.*—FRANK A. MUNSEY to-day sold his Boston *Journal* to MATTHEW HALE, National Committeeman for Massachusetts and state chairman of the Progressive party. Mr. HALE, of course, represents some of the moneyed men of the Bull-Moosers, including CHARLES SUMNER BIRD of Walpole, and CHARLES H. DAVIS of Cambridge.

We hope this news is true, and that Mr. BIRD is one of the gentlemen implicated as above, and that there is due warrant now for us to speak of him as Brother BIRD of the Boston *Journal*.

This item makes his letter all the more interesting, though it was written before the *Journal* changed hands, and apparently before Brother MUNSEY determined to sell it. He had been fooling with it for some time, and it had not gone to suit him, so he raised the price to three cents, and gave out, the papers say, that if it did not do better on that basis he would give it up. Since it was the sole organ of the Bull Moose party in Boston, and the only paper that Brother BIRD could count on in the late campaign to print all his speeches in full, there had to be something done, and we read that MATTHEW HALE, the Bull Moose BOANERGES of Boston, took steps at once as above recorded, and dropped the *Journal's* price back to one cent.

That's good, and now we shall watch with the liveliest interest the paper with which Brother BIRD is reputed to be concerned, and we hope it is going to be the very best paper in Boston and one of the best in the world.

Curiously enough it seems to be extra hard to make a first-class paper in Boston. There are not many of them, anywhere, but you would expect Boston to be one of the places where they grew. And, to be sure, the *Transcript* is first-class of its kind, yet hardly, one would say, a great newspaper. Brother FRANK SANBORN, if we remember rightly, once spoke of Boston as the graveyard of editors. Which is odd; but Brother SANBORN ought to know, for his memory is long and accurate. It is a fact, though, that no Boston newspaper has been able to maintain a standing and an influence equal to that of the *Republican* in Springfield, of whose founder Mr. BIRD speaks. That is a paper that we never open without admiration, not unmixed with wonder. Who can estimate the value of such a paper in educating and civilizing the community it serves?

Brother BIRD wants to regulate the newspapers. The best way to do that is to beat the bad ones with a good one and get their circulation away from them. If he can do that it will be a service of immense value.

Is Journalism a Respectable Profession

Brother BIRD says, in his letter: "I once believed that journalism was a great and respectable profession."

Was he mistaken about that? Has journalism ever been respectable?

We have often wondered and paused for a reply. Journalists there have been who were respectable—BRYANT, SAM BOWLES, and others. Newspapers there have been and are that were respectable: the Springfield *Republican*, the Boston *Transcript*, the *Evening Post*, and several others. But was journalism, taken by and large, ever respectable? Was it so in the time of DEFOE and SWIFT, or FRENEAU, of the elder BENNETT and the *Herald*, of DANA and the *Sun*, of PULITZER and the *World*, of HEARST and the *Morning Journal*? Respectability is founded on the opinion of other people. It is a different affair from self-respect. Respectability is rather a clogging attribute in a newspaper. The great successes in journalism seem to be made by men who are rather indifferent to it; superior to it in some respects, inferior to it in others.

Respectability may be too much admired in a man; still more in a newspaper. That seems rather an awful thought, but the key to it is that decent people are fallible and that the manners and the methods that they respect are not always so worthy of respect as some things that they resent and disapprove. They usually hate publicity and publicity is the great medicine of democracies. The office of a newspaper is to reveal. Revelation is often distressing and sometimes shocking. It is seldom consistent with politeness and so it is seldom respectable.

Usually

Perhaps Mr. CRAM is better known as architect of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.—*The "Sun."*

Perhaps so; but usually an architect is better known by some work done by himself than by something done by some one else. The Cathedral of St. John, as will be remembered, is, so far, almost entirely the work of HEINS and LA FARGE.

Quit Kidding Captain Bill!

Remarking upon the reported return to Texas of Captain BILL MCDONALD, lately chief of Texas Rangers, the *Sun* observes:

Where is the white sombrero, bigger than Rhode Island? Where are the long climbing-boots, the mirror of the Rangers and brighter than the highest noon? Where are the drab trousers and the monumental legs in those boots tucked and shrouded? Where is that eye to threaten and command, that voice of thunder and sheet iron, that heart of gold? Somewhere in the boundless continent of Texas? A search should be organized. Captain BILL MCDONALD, the terror of Texas and the pride of Washington, must be kept on view.

This is naughty of the *Sun*. It must be that it has never seen Captain BILL. Certainly if it looks for a person to fit the description it gives of him it will always find somebody else. Captain BILL is an excellent man, and one of the most unobtrusive people ever. The point about him is that he is efficient, and, like other efficient men, he works with the minimum of noise and display. Captain BILL'S remarkable qualities are all qualities of the spirit. He has no show-bill clothes, no display-head sombrero (Rhode Island size), no monumental legs. He is the kind of a decent, orderly man that you would like to have sleeping in the basement of a girls' school subject to attack by tramps or yeggmen.

Captain BILL is a discreet, efficient instrument of justice. His line is not clothes, but character. His specialty is order. Think of the debt this country has incurred within five years to its discreet instruments of justice. Think of BURNS and the union dynamiters; think of WHITMAN; think a little, maybe, of FRANK A. SMITH, to whose exploits among the West Virginia striking miners last Sunday's *Sun* devoted a page. Think of lots of others whom there is not space to specify. Then think of all the white-slaver miscreants and all the black-hand and red-hand scoundrels who still go loose, terrorizing, kidnapping, bomb-hiding, destroying life and peace, and will keep at it until they are hunted down and killed. Think of these, and with respect of our discreet instruments of justice.

It is a mighty high calling in these days to be a discreet and efficient instrument of justice. But Texas, they say, is pretty well cleaned up. The country's great frontier towns are now New York and Chicago.

Julian Hawthorne

It has never seemed that this was quite a real world to JULIAN HAWTHORNE. Son of a great romancer, he has apparently lived more in an imagined world than in this one we know. And he has been better equipped for his imagined world than for ours. When somebody put him up a while ago to the distribution of mining shares, people who know the world for what it is and mining shares for what they are took it for granted that the prospective profits of the mines were imagined profits. They did not believe in them themselves, but they easily believed that JULIAN HAWTHORNE did; and while they deplored that his talents and his name should be used in such a way, they did not greatly lay it up against him.

But people who do not know this world and its mining shares were deceived and lost money, and so JULIAN HAWTHORNE goes to jail for a little while to do a penance.

We are sorry; everybody is sorry; and everybody must hope that jail in an imagined world may not be so bad as in a real one.

More Trouble for the House of Lords

DISRAELI was an unequaled maker of phrases. One can see GLADSTONE'S face as the Jew called him and his exhausted colleagues "a row of extinct volcanoes." They were, for the moment. But no such phrase would apply, even if there were a DISRAELI to make it, to the present Liberal government in England.

It has astonishing vitality and resistance. A little while ago, the opposition seemed confident of forcing an appeal to the country. It is doubtful if they would now really welcome a dissolution. The government is so far from exhaustion or apology that it talks, apparently, with confidence, of putting through a reconstitution of the House of Lords before the present Parliament expires.

Democracy, like Christianity, is a terrible thing. It does not know its goal, but it drives on as resistlessly as if it did. It is hard to imagine an England in which rank would count for nothing in government. We are not sure we should like to see such an England; it would be so different from the England we were brought up on.

Religion and the Churches

Professor FISHER proposed that the churches be closed for a year or two to give the Christian religion a better chance, and President SHANKLIN, of Wesleyan, forthwith accepted Professor FISHER'S resignation from the faculty of that college, and the WEEKLY said something about it which inspired the letter from Mr. POWERS of Flint, Michigan, which is printed on the next page. Mr. POWERS says:

The writer of this editorial says: "It is obvious that nowadays the propagation of the Christian religion goes on very extensively outside the churches." Does he mean to imply—and that will be the public's interpretation—that this religious propagation is without the churches' auspices or given impulse, or inspiration? If he means this, there are doubts in many minds to be removed.

We don't mean to imply anything, but merely to disclose an impression that there is a great deal of Christianity about which does not seem to derive immediately from any church. Also, it might be added, we suppose, that there is more or less teaching in the churches which is not Christian; but that is an old story. There always has been.

Is there anything reprehensible in the idea that the Christian religion is making gains outside of the churches? Mr. POWERS seems rather resentful of the suggestion. Professor FISHER, so far as we know, was sincerely respectful of the religion, but was separated from Wesleyan because he seemed to have been impolite to the churches. When you think that Wesleyan was named for the WESLEYS, and that the special merit of the WESLEYS was that they broke away from the roofed-in churches of their time and started something on the outside—in the fields; anywhere they could find people to listen—the humor of the detachment of Professor FISHER from Wesleyan appears.

Christianity exists not for the churches, but for the people. Any way so the people get it! It works outside of the churches sometimes, and always has. In the end the churches gather the crop and are helped. They should be. They are very valuable socially, religiously—every way; valuable as part of the apparatus of civilization, and liable, like the rest of that apparatus, to need drastic overhauling from time to time. So it is with the schools; so with the courts, the professions—everything. When we speak of the churches we do not quite mean The Church, which represents another idea, more inclusive and more exclusively spiritual.

Our notion about Professor FISHER was that his talk about the churches might be in the line of useful criticism, like Dr. FLEXNER'S biting discourses about our colleges and medical schools.

A Little Off

When Mr. MORGAN took over the business of Harper & Brothers' Publishing Company, he acquired control of HARPER'S MAGAZINE and *The North American Review.*—*Milwaukee Leader.*

Correct, except (1) that Mr. MORGAN never took over the business of Harper & Brothers, and (2) would not, if he had done so, have acquired control of *The North American Review*, which has never belonged to Harper & Brothers, or been controlled by them in any way.

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FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N.Y.
LONDON: 45 ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

George Harvey, President, Franklin Square, New York, N. Y.
Frederick A. Duneka, Secretary, Franklin Square, New York, N. Y.
Frederick T. Leigh, Treasurer, Franklin Square, New York, N. Y.

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The Family of Philip

HE was a plain man and a practical man; not very imaginative, perhaps, certainly no pragmatist. What he knew he knew; he walked very straight, and chose and kept his direction by the aid of his mother-wit. Where that could not go he was all to seek, rather piteously, but it went a long way. His temper was concrete, forcible, and prompt—humble, moreover. Stories told of him show the character of his mind for good and ill. When a saint and a mystic mocked him with scorn of an ill-reputed village, he made the direct appeal to fact. "Look for yourself," he said, as if the question had been of buying real estate. Yet he was the chosen companion of mystical and saintly souls and belonged to a society set apart from other men by deliberate indifference to lands or houses or money or good repute or visible success. He knew that reality is more than facts and faithfulness more than success, and understanding more than speech. He was a silent creature for the most part, but as he could meet an objection when there was need, so he could make a suggestion, sometimes to his own confusion, as when he asked for palpable experience of that which is beyond time and space. "Only show me," he said; "that will be enough." But he had to learn that it is only in the temporal a man can perceive the eternal, and only behind the veil of the changing flesh that he discerns at last the immutable spirit. At another time, with the same literal and practical instinct for the fact he faced a problem apparently insoluble. The data were—a great crowd and a long journey, and there was nothing for anybody to eat—or almost nothing. What could be done? He knew all that there was to know, he knew that there was one basket, with one meager meal, dry and sour, in it, which it seemed absurd to count. He did not sit down and wait for manna; he hunted up the boy who had five loaves of black barley bread and two salt herrings. It would not do much, but it would do to begin on. And it did, in the event, do to end on, also, to the purpose that the family of Philip should forever take heart, though they be but homely souls and practical and plain.

That is the hardest kind of faith which goes ahead on inadequate means perfectly understanding their inadequacy. Anybody can live on the interest of his debts, but it is not easy to live on an insufficient salary. One could, after all, renounce the cities and live a solitary among the mountains on baked apples and hens' eggs and a huge skim-milk cheese; but who then would put one's clever nephew into college and find the right husband for one's pretty niece? It is so easy to die when life is too hard to live—the courage is in continuing to live; in slamming and double-locking that door which is always open; in refusing either to give up a bad business or to keep it as a bad business, and laboriously making it over into something good, at how ruinous an expenditure of travail and tears! Young, gallant, and romantic, ALEXANDER could cut the intricate knot, but the sons of PHILIP can use no sword, and though their own fingers bleed they must unpick it. Barefoot and ragged, PETER the Hermit could very comfortably preach a crusade and thereafter guide it, indifferent as to life or death, but how about this count or that baron who was accountable for his own vassals, for feeding them and leading them and heartening them, watching for ambush, watching for disease, looking out for fodder and fire, wood and water?—if he died in the front of battle, who would get them home again to their wives and to their children? Such men's vision assuredly was limited and their reward was less than Hermit PETER'S. Yet they suffered more.

The imaginative man is proof against pain and impervious to annoyance, and facts to him are only so many points of departure; but to the son of PHILIP, where there are not shelters or stepping-stones, they are obstacles to throw down by main strength, or base metal to transmute by long alchemy; they cannot be counted out or flown over or willed away. He knows that two and two frequently make five. He knows that all men, at some time in their lives, have just a little more to bear than they can bear and that it is up to him not to make things harder. He shoulders all he can carry, and he must carry all he shoulders. What he is not sure he can accomplish he dares not undertake. Patiently he goes on with what he can, and makes his choice and refuses the impossible, though called often selfish, though called perhaps mercenary, because he knows that if you drop what you have undertaken somebody else will have it to carry.

He is what we call *responsible*, not because he likes the job, but because somebody has to take blame and answer for things and put things through; humbly enough, he feels that he is fit for that and can perhaps thereby spare another fit for higher flights and profounder insights and more mysterious illuminations. The light he walks by is scientific, derived from sun and moon, but it serves him. He seeks no stars by midday, nor yet noon at fourteen of the clock, but he knows when and where to look for Aldebaran and Vega and Regulus, and what they can say to his soul; and if he misses the sun at glowing zenith on one day, he can wait content through lagging afternoon and soft dusk and deep infolding night and tardy dawn, till noon comes round again. He has a long patience, for he has no illusions. Those that think otherwise than he about the management of railways or Neo-Impressionism, the Progressive party or the color blue, he does not consign to the devil; he does not even suppose they bear malice toward himself. The heart of man, he knows, is not so deceitful nor so desperately wicked that a man may not have a good motive for doing a bad action. Original sin he believes in because he has found it in himself, and since everybody has to fight it, he admires enormously the good fight which most men put up. If his sense for fact makes him a sturdy plodder, not lightly to be turned aside, and in judgment a trifle austere, yet it makes him infinitely merciful after the judgment. And from those fixed laws which the universe imposes on him he draws fortitude and consolation. Just because the tide will not stop to keep from wetting his feet, he rejoices that beyond the sea's limits it will not pass, and year by year the rusty goldenrod will bronze the dunes and intoxicate thousands of tawny spotted butterflies. Just because gravitation will not be abrogated to save him a fall on ice, he follows the stars in their courses that march untiring, and the comet which an astronomer has marked and measured and determined the orbit of, that shall return on the date appointed, a thousand years after the astronomer is dust. Not thinking of himself more highly than he ought to think, he gives solemn thanks that the world is not made for man and is several sizes too big for him. A world made according to law he accounts better than if he could in truth remold it nearer to the heart's desire, because in the first place you know where you are and can lay your plans accordingly, which you could never do if everybody, like the woman in the fairy tale, aspired to make sunshine and thunder. Furthermore, he finds solace and fortitude in the reality and impersonality of things, in the great laws that alter not. "They all shall wax old as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt thou change them and they shall be changed. But thou art the same and thy years shall not fail." Permanency and mutability are alike to him, and they still his soul like the incessant antiphon of the surf, where the wave curls and then breaks, the roar dwindles and then deepens; they strengthen his soul like the winds that blow through a mountain pass, from the blue peaks to the green lake while the sun is climbing, and from the still waters to the far crests while the sun declines. The universe is his refuge.

Correspondence

SHUTTING DOWN THE CHURCHES

FLINT, MICH., *February 11, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I enjoy HARPER'S WEEKLY, and its editorials I read with interest. They seem to me fair, philosophic, and logically analytical. But permit me to ask you if the editorial of the 8th instant, under the caption, "Should the Churches Shut Down?" is after that order, and if HARPER'S WEEKLY, and periodicals generally are not somewhat to blame for the situation which causes criticism of the churches. I hope I may be pardoned for asking a few questions cognate, and without being thought impertinent.

The writer of this editorial says: "It is obvious that nowadays the propagation of the Christian religion goes on very extensively outside the churches." Does he mean to imply—and that will be the public's interpretation—that this religious propagation is without the churches' auspices or given impulse, or inspiration? If he means this, there are doubts in many minds to be removed.

He adds: "there is more religion in current life and current politics than ever was known before." That may be true. But who inculcated it? Was this more or less conspicuous religion in life and politics the gift or instruction of something unakin and extraneous to the Church? We are not conscious of any other center of religious energy and influence, certainly of none which so denominates itself. Perhaps the Church is doing what the editor does not suspect, and coaxing a condition which he admires, but of whose origin he is uninformed.

He continues, in intimation, *in re* the Men and Religion movement, suggesting failure of this movement, and rather subtly concludes that it had the misfortune of failing to prevent a decrease in what is supposed to be the normal increase of church membership. Is this true? The churches, judging from their own periodicals, appeared to be quite satisfied with the result of this movement. Figures could be afforded, but while figures may not lie, they can readily deceive. One is never quite sure of the logic of figures in a matter outside the immediate scope of mathematics. But ten per cent. of 10,000 is quite a different matter from ten per cent. of 1,000,000. And the two results respectively are not of like easy accomplishment. The Men and Religion movement is not ended. It has more task yet.

But in any reasonable analysis of the condition, which if it be unhappy we all deplore, aren't others somewhat responsible, even HARPER'S WEEKLY?

Your editor says, should the churches be closed, "with what changes would they resume business." This is much like slang, and that which until now has had respect, and has, we believe, made many characters revered and honored, through many long years, and with which wellnigh all of our good and great have had identity, should not be discussed or even censured in the terms of slang. It has a right to a greater consideration than is implied in such language. The Church is not in business. The Church is a perpetual sacrifice of men for the souls of men. It expects no dividend, nor material advancement. If it have such, it is because these things are added to it. I beg to ask if this fashion of writing about the Church isn't in some degree responsible for the lack of reverence which your editor seems to note? If so, then he and his ilk are responsible for something of the deplored condition.

Logically I turn to page 13 of your same issue, and there I find two instances of what your editor of the humor department evidently regarded as wit or humor that would appeal to your constituency, one captioned "A Strong Sermon," and the other, "There's A Reason." Were these anecdotes (?) constituted in their pith of a season or event with no sacred association there would be nothing provoking a smile, from anyone, in them. Yet they, as such anecdotes run, are mild and little to be faulted save by those who have the intrinsic value of religion at heart. But they are indicative of the general character of the subtle attack through popular instruction of the secular press, both magazines and dailies.

I venture to affirm that among the causes for the driftway which has your censure, these public instructors, of which HARPER'S WEEKLY, it may be unwittingly, is now one, are of the potent factors. One cannot intimate that a religion or philosophy is within the right reach of ridicule, save he persuade those taught to abandon their reverence and respect for the same religion or philosophy.

Great prosperity induces increased pleasure, and increased pleasure is increased personal indulgence, and personal indulgence resents and throws off moral restraints, and those throwing off moral restraints accept with little questioning the philosophic—or sophistic—formularies that negative or neutralize these once wholesome checks.

I am, sir,
W. DUDLEY POWERS.

REGULATION OF NEWSPAPERS

EAST WALPOLE, MASS., *February 19, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your editorial, "Mr. Bird Wants a State Paper," in the WEEKLY of February 22d, you say that "a state paper would be very dull. Its paper wouldn't circulate. You would have just another piece of apparatus and no soul in it."

The city of Los Angeles, California, publishes and circulates 50,000 copies of the Los Angeles *Municipal News*. It undoubtedly would be stupid to a metropolitan news reader. It is free from murder, rape, arson, and divorce, and is certainly dull to those who have been educated by a considerable part of the newspapers to expect nothing but debauchery, sensuality, and untruths in their daily reading.

The Los Angeles paper is owned and managed by the people of that city, and it gives to each political organization an equal space in its columns to state the principles of party platform as well as the standing of party candidates. Each party and each candidate has an opportunity in that city to state its case.

I once believed that journalism was a great and respectable profession in which justice and fair play had a place. As a boy, in my father's home I met such men as the elder Samuel Bowles, founder of the Springfield *Republican*, who certainly to-day would be out of place as a manager or editor of a modern "yellow journal."

You say that a state paper would have no soul in it. You may be right. My dictionary defines "soul" as "the spiritual, rational, and immortal part in man," and if that definition is anywhere near right a state paper on the lines of the Los Angeles *News*, for instance, would not have the kind of a soul that you, in your comments, refer to.

Personally, rather than a state paper I would regulate the newspapers. I would compel a newspaper which publishes an attack upon a political party or a candidate to give an equal space in its columns, if requested, under certain restrictions, to a rebuttal or answer to such an attack. Such a law, I believe, would make the newspapers less careless in their scurrilous attacks upon opposing parties and candidates. That, you say, would be interfering with the freedom and liberty of the press. On the contrary, I believe it might give the press more freedom. At all events, they are far from free now, as you well know. The newspapers are the most potent influence for good or evil in this country. Regulation, such as I would have, may be impracticable, but something ought to be done and some day soon will be done to compel better behavior than now exists.

I am, sir,
CHARLES S. BIRD.

FOR A NATIONAL DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—As an object lesson in proving what *enforced* sanitation means to human beings, the following is quoted from the official report of Dr. W. C. Gorgas, Chief Sanitary Officer, Canal Zone, dated January 9, 1913. Annual average death rate among employees for the month of

December,	1905	45.73
"	1908	25.03
"	1910	10.91
"	1912	7.14

A National Department of Health with its regulations enforced by the power of the Government of the United States would restrict the liberty of no citizen or community; save hundreds of thousands of lives every year; do away with fully one-half of the cases of sickness and the suffering and anxieties which these now imply, and add millions annually to the earning capacity of our taxpayers.

JOHN A. WYETH, M.D.

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BEFORE AND AFTER TAKING—OFFICE

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He is mumblingly told to go into the parlor

ENTER THE LANDLADY

BY LIONEL JOSAPHARE

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

THE boarding-house, in the ideal, is a substitute for home. Thousands of people leave home every year, in order to live under the sway of a landlady. In her domicile they learn to become cynics; to make sarcastic reference to the food; to bawl over the banisters for towels; in general, to prove, each for himself, that he is not part of a menagerie, but a free (a very free) citizen living under the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of these United States.

He is quite a commentator. Boarding-house comment is an art that vies with theatrical criticism—transcends it, even. Any old-timer of a boarding-house could, by a few well-chosen remarks, ruin the business of a $100,000 burlesque show, if he were given a column space in a newspaper. As for the newcomer—he is not taken cordially into the fold until he has made his first joke on the butter. Then he is initiated.

Anybody defending the landlady would be looked upon with hostility. Even the gentle spirit who wandered through pleasures and palaces, and then paid a sweet tribute to home would have become a satirist had he gone to live in a modern boarding-house. Be home ever so sweet, there will always be multitudes of the younger generation roaming toward pleasures and palaces. The first station on the way is a temporary domicile. On the threshold of this place the landlady is encountered.

Sad to say, the wanderer is not likely to appreciate the meritorious person who now stands before him. He distrusts her immediately. There is a weird misgiving in the heart of the adventurer as soon as he is confronted by the landlady. There arises in him an illogical foreboding of evil, the while he is avowedly in quest of shelter, food, and varied hospitality.

At this first meeting is noted the contrast between the landlady and the refugee's ideal of her. He expected a good, gracious, beneficent, motherly person in old-fashioned and picturesque attire. He hoped that she and her surroundings would bespeak generosity, luxury, coziness, peace, and good-will. Whence this ideal? Perhaps from the advertisements. He had read the want ads. of Boarders Wanted. He is a prospective boarder, and is wanted. He has some curiosity to see who wants him.

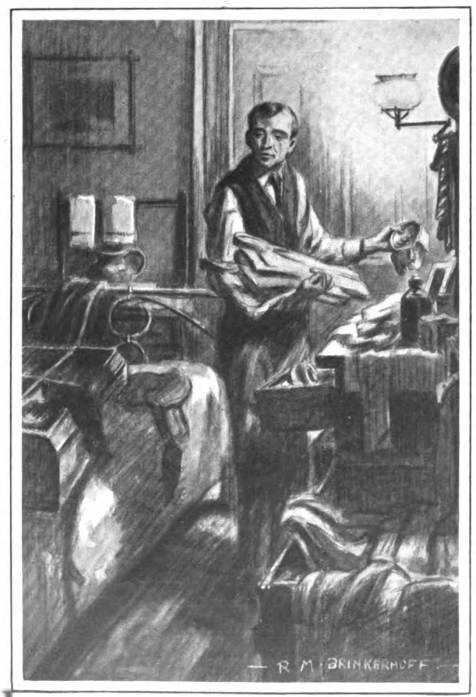
The advertisement read like unto this:

Large small running water, clean warm steam telephone, newly furnished light airy, quiet bath. Elegant appointments, excellent table.

Even should the punctuation be out of whack, he mentally assorts the particulars as they should be.

He rings the bell. He is mumblingly told to go into the parlor. Here he waits and becomes nervous. What little he has already beheld may not be a realization of his visions; or it may exceed them. In the latter case, he fancies that the furnishings are probably an inglorious and fraudulent display in conjunction with a niggardly dining-room. A parlor piano is silent on the prune question.

Enter the landlady. Then and there something drops within the heart of the prospective boarder. As he gazes wistfully upon her for a gleam of his departed vision, he becomes that much nearer a pessimist. He does not believe that she has at her disposal all those beautiful things she has advertised. If she had, she would not look thus weary and forlorn. She would not enter with that mysterious tranquillity, that courageous melancholy as if in full knowledge that a vengeful spirit is ever lurking in the shadows of her house.



He arranges for quarters and moves in

The cause of her gloom is obvious to the experienced seeker of furnished rooms. She meets so many fastidious hunters of happiness (in furnished rooms) that her optimism has gone, never to return. Selling a yard of lace is irritating work, they say. Selling the substitute for a home is a task for a magician.

The visitor is shown over the house. He inspects the room on the second floor rear and on the fourth floor front. He asks a few questions. He must be answered in detail and copiously. She must pretend to welcome him and exploit the comforts of her household. More than that, the "elegant appointments" must also speak for themselves now. While the landlady is thus describing her possessions, she realizes that her visitor has formed a positive opinion upon his very entrance, and that he could not run away without speaking to her; or his opinion may have been irrevocably formed upon being told the prices. Although he disliked the house at the first glimpse of the interior, or though he may have become appalled at the rent, beyond his means, he must stay and make a pretense of looking over the appointments or disappointments, and then, if not satisfied, aver that he will withdraw and cogitate upon the result of his investigations. All this the landlady, in her wisdom, doth know full well. He does not surmise that it is wisdom that is the cause of her sorrowful aspect. He opines that she is miserable because she has to eat the same food she serves her boarders.

Well, she treats him pleasantly enough, and, as his praise of this and that adds to her hope of adding him to her list of grumbling guests, she becomes more agreeable and human-like. Presently he begins to like her. She has a quiet dignity that can be interpreted as hospitality and goodly portions of roast.

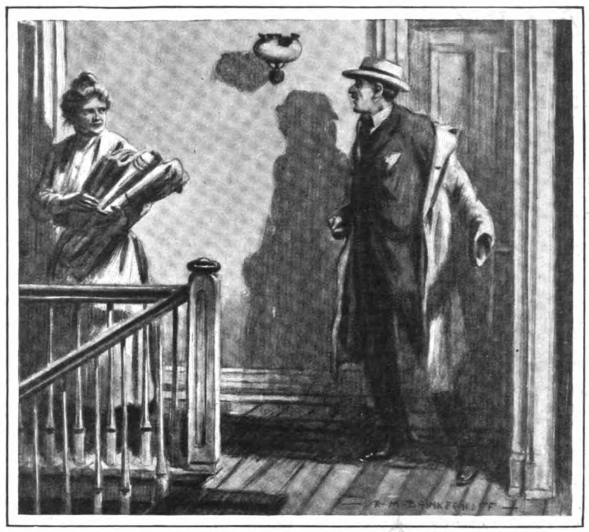
After some deliberation he arranges for quarters and moves in. Within the course of a week or two he comes back to his first impression. He believes that she is lacking in some faculty that is present in the ordinary specimen of humanity. Of course he is in error—in error because he was in search of an ideal home, while she is acting in a business capacity. The ideal is made the subject of dollars and cents. You can't buy happiness unless you are willing to pay more than the market price.

However, let the landlady be described truthfully, showing, at the same time, why she is misunderstood. In the first place, she has, and needs to have, what is known as inflexible will-power. She is a philosopher—a stoic. She became such after many trials at selling happiness for so much per week. In her humble way she dabbled with human nature in its needs and its dreams. She understands the boarder to the very depths of his soul, especially in conjunction with the market price of meats and vegetables. She knows that if she were to appear more human the boarder would take advantage of the fact and inquire why he is not served with an adequate size of beefsteak. He might even go further and demand to be informed of that mystery of mysteries—why he can always tell the day of the week by the food that is served. He yearns to know why Monday should be indelibly associated in his mind with a choice between boiled ham and veal cutlets; and so on through the week, day by day. The landlady understands, perhaps even too well; otherwise, with her systematic mind, she would not order it so. And for the sake of various other details of her household she keeps aloof from the boarder. It is a matter of executive ability and discipline. The

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boarder is, without exception, the wildest creature that roams the plains of our national commonwealth. Give him one show of tenderness and mercy, and his escaping ferocity would acknowledge no bounds. There is inherent audacity connected with his personal constitution and by-laws.

For instance, take him at dinner. Suppose that the steak happens to be tough. This is an accident that is likely to happen nine times out of ten in the best regulated boarding-house. The steak is tough. It may be quite nourishing, as some of the toughest steaks are scientifically tested to be — more nourishing than the juiciest tenderloin. To go into particulars: the boarding-house steak is about four and one-half inches in length, an inch and a half wide at one end, and an inch wide at the other. It is tastily decorated with a strip of fat along one side, reinforced with a few tendons, and contains several attachments showing where it has been half severed and half torn from the adjoining part, with the wires still plainly in view. The steak aforesaid happens, on this occasion, to be tough. How do the boarders endure it? They are intolerant. They make an ostentation of their knowledge of steaks in the ideal. They wigwag and make faces and many signals throughout the dining-room, indicating to one another that the toughness of the steak is a matter of general perspicacity. Then they make farcical attempts to cut off square inches thereof. They struggle at their carving. They carve through the steak, and continue cutting at the plate, making harsh noises issue from between their knives and the porcelain. The landlady pretends not to observe. Nor does she hear when somebody remarks, over the withered and rusty salad, "I wonder who gets the edible part of the lettuce."



When he emerges from his room, there she is

On the subject of food, a certain factor must not be neglected. Occupying a distinct position of its own in the annals of boarding-house life, the boarding-house chicken must receive its proper tribute. The boarding-house chicken, well-established though it be, as it makes its regular appearance at Wednesday and Sunday dinners, does not pursue its way unquestioned. It is described with difficulty. Sometimes it cannot be said to be either tough or tender, neither juicy with internal juices nor dry for lack of external applications and poultices. It may not even be nourishing. It may have passed a sepulchral two years in cold storage. Still, the boarding-house chicken does not deserve all the calumny that has been heaped upon it. It is more sinned against than sinning.

Newcomers usually remark sagaciously that they will give the chicken a fair trial. Perhaps they do so. Yet, after the trial is over, and the experimenter declares that he will stick to steak henceforth on Wednesday and Sunday nights, why does he continue to insult the memory of the chicken? The vital statistics, the ancestry, the physical prowess of the fowl during its lifetime, the causes of its death, the length of time that may have passed since that last event, are not matters of fair comment to the person who has resolved to try the chicken just once more.

Such criticism inevitably reaches the ears of the landlady; for, truly, nothing escapes her. Her ubiquity is a matter of general solicitude. When the roomer enters the house, she is in the hall. When he emerges from his room, there she is. When he visits a fellow-prisoner, the landlady is near by as he knocks at the door, and she is passing in the shadows when he says good-night. It is true that each and every boarder imagines that the landlady is watching him in particular of all others, and that she suspects him of something sinister.

Another phenomenon of the life in furnished rooms calls for the guest's hasty yet ineffectual condemnation. Upon a time, at the end of his day's work, he arrives at his room, opens his door, and stares. A feeling of strangeness comes over him. He fancies that he has made a mistake and entered another person's quarters. He falters, and looks around the hall. No; he has not made a mistake. Assuredly he is at the right room. He re-enters. The room is not as it was in the morning. There is another bureau; there are two strange chairs; the sofa pillows are not the same; the big picture is gone from the wall. The substitutes are older and tawdrier. What does it mean? Is he evicted. He goes to the intrusive bureau, opens a drawer, and finds his possessions neatly stowed there. Evidently he is not to consider himself evicted. He is not an undesirable inmate. Something must have happened, though. Yea; some newer and worthier boarder has come and has been awarded his furniture—had perhaps bargained for it while the rightful occupant was engaged at his daily toil. Outrageous! The victim has been insulted with these contemptible chattels from a worthless part of the house. He rages. He eats dinner in a fury. He confides in his fellows. Afterward they congregate in the hall, and they vow that, at their next boarding-house, when they negotiate for rooms, they will insert in the contract a clause to the effect that no article of furniture nor any ornament nor anything whatsoever in the room shall be disturbed during the tenancy.

Several dramatic critics have asked why it is that, in fiction and on the stage, all landladies have seen better days, the intimation being that such landladies are artificial and stagey. The intimation is wrong. The authors drew their characters from life. In real life, every landlady has seen better days. The boarders doubt her veracity in that. They argue that, if better days had been the lot of the particular lady with whom they are best acquainted, some atom of such welfare would have survived and be evident in the manner in which she conducts her house. Still, they do not begrudge her these boasts of former pride. Let her say that she has seen better days. But what does anger the guests is her statement that she has kept better boarding-houses. She thereby insinuates that she has provided for better guests.

THE "PORK BARREL" PROBLEM—A SUGGESTED SOLUTION

BY ANSON PHELPS STOKES, JR.

Secretary of Yale University

THE purpose of this article is to suggest a method of reducing Congressional "pork barrel" extravagance. It might perhaps be called the local co-operating plan.

The "Public Buildings" and "Rivers and Harbors" bills, which have just become law, call for a total federal expenditure of over ninety million dollars. The former, Public Act 432, carries appropriations of $47,473,850, and the latter, Public Act 429, demands $47,868,894 from the Treasury of the United States. These enormous sums challenge our attention. Some of the appropriations are undoubtedly necessary, but others are demanded merely by the constituents of individual Congressmen. The latter naturally wish to meet the demands upon them, for the representative who is successful in milking the federal cow into his own district's pail knows that it increases his chances of re-election. His fervent efforts for a large amount of the public money are perfectly natural. But the average citizen wishes to know whether the money is expended in the wisest possible way from the standpoint of the general government. He is inclined to wonder whether federal buildings costing $100,000 and over are really needed in such places as Globe, Arizona; Chadron, Nebraska; Kalispell, Montana; Jasper, Alabama; Tulsa, Oklahoma, and Elyria, Ohio, for which they are provided; and whether costly improvements to waterways, such, for example, as those on Woodbury Creek, New Jersey ($38,000); Black Warrior, Warrior, and Tombigbee rivers, Alabama ($1,338,500); Big Sunflower River, Mississippi ($120,000), and Port Aransas, Texas ($600,000), should really be made at national expense without demanding some special assistance from the locality mainly benefited.

Under our system of government, where appropriation bills originate in the House, it seems almost impossible to put things on the right basis without the introduction of some new principle which would check extravagance automatically. This article proposes a plan which, from its very nature, would limit those federal grants which are most apt to be abused, in proportion to a community's willingness to contribute to the cost of any given measure. It is believed that its adoption would greatly facilitate the success of the proposed national budget so well outlined by President Taft.

As a tentative basis of discussion I would suggest that it would be fair that ten per cent. of the total cost of ordinary federal improvements in the United States outside of the District of Columbia under "Rivers and Harbors" and "Public Buildings" appropriations be raised locally in order to secure the remaining ninety per cent. from the national treasury. This contingent tenth could be secured in any lawful way determined by the local unit involved, such as by a special bond issue or by a grant from taxation, or by the voluntary subscriptions of citizens and civic bodies.

The principle involved is a simple and well-known one—namely, that the community which derives the main advantage from the dredging of a river or the construction of an irrigation dam or the erection of a federal building should be called upon to assist the central government by directly meeting a small proportion of the cost. This idea has been put into common operation within our states in some matters such as highroad construction, where the state treasury's help in any given locality is often made dependent upon county or municipal grants. Is there any reason why the same plan should not be more generally extended to the national government? Even here it is not entirely unknown. The help of the Department of Agriculture in connection with farm demonstration work in the South, that of the War Department in assisting the militia, that of the Geological Survey in co-operating financially with the states in the preparation of a national geological map, and that of the Post-office Department, under a special Congressional appropriation, in offering to contribute to states one-third of the cost of constructing a section of experimental rural free delivery road, are federal precedents taken almost at random. The frequent co-operating subscriptions by Congress toward the cost of public monuments, the holding of international congresses, etc., are perhaps more familiar examples. I am assured by constitutional lawyers of high standing that there is no inherent objection to the extension of this principle. In fact there is direct authorization for it in the recent acts quoted at the beginning of this article. The "Rivers and Harbors" bill provides that the proper officer of the government may "receive from private parties such funds as may be contributed by them to be expended in connection with funds appropriated by the United States for any authorized work of public improvement of rivers and harbors. . . ." There are also in the same act specific cases of contingent grants, such as the large appropriation for improvements in Tillamook Bay and Bar, Oregon, which is to become available only when "the Secretary of War shall be satisfied that said local interests have made provision for furnishing the whole of said sum of $407,000 and have placed the same to his credit and subject to his order in a bank to be designated by him." Similarly in the "Public Buildings" bill the post-office in Bonne Terre, Missouri, to cost $50,000, "shall not be begun until the site for the same has been donated and title thereto accepted by the Secretary of the Treasury. . . ." These examples—taken from many fields—show that the principle of local co-operation in meeting certain kinds of federal expenses has already been recognized by Congress. What is now needed is its extension through the adoption by the national government of a consistent plan which may be regularly applied to the two great appropriation bills under consideration.

But in the plan under discussion the work should continue to be executed by the national government, and the proportion of the local contribution should be only enough to keep appropriations within the bounds of actual needs.

It is believed that this requirement of community participation in order to secure federal financial help would have the following important results:

1.—It would reduce national extravagance. The recently published record of a Congressman who secured enormous amounts from the federal treasury in a few years to meet the manifold wants of his rural constituents would have been impossible under a plan which required local financial contributions. The present system—or rather, lack of system—encourages extravagance by inducing wholesale log-rolling. Money which should be used to advance the general welfare of the whole people is frequently diverted so as to meet the commercial advantage or the local pride of a small group. The all-too-prevalent principle "I will vote for your federal building if you will vote for mine" inevitably results in recklessness so long as it is unrestricted by the necessity of considering home purse-strings. The plan proposed would provide the necessary balance wheel of economy by transferring to public finance the well-known rule of organized modern benevolence—to help only those who are trying to help themselves. Carnegie libraries and subscriptions from the General Education Board to colleges throughout the country are witnesses to the

(Continued on page 26)

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PENN STATE

DEMOCRACY AT ITS BEST

The Power of the People is Strikingly Exemplified When the Presidency Changes Hands

BY A. MAURICE LOW

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

THE Englishman who comes as a visitor to the United States is impressed by the slight difference between the great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family. There is just difference enough, he says, to emphasize the similarity, to show that they think the same and act the same even if their mode of expression varies, but basically, or "getting down to brass tacks," as the Westerner might say to the astonishment of the Englishman (who would eagerly seize upon it as a prize Americanism to be treasured and let loose to an appreciative audience and probably translated as "wait until I get a hammer and nails"), the sort of thing that Americans do or think is very much the same sort of thing that Englishmen do or think. But on one day at least the divergence is great. That day is when a President relinquishes the metaphorical scepter and becomes a private citizen, and a private citizen is figuratively anointed and becomes the President. That day democracy is seen at its best.

To a foreigner who sees an inauguration for the first time, but to an Englishman especially, who feels himself as much at home in a crowd of English-speaking people in Washington as he does in London, and can enter into the psychology of its component parts and needs no interpreter to translate fine distinctions of speech or slang or ready wit, an inauguration is a wonderfully moving spectacle and gives food for much reflection. Its chief charm to the inquiring observer is that it is a spectacle without being spectacular. As a show it is not worth the money. Soldiers on parade are always inspiring, and a military band will set the pulses of the most sluggish to tingling, especially on a fine day when all the world is out merrymaking and the excitement of the occasion is contagious, but the regulars of the United States army are too workmanlike to be theatrical. They march well, splendidly; you feel they are ready for business; but this is pleasure, not business. Khaki, like the modern dress suit, has reduced all men to a common level and robbed them of the color that used to make war so picturesque. After you have seen a few regiments of American regulars go by the show begins to get a trifle monotonous, and about that time you contrast it with the gorgeousness of the Household Cavalry in their glistening breast and back plates, their polished helmets shining like molten silver, their sweeping plumes, their elaborate saddle-cloths, their magnificent chargers with bodies as smooth as a maiden's satin cheek and the sheen of satin upon them, whose officers ought to be as wicked as one of Ouida's pet horses to maintain their traditions worthily. A "sovereign's escort" of the Household Troops is as chromatic as the best-staged ballet and rather more real. And when the cavalry have jingled past there come the hussars, with their comic-opera jackets slung across their shoulders; lancers, with their old-fashioned weapons linking the day of the telephone with knights in armor; British grenadiers in their "busbies," a ridiculous head-dress when fighting is to be done (and it is left at home when business and not pleasure is the object), but decidedly decorative on parade. Or as a show simply an inauguration does not begin to touch the Lord Mayor's procession when that august functionary is inducted into office and rides in a huge gilt coach, with postilions and outriders and superb footmen standing up behind, and functionaries in scarlet and gold robes, and all the rest of the magnificence that is part of the state the Chief Magistrate of the city of London is required to surround himself with. But what one does not see when the sovereign goes in state to open Parliament or the Lord Mayor makes his triumphal entry is the visible expression of democracy, and in some things England is more of a democracy than the United States.

At an inauguration, after the troops and the militia come the people. For hours President Wilson stood on the stand in front of the White House and saw passing "marching clubs" and civic organizations of various kinds from all parts of the Union. No doubt Mr. Wilson got very tired of it long before the parade was over, and after the spectators in the stands had seen the soldiers go by and several thousands of their fellow-citizens in silk hats and frock-coats tramp over the asphalt, they also grew tired and left, wherein for once they had the advantage over the President of the United States. He had to remain whether he liked it or not; they could stay or go, as it pleased them. And the majority went.

In England, as well as in other European countries, the people take no active part in a ceremony that corresponds to the inauguration of the President. The people are welcomed as spectators, but not as participants. Democratic as England is, it has not yet become sufficiently democratic to tolerate the idea that a spectacle can be anything else but military, which of course is the survival of the age when power really rested on armed force. That day has long gone by, but the tradition survives, and probably the English democracy itself would be the first and the loudest to complain if an attempt was made to throw the tradition into the limbo of forgotten things. A democracy in a monarchy (a contradiction in terms, but a fact) likes to get the worth of its money, and it wouldn't be getting all that it paid for if, instead of being able to see soldiers, it had to look at itself marching past. That democracy can see any day. It can go out and see processions of working-men whenever it wants that form of amusement, but that isn't much of a show.

It is this difference between the people passively looking on and actively participating that marks the very vital difference between English and American ideas. It is, I repeat, democracy at its best. One cannot get away from the thought that the President is not inaugurated by the government, or any branch of it, or any officials, but actually by the people themselves. The official requirements are so simple and so quickly over that they form the smallest part of the proceedings. The ceremonial of the President-elect going to the Senate Chamber, where there are awaiting him the diplomatic corps, the justices of the Supreme Court, the members of the Cabinet, and other distinguished persons, is simply to give *éclat* to an important occasion, but all that might be omitted (as it often has been) and still the inauguration would be duly carried out. The one and only thing required to transform the President-elect into the President is for him to take the oath of office; and here again, while as a matter of ceremony it is usually administered to him by the Chief Justice of the United States so as to lend dignity to the event, the oath would be as binding if taken before a justice of the peace—before any one, in fact, whether man or woman, who has been duly authorized to administer an oath; nor is it necessary that it be taken in public with all the world as witness.

From the beginning to the end of an inauguration one feels that everything is in the hands of the people. No modern sovereign when he is crowned makes a speech in which he pledges himself to a certain line of conduct or outlines his programme (although he used to at an earlier period of history), because, being sovereign, he is not required to make pledges, and if he is a constitutional monarch his policy will be that of his responsible ministers. When a President delivers his inaugural speech he has signed the contract that exists between him and the people, and it is to the people he appeals for their support and confidence. And one feels this even more strongly after that part of the ceremonial of inauguration is over and the President stands to review the procession. It is the people's day rather than the President's, although the President is the dominating figure. It is the people on the sidewalks and in the stands who have made and can unmake the President. It is the people in the procession—the men in silk hats and frock-coats—who really count, not the regulars and the marines and the tars from the battle-ships.

The people gave and the people took away. One thinks of that on the day of inauguration when the President and the former President return to the White House after the ceremonies at the Capitol. As President Wilson went to the stand to review the procession, Mr. Taft, no longer President—so great a change can a few minutes work—went quietly out of the White House. He went as might have gone any other private citizen, even the most undistinguished or unknown, but yesterday unable to take a step without the watchful eye of a guard upon him, to-day as free to go or come unobserved as any other American save one, his successor. Mr. Taft went to the railway station, while soldiers and civilians were marching past President Wilson and bands were playing "Hail to the Chief," with no troop of cavalry to do escort duty and no soldiers or policemen to keep the public from approaching him. In a way it is pathetic, for one feels as if a man who has served in the highest station ought not to be allowed such a sudden drop; and yet in a way it is also magnificent. From the people he came and to the people he returns. It is democracy at its best.

It may not be easy to surrender power after one has enjoyed it, but so far as the world can judge in Washington it is parted from as lightly as if it were a relief and not a regret. When Mr. Taft went, there followed him the men he had drawn about him, who, like him, went without repinings, with no sullenness, with no threats of revenge. It is one of the curious things about the capital of the United States that it offers no invitation to men whose day of power has gone to remain. Occasionally a former member of the Cabinet or a former Senator settles down in Washington to pass his days here, to earn a living if he has to work, to take life at his ease if he has a competence, but to the majority Washington exists merely so that a definite thing may be done. In other capitals there is more permanence, and in England, for instance, even if a man is no longer a member of the Cabinet he may still be a member of the House of Commons; but in Washington, after a man has done his job in the Cabinet or Congress, he goes on with his job somewhere else. Occasionally a man is lucky enough to go out of the Cabinet into Congress, or *vice versa*, but such instances are so rare as to be regarded as an especial streak of fortune. Mr. Wilson, the Secretary of Labor, is one of those exceptional persons. He was defeated for re-election and would have left Washington with the end of the session, but in the early hours of that very day President Taft signed the bill creating the new Department of Labor; and President Wilson appointed him the first head of that department, so that Mr. Wilson was able to remain in Washington without any break and exchange his salary of $7,500 a year as a member of Congress for the $12,000 paid to a member of the Cabinet.

Democracy not quite at its best is what we have seen during the last few days ever since the régime changed. We are again witnessing the undignified and unpleasant spectacle of the job-hunters trying to connect with the jobs, holding down the chairs in the anterooms of the members of the Cabinet, waylaying Senators and Representatives, camping in hotels and boarding-houses, waiting for the appointment that the little father of patronage has to bestow. It is not an edifying spectacle, and its worst phase is the enormous amount of time the new officials must waste in listening to the pleas, the demands, the importunities of the jobless. They began the day after inauguration (some took time by the forelock and began even earlier); they have kept it up day by day; they will never stop, not so long as there is breath in their bodies and there are jobs to be given to the faithful. It is hardest at the beginning of an administration, for then the jobs are most numerous and the pressure is greatest, and that is the very time when the members of the Cabinet ought to be least disturbed by office-seekers. At the beginning of an administration the President not only has to formulate his policy, but to get some knowledge of the men with whom he has to work—and many of them are almost total strangers—to learn what are the real duties of his office. No matter how well informed the President may be theoretically, usually he has had no practical knowledge of what is required of him, and time is needed to master the details. Every President is overworked; his work is a great deal harder than the public imagines, but the mental and physical strain under which he labors during his first six months makes the rest of his term seem almost easy in comparison. And it is at a time when he should be relieved of as much of the drudgery as possible that Mr. Wilson's predecessors have been compelled to spend hour after hour, in the morning, in the afternoon, at night, listening to appeals for place, trying not to give offense, disposing of "claims" that have no validity. It will perhaps be said that this is inevitable in a democracy, and that the victors are entitled to the just rewards of battle; that the President alone can dispense the patronage. Mr. Wilson takes a different view, and very wisely has delegated that duty to the Cabinet, who will recommend to the President the men to be appointed and will be held responsible for proper selections; the President, of course, retaining the right to veto any recommendation. This will relieve him of much annoyance and enable him to give his undisturbed attention to the great questions which he alone can decide.

It will be interesting to observe how the new rule works. Other Presidents have tried to escape the place-hunter, but with indifferent success, and Washington, which has a cynical disbelief in any kind of reform, is wondering whether President Wilson can do what his predecessors found impossible. Senators and Representatives who sponsor appointments and do not have their requests satisfied will appeal to the President, who either must give them a hearing or risk giving offense. Still, the pressure on the President will be much less than it has been and that will make his task easier. Old-stagers in Washington, discussing President Wilson's order, say that it will greatly increase the power and importance of the Cabinet, and that members of Congress will be more anxious to cultivate the Cabinet as the dispensers of patronage than the President, so that the power of the President will decrease as that of the Cabinet enlarges. Heretofore the Cabinet has found it policy to keep on good terms with members of Congress of its own party, as Congress holds the purse-strings and often has an inconvenient way of withholding appropriations for projects in which members of the Cabinet are especially interested. With the power of patronage in the hands of the Cabinet they can approach Congress more confidently when the needs of their departments require larger appropriations.



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OUR FIRST MISSION TO JAPAN

The Story of Commodore Biddle's Visit in 1846, Illustrated with Reproductions from Drawings made by Japanese Artists of the Day

BY JAMES BARNES

AT the port of Kurihama in Japan there is a monument, erected in 1901, which commemorates the visit of Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry, the American naval officer who, in 1853, as emissary of the United States, headed the expedition to that then secluded and unknown kingdom. At the time of the dedication of this monument the Japanese Minister of Justice was responsible for the following remarkable tribute:

"Commodore Perry's visit was, in a word, the turn of the key which opened the doors of the Japanese Empire, an event which paved the way for and ac-



Commodore Biddle

celerated an introduction of a new order of things; an event that enabled the country to enter upon the unprecedented era in national prosperity in which we now live. Japan has not forgotten—nor will she ever forget—that next to her reigning and most beloved sovereign, whose rare virtue and great wisdom is above all praise, she owes her present prosperity to the United States of America. After a lapse of forty-eight years the people of Japan have come to entertain but an uncertain memory of Kurihama, and yet it was there that Commodore Perry first trod on the soil of Japan and for the first time awoke the country from three centuries of slumberous seclusion, and there first gleamed the rays of her new era of progress."

It is marvelous indeed to think that within the memory of man a country hidden from the eyes of the outer world for centuries in the seclusion of a civilization all its own could have emerged into a first-class military and naval power, grown to be a leader in the advance of progressive science and mechanics, and challenged successfully to war the strongest nation of Europe.

That a previous attempt had been made to enter into negotiations with the Mikado's Empire has been forgotten by the readers of American history; but such an attempt was made, and although it failed it is an interesting and romantic story.

There is living in Newport to-day the sole survivor of this expedition of 1846—Rear-Admiral Stephen B. Luce, retired, and it is from his recollections and from the official documents that have been published in Japan and sent to him lately by Naomi Tamguchi, commander in the Imperial Japanese Navy, that this account has been compiled. From these official Japanese despatches, reading between the lines, can be perceived plainly the reason of the marvelous national development; here breathes the spirit of Japanese patriotism; the completeness of attention to detail; the yearning for development; the aptitude to get at the reason and the root of things; the ability to learn, mark, and inwardly digest a subject.

The life-like Japanese sketches which accompany this article were drawn by artists of repute who were sent on board the ships of this expedition. Everything was reported and recorded, almost microscopically as it were, and nothing was too small to escape notice.

On July 18, 1846, Matsudaira Shimosano-Kami, a prominent official of the fief of Uraga on the island of Nippon near Jeddo Bay, wrote to Hitotsu Yanagi Ichitaro, the governor of his province:

"This morning two strange ships were sighted off Oshima (Vries Island) and a number of men were despatched at noon. I beg to inform you of the above, which I have learned from my vassals on duty at the garrison of Misaki."

This was the first notification received by the locked-in kingdom of the coming of the first peaceful mission specially sent to treat with Japan on an international basis. On the ensuing day the whole coast was in a ferment of apprehension and terror. There was a wild commotion among the officials to whom the defense of the shores was intrusted; couriers were being despatched in all directions, armed forces and fleets of small boats were being hastily collected. A translation from another official report gives this account:

"The report that two ships of a strange country, of unequal sizes, were sighted from 10 A.M. onward to-day from Katsuyama and other seaside villages in the province of Awa, which is in my fief, turns out to be true, and they are still visible near Misaki in the province of Sagami, though the details cannot be seen owing to the distance. They are gradually sailing toward Uraga before the south wind. The alarm has been communicated to the neighboring fiefs and a number of men kept ready for emergencies have been marched out to the shore of Katsuyama. I beg to inform you of the above as it is transmitted from my vassals in the province."

There must be many old people in Japan now living who remember these days of terror that spread along the seacoast. There was small reason for it. It was simply an attempt, on the part of the United States, to extend the hand of friendship and make overtures that were intended as an opening wedge that might lead to commercial relations.

The idea of negotiating a treaty of commerce originated in the mind of Mr. Caleb Cushing, who had been appointed United States Commissioner to China in 1843 and had successfully drawn up a treaty with that great empire. China was accessible, but, though many nations had attempted in the most friendly spirit to get in touch with the powers that controlled the *terra incognita* of Japan, all had failed. Holland alone had obtained a partial concession: Dutch merchants had been allowed for years to occupy a little island off the coast. Some small traders and merchants resided there, but not one had ever set foot on the mainland. John C. Calhoun, Secretary of State, was extremely doubtful of Mr. Cushing's project and this is proved by his letter to the latter under the date of August, 1844: "The President," he wrote, "has taken into consideration your suggestion in your private letter to him of the propriety of giving you authority to treat with Japan should an opportunity offer. It is apprehended that little probability exists of effecting any commercial arrangements with that country, but as you think it may possibly be accomplished a full power to treat with the Japanese authorities is herewith transmitted to you in accordance with your desire."

If Mr. Cushing made any overtures they must have come to naught, for there is nothing on view in official correspondence. It was left to Mr. Alexander H. Everett, Mr. Cushing's successor, to continue the attempt and he was furnished with means that, to all intents and purposes at least, promised success. One of the largest and finest of the ships of the line of that day, the U.S.S. *Columbus*, was placed at Mr. Everett's disposal to carry him on his mission. The *Columbus* was under command of Captain Thomas W. Wyman and flew the broad pennant of Commodore James Biddle, who had won renown in the War of 1812. The sloop-of-war *Vincennes*, under Captain Hiram Paulding, was to sail in company. The vessels put to sea from New York harbor on the 4th of June, 1845. Mr. Everett was unfortunately taken ill early on the voyage and was forced with his family to leave the ship at Rio Janeiro; Commodore Biddle succeeded to his functions as commissioner.



One of the officers

That great caution was impressed upon him is proved by the instructions that had been received from the Hon. George Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy, who went on to say in his letter of instruction: "In an especial manner you will take the utmost care to ascertain if the ports of Japan are accessible. Should the commissioner incline to make the effort at gaining access there, you will hold your squadron at his disposition for that purpose. Should he decline, you may yourself, if you see fit, persevere in the design, yet not in such a manner as to excite a hostile feeling or a distrust of the government of the United States."

On the 20th of July, 1846, the *Columbus* and the *Vincennes*, which had left the Chusan Islands thirteen days before, anchored in Jeddo Bay, having undergone a strange experience.

Just after sighting the headland the *Columbus* had passed two Japanese junks, which sheered off as if anxious to avoid the stranger ships. But no sooner had both American vessels come fairly inside the noble harbor than a number of rowboats put out from shore. Apparently without fear they pulled alongside, and, making fast, their crews scrambled on board by means of the channels, through the open ports, crawling up the bows, swarming over the sides like Malay boarders. But they were unarmed and their motives seemed peaceful.



A soldier on guard

Among the boats had come one of large size, with a man dressed in such a manner that it was easy to perceive he was an official of some high position. Nothing was done to hinder the visitors coming on board. The sailors even assisted some over the sides. But soon the crowd of boats began to impede the vessel's progress, and there were such numbers on board that they actually filled the decks. By means of signs—for by word of mouth there was no means of communication—Commodore Biddle, who had been addressed, with many bows, in a long speech by the nobleman, made plain that he should desire to have the ship cleared until they should drop anchor. A few low words spoken by the official acted like magic; helter-skelter over the side into their waiting boats the chattering crowd dispersed. As soon as the two ships had anchored and had furled sail it was intimated by signs made over the side that the strangers might once more come on board. It was discovered by this time that one or two of them had some knowledge of the Dutch language, and it was also luckily found out that there was a sailor on the *Columbus* who came originally from Holland. Through the medium of this man, acting as interpreter, something in the way of conversation was carried on between Commodore Biddle and another official who had been rowed out to the *Columbus*. He, like the first, was a man of authority, as evinced by the respect paid him by the swarming crowd. Rather emphatically he made it understood that no one was to be allowed to land from the ships, and, seeing that the boats were passing from the *Vincennes* to the *Columbus*, he requested that this intercourse should be stopped also. But on being shown that it was necessary for the ships to communicate with each other, with a great show of condescension he allowed them to proceed. As evening drew on it was necessary to clear the decks of the inquisitive visitors; this was accomplished by means of the use of signs and without the slightest show of force. A letter had been handed the visiting official with a request that it be delivered to the Emperor. Whether it ever reached him is a matter of conjecture. It is certain that at that time there was no one in Japan who could have translated it. The day following the arrival of the ships a nobleman very much higher in rank than either of the others put off from shore in a gaily decorated boat, surrounded by a train of servants and retainers, and was received with great ceremony at the gangway of the *Columbus*. He brought with him an interpreter whose knowledge of Dutch was proficient, if not fluent, and very plainly did he make it understood that the strangers' visit was unwelcome. He stated that it was customary for armed ships anchoring in any Japanese harbor to land all their guns in order to prove that their mission was peaceful; being told that this was impossible and being asked the reason for the presence of the fleet

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of small boats that surrounded both vessels, he informed the commodore that they were there to help tow his vessels if they wished to move. They were, however, intended for an entirely different purpose, and, if the Americans had at any time made an attempt to land, the complexion of matters might have changed very suddenly. Wishing to make a survey of the harbor, Biddle despatched some boats to take soundings, and although they did not proceed very far from the ship their work was much interfered with by the numbers of small craft that surrounded and purposely impeded them.



The commander of the smaller ship

In the official documents is found the following report of one of the Japanese officers who boarded the *Columbus:*

"My vassals on duty at the garrison at Otsu were summoned yesterday by Okubu Inaba-no-Kami to his official residence at Uraga and had the following instruction:

"'The strange ships of this time were questioned by means of an interpreter at Nobi, where they have cast anchor and are staying, whether they had anything to ask for. They answered affirmatively and produced a written application, but it was utterly unintelligible and is now being vigorously examined into. In the mean time the ships which have come this time are provided with abundant arms and formidable arrangements which cause much uneasiness to us. But it being impossible to lead them into the port of Uraga there is nothing for it but to leave them at Nobihama, where they are, and guard them there. This plan has been notified to the government in Yedo. The reason is that, though it is the rule that when ships are led into the port they should be disarmed, the strangers of this time give us much reason to fear they will not easily deliver up the arms, and it is therefore impossible to lead them into the port. It is needless to say that one cannot be too much on one's guard under the circumstances.'

"The above being the instruction given by Inaba-no-Kami, ships with a great number of men on board were sent out and defensive arrangements are being made more strictly than ever. I beg to inform you of the above as I learn from my vassals at the said place. "OHIRA YAMATO-NO-KAMI."

Commodore Biddle was informed that it would take five or six days for an answer to come from the Emperor, and although it was intimated again very plainly that his leaving before the answer was received would not be considered impolite he patiently bided his time awaiting the official reply. Day and night the ships were surrounded by the fleet of small craft. The sailors and many of the officers had come to know the little brown people better. One strange thing was noticed—the Japanese were suspicious of one another. It was only when they thought that they were not watched by any of their fellows that they would accept any gifts or indulge in any bartering, and it had to be done in the utmost secrecy; it was as if they felt that the Emperor's eye was on them. They were, however, very frank and open in the way that they took notes on all that they saw, writing in their strange characters voluminous pages in the note-books that they carried. Unknown to the officers, an official reporter in the shape of an artist had been despatched by the authorities on board the ships, and it is from his original sketches, now reproduced in America for the first time, that the illustrations for this article have been made. Though crude to our eyes, they represent, doubtless, our appearance to the Japanese.

The description of the ships translated from the Japanese documents shows the marvelous and comprehensive attention to detail of the Mikado's officers.

"The bigger ship, the *Columbicos* (?): Length, 42½ ken; width, 9 1/5 ken; depth, 6 4/5 ken; masts, 33 ken; broadside, 33 ken; bow, 28 ken; cannons, 83; boats, 4; commander, 1; lieutenant, 1; officers, 50; sub-officers, 3; doctors, 3; cabin officers, 2; head sailor, 1; cooks, 4; gunners, 20; carpenters, 4; sail-makers, 4; tub-maker, 1; hair-dresser, 1; tailor, 1; painter, 1; shoemaker, 1; musicians, 8; soldiers, 80; smith, 1. The rest sailors; in all 800 men.

"The smaller ship, the *Wissence* (?): Length, 21 1/10 ken; width, 5 9/10 ken; depth, 4 2/5 ken; masts, 25 ken; broadside, 23½ ken; bow, 22 ken; cannons, 24; commander, 1; lieutenant, 1; officers, 25; sub-officer, 1; doctors, 2; cabin officers, 2; head sailor, 1; gunners, 15; cooks, 4; carpenters, 3; smith, 1; hair-dresser, 1; musicians, 6; soldiers, 25. The rest sailors; in all 200 men.

"The chief of the smaller ship is Hall who is forty-six years old. Bittel [Biddle] is seventy years old. Lieutenant, Wimar; officer, Thomas; officer of the smaller ship, Swolthout."

At last the looked-for answer came from Tokio, which, being translated by the interpreter to whom it was read, ran as follows:

"According to Japanese laws the Japanese may not trade except with the Dutch and Chinese. It will not be allowed that they make a treaty with America or trade with her, as the same is not allowed with any other nation. Concerning strange lands, all things are fixed at Nagasaki, not here in the bay; therefore you must depart as quickly as possible and not come any more to Japan."

Nothing could have been more explicit or to the point: it was a dismissal pure and simple. In vain did the commodore assure the noblemen who bore the Emperor's message of the peacefulness of his mission and express his hope that this ultimatum might be reconsidered. There was nothing but to make an immediate departure. On the 29th of July the *Columbus* and the *Vincennes* raised their anchors and spread all their sails; but the wind was very light, and, seeing this, with an evident intention to "speed the parting guest," the fleet of rowboats undertook to tow both vessels out of the bay. So, preceded by this strange flotilla, with hundreds of oarsmen rowing, or rather paddling ahead, the first expedition to Japan retired discomfited.

That despite the friendly behavior of the Japanese they were prepared to fight if necessary, that the spirit that animated them in the war with Russia lived in their bosoms then, is proved by this excerpt from a letter of Wada Magobei, a vassal of Shimosa-no-Kami. After referring to the uselessness of making an attack by water and disparaging the governor's suggestion of arming all the small boats, he writes as follows in his own defense:

"I said that it would be better to adopt the safest measure, which consisted of arraying soldiers on the shore and attacking the enemy if they offered to land; that the result was as clear as daylight if we fought the big ships, which were strongly armed, with comparatively small Japanese ships. The officers replying, however, that such a thing could not be proposed to the governor, I said that I would do as I was directed and fit up big guns on our ships and fight a desperate sea fight, with the assurance of defeat and the determination of having all the men annihilated. . . . It was fortunate that they went away peacefully. But they may come back again. In that case it would be foolish to provide them with targets to fire their cannons at by sending out big ships with many men and guns on board. I beg, therefore, to take the liberty to suggest that when strange ships come next time boats should be placed near them for watching them and big guard-ships at places of defense where it is easy for ships to stay; the land should be strictly guarded and when they threaten to enter Tokyo Bay they should be desperately resisted. As for the method of such resistance, I should like to have definite instructions given beforehand."

A strange incident had taken place early in the morning of departure, showing how completely the Japanese governmental spy system was in existence at that day. On board each of the two ships there had been returned everything that had been given in exchange or as presents to the Japanese when they had come on board, even such trinkets as knives and buttons not being forgotten. It was as if the Japanese wished to wipe out every evidence of the unwelcome visit. But very courteously they had replied to Commodore Biddle's intimation that he was short of fresh vegetables. Three large boat-loads of fruits, hundreds of chickens, sweet potatoes, eggplants, carrots, and pumpkins were delivered on board. The casks also had been replenished with fresh, sweet water. It was a great disappointment to Commodore



Sailors

Biddle to leave the shores of this smiling green land without having set foot on it; and what he had seen of the inhabitants impressed him greatly, as it had every one on board the American ships. The intelligent, alert, and athletic appearance of the Japanese, their good manners, and the dignity of bearing of the high officials had made every one eager to see more of them. Of their women nothing had been seen, and it is doubtful if at this early date a European had ever set eye on one.

In commenting on this first visit, Admiral Luce speaks as follows:

"There can be no doubt but that the interchange of civilities between Commodore Biddle and his officers and the Japanese officials, and the total absence on the part of the Americans of any hostile intention, must have impressed the Japanese with our friendly disposition and disposed them to receive with favor the overtures of the American officers who visited Japan a few years later."

WHERE JUSTICE MILLS FLOURISH

BY THEODORE M. R. VON KÉLER

OF course the automobile is responsible for them!

That is self-understood. Any time, anywhere, if there is something wrong or different from what it was years ago, it is the motor-car's fault. At least, that is what the 98,000,000 people in this country who do not own automobiles say. The million-odd favored ones do not often agree with the opinion of the overwhelming majority, but in the case of the "justice mills" they make an exception. Not only do they agree, but they express their opinion of these justice mills in more forcible than elegant language—language such as would be quite beyond the attainment of the 98,000,000 non-owners of cars.

Why are justice mills? Because of human nature's overpowering desire to make "easy" money. Where are they? Everywhere. Only in some districts they haven't the chance to become such an unmitigated nuisance as to cause the interference of the "higher powers." Where, however, that great combination of a greedy justice of the peace, unprincipled constables, and a large number of transitory motor-tourists exists, there the justice mill shows to the best advantage.

A little distance west of Chicago one of the worst of these justice mills was in operation for a couple of years—so long, in fact, that its reputation spread to all the automobile clubs of the country and at last resulted in the arrest, conviction, and punishment of the guilty justices. It was a blackmailing scheme *par excellence;* the Mafia and other famous blackmailing societies grew yellow with envy when reading about it in the papers. It is claimed on good authority, and was partly proven at the trial of the two justices, that no less than $200 per day was collected and "ground" in this particular mill. And $200 per day is a good deal of money even to automobile owners, who in the opinion of the general public are considered rolling in wealth.

What stopped that particular justice mill was stupidity. The constable, by reason of his long years of observation of passing cars, ought to have imbibed at least a limited amount of knowledge concerning their power and speed. That he had learned nothing about them shows what kind of a fellow he was. At any rate, one nice Sunday there comes sputtering along the "trouble road" a huge touring-car of the vintage of 1905 or 1906. Even in the heydey of its youth and in full possession of the eleven horse-powers supposedly contained in its two cylinders it could make only twenty miles an hour on level roads and about twenty-five down hill. Yet this foolish constable arrested the party (containing a special agent of the Automobile Club of Chicago) and swor that the car was going thirty-four miles an hour. An appeal against the fine of $25 imposed by the obliging justice of the peace resulted, technical experts were called in, the agent gave his testimony, and the fine was set aside. That was the end of the "mill."

A few weeks later testimony collected by the Chicago Automobile Club and several other Middle West clubs was presented to a grand jury and the "fining" justice was landed in jail.

The punishment of this one particular justice called the attention of the public to this unsuspected new "graft," and a sudden reduction in the income of some two or three hundred other "courts" and constables took place. The elimination of dishonest justices of the peace is one of the many problems confronting the American public, and if the "overreaching" in the case of automobile parties helps to bring this about, it is not too high a price to pay. Justice mills of the kind mentioned are to be found in every state of the Union; they are particularly frequent along the much-traveled automobile roads of the Middle West, New York, and New England.

To fine an offending motorist who tears along the country roads in thickly settled sections at a speed of forty-five or fifty miles an hour is one thing, and a good one at that. To help constables perjure themselves and punish the innocent automobile owner who follows the letter and spirit of the law is quite another thing. The former kind of magistrate or justice should have the hearty co-operation and approval of every person, whether owning an automobile or not.

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THE LINE OF LEAST RESISTANCE



Interludes

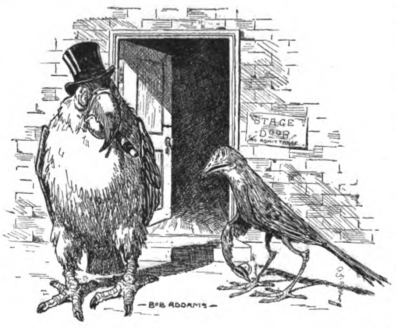
A PROPER DEMAND

RASTUS, in spite of the fact that he had been caught red-handed in the nocturnal appropriation of Major Hickenlooper's best breed of broilers, was putting up a pretty good fight. He was a good deal of a politician in his way, and at election times had always exerted a good deal of influence with the voters of his own race and color, and there were precious few of the new progressive ideas with which the old man was not moderately familiar. So when the indictment against him was read as a preliminary to his trial, and it appeared that the plaintiffs in this action were "the people of the State of Mississippi," and that they were prosecuting "the said Rastus Johnson, for crimes and misdemeanors of the following nature: to wit, that the said Rastus Johnson on the evening of the nineteenth of November, between the hours of midnight and four o'clock of the following morning, did with felonious intent break into the chicken-yard of the said Major Hickenlooper, and when there apprehended was found to have concealed upon various parts of his person seven broilers belonging to the said Major Hickenlooper," Rastus rose up with becoming dignity and addressed the court.

"Do I undahstand, yo' honah," he said, "dat dese yere proceedin's, suh, is a-hinstituted by de people o' de State o' Mississippi?"

"That is the situation," replied the judge.

"Den I mobe, yo' honah, dat desc yere proceedin's be squushed, suh, on de ground dat de people o' de State o' Mississippi hain't nebber held no referanandum on de subject, suh; or ef dey has, it has been widout proper notiferation to de people ob de State o' Mississippi, an' has been put t'roo on de quiet, an' befo' diss yere trial proceeds I demands to see de returns ob dat vote authorizin' mah persecution, suh."



MANAGER: WELL, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU CAN ACT?
"PLEASE, SIR, I'M A MOCKING-BIRD."

A CANNY SCHEME

"I'LL bet you suffered from rotten hotels on that ride of yours through the mountains," said Wimpleton, after Jinks had returned from a motor tour.

"Not a bit of it," said Jinks. "I fixed things so that we were arrested every night, and I stayed in the country jails at the county's expense. They were very comfortable."

AD ASTRA PER REPARTEE

"ALL right," said Chollie, as he gathered himself together after her father had thrown him out of the house. "I'll have you indicted for this."

"Assault and battery, I presume?" grinned the old gentleman.

"Not on your life," said Chollie. "Under the Sherman Act. Your daughter and I were about to swap vows, and that kick of yours was distinctly an act in restraint of trade!"

And the old man was so pleased that he relented, and the next day the engagement was announced.

A PERTINENT QUERY

THE old gentleman looked Perley in the eye.

"Can you support my daughter in the style to which she is accustomed?" he demanded.

"No, Colonel, I can't," replied Perley, "but let me ask you, sir, could you have done so at my age?"

AN EXPLANATION

"JAMES," said Mr. Wiggles to his chauffeur, "I have very good reason to believe that somebody besides myself uses my car. What have you to say on the subject?"

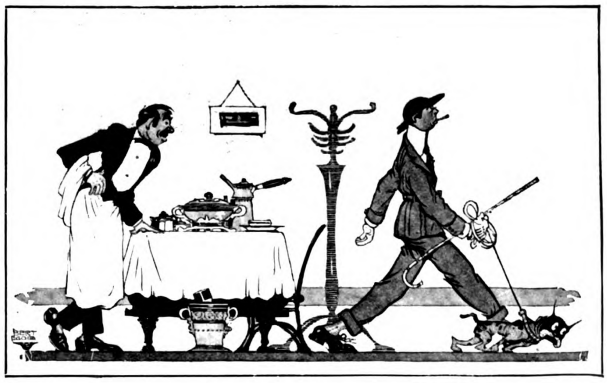
"Well, sir," said the chauffeur, "I can't imagine who it can be, but—er—"

"Well?" said Mr. Wiggles, severely.

"Well, sir, you know that car is one o' these new self-starters, and it may have been taking a little run on its own hook, sir," said James, his face the picture of innocence.



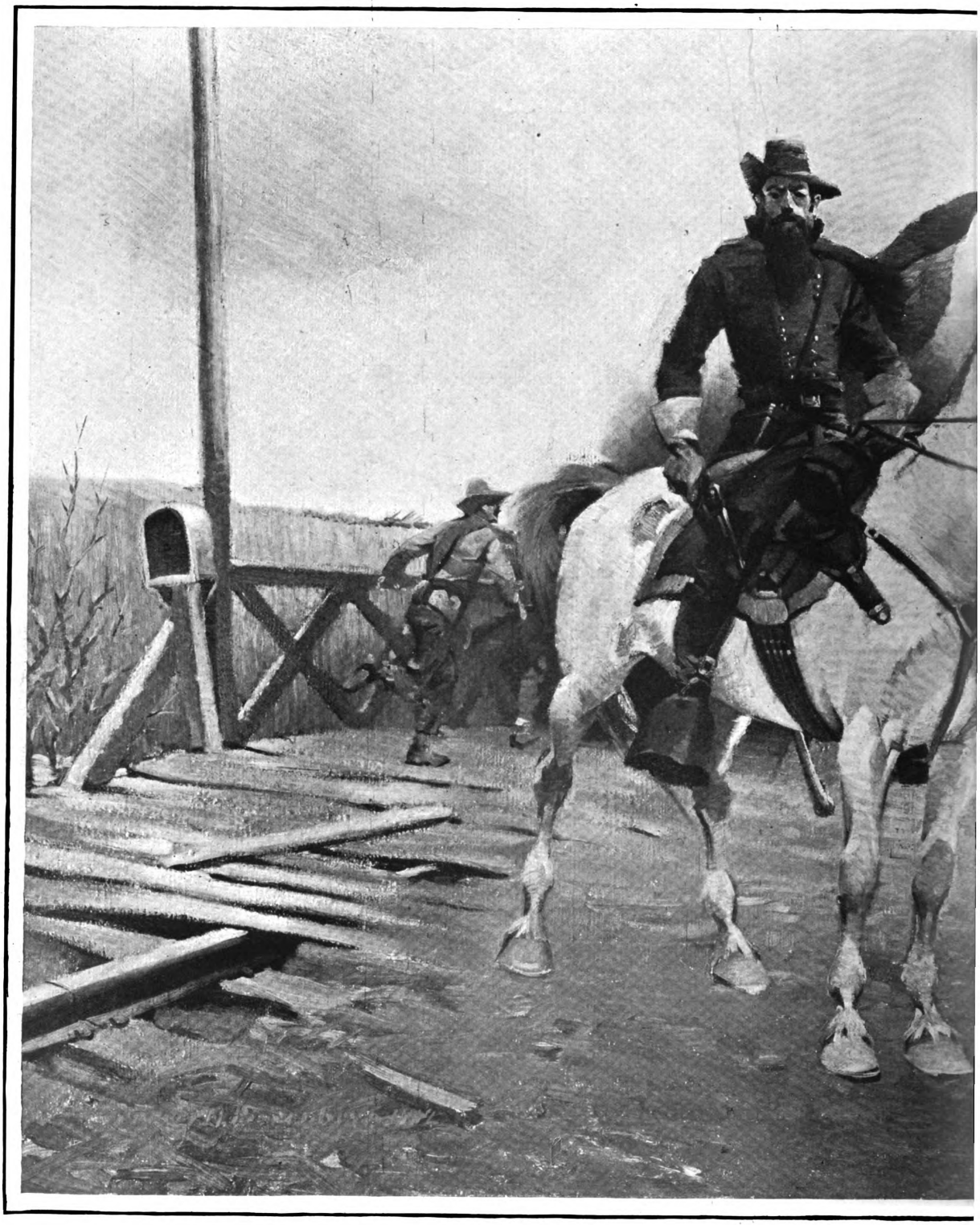
AS IT IS TO BE
"LADIES, A TOAST: THE GENTLEMEN, GOD BLESS 'EM!"



A MATTER OF ARITHMETIC
NOTHING FROM NOTHING—LEAVES NOTHING

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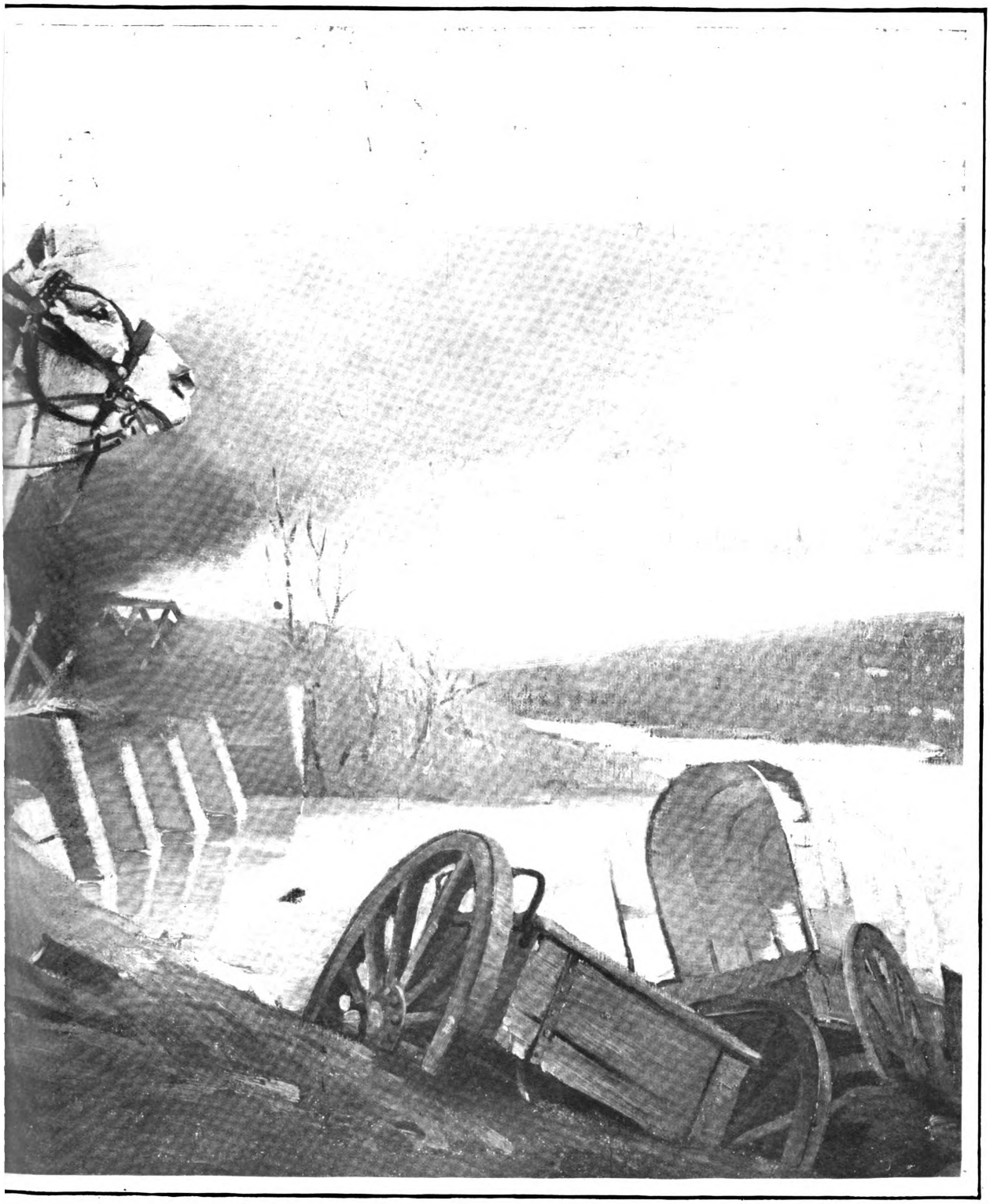


FITZHUGH LEE

On April 6, 1865, as the main column of the Confederate Army retreated over the bridge near Fa
closely pressed by the Army of the Potomac, till there remained with him but a handful of brav
the movements of the last troops that filed across. There he sat, a grand figure, in his own p

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AT THE BRIDGE

le, Virginia, Fitzhugh Lee held the town with a small force, gradually diminishing his front, which was . Seated on his horse near the bridge, he calmly watched the preparations for firing it, and directed the last remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia. He fired the last shot and was the last to cross

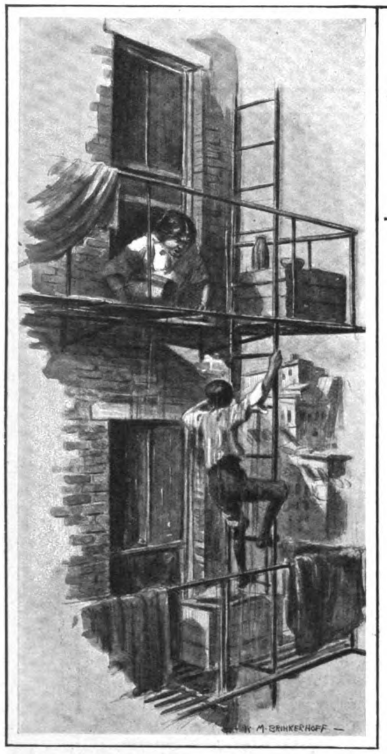
Y H. RIESENBERG

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A TENEMENT BOYHOOD

BY JOSEPH GOLLOMB

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF



Mrs. Lipsky had seen him pass her window

THE Boy was sailing the Spanish Main during arithmetic on a pirate ship he had drawn on his slate. Teacher spied him a world away and, in a break of temper at a poor lesson, launched out at him:

"You should be ashamed of yourself! Your father slaves all day in the sweat-shop and your mother in the tenement to send you to school—and you!—you sit there and waste your time in play! Always in *play!* Will you never learn to *work!*"

She was unfair, and she knew it. She remembered that for a boy of ten he was a voracious reader and took no end of pains with his compositions. She regretted her words, but it was too late. Thirty pairs of large eyes turned on the Boy and looked serious reproach at him.

The Boy's face paled with the disgrace and—the injustice of it.

Work! He never could understand just what people meant by *work!* He always wanted to do what was right and kind and never refused to help his mother in her housework. But evidently that was not work—for nobody ever remarked it. They reproached him with wanting *always* to play!

Well, he did. Hungry as he so often was, he would give up eating to play. Tired and sleepy as he always was at night, he would give up sleep to play. Work, therefore, must be something as hateful as play was sweet to him.

At Teacher's words and under the gaze of his classmates he felt the hot tears coming. So he shouted out, to head them off.

"I hate—hate—*hate* work!"

And it was for this that he was being kept in after school, while the clock on Teacher's desk tick-tocked his playtime—his youth—away! Already had she robbed him of what seemed to him whole hours of golden play. Over the tenement roofs, through a blur of tears, he saw the first afternoon kites of his playmates mounting up into the sunlit sky, their heads wagging and tails frisking coquettishly in the brisk, spring breeze. Who could tell if another such perfect afternoon would ever come again! The best part of life itself was slipping away while Teacher was keeping him a prisoner for a contemptible nothing. Would she never stop writing and look up? Oh, he hated her this afternoon—her whom he had loved in secret so deeply, so slavishly! . . .

Teacher felt the tears in the Boy. Looking up she said gently,

"You may go, Joey!"

Jumping to his feet the Boy rushed out of the classroom without his accustomed, "Grafternoon, teacher!" She looked after him with a pang. The Boy, as he tore down the stairs, knew that he had hurt her, and felt a glow of revengeful satisfaction in his heart that quenched a little his own pain.

And if he ran all the way to his own home block he could still snatch back some precious minutes of play of which he had been robbed. He ran—and ran badly, stumbling and gasping as a stitching pain entered his side; not as he would run the same night, on his toes, gloriously, in "prisoner's base," "cops and robbers," and "oyster sale"!

On crowded Grand Street he bumped into everybody. His gasps, as his breath gave out and the stitch in his side stabbed him harder, changed to frank sobbing. He ran, his hand clasped to his side and tears rolling down his cheeks.

But not until he had reached his own "block" and the front of the tenement in which he lived did he stop. Then he shot a fearful look at the clock in the butcher's window—and gasped with surprised joy. Teacher had kept him only ten minutes! And he had hated her and had rushed out rudely! He felt contrite. But he would make it up to her!

Meanwhile—there was play.

Now, however, that he was free, began the daily delicious agony of deciding where and what to play first. The fellows would not be around for an hour. There was no playing until night on the street, for it was too crowded with cars, wagons, pushcarts, and passers-by. The docks would be glorious on an afternoon like this; but they were the property of "dock-gangs" and "micks" who robbed and beat all other boys they caught. The open country was miles and miles away, no matter in what direction. The Boy had never seen it because it cost at least ten cents to go and come. And there were no playgrounds, no Seward Park or Hamilton Fish Park on the East Side twenty years ago.

There was the roof and kite-flying, of course. He had craved for them all day at school. But there, too, was the clothes-pole in the back-yard, that he could have all to himself at this time of the afternoon; and the cellar-door down which he could slide as often as he pleased without having to wait his turn. It was as hard to give up one as the other.

His stomach, as usual, decided for him. He was hungry. So he climbed three flights of dark stairs to his home.

"'Lo, mum!" he greeted his mother. As usual, she was bending at work over her wash-tub and trying at the same time to soothe Maxey, the baby, who was as usual fretting on top of a pile of unfinished coats from the shop. At the Boy's coming, Maxey gave a gurgle of joy and stopped his fitful crying, and his mother sighed with relief.

The Boy made straight for the bread-box and smeared the bit of butter that his mother had left for him over a thick slice of bread. Then fishing out of his blouse *The Express Mystery; or, Nick Carter Among the Mail Bandits*, he picked up Maxey and a small pillow and wriggled himself, Maxey, the pillow, the dime novel, and the piece of butter-and-bread—which he kept in his mouth—over the window-sill and on to the fire-escape, to enjoy them all at the same time.

Maxey screwed up both his eyes tightly and gasped in the glare of the sun, but after a while became accustomed and rested supremely content as he felt the Boy's arm about him. But the Boy had forgotten Maxey in his dime novel, which he was devouring between big bites at the bread-and-butter.

"Hey, Joe-e-ey! Whacher readin'?"

The Boy looked up. On a fire-escape in the rear of another tenement on the next block was "Chinky," also munching bread-and-butter and also reading a dime novel, but unhampered by a baby. The Boy yelled across the title of his dime novel.

"Huh!" yelled back "Chinky." "Betcher mine's better!"

"Betcher! Listen t' this!" And the Boy shouted across the yards:

"'Crack! Crack!

"'Nick Carter's revolvers spat right and left, downing a bandit at every shot! The bandits sprang with curses for their guns.

"'"It's Nick Carter!"

"'Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

"'"Out with the lights!" yelled Nick Carter to Bob, the Boy Detective. Crash! went the heavy lamp. The den was plunged in darkness. Nick Carter and Bob dropped to the floor. As the bandits rushed toward them the detectives' guns spat like wildcats.

"'Crack! Crack! Crack!

"'"The game's up!" yelled Nick Carter. "Surrender!"

"'Crash! went the door, and a platoon of police, revolvers in hands, burst into the den! . . .' How's that, Chink?"

"Chinky" reflected.

"I'll give you my book and a toss-up for a penny for your book," he offered.

The Boy weighed the proposition in a spirit of serious commercialism.

"Nah, I want your book and the penny without tossing for it."

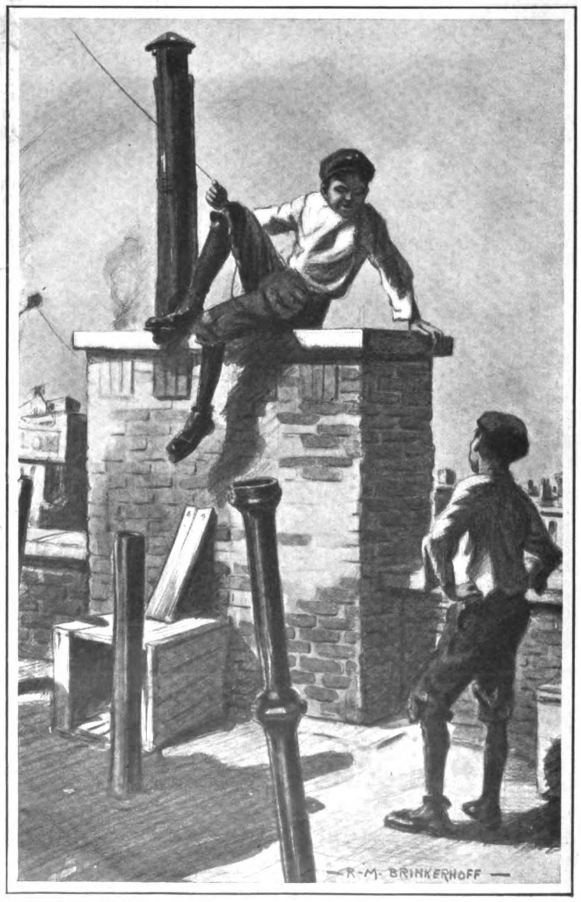
"*Stingyguts!*" angrily denounced Chinky. Then he said, propitiatingly, "All right. Meet you on your roof!"

And he ducked into the room out of sight.

The Boy bolted the last piece of crust, tucked his dime novel into his blouse again and considered. He *could* go up to his roof through the house and up the stairs—but there was nothing to going up that way. Or he could go up by climbing up two stories by the fire-escape and over the coping on to the roof. That would be better. Best of all, however, would be to climb down the fire-escape three stories to the yard, there to slide awhile down the cellar door, to climb up the clothes-pole for a look around, and only then to go up to the roof.

So he looked down cautiously between his legs to see if Mrs. Lipsky's window was open. If it was, he would have to give up his plan; for Mrs. Lipsky was the sworn foe to boys who climbed the fire-escape past her windows. But her window was closed and she seemed not to be at home.

Here was the glorious chance to play fireman rescuing a child and to do it as the pictures always showed. The fireman, at a dizzy height, a limp body over his arm, is making his way down the ladder, leaning out far above the sea of white faces looking up at him, only his trusty other hand, which holds



Chinky was already there, flying a kite

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on to the ladder, keeping both from being dashed to destruction or being devoured by the flames.

The Boy was almost sure he could carry Maxey down that way and longed to try it. But the thought of what his mother would feel put that out of question. So he deposited Maxey into the room and forestalled his gathering tears by promising,

"Joey's coming right back, baby! Joey's only gonna get Maxey a nice—a nice, red apple! Yeh, baby?"

Baby's faith in his big brother was great, so he stuck his thumb into his mouth and, with his eyes large with confidence and expectation, nodded and sat down to wait on the pile of unfinished coats for the nice, red apple the Boy was going to bring him.

The Boy himself had stepped out gingerly on to the fire-escape and had begun to descend. He held on to the slim, iron ladder with but one hand. The other was crooked in carrying a beautiful, unconscious, golden-haired little girl. He saw below him the sea of awe-stricken but admiring faces looking up at him. He heard the horrified shouts come up faintly to him as great tongues of flame shot out of the windows in his path.

But instead of fire, there shot out suddenly from Mrs. Lipsky's window a deluge of cold water full on the Boy. He gasped, choked, and almost lost his hold. Mrs. Lipsky had seen him pass her window and was now leaning out, dripping pail in hand, scolding and gloating down at him.

A rabble of curses sprang to the Boy's lips—blistering curses that could pierce the toughest heart and scorch it. He had heard them from the janitor, the truck-drivers, from fish-wives on Hester Street and from young toughs and old drunkards on the Bowery and in Chinatown. Oh, how he longed to stab Mrs. Lipsky's heart with them! But he bit them back. His mother would hear.

Drenched, shivering, humiliated, the glow of his imagination quenched, the Boy crawled down the remaining stories into the back yard and climbed the great mast of a clothes-pole to dry himself in the sun.

Gradually the sun warmed the chill out of his blood and his heart and imagination glowed up with visions of revenge. Now he was Jesse James and Mrs. Lipsky was in his power. He had lined up his whole band, and at his command they were riddling her with bullets. But that made him think of Jim Smiley and his wonderful jumping frog full of shot; and because it made him smile he gave up that dream and became Bluebeard, and Mrs. Lipsky was one of his wives. With a scimitar sharp as a razor he was hacking Mrs. Lipsky to pieces while she was shrieking and begging for mercy. He only laughed fiendishly and hacked away.

But a glance aloft showed him Mrs. Lipsky still whole and mopping off complacently her still dripping window-sill.

At this moment her little son Izzy came into the yard to play. The Boy's heart leaped fiercely. Revenge was his! Now he knew what would really stab Mrs. Lipsky's tough heart as nothing else would—her Izzy's voice raised in wailing. The Boy slid down from the pole and made swiftly for Izzy. In his imagination he could already hear the full-throated bawl of the hated woman's son—a bawl to laugh at, to gloat over!

"Hello, Jo—!"

Full on Izzy's nose landed the Boy's vengeance. The Boy stepped back and looked up at Mrs. Lipsky's window, eager even for the first glimpse of her alarmed face. But he heard no heart-satisfying bawl from Izzy! Instead there came a choking gasp from the little fellow, for the blow and the pain had taken his breath away.

His breast heaved as if it were going to burst and great slow tears and blood came down his face. At this moment he looked so much like the Boy's own baby brother when he was suffering in fever that the Boy could have torn his own hair out with remorse and hatred of himself.

He clasped Izzy's face to his bosom, stanched his bleeding nose, and thrust all the wealth of his own pockets so eagerly upon the youngster and begged him so repentantly not to cry, that, when the sting of the pain had worn off and he had recovered his breath, Izzy only sobbed a little and then backed off to examine his newly acquired wealth.

Still further to quench his remorse the Boy taught Izzy how to slide down the cellar door and left him in sole possession of it, while he himself climbed up the clothes-pole again to look down on him. Izzy now looked so happy that the clamp of remorse loosened from about the Boy's heart and he felt in its place "a peace out of pain."

The genial afternoon sun warmed him and dried his water-and-blood-soaked blouse. He lost himself in a blissful, dreaming passivity. He had the pole all to himself. On one of the many clothes-lines that radiated from the great mast to the walls of the tenement-houses hung two large bedsheets together.

The Boy spied them and instantly found himself in the rigging of his pirate ship *Eldorado*, trimming sail and keeping a lookout for Spanish treasure galleons. Hand over hand he hauled the sails in. As they rode slowly in toward him, the sheets bellied grandly in the breeze and the pulleys creaked delightfully, as sail and tackle should. Every now and then the Boy put one hand about the mast and, shading his eyes with the other, leaned far out to scan the horizon for prey or enemy. The vista of tenement back yards showed him no prey that day.

But the enemy suddenly appeared. The woman to whose dull eyes the Boy's sails were nothing but her bedsheets traveling away from her, looked out and set up a yell. There was a ... ing burst of barking from the basement, a man's angry shouts—and the janitor and his dog, dread foes to all boys who played in his yard, dashed out to the attack.

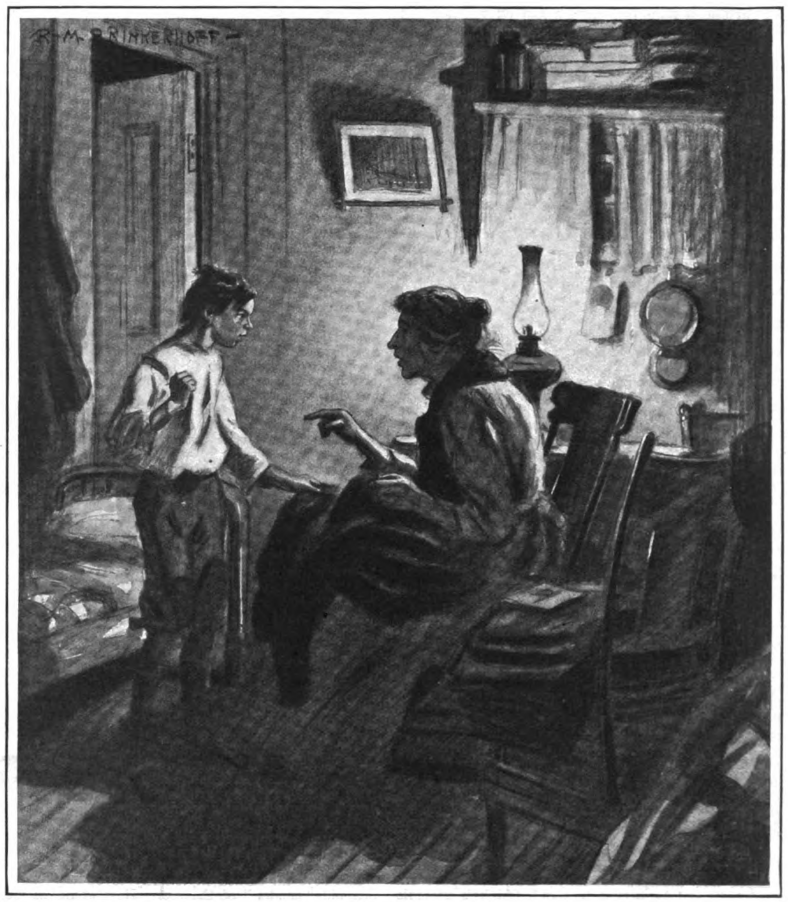
The janitor was swearing and swishing his wicked rattan furiously against the foot of the clothes-pole, while his dog was leaping hungrily and ecstatically writhing as he sprang up toward the Boy. Poor Boy! The bold pirate chief became a frightened little boy who whimpered as he crept clingingly down to punishment and shame. . . .

But blows and tears were too matter-of-fact to stand out long against the spirit of high youth hungry for play. Ten minutes later the last sniffle died away on the tenement stairs as the Boy climbed them on his way to the roof.

Outside the door of his own home he stopped to listen for a moment. Maxey was crying again and he could hear, above the rub-drub of his mother over the washboard, her attempts to soothe the baby.

"Ye-e-es, baby! Joey's coming! Don't you hear Joey coming? He'll play with baby!"

But so tired seemed her voice that it carried no conviction even with Maxey. He would stop crying for a moment at Joey's name and begin again when there was no Joey forthcoming.



"School for you, Joey—school, as long as father and I have breath in our bodies"

How the Boy yearned to rush into the house. He could just picture Maxey's gurgle of delight and the glad relief with which his mother would sigh—her voice sounded so tired! But, oh, he could not do it! It tore his heart—but he could not give up the roof that afternoon! The hours were so short and on the roof were fellowship, sunlight, breeze, and sport to fill his heart like a heavenly draught for which he was parching. For one glad hour then on the roof he would give up hours and hours even out of his sleep!

An inspiration! That was it! He would *work*—work like a slave that night in return for his play! His mother, to help make both ends meet, unknown to his father, worked at those unfinished coats from the shop every night after he and his father went to bed. But that night the Boy would make his mother go to sleep and he would work on the coats himself. He knew how—he could pull out the bastings, which was a large part of her work! Oh, he knew at last what work meant—and he would do it gladly, eagerly—

"Only please, please, not just now—not just now!" his lips begged piteously of something invisible. And shutting out of his ears Maxey's crying and his mother's tired voice, he fled up the stairs and stumbled out on the roof, blinking gladly in the gold of the afternoon sun.

Chinky was already there flying a kite from the top of a brick chimney, but eager for the trade in dime novels. Too eager, in fact, for his own good. For the Boy, observing his eagerness, announced that the price of *The Express Mystery* had gone up. It was now Chinky's dime novel, the penny—and—he followed with a critical eye Chinky's kite soaring in the heavens—and the flying of Chinky's kite until the fellows came.

Chinky glared and gulped with indignation and warmly invited the Boy, novel and all, to go straightway to a region much discussed by orthodox theologians, which Chinky indicated with much brevity and heat. The Boy took the invitation coolly, but seemed impressed with Chinky's sincerity of feeling. For he reduced the last item of his price to only ten minutes' of flying of Chinky's kite, instead of all the time till the fellows came.

Chinky deliberated. The Boy took his *Express Mystery* out of his blouse to assist his decision. Chinky at once noticed the soaked condition of the dime novel and promptly withdrew the penny from the offer. The Boy was taken for a moment aback. Recovering poise, he pointed out that the book was stained with real gore and announced as his final price Chinky's original offer—the penny would have to be "tossed" for. But Chinky would have to close in with the deal before the Boy counted three.

"Onetwothr—!"

"All right!" yelled Chinky, hastily.

The Boy lost the "toss-up" and the penny went back to Chinky's pocket. The Boy handed him the soggy *Express Mystery* and received from Chinky the taut string of Chinky's kite—

"But only ten minutes, mind ju!" warned Chinky, and, sitting down at the foot of the chimney, was soon pursuing the mail bandits with Nick Carter.

The Boy himself, kite string in mouth, climbed to the top of the chimney and was soon sprawled out there in a fearful and wonderful manner. His body avoided the scorching heat and thin smoke that came out of the first, third, and fourth vents, and made full use of the narrow, six-inch margin between the vents and the edge of the chimney—which was also the edge of the roof.

He lay face up, the kite-string gently purring in his hand. High above him he saw, between half-shut lids, the kite itself—proud beauty—gracefully swaying and nodding. The sun and the breeze playfully jostled each other to caress the Boy's face—now one the stronger, then the other. The Boy let them pour over his lips and eyelids, while the breeze fluttered down under the opened collar of his shirt to his neck and bosom. It whispered and puffed gently in his ear, as a kitten snuffs. Through the Boy's mind there flitted the long, long dreams of Boyhood.

From different roofs, by ones and twos, like cats to the call of catnip, came half a dozen other fellows, kites under their arms, to the roof where Chinky and the Boy were sitting. Without waste of time or words each picked out his chimney and set to kite-flying.

Each felt, in this hour of perfect sun and wind, that speech was superfluous. So each as he lay on his chimney-top, kite-string in hand, lost himself in dreams, while the sun shone and the breeze blew and the kite-string murmured if you put it to your ear. And below them Chinky was far abroad with the mail bandits.

On to the roof of 123 stepped out a youngster, alert, quick-eyed, and restless. His eye took in the half-dozen figures sprawling luxuriously on the chimney-tops, and his voice broke the silence impatiently.

"Come on, you-lazyguts! Play follow-master!"

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PENN STATE

Fickle is the heart of boy, even to his pleasures.

"Hello, Spunky!" came a delighted chorus from the chimney-tops. Kites were hauled in hastily—they came in reluctantly, wriggling in protest. Half a dozen boys tumbled off half a dozen chimneys. Even Chinky shoved his mail bandits into his blouse and joined the others about Spunky. For Spunky had come at the moment when quiet pleasures were beginning to pall.

He was quickly elected "master"—a foregone conclusion. For never was "master" so daring and inventive in setting the boys "stunts" to follow. He led them now to a roof hung heavily with wet wash.

"Ready!"

He took hold of some of the clothes-pins that held the wash on the line.

"Ready!" came the answer as from one, each boy doing exactly what his "master" did.

"Then, one—two—three—pull!"

Fourteen clothes-pins were yanked off the line and a shower of wet wash slushed down to the roof.

"Take aim!"

"Master" and followers "aimed" their clothes-pins at the yawning chasm over the side of the roof.

"Fire!"

A shower of clothes-pins shot over the edge of the roof and down on to the crowded street below.

But neither the wrath of the owner of the wash nor the fate of the passers-by on the street below engrossed the boys so unpleasantly as the "master's" next move.

For he had climbed out to the unfenced part which came to the sheer edge of the roof. From far below them came the faint jangling and rumble of street-cars and wagons. Seemingly oblivious of where he was, the "master" walked rapidly toward the edge until, when he was about three feet from it, he turned to look at his followers. They were "following" after a fashion—with a fine pretense at leisurely indifference.

"Come on, you *fraidcats!*" taunted the "master" in great scorn.

He lined them up facing the edge of the roof. Then stepping forward he walked upright to within twelve inches of the edge. Taking a piece of chalk out of his pocket, he bent down and drew a line on the tin-roofing where his toes touched. Straightening up, he wheeled briskly on his heel and, marching back, held out the piece of chalk without a word to the first of his followers.

The face of the biggest bog wore a sickly, nervous smile, while Chinky's face looked drawn and quivered oddly. Somehow the quivering of his face got into the nerves of the other boys. They wished he would stop it. But Spunky still held out the chalk remorselessly as an executioner. There were nervous whispers of:

"You do it first!" "No, you!" "I won't!"

The largest boy swallowed hard, took the piece of chalk out of the "master's" hand, and stepped gingerly toward the white line gleaming so terribly near the edge of things. When he returned he was as white as the piece of chalk he handed to the Boy.

The Boy's fingers seemed to have grown stiff as he took it, and the stiffness seemed to spread to his heart, throat, and legs as he sidled forward toward the edge of the chasm whose bottom he could not see. But at every step the windows of the fourth stories of the houses across the street, then those of the third and the second, opened their eyes at him as if to watch the coming disaster.

The Boy's heart was clamped as if by some vise, but something was pushing him irresistibly onward. Inch by inch he sidled his toes until they touched the chalk line. Then with every fiber in him taut he turned his back on the street. A chill crept through him; but he gathered himself together and walked slowly back to his mates.

A wave of nausea swept over him as he gave the chalk to Chinky, and his heart, released from its clamp, jumped and thumped violently. But a deep breath fixed both and he turned to watch Chinky's struggle with paralysis as he tried to step forward.

The first follower was clattering a breakdown on the tin-roofing. None of the boys looked at him, but all of them knew why he was doing it and prayed fervently that he would accomplish his design. The tin made a tremendous clatter. But it looked as if the tenants on the top floor under them were all deaf, for no one appeared.

And meanwhile the "master" was stepping out again toward the edge of the roof. This time he was working his toes inch by inch even beyond the first line. Would he never stop? Numbness, quivering, and nausea among his followers as they watched them—and still the "master" was coaxing his accursed toes forward!

At last! A storm of curses and scolding came from the rear and the janitor at the head of a crowd of irate tenants broke out of the stair-well and rushed toward the boys. The horrid spell snapped! With whoops of delight the whole band dashed for the next roof, plunged down the stairs, and shot down five stories along well-smoothed banisters. It was a zestful, tingling handful of boys that emerged into the back yard of Number 129.

"What 'll we play?"

"Cross tag!"

"Huh!" answered a chorus.

"Drop the hankchf!"

"Sissy!" commented the chorus, contemptuously.

"Baseball!"

"Baseball! 'Rah for baseball! Jakey, getcher ball!"

Jakey produced a triumph of ball-making. It was a small wad of rags encased in a piece of red bandana and tied tightly with top-cord. From behind the cellar door the Boy produced his "bat," a barrel stave, and caps were converted into gloves.

Sides were chosen and the "diamond" was laid out. The clothes-pole was "home plate," the yard pump was first base, and so on. The pitcher also played first and third bases, the second baseman playing all the other positions except that of catcher.

The pitcher rubbed the ball with his hands, twisted his face and body up fearfully, writhed, undid himself, and let the ball go. Came the sound of a soul-satisfying thwack of bat on ball—and the crash and splintering of breaking window-glass!

The next moment the half-dozen small boys wildly clambered up sheds, over ten-foot fences, over mountains of great packing-cases—never stopping until they had reached an isle of safety on top of a large shed that stood at the junction of four back yards. Here the boys squatted gloomily to listen to the gathering sounds of wrath from the yard of 129. They could hear the janitor of the house and the grocer whose window they had broken telling each other to call the police.

Deep gloom descended on the silent group. Their best ball and the last back yard were lost to them! They had broken windows in every available back yard on the block and the next block—though, Heaven knew, they took no pleasure in doing it! Although not a word had been spoken, feeling was at high tension. Then it broke!

"You're a fine one!" girded "second base" at the Boy, as the cause of the trouble.

The Boy sprang to his feet.

"Who's a fine one?" he snarled. "Bust you in th' eye!" And the two were in a blur of flying arms and fists.

As soon as both fighters showed that their heat was beginning to cool, the onlookers, with delicate tact and sympathy, threw themselves as a body upon them and, with a great show of effort, tore them apart. Spunky, by virtue of his prestige in the gang, commanded the two panting fighters to "Shake han's!"

There was a fine glowering and fierce refusal from both sides. But the gang lifted the voice of popular clamor, which will not be denied, and the two warriors shook hands, wiped bruised noses with the backs of their hands, tucked their blouses in, and sat down on the opposite sides of the shed. Chinky's proposal to read aloud from *The Express Mystery* was eagerly accepted.

Thereupon Chinky sprawled himself out at full length on his stomach, his chin propped on his hands, the novel under his eyes. Three boys promptly made a pillow of Chinky's soft length and the rest of the boys in turn made pillows of them.

Chinky's voice spelling out Romance and Adventure, in a low stage tone, had the deepening twilight all to itself. His voice sank lower as the imagination and the day's decline wove their spell more and more. The boys were far away from their tenement world in another—a more wonderful world where zest of adventure was every-day food and where things always ended well for the righteous.

"Sa-a-amm-e-e-e!"

Out of a tenement window half a block away a woman's voice was calling. It broke the charmed forgetfulness. Vanished like a lovely dream was the golden realm of romance. Chinky stopped reading and stirred uneasily. To his mother Chinky was Sammie.

"Wha-at!" called Chinky, sulkily, to the distant voice, though he knew very well what.

"Come right up!" came the crisp answer.

"Gee!" Chinky muttered, resentfully. But he tucked the mail bandits back into his blouse and, climbing slowly down from the shed, disappeared into the gathering gloom.

It had come—the hour of drab duty, of Work!

Everywhere about them lights were appearing in the tenement windows. Evening meals were being prepared and there were tedious errands to the stores to be run. Sullenly each boy awaited his call.

"I—itz—h—ick! Coom aroof!" came another woman's call in Yiddish. The "gang" snickered. Itzik glared at them angrily. But he was only a small boy; the tears gathered in his eyes and he could only scramble down at once. On the shed was left a shamefaced, rebuked silence. Each boy remembered that his own mother spoke Yiddish also.

"Schmu-ulke-e! Come right up!"

The boys all turned expectantly to Spunky—he the intrepid "master" of the roof. How would he meet his mother's call? He felt himself on trial.

"I won't!" he shouted back, flatly.

In the silence about him he read admiration, interest, expectation. Who would prevail—Spunky or his mother?

But after a second appeal the mother's voice capitulated wearily. Schmulkey looked up with an expression of triumph.

At once the silence changed in character. It was now charged with virtuous disapproval—cold disapproval at Spunky's lack of loyalty toward the mother that bore him. Poor Spunky! He was tasting the fickleness and the withering rebuke with which mobs so often turn on and discard their erstwhile heroes.

With ostentatious goodness one by one the boys climbed down and went to their mothers, leaving Spunky alone on the shed in the darkness, like Lucifer, gnawing his heart in proud and bitter solitude.

The Boy opened the door of his home very quietly the width of a crack and, watching his chance, dodged into the bedroom, where he slipped off his blood-and-watery blouse and took another out of the bureau.

"Is that you, Joey?" his mother called from the kitchen where she was setting the table.

"Yes, momsy. Just gettin' somethin'. Be right out."

Throwing his soiled blouse far under the bed, he stole behind his mother as she was bending over the table and contritely pecked a kiss below her ear. As he looked at her, something in her tired, patient face, and a movement of his own heart, made him suddenly fling his arms about her neck tightly and cry out passionately, with a sob in his voice.

"Oh, momsy, momsy darling! when I'm a man, oh, how I'll *work* for you! . . ."

His mother kissed him with the side of her lips and the Boy asked tenderly,

"What 'll I buy to-night, momsy?"

"Tomatoes, dear. Get the money in—"

"Aw-w, mummy," he coaxed, "let me buy pickles to-night; please mummy! Yeh? You never buy pickles, and I love 'em! Please, mummy—"

"All right, dear, only hurry—"

The door banged and there was a furious rattle of heels against the bannisters as the Boy shot down on his errand. Coming up again, however, took much longer. For at every landing, when no one was about, he stopped to nibble the warts and the ends of the pickles.

All through supper, which he hurried, the Boy kept his face hidden in Chinky's dime novel as he ate, for fear lest his father should notice that he had been fighting. But, as usual, his father was too tired from his day's work in the shop to do much more than eat.

After supper the Boy tied one of his mother's aprons about his neck and helped her wash dishes.

Followed then golden hours of play. Jumping over rows of milk-cans and over pumps; vaulting competitions over stoop railings; racing and jumping with and without starts; "prisoner's base"—that king of boys' street games; "oyster sale;" "cross tag;" "passwalk;" "Johnny-ride-a-pony." Hours when the Boy's spirit and heels were tipped with wings! Hours of triumph and chagrin which would be lived over again that night in his dreams and in later years in his waking dreams of Memory! Oh, the keen, good joy of playtime!

It was well on toward midnight that a little Boy dragged his utterly worn-out and perspired body up the stairs of his tenement home.

His mother was up alone and stitching at the new pile of unfinished coats from the shop, which she had hidden out of sight until her husband had gone to bed.

"So late, Joey!" his mother whispered, reproachfully.

The Boy straightened up his drooping head and, marching up to his mother, laid his hands on her work.

"Now, mummy, lissen!" he whispered, "you're gonna go to sleep. I'm gonna do the coats to-night!"

"Go to sleep yourself," his mother whispered back. "You'll be sleepy in school to-morrow."

But he would not hear of it. He had had a glorious day of it. Satisfied to overflowing was his hunger for play.

And suddenly, even above the clamor of his body for rest, for sleep, like a transformation, he felt a great hunger for something stern and manly—Work! As ardently as a few hours before he hated it, so he now craved for work! He wanted to work for his mother, for his father, for Maxey!"

"Mummy, mummy!" he urged in a passionate whisper, pulling her work from her hands, "let me do it for you, darling! Go to bed, dear, and let me work! Please please, please! Oh, I know how to work. I'll learn it. You'll see I will! Just let me show you—"

But his mother desperately snatched the garment from his hands.

"No, Joey, no! Dear God, help me! Not this—not this for you! School for you, Joey; school as long as father and I have breath in our bodies. . . ." Then she pleaded with him. "Please, Joey, go to sleep."

The Boy was not to be moved.

"Then if you won't let me work for you," he whispered, determinedly, "I'll stay up, too, an' work! I know how to pull bastings out."

Taking another garment from off the pile of coats, he sat down with it in his hands, his back to the pile. He had found the meaning of work, and nothing would keep him back from it!

His mother looked helplessly down upon him. The sight seemed to tear at her heart. But there was something there, too, that brought a sweet thrill to her heart. So she smiled wanly, and wisely let Nature act as her ally.

The clock on the mantel tick-tocked contentedly. The Boy found it more restful at first to lie back on the pile of coats as he worked. His fingers pulled at the bastings, but his mind relived that evening's play. Twice in "prisoner's base" he had missed catching boys. So that even his own captain had called him "butter-fingers." That was bad. The name would have to be lived down. But there was that brilliant rescue he had made of four "prisoners" by a bold dash in the same game, just before the policeman broke up the game. That was glorious! How the gang shouted! They would forget the "butter-fingers."

Then, all at once, he brought his mind up short. His fingers had skipped some stitches. That was not really working. But he wanted really to work. Then his mind had to work with his fingers. Away with thoughts of play! How could he pull more bastings at a time than he did?

He discovered a way. He would use all his fingers at once, the way he did when he caught Chinky at "cops and robbers" that night. . . . Chinky's captain tried to rescue him, but . . . The Boy pulled up his mind again and brought it back to work.

This time he invented a still better way to pull bastings. Even his mother could not pull as many bastings as he with his way. At last he had triumphed over his truant mind. He had forced it to go to work when it wanted to play. . . . It wanted to run off to play . . . but it had to work . . . to work . . . to work. . . .

It took his mother quite some effort to lift the sleeping boy gently from the pile of coats and to walk him over to the bed where her husband slept. For the Boy was quite a big Boy for ten years. His head reached and rested on her bosom so that she had to bend her head only a little to kiss his warm, damp hair.

She undressed him gently and tucked him under cover. Her husband opened his eyes for a moment, put his arm protectingly over the Boy, and whispered,

"Why, Annie, you should go to sleep, dear."

"Yes, Harry, I'm going," she whispered back.

"But promise me you'll go now."

"All right, dear."

But she remained sitting on the edge of the bed for some time longer—smoothing, stroking the Boy's arm softly as it lay on her lap. Her mouth was drooped at the corners wearily and her eyes for a long time gazed out unseeing in the warm, slumbrous darkness of the bedroom. Then with a hardly audible sigh she gently laid the Boy's arm down and stole back to her pile of unfinished sewing.

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PENN STATE



Olive Wyndham in "What Happened to Mary"



Ruth St. Denis in her Japanese "dance play," at the Fulton



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John Mason (left), Charlotte Ives, Martha Hedman, and Julian L'Estrange in a scene from "Liberty Hall," the old comedy revived by Charles Frohman to celebrate the opening of the Empire Theater twenty years ago

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THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

Miss Sinclair's "The Combined Maze"

BY F. M. COLBY

SOME ten years ago Mr. Henry James wrote a paper in which, despite the complexity of his "later manner," he could be descried, by a penetrating reader, beating his wings against the bars of Anglo-American propriety. He complained that English and American novelists permitted some vague but awful authority to tell them what they should or should not mention, and that no one had the courage to ask the reason why. Accordingly continental critics were justly charging us with hypocrisy, with "a conspiracy of silence," with blind obedience to a convention which shut out a host of subjects from our writings and prescribed the mode of treatment for those which it admitted. We dared not, said Mr. James, deal frankly even with our own life. Feminization, he thought, was the root of the evil. We were tied, most of us, to women's apron-strings; we were so "generally mild," said he, because we were so "generally feminine." Then followed a passage which to the male readers of that day was most humiliating. There were, said Mr. James, signs of a new era approaching, and already many kinds of emancipation "were in the air." But had male writers any part in this new awakening? Far from it. Male writers were still lingering behind with the pirates and pistols and police and jungle beasts. It was woman who was breaking through the convention. The novel dealing with the relation between the sexes was becoming woman's work. He concluded with a vivid picture of women bursting out into joyous and turbulent impropriety, and ultimately, perhaps, letting men come too.

It was in essentials a true prophecy, as the last ten years have shown, but the change has not come about in the exciting manner that he had led us to expect. The relations of the sexes have become men's work as well as women's, and if more men than women are still lingering behind with the pistols and pirates it is from preference and not for shame. But it has all been very gradual and by a sort of common consent, and it is hard to associate the idea of insurgency or moral daring with matters now so commonplace.

That is the provoking thing about these social changes when looked at from behind. Seen from before they seem difficult and dangerous, not to be brought about without a conflagration. Then, gradually, everybody forms the habit of them without knowing it. The old fogy is soon repeating sleepily the furious radicalism of yesteryear, and the stand-patter, while standing just as patly, seems to have forgotten where he stood before.

And so in this matter of Mr. James's "emancipations" and those bold women pioneers of his—the change has come about without a battle-cry or a martyr's groan or any element of the picturesque. Indeed, so far as the casualties are concerned, I have never met any one who admitted so much as the loss of a private opinion during the whole affray or complained of a single pang in his inmost sense of propriety. Yet it is beyond question that our books are far more plain-spoken than they were and that society's conversation is by no means proper as measured by that former standard. And where is the wrath of Mr. William Winter over the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and where is the hot shame of the anti-Ibsenite, and where is the indignant blush of the New York Police Department as it purged the stage of a play by Bernard Shaw? The tale of Dido and Æneas that was once read only by our children in school may now be found expanded and in English on the library table of our tenderest business man. It should, of course, be a familiar experience. Philosophers have told us again and again that society never renounces an opinion, but merely lives it down. Having declared that a particular road leads surely to perdition, it takes it and forgets. Yet these things do seem rather odd in retrospect when one recalls the fuss and the fury and the awful warnings at the start.

I am reminded of these dead matters by Miss May Sinclair's latest novel, *The Combined Maze*. Not that Miss Sinclair hurls defiance at propriety. On the contrary, she breaks through no convention whatever, and her book is of a piece with current moralities, irreproachable to prudes, invulnerable even to the attacks of professional literary innocence. Yet, like a hundred other novels of to-day and yesterday, it does deal frankly with the sexual relations; and ten years ago she might have been rated among Mr. James's "emancipated"; she might have been taken for one of those Jacobite pioneers. It is hard now to imagine it.

Very simple cockney folk suffice her for characters in this new novel of hers and very simple cockney and personal questions suffice her for its problems. Randall Ransome is not a genius, like the cockney poet-hero of *The Divine Fire*, and he has not an artist's soul to be kept burning or a literary career to be worked out at the cost of some weariness to those readers who do not care particularly about the London magazines. There is no trace of bookishness about these new characters. She evidently knows the people through and through and has bent her energies, not to giving them "ideas" or making them vehicles for bits of literary criticism, but to putting the breath of life into them; and in this she has succeeded to a degree not attained in the earlier novel. It would seem that very wisely she had made up her mind to cultivate her garden.

For *The Divine Fire*, high as it stood among the things of its day, and high as it now stands when compared with the author's later novels, was, after all, a work of much pretension and only partial fulfilment. A wise person does not set about giving specific illustrations of a fire that is divine. Of course if one takes for his hero a sculptor one does not have to show that sculptor's statue, and if one takes a singer one does not have to make him sing. But a literary genius, as a novel hero, must be allowed to say a little something now and then; and when he does talk, out leaps the guilty secret that he is not a genius at all. Given an author who is not a genius, how in the world are the concrete specimens of the work of a genius to be produced? How make one's poet flash forth the divine fire if one is neither divine nor fiery oneself? That difficult problem, akin to squaring the circle or hauling oneself up by the boot-straps, was precisely the problem that Miss Sinclair attacked in *The Divine Fire*. Her courage was splendid. She flung defiance in the face of the axiom that *ex nihilo nihil fit*. Angels could do no more. For instead of doing as novelists generally do who take a genius for a hero—instead of following the policy of masterly concealment, keeping the genius part of him curtained and expatiating only on its effects, never by any chance giving a sample of it—Miss Sinclair cast discretion to the winds. She not only proclaimed her hero a rare poet, but she quoted from his "works." And so with utter recklessness the cat was let out of the bag, and any one could see that the poet was not a poet, but a rather ordinary contributor to the columns of the London *Spectator;* that the genius was not a genius, but a scarcely extraordinary literary inmate of the British *Who's Who*. Yet somehow she did contrive to keep up the illusion that Rickman, her hero, was, as a poet, not half bad, even while, out of his own mouth, she damned him. And therein lay the triumph of *The Divine Fire*. It ought to have been utterly ridiculous, and it was not.



Copyright by John Trevor

May Sinclair
AUTHOR OF "THE COMBINED MAZE"

In *The Combined Maze* she has abandoned all such ultra-crepidarian endeavors. She has returned to her cockneys, but this time to actual cockneys who have not thought of producing a literary masterpiece. Ransome, the hero, is an athlete by nature and a small clerk by profession, untroubled by any thoughts, incapable of any subtleties, and on the whole almost inarticulate save through the medium of slang. Completely absorbed in somewhat elementary physical and moral concerns, his view of matters intellectual, such as those which perturbed the characters of *The Divine Fire*, may be summed up in his retort to a fellow-member of his gymnasium:

"'Int'lec' be blowed,' said Ransome."

This gymnasium, known as the Polytechnic Gymnasium, or Poly. Gym., answered all the needs of his nature.

"He was not yet aware of any soul in him apart from that abounding and sufficing physical energy expressed in Fitness, nor was he violently conscious of any moral sense apart from Decency."

His father was an unsuccessful apothecary, addicted to stealthy drinking, an uncomfortable old party, at once drunken and dignified, whom his son called alternately the "Old Porcupine" and the "Humming-Bird"; his mother was a good soul who insisted on the fiction that her husband was a righteous, sober man unaccountably afflicted with headaches. What with the headaches and the hypocrisy Ransome's home gave small scope to his young energies and he let them out in hard physical training and in the exhibitions at the Poly. Gym.

"So far, in his way, he testified, he bore his torch. Confined as he was in a mahogany pen, born and brought up in the odor of drugs, and surrounded by every ignominious sign of disease and infirmity, his dream was yet of cleanness, of health, and the splendor of physical perfection. The thing that young Ransome most loathed and abhorred was Flabbiness; next to Flabbiness, Weediness; . . . of Weediness his father being the prime example; while for Flabbiness young Mercier, his father's assistant—well, Mercier, as he said, 'took the biscuit.'"

There are very graphic descriptions of this Poly. Gym., and praises of athleticism, and almost rapturous accounts of the bodily perfections of the hero who "should have sailed with the Vikings or fought with Cromwell's Ironsides, or, better still, he should have run half-naked, splendidly pagan, bearing the torch of Marathon" instead of keeping books in his mahogany pen in Woolridge's furniture shop. And there is much about one Winnie Dymond, the young girl in black stockings and blue knickerbockers who runs before him in the "Combined Maze," which was an elaborate figure in the public exercises at the Poly. Gym. She too is a person of very simple, sturdy faiths, clean mind, and exceedingly limited powers of expression. Toward her he is drawn by a love not incompatible with Decency and Fitness. But toward Violet Usher, who comes later on the scene, he is drawn more powerfully by a feeling that does not reckon with those inner sanctions. For Violet is beautiful and sensual and has a past, and she lures him on with scant regard for Decency and with no thought of marriage. She was content "to go on as they were"; but Ransome, loyal to Decency, would not hear of it. Marry her he must.

"It was intolerable that any man should have the right to say of his own wife that he had been forced to marry her. Hence his desperate haste."

Then followed the martyrdom of Ransome to Decency, for all delicate considerations were completely thrown away on a woman like Violet, who lived exclusively in the flesh and for the moment and who was, when judged by the Ransome standards, a compound of utter Flabbiness and Weediness. But Ransome was too loyal to Violet to apply these standards to her. Once married, everything went wrong, but he was too high-minded to admit the reason why. The household deteriorated, the children were nearly poisoned by unsanitary food, there were strange absences from home, but Ransome made allowances for Violet. Finally, when his child nearly died from neglect, it did dawn on him that there was something wrong with Violet.

"Things, Ransome said, had got to be different. They couldn't go on as they were. The anxiety and the discomfort were intolerable. Still, that he had conceived an end to them showed that he did not yet utterly despair of Violet. She had been terrified by the behavior of the Baby and by the things, the brutal things the doctor had said to her, and she had made another effort. Ransome's trouble was simply that he couldn't trust her. He said to himself that she had good instincts and good impulses if you could depend on them. But you couldn't. With all her obstinacy she had no staying power. He recognized in her a lamentable and inveterate flabbiness. He did not know that what he called her flabbiness was the inertia in which they stored their strength, nor that in them there remained a vigilant and indestructible soul, biding its time, holding its own against maternity, making more and more for self-protection, for assertion, for supremacy."

After she has run away with another man, choosing that same young Mercier who was the especial object of Ransome's contempt, things did go better and there seemed a prospect of peace. Divorce was to be had as soon as Ransome on his clerk's salary could pay for it, and then he was to marry Winnie Dymond, his good angel. But there was already a load of debt, and the death of his father delayed matters—and years passed before the way seemed clear. The account of the struggle to secure that legal remedy so very desirable for all the persons concerned supplements admirably the majority report of the recent Royal Commission on Divorce. Divorce, he found, "was a costly matter, almost, you might say, the luxury of the rich." At last it appears within his reach and he is to marry Winnie, when suddenly Violet returns and throws herself on his mercy, and Ransome, with his cockney chivalry and still dominated by Decency, takes her back.

"'I couldn't in common decency turn her out,' he said."

There is, of course, nothing in this bald chronicle to account for the interest of the book, which consists in the author's way with these people and their affairs. Her realization of them is most acute. Even her hero, whom she pets outrageously, remains likable and in his various troubles he tugs at our compassion. This we must admit, though we do so unwillingly; for, after all, what is this hero but a rather scantily furnished feminine ideal of man? A man's thoughts are not so few or so sweet and pretty seen from within—at least, not with the sort of man that his fellows find endurable. And what are the hero's precious principles? He is a man of sacrifice, but his sacrifices are offered at the altars of the foolish little gods. However, it is proof of power in the book that we do not make this critical discovery till there is time for second thoughts; the tale as we read it runs too swiftly to admit of them. The pictures are remarkably distinct, especially the scenes at the gymnasium and at Woolridge's, where Ransome might, perhaps, at the age of thirty, become a petty cashier at sixteen pounds a month, and at the cheap suburban cottage which was called superbly "Granville" because Violet insisted on the name and wept when he objected, and which could be purchased for twenty-five pounds down and twelve shillings weekly.

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When Spring Days Come

WHEN Spring days come and I have naught to do,
I love to rest beneath some spreading tree,
And gaze aloft into the heavens blue,
And think of all the wonders sweet and true
A gracious Father hath prepared for me—
The earth all fair, upon whose verdant breast
I lie at rest;
The freshness of the air; the songs of birds;
The crooning music of the distant herds;
The lovely mysteries
Of budding trees;
The dawning beauties of the garden close,
The violet, the daffodil and rose;
The misty hills now greening in the sun;
The twilight lengthening when day is done.
These things divine
All, all are mine,
Whatever may annoy,
To see, to use, and fitly to enjoy—
Wherefore in Spring I love to rest and brood
On Gratitude!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

The Revenue-Cutter Cadets

THE public is familiar with the history and traditions of West Point and Annapolis and with the system of discipline attending the training of our country's future generals and admirals, but it hears little of the humbler but not less rigorous life of the young men who are trained for that most important branch, the revenue-cutter service.

Entrance upon cadet life in the revenue service is attended by conditions vastly different from those of the other governmental institutions. Armed with the recommendation of a member of Congress, and with no other "open sesame" than his ability to pass a difficult civil-service examination, replete with problems of trigonometry and logarithms, the cadet begins his career. The three years following a successful examination are years of crowded activity, since the four years' course prescribed for Annapolis cadets is practically accomplished in three by the revenue service cadet.

It is system, however, not study, that forms the main feature of the life of the revenue cadet. The system that at Annapolis and West Point has not merely bred soldiers and sailors, but has established an *esprit de corps* on battlefield and in public life alike, also obtains in the revenue-cutter service. From the outset the cadet is taught to respect the uniform he wears continuously during his term of service.

It is interesting to note, in connection with the regulations, that profanity, the proverbial characteristic of the sailor, is sternly prohibited. Profanity and obscenity are ruthlessly discounted in demerits. Even slang, so beloved of the college undergraduates, is interdicted, while whistling is forbidden. A revenue-cutter cadet's presence in a place where liquor is sold furnishes sufficient ground for dismissal; and while pipes and cigars are tolerated, it is for but a single hour in the day. Cigarettes and chewing tobacco are absolutely barred.

The quarters of the cadets are limited to the restricted limits of a training-vessel, two cadets sharing each narrow cabin. There is found here a counterpart of the enforced neatness of Annapolis. The dish or the chair in the cabin which, at daily inspection, ever so slightly marks the glove of the inspecting officer results in the recording of demerits to its owner, whose duty it is to keep them clean. The walls of these narrow cabins are destitute of ornaments and pictures.

The cadet in the revenue-cutter service leads an ordered life. He rises at seven bells (half past six o'clock). He begins his day by a setting-up exercise on deck or a brisk pull in a long boat. This he follows with the "chamberwork," for each cadet is his own chambermaid, and his work is subjected to rigid inspection before he is permitted to proceed to his well-earned breakfast. He marches to this; he sits and rises to the word of command. Two hours of study and one of rest complete the morning. In the afternoon there is a military drill with rifles or field-guns, since the revenue cadet must be experienced in all the methods of landing parties. Trundling a field-piece or executing the rifle drill affords him much valuable experience in this direction.

There is a single hour of recreation in the afternoon, during which the cadets manage to train a baseball team, which maintains the honor of the school as competently as the teams of the army and navy institutions support their athletic traditions. Football is forbidden.

It is only in the evening that the revenue cadet finds real rest. Then, for an hour, he may enjoy the solace of a pipe or a cigar. His evening is not all rest, however, since there are two hours of study. "Skylark hour," ending at ten o'clock, completes the cadet's day.

The revenue cadet has practically no "social life." The schoolship and the ground about its anchorage are inaccessible, and the absence of dances and similar functions, with the attendant feminine element, is the most trying privation of the revenue cadet. In this service the marriage of a cadet is considered equivalent to his resignation.

The government allows each cadet $500 annually, out of which he provides his food and mess and puts aside $10 a month for a fund to buy his uniform when he enters the active service.

Despite the handicap of lack of public interest and attention given to his brethren at the military and naval schools, the revenue-cutter cadet lacks not pluck and determination. His service has its own traditions. Officered by graduates of the schoolship *Chase*, the revenue cutter *McCulloch* bore her part in the famous fight in Manila Bay; and the service of the revenue cutters on the blockade during the Spanish War was daring and gallant.

Hunting the Mammoth

MORE than once a complete mammoth—skeleton, flesh, and even hair—has been found in the perpetually frozen ground of northern Siberia not far from the ice-bound coast of the Arctic Ocean. Without doubt there are many more mammoths there still, to be discovered in future years, in this oldest and greatest of cold-storage plants. One was discovered in 1901, and the flesh was still quite fresh and greedily devoured by the dogs of the discoverers.

Mammoth formed a steady article of diet among the early races which inhabited France and Spain in the warmer intervals of the great Ice Age, when Scandinavia, northern Germany, and the British Isles were covered with a deep blanket of snow and ice exactly like that which covers Greenland at the present day. In those days, perhaps fifty thousand, perhaps a hundred thousand years ago, the climate of southern France and northern Spain was probably much like that of Labrador to-day, which is on about the same parallel of latitude. This climate was exactly suited to the woolly rhinoceros, the hairy elephant which we call a mammoth, and the huge herds of bisons very similar to the American bisons or so-called buffaloes which scoured the plains of France as they scoured the Western prairies two or three generations ago.

At that time the caverns along the river valleys were inhabited by a hardy race of hunters, who were at about the same stage of culture as the more backward of the American aborigines when Columbus landed. Like them, they lived entirely by hunting, and, badly armed though they were, they managed to hunt and kill the cave-bear, who has left the marks of his claws on the walls of so many of the caverns, the wild horse, the reindeer, the bison, the rhinoceros, and last, but not least, the mammoth. They were armed with wooden spears, long lances of hard wood sharpened and charred, with stone clubs, and flint arrows; and with these, at peril of life and limb, they hunted down their big game. The spears they threw in the manner of javelins, as the Tasmanians did their wooden spears when first discovered. The Tasmanians could kill a kangaroo at forty yards with these wooden javelins; probably the cave-men could do as well.

They most likely ran down their fleet-footed quarry—the wild horses, the bisons, the reindeer—by relay hunting, as some of the Indians did, perhaps originally taking the hint from the wolf-packs. But something different would have been necessary with the mammoth, whose hide was twice as thick as a modern elephant's. So they probably did what some of the native African tribes do, making pitfalls in the paths leading to the drinking-places of their big game and filling them with sharp stakes of hard wood made still harder by fire, then covering the whole with branches, earth, leaves, sods, and perhaps driving the mammoths along the path of danger by rushing down on them whooping and yelling like modern beaters in the jungles of India. Then came a crash, the bellowing of the trapped and wounded mammoth, and the hunters swarmed about him with their heavy stone clubs and gradually beat the life out of him. It was no light task to skin him with flint knives, but it was possible, and then they chopped off pieces which were carried to their caves and roasted or grilled on their fires. In proof of which the ashes of the fires and the charred bones of the mammoth remain to this day.

Macaroni and Spaghetti

IN the modern macaroni factory, when the dough has been well mixed and kneaded in a powerful machine, it is ready to be formed into macaroni, which is of tube shape about one-fourth inch in diameter, or into spaghetti, which is a solid stick of about one-eighth inch in diameter.

The dough is forced, by hydraulic pressure, through a cylinder with a flat circular bronze die at the bottom. This macaroni die, or mold, contains many holes each of a diameter of one-fourth of an inch. Each hole has adjusted within it a small pin, directly in the center. This pin is the means whereby the "hole" in the macaroni is made. The pin divides the dough on one side as the mass starts through the hole. Before the dough arrives at the end of the hole, however, the divided sides come together, making a perfect tube.

In the case of the spaghetti tube, the die contains only plain holes about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, arranged in groups. When macaroni and spaghetti emerge from the cylinders, the next step is to cut them into certain lengths, these depending upon the mode of curing or drying to be pursued. Sometimes this curing or drying is done on trays and sometimes over rods.

It is highly important to the macaroni industry that there should always be an adequate supply of freshly milled durum wheat semolina. For the most part, chemical analysis is necessary to determine the percentage of gluten and starch, and whether they are present in the proper proportions, in order that there may be obtained a well-balanced product of proteids and carbohydrates.

Macaroni made of fresh durum wheat semolina and pure water shows a golden color very much like that of the semolina. Moreover, it is translucent. Imitations, while they may be colored to resemble the best macaroni, will not be translucent.

Told All Their Friends

THE fact that dogs have a way of communicating news to one another was demonstrated in a very singular and amusing fashion in a certain district in south Georgia where as yet little provision is made for the comfort of domestic animals.

One bitter night, such as "cold waves" frequently bring to that locality, a Georgian heard at his front door the unmistakable sounds of scratching and whining. He found, upon opening the door, two of his neighborhood friends, a pug and a little terrier, asking admission.

In the face of the cruel cold it was granted them, and they were made welcome to share the comfortable quarters of the two household dogs. In the morning they took their leave; but great was the astonishment of the Georgian to see them return the following cold evening, this time accompanied by a large Irish setter, who likewise wagged admission to the warm quarters of which he seemed to have knowledge.

If there were any doubts as to whether these hospitable night lodgings were discussed among the shelterless dogs of the neighborhood, the doubts were removed on the third night, when the three tramps returned, their number further augmented by another pug and an old pointer. The mute but eloquent language of their wagging tails, the humble appeal in their eyes, were at once amusing and pathetic.

With his own two pets and these five tramps the Georgian had now seven dogs stretched out comfortably before his dining-room grate; but their irreproachable behavior and many ingratiating ways had insured for them a welcome at his house as long as the cold wave lasted, which was a week. After the cold subsided they returned no more.

The Mussulmans of the World

TURKISH periodicals publish statistics of the Mussulman population of the world; and although it is difficult to follow absolutely the statistics of a country where records are so imperfectly kept, the approximate results are as follows:

The Ottoman Empire contains 24,000,000 persons, of whom 6,000,000 live in Europe and 18,000,000 in Asia. But of these not more than one-half profess the faith of Mohammed.

The Russian Empire has quite a proportion of the followers of Mohammed, numbering several millions. In India there are some 50,000,000 Mussulmans, while Persia, Afghanistan, Arabia, and other independent countries in Asia have about 20,000,000 more. The Dutch colony of Java, with Borneo, the Philippines, and other adjacent islands, contain several millions besides.

All the northern and central part of Africa rests firm in the faith of the Prophet.



Worth Looking Into

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FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

The Influence from Abroad

AN ESTIMATE OF THE BEARING OF THE DISTURBANCE IN EUROPE ON THE SITUATION HERE

SIX thousand million dollars' worth of American stocks and bonds are owned in Europe. What would be the effect on the markets here if anything should happen abroad to make the owners of these securities suddenly anxious to resell even a small part of their holdings?

Because of the fact that in this country the gold-market is "free"—that is to say, that the supply is unprotected by the government or anybody else—any one of the three great markets of Europe is in a position to take practically as much gold from here as it is willing to pay for. Suppose the development of such conditions abroad as might determine the great foreign banks to come here for a really large amount of gold, even if they had to pay a stiff premium to get it. What kind of an effect might that be expected to exert, with the banks, as it is, able to show only the thinnest kind of a margin of gold holdings above legal requirements?

Is the "foreign situation" really of great, of dominating importance as a market factor? With the above considerations in mind, not a great deal of room for doubt on that point would seem to exist. The revision of the tariff may be accomplished in a way satisfactory or unsatisfactory to large business interests, and the regulation of the railways and the "trusts" may be put on a basis pleasing or unpleasing to the "Street," but if Europe really starts to sell out her securities or raid our gold supply, that is going to take precedence of everything else. Let that once begin and it will easily enough be seen what is the dominant influence.

But Europe has owned our securities all along, and the big foreign banks have always held this potential control over the gold supply—why should there be any particular anxiety about it at the present time?

Money in Berlin at the time of writing is worth nine per cent., and in Vienna has lately been as high as eleven. In Paris the loaning rate of the Banque de France is steadily maintained at the figure touched when the 1907 panic was at its worst, and gold, even in the smallest amounts, is practically unobtainable. Bank credit in London is even more difficult to get, the "Old Lady" maintaining her official loaning rate at the high figure of five per cent., with every prospect of an advance to six in the near future.

To the question as to what is responsible for the trouble in the foreign financial markets only one answer is possible—the war between Turkey and the Balkan states. And yet to say that the fight in southeastern Europe is directly responsible for present conditions would be anything but an exact statement. The trouble, it is true, was originated by the commencement of hostilities in the Balkans, but had it been merely a question of a war between Turkey and her neighbors, could never possibly have reached the stage it has. From the original root of the trouble other and far more important roots have grown. There is, in the first place, the aggressive attitude developed by Austria and the resulting danger of a clash among the first-class powers. There is, in the second place, the development of a new power of hitherto unsuspected strength and which has completely upset the existing balance. Paris and London are not worried because there is a fight going on in the Balkan Peninsula. What worries them is, first, the danger that when it comes to arranging terms of peace Austrian and Russian interference will make serious trouble, and, second, that as a result of the creation of a new and powerful Slavic nation to the southeast of Austria and Germany, there will have to be a readjustment in existing conditions, diplomatic and military.

What, however, interests us far more than the cause of the trouble in Europe is its reactive influence on ourselves. Because Germany considers it necessary to add largely to her fighting strength we have no corresponding increase to make, nor does the disturbance of the political balance in Europe make any particular difference to us. But what does make a difference to us is the extent to which the disturbed conditions abroad will cause foreign selling of American securities and foreign takings of American gold. Already we have been called upon to take back a very large amount of our stocks and bonds. How much further is the selling movement likely to run? Already Europe has taken out of the reserves of our banks nearly forty million dollars in gold. How much more of the precious metal—and precious it is at the present time when the banks hold so little of it—may we be expected to lose?

Bearing on the first of these two questions—the probable extent of foreign liquidation of "Americans"—the fact that, prior to the outbreak of the trouble in the Balkans, a year-long selling movement of American stocks and bonds had been in progress, is most important. Back in the summer of 1911 when the controversy between Germany and France concerning Morocco began to cloud the horizon, Europe started to sell out her speculative holdings of "Americans." Later in the year when the situation became acute and the French bankers brought Germany to terms by withdrawing funds from Berlin and almost precipitating a panic, this selling increased largely in volume and a good many million dollars' worth of American shares and bonds were unceremoniously dumped on the market here. Nor, when the crisis was finally passed and the threatened war averted, was any very considerable proportion of these securities repurchased by the foreign sellers. There was, naturally, some little taking back of securities liquidated in haste when the war-cloud hung black, but no one knows better than the houses handling this kind of business on how moderate a scale those repurchases were. Furthermore, very shortly after (that was at the beginning of last year) political conditions in this country began to develop in such a way as to undermine the confidence of a good many foreign holders of American shares, with the result that the selling movement was resumed and on a substantial scale.

All of which is important as showing that when the Balkan trouble became acute late last year, Europe, so far as speculative holdings of "Americans" are concerned, was pretty well sold out. The great bulk of investment holdings abroad were, of course, practically untouched, but in the accounts of those great European banking-houses and wealthy individuals generally interested in the American market from a speculative standpoint, relatively few securities remained. Actual outbreak of hostilities, therefore, caused less selling of our stocks by the foreigners than might have been expected. The liquidation of earlier in the year had not, of course, swept the slate absolutely clean, and there were some further selling of speculative and semi-speculative holdings, but the total of these sales was not very great. The fact of the matter was that when the Balkan trouble broke out Europe wasn't "carrying" any considerable amount of our stocks, and that there simply wasn't much to sell.

That brings us down to the present, for, during the months since the Balkan allies declared war on Turkey, Europe has certainly taken on no fresh supplies of speculative American stocks. On the contrary, judging from the number of old certificates coming to the brokerage houses from the other side, there must have been quite a little liquidation of foreign investment holdings of "Yankees." Some of these certificates, it is reported, bear a date twenty or thirty years old, which would seem to indicate that what all the stormy times of the past quarter-century were unable to accomplish in the way of dislodgment the situation of the past few months has succeeded in accomplishing. The percentage of such sales to the total amount of American securities held abroad is, it is true, very small indeed; but when you are dealing with figures which run up into the billions it needs only a trifling percentage to make up an amount in itself formidable.

The present situation, then, with regard to Europe's holdings of our stocks is that most foreign speculative accounts have been cleaned up and that there has even been some little liquidation of fixed investments in American stocks and bonds.

Considering the present state of things abroad, that is most fortunate for us. Making every allowance for the exaggeration as to foreign conditions which has undoubtedly taken place, it is certain that if Europe at the present time held a speculative position on this market of any account, liquidation would be in full swing and we should be having to take back our stocks in quantity. With the country's investment appetite no more robust than it is, it is painful to think of possible consequences.

So far as speculative sales are concerned we are safe enough—whatever happens. But how about Europe's *investment* holdings? Six billion dollars is probably a very conservative estimate of what they amount to. What is the chance of the present foreign situation's starting any considerable selling of these shares and bonds?

Very slight indeed unless the situation abroad should become much worse than it is at present—unless, indeed, there should be an actual declaration of war among the first-class powers. Mere "tension in the markets" will not do it; on several occasions in recent years there has been far more "tension" than is in sight at present without anything in the way of a selling movement of investment holdings having been started. Mere "fear of war" will not do it; back in 1911 when Germany and France were almost literally at swords' points over the North African question, and all the world knew it, nothing of that sort happened. No, from the foreign situation as it stands, even if money rates abroad go higher and the fight for gold becomes even more strenuous than it is, the stock-market on this side has little to fear. What would happen in case of a great European war is, of course, an entirely different question. Europe's investment in our securities has gone through all sorts of tests—tariff and trust troubles on this side, and periods of strain and tension abroad—but never since the foreigners increased their stake in our markets to really large proportions has the permanency of the investment been tested by a war between powers of the first magnitude. That such an event from its very outset would result in tremendous liquidation of American shares and bonds now held in Europe for investment is as certain as anything can well be.

But important as are the effects of the disturbance abroad on the market for bonds and shares, of even greater importance, probably, is the influence on the money and credit position. The past decade has seen us take our place as one of the world's great financial powers, sharing in the ease of the other markets when rates are easy, and being adversely affected when rates at other important points are high. Long past is the day when money conditions here were independent of conditions abroad. Development of such conditions as prevail at present in Europe necessarily exerts a strong influence on the situation here.

Visibly, this influence has taken the form of large advances by ourselves to the German market, the making of the loans having been accompanied by the export, so far, of some forty millions in gold. Desperately in need of funds to take care of a situation strained by active business and speculation and the issue of immense amounts of new securities not particularly fancied by the investment public, the Berlin bankers have turned to the United States for help. Nor has their bid for funds been turned down. It has cost the German bankers a high rate of interest, but the needed money has been obtained. On only one previous occasion in our financial history (in the fall of 1911) have we advanced to an outside market anything like the amount we have advanced to Berlin during the past month.

The bank-credits which have been transferred from New York to Berlin we may be able to spare, but how about the outflow of gold by which the transfer has been accompanied. Because of the fact that a good deal of currency belonging to inland banks, and temporarily unneeded by them, happens to be accumulated in New York, money-rates have remained easy and, to outward appearances, it looks as though we could afford to spare the gold we have been sending out. That, however, is very far from being the case. A glance at the reserve position of the banks is all that is necessary to see what a very delicate situation has been brought about through foreign takings of our gold. Because of one thing and one thing only have we escaped highly unpleasant effects, and that is that our own needs for money have been so far less than normal.

It becomes a very important question, then, whether this foreign situation is going to keep on affecting us in the same way—that is to say, whether it is going to keep capital flowing from here, with an accompanying outflow of gold. Already we have sent out all the gold we can spare—and, as the phrase is, "then some." If in addition to what has already gone out we are to lose any further considerable quantity, the effect is bound to be serious.

Everything depends on the development of the situation abroad. Settlement of the trouble in the Balkans and the allaying of the war-specter aroused by the German armament proposals would soon enough bring about such easement of financial conditions as to make further aid from this side unnecessary. If, however, the present state of things continues, we shall undoubtedly be called upon to furnish the foreign markets with a further considerable amount of gold. Whether we are in a position to spare it is no concern of theirs. Finance isn't philanthropy. They need gold, and we've got it, and they've got the means of taking it from us, and that's all there is to that.

EASTER EVEN

BY MARGARET FRENCH PATTON

Our dear Lord now is taken from the cross,
His bruisèd body wrapped in linen cool.
And laid by loving hands in Joseph's tomb;
Outragèd Nature bows her head and sleeps;
The guard is set; Jerusalem is still.

Ye sleeping buds, break
Open your green cerements, and wake
To fragrant blossoming for His sweet sake;
To-morrow will be Easter day,
And I would have my garden gay
On Easter day.

Ye home-bound birds, take
Swift-winged flight, that from my budding brake
Your joyful hallelujahs ye may make;
To-morrow will be Easter day,
And I would have my garden gay
On Easter day.

Ye strolling winds, shake
Out your drooping sails, and heavenward take
The songs and sweet aromas for His sake;
To-morrow will be Easter day,
And I would have my garden gay
On Easter day.

Early in the morning while 'tis dark,
Like Mary Magdalen, with spices rare,
I, too, shall hasten to my garden fair
To seek our risen Lord. Who knows? For love
Of birds and buds He may be walking there.

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Yarns from the Balkans

A Magician's Mishap

In the region between Prizrend and Scutari there was a certain man who had dealings with the devil. He did so much evil that at last the Pasha threw him into prison. One day the Pasha had many guests and bethought him that he would summon the magician from prison to do some tricks. Duly brought before the company, he asked for a large bowl of water. This being given him, he performed sundry charms over it and asked the guests what port they would like to see. "Malta," said they. They looked and there they saw Malta quite clearly—land, houses, sea, and a steamer in the harbor just about to start. "Have I your permission," said the magician to the Pasha, "to depart in that steamer?" "Certainly," said the Pasha. The magician put his foot into the bowl of water and at once disappeared and went to America on the steamer. In America he had more than ever to do with the devil and had a wicked servant who aided him.

One day when he had prepared a quantity of magic liquid in large bottles, he ordered his servant to kill him, cut him up, and bottle him. The servant refused. He then wrote many letters to all parts of the world and bade the servant post them. "I shall kill myself," he said; "you must cut me up and bottle me. Put the bottles in the cellar, leave them for nine months, and tell no one; I shall answer the letters myself. After nine months you must open the cellar and I shall come to life again." He killed himself, the servant bottled him. Some time elapsed and then answers to the letters began to come, written by the magician himself. The terrified servant gave information to the authorities. The cellar was opened, and it was found that the pieces had actually begun to come to life. Had the nine months been completed, there is no doubt that the scheme would have succeeded and this wicked man would have lived again; but the authorities ordered the pieces to be destroyed and that was the end of him.

THE BRAVEST OF MEN

When our fathers were young a certain man of Djakova and a certain man of Scutari were known, each in his own town, as the bravest men in the world. The man of Djakova, in anger, swore to kill the man of Scutari; there must be but one bravest of men.

So the man of Djakova journeyed over the mountains to Scutari, in which city he knew no one, and in the streets he asked, "Which of you is the bravest man in this town?" And the people said, "He is yonder in the bazar." And they showed him the man's shop.

The man of Djakova stood without and looked at the goods. The man of Scutari asked him whence he came and what he wanted.

"I come from Djakova and I want nothing," he replied.

"Have you friends in the town?" asked the man of Scutari.

"Not one," said the man of Djakova.

"If you have come so far," said the man of Scutari, "you must be weary and thirsty. Come in and rest."

So the man of Djakova entered and sat down.

The man of Scutari gave him cold water and then coffee, and spoke kindly to him. The man of Djakova drank the coffee and said nothing. Thrice did the man of Scutari serve him with coffee, as is meet for an honored guest. Then he said to him: "You have drunk and have rested. Now tell me your business here. In all the town you have no friend; it will be hard for you—let me help you."

The man of Djakova sat silent and bitterly repented of the vow that bound him to slay a man so kind to a friendless stranger. The man of Scutari urged him to speak.

"I cannot trouble you with my business," said the man of Djakova.

"But you have come so far," said the man of Scutari; "to you it must be important."

"I have come to shoot you," said the man of Djakova at last, and told him the whole.

"Shoot me, then," said the man of Scutari. "Here I am. It would be a pity for you to take so long a journey for nothing."

"We cannot fight here," said the man of Djakova, reluctant.

The man of Scutari arose and thrust his pistols into his sash. "Come out on the plain if you wish," he said.

The man of Djakova followed him till they came out to a lonely spot.

"Now shoot me," said the man of Scutari; "here is my heart."

"But you must shoot, too!" cried the man of Djakova.

"I have made no vow," answered the man of Scutari, with a smile. "Shoot, lest when you go back men laugh at you."

The man of Djakova drew a pistol, fired, and it flashed in the pan.

"I have lost. It is your turn," he cried, much relieved.

"Nay," said the man of Scutari. "There is one thing I can never do, and that is kill a guest from under my roof. You have your second pistol; remember your vow. Try again."

The man of Djakova, reluctant, drew his second pistol, fired, and grazed the coat of the man of Scutari. Then throwing down his weapons he embraced the man of Scutari warmly. "I could not stand up to be shot at without defending myself. You are the bravest man in all the world!" he cried. They swore brotherhood and remained fast friends ever afterward.

THE MAN WHO UNDERSTOOD BEASTS AND BIRDS

A certain man was gifted with the power to understand the talk of beasts and birds. But on condition that, should he ever tell what he had heard, he would drop down dead.

One day he overheard the donkey talking to the horse. The donkey's remarks were very funny and as he came from the stable he laughed.

"Why are you laughing?" asked his wife.

"I am laughing at something the donkey said," he replied.

"What did the donkey say?"

"You know I cannot tell you. I should drop down dead."

But she was wicked, as all women are, and she only answered, "What did the donkey say?"

And all day and all night she gave him no peace and he had neither sleep nor rest, for still she asked, "What did the donkey say?"

Worn out at last he could bear no more. "To-morrow I will tell you," he said. He called his little children, and said good-by to them, and told them he must die to-morrow. They cried bitterly and begged, "Oh, mother, do not kill our dear father!" But she answered only, "I want to know what the donkey said."

So the poor man went out to take a last look at his yard, and there he saw the cock standing on tiptoe flapping his wings and crowing as loud as he could.

"Oh, you wicked bird!" cried the dog. "How can you laugh and sing when our dear master, who is so kind to us, must die to-morrow?"

But the cock only crowed the more. "Laugh!" said he; "I shall die of laughing! Look at him—the silly fool! He has only one wife and cannot manage her, while I have fifty and keep them all in order."

The man heard this. He picked up a large stick and went back into the house. "Do you want to know what the donkey said?" he asked. "Yes," said his wife. Then he gave her a good beating. "Do you want to know what the donkey said?" he asked. "Yes," said she. So he beat her again. "Do you want to know what the donkey said?" he asked. "Yes," said she. So he beat her again till he was quite tired. "Do you still want to know what the donkey said?" "No," said she. And they lived happy ever afterward.

Grassy Banks for the Canal

Government officials state that, by the time the Panama Canal is opened, ships may sail through terraced green lawns instead of the bare yellow earth slopes now in evidence. The reason is not altogether an esthetic one.

It is believed that seeding the sloping sides of the Canal through the cuts with a strong grass may prevent the slides now so frequent and will reduce the wearing effects of the tropical rains. An expert botanist from the Smithsonian Institution has been intrusted with the task of testing this theory, and the Department of Agriculture has co-operated to the extent of shipping to Panama thousands of pounds of grass-seed.

It is pointed out that, even though it be impossible entirely to prevent the occasional big slides, it is almost certain that the planting of grass-seed will result in a great saving by holding the ground from starting except under great pressure and by reducing the erosion which brings down a tremendous amount of earth in the course of a year.



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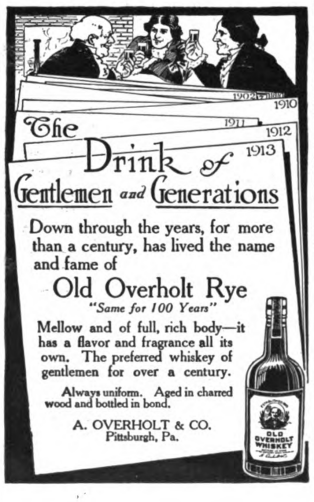
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By E. V. SHEPARD

"Knickerbocker Whist Club.

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"Alexander L. Robinson, M.D.,
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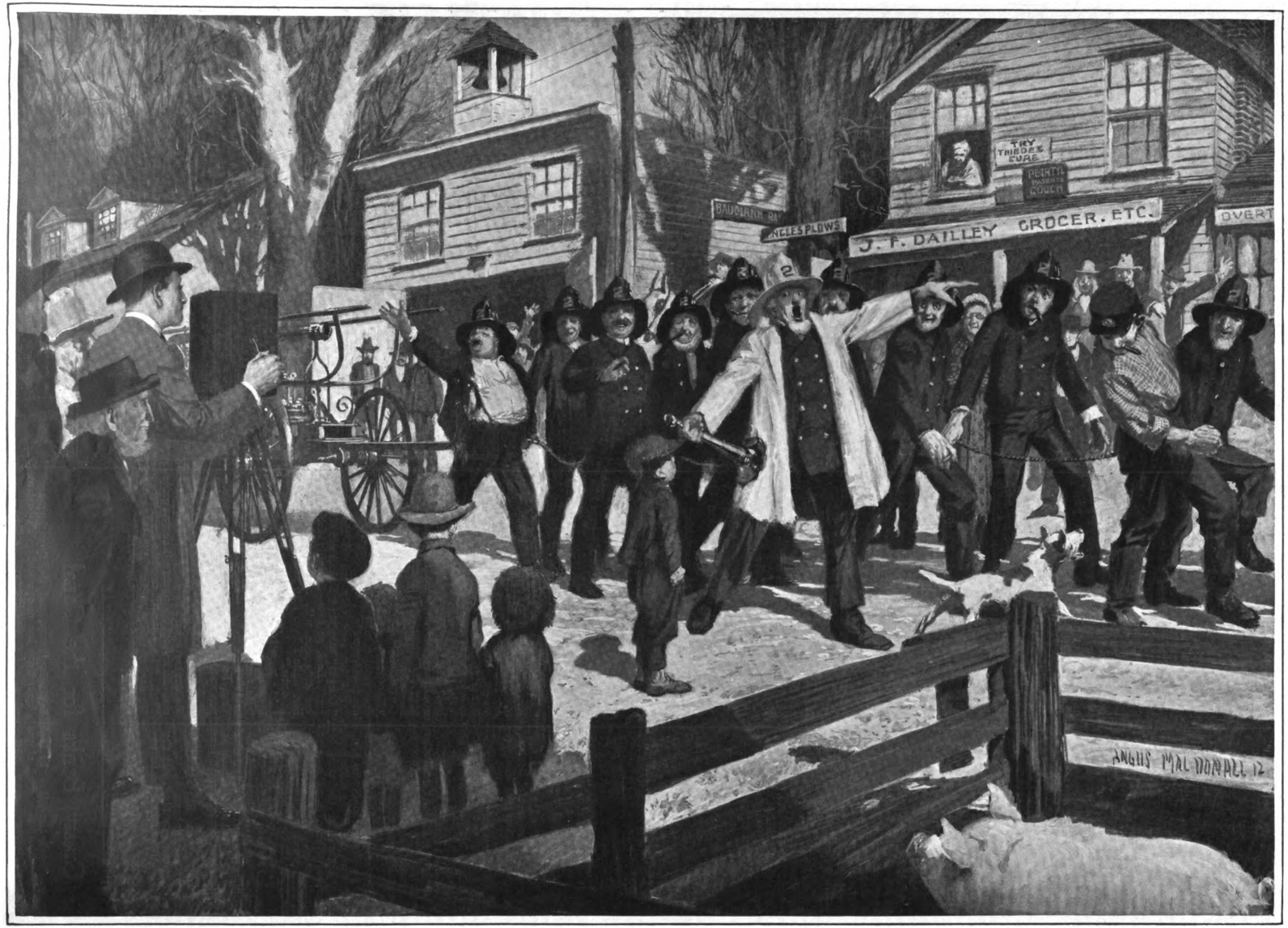
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POSING FOR THE "MOVIES"

Original from PENN STATE

The Gentler View

By Florida Pier

Our Appalling Consciousness

THOSE people who deplore the general worthlessness of modernity always give an impression of crotchety detachment. They must speak so much more from temperament than from observation. There is a wilful despair about them that arouses in one the same silent, respectful amusement which we used to feel as children when our grandparents demanded the name of the person who had taken their spectacles while their spectacles graced the crown of their dear heads. We feel the same assurance that those earnest folk who think the virtue of the world has reached the dregs, run the same immediate risk of discovering unexpectedly the thing they seek. They demand to know what the world is coming to, and it is a mere matter of seconds before they are bound to collide sharply with modernity's chief characteristic, its overpowering conscientiousness.

The extent to which we mean well is almost depressing. Good intentions of a wide-reaching and scientific kind have become a profession, and one which threatens to be shortly overcrowded. The eradication of some kind of evil is the only thing in which any one feels justified in being interested. University courses have had to be started to deal with the crowds of people who have such good intentions that something has to be done about it, and who drolly realized the danger of good intentions in an untrained state. One or two of the more advanced cities have established, at the expense of the taxpayers, a chair for teaching social reform. When a city pays to be taught how to make itself better a peak of morality has been reached that should gain the attention of every one, even those abstracted souls who think the world hardly worth continuing.

Brilliant young politicians, too real for the red tape that ties in sleepy bondage the orthodox party politician, go in for social reform as their fathers went in for law. Young women in that embarrassing predicament of having a thorough education on their hands and nothing to do with it, go in, without a moment's hesitation, for social reform. The fact that they receive no remuneration for their arduous tasks reassures their parents, who view it as almost the wholly natural thing about their surprising daughters. It helps them to class social reform among feminine accomplishments and takes the sting from the strange sight of the most charming of the younger generation, spending their time in Settlement Houses instead of at home.

The married women who do not like to face the fact that being a woman, though amusing, is not enough to keep one fully employed, work so hard and so extremely capably at the task of civic betterment that their income, though not precisely the result of their work, is more nearly apportioned to their output than it has ever been before. Even the most frivolous people pretend they are not, and worldly old gentlemen, in their effort to be correct, attend public dinners and nobly risk indigestion so that countenance may be given to the many speakers who long to enunciate the words, "Something must be done!"

It is a rush that carries some of us off our feet, and, protesting piteously at such precipitation, we demand to know what is to be the end of it. If every worker has a minimum wage, and all his children are well nourished and well clothed and well educated, and if vocation bureaus help him to choose his work, and labor exchanges help him to get it, and efficiency engineers make his work so agreeable and profitable that he becomes a substantial consumer, and if one society makes him moral and another makes his heredity of the best, and if legislation removes criminals and imbeciles from among us and lifts the penalization of being strong, and if public opinion makes the terms "man" and "woman" merely terms of differentiation and not terms of opprobrium used with mutual heat by both parties, and if economic pressure having ceased to press makes all its corollaries vanish with it—why, then, in a hundred years' time, what will there be left for any of us to do?

If all the reforms are finished and all the bad times are over, won't we be rather, as it were, bored? Of course we will have to study earnestly the art of spending our money according to the high standards that will then exist. That will be something of a nuisance; and there will still be the weather, and with so much leisure on our hands we will have the very genuine perplexity of wondering what to do with it. Relatives? They will still remain: no one has thought of doing away with relatives, though there has been a faint movement toward suppressing them, and—but how could we have forgotten?—there will still be us. We will each be as bad as ever. What a complete solace! Reform need no longer frighten any one.

When everything is as it should be, we will still each have ourselves to battle with. The rich, inexhaustible fund of our own stupidities, and failures and futilities, the strikes and labor troubles, and graft and immoralities, of which we each privately know ourselves to be constituted, they will always furnish for us that turgid quality which we spend our days in trying to eliminate. If we eradicate war between countries we can still experience it in the nursery, and if we banish poverty we will continue to find it warping our enthusiasms and spirits. When the world is of a beautiful orderliness, we will each retain as a souvenir of its past ourselves, and while we are secretly imbibing at the private cupboard of our incorrigible human perversity we will chuckle to think we are the ones who created the perfection existing outside.

The First Bank-Notes

THE beginning of the bank-note is a rather flattering commentary on the honesty of the people of that time. The first ones in England were printed forms with the amount written in by hand and were for forty pounds and upward. Despite the fact that this offered an excellent chance for dishonesty, forgeries were comparatively rare. The paper was of the ordinary white kind, but Wales soon took the precaution of manufacturing a peculiarly marked paper. At the end of the eighteenth century small notes for one and two pounds were in circulation, and forgery increased to such an extent that 352 persons were convicted in England in one year.

The government then set about to find some method of foiling the forgers. Special water marks engine turned, ornamental figures, pictures, emblematical and historic, were tried in the manufacture of the notes with considerable success. Then came the discovery of photography, which proved a boon to the imitator, and forgeries again increased.

In order to check the issue of spurious notes, Henry Bradbury in 1856 invented a process called "anti-photographic bank-note printing." This consisted in printing one portion in one color over which another protective color was used, and over this a third.

When copper plates were used for engraving they so easily wore out that impressions soon became dim and blurred. This also made easier the work of the forger. An American named Perkins in 1849 introduced into England a transfer process. The impression was taken from a steel plate on a soft steel cylinder which was pressed flat and hardened. Another method was a film of steel on copper. The paper was made by hand, of pure linen rags, but all bank-note paper is now machine made, as it is of more even grain and texture.

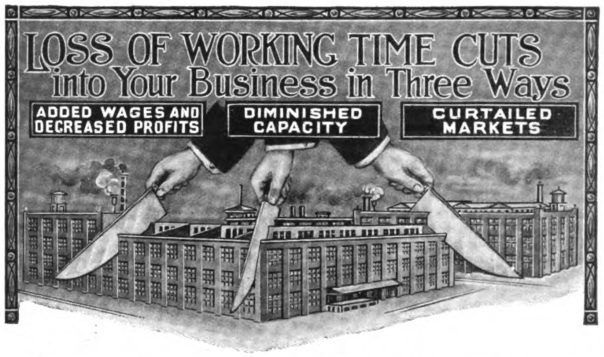
The lowest denomination of the English bank-note is now five pounds, a little less than twenty-five dollars. It looks very large to Americans, for it is five by eight inches in size; but it is always clean and crisp—indeed, a dirty, ragged English note is positively unknown. Its average life is only about six weeks, and it is never reissued after being returned to the bank.

"Wild-cat" paper money, so called because issued by private banking institutions, often of questionable stability, was current in this country about the middle of the last century and is still within the memory of many. This offered such shining inducements to the forger that a large force of detectives was kept busy, but the passing of stringent laws in the different states after a time abolished entirely the issue of these notes.

The earliest paper money issued in America was in Massachusetts in 1690, in order to satisfy the demands of clamorous soldiers. The first authorized by the Continental Congress was in May, 1775. Six years later it ceased to circulate as money.

Benjamin Franklin and his partner, D. Hall, printed the bills of the Colony of Delaware. On the face of the note in conspicuous letters was the warning, "To counterfeit is death."

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A manufacturer insures against fire losses and takes out policies in credit indemnity and bonding companies for the protection of his business.

Fire, failures, and defalcations represent more or less tangible losses which can be guarded against.

There is one form of loss, however, that is *intangible* and *insidious*, because it cannot be computed in dollars and cents nor can it be readily detected—but it is a *real* loss and saps the profits of the business. **It is the time loss.**

Loss of working time cuts into your business in the three ways illustrated just as surely as mistakes in figuring the cost of material cut into your profits.

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An International System will STOP LOSSES ON YOUR PAY ROLL by preventing payment for time not earned. You will obtain the benefit of *all* of the employee's working time, and you will do it in a way that will get his co-operation and support—because the system is as fair to employee as to employer. *It is a record of the employee made by himself.* Only the habitual late-comer and early-leaver has anything to fear from an International System.

An International System will enable you to **increase your productive capacity** because your plant will be in full operation from the time it opens until the closing whistle blows. Employees coming late or going early diminish productive capacity immensely, and the employer pays for every minute lost or wasted while the machinery is humming.

An International System will enable you to **extend your markets** by putting your time keeping on a strict efficiency basis. Time leaks that now keep cost of production and prices to a point that shuts you out of some markets can be conserved and applied to an extension of territory.

International Systems are used by all kinds of manufacturers and merchants everywhere. They are used for day work and piece work; for parts of jobs or jobs as a whole; for entire plants or certain departments. There is no condition under which labor is employed where International Systems cannot be used to advantage. One manufacturer uses an International Time Recorder in his engine-room as a check on watchmen at different stations; trucking companies use them to "keep tab" on teams and drivers; storekeepers use them to keep the time of their delivery and messenger boys; in some manufacturing plants they are used to record the time of certain intricate or difficult processes of manufacture as well as to keep the time of men.

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THE "PORK BARREL" PROBLEM

(Continued from page 9)

wisdom of some plan which makes contributions from large external sources of supply depend both for their existence and their size upon a community's proven willingness for internal financial co-operation.

2.—It would encourage statesmanship. The four worst enemies of broad constructive legislation at Washington have been the "spoils system," the high protective tariff, pensions, with the excessive number of private bills, and the "pork barrel." They are all the direct result of the same baneful special-privilege idea. A generation ago a Congressman was apt to consider his duties mainly accomplished if he could secure fat federal jobs, favorable schedules, and liberal pensions for his favored constituents, as well as a good slice of "pork" for his district. The remarkable progress of civil-service reform has greatly reduced the first trouble, and the national uprising against tariff-making by big manufacturers is slowly curing the second; but the third and fourth are as threatening as ever. As long as there are large unrestricted opportunities for spoils of any kind, the less far-sighted Senators and Representatives will be apt to spend their time pulling wires to secure local appropriations, instead of devoting it to the study of national problems. It is the system, rather than the individual Congressman, that is responsible for these conditions—consequently we should all share the blame. If the system can be altered, the abilities of Congress will be freed for constructive legislation.

3.—It would encourage local self-respect. The late Dwight L. Moody used to say that he never gave away a tract, because a man did not get much benefit from a thing which cost him neither time nor effort. Similarly, it is the community which taxes itself to erect a new high school or any other public building that really appreciates it most. If a small town wishes an unusually fine post-office or a large Congressional appropriation to deepen its own particular harbor, local pride and self-respect should be sufficient to meet at least a small share of the cost. The tendency to-day in America is to rely too much on the fairy godmother at Washington and too little upon self-sacrificing efforts at home. It would help to restore the proper balance if a community were required to show the necessity of a large expenditure from the national revenue by its willingness to help pay the piper. It is reasonable to suppose that where the applications represented real needs community co-operation would be forthcoming. In the case of luxuries, such as an unusually large and impressive building in a relatively small center, the latter would have to contribute toward the cost or else content itself with federal service in modest quarters until the pride of local public opinion became sufficient to meet the national government's conditional offer. Largesses for which no direct returns are expected tend to become as demoralizing to the civic sense of the recipient community as they are to the self-respect of an individual.

4.—It would help secure a right balance between federal and local government. If our system of government is to be successful, it is essential that men should feel that both the community bond and the national bond are strong and that they are intimately interrelated. At present the connection between them is inadequate, owing largely to the highly specialized forms of national taxation, which do not directly remind the average citizen of his relationship to the central government. If a new federal building involved financial participation by the locality, it would help maintain a right attitude of the public mind. Would not citizens better appreciate their twofold allegiance to their home state and to the all-embracing nation if they were in the habit of making small proportionate contributions to meet the cost of permanent local improvements undertaken under the direction of the central government? And is it not of great importance to have this underlying principle recognized before the nation is drawn, as it will almost inevitably be drawn, into the greatest potential pork barrel of American history—federal highways?

This article merely indicates in outline a possible policy which might be adopted by Congress so as to reduce the demoralizing effects of the present haphazard way of voting public money to satisfy local interests. That the plan proposed would be a cure-all is not claimed, nor are the difficulties of framing legislation to meet the situation under-estimated. Perhaps the best opening wedge would be for the Appropriations Committee of the House to pass resolutions to the effect that, in the interest of the two time-honored Democratic principles of economy and of local responsibility, it would make its recommendations of grants for purposes which mainly affect a single community depend upon the latter's providing one-tenth of the total sum required. If the plan were found to work well after a few years and public opinion were behind it, it could then be incorporated as part of our statute law. This result would be facilitated if the commission of inquiry, wisely called for by the last section of this year's "Public Buildings" act should report in its favor, under the clause directing it to "frame a standard or standards by which the size and cost of public buildings shall, as far as practicable, be determined. . . ."

My impression is that with the passing of such a resolution the days of the pork barrel as a national scandal would be numbered. Congressmen might at first oppose the plan as cutting down their opportunities for rendering home favors, but in the end self-interest would drive them to its support even if enlightened statesmanship did not. They would find, as they have found in the case of the "merit system," that every possibility to make one constituent grateful by the granting of spoils is more than counterbalanced by the certainty of making two hostile through their being withheld. In the end Senators and Representatives would welcome the relief from charges of favoritism, with its resultant unpopularity, so often raised by the local representatives of some particular federal project which has failed to pass. Building and harbor seekers at Washington would have their numbers cut in two in a year, and those that persisted in their efforts would have to pass the "merit" test of proving their claims by their willingness and capacity to pay a small share of the necessary bills.



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THE life-saving lighthouse has become a death-dealing instrument for migratory birds. The feathered emigrants, attracted and blinded by the light, either dash themselves against the glass and masonry or fly round and round the tower till they drop from exhaustion.

So wholesale has their slaughter become that inventors have set to work to devise means for safeguarding the birds. To give some idea of the necessity for such contrivances, instances where actual count was made of the birds killed may be of interest.

One Breton lighthouse killed five hundred woodcock in one night. In November, at Barfleur, eighteen hundred woodcock were killed in four nights, besides eight thousand birds of other kinds. Their dead bodies covered the rocks.

A device adopted by a Friesland lighthouse consists of a horizontal wheel from which hangs a loose network which catches the birds, thus preventing their fall to the rocks. But Professor Thysse has invented a life-saving device which so far has been found to be the most effective of them all. It is a sort of wooden spider web and forms a resting-place for the birds. They go to sleep comfortably for the night and in the morning are ready to continue their flight. This wooden web may be seen in north Holland on the tower of the Terschilling Lighthouse. In one night alone two thousand chaffinches and larks slept in the web around the light, and on another night three thousand fieldfares occupied the same lodging-house.

$24,750 Per Second

THE Germans had recently in the harbor of Wilhelmshaven a Krupp cannon that cost the sum of $24,750 per second. Each explosion of this piece of ordnance cost $1,650. Only 95 discharges were possible, because the repeated actions of the explosives produced erosions in the bore. When it is considered that after the combustion of the powder the projectile does not remain in the cannon longer than the fifteenth part of a second, it is a matter of calculation that after the ninety-fifth discharge the cannon would have seen six and one-third seconds of effective service. According to this calculation, each second in the firing life of the cannon would cost $24,750.

Improving the Boomerang

THE boomerang of the Australian native is of various shapes and patterns. It has remained for an Englishman so to improve the Australian cross-shaped weapon that it is no more than a cross of plain wood, the lower strip of the cross being one-third longer than the other arms of it. In throwing this the long lower end of the cross is held firmly between the thumb and finger vertically, with the plane of the cross beside his face. Thrown seventy-five feet, the boomerang will not return, but after it has traversed one hundred feet or more the revolutions increase rapidly until it swerves and begins its return flight to the thrower.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

VOL. LVII] No. 2936 | WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1913 | [10 Cents a Copy $4.00 a Year

The New Administration and China

"*AVOID entangling alliances!*" This was the first and chiefest admonition bequeathed by GEORGE WASHINGTON to his countrymen. Despite the inevitable changes wrought by mighty national expansion, it has lost no part of its force or its wisdom. Steam and electricity have worked wonders in drawing countries closer to one another, but the United States still remains and must necessarily continue to be an isolated nation. Becoming a "world power" has not altered and cannot alter the situation created by nature. Hence the immunity from international strife which affords our chief advantage and constitutes our greatest blessing. That by our own voluntary action we should initiate forfeiture of this priceless heritage seems incredible; and yet that is precisely what has been going on under the KNOX "diplomacy"; that is precisely what President WILSON has declared must stop.

The wit of man could not conceive a worse entanglement than that involved in the matter of the proposed Chinese loan. Consider the facts. The new government of China needed large sums of money for liquidation of indebtedness to its subjects, for internal improvements, for currency reform, and for other purposes essential to the establishment of stability. It applied in the customary way to European bankers for a loan. Ordinarily, thanks to the traditional financial integrity of the Chinese, no difficulty would have been experienced. None was experienced as a matter of fact, and the comparatively insignificant transaction would have been completed without causing a ripple but for a practically unprecedented circumstance. The governments of Germany, France, and Great Britain beheld the possibility of obtaining exceptional, if not exclusive, commercial advantages for their traders if they could shape the conditions attendant upon the accommodation, and they promptly assumed supervisory control. The nature of the business was changed forthwith from financial to political. Russia and Japan, though huge borrowers of money and ill equipped to make advances, demanded participation.

The United States followed suit, probably at the instigation of Germany, which, viewed apprehensively the predominance in the cabal of Britain, France, and Russia. But why? Mr. HUNTINGTON WILSON, former Assistant Secretary of State and reputed originator of the proposal, sets forth the reasons in his letter of resignation.

"The repeated utterances of the last administration," he writes, "must have made it perfectly clear that the motive and purpose of the policy now abandoned were first and primarily the protection of China's integrity and sovereignty, the uplift of the Chinese people morally, materially, and governmentally, the development of China's resources, and the maintenance of our traditional policy of the 'open door,' or equality of opportunity for American enterprise. Precisely because of the ultimate possibility of a measure of foreign control of China's finances, which may be inferred from a study of other countries which have found themselves in a similar situation, it was deemed imperative that there should be American participation in the liquidation of China's finances in order to make sure of the presence of the potent, friendly, and disinterested influence of the United States. The only practicable method of such participation was by the use of reliable American bankers."

The "first and primarily" is transparent humbug. Not the most gullible of minds has been or could be convinced of a primary purpose to insure "China's integrity and protection" or the "uplift of the Chinese people morally, materially, and governmentally." Vaulting ambition to take a high place as a "world power," to fulfil our "manifest destiny," and incidentally to build great personal reputations was at the bottom of it all; and, secondarily, were the possible commercial advantages frankly admitted by the other nations as the chief desideratum.

And who was it that "deemed it imperative" that there should be American participation "in order to make sure of the potent, friendly, and disinterested influence of the United States"? Was it China? Not at all. If a request for intervention by us had come from the new government, the fact would hardly have escaped Mr. HUNTINGTON WILSON'S attention or due emblazonment. No; it was our own sapient State Department and none other that felt the crying need of making "use of reliable American bankers." And so the United States was dragged into a complex situation as a virtual partner of one European power to maintain an equilibrium against three rival nations. Talk about entangling alliances! It is to wonder that the grave at Mount Vernon still holds its precious bones.

But it is a far cry from the prosaic mind of GEORGE WASHINGTON to the vivid imagination of Mr. HUNTINGTON WILSON. The meditation and prayer in which the former was wont to indulge could never have produced expressions so grandly hyperbolical as those which spring from the profundity of the latter.

"I have always thought"—from the cradle, so to speak—"always thought," continues Mr. HUNTINGTON WILSON, "that in the work of advancing the national interests and promoting the welfare of other nations the financial force of the United States could be marshaled in some manner to present a safely united front abroad, where it would be like the apex of a triangle, but would have at home at its base broad equality of opportunity both for citizens desiring to invest and for bankers desiring to engage in these difficult and relatively risky ventures. It seems, however, that the conclusions reached are expressed upon other grounds."

As a figure of speech we venture to assert that this has not been surpassed, if indeed it has been equaled, by words comprising diplomatic utterance. A demonstration so conclusive of the power of language to conceal thought whose existence is nevertheless deftly admitted, would have wrung tears of joy from the eyes of MACHIAVELLI.

The blunt fact, however, remains that President WILSON'S conclusions were indeed derived from "other grounds." And those conclusions are:

(1) We shall not be a party to "the pledging of particular taxes, some of them antiquated and burdensome, to secure the loan."

(2) We shall not assist in requiring "the administration of those taxes by foreign agents."

(3) We regard as "obnoxious to the principles upon which the government of our own people rests" any assumption by this government of responsibility, even by implication, for the payment of such a loan.

(4) We foresee that the assumption of such responsibility might "in some unhappy contingency" require "forcible interference in the financial, and even the political, affairs of that great Oriental state just now awakening to a consciousness of its power and its obligations to its people."

"The government of the United States is not only willing, but earnestly desirous," the President says, plainly, "of aiding the great Chinese people in every way that is consistent with their untrammeled development and its own immemorial principles. The awakening of the people of China to a consciousness of their possibilities under free government is the most significant, if not the most momentous, event of our generation. With this movement and aspiration the American people are in profound sympathy. They certainly wish to participate, and participate very generously, in opening to the Chinese and to the use of the world the almost untouched and perhaps unrivaled resources of China."

But the government of the United States will not become a party to enforced imposition of a loan or of anything else upon a helpless people. Nor will it persist in a mistaken undertaking which not only involves entangling alliances, but also implies a readiness to turn its guns, if need or pretext should arise, upon those struggling to achieve self-government.

"The conditions of the loan," the President continues, "seem to us to touch very nearly the administrative independence of China itself; and this administration does not feel that it ought, even by implication, to be a party to those conditions. The responsibility on its part which would be implied in requesting the bankers to undertake the loan might conceivably go the length in some unhappy contingency of forcible interference in the financial, and even the political, affairs of that great Oriental state, just now awakening to a consciousness of its power and of its obligations to its people. The conditions include not only the pledging of particular taxes, some of them antiquated and burdensome, to secure the loan, but also the administration of those taxes by foreign agents. The responsibility on the part of our government implied in the encouragement of a loan thus secured and administered is plain enough and is obnoxious to the principles upon which the government of our people rests."

So we withdraw quietly but definitely from our enterprise into which we should never have been drawn. Whatever our government can do properly and consistently to aid the new republic will be done freely and gladly, but the intimation is plain that nothing will be done except with the full acquiescence, if not indeed by specific request, of the new republic.

So far as our own traders and manufacturers are concerned, President WILSON squarely pledges the administration to "legislative measures necessary to give American merchants, contractors, and engineers the banking and other financial facilities which they now lack, and without which they are at a serious disadvantage as compared with other industrial and commercial rivals." That should suffice. In any case it is as much as the government ought under any circumstances to do or try to do. What, if any, specific "legislative measures" the President has in mind are not divulged, although sadly needed extension of banking facilities seemingly is one. To this there should be no objection. The complaint of our exporters that their business suffers from the necessity of dealing with foreign bankers closely associated with their rivals is well founded and should be heeded. Our total export and import trade with China now amounts to less than $60,000,000 and is growing too slowly. The breaking of the loan agreement, while wholly justifiable in itself, clearly intensifies the duty of the administration to remove all artificial barriers in justice no less to the Chinese than to our own manufacturers.

The American bankers who were inveigled into the six-power enterprise betray no signs of disappointment at the inevitable outcome of a change in government which necessarily involved a change in policy. They undertook the business reluctantly for the primary purpose of widening the market

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for American products. That they could have handled their proportion of the loan successfully and at a profit may be taken for granted, but it would have been a complicated and harassing operation, and it is by no means certain that the money that would have been employed cannot be invested elsewhere to greater advantage. If the ultimate outcome should be the using of the millions set aside for China in the development of Alaska, as a consequence of a liberalizing in the idiotic policy which is actually depopulating that most promising territory, there would be occasion for genuine rejoicing. But that is another story. The immediate result seems to be that the bankers have emerged from the affair considerably out of pocket, but with distinct credit to themselves.

The minor phases of the somewhat abrupt change in governmental policy require only passing notice. Undoubtedly Mr. HUNTINGTON WILSON, after having continued in office by Secretary BRYAN'S urgent request, had technical cause for complaint at being ignored as the proper officer to promulgate the declaration. His insistence, however, that he should have been "consulted" was silly. What would have been the sense of the President perfunctorily seeking advice which he knew in advance he would not accept? The terms in which the Assistant Secretary couched his resignation, moreover, were quite peevish and bumptious enough to justify the curtness of the President's acceptance. We must, nevertheless, accord Mr. HUNTINGTON WILSON credit for his perspicacity in recognizing that, since it was impracticable for two statesmen of divergent views though of the same name to manage our affairs of state, he was the one whose stepping aside would be the more favorably regarded by the public. Even Mr. HUNTINGTON WILSON could hardly expect Mr. WOODROW WILSON to resign during his first month of service.

We take no stock in the report that the administration contemplates recognizing the Chinese republic forthwith. The existing government is as wholly personal as even the Mexican government was under DIAZ. The National Council no longer makes even a pretense of exercising authority. The astute and cynical YUAN SHIH-K'AI wields the full power of a dictatorship and doubtless will continue to do so for some time to come. Some sort of election is to be held shortly, and it is possible that the adoption of a constitution will clear the atmosphere, but in the mean time there can be no question that the present method of ruling is, in the words of President WILSON, "obnoxious to the principles upon which our [own] people rests." Surely it will be time enough to act when a Parliament has been actually chosen.

It is to hope and expect that by that time Secretary BRYAN will have come to full realization of the nicely discriminative nature of President WILSON'S heart-felt message to the LINCOLN birthday party to the effect that it is from Mr. BRYAN'S benign presence, not from his prolonged absence, that he derives so large a measure of what he aptly and happily designates as "comfort."

(N. B.—A red tag is attached to the last paragraph.)

Better and Better

Whatever else we may hope for from the special session, everybody understands that its first business is to enact a Democratic tariff. More than that: the success of anything else it may attempt will depend so very largely on this, its initial enterprise, that sensible people are disposed to postpone all talk of other things until we have assurance that the tariff job will be handled rightly and expeditiously.

Of course there can be no absolute assurance till the thing is done, and we are no advocate of cock-sureness while there is still even the possibility of failure. But it is no more than just to praise at once the admirably business-like way in which the Democrats have gone about this task and to congratulate them on the number of obstacles they have already avoided or removed. They began well in the short session when the House Committee on Ways and Means held its preliminary hearing and did a lot of preliminary work. The Senate, during the brief session called immediately after the inauguration, promptly did its part by organizing the Finance Committee in a way to insure the control of it by thoroughgoing tariff reformers. Now we learn that the leaders of the two Houses have arranged a plan of conferences and of co-operation which, while it leaves each House with its proper freedom and prerogatives, bids fair to prevent any serious clash between them. It looks as if for once we were *not* going to have the old proceeding—first a House bill and then a Senate bill and then a conference committee bill—but merely a bill or bills which, originating, as they should, in the House, will be only reasonably amended in the Senate and will give the conference committee comparatively little to do. Meanwhile the President is felt in every move, and he has made his own special contribution by his conciliatory attitude toward the low-tariff Republicans.

Excellent! Excellent! This is not only the right way to tariff reform. It is the right way to everything else the Democratic party has promised to the people; it is the right way to the party's own best chance of holding the people's confidence.

One Way with the Combinations

The question is, how best can the ideal be obtained? There seems to be no question, judging from experience, that the present way—private management and ownership, subordinated to public interests and under rational control and regulation by national, state, or municipal bodies—is the best.

Such is the thesis concerning great incorporated enterprises, and particularly those which are public utilities and natural monopolies, which President VAIL, of the Telephone and Telegraph combination, argues once more, this time in the *Atlantic Monthly*. He does it so simply and clearly that anybody can follow him, reasoning first on general grounds and then from an admirably candid résumé of the history of the Bell Telephone Company. By "the present way" he does not mean the old way of corporations, but the new way—the way of those that have candidly accepted the rightfulness as well as the fact of governmental regulations, the right as well as the might of the public to protect itself. He takes no complimentary view of such corporation heads as still try to hold out for the old arbitrary way.

His may, therefore, be reasonably taken as the last word of enlightened corporation headship as developed up to the present time, and therefore something that we cannot afford to neglect. For is it not clear that we must sooner or later make up our minds definitely either to accept and try to perfect, or else to reject for something else, this general plan with the bigger kinds of business? It must be this or something else. If this, then we ought to shape our laws accordingly and do it consistently, systematically. If not this, then what?

That last is a question it is high time we were asking ourselves, not excitedly or in a fright or a hurry, but very seriously and responsibly. Indeed, there is upon all those charged with government—whether executives, legislatures, or courts—the constant necessity of asking it. For how can they deal with this great matter at all to any good results unless they have some clear conception of the general end and ideal which we ought to be aiming at? Yet deal with it they must.

One alternative, of course, is government ownership of certain utilities now private; it has sincere advocates. Another, of course, is Socialism. Perhaps we ought to say that a third is the destruction of big combinations altogether, but it seems to us too plainly impracticable to be worth considering. Maybe there are other alternatives. But the main thing is that here is the plan we have gradually though imperfectly evolved in practice. Shall we stick to it and make the best of it? If no, then surely advocates of something different should come forward and expound and argue their theses as candidly as Mr. VAIL does his.

The Contretemps in France

The sudden downfall of the BRIAND Ministry may have come a little inopportunely for this and other journals which had just been debating on the possibilities of what the London *Times* calls "the new France." But a mere change of ministries is no longer terrifying to believers in the Third Republic. For our own part, we decline to give over our optimism even in view of the troublesome situation and problem which BRIAND'S fall particularly emphasizes.

It is, however, a very grave matter indeed, this setback to electoral reform in France. For electoral reform, with the particular object of destroying the influence of patronage on elections as well as the general objects of making them fairer and more open to talent, and their results more truly expressive of the popular will, is urgently needed. It has also been clearly demanded by the people. The obduracy of the Senate, due to its own unrepresentative character, creates, accordingly, a situation quite comparable to that in England which finally forced a great constitutional change, when the Commons took away power from the Lords.

It seems probable that France will have to make a constitutional change also, to get rid of this injustice in her system. True, it is announced that the new BARTHOU ministry will drop the issue for the time, to get through the army bill and other pressing measures. But the postponement can hardly be for long. It is true, too, that France has no such means of accomplishing changes as the English constitution affords; there is no crown prerogative, for instance, to be used in swamping a too obstinate Upper House with new members. Maybe the change will have to come irregularly, even violently. Still, it would be a poor sort of faith in the Republic that would not credit her with strength enough to change one feature of her system, even after her people have willed the change, without destroying, upsetting the whole.

The Administration and New England

New England has already, as we predicted, been called on for men to fill a post quite as honorable as membership in the Cabinet. To two of her eminent citizens in succession our most distinguished ambassadorship has been offered, and with general popular approval. Both have declined.

Is it significant that they were both, however, men of a generation older than that now generally found in office? We trust not. Nobody wants to believe that New England is running out of the stock that has borne so many statesmen of truly national quality. Perhaps it is merely that of late years New England has, in the matter of statesmanship, come to near putting all her eggs in one basket. The Republican basket is broken and the eggs spilled. But we trust they are not, therefore, regarded as broken, and it certainly won't be like New England if she isn't soon bringing other eggs to market, anyhow. When the Federalist basket broke, that didn't long prevent her turning up with another ADAMS and a WEBSTER and a lot of others besides.

The Pay of Ambassadors

Mr. MCCOMBS has declined to be ambassador to France because he cannot afford the time or the money, and President WILSON makes his refusal the occasion to deplore that "the country has to ask such sacrifices of those who are invited to serve it abroad, a service which every year becomes more exacting and more important."

Yes, it is a pity. The manner of life of our ambassadors in the capitals of Europe could be considerably simplified without detriment to our interests, but the provision now made is utterly inadequate for even such simplified life. Take our embassy at London. There is no need of sending men to London to spend $150,000 a year in our service, but we should provide for them to live in a manner modestly suitable to the station we expect them to fill.

But Congress won't do it. Its provision for our ambassador to London is a salary of $17,500 and a little something for office expenses.

We suppose that sum will buy in London about what it will buy in New York. A man that has it here can hire himself a very modest city house for $3,500; can keep, pay, and feed about four women-servants, and can maintain comfortably a family of, say, five persons. That will cost for wages, food, drink, fuel, and household supplies $6,000 a year; but his entertainments must be few, small, and modest. He has still $8,000 to spend on clothes for his family, on the education of his children or their separate maintenance, for a house somewhere to live in in summer, on cabs, clubs, car fare, newspapers, travel, charities, church, the relief of relatives, life insurance, and all the other incidents of living. To keep a carriage or an automobile is beyond his means.

A polite family that is not too large can rub along on $17,500 in a modest but perfectly healthy and cheerful way in New York. It is just about enough. But it is not half enough for an American ambassador in London. He should have a house big enough for many people to get in and out of and move about in. It will cost him ten or fifteen thousand dollars a year at least. And to run it suitably—not extravagantly, but just suitably—will cost fifteen or twenty thousand dollars more. And he must have suitable vehicles to go about in, and lots of other things that our seventeen-thousand-dollar citizen in New York has no occasion to bother his head with at all. It is absurd for our friends in Congress to pay ambassadors so meagerly. It disqualifies all the poor men in the country from accepting these positions, and almost certainly excludes from them the men who are most fit to hold them. As a rule,

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the men who have much money have either made it themselves, and been too much engrossed in that work to have developed the talents which we look for in diplomatists, or else they have inherited it, and avoided hard work, and missed development and high reputation in that way. So it comes to pass that our most available citizens for ambassadorships are hard-working men who have happened to marry rich wives.

That ought not to be. However worthy these gentlemen may be, and however many of them there are, we should not be limited to them in our choice of ambassadors. Congress ought to build suitable houses for ambassadors in all the great capitals, and pay living wages to the men we send to live in them.

A Great Gift to a Southern College

Not Southerners alone will be heartily glad to note that a Southern university has come in for a very large bequest. By the will of the late ROBERT P. DOREMUS, a banker of this city, his entire estate will eventually go to Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Virginia, and an inventory shows the estate to be worth two million dollars.

Great gifts and bequests from private citizens to colleges and universities have been gratifyingly common in America. There has been nothing in any other country to compare with this stream of benefactions. But hitherto the South has not had its share of them. Yet its need has been greater than that of any other section—for reasons which we all understand. No other section has had so hard a struggle to keep up its educational standards. The main reason, of course, has been the long poverty which came of war and reconstruction; but there has also been the practical necessity of maintaining two sets of common schools instead of one. As the higher learning is the most costly, and under modern conditions is constantly growing more and more costly, the smaller colleges and universities, no matter how valuable their traditions, have been particularly hard put to it to keep their standing and make advances. It is a remarkable fact that even during the Civil War most of the greater Northern institutions of learning kept right on growing. Many of the South's, on the contrary, were practically dismantled then, and the task of reviving them was for years little short of desperate. Nevertheless, nearly all of them have been revived, and it is for us all to be glad that from now on their proper maintenance will be more and more assured. There will be more and more Southerners able to help them.

Mr. DOREMUS was not exactly a Southerner, but he had a Virginian boyhood, and it is fine to learn that his bequest was inspired by a life-long admiration of LEE, who chose, in preference to money-making with his fame, to spend his last years as a teacher of Virginian youth. How variously and incalculably valuable to a state the possession of a great man may be!

"Why Children Work"

There is a remarkable piece in the April number of *McClure's Magazine*—"Why Children Work," by HELEN M. TODD. It is amusing, heart-breaking, and very informing indeed. We commend it to the attention of everybody. The gist of it is that children work because their fathers have been ground up in the machinery of contemporary industrialism; because their parents are new to our American machine-made life (to which, indeed, we are all new), and do not know what is good for their children and what is fatal to them; because they (some of them) suffer in the schools, where they are not taught suitable things suitably, and hate to go to school. Those are the most important reasons, besides poverty, that Miss TODD gives, but it is the way she gives them that is remarkable. Her story of the Swedish father who had his only son, thirteen years old, working eleven hours a day in his planing-mill in Chicago, and going to the night school, is illuminating. Miss TODD is a factory-inspector. She found this child feeding strips of wood to a buzz-saw, saw he was ill, took him to the manager, and behold he was the manager's (and owner's) only son, learning the business. The father was perfectly well disposed to the child, and wanted nothing but his welfare, but overwork, bad air, and lack of sleep had done already for the boy. He had tuberculosis.

We don't know Miss TODD, but her story reads like a truthful narrative. It is a story of Chicago, and her subjects are mainly the children of newcomers—Polish Jews and imported European peasants. The moral of it is the immense need of connecting the intelligence and devotion of the country with contemporary life. The people who have the brains and the heart and the education and the money or can get it, and who know how to live, must look out for and look after the people who have not these advantages and who don't know how to live. If we are to keep school in this country for all creation and leave the Ellis Island door open to a million new-comers a year, we may as well make up our minds that our calling is to be teachers, and that it is time for a good many of us to qualify in it.

The Social Workers

We guess the historian who writes in the latter part of this century will say that the most notable thing that marked the close of the nineteenth century was the rise of the social workers. Probably he will compare it to the rise of the WESLEYS in England. It is a great movement, which seems to be giving to our Protestant people, and especially our Protestant women, a vent for benevolent activity such as has long been afforded to the religious women in the Roman Catholic Church. Of course charitable work is nothing new among Protestant women, but settlement work and all the kindred activities are new as a calling, and the training for them is new, and the organization and the salaries and the recognition of the need and usefulness of this sort of work, and the comprehension that it is an immensely remunerative use of life—all that is more or less new. We have got a great many people on our hands that need looking after. Many of them are people whom we have allowed to come here in the last twenty years. Many more are country-dwellers, old and new, somewhat out of touch with stimulating influences and all that modern knowledge which is necessary to healthy and profitable modern life. Our schools, that we brag of so much, are still very largely an experiment. We are sure we must have schools, but we are not at all sure what must be taught in them. Our enormous factories and industrial institutions cannot be left to themselves. The life that goes into them must be safeguarded, or it will be used up like so much straw or wood and turned into manufactured goods. Laws will do something, but they will not do much. The chief thing they can do is to give power to intelligence and devotion. The real work must be done by people. A sword is nothing by itself. A surgeon's knife is nothing. A law is nothing by itself. Its application and enforcement make its worth.

Get on the Job

We have lots of good people—women and men. It is to them that we must look to make this a better country than it is. It needs improvement; needs it enormously. Take the much-discussed white-slave traffic, and the dreadful mix-up of the police forces of New York, Chicago, and most other cities with prostitution. Somehow that has got to stop. We observe that women are much stirred up about it. It is to-day the leading argument for woman suffrage. We call the attention of all men and of all our anti-suffrage friends to the fact that the suffragists throw it in their faces that there is a particularly infamous and intolerable traffic in women going on that thousands of vile *men* live by, and that hundreds of salaried public officers are enriched by, and that the men, in whose hands political power is supposed to rest, can't stop it. There is enough powder in this issue to blow up Tammany Hall and elect as the next Mayor of New York a man who can be relied on to clean up the police and chase the last man out of association with the business of prostitution.

And there are the Italian black-hand and bomb-exploding scoundrels. The furnace of the public wrath is heating for them, too, and heating for every officer, high or low, that invents obstacles to impede their extermination.

There is a great deal to do, and part of it is in the way of being done. Mr. WHITMAN seems an earnest man. But the great power in getting it done is the power of the social workers whose hands are on the job, and who have the power, like HELEN TODD, to turn the light on to situations.

Are You Scorched, Gentlemen?

Meanwhile we see our Mayor and his Commissioner of Police under a strange suspicion of desire to shield the infamous corruption of our police force from exposure and correction. That the suspicion is justified is not at all clear. Very likely it is not. But it is an imputation that just and honorable men should feel like a flame.

Are you scorched by it, Mr. Mayor?

Are you scorched by it, Mr. Commissioner?

The District Attorney seems to be doing his best to rid our skirts of the shame of maintaining a police force that protects panderers and pimps and venders of women, and extorts a tribute from the melancholy gains of prostitutes. We are with him in his efforts to the last honest man, and woe to any politician, backed by whatever group of rascals, that tries to use powers delegated by the people of New York to impede his honest efforts!

Suffrage and White-slavery

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—If the suffragists hadn't found the white-slave traffic ready-made for their chief argument, don't you think the militants would have got it up? And would they now be willing to have it cured without votes for women.

Yours, etc.,
DISTRESSED OBSERVER.

No, we don't think they would have got it up. Oh no!

Whether some of them would not prefer to nurse it along for the good of the cause seems debatable, for all live causes have overzealous adherents. Female immorality as a consequence, for example, of low wages, has been lately overdone in a fashion that has already produced reaction. The argument that low wages made bad girls has been pressed to such an extent that the friends of the working-girls have been constrained to come forward with denials. Poverty is an evil and a parent of many evils, but certainly it is not inconsistent with good character either in men or women. The pieces on this subject by Miss KELLY, Miss TARBELL, Dr. GRACE PECKHAM MURRAY, and Miss GILDER in last Sunday's *World* were timely and significant. All these women protested against the current slanders of working-girls; all denied the existence of any close relation between chastity and wages, and all maintained that the private conduct of the working-girls averaged as high as that of any other group of women.

Mr. Bird Not a Brother Yet

Our good friend Mr. BIRD of Massachusetts says that the report, which we quoted, that he is one of the recent buyers of the Boston *Journal* is a mistake. He is not a newspaper man yet.

Well, the profession is by so much the poorer; and we suppose Mr. BIRD is by so much the richer, but we are sorry.

Mr. Sanborn's Suggestion

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS sailed for England on Tuesday, to deliver in May lectures on our Civil War, which he is very competent to do. President WILSON could not do better than to nominate him *ad interim* ambassador to King GEORGE. He is not too old—not so old as FRANKLIN was when he filled a more exacting post; he has wealth enough, and a reputation and experience abroad which would make his duties easy. He cannot be expected to agree long with any administration; not always has he agreed with himself ten years at a time; but he and Secretary BRYAN would make a pair in English eyes that would open those eyes still wider at the oddities of "those Americans." I am serious in this: Mr. WILSON could not make a better appointment for a year or two, and it would be generally approved here and abroad.—FRANK SANBORN, *in the Springfield Republican.*

Dr. ELIOT has declined the President's invitation to go to London, and Mr. SANBORN's suggestion is very interesting. Other gentlemen have had Mr. ADAMS in mind for this place.

Mr. SANBORN, by the way, says we were mistaken in attributing to him the dissertation on Bull-Moose politics in Massachusetts, lately communicated to the Springfield *Republican* by "Veteran Observer" and quoted in the WEEKLY of March 15th. It was the work, he says, of some firmer believer in the Democratic party than himself, and he adds:

> I was brought up a Jeffersonian Democrat and so I remain; but the party has cut up so many un-Jeffersonian antics, especially on the race question, that until I see them repenting and doing the first works I cannot have much faith in the sincerity of their democracy.

It is entirely reasonable for Mr. SANBORN to want to see "the first works," and the prospect is bright that he will see them.

So May It Be

It may be that WOODROW WILSON with none of the captivating and illusory qualities of CLEVELAND, BRYAN, and ROOSEVELT, has been chosen by God, as WASHINGTON was chosen to create and LINCOLN to save the Republic, and if that be the meaning of his elevation to the Chief Magistracy, the *Courier-Journal*, wholly forgetting its antagonism as it voices good Americanism in crying "Gloria in Excelsis," will call him blessed!—Colonel WATTERSON, *in the Courier-Journal.*

Marse HENRY is still first of all for the United States.

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FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
LONDON: 45 ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

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Minor Interests

THE idle rich and the hard-worked poor have one want in common, the need of minor interests. The hardest working poor in the world are poor gentlefolk who have somehow "to keep it up" for their own souls' salvation. It is easy enough to cook your dinner and not dress for it, and to eat your luncheon out of a newspaper and not out of blue India china, to read the Sunday paper and not *The Widow in the Bye-Street*, to go to moving-picture shows and not the new operas, to look in at shop-windows and not one-man exhibitions of paintings, to do without a dress-suit and a frock-coat and a crush hat if one is a man, and if one is a woman without décolleté frocks, sweet-smelling things in little flasks and pots and boxes, all that a young poet in the spleen once called "silks and scents and unguents." But without them life is duller and perilously near to being stodgy, even perhaps to being sordid. You are better company for yourself, indisputably, if you "keep it up."

One great way of keeping it up intellectually, of holding wits on the alert and not thinking too much about food and exercise, of drawing on the imaginative reason for all it is worth, is the resolute cultivation of minor interests. Those who can afford it collect—and that seriously. They accumulate books or dolls or old shoes or pianos and fiddles or stained glass (though that may involve theft in the background) or precious stones—tourmalin, opal, aquamarine, lapis lazuli, beryl, and chrysoprase. They look out for pamphlets on early Colonial history, or buy books simply for the bindings. Every new town is a field to plow and harrow and sift for buttons or brass, Chelsea ware, or American wood-engravings. Or they may go mad over ivories or lacquers, and watch sales and spy on private collections and traffic now and then with sacristans. One can hardly imagine a pleasanter preoccupation than collecting enamels—not the painted plaques that in the Renaissance LEONARD LIMOUSIN and JEAN PENICAUD II., and all their kinsmen and descendants turned to dabbling at but strong champlevé enamels of Limoges, medieval, fantastical; here a serpent-headed crozier, or a portable candlestick, just a cone for base and a spike to impale the taper, patterned over with two shades of blue and a little vivid green; there an altar frontal with little knobby solemn heads in relief riveted to figures flat as the palm of the hand, but grave and harmonious in line and tone. The colors of the great enamels are so few and so impossible to duplicate and so mysteriously put together—blue of lapis, blue of turquoise, blue of periwinkle, side by side; water green, dull scarlet, a little milky white—that is almost the whole gamut. You need not, strictly speaking, have a large income to gratify a taste for enamels, because there are plenty of them in all the great museums, and the Cluny, South Kensington, and the Bargello are kept up by the government precisely for your use.

The most unpurchasable and impracticable things one can collect somewhat in the same way, by means of photographs and post-cards—cloisters, for example, or stone and wrought-iron well-heads! But for the average American, broadly speaking, the rare articles laid up in museums are as far out of reach as the lost articles laid up in the moon, and fads that depend on travel as impossible as shooting lions in Africa. There is a world, however, which is his at will, and he can hunt down any notion he fancies, inside his library. Books are not dear, or bulky, or open only on a personal introduction, they demand no special training, nor storage-lofts, nor north lights. They are always at hand, they can be dropped at any stage, and they offer a dozen prizes for every chance you take. There is a rare day's hunting for whoever wants to track the madman through English literature; how to the Elizabethan he was a figure of fun so that the poor Duchess of Malfy was to have her sorrow beguiled by a dance of lunatics; and to the succeeding age a vehicle of satire; and to our great grandfathers in the Romantic Revival he offered such a romantic interest as the maniac afforded Julian and Maddalo on the twilight island over against Venice. Since then, simple insanity has been supplanted by softening of the brain, with what admirable results let *Ghosts* and *Charles Demailly* witness; and surely some Russian or Celt has taken for his hero a born idiot.

Another form of sport is to look up an author's pedigree, not in *Who's Who*, but in the spirit. With a warm thrill of national pride one discovers, for instance, how large a part of M. MAETERLINCK'S plays comes out of English literature, caught up from WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, carved out of WILLIAM MORRIS; how the castle of ARKEL, King of Almaine, is hardly distinct from the castle of Elsinore, where MARCELLUS, though he is the friend of Prince PELLEAS, had done sentry duty and been afraid of a ghost one very cold night three centuries and more before. As for the debt to MORRIS, the wonder is that nobody who knows the "Defense of Guinevere" has not yet cried, "Stop thief!" or connected the "Blue Closet" with the "Death of Tintageles." The song of the departing sailors in the "Les Sept Princesses" troubles the blood and haunts the memory for long: "L'Atlantique, l'Atlantique!" they cry, and then, "Nous ne reviendrons plus!" and the phrase rings and echoes through the soul like an iron door clanging upon hewn stone. But it is no less troubling as the burden of the stern war-song of "The Burgher's Battle," when below the rippling banner of the Ruddy Fox, and the great beating standard wrought with the Running Ox, the strong men make themselves ready to die, with lowering of spears and the roar of horns of battle, knowing well, "How we return no more." MORRIS, however, has still to come into his own. This sort of transmutation of ideas is a familiar process in literature, "convey, the wise it call," and it is all in honor. The *Everlasting Mercy*, in like manner, is profitable reading on any count, good for the soul and none the less good because it smacks here and there of BROWNING, BLAKE, and GEORGE MEREDITH. Without "Christmas Eve and Easter Day" the hero would never have seen that portentous sky, without "Auguries of Innocence" he would never have made his couplets about the offenses that outrage Heaven, and without "Jump-to-Glory Jane" he might never have discovered his ringing octosyllables that clash and blare like the big drum, the cymbals, and the cornet when a Salvation Army meeting is on the square. Moreover, Mr. MASEFIELD'S lyric snatches own the same descent, and of a truth there is none in the generation just past whom a wise son would so profitably choose to know for his own father.

The matter of spiritual lineage is hard to quit, though enough has by now been said to show the art of tracing this sort of fanciful pedigree, and the study of *provenance* has still to be considered. One understands better the art of Mr. ARTHUR DAVIES when one has been looking at that of ALBERT RYDER, two rooms away; but if one began on the artistic kinship betrayed by the International Exhibition now in New York, enough would never be said. The outcome, furthermore, would be too like that of a suicidal Malay running amuck among reputations. After all, any man who is doing creative work has in it—and in himself—remarkably little that he can rightly call his own. Four-tenths are his teacher and four-tenths are his nativity, at least. If you are a Teuton you are bound to be a bit thick, if you are a Japanese you are bound to be more than a bit imitative, if you are a Spaniard you are fatally condemned to a strain of curious realism. In a picture on Fifth Avenue that Señor ZULOAGA painted only last summer, of a gipsy dancer in green satin cape with gold lace, a man could fairly run his finger under the satin and tear it off the canvas, while the trimming twinkles as if laid in, as by the Spaniards of the *Quattrocento*, with pure gold leaf. In Señor PICASSO'S portrait of a man, a few blocks off, few can make out a single feature, but nobody can miss the coat-button. "Thy speech bewrayeth thee." HEINRICH HEINE and Herr SUDERMANN have not the Germanic paste in their composition, M. BERGSON has got the ruthless Latin subserviency to intellect, ROSSETTI has not the plastic artist's content with what the senses and the imagination testify, because in all of them race can attemper birth and breeding and explain the otherwise anomalous and incomprehensible. A young man of science now living was heard to say that he had never met a great man without disappointment. But to the amateur of life, who cares more to excuse than to admire, and for understanding than for consistency, there is often not only an explanation, but a startling confirmation of the rashest inferences, in the face, the way of speech, the manner and bearing and delicate self-betrayal of the creators in this world. There is infinite pleasure in building up out of the given material the concrete work of art, subtle hypotheses which subsequent investigation of facts may sometimes, indeed, bring clattering down, but will often confirm, and thereby justify the validity, in practised hands, of the neglected *a priori* method. It is a mere—and a magnificent—triumph of the imaginative reason over fact, because it is only establishing what was scientifically known before, to learn that the greatest Victorian novelist was a divorced man, that the apostle of culture was a School Inspector, and that the author of the *Subjection of Woman* was a lonely soul. Of all intellectual pursuits none offers perhaps so keen a delight as the cautious and dexterous use of the argument *a priori*, uncoupling the dogs of wit on the dangerous brutal fact and fairly running it down.

Correspondence

THE MAN OUT OF WORK

DENVER, COLO., *January 22, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Since you have invited, and sometimes printed, various sorts of criticism, I make bold to send you the following: The people with whom I live get HARPER'S WEEKLY regularly. This morning, when the issue of January 18th came, I looked over the editorials, notably the one about Mexico and the one about Ettor, and remarked to a visitor that HARPER'S WEEKLY seemed to be a hundred years behind the times; but later, after reading the whole three-column page on "Finance," I concluded I had understated the time. Mr. Escher seems to belong back with Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice."

But yet, again, a change comes over the spirit of my dream.

"Where Probation Fails," by John J. Freschi, City Magistrate of New York, puts you well up toward the head of the procession.

A few days ago a friend and myself held an indignation meeting because the newspapers made much ado, as of something wonderfully wise and good, over the raising of five dollars for a man who had been arrested for stealing food for a sick wife and three children. "The man was out of work"; otherwise he would not have been dismissed by the judge and told to "go and sin no more." Yet think—how far would five dollars go toward meeting that family's needs? And the shame of it that any man should be "out of work" in a country of material resources like ours!

With what has society or the state (or whatever power it is that presides over our industries) occupied itself not to have seen long ago the simple truth of this sentence from Magistrate Freschi?

"Think how futile it is to arrest a man for mendicancy, hear his explanation of being out of work and penniless, and then suspend sentence on his promise to offend no more. If his story that he is penniless be true, how is he going to eat and sleep until he gets work unless he begs? . . . As it is, one might as well expect a drowning man who cannot swim to get ashore without assistance."

Only plain common sense and a decent humanitarianism are needed for the acceptance of the magistrate's view. Why has it not been seen and accepted long ago?

More power to Magistrate Freschi and others like him.

I am, sir,

C. B. W.

GOLD

MEMPHIS, TENN., *March 13, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your answer to A. L. Fitzgerald of Carson City, Nevada, in HARPER'S of March 8th, page 6, who inquired if gold is not fiat money, you said: "No; gold has intrinsic value. You can buy commodities with gold whether it is coined or not." I think if you will give the matter a little thought you will have to modify your views about this and admit that gold is fiat money, but that its being the international fiat money of the world makes it primary fiat money, and for that reason it is better than paper or silver fiat money, which is only national fiat money. The greater part of the so-called intrinsic value of gold comes principally from the simple fact that it can be sent to our mints and be coined practically free of charge into legal-tender fiat money good throughout the world. If gold were not fiat money why should our miners send 25 8-10 grains of pure gold to our mints and accept for it a gold dollar weighing 25 8-10 grains ten per cent. of which is alloy? Why do they not pass at a premium of ten per cent. or more, as currency, their 25 8-10 grains of pure gold? In their profound ignorance people generally believe there is a dollar's worth of gold in a gold dollar; they do not know that it is the government stamp with the law behind it that makes the gold so valuable. They do not know that, when the gold currency is doubled, although we have twice as many gold dollars we have not one single, solitary dollar more of purchasing-power money. For what we gain in quantity we lose in quality.

I am, sir,

A. C. LASH.

"THE ETHICS OF THE BENCH"

UNIONTOWN, PA., *February 17, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In his article on "The Ethics of the Bench," in your issue of the 15th inst., Mr. A. Maurice Low gives currency to an error of Mr. Clayton in stating: "It is a curious thing, Mr. Clayton points out, that while the American Bar Association and the bar associations of the various states have a well-established code of ethics governing attorneys, and have no difficulty in determining what is ethical or unethical conduct on the part of their members, no attempt has ever been made to apply similar rules to the conduct of judges," etc.

The Pennsylvania Bar Association at its annual meeting in June, 1911, adopted ethical precepts to govern the conduct of judges, and the same will be found in the annual report of said association for that year on pages 142-5.

I am, sir,

NATHANIEL EWING.

WAS IT LOUDON?

FRANKLIN, TENN., *February 18, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your editorial suggesting to the citizens of London, Tennessee, that they change the name of the town would doubtless be complied with but for the obvious reason that there is no such town in Tennessee—not even a fourth-class post-office. Perhaps it is in California, and if not, Professor Jordan could probably determine its location.

Tennesseeans read Fielding and also latter-day fiction, and are not prudes.

I am, sir,

J. F. EGGLESTON.

NORFOLK, VA., *February 18, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Now was not the town in Tennessee Loudon, and not London?

I am, sir,

W. H. T. SQUIRES.

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PRESIDENT WILSON'S LEADERSHIP

On This More Than Anything Else Depend the Future of Politics and the Alignment of Parties

BY A. MAURICE LOW

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

IT is making use of no exaggerated language to say that the administration that began on the 4th of this month marks, in all probability, the beginning of what is to be one of the most momentous periods in American politics. In saying this I do not wish to be understood as believing that we are facing radical changes in the fundamental structure of American political institutions, or that there is any danger of a social revolution, which some persons with a love of pessimism have dolorously predicted. Come what may, democracy is too securely anchored to be in peril, but the ship held by the stoutest chains swings at its moorings; otherwise the strain would be so great that she would break her cables and invite disaster. Our ship of state has weathered many a storm because of the flexibility of the bonds that hold her, even though at times she has swung out of line. But when the gale subsided she was found in her proper position.

First, perhaps, as marking the importance of the time upon which we have entered, is the fact—too obvious to be misunderstood—that the old day of an electorate sharply divided into two great bodies has gone, whether gone forever or to return with the next revolution of the wheel let no one rashly say. For so long did only two great political parties exist in the United States that its politics was unique in the eyes of the world, and to a certain extent almost incomprehensible to all the rest of the world, with the one exception of England. There, as here, for decades men were either Liberals or Conservatives; there was no middle ground, no place for any other opposition. When the Liberals were in power the Conservatives were trying to get them out, and every man who did not vote or support the Liberal government was enrolled in the Conservative ranks. In the United States there was the same broad division. A man voted either the Republican or the Democratic ticket. He took what was offered to him and swallowed it whole. He was either a party man or nothing, and not to be a party man and to be nothing was to be epicene. There were from time to time sporadic attempts at revolution among the English-speaking peoples on both sides of the Atlantic, but they were always abortive. Bradlaugh led a radical movement, Labouchere was a zealous disciple, Lord Randolph Churchill had vague ideas of a "fourth party," just as the Mugwumps bolted the Republican party and the Gold Democrats deserted when they believed principle was at stake. Both in 1884 and 1896 it looked as if the men who had broken with their party were to bring about a readjustment of political forces, but the Mugwumps, in meek and chastened spirit, returned to the fold, and the Gold Democrats were never quite at ease in the company in which they found themselves. What appeared to be a revolution was merely an uprising.

When the Irish members in Parliament formed a group by themselves and some years later the workingman went actively into politics, not to support either of the dominant parties, but to create a labor party separate and apart, there came into existence in England the group system in politics that for so long has been the distinguishing feature of the political systems of the continent, where a government is frequently in a minority in the legislature and is forced to rely on the support of groups often antagonistic. In France, Germany, Austria, and Italy there have been no broad divisions of the legislators supporting the government and those opposed to it, but there have been divisions and subdivisions meaningless except to persons with a minute knowledge of the subject. Broadly speaking, the "right" was the government party and the "left" the opposition, but these again were split up into right and left "centers," "extreme," and "moderate" rights and lefts, clericals, and anti-clericals, names and distinctions without number. It added to the interest of politics, but it also made it more confusing and more uncertain. The present British ministry has had to walk warily with an eye on the Irish members and the labor party; it needed them both and could not risk offending either.

When Congress meets next month there will be a nominal Democratic majority in both Houses. In the House of Representatives the Democrats so outnumber their opponents that they have nothing to fear. So long as discipline is maintained, any measure brought forward by the leaders can be made effective with little trouble. The opposition can criticise and attempt to obstruct, which is the legitimate function of an opposition, but that is all. Criticism can be silenced when it becomes obstruction, and obstruction can be prevented whenever it is deemed wisdom. The Democrats being in control, all that is left to the Republicans is to protest. But it is the Senate that will be the real battleground and will foreshadow the future of politics. There are now three parties in the Senate: the Democrats, charged with government and responsible for legislation; the Republicans, responsible for nothing and at liberty to defeat legislation, if they can; the Progressives, whose course may determine events very largely. Nominally the Progressives are as much opposed to the Democrats as are the Republicans, but it is of greater practical interest whether the Progressives dislike the Republicans so much more than they do the Democrats that they are willing to assist them in the hope of still further humiliating their former party associates. It has not escaped the attention of Washington observers that the members of the Republican Old Guard, from Mr. Taft down, especially those who were the victims of the late unpleasantness, have had only kind things to say about Mr. Wilson and his administration, and have relieved their surcharged feelings with words, expressions, and comments on the Progressives that would not look well in a journal of civilization or a newspaper admitted to the family circle. And, on the other hand, it is equally noticeable that the Progressives look neither glum nor distraught, nor show any signs of having made a losing fight. It was a *mot* attributed to Mr. Taft on the day after election that this was the only time known in politics when every one was satisfied; the Democrats because they had elected Governor Wilson, the Republicans because they had defeated Mr. Roosevelt, and the Progressives because they had prevented the return of Mr. Taft to the White House. Progressive proffers of support have been made to Mr. Wilson, and the Progressives have indicated clearly enough that they regard Mr. Wilson as the lesser of the choice of two evils, and if they cannot be in control they are only too pleased to think that their Republican foes are also forced to look upon the fleshpots from afar.

In fact, the Progressives have been quick to seize upon a situation which conceivably, they think, may be turned to their advantage. Their unselfishness is not of the quality that finds its reward solely in the knowledge that they made it impossible for the Republicans to retain their power. They want something more substantial than that. They have nothing to hope from the Republicans, and not much more from the Democrats if they meet with the approval of the country, but if the Democrats should blunder and go the way of the Republicans, then salvation can only be found with the Progressives. With the Republicans and Democrats equally under the ban, the dissatisfied, the radical, and the complaining in both parties would naturally gravitate to the Progressives and carry the next election. For this reason, then, as Washington forecasts the future, the Progressive tactics are to irritate and keep up the war on the Republicans and to stand by to assist the Democrats until the period of doubt and uncertainty is over. To display hostility toward the Wilson administration would be foolish, because it would drive the Republicans to the support of the President whenever a Progressive head could be hit; to encourage the President and his party angers the Republicans and makes more evident their impotence.

Out of this strategy several things may follow, as those Washington tacticians who are studying the plan of campaign vision the future. The Progressives may become tired of playing dog in the manger and starving while their Republican opponents grow thin, reject the rôle of assistant Democrats, and essay to be a real party in opposition, in which case four years hence there will again be three parties in the field and the result will be the same as it was last November, and the "miscellaneous" voter—not the independent, but the man whose head is cluttered up with the discarded vagaries of the political lumber-room—will cause the campaign manager many a bad quarter of an hour. Or former Democrats will be so well satisfied with the course of Mr. Wilson that as sensible men they will return to their allegiance, and in 1916 the Progressive Presidential candidate will not poll more than four million votes; or former Republicans will be so disgusted with both Democrats and Progressives that they will have nothing more to do with impossible reforms and mad schemes of regenerating society by ready-made devices, and will prefer defeat with honor rather than affiliation with delusion. In that case the result in 1916 will probably be the same as it was last year, but the contest will not be so one-sided. In short, the Democrats are ready to take advantage of the division that now exists, the Republicans are more intent on smashing the Progressives than in profiting by Democratic mistakes, and the Progressives are waiting to see what will happen. Whatever the outcome, the group system now exists in American politics, and as in Europe, where a similar system exists, the use to be made of antagonistic elements depends upon the ability and leadership of the Prime Minister, so now to-day in the United States the future will be determined very largely by the leadership of the President.

And it must be admitted that the President has started off, well and shown qualities of leadership that give fine promise for the years ahead, and that they will be uneventful or peaceful years would be too much to imagine in view of the state of the public mind and the circumstances under which Mr. Wilson came to the Presidency. The Americans like a man who breaks precedents or defies tradition, because it argues courage and a will of his own, and Mr. Wilson began precedent-smashing in a way that ought to have satisfied the keenest lover of novelty. But he did it in a curiously unemotional way and without being spectacular, and his manner suggested that it was all part of the day's work, which perhaps is the keynote of his character and shows that with him the emotions are subordinate to the intellect. When Mr. Wilson decided that he did not want an inaugural ball he said so, and, having said so, dismissed the subject. In Washington and elsewhere people talked and talked about his iconoclasm, but Mr. Wilson, having said all that was necessary, turned to other things. As soon as he had taken a firm seat at his desk Mr. Wilson said that office-seekers, instead of coming to him with their requests, must first see the members of the Cabinet, and, having issued his ultimatum in the fewest possible words, he dismissed the subject and took up the consideration of other matters. A very great reform this and one of the most sensible things that have been done in generations, but the manner of doing it shows how little President Wilson knows of the art of the showman or the trick of publicity. Mr. Wilson ought to have called the Washington correspondents to the White House and told them what he proposed to do and delivered an impromptu lecture on the evils of the spoils system, the duty of the President, what Lincoln would have done under similar circumstances, and a few other moral maxims, which would have made good reading and could have been conveniently repudiated the day after if necessary. But he has also shown that while he will not waste time with place-hunters, his rule is not so inflexible that it cannot be modified to meet an exceptional case. When Speaker Clark sought a diplomatic appointment for one of his constituents it would have caused him considerable embarrassment had he been compelled to make his request to Secretary Bryan, for the Speaker accuses the Secretary of State of having deprived him of the Democratic nomination, and since the Baltimore convention there has been no intercourse between the two men and a long and intimate friendship has come rudely to an end. Mr. Wilson tactfully acted upon the application himself, and the Speaker left the White House in a fairly satisfactory frame of mind instead of having his feelings hurt.

President Wilson will need to continue to exercise a great deal of tact if he is to secure the legislation he desires and keep his hold over the party. Being on the ground and within sight of the players where every move can be seen, Washington will watch with absorbing interest whether the breach between the party leaders is healed or widens as time goes on. The relations between Secretary Bryan and Speaker Clark and between Secretary Bryan and Mr. Underwood are well known, and it is perhaps the first time in American history at the opening of an administration that the first member of the Cabinet was not on speaking terms with the Speaker of the House of Representatives or the official leader of his party in that body, and it took a good deal of courage on the part of the President, knowing the circumstances as they are, to risk the experiment. There need not be much official intercourse between the Secretary of State and either Speaker Clark or Mr. Underwood, but they will constantly be thrown in contact, and either their differences will be harmonized in the course of the next six months or a year or the bitterness will be greatly increased. They are men of positive character, strong convictions, firm in their likes and dislikes, and with large and devoted followings.

The rock on which more than one President has gone to disaster is the distribution of patronage, and this is especially so after a party has been in power many years and the government service has been practically closed to men of the opposite political faith. It is natural that Democrats should now want the offices and resent the thought of Republicans being kept on the pay-roll while they, after the heat and burden of battle, still go unrewarded, yet Mr. Wilson is placed in a peculiarly delicate position. The spirit of progress is against treating the government service as political plunder or the making of appointments without regard to fitness, and with that theory of government Mr. Wilson has no sympathy. He has shown great deliberation in making his appointments, he knows that if he wanted to make a clean sweep it would be impossible, for the government can no more substitute inefficients for trained men than can a private establishment. Not to give party workers what they believe is justly their due is to chill their enthusiasm, to satisfy their demands is to risk the criticism of the "better classes." But while the party workers always go to the polls, the "better classes" often content themselves with criticism, and on Election Day play golf.



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EUROPE'S ARMED PEACE

A Paradoxical Situation from Which There May Evolve a New United States

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

EUROPE hums with armaments. With one accord, though the international situation is at this moment less menacing than at any time during the past six months, the Great Powers have set in hand a vast increase of military equipment. Even in Great Britain, for all her insular position, the problem of the army transcends all other questions. Schemes for building air-ships, and for adopting some form of universal service to replace the breakdown of the territorial force, agitate the press, if they do not precisely agitate the public. On the Continent the matter has got beyond the stage of discussion. Belgium has taken steps to double her army; Germany is about to vote additional estimates that will probably amount to not less than $100,000,000 and may be as high as $250,000,000; and France has already decided to spend an extra $100,000,000 in the course of the next five years.

There could hardly be a more conclusive proof that in the Europe of to-day force rules as brutally and nakedly as in the Europe of Charlemagne. The six leading Powers of Europe are between them spending over $1,500,000,000 a year on naval and military preparations. And not only is there no prospect of this sum diminishing, but there is every prospect of its being increased. It is an amazing phenomenon. As the world grows smaller and more uniform each unit in it seems to grow more self-conscious and more eager to maintain its own individuality. Steamships, schools, flying-machines, commerce, finance, the press, a common restlessness under common burdens, the decay of theological dogma, the ease of travel, the growing solidarity of labor—all these are factors simultaneously working toward a cosmopolitanism of mind and outlook and interests that may have within it, for all one knows, the germ of some vast political federation. In the sixties one statesman after another, in France particularly, "proclaimed" the United States of Europe. Victor Hugo embraced the idea with an enthusiasm that was echoed by continental republicans everywhere. Men spoke openly and joyfully of a time when the frontiers of Europe would be abolished. Nor has the vision even yet vanished. Only a few years ago the Kaiser held up the "Yellow Peril" as a danger that would one day force the various nations of Europe to combine for self-protection. Count Goluchowski, in the opening year of the century, pointed to the agricultural and industrial competition of the United States as a menace that could only be successfully resisted if the Powers of the Old World agreed upon a common fiscal policy; and more recently still Mr. Leroy-Beaulieu has insisted on the economic necessity of some such development. I am not by any means persuaded that these eminent authorities were right in their diagnosis, or that the "Yellow Peril," either as a military or an economic force, is quite so formidable as the Kaiser imagined, or that the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister did not exaggerate when he pictured Europe as "ruined" by the United States. The important thing, however, is to note that in each case the prescription was the same—some sort of union or federation or compact among the Powers of Europe in the presence of an emergency affecting them all alike.

Certainly if the idealists of the sixties had lived till to-day they would have said that their dream of a United Europe was ripe for fulfilment. The profound changes that have pretty well revolutionized society in the past half-century have all tended, if not toward union, at any rate, toward uniformity. In all the principal nations of Europe the mass of the people receive to-day an almost identical education, have a similar faith or lack of it, enjoy equal access to knowledge and to political power, read the same kinds of papers, and think and feel practically alike. There is hardly such a thing as a foreigner nowadays. The citizens of one country visit the citizens of other countries, read about them, and come to know them, far more frequently and intelligently than was possible even a generation ago. Every writer or thinker of real mark may be sure of a European audience. The economists of socialism address millions where formerly they could only reach handfuls. Labor every year becomes a little more organized, not only within the boundaries of each nation, but as between country and country. There never was a time when the peoples of Europe so readily exchanged their social habits, their sports and amusements, their arts and letters. Peace congresses, labor conferences, Esperanto leagues, all testify to ideals that stretch far beyond frontiers. The questions of religious faith and observance that used to divide men divide them no longer; it is only in the southeast of Europe, where the Greek and the Roman churches still pursue their archaic feud, that the theologian is still able to sow strife between kingdom and kingdom. In every capital, moreover, the Jew, a cosmopolitan by heredity, instinct, and interests, rules in the stock exchange, dominates the newspapers and the theaters, and is an increasing power in politics. That great resurrection of women as a social, economic, and political force, which is, perhaps, the most remarkable movement of our age, is another and very subtle blow at the old idea of nations as separate and isolated units. Democracy is doing more than level "classes"; it is leveling boundaries. It has started a sympathetic current that penetrates everywhere and affects all alike. There is hardly a political problem in any country that is not reproduced in another; and there are a dozen problems—all those, for instance, which we compendiously group together under the name of "the labor question"—which, with whatever local differences, are equally insistent in all countries. Political ideas nowadays rush through the nations like measles through a school; and the bonds of commerce, and particularly of finance and credit, have been so infinitely multiplied and vibrate so speedily to the slightest disturbance, that nothing can now harm one country without injuring its neighbors. And so one might go on, showing by instance after instance how vastly more interdependent physically, intellectually, politically, and economically is the world to-day than was the world of a few decades ago. Gazing on these portents, an enthusiast of the middle of the nineteenth century, could he but see them, might well exclaim that his work was accomplished and that Europe stood on the verge of becoming a united commonwealth.

But there is one great contra-tendency pulling the other way. Nationality was never a more stubborn or a more jealous fact than it is to-day when all the old landmarks might seem on the very point of submergence. It rears itself like a rock above the flood of science, reason, invention, intercourse, and knowledge. All international politics reduce themselves to the proposition that I am a Frenchman or a German or an Englishman, and that you are something else. That difference remains, unaltered and perhaps unalterable. It colors everything and diversifies everything; and it receives its political consummation in the principle of nationality. Whether it is in conformity with or in opposition to the spirit of the age and the ultimate trend of things, it endures. And what is more, it means to endure. That is why we have armaments. And that also is why, although the peoples of Europe declaim against war and the accumulating expenditure that is needed both to wage and avert it, no nation even dreams of disbanding its naval and military forces, no statesman sees any real chance of limiting them by agreement, no publicist who does not blind himself to the facts can hold out any valid hope of escape from the vicious circle. By common consent the nations of Europe seem resolved to bleed themselves white rather than back out of the game, believing, and no doubt rightly, that the first one to throw up the sponge will blot itself from the roll of the great Powers and expose its territory and national life to the predatory ambitions of wealthier or less scrupulous or more steadfast neighbors. Armaments, moreover, breed armaments; no Power really believes that other Powers are arming merely for defense; each suspects itself to be particularly menaced; and the spectacle of these gigantic preparations, while unquestionably it acts as a deterrent, does much also to foster apprehensions and ill-will and mutual recriminations, until an atmosphere is propagated of such heated antagonisms and detonating fears that even war seems preferable as a relief to the excruciating tension. It is largely because they possess the means of strength in a world from which faith has vanished that the nations have come to worship strength, and to use it with a more than medieval disregard for that code of morality, defective as it is, which is still supposed to regulate the relations of governments. The conscience of mankind has been blunted by the idolatry of mere force; "the public law of Europe" is a phrase that has lost its old and vital significance; the new doctrine of "compensation" is little more than "the good old rule, the simple plan" under a high-sounding name; international politics have drifted from their moorings, such as they were, in law and morality, and now resemble nothing so much as a series of floating mines.

Yet war and all that appertains to war was never so abhorrent to the conscience of mankind as now. Every one declares, and declares sincerely, that force is "the greatest of blessings"; and every one is ready to fight to prove it. Humanity is in a muddle on the subject. Its cultivated sensibilities are at odds with its primal instincts. It proclaims war to be immoral, economically wasteful, and a crime against civilization, yet it has a more or less sneaking admiration for it as a healthy and purging exercise. In the abstract war is always wrong; in every specific case it is always right. Appeals to his reason, and even the clearest demonstration that most of the supposed advantages to be gained by a victory over a modern Power of the front rank are illusory, do not affect the average man. Something that has nothing to do with reason or self-interest, and is more powerful than either, keeps him a militarist. He likes to indulge in visions of universal peace and he likes to have his statesmen negotiate arbitration treaties; but the peace he declaims about must be a peace accompanied by justice to himself and his nation, and, if justice is not forthcoming, out whips his sword; and he never really intends to arbitrate an absolutely vital question. Would a world without strife be a world not only without strength, but predestined to anæmia and decay? Is war more costly in misery and degradation than modern industrialism? That war evokes fortifying qualities of the utmost utility and braces character is admitted even by the peace advocates. Could anything else, could a diversion and concentration of men's thoughts and energies in some other direction, produce the same qualities? On these and a score of similar points the average man is in a quandary. War is an evil, but is it the worst of evils? Peace is a blessing, but is it the greatest of blessings? Armaments are a burden, but are they the least tolerable and the most injurious of the many afflictions under which a modern community suffers? The spokesmen of labor see these vast sums withdrawn year after year from the service of social reform, and squandered on guns and ships that are obsolete almost as soon as finished, and they raise a strident protest. But does that quite cover all the ground? "Enough of this waste and folly," cry out the workers in every land. "If you have this money, which, after all, is largely our money, to spend, spend it on us. Make the lives of the nine hundred and ninety-nine or little more spacious and comfortable. Give us some of the leisure and the amenities that have hitherto been reserved only for an insignificant fraction of mankind." But here again one is compelled to ask whether that demand is quite conclusive and whether the argument on which it rests does not omit as much as, if not more than, it contains?

By far the most interesting attack on war that is now being made is the attempt to show that its benefits are illusory. Mr. Norman Angell has won a deservedly wide name for himself by the sincerity and the very great ability with which he has striven to drive this home. I do not know whether the case he makes out is unanswerable, but I do know that I have never heard it answered. More than any other man he has succeeded in putting pacificism on an economic and convincing basis. He demonstrates that the prosperity of nations does not depend upon their political power or upon their armaments; that most of our present vocabulary of international politics is a survival of an order of things that has long since passed away; that nations cannot now "own" countries in the old sense—the sense of extracting an exclusive profit from them; that it is an economic impossibility for [illegible] to seize or destroy the wealth of another, [illegible] nation to enrich itself by subjugating ar[illegible] an addition of territory is not an add[illegible] to the [illegible] of the nation owning it; that internationa[illegible] commerce form so complex a web of mutual interests that confiscation, indemnities, and the seizure of property are economically futile, being in reality as injurious to the conqueror as to the conquered, and of no benefit to either; and that a war undertaken with the idea of making it pay or of extracting from it some tangible advantage is simply an optical illusion. Moreover, he strongly insists that human nature does change and that, just as mankind has got rid of cannibalism, slavery, religious persecution, and duelling, and has, indeed, ceased very largely to rely on physical force in private life, so there is nothing to prevent such a modification of its old instincts and emotions as will make an end of war. By showing that aggression defeats itself in our modern world of credit and universal trading, and by elucidating the real principles of international relationship, he has undoubtedly done a great deal to set men's minds in a new and a saner direction. But I confess to a doubt as to how far a propaganda that plays so largely on the single factor of self-interest will avail in abolishing a habit which rests on something far deeper and wider than the pursuit of material advantages. Slavery, as we can all see to-day, whatever it was for the slave, was disastrous for the slave-owner; but could it ever have been got rid of by even the amplest proof that it did not pay and that every one who owned slaves was economically the poorer? I think Mr. Norman Angell fully establishes his case, but I am not certain that self-interest is as great an influence in human affairs as he assumes it to be, or that men will desist from a course of action merely because it is demonstrated to be unprofitable. War is the collapse not alone of the reason, but of the higher nature of humanity. It is excellent work to show how completely it denies and departs from reason; but it will be still more excellent and in my judgment still more effective work to show that it is a violation of what is best in mankind. When there is a great reform to be accomplished it is not the minds of men, but their hearts and consciences, that will carry it through. I do not say this in any derogation of Mr. Norman Angell's campaign; he has let more sanity into the madness of the world than any man of my time. But I confess to finding myself wishing at times that he would widen and supplement the appeal to reason by one to the deeper sources of human action.

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TOURING WITH AN ORCHESTRA

The Humors and Tribulations Incident to Taking a Symphony Orchestra "on the Road"

BY W. E. WALTER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. STROTHMANN

THE spectacle of the manager of a metropolitan orchestra, arrayed in expansive white shirt bosom and fur coat, extending the glad hand to the musical connoisseurs of Medicine Hat as they dribble into the opera-house for the concert, is only one sign of the mastery of temperament he must have if he would hold his job. Back on the stage in dust and gloom are forty, fifty, sixty, or seventy "artists," as the case may be, placing their celluloid "dickies" inside of their evening waistcoats, the while they emit deep-breathed German, fluent Italian, and voluble French comments on the character of the hotel which has given them supper, the quality of the sleeping-cars the Pullman Company has furnished, and the thousand and one other things which ruffle the serenity of these gentlemen when they travel at the expense of the management on a series of one-night stands. In lone grandeur in the star's dressing-room the conductor is waiting the call to the stage—meditating on the programme he is about to play, perhaps, but more likely wondering if he will ever be able to digest the fried steak which had been the *pièce de résistance* of his dinner.

Meantime the audience dribbles in, chiefly to the cheap seats. The president, secretary, and treasurer of the Women's Musical Club, whose roseate promises have brought the orchestra to town, assure the manager that the audience will be distinguished, even if not so large as they had hoped, and the owner of the opera-house is happy in the vindication of his judgment that a good musical comedy has any highbrow show like this beaten "three ways to the jack." Yet must the manager smile, although he has just wired home for money to make the next stand, and is wondering what new arguments he can use in the spring to open again the pocketbooks of his guarantors.

All conscientious press agents foster the tradition that orchestras go on tours to spread the evangel of art in desert places; to rescue the perishing from itinerant fiddlers, pianists, and *prime donne*, to say nothing of cut-rate opera companies. But this is merely one of the effects, not a cause. The truth is that every orchestra must do a certain amount of traveling if its organization is to be kept together, which is a good thing for the country in general and music in particular. Conditions are very different now, thanks to these tours, from what they were when Theodore Thomas and his band used to travel up and down the country in the seventies and early eighties, and when the Boston Symphony Orchestra began to make its trips to the Middle West twenty-five years ago. Not now, even in Medicine Hat or Painted Post—to use those names generically—would such an incident be possible as almost paralyzed the late Fred Comee, for years the assistant manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The place was not in the Far West, but a thriving city of central New York, and the time just twenty-five years ago. Arriving in town with the orchestra for a concert that night, Comee went direct to the theater to see what the sale was, that being the most important question of the day. He was greeted by the local manager with that calm indifference assumed when the house is rented and the money sure, whether or not any tickets are sold. The advance sale was discouraging, and Comee turned to the local manager for comfort and suggestions.

"When do you parade?" asked the local man.

"Parade?" queried Comee in a puzzle.

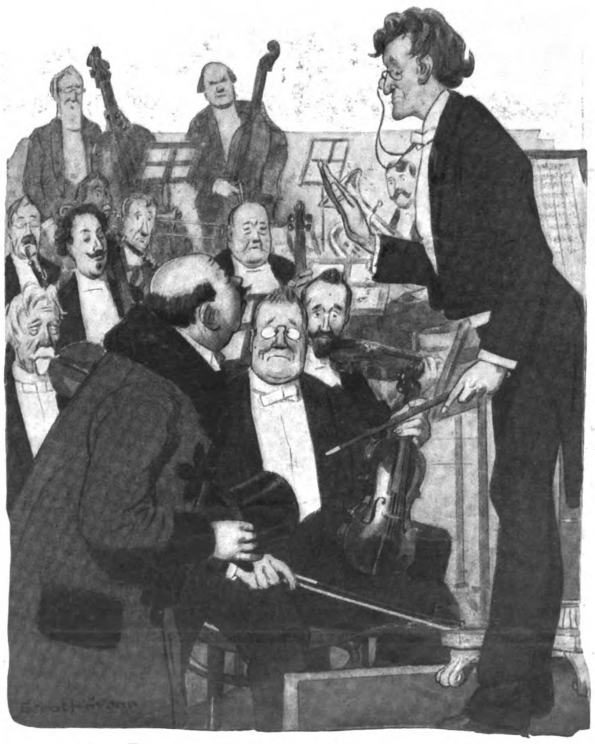
"Sure. Don't your troupe always parade before the show? You won't do no business without it." And the impresario was right.

Although the local theater managers do not regard an orchestra as a blackface minstrel troupe, their attitude toward it is still full of suspicion, tinged with contempt. If the house is large it is just the foolishness of the women that accounts for it. If it is small it is the highbrow character of the "show" that is responsible. The darkness of the musical middle ages of America has not yet entirely disappeared. Within the last few years a New England city not more than one hundred and twenty-five miles from Boston made application for the services of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to give a concert to be followed by a ball, the local committee hoping that the "leader" had a good collection of dance music. Yet the manager of a symphony orchestra who arranges a tour of cities and towns that have no orchestras of their own, on the presumption that these communities are still in the depths of musical ignorance, is certain to get into difficulties.

The music of America is to all intents and purposes in the hands of women, and it is with women chiefly that he must deal. These zealous souls who spend their energies and their husbands' money in the cause of musical uplift usually know what they want and in the end are likely to get it. The mighty man who is the conductor has no terror for them. Without the direct aid of women there would be few orchestras in this country and fewer tours.



The management is buffeted by Commeree on one side and Art on the other



"They will understand Brahms after hearing my performance"

For weeks before the tour begins the management is buffeted by Commerce on one side and Art on the other; pulled in one way by the patrons he wishes to satisfy, and in the other by the conductor he must satisfy. His programme is all ready for the printer when there comes a stern message from a distant city that the principal number, a favorite "warhorse" of his conductor, was played two years before by another orchestra and they cannot possibly have a repetition of a work in so short a time when they have so few concerts. He goes to the conductor, who tells him gravely that, even so, the good people of Blankville have not heard *him* and his orchestra play it. If Herr Snicklefritz did play it—and a pitying smile breaks the gloom of the Kapellmeister's visage. And it is astounding how many things an eminent conductor finds impossible to prepare for an out-of-town concert when it becomes necessary to change his original programme, especially when some other conductor has recently played in the same place a work he desires to perform.

What is hard for a conductor to realize is that the average city of the Middle West is usually keener in the matter of programmes than cities which possess their own orchestras. Having from one to five concerts a season by visiting orchestras, the committees in charge of them, almost always women, plan their general scheme of programmes far in advance. They know what has been played in Boston, New York, and Chicago, and let a novelty have success in any of those cities, they are after it hot-foot. So much so that it is becoming the fashion in many of these cities, judging from the newspaper criticisms and the talk in the clubs, to treat the great classics with good-natured tolerance, and a generation is growing up that can glibly discuss Debussy, Strauss, Reger, and other ultra-moderns, but doesn't know the "tune" of the first movement of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony when they hear it.

When a conductor, as sometimes happens, is complaisant or reasonable, there is always a chance for a compromise between Commerce and Art—a Wagner programme or Tschaikowsky's *Pathetic Symphony*. One does not have to go to the Middle West to test the magical drawing power of these. What is true of the smaller cities is true of Carnegie Hall in New York, Symphony Hall in Boston, and Orchestra Hall in Chicago. The thrills this music gives are as potent in cities that have fifty or more orchestral concerts in a season as in those that have but one. Connoisseurs may grumble and growl, but connoisseurs do not maintain orchestras. The public does, and the public wants "the punch" in its music as it wants "the punch" in its drama. There is a great public in this country for Beethoven and the older masters. There is a growing public for the ultra-moderns of the French and German schools. But Wagner and Tschaikowsky will always bring to a hall people who never dream of going to the usual orchestral concert.

Often, however, the conductor has ideas of his own. Sometimes they work out well, sometimes the contrary. Once an orchestra was to give a concert in a university town. The conductor sent in his programme, which contained three symphonies—and nothing else. The harassed manager went to Herr Kapellmeister and gently urged that such a programme was a bit stiff. The conductor smiled sweetly, and inquired where he could play three symphonies in one concert if not in a university. That was unanswerable, and the joke of it was that the conductor had guessed right. In that particular town they still talk of the wonderful concert when they listened to three symphonies all in a row.

But it doesn't always work that way. Years ago a distinguished orchestra with a distinguished con-

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ductor was to make its first visit to a prominent city of the Middle West. Since then that city has had its own orchestra, but in those days it was musically benighted. It was urgent to have a programme not too severe, but the conductor built a very heavy one around Brahms's C-Minor Symphony, which even New York and Boston then regarded an impenetrable mystery. The manager, with prophetic vision of an empty house, took his life in his hands and asked the conductor please to put a Haydn, Mozart, or even a Beethoven symphony in place of the Brahms, which would never be understood, even if the name of Brahms meant anything to that public. The answer was characteristic:

"They will understand Brahms after the performance."

Maybe they did, but there weren't enough people in the house to pay the rent.

Few cities, even in the East, have music-halls, and most concerts must be given in the local theaters, armories, rinks, and convention halls. Ambitious towns of the Middle West, when they build a hall for concerts, usually do so on a Gargantuan scale, with a view to gathering in all sorts of conventions, and if there is one thing more discouraging than no audience at all it is the spectacle of a large audience—one which means real money—all but lost in the cavernous spaces of one of these huge auditoriums. When such a place happens to be an old rink, used as a garage, from which the automobiles have been removed just in time to place the kitchen chairs on which the fashionable audience must sit, the case is even worse. This happened to an orchestra a few years ago in a large Canadian city. To cap the climax, the rink was roofed with tin, and at the opening of the delicious "Waldweben" from "Siegfried" the rain began to patter gently down. At first nature and the tin roof helped the vividness of the picture of forest murmurs which the genius of Wagner has painted so skilfully in tone, but before the bird began to twitter the roof roared with descending torrents of rain, and the orchestra was giving a capital imitation of a moving picture. Had the conductor emulated the lightning-defying Ajax and turned on the whole of his force in the storm of the "Flying Dutchman" Overture, that resounding roof would still have been an easy winner.



The combination was a huge success

Once the Boston Symphony Orchestra was to give a concert at one of the principal universities of the East, which is the possessor of a very pretty hall, albeit a small one. When the librarian arrived in the afternoon to arrange the desks and chairs for the musicians, he discovered that the center of the stage was held by an elaborate canopied chair of marble, evidently the president's seat of honor at university gatherings. It was permanent, not to be moved, and as the stage was so small that every inch was needed to find space for the seventy-odd musicians, the chair had to accommodate some one. He thought over the situation carefully and decided that the honor of this place must go to the first bassoonist, for he was a most dignified-appearing man, and the bassoon, although often put to base comic uses by frivolous composers, is really, in its best estate, the most solemn and dignified instrument in the orchestra. The combination of the marble throne and the dignified, bald-headed German blowing earnestly into his long, black tube, in the very center of the limelight, as it were, overshadowing even the swaying conductor, was a huge success. Even the saddest and most serious music could not rob the audience of its happy mood.

Tours by orchestras are not undertaken with the sole idea of making money, for orchestras on the road are a poorer business proposition than they are at home. Of course, any profit is gratefully received, but usually it is good luck when the receipts and expenditures balance, counting against the former, of course, the salaries of the men for the time involved. If any one city could give sufficient support to an orchestra for a sufficiently long season, the railways would lose a very considerable income in the course of a year. But no city can, not even Boston, which spends annually more money on its orchestra than does any other city. Properly to maintain an orchestra it is necessary to offer the musicians a long enough season to make it worth their while to give up "jobbing," as it is called. Twenty weeks is a minimum, and not very good results can come from so short a season as that. With the more important bands the regular symphony season runs from twenty-five to thirty weeks, with an additional five to ten weeks for special work in the way of tours, popular concerts, and the like. Two serious concerts a week from an orchestra seems to be the maximum a musical public desires, and if a manager limited his work to such an amount even his most generous and enthusiastic guarantors would rebel. Hence the road tours.

On these, orchestras feel the high cost of living as much as the housewife. In the glad old, bad old days before the interstate commerce law, the railways waited on orchestra managers and were not parsimonious in their offers of low-priced transportation. Now managers wait on railways and call themselves blessed if they can so arrange a tour which will admit of a return-trip rate. In former years two dollars a day was ample for the maintenance of the men on the road, and some of the thrifty practitioners of the soothing art saved money on it. Now, forsooth, they complain that double that amount barely suffices to keep body and soul together. In the old days they were so glad to get a sleeper on a long jump, that the conductor himself did not scorn a section when a drawing-room was not to be had. Now it demands the finest diplomacy of a manager to decide who shall have lower berths and who upper. The humble but filling sausage which used to peep from the instrument case of the traveling musician has disappeared, making way for the *ris de veau, financière*, served on real china.



The late King George, who was assassinated in Salonica last week at the age of sixty-seven, after a reign of forty-nine years



The new King, Constantine, and Queen Sophia, with their family. From left to right are: Prince Paul, Prince Alexander, Queen Sophia, Prince George, King Constantine, Princess Helena (behind her father), and Princess Irene

THE DEAD KING OF GREECE AND HIS SUCCESSOR

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HOW CANCER MAY BE PREVENTED

BY LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG, M.D.

THE American Association of Clinical Research, at its recent convention in the New York Academy of Medicine, followed the lead of the Clinical Congress of Surgeons of North America, which was held also in New York City at the same time, and upon the suggestion of Dr. T. S. Cullen, of Johns Hopkins, adopted the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the time has arrived when, if the surgeons of America are to do their duty to the citizens of this country, a campaign of publicity should be at once undertaken to bring to the attention of every woman in this country the early symptoms of cancer. If detected in its early stages cancer can often be cured.

"That this society at once appoint a committee of five, to be named by the president, to disseminate this information.

"That this committee be instructed to write or have written articles to be published in the daily press, the weekly or monthly magazines, as may prove most expedient."

President Edward Martin named the following committee: Dr. Thomas S. Cullen (chairman), associate professor of gynecology at Johns Hopkins, Baltimore; Dr. Howard C. Taylor, of Columbia; Dr. C. Jeff Miller, of Tulane University, New Orleans; Dr. F. F. Simpson, one of the leading abdominal surgeons of Pittsburg, and Dr. E. C. Dudley, of Chicago, author of a standard work in this country on diseases of women. As chairman of the meeting of the American Association of Clinical Research, in order to avoid a conflict of committees and a division of effort, upon the adoption of a similar resolution I endorsed the same committee.

What does this resolution mean? It is the public and official recognition at last of the fact that to make any further progress in the eradication of cancer the medieval secrecy of medicine must be abandoned.

Hitherto, with a lofty disdain, a patronizing egotism, and a superior aloofness, the surgeon and physician have held that the physician or scientific writer who dared to enlighten the public upon important medical matters should be ejected from his medical society and ridiculed publicly as a charlatan. Even to-day certain reactionary doctors still cling to this Puritanical absurdity. In fear that a medical writer may picture a malaria germ in lieu of cancer virus, one of our leading doctors thinks that physicians commit the unpardonable sin if they describe in fair words the newer discoveries and tentative facts about medicine. Happily, however, this ancient type will not survive the present generation, and the physician who is regarded by him and his ilk as a faker and charlatan will be honored as the protagonist of the coming nation.

After five thousand years of cynicism and smug unclubbiness among doctors, a new day is about to dawn. In place of the arrogance which still survives among some physicians, doctors are begging the co-operation of the public. They find that not only do they know less than they were willing to admit, not only are they limited in their activities and the application of their skill, but they are absolutely hindered in their altruistic intentions unless closer relations can be established with the masses in general.

Recognizing this, social-service clubs of non-medical workers, anti-tuberculosis societies for the prevention of the Captain of the Men of Death, associations for the prevention of blindness, clubs of social hygiene, anti-fly crusaders, and mosquito brigades—these and many more are aided and abetted by men and women who are without medical training. Surgeons and physicians find that much more may be done with the aid of well-informed public opinion than without it. Now there comes a new kind of recruit to the latest group of workers who are calling in the wilderness to help the women of the world with the aid of the women themselves. Three great national medical associations, with a membership exceeding several thousand, all find themselves at last praying to the women of the world to assist themselves and their loved ones in an effort to stamp out cancer. Their appeal is to you. The skill, the knowledge, the instruments at their disposal are restricted in their beneficent purpose. At last the hopeful doctors find that knowledge may grow apace, may advance in the future as rapidly as in the past; but unless the suffering individuals of the race, the wives, the mothers, sisters, daughters, and sweethearts are forewarned with appropriate information, cancer cannot be eradicated, cannot cease to be the menace that it now is.

Women are no more vacillating or physically timorous than men. In fact, without the data before me, the impression received is that women, when medical facts are correctly presented to them, exhibit as much valor as discretion and good judgment. Yet physicians and surgeons are only too often discouraged and downcast at the discovery of advanced and hopeless instances of neglected cancer—an ailment that is relatively a benign malady if distinguished at its inception. This unhappy situation is directly traceable to absence of information. Many dangerous conditions of cancer in patients could have been simply and permanently cured if only the girl or woman had presented herself to the doctor a year or so sooner. It is actually calculated that ten thousand women—just think of it as ten thousand afflicted families—are dying every year through ignorance, delay, faulty knowledge patent medicines, and non-medical methods of treatment. The obstinacy, blindness, or unsophistication that induced them a year or so before to refuse, avoid, or miss a simple consultation with an expert surgeon has led to their undoing, has become the direct cause of their dangerous and extensive malady.

Meekly and modestly let me confess it, I never rely upon my own skill and diagnostic acumen when a woman presents herself to me with the delicate symptoms of a hemorrhage. Let us here in childlike purity mince no words; let us not from any sense of mock modesty avoid unpleasant but necessary truths. At those delicate periods of life after forty years of age, up into the fifties or any time thereafter, our mothers, sisters, and other relatives of the female sex are at the cyclical crises of middle age. It is at this sensitive period that a radical transfiguration of a woman's life takes place. Now the rhythmical ebb and flow of their yearly lives has at last become an even, stable quiescence. At this pause in the life of womanhood the most intelligent alertness and the most complete medical knowledge should be available.

> *"Resolved—That the time has arrived when, if the surgeons of America are to do their duty to the citizens of this country, a campaign of publicity should be at once undertaken to bring to the attention of every woman in this country the early symptoms of cancer. If detected in its early stages cancer can often be cured."—Resolution adopted at the recent convention of the American Association of Clinical Research.*

Around this period, not unnaturally, perhaps, is a tissue of misinformation, superstition, and fallacious tradition. Thus it is common gossip that all sorts of violent and uncomfortable symptoms should accompany the feminine metamorphosis then occurring. Flushed skin, dizziness, tingling, pin-and-needle-like sensations, irregular signs of the past rhythm, and even signs of blood are all erroneously believed to be normal and healthy accompaniments of a perfectly natural event in a woman's life.

Nothing is further from the truth. At this turnstile in the human vital path, a woman pauses and takes a gentle and simple turn into a new and different road. This must occur almost without her being at all aware of the change. If she is made emphatically familiar with this pause and change; if her attention has been unduly called to herself by nervous flushes, unusual sensations, flecks or spots of blood at unexpected intervals or after many months of freedom, if these or any of the other signs and symptoms called by grandmothers and neighbors "perfectly natural," if these appear, insist that your family doctor conduct you at once to an expert gynecologist. It can do no harm other than a slight fee, which the specialist, in spite of a popular notion to the contrary, can very well do without and doesn't care a hang about.

On the other hand, a simple examination may prevent dire distress and possibly a worse outcome from the spreading tentacles of a vicious, fatal growth. One of the earliest and most noteworthy symptoms of cancer is this only too familiar flow. If you but ignore this forewarning, this first notification of a malignant growth; if you await the conspicuous signs of this dread trouble, such as pain, it may be too late.

Not long ago a lady who had known me since my infancy came to consult me professionally. She had never married and was peculiarly shy. Yet she desired advice. Just forty-seven, she was surprised at the reappearance of those discomforts common to all women at younger ages. She had been without such evidence for about a year, and concluded that she was growing young once again. Without beating about the bush or concealing the gravity of the situation, I spoke plainly of the commonest probabilities, to wit, the possible early sign of cancer or a harmless growth. I consoled, I pleaded, I cajoled, I appealed to a life-long, almost maternal regard for her. She refused to consider the possibility of anything so unpleasant or serious as cancer. Indeed, she dismissed the disagreeable possibility absolutely and refused steadfastly to allow me or any specialist to examine her. A warning letter to her family brought no better results.

She began certain treatments with money-hungry quacks, advertising charlatans, and various religious cures, meanwhile publicly advertising each as she went from one to the other in turn as "curing" her. She ceased to speak well of me, dilated despairingly on my medical ability, and, while slowly declining in health, forever boasted to friends of her steady improvement. This sad state of affairs lasted three years. She summoned me a month before she died and admitted that her mistake had cost her her life.

Fortunately this gloomy instance acted as a warning and a lesson, with the result that the lives of many Baltimore women were saved. Within a year of this, nearby physicians were consulted by dozens of women with signs of irregular or unusual hemorrhages, and several early cancers were quickly discovered and harmlessly removed, to the very definite delight of everybody concerned. A momentary scare, the day or two of fright and worry, are indeed small as compared with the cost of absent information, obstinacy, prejudice, religious fanaticism, mock modesty, and other causes for delay.

That cancer need not be a fatal disease if discovered early is now certainly established. That it is often the lack of acquaintance with the dangers of delay and ignorance of early cancer signs that causes loss of life is proved by the physician's everyday experience. Let me here present Dr. Cullen's very words. He states that "if taken in time the accumulated facts tend to show that at least thirty per cent. of those suffering from cancer can be cured."

For the last fifteen or twenty years surgeons all over the world have been improving their methods for the removal of cancer. At the present time, if the patient comes while the cancer is still small, the most splendid result may be expected. Indeed, at the earliest stage malignant growths are just as circumscribed as a wart. It is not a blood disease at this time, as is often supposed by the public and some doctors.

Physicians and surgeons are often called to see advanced cases of cancer where, if the patient had come six months or a year earlier, the chances for a permanent cure would have been good. Realizing this fact, medical men in recent years have written papers drawing attention to the subject, but hitherto little impression has been made and the information has not been properly presented for general dissemination.

The percentage of cures obtained by operations in some of the larger hospitals, both here and abroad, shows that the early cases present favorable prognoses. It is appalling to learn how many patients came too late for operations. This is the terrible difficulty that confronts us to-day. Delays are never so dangerous as with cancer. It is realized that the medical profession allows many valuable lives to be lost by not making it known that at least thirty per cent. of all cases of cancer in women could be permanently cured if they knew the earliest signs, submitted to operation early, and did not come to us in the late stages of the disease, as a forlorn hope.

It is now realized how great an amount of good has been done by the public in disseminating information concerning tuberculosis, and yet physicians hesitated to use this most potent medium for the spreading of information about cancer. It is now evident, however, that in no other way can the women of the country be illuminated. The national medical bodies that appointed this campaign committee of five specialists and instructed its members to inspire popular articles written about cancer have enlisted the co-operation of the whole editorial world as well as the daily press. It was felt that in this instance the unnatural reticence of the reactionary physician had to be broken if women were to be properly enlightened on the subject of this dread malady.

So impressed were the members of the congress, 2,600 of whom registered during the session, with the conviction that this was the only way in which results could be obtained, that the motion creating the campaign committee passed without a dissenting voice.

In women there are two chief kinds of cancer, one of which has been mentioned, namely, of the internal organs. The other is located in the bosom. If a woman notices a lump in her breast, she should consult her family physician immediately. It may be only a fibrous little scar-like bunch of tissue and thus not dangerous. Then, again, it may be a cancer. In the latter case it should be removed at once.

Internal cancer is recognized by hemorrhage. If the patient has a hemorrhage that cannot be clearly explained, she should report immediately to her physician. He will tell her whether her ailment is a simple one or a cancer. If there is evidence of a growth, an operation should be performed forthwith.

This is the news to be disseminated throughout the length and breadth of the land; to be carried to every mother, wife, and sister. The United States is blessed with many well-equipped hospitals and with many capable physicians and surgeons. Women suffering with cancer will not have to travel far from home to obtain the necessary medical advice or surgical treatment.

Just as soon as the women of the land are as fully educated as doctors about the first signs of cancer and about the danger of delay, and will report promptly to their physicians, just so soon from twenty to thirty per cent. of them at least will be rescued from this insidious disease. Until a few years ago cancer was considered absolutely hopeless; ignorance might have made it remain so, but knowledge will free you from its dangers.

In this disease time is everything. Let the patient submit to operation while the disease is in its early stage. After it has spread the chance of cure is lessened greatly. Finally, if you are impressed with the early signs of the malady, if you know how to recognize it, pass the information on to every woman whom you can advise on this subject.

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THE SPY OF TRADE

How the Big Business Firm Uses His Services to Outwit its Rivals

BY CROMWELL CHILDE

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THE modern big commercial firm, to be well equipped for every possible contingency, needs a business detective attached to its staff. Generally he is not called by that name, as a rule not by any name at all, for officially he has no connection with the concern. It is quite likely that he does not enter the firm's offices twice a year. Sometimes he has offices of his own, and it is quite likely he is "detecting" for more than one enterprise, in lines that do not conflict.

The really able business detective is very like his prototype in the field of crime. He has the "sleuthing" faculty. He watches new enterprises, discovers new leads, points the way to virgin fields, locates customers whose trade has never been secured before. A specialty of an expert of this sort is the carrying through of delicate missions. Such a man costs money, but he is often worth his weight in gold. There are trade situations that get beyond the versatility of the best of salesmen and the shrewd diplomacy of the keenest "boss."

A situation of this nature came up in the manufacturing world not long ago. It was a case of a big order, and there was every indication that competing concerns were going to slash prices to win it. This did not at all suit the burly, highly executive president of the M. N. O. Works and his most efficient salesman, a keen little man who was a "steamboat" in the trade, and whose commissions averaged thirty thousand dollars a year. Both men wanted that order, but at the regular figure. There must be a way of getting it.

"What we want," said the president, "is to know what those fellows"—he spoke the name of a famous foreign firm of mining engineers who were placing the order—"really have in their minds. All we do know is what they say."

"Hm!" replied the shrewd little salesman thoughtfully. "Mr. Matson, can you spare an hour late this afternoon?"

"Yes, of course."

"Be in your car at Columbus Circle at five. I'll arrange to have Bleming meet you."

Bleming was the business detective who had discovered many little things that had helped along many of the M. N. O. Works' campaigns amazingly.

The first and greatest art of the skilled detective is to throw the people he meets off their guard and get them to talk. In the hands of a man who has this power a "clam" becomes voluble. He does not realize how he is giving out information. Thus when—by the merest chance—Bleming and the American representative of the foreign mining engineers dined together a night or so later, the engineer, who knew Bleming merely as a man of charming personality and some large private interests downtown—a very well-informed fellow he had always found him—was not surprised when the other, over the dessert, casually said:

"You are going to get very low bids on those hoisting engines?"

"The best ever. All the houses want our trade and we are playing them one against the other."

"Clever idea of Jim's!"

Jim was the Grand Mogul of the engineering firm, set on a pinnacle in London.

"He's a wonder," said the American partner.

"The cleverest of all," went on the never-suspected detective, "is your story about your desperate hurry. Let's see, you settle it to-morrow, don't you? Gad, how those chaps 'll shoot down prices!"

The engineer looked pleased. "We won't claim too much credit, though," he said. "That we must have the machines in a rush is really the truth."

"Yes?" Bleming was mildly interested. It was nothing he had money at stake in, any one could see.

"We must have the first, certain sure, ten weeks from to-morrow, or our clients lose their lease on the mines—it is in the lease contract."

A pretty commercial point. Bleming bit off the end of a cigar and pushed the sugar over to his companion.

"Hm! Suppose your low bidder gets the contract and fails to deliver the first hoist by one day?"

The shot had told. The detective had discovered exactly what he wanted to know, and had planted the seed of distrust. He casually eyed the engineer, and deftly began to tell stories of clever concerns on shoestrings which frequently undertook more than they could carry out, and big firms with which reliability was the breath of life.

The little salesman of the M. N. O. Works had a telephone call at his apartment on Riverside Drive late that night, and the next morning, before he started out to see about his bid, he stepped into the president's room.

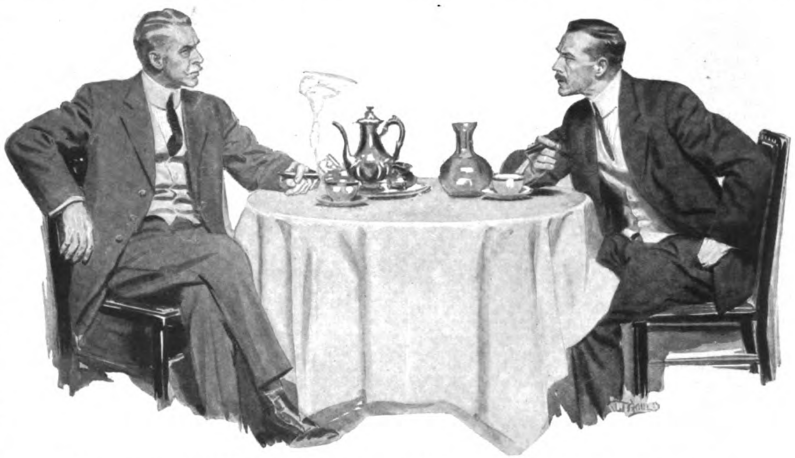
"Bleming has found out the weak point," he said. "They absolutely must have those hoists on time. There mustn't be a shadow of doubt about it. Leave it to me, we'll close on that argument. Price won't cut any figure at all."

The salesman was right. Two hours later he came back with everything fully settled. The statement he made when all the competing salesmen were gathered together will long be remembered.

"We do not compete in price, only in quality. We have put in the highest bid—naturally ours would be the highest. We had to make a high figure because of the unusual conditions, to compensate us for the extra expense we must incur. If the unexpected happens, the entire force of our plant will be thrown to deliver those hoists on time."

A well-dressed man stepped into the office of a paper-manufacturing concern, and sent in a card to the manager. The card brought an immediate request for the visitor to come into the private office. Not a clerk knew that the unassuming stranger was the concern's most important employee. They would have been astounded had they heard that he was in the same line as Sherlock Holmes, only turning his skill to commercial purposes.

What this business detective told behind closed doors caused a salesman to be sent for and primed with facts. The salesman strolled down the street, and before the manager had shut his desk on the day's work a very much desired result had been attained, a rival had been wiped out so far as a certain printing firm's business was concerned; in place of only furnishing half the paper, as they had been doing for years, the company that had the detective on retainer would henceforth, it was very likely, get all of it.



"Suppose your low bidder gets the contract and fails to deliver the first hoist by one day?"

People talk of "psychological moments." The man who is not so up-to-date in his phrases says "in the nick o' time." This was how it came about:

The manager of the printing establishment was a man who fired up quickly, but always concealed his wrath. Among the many curious bits of information this business detective had acquired was a knowledge of this fact. Quietly "sleuthing" one day, he made the discovery that a little question had come up as to one of the statements of account of the opposition paper company. The question concerned the quality and weight of some stock furnished, and very diplomatically the opposition company were insisting that they were right. As a matter of fact, they were wrong. What interested the detective was that in the printing man's heart wrath was smoldering.

"Sommers can do it," he had said, when he had outlined the situation in the secrecy of the manager's office. "See how you like this idea, Mr. Doulton. Put Sommers wise to the whole thing now. Our friend is hot. He has just one thought in his head. Have Sommers see him inside of half an hour. Have him make a proposition just on that stock, nothing else. Don't have him say a word about the people across the street. See if he doesn't get an order, and more, too. I think you'll have the rest of that business now, sir."

To this day the opposition firm does not know how it lost this trade. It gave up its contention over the statement gracefully when it discovered, a few hours later, that it was in the wrong. Why a minor error like this, apologized for, should have put it out of the running, it does not know. It has never yet discovered how a man whom it never suspected was in the game perceived a chief's hidden wrath that was steadily smoldering, and turned it to advantage.

Mr. A wants to know how much the B Company, his main competitor, are paying for a certain line of merchandise. There does not seem any way of finding out by ordinary business methods. But Mr. A. is resourceful. He has needed specific information on this subject and that many a time in the past year or so, and he is in touch with Mr. C, who has a comfortable suite of offices in one of the fine, big buildings on lower Broadway. A very prosperous man is Mr. C, to all appearances.

Though the other tenants of the building and the scores of men he knows in down-town New York never suspect it, C is a business detective. Were this fact discovered his occupation would be gone—at all events, his ability to carry it on in his present very successful way. He passes himself off as a very capable business man, an agent of some sort on an important scale. Now and then he does just enough real business to give color to this supposition.

"It will take a little time," says Mr. C, when he receives his orders. "About a ten-thousand-dollar order, shouldn't you say? That should interest them. I'll let you know how to drop your price. You have a copy of my telephone code, haven't you?"

For this business detective, lest some secrets might slip out over the telephone, has a tiny secret code book for his clients, by the use of which innocent and



They would have been astounded had they heard that he was in the same line as Sherlock Holmes

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PENN STATE

quite misleading words can be used for vital ones. This code is to guard against any treachery of clerks, he says. Men have sold out their employers before now and have never been suspected.

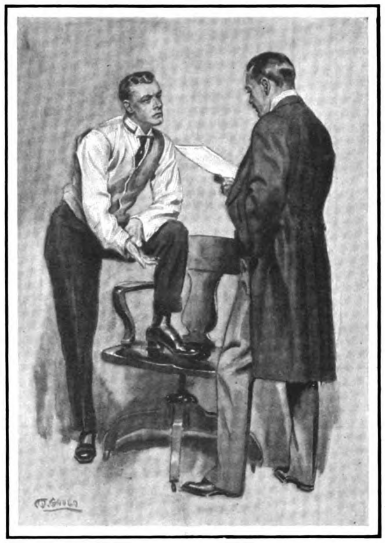
In the rôle of the prosperous business man C starts in to buy. At the B Company's offices he discovers that, while the goods suit him amazingly and closing this contract will doubtless lead to more, yet there is a man, A, two blocks away, who names a better price.

The sequel may readily be imagined. Good, solid customers like this do not appear every day. Very pretty salesmanship is exerted to keep C from buying of A. The price is finally shaded. Just at this juncture A reduces his figures yet further. It all might fail of the desired result were it not that C is a consummate actor. He poses so effectively as the keen business man that, as a final effort, the B Company let him see the invoices to assure him what the goods really cost them and how A, if he is reducing prices yet further, must be selling a lower quality.

Information like that furnished in these cases is worth much money to big concerns at times. In these days of sharp competition ordinary channels of trade news are frequently of little avail, and the trained eye and specialized brain of a professional "investigator" are needed. There are scores of ways in which such an expert can be of service. Now he will be retained to "nose about" and study what seems to be a possible new field for a particular product, now to ascertain the difficult and delicate proposition of why a certain firm will not buy of his client when it continually sends orders in to Jones. Half the battle is in knowing the precise facts. There are men in New York, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, and half a dozen other American cities as skillful in this branch of detecting as William J. Burns is in his.

The business detective is a very different sort of person from the detective of the agency, of course. Most of them would resent being called detectives. If frankly asked, however, they would be unable to give their peculiar profession—for it is a distinct profession requiring an individual, peculiar ability—any other name. They work in what amounts to a disguise, and have all the facility that is the chief art of the detective of crime in getting into the good graces of the people whom they encounter.

It is still told with appreciation in the far West how, several years ago, the prompt action of one of these business detectives diverted a very valuable freight account from one big railroad to another. A mining company that was producing heavily and was a constant shipper gave all its business to the X. Y. Z. The A. B. C. road, which could do just as well, found themselves unable to get a dollar's worth, a particularly annoying situation, for the business was



The B Company let him see the invoices

running into many hundreds of dollars each month.

There came a moment when two things happened simultaneously. The railroads were tied up by one of the greatest snowstorms of the year and the mine began to be flooded with a tremendous body of water. The pumps at hand battled noisily with the inrush, but vainly. It was only a question of hours before the mine would be flooded. Some hundreds of miles away the mining company could put their hands on a big sinker pump in a supply house that would solve the problem. But the pump might as well have been on the Atlantic Coast, so far as they were concerned.

A business detective saw how things were at a glance. He had been retained by the A. B. C. road. Without losing an instant's time he caught the general freight agent. That official realized his chance in a second.

"Get that pump. I am going to send my special car out. In half an hour we will back up on the siding of the supply house, and load her up. We'll get through."

Every effort of the road was put on the little special. The supply house was delighted to have its customer obliged, and before the favored railroad knew what was happening the pump was in the hands of its competitors.

The general freight agent took no chances. At a certain point he arranged to have a twelve-horse team to carry the pump over the mountains. On the other side another engine and car were in waiting.

How much money he spent to get that to its destination has never been told. But he did it. Nobody ever knew the amount of personal exertion and skill he himself put into the task. His own engine tore its way through the storm, and reached the station where the big wagon stood. Then one of his most trusted men, carried along for this especial purpose, assumed the captaincy. Every mile or so a relay of fresh horses was substituted for the exhausted ones. The second train journey was made in safety, and then the A. B. C. road had the exquisite felicity of calling the mine on the telephone.

"We have just received a pump consigned to you. Understand you are in a rush for it. It will be on the platform in a few seconds."

"You've received a what ——? Eh, what? No, you couldn't! What the — say, you fellows, get out a team—"

"One of the Blue Line freighters happens to be standing here, and, if you wish, we can save you time by having—"

"Fine!"

As a matter of fact the Blue Line truck was at that moment backed up to the platform and taking on the pump. Within an hour the big sinker was working with steady rhythm and lowering the water. The business detective had triumphed.

A GLIMPSE OF WAR

BY HENRY W. FARNSWORTH

AFTER spending a week in Constantinople, posting from one official to another in the vain attempt to get a full pass to the front, I finally realized the Turkish method of saying "no." Every man I saw was full of sympathy and, as far as he was concerned, eager to let me go; but unfortunately he was not qualified to give me the authoritative document that was needed. So I decided to make at least a start without a pass. I bought a saddle-horse, a pack-horse, and a donkey, and hired a Greek boy to ride the donkey and interpret for me. I started from the Pera Palace Hotel about noon, and slept that night at San Stefano.

The battle of Lule-Burgas was at this time about ten days old and the roads were filled with the fleeing peasants so often photographed. The town of San Stefano was crawling with soldiers, many of them fresh from Asia Minor, huge, fierce-eyed men who bound their heads in high, gray, woolen turbans. My interpreter stood in abject terror of every one of these. He wore a fez and kept muttering to himself about Allah, whether because he was sore from riding or because he was trying to pose as a good Mohammedan I could not make out.

We started early the next morning and got safely as far as Kutchuk-Chekmejed. Here there was an endless discussion as to whether I should be allowed to cross the bridge. After considerable talk we got through and were at last within twenty miles of the front and no more bridges to cross. The roads, as we hastened along, were even more and more crowded with peasant buffalo wagons retreating and small bodies of troops pushing forward. There was an atmosphere of hurry and excitement in the air. On questioning the peasants we found out that a great battle was expected shortly, that the Bulgarians were behind the mountains on the distant side of the lake of Biuk-Chekmejed, and that the bridge was mined and was shortly to be blown up. Just as the sun began to set we came up with a long line of water-carts and ammunition-wagons struggling up a steep, winding hill, the men pushing at the wheels of the heavy wagons, and the horses plunging and snorting under the lash. I started to cut across country up the side of the hill, for I could see the road ran along a ridge at the top. On the hillside I met a German correspondent forcing a fine big chestnut horse down the rough path as fast as he could get him to go. He shouted to me that nobody was allowed at the front, and that I should probably be sent back. I decided to wait until I was sent back, so I found a sheltered spot and decided to camp there until morning.

All night I could see the silhouettes of the ammunition-wagons laboriously working their way along the ridge. Not a light was shown. Two or three times officers clattered by; but no attention was paid to me. With the first light of dawn we got under way, and shortly after sunrise came over the crest of a long slope and looked suddenly down upon the lake and harbor of Biuk-Chekmejed. To the right was the Turkish camp, a horde of dirty white and brown tents, pitched in a huddled mass along the top of the hill. Thousands of soldiers were moving about aimlessly, apparently getting breakfast and feeding horses. A long line of horses was winding with painful slowness up the hill from the little town at the foot of the bridge, which, white and deserted, stretched across the narrow entrance of the lake into the Bulgar territory. There was a fountain half-way between the town and the camp on the hill, and every horse stopped and drank there and then went on slowly up the steeper part of the hill. Turkish soldiers, looking surprisingly small and meek, perched upon huge Oriental pack-saddles, began to form another line, proceeding, with equal slowness, down the hill toward the town.

There was no wind and six warships were lying quietly in the harbor. Suddenly my eye caught a flash, and then a puff of white smoke, and a big gun boomed out from the largest boat. About two minutes later I heard the shell over behind the hills, where the Bulgars were encamped. Then dead silence settled down again. At fifteen-minute intervals during the whole morning this continued. Not a sign of any kind came from the Bulgars behind the hills. About noon three or four correspondents turned up from somewhere, stood about on the highest point, looked with field-glasses, smoked, and yawned. The Turks sat quietly in the trenches, and the line of pack-horses wound steadily up and down the hill from the town to the camp and back.

In the afternoon I left my Greek to guard the pack-horse and started down toward the town. The soldiers looked at me with dull curiosity, but said nothing. Along the side of the road were many dead horses and buffaloes, with crows flying about them. As I neared the town I began to feel a depression. The houses were all closed and deserted and an atmosphere of oppressed silence hung over it. The pack-horses all seemed to be coming from one direction, so I went along that way. I soon came to the square of the village. This was turned into an open-air hospital and filled with soldiers lying on stretchers. I saw that a good many of them were already dead, the rest lay motionless, and many were evidently dying. A few sailors were busy giving medicine out of a huge bottle to a small troop of men who filed by and then lurched away and flung themselves on the ground. A large white motor-car was standing at the other end of the square, and a man in a corduroy suit with a revolver on his hip, and a band bearing the magic word "Reuter's" on his arm, was talking to a naval official near by. When he had finished, in reply to my questions he told me that this was a cholera camp, and that those considered worth saving were to be transported to San Stefano. During the long tedious ride back up the hill to the camp I began to understand the listlessness and sullen quiet of the soldiers.

At last one afternoon the siege-guns of Tchataldja began to wake. I dashed over there, but at sundown they became quiet. As I came back through the camp at Biuk-Chekmejed, I was met by a colonel, who politely told me that my presence was no longer desired in or about the camp. I noticed at the same time that a large flash signal, up till now unused, was busily signaling Tchataldja.

On the seaward side of the camp was a steep-sided little hill with a flat top. From this hill all the front of the Turkish army could be seen. I got my horse up the path and decided to spend the night there.

About four in the morning the horse suddenly started to his feet, jerking the bridle almost out of my hand and waking me up. At the same instant it was as if lightning had begun to flash along the hillside at the Bulgar end of the bridge. The terrible rattling of machine-guns burst out, the whole hillside seemed one continuously flashing volley. The warships began to fire, and from the end of the bridge came the answering crackle of rifles and brrr of machine-guns. In three minutes there was a pause, a few random shots, and again complete silence. Search-lights swept the hill and signals flashed all along the Turkish front. These soon quieted down and all was as before. I found out later that the Bulgars had tried, in the dark, to force the bridge. In those few minutes—not more than four—three hundred Bulgarians had been killed and wounded, and almost as many Turks.

With the first streaks of dawn the cannon of Tchataldja began to fire in full force. Battery after battery came into action, Hardemkeui joined in, and down in the plain where the Turks were encamped the field-guns began to pipe away among the huge siege artillery on the hills. Two batteries of eight guns each began to answer from behind the Bulgarian hills. The Turkish fleet joined in and a third Bulgar battery began returning their fire. By the time the sun was fully up there was a continual thunder of cannon and a village across the lake was in flames. Tchataldja was hidden in smoke, and only the flashes of its guns could be seen. From the camp of Biuk-Chekmejed came the usual slow-moving line of soldiers crawling down to their trenches.

I rode over to a Greek village to get some breakfast. The only coffee shop was crowded with trembling Greek and Jewish peasants. Although there was not the slightest danger in that spot, yet every time the windows rattled many present grew pale. I found it quite impossible to get within the lines, and so, glass in hand, I again mounted my hill. About noon I made out a detachment of infantry advancing from the Bulgar hills. I could even see shells from the Turkish field-guns burst over and around them. After advancing for about half a mile they began to retire, always deliberately and in good order.

Early in the afternoon a large deposit of Bulgarian ammunition was blown up by a shell from one of the ships and one of the Bulgarian batteries stopped firing. On both sides the firing was much less active. Soon, except for occasional shots from Hardemkeni and slow, steady firing from two of the ships, everything died down. By sundown everything was as before.

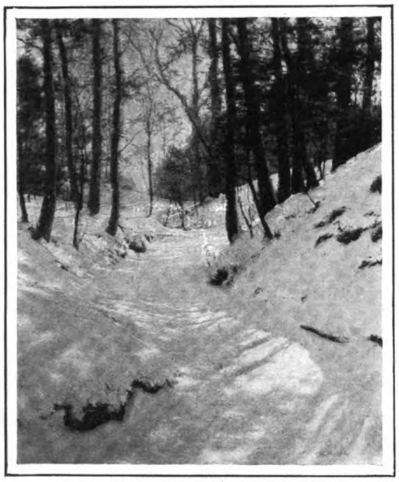
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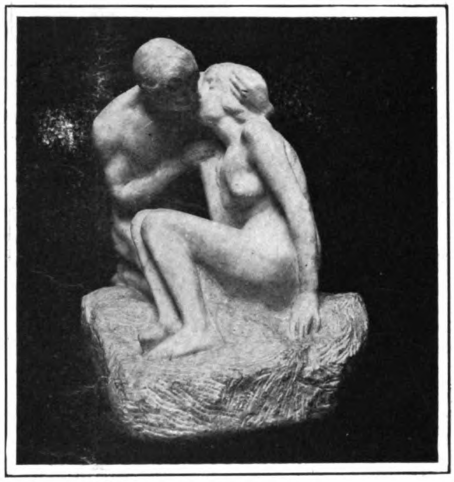
"In the Garden," by Charles C. Curran



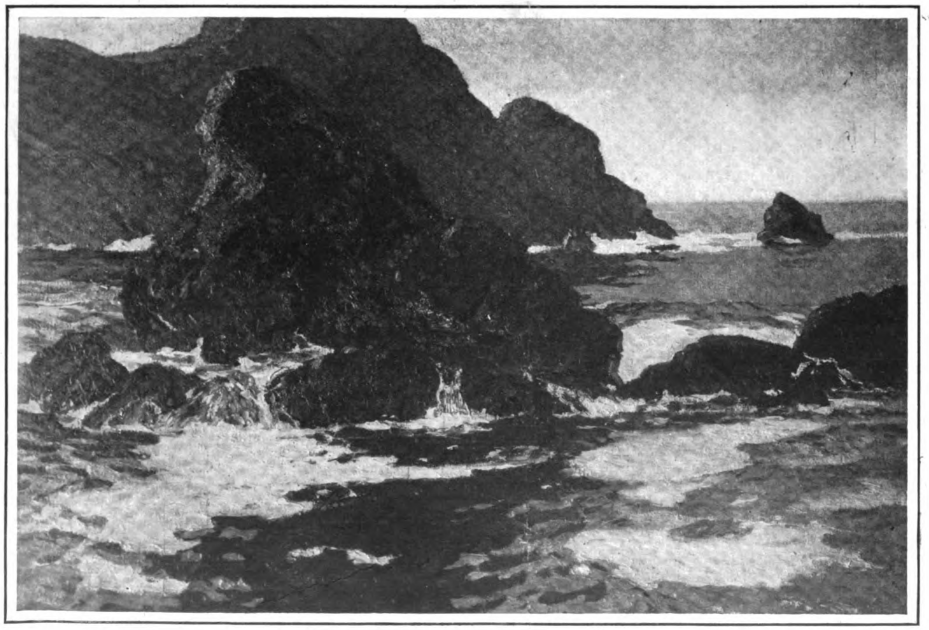
"Mother and Child," by Lilian Genth



"The Glade," by Walter L. Palmer



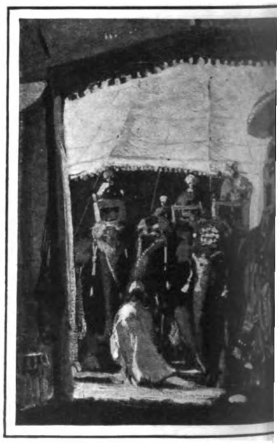
"An Idyll," by Olga Popoff



"Rock Channels," by Paul Dougherty
AWARDED THE INNESS GOLD MEDAL



"Portrait in Black,"



"The Grand Entry
AWARDED THE THOM

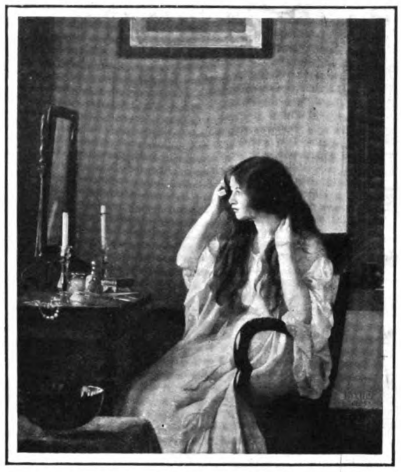
THE ACADEMICIANS

Following close upon the heels of the recent sensational exhibition in New York of "moder
show of the National Academy, with its adherence to the main-traveled highways of art.

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Irving R. Wiles



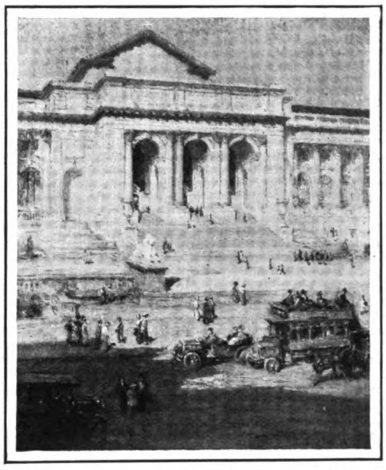
"Girl Combing Her Hair," by William M. Paxton



"A Portrait Study," by Cecelia Beaux



"Brother and Sister," by M. Jean McLane
AWARDED THE THIRD HALLGARTEN PRIZE



"The Library, New York," by Colin Campbell Cooper



y Gifford Beal
L. CLARKE PRIZE



"Youth," by Gardner Symons
AWARDED THE SALTUS MEDAL

HAVE THEIR TURN

art, with its audacious display of "cubism" and "post-impressionism," comes the annual
his page are shown some of the notable exhibits now on view at the Fine Arts Galleries

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APPROACHING THE UNSINKABLE SHIP

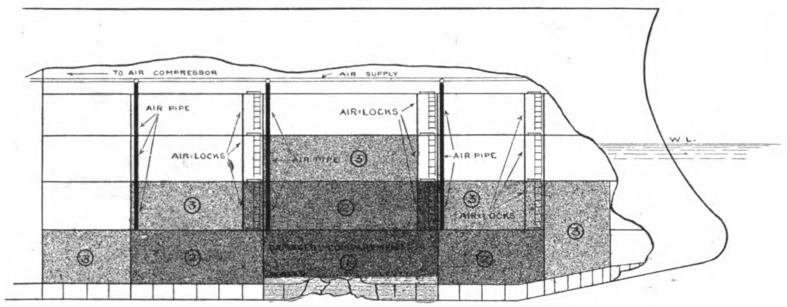
BY ROBERT G. SKERRETT

SINCE the foundering of the *Titanic* almost a year ago, various ocean steamships have been extensively remodeled. There has been a partial improvement, but, as we shall see, it is not the substantial remedy needed to provide against the possible consequences of collision with a submerged obstruction.

The *Titanic* remained above the sea's surface two hours and three-quarters after she was so grievously wounded by the fatal iceberg, and in this fact lies the story of the real direction in which preventive measures must be taken. Grave as the original injuries were, by which water flooded certain of the liner's compartments at once, these leaks were only the approximate cause of the disaster. The ship finally sank because the enveloping bulkheads and the overlying decks gradually yielded to the invading sea, and thus still larger spaces were progressively inundated and the vessel's reserve of buoyancy utterly destroyed. There was nothing to bolster the overstrained partitions from the opposite side. Our naval constructors realized the need of additional security, but the puzzle was how to provide it without too much increased weight and cost. The manner in which the problem has been solved by an ex-sandhog, Mr. W. W. Wotherspoon, is worth the telling.

Mr. Wotherspoon makes every water-tight compartment of a ship a potential caisson, and he provides simple facilities by which these spaces can be speedily filled with compressed air to drive the intrusive water out again. Not only are the flooded spaces filled with air under pressure, but the adjacent ones, as well. The air in the uninjured subdivisions is at lesser pressures, but it is sufficient to reinforce greatly the structure immediately enveloping the damaged compartment. The net result of this is that the wounded spaces, in their resistance to the menacing sea, draw support from a wide area of the contiguous and near-by ship structure, and there is no danger of a fatal yielding because of a bursting force concentrated upon the steel partitions immediately opposed to the intruding sea.

Every man-of-war has a series of pipes leading to all the water-tight subdivisions for the purpose of maintaining forced ventilation. By means of a flexible coupling, easily attached, these pipes can be connected with the air compressors which all fighting ships carry. Thus the only innovation is this connecting link. Each of these compartments has water-tight hatch covers, and the change Mr. Wotherspoon introduced involved merely carrying these hatches to the deck above and thus turning them into air-locks; the purpose of the air-lock being to provide a means of entrance into or egress from a compartment filled with compressed air. The design is not alone intended to expel the water—which can be driven outward only down to the topmost part of the rupture in the vessel's plating—but to close the holes and to keep the division drained while temporary repairs are made by which the craft can go on her way practically unhindered. The air-lock makes it possible for men to go to and fro in doing this work.



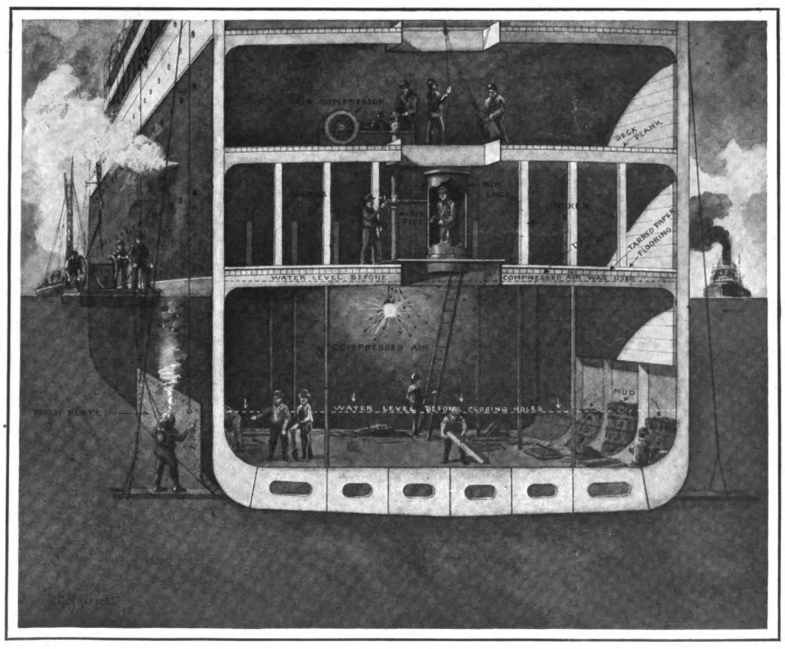
How the United States navy is making its latest dreadnoughts unsinkable

1. INJURED COMPARTMENT UNDER MAXIMUM AIR PRESSURE OF FOURTEEN POUNDS. 2. CONTIGUOUS SOUND COMPARTMENTS UNDER AIR PRESSURE OF NINE POUNDS. 3. OUTLYING NEIGHBORING COMPARTMENTS UNDER AIR PRESSURE OF FOUR POUNDS. IN THIS MANNER THE WOUNDED AREA RECEIVES EXTENSIVE AND EFFECTIVE SUPPORT, AND THE DAMAGED SUBDIVISION CAN BE ENTERED AND TEMPORARY REPAIRS BE MADE AFTER COMPRESSED AIR HAS BEEN APPLIED

After this system was experimentally installed aboard the armored cruiser *North Carolina* and thoroughly tested a short while ago, Mr. Wotherspoon conceived another and equally valuable service which the plant could render without adding to the structural features. Fire is dreaded on shipboard by every seafarer, and especially so where a fighting ship, with her tons of explosives, is concerned. Instead of turning compressed air into the compartments, Mr. Wotherspoon uses the same conduits to carry a non-combustible gas into any space where a conflagration threatens. In this manner a fire can be speedily smothered without the disadvantages attending the use of water, which may do as much damage as the flames.

In a general way this protective system may be adapted to the structural conditions of ocean steamships, and while its installation would not be quite so extensive as that provided in our latest dreadnoughts, still, it could be made comprehensive enough to insure the floating of the craft despite wounds even worse than those that carried the *Titanic* to the bottom.

A very novel application of this general scheme was recently made in the salvage and the repairing of a large trans-Atlantic liner which was stranded in November upon the rocks of the St. Lawrence. The steamship went ashore at high tide, and the seriousness of her predicament was aggravated by the tidal drop of sixteen feet at that part of the river, about ten miles below Quebec. Part of the cargo was removed and five steamers tried to drag the stranded craft into deep water, but without avail. Her position seemed so hopeless that her owners abandoned her to the underwriters. She represented a value of a million and a half dollars, and a premium of sixty-five per cent. was charged by the reinsurers. Winter was approaching and there was the hazard of the river freezing over. Time was precious and only something out of the ordinary was likely to refloat the ship. This Mr. Wotherspoon volunteered to provide, and his proposition was promptly accepted by the anxious interests concerned.



How the stranded steamship was refloated

The illustration shows how the vessel was refloated and then how her damaged bottom was effectively patched so that she could go to sea in safety. The hatches over the flooded compartments were sealed with metal plates and temporary air-locks attached, while air compressors were placed on board and the necessary connections made with the injured spaces. The overlying wooden deck was made air-tight by means of layers of tarred paper and a veneer of stout flooring, and added strength of resistance against the bursting pressure of the confined air in the affected compartments was obtained by shores reaching to the deck above. With these arrangements completed, the compressors were started, and the air turned into the water-filled spaces. Inside of fifteen minutes the water had been driven outward until it was level with the top of the highest punctures.

Then the sand-hogs took up their work. Pieces of planking, called "pudge-boards" were fitted in over the rents, and the crevices were generously plastered with a mixture of mud and oakum—the compressed air driving this plastic stuff firmly into all the chinks. The water receded as the "pudge-boards" extended downward, and thus progressively the holds were emptied and the vessel floated. But, even so, she was not seaworthy, and under ordinary circumstances would have been taken to the nearest dry-dock, which happened to be more than a hundred miles away up the river, for substantial repairs. The season made this risky, because there was the likelihood that navigation would close and that the liner could not return to England to prepare for the spring service. Apart from this, the dry-dock charges would be very heavy, independently of the cost of repairs. Again Mr. Wotherspoon came to the rescue, and offered to make the ship ready for sea without dry-docking. This was no less startling than his first achievement, and yet, as we shall see, he accomplished his end in a simple and effective manner.

From within, carpenters made flexible wooden patterns of the necessary patch-plates and marked upon these templates and also upon the interior surface of the vessel's bottom the places for bolt holes. From these the steel-workers fashioned the patch-plates and screwed into them screw-bolts. These plates were let down over the outside of the ship and guided into place by divers—the threaded bolts entering the holes previously made for them and temporarily sealed from within by wooden plugs. As the bolts came inboard, nuts and washers were attached, and these were screwed down until the patch-plate was drawn snugly against the skin of the craft and the ruptured bottom securely sealed.

The underwater damage to the vessel affected nearly forty per cent. of her bottom plating, and the repairs made by means of Mr. Wotherspoon's system netted a saving of fully $50,000 and made it possible for the liner to get out of the St. Lawrence before the river froze. On her way around to Halifax, where she was temporarily dry-docked for inspection before making the longer run to England, she encountered very trying weather, but in spite of the shaking, her temporary repairs proved equal to the test.

Soon after the salving and repairing of this vessel another steamship went ashore upon the rocks near Halifax. She was got off and, like the earlier craft, was repaired for the run to New York in the same manner. These accomplishments promise to revolutionize salvage operations and to make it possible to refloat and temporarily repair valuable vessels which otherwise might be abandoned to the wreckers. The marvel of it is that these things have not been done before, and they show us what compressed air can do in this new field of employment.

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Interludes

SOME MERRY JESTS FOR APRIL FIRST

For a Busted Father to Send to an Extravagant Son: A check for ten thousand dollars, drawn to the young man's order, and mailed by special delivery post in time to reach him at breakfast on the 1st of April. As long as this is unsigned the deception will prove vastly amusing and will cost only twelve cents, the amount of postage required for its prompt delivery.

For an Old Maid of Acidulous Disposition: An anonymous declaration of love at first sight, accompanied by a violent protestation of everlasting devotion, and ending with a proposal of marriage. This, written on a strange typewriting machine, and sent through the mails without signature of any sort, or other clue to the identity of the author, will create much merriment, and commit you to nothing.

For a Dilatory Debtor to Send to a Dunning Tailor: Dear Snip,—Please find enclosed my check for three hundred and forty-eight dollars and ninety-eight cents, in full settlement of your account to date, which I regret to have overlooked for so long." Sign this, and place it in a sealed envelope addressed to the tailor in question, omitting inclosures of any kind, and mail. Much amusement will be gathered from the expression of his face when he finds the check missing, if you can so arrange matters as to be where you can see it without his seeing you.

For Trial on an Incorrigible Social Climber: A handsomely engraved invitation purporting to invite Mr. and Mrs. Woodby Snobbes to meet Mr. and Mrs. Vanderpeyster Johnes-Smythe at dinner, at eight o'clock on the evening of April 1st, at Number Blanketty-Blank Fifth Avenue, using the address of the Public Library as that of the host and hostess. It will be most amusing to sit in the corridors of the library and witness the arrival of the dinner party.

For a Pompous Bore of a Philosophical Turn of Mind: A fictitious letter from a supposititious University announcing a resolution passed by the trustees and faculty conferring upon him the degree of R. F. D. In his reply accepting the honor he will inquire the meaning of the letters, and you will gain considerable amusement in framing the explanation that if he will go and live on a rural free-delivery route he will find out.

For a Young Wife to Play on a Growling Husband: Make a pie out of red-leather washers soaked in molasses and covered with a crust baked to the tensile power of a piece of armor plate. Place this in a neat box tied up with pink ribbon, and at dinner-time have it delivered by messenger at your home, accompanied by a card bearing the inscription, "With Mother's Love, to Algy." Then, when he has dilated upon the pies that mother used to make, serve warm and with a straight face.

HIS FIRST EXPERIENCE

"So your boy Jim has decided to be a dentist, eh?" said Mr. Blithers, meeting Uncle Silas at the post-office.

"Ya-as," said the old farmer.

"How did he ever discover that he had a liking for it?" asked Mr. Blithers.

"Oh, he useter help me pullin' stumps out o' the caow-pasture," said the old man.

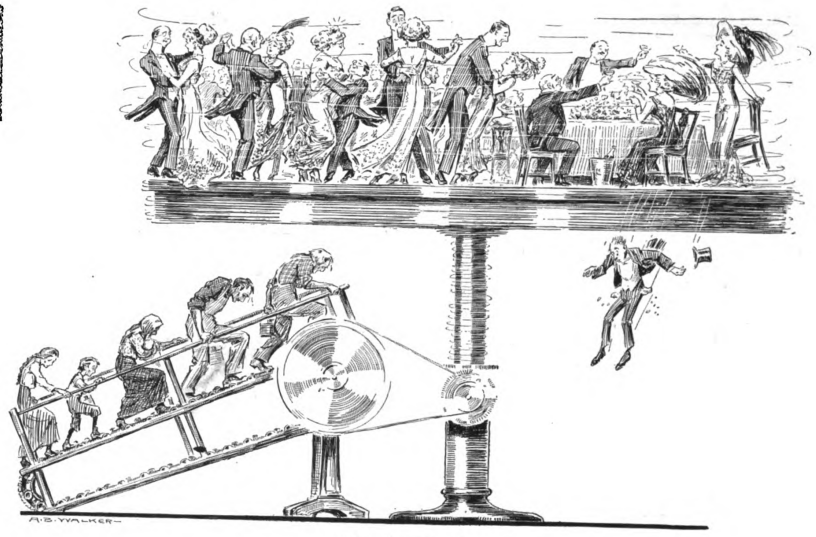
A VALID EXCUSE

"Kin ye deny ye was exceedin' the speed limit?" demanded the judge.

"No, I can't, judge," said Larrups, "but I had a good reason, your Honor."

"Whut was that?" demanded the judge.

"Why, my gasolene was getting low, sir, and I wanted to hurry in before it gave out," said Larrups.



THE TREADMILL

"H'm—wa-al," said the judge, "I'll let ye off this time, and seein' as how I'm not only jestice o' the peace, but the garridge-keeper here, I'll jest sentence ye to buy a couple o' gallons o' gas from me. In view o' the skurcity of the stuff, it'll come to seven dollars a gal."



"SURE, I WISHT A RUNAWAY W'U'D COME ALONG, SO I C'U'D MAKE MESELF SOLID WID THAT PEACH OVER THERE"

AS TO ART

THE students of the Early Summer Art School had just passed the Latherberry farm, and old Uncle Jed Latherberry watched them with curious interest as they walked along. Then he laughed as he turned to his neighbor Dingledell.

"What do ye make out'n this here art game, Hiram?" he said, stroking his chin-whisker reflectively. "They don't look to me ez if they knowed enough to go in when it rains."

"Wa-al, its kind o' this way, Jed'diah," said Mr. Dingledell. "You an' me an' our wives we work like a lot o' pesky hosses fer forty-seven years buildin' up a farm. We suffer through the cold o' winter, an' toil through the heat o' summer to keep the craps a-growin', the fences a-standin', and the roof over our head from a-fallin' in; and then at the end o' that time we sell out the results o' all that there labor an' toil an' sufferin' fer about a thousand dollars."

"Ya-as," said Uncle Jed. "Thet's about how she works."

"An' then one of our darters rises up all on a sudden," said Mr. Dingledell, "an' insists on a-goin' to collidge an' takin' a course in paintin', an' jest to keep peace in the fambly we let her go."

"Exactly," said Uncle Jedediah.

"An' arter awhile she comes back, an' in two weeks she paints the dernedest, lopsidedest, pink and yaller, termater-ketchuppy-lookin' picture o' the place ye've swetted all yer life to build up, calls it the old home by the river, puts a seven-dollar frame araound it, and sells the derned thing to one o' them millionaire kernoshers daown to the city fer five thousand dollars!" said Mr. Dingledell.

A deep silence came over the two cronies.

"What do they call 'em when they sell 'em—ile-paintin's?" asked Uncle Jed.

"Yep," said Mr. Dingledell. "Ile-paintin's is the term."

"I guess that's it, then," said Uncle Jed. "It's the ile, Hiram, it's the ile."

THE HEIGHT OF EXTRAVAGANCE

THEY were discussing extravagance at the club, and finally Blithers propounded the query: "What is the height of extravagance, in your judgment, Colonel Binks?"

"Well," said the Colonel, "I should say that the height of extravagance was building a bowling-alley of polished ivory, and playing ten-pins on it, using quart bottles of champagne for pins and grapefruit for balls."

THE AMENDE HONORABLE

"So!" roared Bilkins, seizing Wiggles by the arm. "I've found you at last! You called me a jackass at the club the other day, and, by ginger, you've got to apologize."

"All right, Bilk," said Wiggles. "Anything to oblige. Lead me to the real jackass and I'll apologize to his face."

NOT TOO WELL

"Is this well water?" asked the passer-by, pausing for a drink at the farm-house.

"Wa-al," said Hiram, "I reckon it's as well as it kin be expected to be, considerin' it's been druv where the caow-shed mostly dreens into it."

APRIL

APRIL is the month for me! Finest month I ever see; dearest month of all the year, and the reason's very clear, for, of all the months there are on the blessed calendar, not another one is there so much like my Daphne fair.

First of these resemblances, April most uncertain is. You can't tell by April skies just what in the future lies; you can't reason from to-day what to-morrow brings your way—and dear Daphne is the same, roguishly uncertain dame!

April smiles with smiles so sweet it nigh takes you off your feet; then a moment later loom clouds compelling in their gloom; and where smiles dispelled your fears falls an endless stock of tears—just like Daphne, don't you know, alternating joy and woe.

Comes along a sunny hour making life a fragrant bower, and you dance and gaily sing with the very joy of Spring; and ere night the Spring is lost and there comes a chilling frost—just like Daphne's whimsy gaze hinting Spring and wintry days.

Yes, indeed, these April times fill my soul with joyous rhymes. Love them? You can bet I do, with a love that's stanch and true, just because they chance to be wayward, contradictory, just as Daphne is—the blessing—when she keeps her lover guessing!

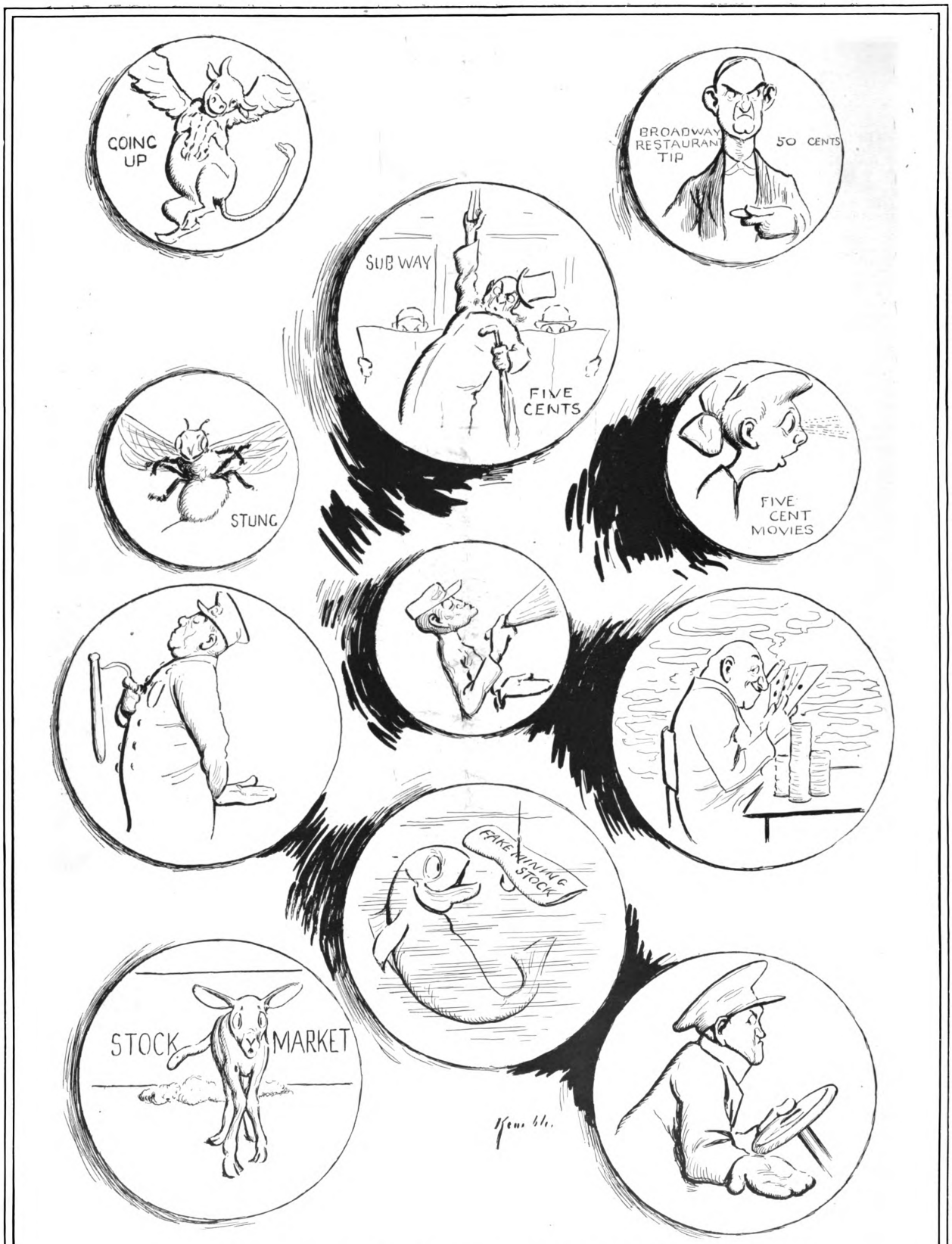
HORACE DODD GASTIT.



HEART TROUBLE

"ALTHOUGH THE DOCTOR SAYS HE WILL BE OUT IN TWO DAYS, HE INSISTS HE WILL NOT BE OUT IN A MONTH"

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IF WE ARE TO HAVE ART ON OUR COINS, WHY NOT HAVE DESIGNS THAT WILL SHOW SOME OF THE USES TO WHICH THEY ARE PUT?

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

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THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

G. K. Chesterton's "Victorian Age in Literature"

BY F. M. COLBY

THE editors of the "Home University Library," in which series Mr. Chesterton's new book is included, need not have told us that this volume was "not put forth as an authoritative history of Victorian literature." Mr. Chesterton's name was warrant enough for that. He is not only incapable of writing what is now termed "authoritative history," that is to say history narrated in an impartial and scientific temper, but he loathes it from the bottom of his heart. Impartiality appears to him a vice. I do not recall any essay of his on the subject, but it is easy to imagine one. He would have no difficulty in proving that impartiality nowadays is not to be distinguished from its paretic twin brother, indifference. As to the scientific historians, he has specifically denounced them as "cravens." It ought by this time to be pretty generally recognized that Mr. Chesterton's method is not that of "patient research." He has been damned by too many scholarly persons on that very account, for he dogmatizes on a class of subjects about which these same scholarly persons, after years of "patient research," modestly refrain from expressing an opinion. That particular sort of modesty is not in Mr. Chesterton's line. Woman, her cause and cure, the Cosmos and its purpose, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, the French Revolution, biology, evolution, sociology, democracy, and what is wrong with Modern Man, are matters that he settles cozily and without any trace of personal embarrassment. His essays consist for the most part in the popping of these huge questions and the rapid return of the definitive answers. To slower and more careful minds this practice is apt to give offense as indicating a lack of scholarly thoroughness, especially when, as often happens, they find that the precise opposite of Mr. Chesterton's answers would be just as true. Thus misunderstandings have arisen and bad language has freely flowed, including the rather frequent repetition of the terms "mountebank" and "charlatan" and of words implying an undignified and injudicious agility. The volume of this wrath is happily diminishing, but to this day a good many professors of the Drier Criticism and some contributors to the London *Weekly Bombardinian* may be found who cannot forgive Mr. Chesterton when, as they phrase it, they see him standing on his head.

I have on these occasions sought in a humble way to serve as peacemaker, and, as this new book is pretty sure to cause some trouble, it may be well to repeat here my customary consolations. The fact that Mr. Chesterton hops about a subject instead of going to the root of it ought not of itself to give offense. People who go to the root of a subject often stay there. One meets scholars who are, like apple worms, almost, so to speak, of a piece with their context. Surely it is ungenerous to desire that a person of Mr. Chesterton's social, not to say convivial, qualities, should even partially be thus interred. "Superficial" has been hurled at him by some critics as if it were an imprecation. But the superficial view is at least one view of a matter, and there is small blame to the man who takes it. It is conceivable that an excellent poem might be written about a two-volume treatise on dynamic sociology without the poet's reading a single word inside. Indeed, one may say that the more the poet read of it the worse the poem might be. Moreover, if Mr. Chesterton can be said ever to have done anything deliberately, he has deliberately gone in for superficiality and has defended his course in passages of some eloquence. In a time of more or less inarticulate specialism, he has insisted on the value of the superficial view. He believes that things have an outside and that that is the side of them with which, taking the whole of life, most of us are, after all, mainly concerned. He has no quarrel with the deep ones and the plodders; but he believes there is also another way of praising God, and he has himself chosen the leaping and dancing and the very loud cymbal.

The Victorian Age in Literature is not in the line of those four fine, genuine products of Mr. Chesterton's fancy and humor and strong faiths—*The Napoleon of Nothing Hill*, *The Man Who Was Thursday*, *Orthodoxy*, and *Manalive*. Its qualities are those of his routine work, especially of those weekly essays whereof the pace is rapid, but a little forced. But it abounds, of course, in amusing turns of phrase and clever characterization. They may be picked up on almost every page. The following have been jotted down at random: Macaulay's father is hit off as "one of the first 'friends of the negro,' whose honest industry and philanthropy were darkened by a religion of somber smugness, which almost makes one fancy they love the negro for his color, and would have turned away from red or yellow men as needlessly gaudy."

As to Macaulay's philosophy, it consisted of "two thoughts, neither of which is true," one of them being "that politics, as an experimental science, must go on improving, along with clocks, pistols, or penknives, by the mere accumulation of experiment and variety."

Not that Macaulay held the hazy modern notion that the soul, in its highest sense, can change. On the contrary, he seems to have held that religion can never get any better and that poetry rather tends to become worse. But as to politics he did not see the inadequacy of his theory. For if the soul of man does not improve, what guarantee is there that the accumulations of experience will be adequately used?

"And if the soul of man is subject to other laws, is liable to sin, to sleep, to anarchism, or to suicide, then all sciences, including politics, may fall as sterile and lie as fallow as before man's reason was made. Macaulay seemed sometimes to talk as if clocks produced clocks, or guns had families of little pistols, or a penknife littered like a pig."

John Stuart Mill, though constrained to preach a hard rationalism and a hard egoism in religion, ethics, and political economy, had none of the "brutal optimism" of the Manchester School.

"There was about Mill even a sort of embarrassment; he exhibited all the wheels of his iron universe rather reluctantly, like a gentleman in trade showing ladies over his factory. There shone in him a beautiful reverence for women, which is all the more touching because, in his department, as it were, he could only offer them so dry a gift as the Victorian Parliamentary Franchise."

On the effectiveness of Carlisle, Newman, and Matthew Arnold in controversy:

"If Newman seemed suddenly to fly into a temper, Carlyle seemed never to fly out of one. But Arnold



An Impression of Chesterton
FROM A CARICATURE BY MAX BEERBOHM

kept a smile of heart-broken forbearance, as of the teacher in an idiot school, and it was enormously insulting."

Needless to say the tale of Victorian literature as told by Mr. Chesterton is exciting. In fact, though he has taken only the familiar figures and time spirits, tendencies, conflicts, and turning-points, he has arranged them most melodramatically. Here follows a summary of what may perhaps be termed the plot: The curtain rises on a group of eccentrics gathered "round Coleridge and his decaying dreams," or lingering in the tracks of Keats and Shelley. These are Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Landor, "throwing plates on the floor," Hazlitt and Peacock, to whom belong in spirit if not in time De Quincy and Thomas Hood. But the chief turn of the nineteenth century did not begin with them. The drama really begins when a footman at the Holland House opens the door and announces "Mr. Macaulay." Enter Macaulay into a world of Whigs where he finds the "phosphorescent and corpse-like" Rogers and Sydney Smith, "bursting with crackers of common sense" and Tom Moore, "the shortened shadow of Lord Byron." This appearance of Macaulay was "typical of the turning-point in the century." With Macaulay enters also the villain of the piece. This was Rationalism. Half of Macaulay was rational and that was very bad, the half was romantic and that was very good.

"Macaulay makes the foundation of the Victorian age in all its very English and unique elements; its praise of Puritan politics and abandonment of Puritan theology; its belief in a cautious but perpetual patching up of the Constitution; its admiration for industrial wealth."

The mean Macaulay was not only rational, but utilitarian. The good Macaulay was generous and romantic, with a poetic enthusiasm for great people and great things. "He felt and used names like trumpets."

"The chief tragedy in the trend of later literature may be expressed by saying the smaller Macaulay conquered the larger."

Macaulay helped bring on that black and fateful thing, the Victorian Compromise. John Stuart Mill drew it still nearer. Mill was very nearly all rational. He sprang from the soul of Jeremy Bentham, and was in philosophy as hard as nails, but even Mills was partly redeemed by his "silvery sensitiveness." No one was altogether unredeemed except Herbert Spencer, about whom the less said the better. It should merely be noted in passing that he begot anarchism.

But though the compromise was coming on, many a good man dealt it a blow. There was, for example, Carlyle's doughty thrust at Manchester:

"Macaulay and the Mills and all the regular run of the early Victorians took it for granted that, if Manchester was getting richer, we had got hold of the key of comfort and progress. Carlyle pointed out (with stronger sagacity and humor than he showed on any other question) that it was just as true to say that Manchester was getting poorer as that it was getting richer; or, in other words, that Manchester was not getting richer at all, but only some of the less pleasing people in Manchester."

Soon there was excellent fighting all along the line. Arnold fell upon the "vulgar and sullen optimism of Victorian utility" by asking the English:

"What was the use of a train taking them quickly from Islington to Camberwell, if it only took them from a dismal and illiberal life in Islington to a dismal and illiberal life in Camberwell?"

Newman had already forged "the iron sword of dogma" which was eventually to "parry the club of Darwin." Ruskin smote the early Victorian rationalists and "knocked out what little remained of their brains." Dickens came and "saw what the Age of Reason had to give him. And, having tasted it, he spat it out." He attacked the cold Victorian compromise and he attacked the economists, but in neither case did he know what he was doing.

And to the "Mid-Victorian muddle-headedness" there succeeded the later Victorian complacency which ruled out politics and religion from discussion and took the most absurd premises of science for granted, such premises, for example, as we have found in our own day the "fitting foolscap, the crown of crime and folly in the thing called eugenics." Nevertheless, the Compromise did in fact break up. Victorian religions and spiritual idealism collapsed simultaneously. There followed a period of disillusionment in which might be heard the piping of Oscar Wilde. Then came the hot shapes of rebellion who were soon warring against each other.

"Thus anarchists and socialists fought a battle over the death-bed of Victorian Industrialism; in which the socialists . . . won a complete victory."

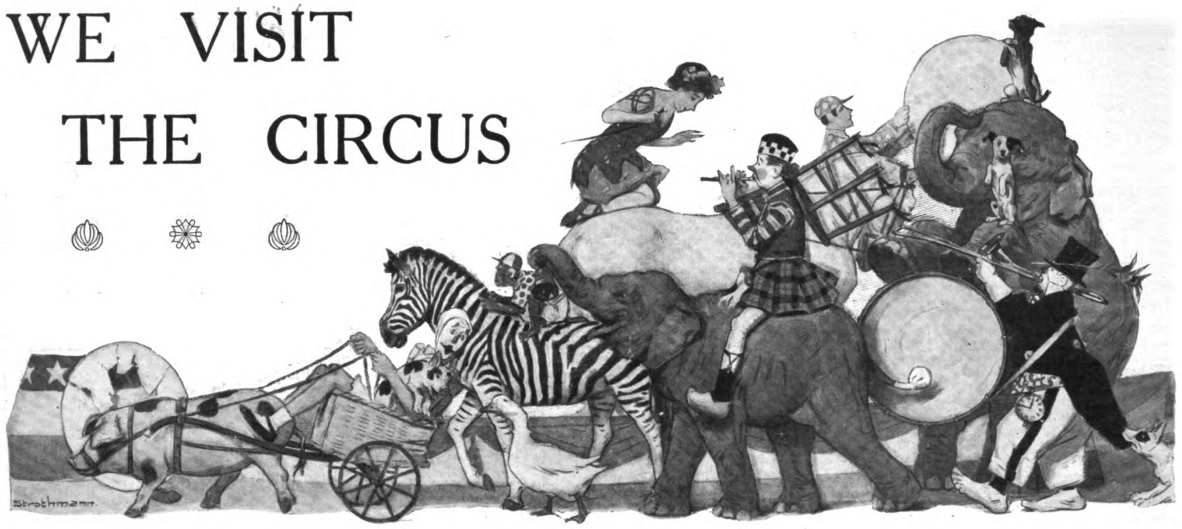
It was Bernard Shaw who won the victory for socialism against both capitalism and anarchism, but though through Shaw socialism gained the support of the educated classes, "it lost the populace forever."

"We began this book with the fires of the French Revolution still burning, but burning low. Bernard Shaw was honestly in revolt in his own way; but it was Bernard Shaw who trod out the last ember of the great revolution."

It must not be inferred that Mr. Chesterton's sole concern is with "root facts" and "central thoughts" or that his only pleasure consists in giving great writers two ideas apiece and knocking their heads together. On the contrary, he is very much alive to their complex personal qualities. He has reveled in Jane Austen, and he has rioted in Dickens. It is plain that he can feel books as companions and not merely as Victorian sign-posts. But having a large subject and little space, and a mighty thirst for spiritual battle, he insists on stripping books for action or making a large, variegated, and pleasure-giving person into the mere missile of some central thought. So one receives the impression of a scene that is at once simple and maniacal—the parry and thrust of a few fixed ideas. And Meredith is reduced to his "optimism," and Thomas Hardy stalks abroad as "pessimism" with absolutely nothing on. And one book blows up another across the decades and stabs the rationalism of a third. And who killed the cock-robin of capitalism? Why, the little arrow of our cheerful sparrow Bernard Shaw. No one can blame Mr. Chesterton for saying what he feels about the Victorian writers and saying it as loudly as he likes, but a serious doubt arises in a reader of his better books whether in this particular volume he has allowed himself sufficient leisure to find out what he does feel. Of course there is at the heart of his book the strength of a great traditional faith. He is sure that he has found his way and that most of those of whom he writes have lost theirs. But it is not probable that he sees men as merely "root ideas" in motion, and despite his bluster of certitude we often doubt if he has really found his own opinions or his personalities. For when in a hurry it is hard to find one's own opinions, and the rapid writer is apt to snatch up other people's. And as to taste, his gusto seems less genuine in this volume than in a good many of his other books.

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WE VISIT THE CIRCUS



EVERYBODY knows that there is a place where dreams and enchantments come to life. Most of us have visited some part of these Magic Kingdoms, and have perhaps met there him who has been called Airil-nan-Og, or Airil the Youthful, in whose company (so it is said), one is aware that the greenness of grass does not really pass nor the beauty of a wild rose fade. It is quite true that you will not find any two people who agree as to where these Magic Kingdoms are to be found, or who call them by the same name. For some they are the Isle of Apple Trees, for others the Plain of Honey. Others know them as the Land of Heart's Desire; still others, who are troubled and sorrowful, and who therefore must be wrong (for of course no one *should* be troubled and sorrowful), may tell you that the true name is the Hills of Silence. But those who insist that the right way to speak of this country—at least when one means the country where miracles greet you casually, as familiar friends, and all the winds are spring winds, and the seas are always moonlit, and there is always dancing and singing in the groves and fields, and every one has everything he wants, from grapes as big as apples and apples as big as pumpkins to games as perpetual as the hills—those, we say, who insist that the true name of this most meritorious and desirable region is Tir-nan-Og, or the Land of Youth, are probably more nearly right than the others. They will tell you (though perhaps only the old and weary will agree with them) that the Plain of Honey and the Isle of Apple Trees are nothing but mirages; that the Land of Heart's Desire is but as a breath in the doorway, a feather in the wind (they have used these very words!); and that the Hills of Silence are shut away by an impenetrable mist. But, they say, Tir-nan-Og is no delusion, and is shut away by no forbidding curtain of mysterious vapor.

Everyone (and when we say "everyone" we mean, of course, everyone under sixteen—the others don't count) has seen and known Airil of the Young, of whom we have spoken. He wears many disguises; but always he has the power, not only to keep the



grass ever green and the roses ever fresh, but to make real for us the things we wish for and dream of, at the time we wish for them to be true—which, when you come to think of it, is quite the most enviable gift anyone could have. With the time of year when you are most likely to meet Airil of the Young is here, and he is now to be seen any day. He is at his old game of making wonderful things come true, of making them appear before your very eyes. You can prove this for yourself any afternoon or evening by going to the Madison Square Garden. For we shall not longer conceal the fact that the Circus (we have an unshakable conviction that the Circus should always be capitalized, like Congress and the Constitution)—that the Circus, we say, has come to town.



Was it Catulle Mendès who asked, once upon a time, Where are the roses of the faded April? We do not know: we must, like Dr. Johnson in Boswell's account of the lady who interrogated him concerning a future life, "leave the matter in obscurity." But as to the Circuses of all the faded Aprils of the past, we entertain no doubts: we can say with perfect and serene confidence that they have all come to life again in the delectable show that everybody can now see at the Garden. Here Airil of the Young, of whom we have been speaking, has taken shape, as the creator of many wonders, in the composite person of the Messrs. Ringling, who wear with such grace and aplomb the mantle of the hallowed Barnum.

Never, surely, were there such clowns as you can see disporting themselves in the Garden arena. We make no apology for speaking first of our pleasure in them; for we have always regarded the clown as a completely reassuring symbol of the joy of life. So long as the clown endures, it is possible to heed the adjuration of the Tent-Maker, and in the fire of Spring your Winter-garment of Repentance fling. The clown is a challenge flung in the teeth of mortality. Omar's reminiscent Moon will doubtless

> "... hereafter rising look for us
> Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain;"

but the clown will ever stand, unimpeached and unimpeachable, as a symbol of immortality; and at this Circus his charm and vitality are unabated.

We [illegible] most memorably thrilled, perhaps, by those we [illegible] program precisely and justly calls "aerial artistes." We had not completely realized before that there are so many different kinds of trapezes. We know now that there are not merely unadorned "trapezes," but "double," "aerial," "flying," and "lofty-double" trapezes; and the breath-catching performers who use them are indeed authentic artists. The women, we venture to observe, seemed more confident and unafraid in the performance of their incredible deeds than did the men. Memories of confusing and multifarious wonders crowd upon us, and they are not easily disentangled. We are haunted by a huge and stupefying and gorgeous dream in which are mingled deliciously the grotesque and the splendid and the comic. We remember the incomparable baseball-playing of two deliriously solemn elephants; the milk-white horses who turned themselves into dazzling marmoreal statues; the accomplished and relentless kangaroo who fought a successful boxing-match; the Icelandic wrestler who vanquished, single-handed, three murderous desperadoes; the fabulous bareback-riding of Miss May Wirth—"eighteen years of age and the greatest rider that ever lived," as the programme affirms with elaborately restrained enthusiasm; and we must not seem to slight the sumptuous "Cleopatra" spectacle, which is at once choreographic, dramatic, and scenic, and in which three thousand costumes gleam and glow upon the stage of the Garden.

So, it will be seen, there is not only the wonder of the miraculous and the persuasion of the comic in this best of all possible circuses; there is also beauty. We can see yet, when we shut our eyes, the exquisitely rhythmic movements of the dancing horses, the superb and sudden loveliness of those dipping, flying, plunging, flashing, aerial figures, the grace and abandon of the lady who disports herself upon the back of a galloping horse as if it were the motionless stage of a theater. And when one can say that at the Circus it is possible to find, not only a corner of Tir-nan-Og, but Beauty dreaming its eternal dream—surely, then, we may conclude that, after all, the world is full of enchanted byways.



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The Hardy Human Being

MAN may with more or less discomfort endure the climate of any part of the globe whereon he lives.

On the other hand, plants and animals cannot exist in temperatures far higher or lower than those to which they have become accustomed. But man moves from one extreme to the other with, generally speaking, but small physical discomfort. Explorers visit the sands of Africa and the ice-fields of the north, returning to their normal environments with in some cases a distinct improvement in physical condition. Man inhabits pretty nearly every part of the earth, with the exception of the immediate vicinity of the poles.

Men of science contend that the lowest temperatures at the earth's surface are not found directly at the poles, but at some distance to the south of the north pole, but at some distance to the north of the south pole. Then, too, it is claimed, the greatest degree of heat is not, as might naturally be supposed, to be encountered at the equator, but at some distance to the north and to the south of that line.

The records and statistics show that the coldest place on earth is in Siberia. The lowest temperature ever recorded in the open air was 90 degrees below zero (Fahrenheit) at Werchajansk, central Siberia, on January 15, 1885. The highest temperature is set down at 124 degrees above zero (Fahrenheit), registered in Algeria, northern Africa, on July 17, 1879. These records of extreme heat and extreme cold afford a range of temperature covering the whole inhabitable world of 214 degrees, or two degrees more than from zero to the boiling-point. People who inhabit these places of extreme heat and cold are found to be exceptionally healthy and live to a ripe old age.

In our own country the extreme range of heat and cold is not so great but one may live in comparative comfort in any section; yet the same conditions apply to animal and plant life here as prevail throughout the world. Animals and plants that survive the winters of the south could not endure the winters of the north.

The greatest of the extremes of heat and cold in the United States are found in the Western states, from the Dakotas and Montana southward to Texas and Arizona. The temperature in the Northwest during the winter months frequently drops to 30 or 40 degrees below zero and occasionally runs below 60 degrees, while the heat of summer in the central West and Southwest touches 100 degrees or more. Regardless of such extremes, the climatic conditions throughout the entire Rocky Mountain range are delightful for ten months of the year.

The most equable temperature throughout the year in our country is found along the sea-coast. Nearly two-thirds of the entire population dwell in sea-coast cities.

Measuring the Intelligence

A MEANS of demonstrating objectively what the phrenologists call "secrets of personality" has been tried by means of colored lights. Professor John Gray, a well-known member of the British Association and one-time treasurer of the Anthropological Institute, has made a long series of experiments along this line and prophesies that in time the intelligence of different persons may be definitely gauged with a view to the work they may be able to do and the position in life they should be fitted to fill. His idea is that phrenology in the past has not been scientifically employed. The protuberances of the cranium are not in themselves sufficient to tell us what we should know of the character of the person who has them. He has invented an apparatus whose *modus operandi* is the flashing of colored lights over the eyes, each in rapid succession. The sensation of color remains a short space of time after there is no longer any external indication of its effect upon the eyes. The eyes upon receiving the flash look slightly inflamed and preternaturally brilliant. It is the strength of the duration of this sensation of color in the mind that indicates whether the person subjected to the test has normal or supernormal or defective capacity.

A number of these experiments were made in the Middlesex Hospital in London with students, and it was determined that "perseverance" is the quality of the brain that corresponds to the persistence of the sensation of color under these circumstances. Average persistence characterizes the man of only ordinary intelligence. When the persistence of the sensation of color is inferior to the average, it has been found that the ideas "rush forth," so to speak, more rapidly, but less coherently. A degree below the normal point indicates a suggestive and brilliant imagination; these individuals have much tact, but little concentration. They do not go far in any direction, though they are often daring in the things they conceive. Two degrees below normal indicates frivolity, a feeble character, and superficial intelligence.

One degree above normal is proper to those persons who learn slowly but retain what they learn tenaciously. They are apt to be partial to abstract ideas and thus to be impractical. Two degrees above normal is about as bad as two degrees below it, because the center of control seems, in the larger number of cases, to be out of alignment—and thus the better supply of intelligence is really wasted as far as tangible results to the conscious intelligence are concerned. These persons, strangely enough, are very intuitive. In other words, the greater the distance from the average, be it higher or lower, the stronger the chance becomes that the individual may be defective.

When the "perseverance" (as measured by the sensation of these color flashes) reaches more than two degrees above normal the person is vacillating and feeble, no matter what his capacity may be for study. Perseverance in women is less than in men, which explains why they learn more rapidly without really forming judgments on the things they learn or putting them to practical tests in daily life. Indeed, experiments in a large number of cases appear to demonstrate conclusively that in the higher degrees of perseverance most women are inferior to men. Also, people with light-colored hair have more perseverance than those with dark-colored hair.

Women Who Wear Tails

IN some parts of Nigeria a maid, on becoming a bride, puts off her girdle of twisted grass and assumes her tail with quite as much pride as the civilized woman takes to her wedding-ring. Each tribe has its own particular pattern of tail and no deviation as to length or shape is allowed. The appendage is made of plaited or twisted grass and is worn generally over a bunch of leaves, possibly to avoid friction with the bare cuticle, it being the only ornament or article of apparel in the wardrobe of these women. The tails are never more than a few inches in length. Some are short and stumpy, others broaden out at the ends like a mushroom, and still others are longer and bell shaped. One kind is made of palm fiber stained red and bound tightly with strings. Others are adorned with an intricate pattern of brass or copper wire, and some combine beads with the wire.

The Kagoro women wear the shortest and plainest of tails, but to compensate them for this Quaker-like simplicity they may add a bracelet or leglet of beads. A Kajji woman of Mersa wears a tail of the mushroom variety. These have elaborate designs of brass and copper wire, the wheel-shaped end being gorgeous with many colored beads set in a bed of rubber when it is in a liquid state. Once in a while a Kajji woman is seen with an iron bell above the tail. Whether this is her own caprice or made obligatory by her husband is not told. The tail is fastened to a girdle, sometimes nothing more than a string around the waist.

At some feasts little girls may wear tails, but this has a peculiar religious significance, the mysterious meaning of which is unknown.

Fashion is most dictatorial in Nigeria. The men as well as the women are obliged to decorate their bodies with regularly prescribed designs.

Japanese Mirrors

IT is only during a comparatively short time that the Japanese have known glass as Occidentals know it. When the first railroads were built, passengers in the coaches often put their heads through the glass, supposing the frames of the windows to be empty, and the railroad company at length pasted pictures on the glass to call attention to the fact that a solid substance was behind them. The masses of the Japanese to-day do not know the mirror as it is known in the west. The richer people have one mirror, indeed, but usually the glass used in the mirrors sold to the populace is not quicksilvered, being merely well polished. As for cut glass, it is practically unknown in the island, and glass drinking-cups are rare.

Engraving Steel with Moss

SOME curious photographs, recently exhibited at the Academy of Sciences in Paris, show the effects of exploding moss into a block of polished steel. The effect upon the steel surface is similar to the lines of very fine engraving, the moss being imbedded in the track it took and leaving the most intricate tracery.

Picture Signatures

MANY of the works of the old masters are not signed. Experts rarely rely on signatures alone in determining the authenticity of an old work, but trust rather to their knowledge of the painter's technic.

False signatures can be easily detected. Spirits of wine or turpentine will usually remove a name of later date than the painting. In the course of time signatures often become very difficult to find. Painted originally in a shade slightly lighter than the ground, perhaps, they sink in, darken, and merge into the ground color or they are almost rubbed away by successive cleanings. Recognizable one day in a specially favorable light, they may not be visible again for weeks.

Experts speak of "will-o'-the-wisp" signatures, and many collectors have encountered accidental strokes and cracks that tantalizingly suggest a signature, though it can never be made definite. On the other hand, there have been remarkable cases of such marks, after careful study, resolving themselves into a famous name.

Sometimes the painter's name is most conspicuous, as, for instance, in Raphael's "Sposalizio" at Milan. Proud of having surpassed his master, the youthful genius wrote on a frieze in the very center of the canvas "Raphael Urbinas."

Reynolds hardly ever signed his work. But upon the completion of the portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, he wrote his name large on the gold embroidery of her dress. He was unable, he said, "to resist the temptation of sending my name to posterity on the hem of your garment."

With reference to unsigned paintings, there is told in Germany an amusing story. Achenbach, the German artist, enjoyed a vogue about ten years ago. A certain collector had bought from an art-dealer a marine represented as a genuine Achenbach. Afterward it was pronounced to be a copy. The buyer brought an action against the dealer, who turned the tables by declaring that his picture was genuine and the other was a copy.

Achenbach himself was summoned by the court to tell which was which. Amazed at the similarity of the two paintings, the artist gazed at them for a long time, inspected them closely front and back, and then frankly admitted that he could not tell which was the original and which the copy.

Some American Citizens

THE Hopi Indians, who number about two thousand, inhabit eight villages in the "Painted Desert" of Arizona. These villages are situated from eighty to one hundred miles from the nearest railroad point. All are located on the summits of *mesas* that rise precipitously to a height of one hundred feet or more above the plain.

By reason of their isolation the Hopis retain their primitive customs, habits, and ceremonies to a far greater degree than is the case with any other Indian community in North America. Indeed, the Hopis may be said to constitute an anachronism, and for many other reasons than the unique position of their women, whose domination over the men is a survival of the primitive matriarchate.

It is a fact not generally known that the Hopi Indians, together with all other Pueblo tribes of New Mexico and Arizona, are full-fledged citizens of the United States, since by the terms of the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, terminating the war with Mexico, full rights of citizenship were guaranteed to all inhabitants of the ceded territory who had been citizens of Mexico. The Supreme Court of the United States has held that the Pueblos were citizens of Mexico prior to the consummation of the treaty. Consequently they are now citizens of the United States, and as such entitled to vote, to run for Congress, and otherwise to avail themselves of their privilege as *bona fide* Americans. It is not at all likely, however, that the Hopis will claim any such rights of suffrage now or for a long time to come. Indeed, these Indians are as indifferent to American politics as could be imagined. The government of the United States means nothing whatever to them, and were it wiped out to-morrow the Hopis would pursue the even tenor of their way quite as before.

The History of the Key

THE key was one of the first things invented by man. The primitive key was probably a thorn or splinter. Afterward fish-bones seem to have come into use. Wooden pegs followed these. In modern times, the process of manufacturing keys is very highly developed. Fifty years ago there were only some hundred varieties of keys, each having its special name and distinct use. To-day they are legion.



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FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

The Union Pacific Muddle

A TRAFFIC ALLIANCE RATHER THAN CHANGE OF OWNERSHIP OF THE CENTRAL PACIFIC SEEMS THE LOGICAL SOLUTION OF THE DIFFICULTY

ON a gray Saturday morning not long ago a "special" from New York, carrying a small party of Union Pacific officials and their counsel, pulled into the Union Station at St. Louis. Just one day remained before the expiration of the syndicate, formed, contingent upon governmental approval of the dissolution plan, to take over Union Pacific's holdings of Southern Pacific stock. Opposition to the plan by the California State Railroad Commission had resulted in its being greatly modified, and, in its modified form, being re-presented to that body for sanction. If approval were granted by the California commission the Circuit Court at St. Louis, it was well understood, would interpose no objection to the plan's becoming operative. If, on the other hand, the commission withheld its approval, there would be no use of even presenting the plan to the court. It would be as dead as a door-nail, and, automatically, the syndicate of bankers formed to carry out its provisions would be automatically dissolved.

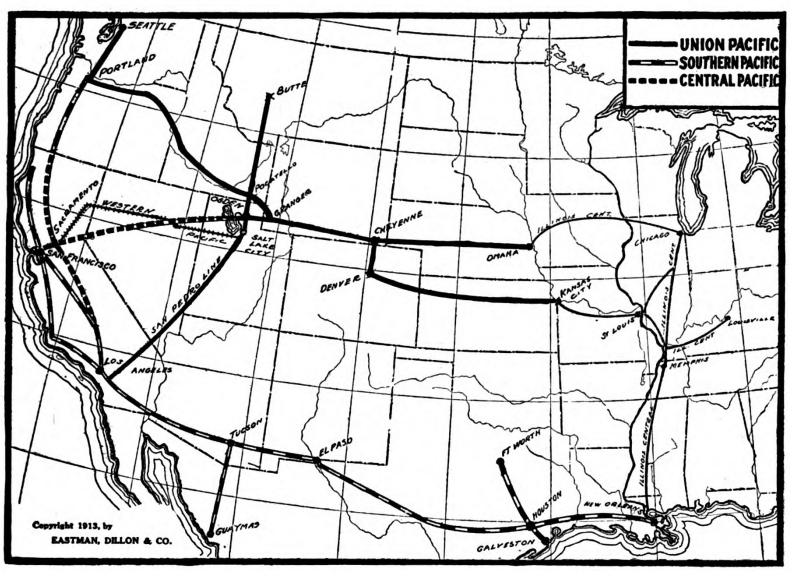
On arrival in St. Louis the railroad men found a telegram from the California commission, which, while it did not denounce the modified plan, failed to give the necessary approval. Nothing further, consequently, was done about getting the consent of the court and the plan was abandoned. At midnight, the dissolution project not having become effective, the banking syndicate formed to carry out its provisions expired by limitation.

Monday morning the head of a stock-exchange house which had been given a $100,000 participation in the syndicate was opening up his mail when he came across a check for $625—his firm's share of the five-eighths per cent. commission promised the members of the syndicate whether the dissolution plan went through or not. He glanced at the ticker and chuckled. Southern Pacific was coming out on the tape at a point and a half below par. "Lucky for us," he remarked, "that we didn't have to take the stock. Rather have this check." The rest of the underwriters felt that way about it, too. At the time they had agreed to take a share in the syndicate the stock was selling at 107. The little five-eighths commission, it is true, was nothing like what they had hoped to make, but certainly better than the big loss by which they would have been faced had the dissolution plan finally been made operative and they compelled to take their allotment of stock.

By the failure of the plan and the expiration of the syndicate the whole problem of how Union Pacific is to get rid of its controlling interest in Southern Pacific is opened up again. The Supreme Court has decreed that Union Pacific has got to sell out, and on such terms as to make it a real dissolution, and has given the railroad till May 10th to do it. Two plans proposed have been rejected. It is up to the railroad now, within the remaining six weeks, to come forward with an acceptable plan. Failure to do that means that the government can step in and bring about a separation of the properties on any basis acceptable to itself.

The bone of contention in the plan to which the California State Railway Commission has just refused its assent was the proposed preferential use by Union Pacific, after it had divested itself of its holdings of Southern Pacific stock, of certain of the Southern Pacific's lines in California. Southern Pacific at the present time owns Central Pacific (the road over which Union gets from the Great Salt Lake to the Pacific coast), and this road the Union Pacific, under the proposed plan, was to buy from its present owner. Purchase of the Central Pacific, however, wasn't to end the matter. It was stipulated that under the new order of things Central Pacific was to have important and exclusive trackage rights over the Southern Pacific's Sacramento to Oakland line—the so-called Benicia Cut-off. That was the rock upon which the plan split. There is no reason, the California commission said, why the Central Pacific or anybody else should have a preferential use of this line. To allow it would be to prejudice the interests of competing roads and of shippers.

Well then, if this Benicia Cut-off deal is the only thing in the plan the California commissioners object to, why does not Union Pacific cut that out and adopt the proposed plan without it?—that is the question which comes naturally to mind. The answer is that the proposed deal with Southern Pacific is of such great importance that without it Union Pacific could not afford to pay anything like the price it offered for Central Pacific. What Union Pacific offered to pay for Central Pacific *plus* the exclusive right to use the cut-off into Oakland is one thing. What Union is willing to pay for Central Pacific *without* the exclusive right to these trackage facilities is something very different.



Map of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific system

So important, indeed, is this feature that its rejection by the California commission is very generally taken to mean that Union Pacific will give up the idea of buying Central Pacific entirely. Union Pacific wants Central Pacific and is willing to buy it from its owners, the Southern Pacific. But what Union Pacific considers a fair price for the Ogden to 'Frisco line without exclusive use of the Benicia Cut-off, and what Southern Pacific considers a fair price, are two very different things. It is possible, of course, that the two parties may "get together" on a price, but it certainly does not look that way.

But if Union Pacific fails to keep control of Central Pacific, what is it going to do for a coast outlet? Union Pacific itself only gets as far west as Ogden, Utah. As Mr. Kahn, of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., frankly admitted on the stand in 1910, it was simply for the purpose of getting control of Central Pacific (owned by Southern Pacific) that Mr. Harriman bought control of the latter. Suppose now that as a result of the dissolution Union Pacific loses its connecting link between Ogden and San Francisco. Will it not then be where it was prior to 1900—"bottled up in a Utah desert," as one of the main witnesses in the dissolution suit picturesquely put it?

No. Union Pacific without Central Pacific will not be "bottled up." Very far from it. Back in 1900 Union Pacific may have needed actual control of an outlet to the Golden Gate, but it doesn't need it today. Union Pacific needs, of course, to have a line over which its west-bound business can be shipped to the Pacific coast, but it doesn't need actually to own that line. Conditions since 1900 have greatly changed. Mr. Harriman bought control of a coast outlet because he needed one and because he had good reason to believe that if he didn't do it some one else would, and, what is more, exclude him from its use. Things do not work quite that way to-day. Railroads do not rush in and buy each other up as they did in the days before the Sherman law was enforced. Nor, having acquired control of a connecting piece of road like Central Pacific, can any railroad deny its use, on reasonable terms, to other lines. In 1906 the Interstate Commerce Law was amended to take care of that. "All common carriers," the amendment reads, "subject to the provision of this act, shall, according to their respective powers, afford all reasonable, proper, and equal facilities for the interchange of traffic between their respective lines, and for the receiving, forwarding, and delivering of passengers and property to and from their several lines and those connecting therewith, and shall not discriminate in their rates and charges between such connecting lines." With a law like that in effect it is hard to see just how Union Pacific could be "bottled up" at Ogden or anywhere else.

The Supreme Court, furthermore, in its decree ordering a dissolution of the Harriman "merger," stated expressly that the purpose of Congress in originally granting appropriations for the building of Central Pacific was to have a continuous Union Pacific-Central Pacific line from the Missouri River to the Pacific coast. "Such practices of systematic and preconcerted discrimination," the decree says in one place, "as are said to have destroyed the Denver & Rio Grande's carrying trade as a connection for the East for business at Ogden, would have violated the statute as discriminations adverse to the Union Pacific, and be equally violative of the letter and spirit of the acts of Congress. Certainly such discrimination could be restrained by the courts." The Union Pacific, in other words, can carry its west-bound traffic into Ogden and demand that it be taken care of on terms at least as favorable as those of any of its competitors.

Why, under the circumstances, *should* Union Pacific want to buy Central Pacific and pay a big price for it? Why is it not altogether more reasonable to expect that Union Pacific will simply make a traffic-exchange agreement with Central Pacific, allowing actual control of the property to remain just where it is? What single thing could Union Pacific gain by actual ownership which it cannot get by means of a long-term traffic agreement?

For the making of such an arrangement the conditions are almost ideal. In the rich Middle-Western territory it serves, Union Pacific gathers an immense amount of business, west-bound, which it lays down at Ogden for further shipment to the Pacific coast. On its network of lines in California, Southern Pacific, on the other hand, originates a vast amount of business, east-bound, and requiring to be moved with the greatest possible despatch. Over the Southern Pacific's Central Pacific line this business gets as far east as Ogden—where it has to be turned over to somebody else. What more natural and sensible than that that somebody should be the Union Pacific? A traffic arrangement by which Central Pacific turns over to Union Pacific its business east-bound, and by which Union Pacific turns over to Central Pacific its traffic west-bound—that would certainly seem to be the logical solution.

Such an arrangement, indeed, would have important advantages, from a Union Pacific standpoint, over actual ownership of the Central Pacific line. It would be a matter of interstate commerce, in the first place, and so outside the jurisdiction of the California State Railroad Commission. But of even more importance than that is the fact that by a traffic agreement with Central Pacific, Union Pacific would avoid the competition with the Goulds' Western Pacific line, which, if it took Central Pacific away from its present owner, it would have to face. Suppose Southern Pacific gives up its ownership of Central Pacific—where then is Southern's incentive to give business to that road in preference to the competing Gould line? But suppose Southern Pacific, instead of giving up Central Pacific, enters into an agreement by which Union Pacific is to have all the east-bound business coming into Ogden. How much of the rich business originating along the Southern's lines in California will in that case go to the Gould road? So far as getting east-bound business at Ogden is concerned, Union Pacific would be a lot better off under a traffic alliance with the Central than if it actually owned that property.

To the amateur mapmakers, of course, and the brokerage-house strategists, interested only in the "romance of the railroads," it will be a bitter disappointment if the dissolution of the Harriman "empire" is effected without sensational changes in ownership. But that that will be the case seems, unfortunately, only too probable. In the relationship of these Pacific railway properties there existed, a dozen years ago, the potentialities of almost innumerable combinations, alliances, and "deals." That, however, is no longer so. The Supreme Court has decreed that Union Pacific must rid itself of its controlling interest in Southern Pacific, but there has been no decree that any startling change in the Western railroad map or in the established course of the Western-traffic currents must be brought about. What seems far more likely, indeed, is that Union Pacific and Southern Pacific will, at least so far as business coming into the Ogden terminal is concerned, make an agreement to go on interchanging traffic very much as they have been doing all along.

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The Gentler View

BY FLORIDA PIER

The Crotchets of Equality

It is a humiliating reflection that we meet each other more or less on the plane of our material possessions. There are, one hastens to admit, a wealth of exceptions. If the congeniality is sufficiently perfect differences of a material kind are radically minimized, though a balance so out of proportion as to cause much giving on one side and much receiving on the other is a problem of some prickliness. The humiliation lies in the fact that so sordid a truth is ever true. An idea held in common does not outweigh a motor owned by one and a street-car patronized by the other. It is a disgraceful proof of how frequently we reduce ourselves to our lowest dimensions. With one's entire nature protesting, the facts still prevent one from indulging in the naturalness necessary to honest intercourse. If one is to express a heart's desire one's auditor must not have the power to fulfill it if that power is denied to the speaker. If such is the case you are not giving a confidence, but making a request. It is infamous that honest folk should experience a shade of embarrassment at such an unworthy cause. Yet our possessions are our toys and one cannot expect the owner of a miniature gyroscope railway to share the modest thrills experienced by one who occupies himself with broken bits of shells picked up at random. When our possessions are not our toys they are our means of social locomotion, and, no matter what the mutual affection, a certain inconvenience is innate in the promenade of an athlete with a cripple. Enjoyable as their talk together may be, the athlete wishes he could go at his usual gait. He spurts ahead unconsciously, drops back guiltily, while the poor man on crutches is expending so much energy on accelerating his own slow pace that he is unable to do himself justice in his conversation. There are but two alternatives to this exhausting method of procedure. One is for the athlete to carry the cripple. This colors their otherwise happy intercourse with too frequent interjections of "You are sure I am not weighing too heavily upon you?" and the inevitable rejoinder, "Not at all; I'm glad to do anything I can for you." With the final result that the cripple asks to be put down, the athlete complies with some willingness, and, when they have parted, their thoughts fly freer, only saddened by a wish that unburdened intercourse were easier.

The other alternative, and the one most frequently chosen, is for them to limit their communion to a neutral time when they both sit quietly and pretend that legs do not form a part of this pleasant universe. At such moments the cripple may have his turn at being the benefactor, for perhaps sincere thinking is the chief treasure in his store of wealth. These moments are short, however, for we use our muscles more than our minds; and the athlete, having the means of excessive locomotion, feels that he must spend a considerable amount of time in using them.

It is only when material things are shared evenly that they do not obtrude themselves unduly. If you have six motors and your friend has six you share freely your mutual inconveniences. If you lack the pittance for car-fare and your friend lacks it as well, you walk arm in arm to your destination, sharing your predicament gayly. In either case friendship predominates and possessions are in abeyance. People cannot hold any communications with genuine satisfaction unless they are at some point equal. It may be at but one point: manliness, prowess in swimming, a shared knowledge, or characteristic, is quite sufficient. They will choose that point at which to meet. They will respect each other and retain a shared regard if they do not attempt contact on other sides.

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The Antiquity of Man

A few generations ago it was the general belief of the Western world that the human race was just six thousand years old. This belief arose from taking too literally a part of the Old Testament, and it was cast into a rigid form by the chronology of Archbishop Ussher, which placed the creation of the world in the year 4004 B.C. Geological discoveries proved that this was far too recent a date even for mankind, while the world must be millions of years old. When Boucher de Perthes discovered flint implements under the floor of a cave, with the remains of extinct animals, he opened a new era, the results of which were summed up by Sir Charles Lyall in *The Antiquity of Man*. At that time 50,000 to 100,000 years was probably the time generally allowed for the past history of the human race.

Within the last few years the estimate of the length of the human period has grown enormously. As the distinguished English anthropologist, Mr. W. L. H. Duckworth, of Cambridge, wrote a few months ago, the tendency to-day is to increase enormously the drafts on geological time, and to measure in millions the years that have elapsed since the first traces of human existence were deposited. How are the millions of years reckoned? By measuring the thickness of the layers of sand or gravel or clay or marl under which the human bones or worked flints are found. If we count from the beginning of the tertiary period we have the following subdivisions: the eocene (the "dawn of the new time"); the oligocene ("a little more recent"); the miocene ("mid-recent"); pliocene ("quite recent"); and quaternary, or pleistocene ("most recent"). The layers of marl or clay or gravel of these periods are distinguished from each other by the bones of the different animals found in them. The periods are not of equal length, nor can the duration of any one of them in years be definitely settled. But in each of them human bones or flint implements made by human hands are believed to have been found. Of the highest importance is Mr. Moir's quite recent demonstration of elaborately worked implements resting beneath strata referred to the pliocene period; and the occurrence of worked flints in the miocene, oligocene, and even the eocene is supported by increasingly strong evidence. The flint implements are either polished (neolithic, "new stone") or chipped into shape (paleolithic, "old stone") or chipped but not shaped (eolithic, "stones of the dawn"). Concerning the oldest of these, the eoliths, there is still much dispute. But while the so-called eocene eoliths of Duan (Eure et Loire) and other sites in France fail to receive acceptance from such men as Professor Rutot (1911), it is otherwise with those ascribed to the oligocene period. Mr. Moir of Ipswich, England, has lately recognized eoliths or pre-paleoliths beneath the Suffolk crag (Newborn) at Ipswich resting on the underlying London clay—that is, beneath strata referred to the pliocene. Mr. Duckworth says, with a fine sense of humor, that the refusal to recognize these earliest implements as the work of human hands is often the result of a feeling that "the eoliths carry man's existence too far back." If the theory and the facts do not agree, which must be wrong, the theory or the facts? But many leading men of science do fully accept the eoliths as of human make, and this would bring mankind back to the oligocene or even the eocene.

What would this mean in years? Let us try to see. To begin with, how many years are we to assign to the latest period, the quaternary or pleistocene? In 1904 Professor Rutot assigned a duration of about 140,000 years to the pleistocene, while in 1909, only five years later, Dr. Sturge claimed 700,000 years for a portion only of the same period. According to Mr. Duckworth, the years that have elapsed since the beginning of the oligocene period must be numbered by millions. Let us strike an average between Professor Rutot and Dr. Sturge and say that the pleistocene period began 500,000 years ago. We should then have to allow about a million years for the pliocene, about two and a half million for the miocene, and perhaps 300,000 for the oligocene. Added up this would make 4,300,000 years since the beginning of the oligocene. If the eoliths, or rudely chipped flints, found at Duan are really implements made by man, this would mean that the human race is between four and five million years old; or, to quote again the words of Mr. Duckworth, written within the last few months, we must measure in millions the years that have elapsed since the first traces of human existence were deposited.

Chinese Water-nuts

In China the term "water chestnut" is indiscriminately applied to several varieties of nuts from plants growing in water. These form a considerable portion of the food-supply of many natives. They are so well liked by the Chinese that large quantities of the nuts are consumed by Chinese abroad, who go to great trouble to import them.

Perhaps the best known is that which is found in the Yangtze Valley. There it is called "ling," and in the Canton country it is known as "ling kok." This nut is shaped much like the two horns of a water buffalo or a Texas steer, including a portion of the skull. The shell is so hard as to require cracking and the kernel is comparatively small, consisting of almost pure starch.

The "ling" or "ling kok" is the variety most generally noticed by travelers along the canals of central China. On the canal system connected with the Grand Canal in Che-kiang province, and in that canal itself, the cultivation reaches its greatest extent. The nuts are planted merely by dropping old nuts at intervals of a few feet in ponds or along the edge of a canal, where the plants can be fenced in by bamboo poles and a network of the same material.

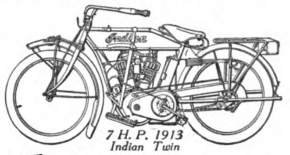
They are planted annually in the spring, growing best in five or six feet of water. The nuts take root quickly and send a shoot to the surface in an incredibly short time. The nuts are formed among the leaves of the plant on the surface and are gathered in boats. A water-chestnut field of this sort resembles in appearance a field of water hyacinth in the rivers of our Southern states. The nut plants, in fact, grow under similar conditions to those pertaining to the water hyacinth, and it is thought probable that the nut could be cultivated in our country in sections where the water hyacinth flourishes.

The Chinese use these nuts in various ways. They are to be had, roasted, of street venders in central China; they are eaten boiled, tasting somewhat like a Jerusalem artichoke; they are made into various pastries and puddings, some of the latter being very popular among foreigners in China.

The Culture of Pearl Oysters

There is a serious decrease in the supply of pearl oysters. For many years these mollusks have been gathered so continuously and heedlessly that many localities have been exhausted, and elsewhere the yield is small, while prices for both shell and pearls are steadily rising. Hence scientific experts have been employed by commercial companies and by governments to discover some means of cultivating these mollusks, as edible oysters are cultivated. Such experiments have taken place in Australia, Burma, in the Persian Gulf, in the Gulf of California, and elsewhere, but not with any great promise, except in Japan. There the production of "culture pearls" has been going on since 1898 in the Bay of Agu, Shima Province, where now several square miles of sea-bottom are devoted to pearl-oyster cultivation. Here stones are laid down in places suitable for catching the spat, or spawn, just before the season when this is poured into the water. Later these stones, with the minute oysters attached to them, are moved to places more favorable for their growth, where they are left to develop. When of suitable size, the workmen, a large village of whom inhabit an island in the midst of the beds, take them up and introduce between the body and the shell of each mollusk a bead of mother-of-pearl. In four years this has become covered, except upon the side which touches the shell, with layers of nacre, forming a nearly globular body called a "culture pearl," or "blister." These products are hardly more than hemispherical, however, as a rule, and are useful only for settings, or where half-pearls might be employed, and hence have far less value than natural pearls, which are more or less perfectly rounded. About half a million are produced annually. It has not been found possible to produce real spherical pearls on a commercial scale.

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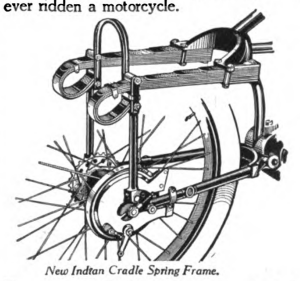
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A well-known Editor's view of Cocktails

I sometimes drink a cocktail. In fact, I like a cocktail when towards evening the fatigues of the day begin to tell on me. Some people like a cocktail as an appetizer, but everybody who likes a cocktail likes a good one. For a good while I have kept in my house, whether in the country or in town, the Club Cocktails in bottles, more for convenience than anything else. I knew they were good and I liked them, but just why they were so good did not occur to me until some one, speaking of the vast quantities of these that the Messrs. Heublein must make in a "batch," led me to this sort of reasoning. Barkeepers, and even one's self, in mixing cocktails, necessarily cannot have a uniform and exact quantity of ingredients in each one. A few drops more or less of either ingredient greatly changes the nature of the product. In a great laboratory where quantities like the Club Cocktails are made at a mixing each article is accurately weighed or measured, and the compound is following an exact formula. This insures that each and every cocktail or bottle of cocktails put up shall be precisely correct in its composition. Again, recalling the fact that age is necessary to the proper blending of all liquors, it occurred to me that these bottled cocktails by the time they are used by the consumer may have been months or even years in bottle, hence that the blending must be perfect. Reasoning thus, I feel constrained to tell my readers about it, as I know a goodly number of them enjoy a perfect cocktail. I have found the several varieties prepared by the Heublein Brothers, particularly Manhattan, Dry Manhattan, Martini, Dry Martini, and Brut Martini, all excellent. —*Adv.*

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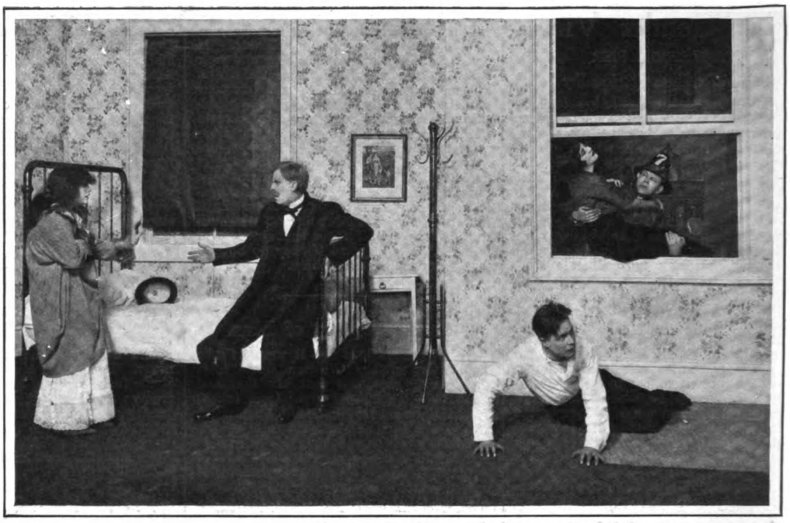
PLAYS AND PLAYERS



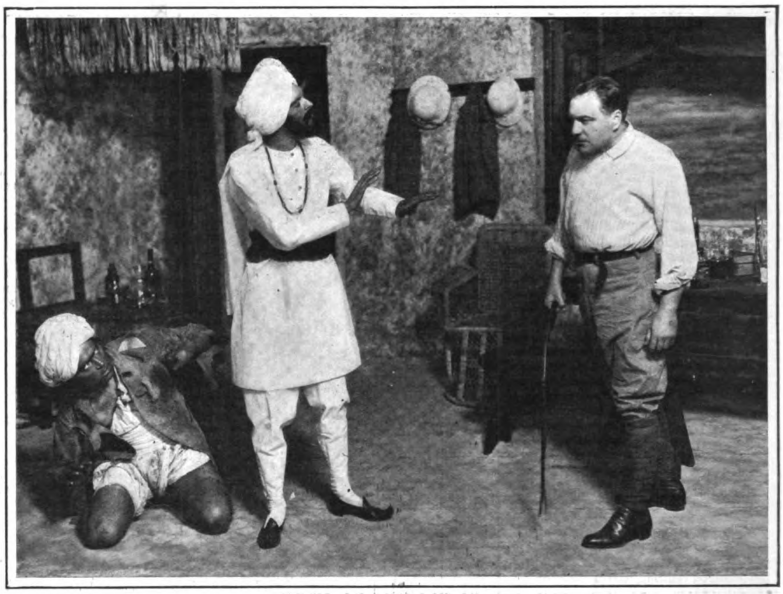
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The Horse-hair Industry

FEW persons are aware of the commercial importance of horse-hair and of how elaborate a process is necessary to prepare it for the trade.

Horse-hair arrives at the factory in bales up to half a ton in weight and six hundred dollars in value. The chief sources of supply are the United States, Great Britain, South America, Australia, Germany, Russia, and China. The tails are the best, since tail hairs are hard and tough, those of the mane being soft and of inferior value. The specially long hairs are, of course, suitable for particular purposes, but those of ordinary length are prepared for stuffing furniture.

The hair is first cleaned by suction, which carries away the dust. Color forms the first basis of classification. Then the hair is divided according to its various lengths and quality. That which is to appear black is dyed in logwood, washed, and dried. The next step is roughly to mix the various hairs in such manner as to form stuffings of the various grades. After this the material is passed through a series of mixing-machines or mills, which are provided with exhausts for taking out any particles of dust that remain. The first rough mixing is accomplished on the floor of the factory; and the use of the machines completes the process.

Next occurs a very curious part of the process. A short walk is provided, somewhat similar to that on which hempen cords are made, and there the hair is twisted up to form ropes. Each pair of workmen is followed by a boy who beats up a fresh supply of material and that which is dropped with two sticks, thus getting it ready for the twisters. The ropes are again twisted upon themselves, soaked for two hours in water, then baked at a temperature of about 350 degrees Fahrenheit for twelve hours. The damp heat, as may well be imagined, destroys all bacterial life that might remain in the hair. At the same time it fixes the curl.

The ropes are hung up to cool for three days. The inferior qualities are then untwisted and carded by machinery. The best qualities are opened out and hand-carded, the opened twists being placed on the bent pins of the carder which give somewhat, as they are fixed into leather that is in turn fastened to a board.

The finer the quality the smaller the rope and the tighter its coils. The hair from English cart-horses is held by many to be the best, since it possesses the greatest strength. Black hair is somewhat stronger than white.

The Lace of Venice

THE lace of Venice has been celebrated for many centuries. It was made originally by nuns within the walls of convents for ecclesiastical garments. Then, with the fall of the Venetian Republic, the convents were closed and the lace industry ceased to exist for an entire century. In 1870 the Princess Margherita, afterward Queen of Italy, took measures to revive it, especially as a means of providing employment for Venetian women. At present there are several schools, subsidized by the government, in which the art is taught.

The pupils are women of all ages. Each sits on a low stool and holds a plump, square cushion in her lap. On this cushion is pinned a strip of paper marked with the pattern to be followed, and into this pattern the nimble-fingered worker sticks glass-headed pins about which she twists her threads.

From twenty to fifty shuttles depend from all sides of the cushion, and these are thrown across and back with the rapidity of a typist handling the keys of her machine.

The process is so simple that it looks like play, but the lace produced represents thousands of dollars. The simple laces grow rapidly under the dexterous fingers of the women, but the exquisite rose point and other similar sorts are evolved much more slowly.

Co-operation vs. the Wolf at the Door

CIVILIZATION is co-operation. In no way is this more strikingly shown than in the conduct of a properly managed life-insurance company. As modern life is lived, not more than one man in a hundred can make, on his own savings and profits alone, a proper provision for his family in case of his death. The other ninety-nine men would have to go through life and out of it at last full of anxiety for the welfare of their wives and children were it not for the safeguard provided through co-operation. Just as civilized man does not house, feed, or clothe himself by individual effort, but rather by the efforts of his fellow-men, so he guards the welfare of his family through the combined savings of thousands of his fellows. Unity of purpose and of action under wise and economic management makes the burden light. In the annual report of one of the leading life-insurance companies one finds that eight hundred thousand persons combined within its organization hold more than one million insurance policies, which make provision for their families if they die prematurely or for their own old age should they live long. These eight hundred thousand men have set up a scientific co-operation based upon moral character, physical condition, and money paid in. Should they all die at once, the company would be called upon to pay more than two billions of dollars.

It is inconceivable that all these men should die at once or even in the same year or the same decade. Yet some will surely die each year. Nine thousand died in 1912 and the company paid to their families more than twenty-five millions of dollars. It is certain that nine thousand more will die in 1913— and these will not be the oldest nor those in the feeblest health to-day. The prudent man knows that accident or worry or exposure to perils unforeseen may at any time cut short the thread of his existence; and he invests in insurance as certainly as he buys in advance his warm clothing for winter.

Japan's Singing Crickets

ONE of the most curious things to be seen in Japan, alike in the houses of rich and poor, is a small cage of bamboo fibers which houses the singing cricket. The male only has the "voice," which can hardly be called a singing voice because the sounds emitted are much more metallic than those which ordinarily proceed from the throat of a bird. The Westerner who hears these sounds for the first time starts up under the impression that he is hearing an electric call-bell. In order to execute his song, the cricket goes through a very amusing performance. He raises himself on his front feet, grasps with the others a kind of "platform" arranged in the cage for his convenience, expands his wing-shells, and rubs them against each other with great rapidity. The rhythm of the movement varies with individuals, and this explains why the sound produced offers a certain variety in meter as well as in pitch.

The Japanese have reared this insect from time immemorial. For a long time the exportation of these crickets was prohibited under severe penalties, originally because a religious superstition against it existed among the peasantry. The imperial family has cultivated the most tuneful species, but no one but a member of the royal family has heretofore been permitted to own a specimen. The recently deceased Emperor was a devotee of natural history, and it is said that he sometimes amused himself by taking the key from the cricket, and evolving musical exercises from its peculiarities. These little insects pass the entire day in song if care is taken to maintain their food-supply, which consists of lettuce leaves, with those of the tomato, carrot, and cucumber. Salt puts an end forever to the song of this little insect.

Depth and Speed

UNACCOUNTABLE though slight deviations in the speed of boats led an English admiral to the supposition that the depth of water might have something to do with it. He made his first series of experiments in water which was about 45 feet deep, and the second investigations in water about 250 feet in depth. Varying the speed of his boat from 17 to 34½ knots in both series, he has established to his satisfaction that the depth of water plays no part in determining or diminishing the speed when it is greater than 50 feet.

Experiments made in Denmark with a torpedo of 105 tons displacement and a maximum velocity of 20 knots showed that 12 knots was made at a depth of 10 feet and 15 knots at 18 feet. The influence of the water's depth on boats was not perceptible at 50 feet.

Strawberry Wine as a Tonic

PHYSICIANS in Spain have been conducting experiments to determine the relative value of wines as tonics. For centuries the juice of the grape, properly treated and converted into wines, was considered the greatest strength-giver to a weakened constitution, but recent tests have shown strawberry wine to be better. In some localities in Spain great quantities of strawberries are being grown for wine alone.

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By IRVING BACHELLER

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THE fun and philosophy of "Keeping Up With Lizzie" are excelled in these new pages, which reveal the wonderfully interesting doings of some of the same people—our old friend Socrates Potter, Betsey Smead, the Warburtons—and some new people, too. Pointview, Conn.—and most of the amused readers of "Keeping Up With Lizzie" agreed that Pointview was much nearer than it looked on the map—is the scene of the new story. Extravagance and love of display have reached their height when the story opens. In fact, young Harry Van Alstyne's slogan, "Charge it to Harry," was the key-note of the whole town. The story is replete with humorously thoughtful scenes, and a delicate love story runs through it all.

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The Memory of Fish

It has long been an open question whether fish are capable of associating ideas after the manner of some of the higher animals. Oxner has recently given to the Paris Academy of Sciences material that may throw light on the subject. Edinger denied that fish were able to associate ideas, since they allowed themselves to be hooked repeatedly. Oxner, also, made observations from this standpoint. He drew up the same fish from a pond in an aquarium again and again, day after day; but he thought this did not prove anything except that the hook was so well hidden that the fish could not distinguish it from its ordinary (unbaited, food. In another series of experiments he also did the hook, but put on the cord a little square paper about five centimeters from the bait. In each pond in which he fished were different kinds of fish, most of them recently caught with the net. For several days the fish rejected the bait, and it was not until the eighth day that they bit it. Oxner, after unhooking those caught, put them back into the water. Three days after they again bit the bait, were caught, and returned to the water, but after this had gone on some days longer, the sign of the paper on the cord began to take effect. Then the paper was taken off, and the fish bit the bait as before. On the paper being replaced, the fish were chary for a considerable number of days, even if very hungry. On the fourth day, the paper was replaced, and the fish gnawed about it without actually biting into it. This continued for quite some time. The experiment was repeated many times with various kinds of fish, always with the same results. Oxner concluded, therefore, that there is some association of ideas between the pain produced by the hooking and the paper on the cord; so much so that the fish rejected food when the sign of danger appeared—preferring the pangs of hunger to the risk of being caught.

Wooden Cannon

Any one familiar with the construction of modern weapons of warfare and the high explosives used in them would naturally suppose a cannon made of wood would be of little or no value as a weapon.

Wooden cannons have been used with considerable success, nevertheless, in recent revolutions in Cuba, in Haiti, and in the Dominican Republic.

The wood used in the construction of these crude weapons is a very tough variety, having a twisted grain that curls about the log in such a way that to split the timber with the ordinary means is almost impossible.

The best trees are selected, and a piece of the log five or six feet in length and about one foot in diameter is cut. After the bark has been removed and the log made perfectly round, it is swung up on a crude truss, and a hole is burned into it from one end. The log is wound with strips of rawhide cut from the skin of a steer. When the cannon is covered with the strips of hide, another layer is wound on, and this is continued until the weapon has increased several inches in diameter.

After the log is covered, and the bore is finished, the weapon is treated to a hot draught, which tends to contract the hide binding, which becomes almost as strong as wire.

These crude cannon have been used with success in a number of instances, and it is astonishing the number of times they may be fired before they burst or become otherwise disabled.

The Borgia Poisons

A French doctor (Jagot) claims to have discovered the principle of the mysterious poisons with which the Borgias made away with their enemies. One strange thing about these poisons was that they worked in such subtle fashion that even physicians could not state with positiveness that any had been employed. It now seems certain that the Borgias used two poisons, one dissolving slowly and stealing gradually through the system, while the other was a soluble preparation of arsenic working instantaneously. Both preparations were unquestionably arsenical in composition.

Gifts

I gave my first love laughter,
I gave my second tears.
I gave my third love silence
Thro' all the years.

My first love gave me singing,
My second, eyes to see.
But, oh, it was my third love
Who gave my soul to me!



"Say, Ma, when does our birthday come, the day we hatched out or the day we were laid?"



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"Do you mean to say, son, they *guarantee* a fine looking, light-weight sock *like that* to wear six months without holes?"

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These new hose are soft, pliable, stylish and sheer. The foundation of the wear is yarn that costs us an average of 74c a pound. We could buy common yarn for 32c; but hose made from it wouldn't last.

Our guarantee covers every stitch, not just the heels and toes. Our inspection department, where each pair is examined, costs $60,000 a year. But we cannot afford to replace many pairs, so we see that each pair is right. Our new mercerized hose, with their added strength, will even better "Holeproof's" former record.

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Look for the Trademark and Signature, Carl Freidell, Stamped on Every Pair. The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. Write for the dealers' names. We ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance. Six pairs of cotton hose, guaranteed six months, for men, cost $1.50 to $3 per box; for women and children, $2 to $3 per box; for infants, $1 per box of four pairs. Several weights; all sizes and colors. Three pairs of silk "Holeproof," guaranteed three months, for men and women, cost $2 a box for men and $3 a box for women. All colors. Write for free book on "Holeproof."

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Monkey and Cobra

Many animals exhibit remarkable sagacity when dealing with snakes. Naturalists assure us that an intelligent puppy knows, somehow, that snakes may be venomous, and treats them accordingly. If he attacks a snake, he does it with a series of quick jumps and recoils, and continually jerks his head upward to avoid a possible dart from the serpent.

A horse kills a snake by leaping upon it with all four feet kept together, so that the snake's fangs can find nothing but the horny hoof to strike into. The knowledge of these special tactics is a part of the instinct of all animals.

There is on record an interesting example of how a monkey treats a snake. In this case the serpent was of the most deadly variety—the cobra. This cobra was coiled up on the ground under a tree. The monkey slowly left his perch in the forks of the tree, and quietly, with great caution, moved downward until he had approached within about two feet of the reptile.

He moved his head from side to side, as if closely inspecting the object before him. Then he took a firmer hold of the tree with one arm, and wrapped his tail closely around the trunk.

He reached forth his hand until it was within six or eight inches of the snake, and then quickly withdrew it. The witness who observed this curious scene was for a time in doubt whether the monkey had a realization of the dangerous character of its adversary. The little fellow seemed unknowingly to be playing with death.

The hand of the monkey again moved toward the venomous reptile. It looked as if the monkey was going to seize the snake. The supposition was correct; for, suddenly, like a flash of lightning, the monkey grasped the cobra around the neck, close to the head, in such a manner that it could not bite, while the snake's body encircled the monkey's arm.

An extraordinary scene followed. The snake hissed loudly; the monkey chattered and screeched and danced and leaped in frantic delight. He would cease now and then in his wild contortions and seriously examine the snake's head and eyes and protruding tongue. Then he would dance about again.

When he had had enough of this sport, he began to rub the head of the serpent on the hard ground, continuing this work for some time, with repeated solemn inspections of the progress of his task. Finally he had rubbed the head of the cobra entirely off. Then, with much gleeful chattering, he dropped the writhing body and scampered away to join his companions.

Arizona's Lighthouse

There are many odd lighthouses throughout the world, but so far as is known the only inland "lighthouse," if so it may be called, is that situated far out in the Arizona desert.

This "lighthouse," as it is called, marks the spot where a well supplies fresh water to travelers. This is said to be the only spot where water may be had for forty-five miles to the east and for at least thirty miles to the west.

The "lighthouse" consists merely of a tall cottonwood pole to the top of which there is hoisted every night a lantern, the light of which may be seen for miles across the desert in every direction. The water, sweet and cold, is raised in a large bucket made from a barrel. The revolving drum above is propelled by a mule that knows just how many rounds it must make before the bucket rises to the point where it tips itself into a trough.

A Lake of Soda

In English East Africa is the richest bed of soda in the world. Engineers say that it contains 200,000,000 tons. The lake has a surface of more than 50 square kilometers. During the rainy season, which in this locality is short, its surface is covered with a shallow layer of water. When a block of soda is taken out, another forms, and the natives say that this occurs so quickly that an equal amount of soda may be abstracted for a number of years from the same place.

Half Lion, Half Leopard

There was presented to the Zoological Society of London recently the skin of a lion-leopard hybrid. The animal was born in India and lived nearly two years. The skin has spots like those of the leopard, but those on the sides of the body are smaller and darker. The stomach is unmarked, and the tail terminates in a tuft like that of the lion.

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A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

VOL. LVII] No. 2937 | WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1913 | [10 Cents a Copy $4.00 a Year

The President and His Ambassadors

"HOME, sir?" asked a London cabman respectfully saluting His Excellency the Honorable JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE as he stepped from the Mansion House at the conclusion of the Lord Mayor's dinner.

"Home?" repeated Mr. CHOATE, meditatively. "You do not know me. I am the American ambassador. And the American ambassador has no home."

It was a simple statement of fact. The most brilliant and distinguished of recent representatives at the Court of St. James was living in a house which he was renting at a cost somewhat in excess of his salary.

That is one reason—perhaps the chief one—why President WILSON is experiencing difficulty in filling the important posts abroad to his own satisfaction and to the credit of our opulent country. It was no new trial, that of Mr. CHOATE. One THOMAS JEFFERSON, minister plenipotentiary of the United States to France, wrote from Paris in 1784 to JAMES MONROE as follows:

> I must say a word on my own affairs because they are likely to be distressed. All the ministers who came to Europe before me, came at a time when all expenses were paid, and a sum allowed in addition for their time. Of course they all had their outfit. Afterwards they were put on fixed salaries; but still these were liberal. Congress in the moment of my appointment struck off five hundred guineas of the salary, and made no other provision for the outfit, but allowing me to call for two quarters' salary in advance. The outfit has cost me nearly a thousand guineas; for which I am in debt, and which, were I to stay here seven years, I could never make good by savings out of my salary; for be assured we are the lowest and most obscure of the whole diplomatic tribe. . . . I live here about as well as we did at Annapolis. I keep a hired carriage and two horses. A riding-horse I cannot afford to keep. This still is far below the level. Yet it absorbs the whole allowance, and return when I will to America, I shall be the outfit in debt to Congress. I think I am the first instance in the world where it has not been given. . . . I ask nothing for my time; but I think my expenses should be paid in a style equal to that of those with whom I am classed.

That was in 1784. A hundred and twenty-nine years have passed and the population of the United States has increased thirtyfold, but the situation, with respect to our foreign representatives, is practically unchanged. President TAFT bemoaned it sadly.

"We boast ourselves a democratic country," he said to the National Board of Trade in 1910. "We say that there is no place within the gift of the people to which we may not select the most humble inhabitant, providing he is fit to discharge its duty, and yet we have an arrangement which makes it absolutely impossible for any one but a millionaire to occupy the highest diplomatic post. Now I ask you whether this is consistency; whether it is not the purest kind of demagogy. By demagogy I mean the advancement of an argument which seems to be in favor of democracy, but which, when it actually works out, is in favor of plutocracy."

In his Message to Congress on December 3, 1912, Mr. TAFT continued:

> In line with the object which I have sought of placing our foreign service on a basis of permanency, I have at various times advocated provision by Congress for the acquisition of government-owned buildings for the residence and offices of our diplomatic officers, so as to place them more nearly on an equality with similar officers of other nations and to do away with the discrimination which otherwise must necessarily be made, *in some cases, in favor of men having large private fortunes.* The act of Congress which I approved on February 17, 1911, was a right step in this direction. The Secretary of State has already made the limited recommendations permitted by the act for any one year, and it is my hope that the bill introduced in the House of Representatives to carry out these recommendations will be favorably acted on by the Congress during its present session.

The act referred to was "a right step," to be sure, but it was so deplorably short as to be wholly abortive. The impossibility of acquiring a suitable residence in London, Paris, or Berlin for $150,000 being apparent, Representative FLOOD, of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a bill appropriating that amount for Tokio, $60,000 for Berne and a pitiful $15,000 for Mexico, but even that failed to pass.

"It probably would have been passed," says Mr. FLOOD, sententiously, "but for the fact that so much money was appropriated for other purposes"—for public buildings in Squeedunk, for deepening Dish-water Channel, and the like.

Even so, the present provision is obviously and ludicrously inadequate. Former Ambassador HENRY WHITE, speaking from actual experience in nearly all of the foreign capitals, tells the *Herald:*

> I do not think it possible to buy a house suitable for our requirements in any of the leading capitals for less than $400,000 or $500,000, possibly more. In the small capitals the sum provided in the present act would be amply sufficient. Real-estate values in the great capitals are much as they are in our large cities. A $400,000 house in Fifth Avenue is not a large one.
>
> The embassy or legation house must be in a respectable quarter and of a character in keeping with the dignity and business interests of the United States, and not be immeasurably inferior to the embassy houses of other great powers. This is much more important since we became, in the eyes of the world, a great power.
>
> An additional advantage in our owning such a house is that an ambassador, be he possessed of many millions or a small income, is compelled to live in it, which from a democratic point of view seems to me an important consideration. I cannot believe that the party now in power will consent to perpetuate a condition of things which proclaims to the world that the United States alone of all countries insists on being represented by men of wealth, and debars from such posts as ambassadors and ministers to the many important countries those of moderate means or no means at all.
>
> I do not believe it possible for any American ambassador to get on at Paris, London, Berlin, St. Petersburg, or even Vienna, with less than $40,000 or $50,000 a year, and of course many of our ambassadors have to spend much more.

In other words, the existing condition impels absurd extremes. An exceptionally opulent minister, like our speculating ambassador at Berlin, makes American representation a laughing-stock by his lavish expenditures, while another, such as his capable predecessor, is obliged to forsake his post because he cannot keep his end up.

Other nations adopted a more creditable policy long ago. All of the important embassies in Washington are either owned outright or are rented by the countries represented, ample funds are provided for upkeep, and salaries range from $30,000 to $50,000. England pays her ambassador at Paris $45,000; at Berlin, $40,000; at St. Petersburg, $39,000; at Rome, $35,000; and at Vienna, $40,000. Germany pays her ambassador at Paris $30,000; at London, $37,500; at St. Petersburg, $37,500; at Rome, $25,000; and at Vienna, $30,000.

The French ambassador at Berlin receives $28,000; at London, $40,000; at Rome, $24,000; at St. Petersburg, $40,000, and at Vienna, $35,000. The Austrian ambassador receives at Berlin $31,000; at Paris, $35,000; at London, $45,000; at Rome, $33,000; and at St. Petersburg, $35,000. Russia pays her ambassador at Berlin $40,000; at London, $40,000; at Paris, $40,000; at Vienna, $40,000; and at Rome, $32,000.

Three proffers by President WILSON of the most important ambassadorial appointments have already been declined—a circumstance quite the reverse of complimentary to England and France. Undoubtedly other reasons actuated Mr. OLNEY and possibly Dr. ELIOT and Mr. MCCOMBS, but the fact remains that any one of the three would have been obliged, in the event of his acceptance, to draw upon his personal funds. Despite the fact, then, that most of those mentioned for the bigger places either have plenty of money themselves or have wives who have it and are willing to blow it in for personal gratification, it is little wonder that the President is annoyed and embarrassed by the restrictions in choice imposed upon him.

"It is a great pity," he says, truly, "that the country has to ask such sacrifices of those who are invited to serve it abroad—a service which every year becomes more exacting and more important. The sacrifice of time, of means, and of opportunity at home is very serious for any but men of large means and leisure, and the diplomatic service is unnecessarily hampered."

Secretary BRYAN has formed a like opinion from personal observation, and the press universally applauds Mr. WILSON's apparent intention to urge the adoption of a more liberal and more enlightened policy.

Undoubtedly the President will restrict his special message to tariff recommendations, but he will surely leave the way open for other proposals later—and we doubt if he could do a more popular thing than to put this matter squarely up to Congress in such a way as to demand attention.

The American people rightfully deprecate ostentation of any kind, but they are not mean and they neither wish to compel their representatives to appear in an unfavorable light nor want to handicap their President in making fit selections.

Even the justly complaining JEFFERSON received $12,000 a year at a time when $12,000 carved much frozen water and when the salary of the President was just one-third of what it is to-day. But the important thing is to fix a standard which will not only enable, but compel, our ministers to live an official life in which simplicity and dignity will be happily blended.

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PENN STATE

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Mr. Morgan

WORD comes of the death of Mr. MORGAN as this paper goes to press.

A great banker—the greatest of his or perhaps of any time.

A matchless upbuilder of properties, who never encouraged or profited from destructive performance.

A faithful trustee of billions, ever conscious of his tremendous responsibilities and ever ready to protect and defend to the limit of his own resources all interests intrusted to his care.

A man of amazing comprehension and extraordinary insight, possessing a capacity to foresee events which amounted almost to genius.

An optimist full of faith in his country and in his fellow-men.

A most human lover of humanity who never in his long life rejected an appeal for aid to the helpless and suffering.

A Christian, stanch, devoted, and untiring in fidelity to Christianity as he understood it.

A generous but shy giver.

A proud and sensitive but extremely modest man.

A citizen of the highest integrity and the staunchest fidelity.

Above all, a true patriot, the most distinctive and most vivid embodiment of the spirit of his time—a lover of power, but not of money; a great, a very great American.

The like of Mr. MORGAN has never been seen in this land and probably never will be. It is a gratifying thought that he died serene in the hope and belief that in his last days he had come to be known for what he was, and that he held the affection no less than the admiration of his fellow-citizens of the great Republic which all his life he had served and loved with the intensity of a powerful and loyal nature.

Wrack and Ruin

The rain descended and the floods came and the winds blew, and we have been reading the story of it for a week, and at this writing have not got much further than to have in our minds a great picture of destruction and distress. Both are abating at this writing. The immense mass of surplus water is hurrying to the sea, the rivers are falling, the railroads are clearing their tracks and rebuilding their bridges, the wires are being restrung, the dead are being found and buried, the refugees are being sheltered and fed. Happily the early reports of deaths by flood have steadily diminished. The loss of life in Nebraska, Ohio, and Indiana is large, but it promises to be reckoned in hundreds, not thousands. When the flood was highest at Dayton and other places communication was cut off, there was very little detailed news, and nobody could tell what had happened or would happen before the waters subsided. Even now there has been no chance to take account of stock in any accurate fashion. There is a reckoning of the loss of life which, presumably, is somewhere nearly true, but estimates of property losses are all very wild yet. It seems likely that the property loss will exceed that resulting from any disaster in our previous history, but it is distributed along a very rich stretch of country from Omaha to Albany, and will be met by vastly more people than had to sustain the calamities at Galveston or San Francisco.

The response to the call for aid and relief has been prompt and feeling. Whether it is adequate we shall know better when the details of loss are more fully revealed and more is known about the work that lies ahead. But there is great sympathy throughout the country for our fellows in distress, and abundant means out of which to express it, and whatever is needed to tide over our homeless and impoverished brethren and help them to go on will be forthcoming.

A Vast Problem Ahead

These floods seem to have been as impossible to provide against as the tornado which dealt so roughly with Omaha. They were due to sudden and enormous rainfall, proceeding out of abnormal weather conditions. It does not appear that deforestation had much to do with the rise in the Ohio rivers, nor that the levees at Dayton and other towns were less strong and high than ordinary prevision based on previous experience required. As yet there are no suggestions of blame to any one for what has happened, though there seem to have been some weak dams in Ohio. These floods seem to have been due to conditions quite unprecedented, against which effective provision could hardly have been made, and against which a provision that might have been effective would not have been warranted by anything that has happened heretofore. What the Seine did to Paris a year or two ago the rivers have done to the cities of Ohio and Indiana, but more so. No doubt future provision against such floods will be more thorough. We have had a new exposition of what is possible, and our engineers and foresters have some new light on a vast problem which they will be called upon to consider. It is partly a national problem, to be dealt with by Congress, and it presents enormous difficulties. It remains to be seen how much more the wit of man can do to solve them than has been done in China, where the Yellow River by its immense destructions has so long been "China's Sorrow."

In this State

The floods in this state would be notable if those in other states were not so much worse. All over New York state, as elsewhere, high water made a new record. No lives have been lost, or only very few, but the bill of damage will be considerable. The *Sun* had an early report of a vast damage to the unfinished barge canal, a damage that looked ruinous to contractors. We shall see. New York has an expensive road system which has doubtless suffered also. If its unfinished canal has suffered very much it will make the country glad that our national-canal project is being carried on in a reliable climate where nothing worse than landslides happens.

They Differ to Agree More Firmly

Some people may find it frightening that already, before the beginning of the special session, the President and other of the Democratic leaders have been exchanging their individual views on the tariff quite candidly, and developing some differences on details. On the contrary, to our mind, the fact is most encouraging. For it is infinitely better that such differences should be recognized, and a working agreement reached, before any bill is introduced, than that they should be allowed to come up later and cause indefinite delays. That there would be no differences at all nobody with any knowledge of the vast detail of tariff legislation ever for a moment expected. It would be a strange thing indeed if any two Republicans or any two Democrats in Washington should be found in precise agreement as to every schedule of a tariff law; it would be a mere freakish coincidence. Agreement on principles and on a general scheme of duties is all that is necessary and an ample basis for successful work. It is not only permissible, it is highly desirable, that before the bill or bills are finally shaped there shall be the freest and frankest interchange of opinions.

That is the best way to get the new law right, and it is the only way to assure it a reasonably smooth and expeditious passage to the statute-book. Of course, there must be ample time allowed for debate in both Houses, and we may perhaps hope for some valuable corrections and improvements from that indispensable process. Nobody proposes anything like railroading or a reliance on mere brute majorities. There is no brute majority in the Senate, anyhow. But experience does not justify us in hoping to see any tariff bill very much bettered on its way through Congress. The opposite has happened much oftener. The Democratic leaders are making no mistake in endeavoring to see to it now that the party in Congress shall know its own mind clearly when it begins to render the first great service it has promised to the country.

Careful with the Income Tax!

They are certainly making no mistake in giving plenty of preliminary study to the proposed income-tax feature of their great enterprise. We wish, indeed, there were more time to consider it.

We must not forget that a revenue tariff is, after all, a tariff for revenue, and that the amount of revenue it yields is sure to be a very important and by no means unjust criterion of its success. From that point of view too great care cannot be taken of the income-tax provisions. They will be an experiment, and their actual results in revenue are extremely difficult to calculate, whether a flat rate or a sliding scale is finally preferred.

That is not the whole of the difficulty by any means. There is the practical certainty that any rate or scale of rates adopted will provoke strenuous objections. There is the probability that any federal income tax at all may prove unpopular with very considerable classes, even though the country as a whole decidedly approves the principle of it. There is the question of the advisability of beginning at once, in time of peace and of reasonable prosperity, to rely at all largely on this new means of raising money.

Of course, there are considerations on the other side, and the strongest of them, we think, is the very simple one that when people pay a direct tax they know it for a tax and they know how much it is. That makes for watchfulness and some other things Americans have been neglecting. Nevertheless, we, for one, shall not be grieved if the revenue-raising quality of the tariff bill proper shall exceed present expectations, so that the proportions of the income tax may safely fall below them.

The Desks Out: A Good Riddance

No wonder the author of *Congressional Government* ventured an infringement of a Washington tradition to get an early peep at the transformed House of Representatives. Others of us with no such claim as his to special knowledge of the character and functions of our American parliament await with lively interest the results of seating our Lower House on benches instead of at desks.

For it is very likely there will be quite notable results, apart from the mere change in the looks of the assembly. Even in that regard alone a change was worth trying; the desks gave the Chamber an unedifying aspect, making as they did against compactness and imposing much evident inconvenience both on orators and listeners.

Of course, they enabled members to do work in the Chamber that would have been otherwise impracticable, but it was work that ought not to be done there, and they impeded debate not merely by the space they occupied, but by inviting inattention. It was unseemly, not to say discourteous, the way members went on reading and writing and clapping for pages, in utter disregard of the speeches addressed to them; unseemly, too, the way they crowded, standing, about any speaker they wanted to hear. It was about as fit a place for discussion as a counting-room.

The British House of Commons offers the natural criterion for judging the probable serious effects of the change, although the new seats, unlike those in the Commons, are at least comfortable, and there are enough of them for all. If we may indeed judge by the Commons' procedure, the standard of debate ought to be distinctly raised. One specific effect should be to make the House less tolerant of bores; if members have nothing to do there but listen, they will naturally be more critical as well as more attentive. For our own part—and for the *Record's* sake—we shall not be sorry if they even learn to boo. We shall be disappointed if they do not also learn to accept fewer committee reports and other things on faith. Indeed, we shall be disappointed if they do not get in the habit of attending to all their proper parliamentary duties both more carefully and more expeditiously.

The Value of Adrianople Taken

Cabled comment on the fall of Adrianople is a trifle confusing. Indeed, if the whole business were not so bloody we should be tempted to call the European discussion of it amusing. The great Powers, we are told, are rather indignant with the Balkan allies for pressing the siege to a conclusion, arguing that more fighting was unnecessary, since peace was already "in sight." Maybe so, but was not peace at least equally "in sight" several months ago, when the parties to the war all sent commissioners to London to make it and diplomats of the great Powers undertook to give their supervisory assistance? Was not Adrianople, untaken, then the main stumbling-block in the negotiations? Until Adrianople finally *was* taken, was there any change in the situation to induce the allies to stop fighting and try negotiating again?

Somebody else, no doubt, has already suggested the analogy between the Balkan war and that other warfare in the East which we read about in HOMER. In the Homeric war-making, as we all remember, the actual visible contestants were but a part of what was going on. Always, above them, a very human lot of higher powers were intently watching the struggle, quite frequently taking a hand in it, and pretty steadily minded, although far from concordantly minded, to have the final say about the outcome. Substitute "greater Powers" for "higher powers," and we have again pretty much the same state of affairs HOMER described.

Still, we hardly think the Homeric narrative would justify the Balkan allies in abandoning all efforts to control the outcome themselves. It did not turn out that way with the Greeks and

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Trojans. Achilles' victory over Hector and the strategy of the wooden horse did count in the end, notwithstanding the gods' supervision. For the gods themselves were divided. Surely the little nations of the Near East are excusable for perceiving that there is division also among those who would play the part of the gods to-day. Surely they need not disregard the ruffled demeanor of France and Germany, the interchanges of Austria and Russia, or Italy's conflicting impulses, or the fairly obvious mind of England to see something like justice done. They would hardly be wise to throw away the possible effect on a none too resolute Europe of as many *faits accomplis*, such as this of taking Adrianople, as they can have to show when the final settlement is made.

What they had themselves won by the sword before the armistice, counted at London in the terms which even then they might have obtained. Will not what they have since won and may yet win also count when negotiations are resumed? Europe would have let them take much from Turkey merely worsted. They will certainly not be compelled to deal more gently with Turkey completely beaten.

Not Flattering to the Women

The intimacy so much cultivated of late between conduct and income got a striking illustration on March 16th, when two thousand girls and men who went on strike at the Oliver Mills in Pittsburg held a mass-meeting and telegraphed to Senator OLIVER, asking his help "to induce your relatives to grant us wages sufficient for our men to support families and our women to retain their honor."

These strikers may put it that way, but it is not flattering to their women, and of course not justified. Moreover, is it not true that where wages are sufficient for men to support families the situation is saved, for the most part, for both men and women? It was written the other day at the end of a letter of LINCOLN CROMWELL to the *Evening Post*:

> The genius who will bring about a wage *for men* sufficient to support a wife and family at the early age when most people married forty years ago, will do more to abolish the hardships of women workers to-day and will add more to the strength and happiness of this nation than any investigating committee now in sight.

To the same effect are the conclusions of Dr. M. G. SCHALFF, neuropathologist of Cornell University. At the conference on Mental Hygiene in Philadelphia on March 16th he spoke of the causes of the growing number of insane persons and criminals in every country in the world. These causes he declared to be industrial labor among women and alcohol and blood disease among men. He said that the rate of increase of insanity was twice as great among women as among men, and that in New York state institutions 87.6 per cent. of the insane female patients were there through diseases induced by excessive physical labor. And he added:

> This is the destructive force that is filling our asylums and jails, killing one-third of the babies born in the first year of their lives, restricting more and more every year the number of babies born. I can demonstrate that these physical disturbances are due entirely to industrialism.
>
> The man who employs women to do men's work in his factory because they are cheaper is the one who is destroying motherhood and childhood.
>
> While more liquor is being consumed than ever before, while specific diseases among men are on the increase, insanity among overworked women is the greatest plague which we must cure, if we want to save the nation.

Industrialism and Women

We seem to be just beginning to learn what machinery has done to us. Industrialism means machinery, a thing only two or three generations old as a controlling element in the life of the world. To machinery, and to the industrialism born of it, is chiefly due the great current disturbance among women.

Now, then, if the social workers and investigators and reformers get wages raised for all the industrial women and establish minimum wages, the upshot will probably be that a good many women will be thrown out of employment and the rest will live better. Both of these results would accord with the hopes of Dr. SCHALFF, and probably both would help society. But the women driven out of employment at low wages will have to be supported, and that will mean readjustment of some kind: more men working at better wages, or else a drop in the cost of living.

When we see movements going on that threaten the prosperity of the present order, and quake at them, it is well for us to remember that the present order has some very bad diseases, of which it would probably die pretty soon if it continued to prosper at the present rate and on the present terms. One of its most threatening diseases is this reckless using up of women in industrialism.

Women's Clothes

The papers do not say whether anybody took advantage of the high water at Columbus or Cincinnati to throw in LOUIS H. CHAPPELLE, of Cincinnati, the member of the Ohio legislature who has introduced a bill for a state dress-reform commission for women "to hear testimony and collect data concerning the effect of the present-day wearing apparel of women on the morals of the community," and "to prescribe rules and regulations for the designing and manufacture of women's clothing, and to prohibit such styles and patterns of garments as the commission, after hearing, shall deem detrimental to virtue."

Any state legislator can get newspaper advertising of a certain sort at any time by introducing a bill of violent absurdity. We suppose Mr. CHAPPELLE is the kind of representative who likes that kind of advertising. Of course his bill would come to nothing even if Ohio had not so many other things to think of, and was more in a humor to joke. The legislators of Ohio undoubtedly know that they cannot make laws to regulate the fashions of women's clothes, and if they did not know, they would learn in short order.

All the same, current feminine garb is harmonious with all other current manifestations in being queerer than usual. The hobble skirts that still linger on our streets are amazing restrictions of the gait; the way skirts generally tend to cling about the ankles makes observing men wonder at the unnecessary patience of women, and the openness of frocks in the neck and chest makes them wonder at women's physical endurance. In these early days of spring, so apt to be raw, one sees girls on our streets with hardly more on their arms and chests than in midsummer. There is no indecency about it, but it is something one remembers when he reads that "at the congress of physicians held in Rome last week a resolution was adopted to the effect that the fashions in women's dress have largely contributed to the great increase in tuberculosis, and urging that some international arrangement be made for such correction in women's dress as may arrest the progress of the disease."

It was in the papers that WORTH, of Paris, who landed here one week ago, said that "gowns for the summer and fall are to be more daring than ever." Perhaps it is the cubist influence. Where is Brother BOK and his American fashions for American women?

Of course no woman has to keep in the fashion, and sensible women are apt always to be fairly sensibly dressed. Yet few women, however sensible, disregard the fashions altogether, or are willing to be conspicuously out of date in garb. It makes a difference to almost all women what the fashions are, for practically they have to follow them. That they control them so little, and have so little choice about what mode of attire they shall wear, seems astonishing. But they buy what is sold in the shops or contrived by the dressmakers, and to get anything else necessitates stronger individual taste than is common, and an ability for original design which is rare.

A Soldier of the British Empire

Field-Marshal Lord WOLSELEY, now dead in his eightieth year, was for many years a great name to Americans, but a rather vague one. We all understood that he had done some fine things as a soldier, but we were hazy as to details. He *had* done fine things. He had played the hero in many wars of the empire. It was his misfortune, however, that these all happened to be comparatively little wars, and in far quarters, and that some of them were contemporaneous with bigger wars. But that, be it noted, did not obscure his merits to his own government and countrymen. Great Britain never neglects to honor the subject who renders good service to the empire. It were well if in this we followed her example more consistently than we do.

There was one episode of Lord WOLSELEY'S life that many of us did know about. Like the Count of Paris and other distinguished Europeans, he sought experience and knowledge of his profession on some of the battle-fields of our Civil War. Serving under LEE, he conceived the highest admiration for that American soldier, and became his eulogist and to some extent his biographer. Happily, the time has passed when his playing that rôle might have set against him LEE'S fellow-countrymen of the North. In our time the same rôle has been played by an ADAMS and a BRADFORD of Massachusetts!

Norton and His Friends

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, who died four or five years ago at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the house he was born in, left some letters that a good many people have been eagerly waiting to see. They are now beginning to appear in *Scribner's Magazine*. Unless expectation is disappointed, they will be rather extraordinary letters. For Mr. NORTON was an extraordinary man.

He was for many years professor of the history of fine arts at Harvard, and he wrote several books about his subject. He was also a student of DANTE and made an excellent prose translation of DANTE'S masterpiece. But the peculiar interest of his life did not come from these admirable labors. He was a man whom many men loved, and among those who loved him were many of the finest spirits of his time, in this country and abroad. Probably no other American ever had such friendships. The mere list of them would fill pages, and on those pages would appear the names of nearly all our greater American writers and artists of NORTON'S time—the later two-thirds of the past century—and an astonishing number of their English and Continental contemporaries. What we may see of these men's letters to NORTON, and of his to them and about them, will be deeply interesting to thoughtful Americans.

We shall hardly see anything we ought not to see. For these interesting friendships were genuine, and no man ever lived with a keener sense of the sacredness of friendship, or of any other high relation, than NORTON had. Most of his friends owed him more than he owed them. Often an editor himself, he set the world an example in the right handling of great men's literary remains — CARLYLE'S, for instance, and RUSKIN'S. He was scholar and student, connoisseur and traveler, but the best notion of him is conveyed by the phrase "an American gentleman of the nineteenth century." It is a serious question how many Americans of to-day could conceivably live such a high kind of life as he lived, or even would if they could.

Consolations for Professor Fisher

Professor WILLIAM C. FISHER, of whose detachment from Wesleyan University mention has several times been made in the WEEKLY, has received from the faculty of Cornell University an elegant resolution of condolence on his dismissal.

The resolution does not precisely commend Professor FISHER'S performance, but recording that he is a distinguished alumnus and former fellow of Cornell, and has been dismissed from the chair of economics and social science at Wesleyan by President SHANKLIN, it extends to him the Cornell faculty's "greetings and assurances of regard, with the message that his alma mater still seeks to maintain and extend the spirit of liberality, toleration, and loyalty to truth illustrated by the lives of its founders, EZRA CORNELL and ANDREW D. WHITE."

Our Brethren of the English Tory Press

The English Tory newspapers have been making the most of whatever offense could be found in Mr. BRYAN'S St. Patrick's Day speech. Whatever the merits of the controversy they have raised about its propriety, it was simply the same sort of speech that any number of American public men were that day making to Irish-American gatherings. It was the regular thing.

Mr. BRYAN said nothing to make Sir EDWARD GRAY, in particular, mad. Is it a good idea, from the English point of view, to make Mr. BRYAN mad? The *Standard* fears that "the Irish electioneering machinery" in this country—whatever that may be—may be "brought to bear" in favor of discriminating canal tolls. Is it not a bad idea, then, to make *that* mad?

We are sure it is, if the interest of Great Britain, in its relations with this country, is the main consideration of these papers. That is what we are assuming when we call their course impolitic. It may not be impolitic, however, if the main consideration is circulation or to delay Home Rule.

Even the best English papers make too little effort to inform themselves and their readers correctly and fully about American affairs. Dr. CROTHERS'S Anglo-American School of Polite Unlearning" is desirable, but some of our English journalistic brethren need positive instruction as well. That would be an extremely practical use of the CARNEGIE peace fund.

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PENN STATE



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Mr. Morgan at forty

THE PASSING OF A GREAT FIGURE

Some of the Outstanding Facts of Mr. Morgan's Wonderful History.

The Career of a Great Banker, a Great Citizen, a Great Man

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN was born at Hartford, Connecticut, April 17, 1837, of old New England stock, the son of Junius Spencer Morgan and Juliet Pierpont Morgan. His father was a successful banker, his mother the daughter of John Pierpont, an eminent clergyman. Young Morgan was graduated from the English High School, Boston, and was for two years a diligent student at the University of Göttingen. He was brilliant in mathematics, fond of good books and pictures, an excellent singer, and well versed in music. At the age of twenty he entered the bank of Duncan, Sherman & Co., and three years later became agent and attorney in the United States for George Peabody & Co., bankers, of London, in which firm his father was a partner. In the following year (1864) he joined the firm of Dabney, Morgan & Co., and in 1871 became a member of Drexel, Morgan & Co., which subsequently became J. P. Morgan & Co. He married, in 1861, Amelia Sturgis, who lived but one year, and in 1865 he married Frances Louise Tracy. Their children are Louise Pierpont Morgan (Mrs. Herbert L. Satterlee), John Pierpont Morgan, junior; Juliet Pierpont Morgan (Mrs. William Pierson Hamilton), and Anne Pierpont Morgan.

Mr. Morgan's was a power born of success. From the day when, at the age of thirty-two, he won his first great fight and took the Albany & Susquehanna away from the veteran Jay Gould and his confederate Fisk, practically everything he did turned to gold. To be asked to join in a Morgan enterprise was to be given an opportunity few cared to refuse. And just there lay the secret of Mr. Morgan's phenomenal power. It was not that he controlled world-wide capital in the sense that he could force it to do his bidding. It was rather that, as a result of successive demonstrations of his genius, it came about that in every financial center in the United States and Europe millions upon millions of capital awaited his call.

Constantly, throughout the half-century of Mr. Morgan's active life, was this great power exercised—in what manner the scores of great and flourishing railway and industrial enterprises which bear his stamp are the best possible witness. But on three occasions particularly was his power made manifest. The first was in 1895, when, with the government in almost desperate financial straits, Mr. Morgan stepped in and guaranteed to refill the Treasury with gold taken from abroad. The second was five years later, when, there having developed in the country's leading industry, steel, what Mr. Morgan regarded as a dangerous condition, he put an end to it by the formation of the United States Steel Corporation. The third was in 1907, when, at the moment when the panic, bad as it was, seemed as if it must inevitably grow far worse and involve hundreds more of banks in ruin, Mr. Morgan hurled himself and his millions into the breach and saved the day.

For the profit he made on the first of these three great transactions Mr. Morgan, it is true, has been bitterly criticized. The time, however, was not one for splitting hairs over the question of remuneration. With gold steadily going out of the country and the whole supply in the United States Treasury drained down to about forty million dollars, it was not a question of the size of the commission to be paid for getting the government back on its feet, financially, but of whether the thing could be done at all. Mr. Morgan was the man of the hour. He, and he only, because of his standing with the great banking interests of Europe, was in a position to get them to give up the needed gold.

For the second great exercise of his power, the welding together of the country's divergent steel interests into the United States Steel Corporation, Mr. Morgan has also been widely criticized, but here again the achievement is in itself the best possible refutation of the charges made. It is not that the United States Steel Corporation is the biggest company in the world or that it employs the most men or that it earns the most money. It is that the corporation is what the genius of J. Pierpont Morgan foresaw it would be —a great stabilizing influence in the country's principal industry, a force for good operating in the direction of harmony and economy of production where all before had been strife and waste. Recently, when it was announced that the government intended to bring a suit against the company, Mr. Morgan broke his time-honored custom of silence and came vigorously to the defense of this his greatest creation. "The corporation was organized for business reasons," runs the statement, "and purchased its various plants to promote such business and not to restrain trade or obtain a monopoly. In all its operations the company has scrupulously observed the law and recognized the just rights of its competitors and the consumers of its products."

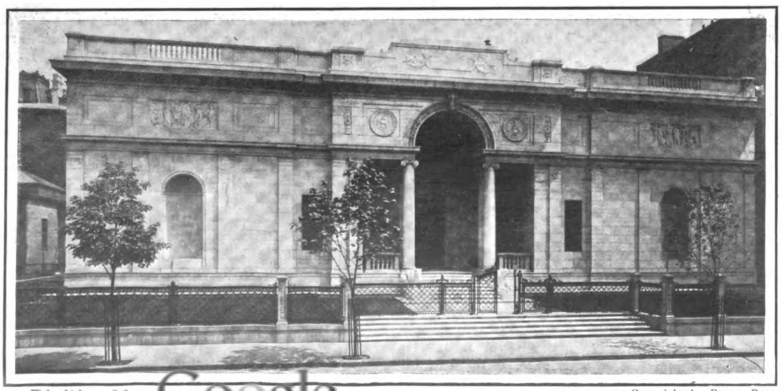


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Mr. Morgan, his son, J. P. Morgan, Jr., and his daughter, Mrs. Herbert Satterlee. From a recent photograph

But however Mr. Morgan has been criticized for his financing of the government in 1895 and his formation of the United States Steel Corporation, for his demonstration of power in quelling the panic of 1907 not even his sharpest critics offer anything but praise. Following the collapse of the Heinze copper pool and the closing up of the banks associated therewith, the situation at New York had become one of such gravity that there was no telling the limits to which the panic might go. Every one for himself and the devil take the hindmost, that was the principle on which things were being done—until the famous conference at the Morgan offices, following which it was announced that Mr. Morgan and his associates stood ready to lend $25,000,000 to the stock exchange at once. In that moment, by the great financier's display of strength, the back of the trouble was broken. Conference after conference took place at the Morgan library for weeks after, but that was mainly for the purpose of determining the best way of repairing the damage done. When, in that darkest hour of the panic, Mr. Morgan was able to gather round him the disorganized and demoralized forces of American finance and, by the sheer force of his own personality, weld them into an effective fighting unit, the real victory was won.

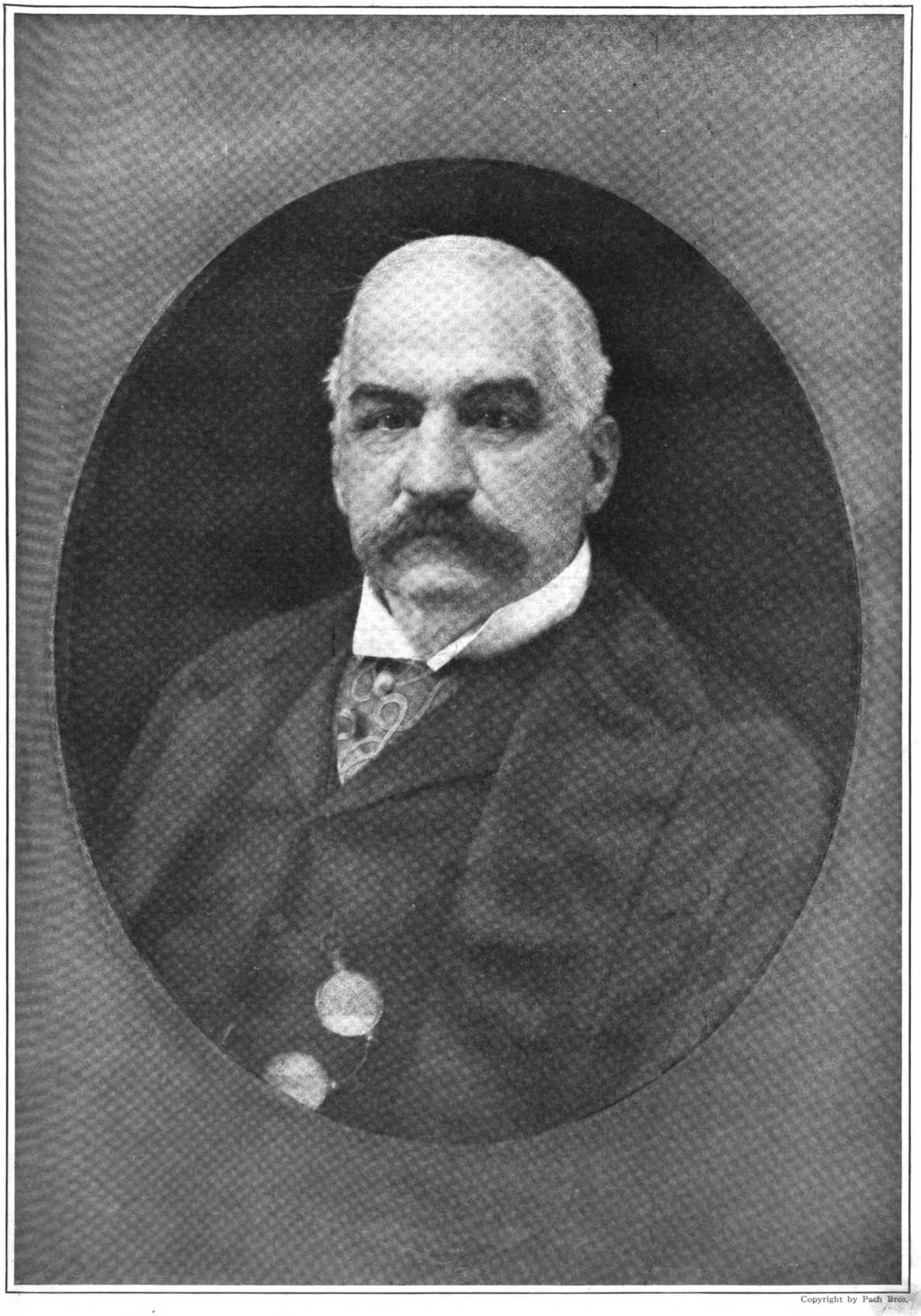
The passing of a great constructive genius which carried American enterprise to heights previously unknown—that is not the country's principal loss in the death of J. Pierpont Morgan. What the American world of business, rich in raw financial strength, has principally lost is a leader.



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Mr. Morgan's famous library adjoining his Thirty-sixth Street home in New York

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JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN

BORN AT HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, APRIL 17, 1837. DIED AT ROME, MARCH 31, 1913

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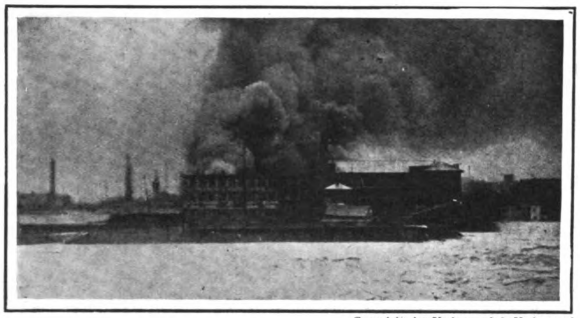
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Rigging up rescue wires in Dayton



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Searching for dead bodies in the streets of Dayton



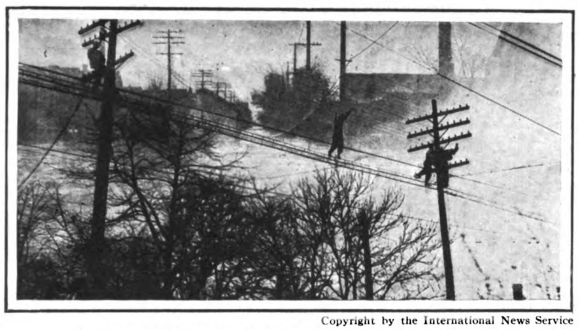
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Both fire and flood at Columbus



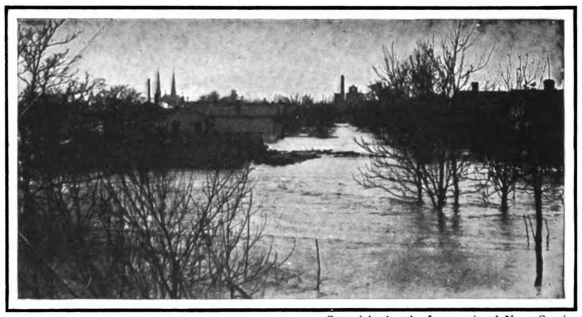
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Escaping by wagon from the railroad station at Cleveland



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Escaping from an engulfed house by walking across wires



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When the waters in Dayton had almost submerged the roofs



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The encroaching flood at Fremont, Ohio. Many of the smaller Ohio towns suffered as did Fremont

THE GREAT FLOODS IN THE MIDDLE WEST

DISASTROUS FLOODS SWEPT A LARGE SECTION OF THE MIDDLE WEST DURING THE LAST WEEK OF MARCH, CAUSING A LOSS OF LIFE AND PROPERTY SO GREAT AS TO RECALL THE UNSURPASSED CALAMITIES AT GALVESTON AND JOHNSTOWN. OHIO AND INDIANA SUFFERED MOST, THOUGH KENTUCKY AND WEST VIRGINIA WERE ALSO AFFECTED. IN DAYTON, COLUMBUS, AND SMALLER COMMUNITIES, THOUSANDS WERE MAROONED BY THE UNPRECEDENTED RISE OF THE WATERS, AND THE NUMBER OF HOMELESS IS LEGION. NO ACCURATE ESTIMATE OF THE LOSS OF LIFE IS YET POSSIBLE, BUT IN OHIO ALONE IT IS PLACED AT 500. THE TOTAL PROPERTY LOSS WILL MOUNT INTO THE HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS

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A SOLDIER'S LETTER FROM SHILOH

Major Robert Barry's Vivid Impressions of One of the Great Engagements of the Civil War, as Recorded in a Hitherto Unpublished Document

MAJOR ROBERT PEABODY BARRY was born in New York City on March 30, 1839. His father was Samuel F. Barry, originally of Boston, and his mother was Martha Lewis Peabody, originally from Salem, Massachusetts. Robert Peabody Barry was the youngest son. After education in private preparatory schools, he attended Columbia College. When he first entered the institution it was located at Church Street, between Murray and Barclay, but during the time that he was there the grounds were sold and Park Place was cut through. The college then moved to Madison Avenue and Forty-ninth Street. While at college he became a member of the Delta Psi fraternity, and as delegate attended a convention held at Raleigh, North Carolina. In his memoir he says:

"Here I met members from many states, but what impressed me was the tone of our Southern members. All expressed a sort of dislike for and an enmity to the Union. It struck me as very strange and most unusual, for up to this time I had never heard anything like it."

After the convention he visited friends in South Carolina, and his memoir continues:

"It was a very enjoyable visit to me, but I noticed here also the strange views of my host when any remarks were made about the country, how the government was regarded, not as theirs, but as a sort of hostile one."

The memoir further continues:

"I was at an evening entertainment given by a young friend—a Southern girl—the night the news arrived of the attack on Fort Sumter. Boys crying 'Extra' ran along Fifth Avenue; some one went out and bought one and, bringing it into the parlor, read aloud the news of the attack upon the fort by the Southerners. An instantaneous chill fell upon the guests and the party soon broke up. The next day troops were being mustered to go to Washington, and on the Seventh Regiment, New York militia, being called, I volunteered. I hurried home and told my parents and, without my uniform, joined the regiment and left with it for Washington. We mustered at the Tompkins Market, near Eighth Street and Bowery, and marched from there through Broadway to the Jersey City ferry. The houses all along the route, also the pavements, were filled with an excited and cheering crowd."

He served as a private in the ranks of the Seventh Regiment during its historic expedition to Washington in 1861, but upon its return to New York he sought a commission in the regular army, and through the influence of Hamilton Fish and other influential friends of his family he secured a personal interview with Secretary Cameron, and received an appointment as captain in the newly organized Sixteenth Regiment of Infantry of the regular army. He was first detailed upon recruiting duty in a mining territory on Lake Superior, but his regiment was subsequently attached to the Army of the Cumberland and sent to the front. They took the field at Nashville, and it was shortly after this that his regiment participated in the battle of Shiloh, which is described in the accompanying letter.

After the battle of Murfreesboro', in which he was wounded, he was placed in an ambulance to be sent to the hospital at Nashville. A part of the wagon-train, including his ambulance, was captured by Confederate cavalry, but he and other officers were paroled and ultimately reached Nashville. When he was wounded his sword dropped on the battle-field, where it was subsequently found and, having his name engraved upon the hilt, was sent to the regimental headquarters. While in the hospital at Nashville, his general called upon him and brought him the sword which had been thus recovered from the battle-field. Had it not been for this incident it would undoubtedly have been taken from him at the time of his capture, but through this caprice of fortune it remains a treasured relic in his family to-day.

After his convalescence he was duly exchanged and returned to the front, where he served throughout the Atlanta campaign, under Sherman, at times, owing to the scarcity of officers, being himself in command of the regiment. During his active service in the war he bore the rank of captain, but subsequently received his commission with the brevet rank of major for gallantry in action.

Subsequently to the war Major Barry went into business in the South as a cotton merchant, and in the early eighties retired from business and settled upon a farm of approximately five hundred acres which he purchased near Warrenton, Virginia. Here in October, 1912, he passed away.

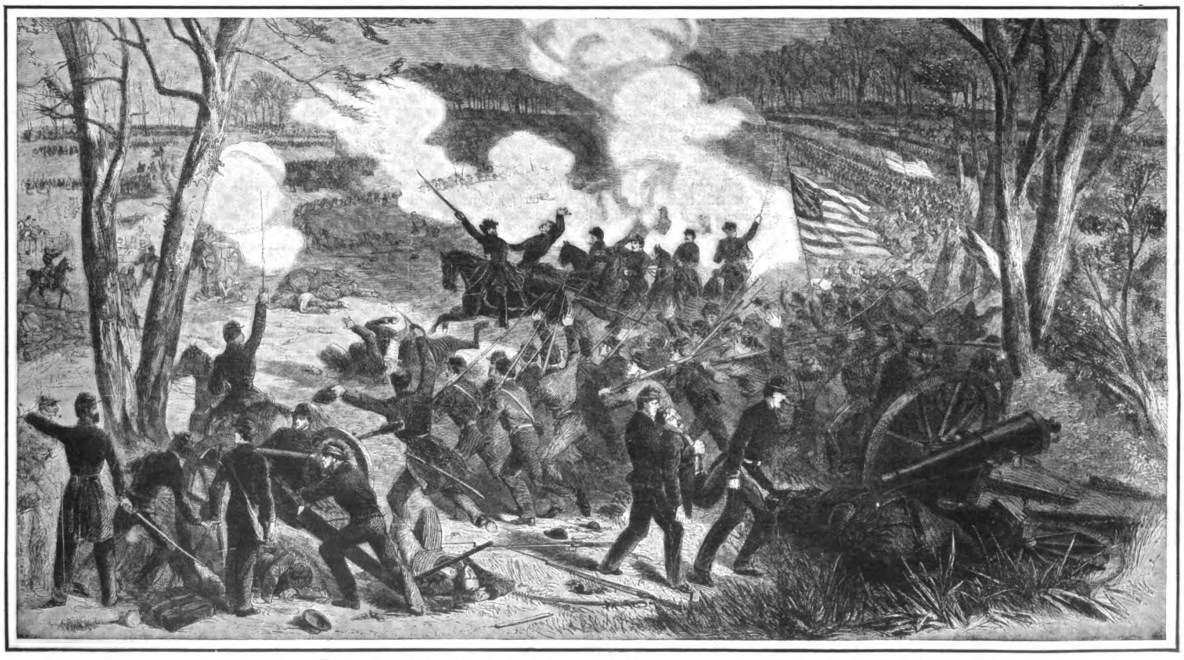
The letter referred to runs as follows:

MY DEAR MOTHER,—My last letter was written at our camp at Mount Pleasant. The next morning we were up at four o'clock, and that day made a most fatiguing march. At 10 A.M. we came to a river, where we rested half an hour and were told to fill our canteens, as there was no water for ten miles. We crossed the river and commenced a most dreadful march. The sun was scorching—the road, a light clay, was a continual dense cloud of fine, white dust, blinding to the eyes and choking to breathe. Often I had to put my handkerchief to my face for breath. No shade during our rests—oh, it was horrible! When we came to the next water it was barely possible to keep the men from breaking ranks in a body and rushing to cool their parched throats. At 7 P.M. we came to our camping-ground on the banks of a lovely stream. Here officers and men bathed, then a good drink of whiskey and a short nap restored me. My men, though, commenced to fail and I had to give some frequent drinks of whiskey from my flask, to keep them up. For myself, though, I never drink till after the march. The next day at 6 A.M. we were again on the march, and this day saw many houses of Union people, who greeted us with waving flags (a very rare sight down here). One flag at Waynesboro had on it "Peace and Union." We made but fourteen miles this day, the roads were so bad. We had a beautiful place to camp, and, this being Saturday, were told we would rest over until Monday, but soon we received orders to have reveillé at 4 A.M. Sunday, which indicated a long march; so at 4 A.M. we rose. Mother, let me tell you that the old saw, "Early to bed and early to rise,"' etc., is an immense humbug—there is no truth in it. I have tried it now for some time, and from experience can say that he who can lie abed and does not do so is a big fool. This day (Sunday) the roads were still worse than the day previous—they sometimes became so narrow and so steep, running as they did through deep gorges, that it was difficult for us to march. How our heavy wagons could pass seemed a question; but they did, and indeed it must be a very, very bad and impassable road that will stop army wagons.

About 9 A.M. we first heard the indistinct sound of cannon, and then they commenced to force us. It was broiling hot. I stuffed my cap with grass, but still could not prevent a racking headache. Still we pushed on—up young mountains, down valleys, till twelve, when we were marched in an open field and given an hour for rest. Here word was received from General Buell to leave our teams and press on. The teams of the whole division were left here, covering hundreds of acres. Oh, how hot it was! I took off my vest and left it in the wagon, keeping only my blouse and pants. Unhappy act! How I have suffered for that temporary relief! Now commenced our race. When the road went straight we followed the road; when the road turned for hills and streams we left the road, broke down fences, and took short cuts; up hills, down hills, over fields, through streams; nothing stopped us. Our general had had orders evidently to bring us there. It seemed as though, too, the sun would kill us. Still on we went—the booming of artillery growing more distinct as we pushed on. There was evidently a battle raging and we were wanted. The song and jest were no more heard. We were too tired to talk, too solemn to jest. Once we stopped on a hill where a rude church was building; in this the officers of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth took shelter from the sun. I threw myself down and offered a mental prayer to the Almighty for strength for the coming trial.

Soon the bugle sounded, the men fell in, and again was that mad race taken up and kept up until 7 P.M., when we were within two miles of Savannah; here we were given two hours for refreshment! Our refreshment consisted in lying down on the river bank and regaling our palates with hard bread and water. I tried to sleep, but could not. I was too cold (all the nights are cold) and too tired, so I sat on a log and talked. It was rumored that the Union had got the worst of it, but no one knew anything definite, so I concluded not to bother my head about the numerous stories that were circulating.

Between 9 and 10 P.M. the bugle sounded and we commenced our march to Savannah. It was slow work—the road was filled with troops and the transportation was limited to take them over the river. It was past twelve when we were in the boat. The scene was impressive, the streets filled with artillery and infantry, all moving toward one point. No word was spoken. Only the masses of men drawn up in close column could be seen, with the occasional reflection of starlight on the brass cannon. Then, too, the buildings filled with the wounded and the lights that lit up their rooms! To see there thousands of men and these scores of batteries and to hear no loud talking—no shouting—only to be aware that the dusky mass kept moving steadily toward the river. To see all this, mother dear, and then to know that many of us would never see another night, was in a measure stunning to the senses. Our halts were frequent, and the men, who were wearied out from marching from



General Grant leading the final charge of the Union forces at the battle of Shiloh, April 7, 1862
From a Wood-cut in a Contemporary Issue of "Harper's Weekly"

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four in the morning, would throw themselves down in the dust and go to sleep. Lieutenant Mitchell and I sat down on our gauntlets, the only protection we had. At twelve o'clock we got on board and were stowed like herrings. When my men were placed I threw myself down on the deck and went to sleep. But it was too cold to sleep—and then first I repented leaving off any of my clothes. Soon it began to rain. No, not to rain, to pour. I managed to get shelter along with Mitchell in a sort of stateroom of the officers of the boat, and had just got to sleep on the floor when some brute woke us and insisted on our leaving. At first I felt tempted to cut the scoundrel down, but, learning where I could get shelter, I left, first damning him up and down, telling him he was a dirty sneak, only fit to be a nigger, and every other provoking thing I could think of. I felt mad and wolfish, for I had learned on the boat of our defeat Sunday, and it seemed so cursed mean to drive out in the rain the men who came to risk their lives to retrieve the defeat. Just before we left the boat this fellow happened to pass me, there being at the time a number of officers about. "Well, you mean sniveling puppy, do you want to turn me out of here?" said I, and I commenced to abuse him in true Billingsgate style. He had nothing to say. At 4 A.M. we were up and breakfasting on hard bread and water, left the boat, and scrambled up the bank.

And now for the battle. Sunday morning the rebels attacked Grant's forces, taking them completely by surprise, owing to the criminal carelessness in posting and attending to the watchfulness of our pickets. Our camp extended out seven miles. They drove our men back slowly but steadily all day until there was no place for them to go but into the river. There was no generalship and apparently no attempt to deploy and to make use of our large army. Each regiment fought for itself and when whipped fell back till all men crowded together like sheep. We were whipped as fairly and as badly whipped as we could be. Our trains were captured, our artillery captured, our men a mere mob of regiments without order or plan. And let me tell you that an army without its organization of divisions and brigades is as unmanageable as a regiment would be without companies. And so at evening Sunday Grant's army was a beaten army, and only the interposition of the Almighty saved it. Why the rebels did not complete their victory and drive Grant into the river seems inexplicable. Some say they feared the gunboats. The country is all hills and woods, and the gunboats, of which there were but two, could do but little. As it was, only the mercy of God and that only can account for our safety. During the night some hasty intrenchments of barrels covered with dirt were thrown up and all our troops lay down with anxious hearts for the following day. But night brought Buell and safety. Nelson's and Crittenden's and part of McCook's divisions were thrown across the river, and those divisions, comprising 25,000 men, did most of the fighting Monday. The fight was opened by Nelson on the left at 4 A.M., and soon was taken up along the whole line. But you have learned of the general fight—how the left was pressed back by the rebels, then driven back again and finally from the field. So I will tell you only about our brigade and companies, which are spoken of in terms of praise by the whole army.

We scrambled up the bank from the steamer through thousands of our brave volunteers who were guarding the river bank. Do you know that whole regiments were skulking on the banks behind the stones and could not be forced into the fight either Sunday or Monday? Scores were drowned in their attempts to get on the boats, and it was only when the guns of the gunboats were trained on them that they could be induced to leave the banks. One whole brigade refused to enter the fight. Damn them! I would have trained the artillery on them and sent them to the fight. Well, we scrambled up the steep bank and formed the battalion by companies at a time; then we were marched a short distance into the woods. After that the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Nineteenth were formed in double column at half distance and marched out toward the enemy. All day Sunday we had been on the march, all we had for food was hard bread, and now to get up at 4 A.M. Monday, breakfast on hard bread, and go into a battle, was rough. I felt weak and scared, and I fear I looked pale. I almost wished I was home. The cannonading was now lively as we pushed on through the woods. Soon we came to a camp, and here and there and everywhere were the mangled bodies of men lying in the positions in which they had fallen, some writhing still of wounds, who had lain all night in the drenching rain on the muddy ground. Oh, my God! thought I, this is too horrible! We halted and I sat down on a box and covered my face with my hands. Mother, at that moment I wished I was home. I looked up. All around were the mangled, dead, and dying bodies of men and horses. Then I thought, this will not do. I have had too many fair hands shake good-by with mine, so, Bob, be up! We were ordered to take position more to the left. No voice sounded more cheerily than mine as I repeated the orders, though God knows I was sick at heart and weak in the knees.

We took position in the woods on our right. The enemy now seemed to be gaining ground on the left and the shell and round shot kept hustling through the trees. We were ordered to advance, so, deploying in line of battle, we moved forward through the thick brush. General Buell, riding along, ordered us back, so we gave ground. Now the shot and shell seemed to increase. Our men were halted and told to rest. I sat on a log and pressed my stomach to overcome the weakness I felt. I was not scared, but painfully nervous and frightened. The sound of a ball or shell startled me. I offered frequent mental prayers to the Almighty that I might obtain mercy should I be taken away. Our skirmishers were now ordered forward, and soon we heard a shot, and then, as they came running back, the order was given: "The enemy are on us! Ready! fire!" I jumped up; there, indistinctly through the brush, their gray line could be seen, and then we received a fearful volley. My company swung around as it were upon a hinge, the right standing fast. That minute worked in me a change. The poor, weak-kneed, faint-hearted Captain Barry was another man. I never thought of danger. I never thought of anything. My sword flew out of its scabbard. I grasped my pistol with my left hand. "Get back to your places," I shouted; "back or die!" At the same time I pressed them with my blade and thrust the muzzle of my pistol in their faces. "Back, back! Meet your fate like men, not like cowards! Is this Company F?"

Another minute and my company was in line and were returning a heavy fire. I moved up and down the line, cheering and encouraging my men, now speaking personally, now to all. I had several narrow escapes. I was struck on my scabbard twice, so that now both belt and scabbard are ruined. Another ball grazed my ear and struck a tree just behind me, causing a singing and pain in my ear that lasted all day. One of my men told me when he saw it, "that he thought his captain was gone." The fire was furious and in ten minutes we had driven them back. Then the bugle sounded "Forward" and we advanced, occupying the ground from which we had driven the enemy. And here, while we remained at "in place, rest," I saw what made me wolfish. Those loud-mouthed valorous ones of the volunteers commenced to slink away. I stopped several that passed through my company and, by a free use of cocking and presenting my Colt, induced some of them to halt and take post with my company. One fellow came limping along and passed through my company. "Halt there!" said I. He paid no attention. "Halt!" repeated I, and the click of my Colt induced him to turn round. "What's the matter with you?" "I'm wounded in the foot." "Where?" He showed a muddy but uninjured boot. "You lie, you infernal coward. You eat and sleep at the country's expense and then run when you are wanted to fight."

"I ain't afraid, but—"

"Well, then, take your place in my company and fight with my men, and I'll shoot you if you run." I made another man a minute later, but the enemy now appeared, so I forgot all about them. They skedaddled, though, the first fire, and probably commenced to rob the dead. We again caught it hot and heavy, though this time the men kept their places and I at one time went in front and dressed them to the right, they coming up as coolly as on battalion drill.

As for myself, after the first fire I felt none of the weak-kneedness, but took all things as coolly as though I had lived all my life in battles. Here it was that Mitchell fell. The wings of the battalion were crowding the center, so I stepped back and informed Captain Townsend, who was in command, that they must give way to the left, as my company were in some places three deep. He said, "You run and tell Captain Crofton to face his company (the left one) to the left and so give you more room." Mr. Mitchell cried out, "I'll do it!" and started off. He had just finished giving the order when a bullet struck him on the right temple, passing completely through his head. He slightly lifted his right hand, fell, and expired instantly. I did not learn of his death till ten minutes afterwards, and almost cried when I heard of it. During the hottest part of this fight Slidell, who has been absent sick for a month, came up. The plucky fellow had hunted us up and now joined us. The determined stand of our men under a very heavy fire of musketry and artillery was too much for the gray-backs. They gave way. And now we did the prettiest thing imaginable. They seemed to waver and Captain Townsend cried, "Change front, forward, on first company." By Jove! mother, we went through the evolution under a hot fire as prettily as we would on drill, only when I right-turned my company and dressed them to the right I felt ticklish. The men did the movement well and I learn that we were complimented by those high in command who saw it. Then came the order, "Fix bayonets and double-quick, march." The rebels, who were within one hundred yards at the time, at this gave way, and so we came in possession of a battery that had been playing on us all the morning.

Such a sight as it was! The men lay around in scores, most shot through the head. The horses of the battery were piled all together, kicking, struggling, and dying. Early in the morning I would have fainted at this sight; now I coolly examined the dead to see where they were hit and what the effect of our balls, hitting a man, was. Our cartridges were now nearly exhausted, so we sent back a detail for more. Meanwhile we rested by lying on the red, bloody ground with the shell and grape showering around us. While so resting, a sergeant of "G" Company had his head taken off by a cannon ball. But they could not let us rest. The regulars were wanted, so we were again pushed forward, and met and repulsed the enemy a third time during this action. Captain Keyes and Lieutenants Haight and Power and myself were all standing around a sapling, talking. Keyes was leaning his right shoulder against it, his face to the rear; I with my face to the front, was leaning on the other side. A ball struck Keyes, breaking his right arm. The sapling being but six inches through, this I consider my fourth narrow escape that day.

For the third time we drove the enemy back, and then up came our cartridges, and just in time, for we had but very few left per man. The cartridge-boxes we filled up, and, seeing this done, I threw myself down and went to sleep. You read of Napoleon sleeping on the battlefield. Why, any one can do it! Many of us, all wearied out, with nothing to eat for a day and a half but hard bread, and used up with our exertions—many of us fell asleep with the balls rattling about us like hail. In fact, you seem to forget or not to notice this hail of bullets. As for shells, though we had our fair share of them, they amount to little. They generally burst in the air over your heads and not half a dozen of our men were wounded by them. We rested for half an hour or so, and then the bugle sounded again the advance. "Oh, curse it, ain't these rebels ever going to give in?" I said, as I rose wearily for what proved our last fight. We were lying at this time on the edge of the wood; in front stretched a plain of about two hundred acres. Across this we marched under heavy fire and were halted close to the woods in which lay the rebels, who were pouring in a heavy fire. Willichs's celebrated German regiment was ordered out at the same time with us. He went ahead of us in double column at half distance on the center, intending to deploy, but when he got under this fire he stopped, shuddered, and then that vast mass of men gave way and ran clean over our poor little battalion. We seemed swallowed up, but when they passed our men struggled again to their places and we were one again. But we were so thrown out that we had to fall back twenty paces and reform on first company. Willichs's men rallied about one hundred paces in our rear and did then splendidly. And now we stood the most awful fire I had ever conceived. It seems it was the last stand of the rebels on our right and they had at that moment 10,000 men opposed to our brigade and Willichs's regiment. Oh, it was awful! The air seemed laden with nothing but the rushing of balls and the shrieking of bullets. Grape and canister tore the ground all around, trees were torn to pieces. Some birds flew up but lit on a shrub and lay cowered. The whole field slowly became enveloped in a dense cloud of smoke and only the flash of the cannon could be seen. The roar was such that no voice could be heard. The bravest cowered there. Still there was no flinching, but, though the men dropped like leaves, still we held our ground.

Slowly the cloud of smoke lightened and by their slackened fire we knew the enemy was giving way. "Fix bayonets! By company right wheel! Double-quick, march!" and moving on in columns of companies we drove the rebels from our part of the field. We chased them one-quarter mile, when we halted, formed line, stacked arms, and threw ourselves on the ground and rested. Oh, mother, how tired I was, now the excitement of the action was over. I got some liquor, which set me up. The dead and wounded lay in piles. I gave water to some poor wounded men, and then sought some food in an abandoned camp near us. Pickled pigs' feet, almonds, and cigars rewarded me. Battles always bring rain and now it looked threatening. I saw lying in the mud what appeared to be a piece of rubber. I went there and found it to be a fine poncho or piece of light india-rubber cloth with a hole in the middle through which you pass your head and then tie it at the neck. This has proved most valuable. We had to bivouac that night and it rained very heavily. My poncho kept me dry, although I could get no sleep. Think of that, mother! I dared not lie down on the wet ground, yet I could not stand. Finally I propped myself against a tree and thus got some forgetfulness but no refreshment. The next night and the next and the next, all that week in fact, it has rained day and night. It has been impossible (till to-day, Monday) to get up our baggage, so we have had to get what shelter we could and live all the time on bacon, hard bread, and coffee. Last night my valise arrived. Oh, how acceptable those candies were! I would not have sold them for $10,000. My shoes are all I could ask and the medicines in the nick of time, for I was giving way, as the surgeons have no medicines and those who are taken sick, if they cannot get well in the rain and open air by themselves, must die. One of my men died on our march the evening we arrived at Savannah. He died in the ambulance.

Our battalion suffered heavily. We carried into action about 250 men. We left 6 killed, 51 wounded; about twenty-five per cent., or one in four. Now we were under about as heavy fire as any troops in the field. We were pushed into action four times and lost 60 in round numbers. But none of our men ran.

When you see accounts of a regiment being cut to pieces, it is volunteer talk and means some killed and lots who ran away. Remember that for the future, mother.

Frank Leslie is going to bring us out taking the battery. He made a sketch having us with flags; this is not so; we had none. I do not think he was on the spot, either. Anybody that could get out of the way then did so. He drew the sketch afterward. The day after the battle I went over a good part of the field. But I will reserve all the horrors for a future letter. You must be pretty well tired out reading, and I know I am with writing. I wish you would get Hod to send me a forage cap by mail. My size is 7⅛ to 7¼. Get a pretty bugle and silver-worked numbers. My poor old cap is ruined. This last fight and the week of rain has capped the climax and it has given out all over.

My health is still good. I was ailing, but that ginger set me up. I have a stunning "Arkansas Toothpick" to send home if I get a chance. Also an Enfield rifle, some bullets I picked off the field when we fought first and when your coward son was changed to a man.

I got father's letter by Sergeant Pattie and also the one sent the day before my mail. I hope Adams will forward my sword after the army. Write him to do so. With much love,

Your affectionate son,

BOB.

For an April Birthday

By Edward Kingston

THEY say that in the days when you were not,
And the Spring winds were empty of your name,
And the gray world was barren of your face,
And when no haunting memory of your voice
Echoed, like murmurous silver flutes at dawn,
Within the portals of men's dreaming minds:
They say that April then came through the woods
With feet more languid, with a heart less light.
But now that dawn is mirrored in your eyes,
And the Spring winds are sweetened by your breath,
And life is as an alabaster vase
Shot through with inner radiance from your face,—
How will men's sight endure the gray world
When you have gone, and all of life is blank?
How will men's ears endure, in Springs to come,
The cry of winds that know your voice no more?

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That TIRED FEELING

by LEONARD K. HIRSHBERG M.D., M.A., A.B.

Drawings by F. Strothmann

ABOUT this time of the year you feel tired. You wend your way languidly to your friendly druggist with discouraged nerves and waning stamina. A haunting fear of impending physical exhaustion and mental inertia shows itself to your observant neighbor.

"You have spring fever," she insists. You do not deny it.

"Get some calomel and soda, and Housekeeper's Friend, the spring blood tonic," she rambles on. "It will purify your blood and make a new woman of you. Why, don't you remember that my husband last April—"

Then she tells you the story of what is an entirely different malady, but which she and you believe to be the same. You are comforted, however, and half happily accept another prescription from the accommodating pharmacist. Though bodily you are a bit "under the weather," you seize with avidity the grand chance to renovate your system with "tonics" and "blood purifiers."

Yet you have no "spring fever" nor a true "tired feeling." The truth of the matter is that this periodic languor and "done-up" feeling is a constitutional disturbance due to something entirely different from overwork and long hours.

Housed throughout the long, weary winter, your anemic, steam-heated tissues are of necessity like hothouse flowers, lowered in their capacity to withstand the extremes of wind and weather, balmy mornings and frosty nights. Your throat, your nose, your skin, and your lungs, though able to adapt themselves to indoor air, or even zero outdoor weather for a time, soon reach the limits of their endurance, or, as the scholars say, the point of strain or elasticity. Then the mischievous colony of germs, with their devilish ingenuity, swoop down into your body, the tiniest unguarded opening, such as a chilled nose, a food-clogged tonsil, or a furnace-heated throat, not being too much for these small organisms to tackle.

Though ignored because of the midday cheer, the balmy breezes, the tempting outdoors, concentration of attention or careful recollection will recall to you that just before, or as your tired, draggy feeling started, you had a strange sensation in your stomach, a scratchy feeling in your throat, a sneezy wheeze from your nose. Too exhilarated to note these, you forget them. What on Christmas or the Fourth of July would be blamed upon a "cold" or a "heat stroke" in the vernal days passes unremarked. In lieu of precautionary measures or your physician, the trifling ache or redness is ignored.

But this hardly perceived trouble is the usual incubation of more serious maladies. What should be immediately brought to the attention of a doctor is forgotten in the exuberance of animal spirits. For no matter how hard you work, how much you worry, or how melancholy you were in the wintry days, a mere breath of spring makes you forget it all. Like sleep, it is nature's sweet restorer.

That spring really is a restorer is proved by the fact that what would have developed from this same small beginning at other seasons into pneumonia, grip, tonsilitis, joint diseases, or worse, in many cases now drags on undeveloped as your "tired feeling."

How, now, shall you rid yourself of this tired feeling that is not a tired feeling? How can the victory be won, the balance thrown on the side of our vital powers? How shall these microscopic enemies of health be driven forth? Can you master them by sulphur and molasses, camomile and mullen?

The ignorance of the fathers is handed down to the children even unto the third and fourth generations. This is true of diseases. Even though your wise tissues use a language you know well, by conveying to you the knowledge that exactly the same things are needed that you would instinctively employ for fatigue, few observe nature's hint. Instead of ceasing all sweeping, sewing, cooking, writing, and social labors, in lieu of reducing muscular movements, the expenditure of energy, by stopping all work, your blood and organs are expected both to fight and to work. Pseudo-medical cults, suggestive methods, and Lady White's Pale Pills are called upon to take the place of rest, change of base, and dietary changes.

An ounce of prevention may always be considered worth a pound of cure. In the same way two or more days' rest in bed are better than a Pacific of tinctures. A few days of absolute quiet—and this necessarily means flat on your back and undressed—brings into immediate action against germs all of the living energy expended in nervous and muscular actions. When the body rests from work it is the more powerful against disease. A week in bed in April may save you six weeks in June.

There are various ways of resting your vital forces, but none surpasses your own or a hospital bed. Second in value for the "tired" ones, however, is rest of mind and body by a few weeks' visit away from home. Usually, where or when it is possible, the two are combined. The week in bed is then followed by a week or two away. If some interested friend or nurse will rub your exhausted bones, knead your muscles, and stroke your arms and legs rhythmically about thirty minutes each day, beginning lightly and increasing the vigor of the massage slowly, it may be unnecessary after the first day to give Seidlitz powders, Epsom salts, or the usually harmless cathartic waters again. Should your system require a strong internal washing—and this is needed in the beginning of more serious infections—the salt mixtures and saturated salt waters mentioned are preferable to



Do not run at once to the drug store

pills, powders, and lotions. Frequently the diet, accurately regulated, effects this purpose.

The prevalent fallacy about a change of diet from the winter fare to the spring one is on a par with those other popular notions about foreordained medical men who are seventh sons of seventh sons, and that by reading one or two books through you are qualified equally with a Hopkins or Harvard graduate to cure anything from tired feelings to cornet-playing.

When you are, however, beset with those incipient, undeveloped infections or "chronic colds" that turn in spring to "tired feelings," a change of diet is as important then as in the more serious diseases, such as typhoid. The rest in bed also dictates another dietary regimen. The malady, the massage, the motionless tissues all demand a carefully regulated diet. Allow me to warn you, though, against the omission of skilful medical guidance: and I say this knowing that, strangely enough, "nature" will many times cure the threatened trouble herself. At such a time if talismans, bone-setters, thought-healers, or traditionary medicines are given they receive unjustly the credit.

Now I shall try to describe the specific dietary and other directions that I advise for the woman who does her own housework, for she perhaps is attacked more often by this bizarre ill than any one else.

You must forthwith go to bed until much improved, often for a week or ten days. Copious draughts of good water and the diet may bring about catharthis; but at times it is helpful to give a pre-breakfast tumbler of effervescent citrate of magnesia, tablespoonful of milk magnesia, phosphate of sodium, Epsom salts, or some other saline. If the husband, relative, or neighbor, is unwilling, a visiting nurse—in large towns—is shown how to massage the patient. The windows are arranged so that air may pass out above and enter below. Cheerful books are read to, and conversations held with, her at alternate intervals of an hour or so. This is begun not before eleven in the forenoon or after six in the afternoon. She then is expected to have no more "excitement" for the nonce. An alcohol rub or wash is given at nine in the morning, the massage at eleven, and a tender rub-down before the liberal seven-o'clock dinner.

The hours of the "meals" are eight, ten, twelve, three, five, and seven. At eight o'clock give two fresh eggs, poached, on wheat biscuits, with a glass of cream or milk, and a grapefruit or an orange sliced. At ten o'clock a glass of milk with zwieback in any amount. At noon sherbet, ice-cream, expressed meat juice, stewed apples, prunes, and crackers with jelly. Then, after a three-hour nap, a milk shake (milk with flavor and white of egg). At five an albumen marmalade—two egg whites beaten up with sugar, fruit juice, and a pinch of table salt. At seven chicken breast, chicken livers, asparagus, apricots, ices, toast bread, and all the water desired. Raw oysters on the half shell, sweetbreads, rice, chops, ham, oatmeal, broiled fish, milk toast, frozen custards, olives, and various tempting delicacies are suggested from day to day.

By this diet it may be seen that the prime essential is a non-stimulating, nutritious kind of food, one easily assimilated with no extra strain upon the deteriorated stomach acids. Such enjoyable dainties as venison, calf livers, kidneys, thick steaks, soup meats, Irish stew, turnips, fried foods, cabbage, sausage, cucumbers, spices, coffees, teas, stews, pies, squashes, pickles, pastries, and the like are rigorously tabooed.

The plan to be followed is varied a bit for working-girls, society women, and stout, plethoric persons who lead an inactive life. Thus the working-girl of the saleslady group receives receives a judiciously increased quantity of iron-saturated foods—beef, peas, spinach, and perhaps some actual iron. On the other hand, the leader of the social whirl, the teacher, the writer, and the settlement-worker receive more eggs, milk, and fish than the others, while the stout individuals are given buttermilk, whey, and no butter, egg yolk, or cream.

At the first sign of spring feelings, whether "tired," "feverish," or otherwise, go to bed and send for your medical adviser. If it is your baby, do not blame it on "teething"; if it is you, do not run at once to the drug store. If the emergency be such that you are impatient for the doctor's arrival, busy yourself with first-aid measures. Take a hot bath, a mustard foot-bath, jump into bed, take a hot drink of lemonade, sip some hot milk or even water. Place a hot-water bag at your feet, calm your troubled spirit, and be bothered by nothing.

With these precautions you will find that "tired feeling" vanish like the winter's snows.

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WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THE CURRENCY?

BY JOHN D. LAMSON

THE present banking and currency system was invented during the Civil War. As with the *Monitor*, it was a case of necessity being the mother of invention. The closing years of the war found the government hard up. Some way or other to raise money—that was the necessity. The present currency system —that was the invention.

Some bright mind conceived the idea that if any bank buying bonds from the government were given the privilege of issuing bank-notes, a lot of bonds could be sold. That turned out to be the case. Jacob didn't hesitate long when Esau offered to sell him his birthright for a mess of pottage. The banks didn't hesitate long when, in return for the gold it needed, the government offered them its birthright of issuing currency.

The *Monitor* did good work in '62, and the present currency system did good work in '64. But times change. Ericsson's invention was a wonder at the time, but you would hardly expect the old *Monitor* to go up against a modern battle-ship. No more can we expect to get to-day's business properly done with the help of the old currency system. In fact, between the old cheese-box-on-a-raft and the modern dreadnought there is a lot less difference than between business conditions in 1864 and business conditions at present.

You can get up a pretty fair argument on either side of the tariff question. There are lots of intelligent people who believe that the trusts ought to be let alone and lots of others who think they ought to have things done to them. But on the question whether or not the present currency system is obsolete and needs to be made over to fit modern requirements you don't find any difference of opinion. You come across people who say that they don't know anything about it and so are not competent to judge, but you never—and the statement can't be made too sweeping—find any one who knows anything about the question saying that the system is all right as it is and ought to be let alone. We forget things quickly in this country, but the time when practically every bank in the United States suspended payment is only five years away and nobody has forgotten that.

Experts differ on the diagnosis, and they differ on the remedy, but they don't differ on the fact that there is something radically wrong. The volcano is quiet just now, and we go about peacefully cultivating our vineyards, but we know very well that it won't be long before there will be another eruption more destructive, probably, than the last. We shudder at the thought—then glance up at the peaceful mountain and the blue sky and are reassured, and don't do anything about it.

For a while we manage to get along, but what happens eventually is only too familiar. Sometimes, as in 1902 and 1905, we get off comparatively easily with borrowers who have good collateral to offer paying only a hundred per cent. or so for money. Sometimes, as in 1893 and 1907, the machine breaks down entirely, the banks practically fail, and everything comes to a standstill. Whether it's going to be just a "flurry" or one of these regular breakdowns is always an interesting question. You can't tell anything about it in advance. All you can know for sure is that as long as we sail along with the present fair-weather currency system we're bound every once in so often to run into these squalls with the certainty of being badly knocked around and the strong probability of being swamped.

But to get down to cases, what is the matter with the currency system, anyway? Three things. In the first place, the banks, instead of all pulling together, all pull for themselves—the moment there is any sign of trouble each bank tries to grab all the real money in sight regardless of how its neighbor bank may be affected. In the second place, the amount of currency, the money that passes from hand to hand, bears no relation to the country's varying needs for currency. In the third place, things are fixed so that it is more reasonable and profitable for the big banks to lend their money to speculators than to merchants.

Let us look at each of these faults separately. In the first place, about the lack of co-operation among the banks. We have in this country 7,300 national banks, all under the direct supervision of the federal government. Banks located in any one of the three "central reserve cities"—New York, Chicago, and St. Louis—are required by law to hold twenty-five per cent. of their deposits in their own vaults in the form of cash. Banks located in any one of the forty-seven "reserve cities" are required by law to keep a *reserve* of twenty-five per cent. of their deposits, but of this *reserve* one-half may be deposited with a bank in one of the "central reserve cities." All the other banks in the country are required to keep a reserve of fifteen per cent. of their deposits, of which reserve three-fifths may be deposited with city banks and two-fifths must be held in the form of actual cash.

There you have the whole system of reserves in a nutshell. It isn't necessary to go into any long explanation as to why the country's cash drifts into Wall Street or La Salle Street. New York, Chicago, and St. Louis are designated in the Bank Act as the three central reserve cities. When business is active out through the country cash stays out through the country. When business isn't active and the money isn't wanted it flows into the central reserve cities, just as naturally as water flows downhill.

As long as they don't need this money themselves, the interior banks are quite content to let it draw interest in New York or Chicago. But after a while things get active again out through the country, and then these banks want their money back. Sometimes they can get it without trouble. Sometimes they can get it with trouble. Sometimes they can't get it at all.

It all depends on how the New York banks are fixed to let them have it. If the stock market is quiet and the money doesn't happen to be tied up in loans to speculators, the big city banks can easily enough respond to the call and send their inland depositors as much cash as they want. But if the market has been active and most of the money has been loaned out on stock collateral, it isn't quite so easy. The big city banks can call in the loans, of course, but there are likely to be plenty of reasons why they may not want to do that. They themselves, in the first place, are likely to be interested in the market and afraid of the effect which the calling in of loans is almost certain to have. Then again the people who have borrowed the money may be good friends of theirs and not lightly to be "put in a hole." For these or any one of a dozen different reasons the city banks may find it highly inconvenient to send the interior banks the cash they want.

Then, if the situation in New York is "tight" enough—as it was, for instance, at the end of 1906 and all through 1907—there follows a regular scramble for currency. There is only just so and so much to go round and no possibility of any more being brought into existence. So the banks fight among themselves for what there is. There is no question of this bank which doesn't happen to need currency passing any along to that bank, which does. It is literally a question of every one for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

That is the sort of thing responsible for the payment of a premium for currency. With this bank here and that bank there holding thirty-five or forty per cent. of its deposits in cash and hoarding up every bit of currency on which it can lay its hands, it's no wonder that there isn't enough to go round. It's no wonder that other banks that have been less quick about getting their feet into the trough have to say to their depositors, "Here, we're perfectly solvent, but we can't pay you in cash. We can't get enough cash to pay you off with. It's all locked up in banks all over the country, and they simply refuse to let us have any."

Thirty-five and forty per cent. of deposits held idle in vaults of banks all over the country! It's as though thirty-five or forty per cent. of a man's blood should suddenly run into one part of his body and stay there.

That's the first great fault. How is it going to be remedied? *By establishing some sort of a system of co-operation among the banks.* By fixing it so that, as soon as a demand for money arises every bank in the country won't be tempted to grab all the currency in sight regardless of the fact that as a result of such action its neighbor bank is likely to "go broke."

The second great fault is that the amount of currency in the country is not in the least regulated by the country's varying need for currency. When business is active, it stands to reason that more cash is used than when business is quiet—you carry more money around in your pockets, for instance, and the storekeeper has more in his till. But under our system the fact that business is active and that money is in demand, or that business is quiet and that money isn't in demand, hasn't anything to do with the supply. That is regulated entirely by the amount of government bonds available for banks that want to increase their circulation.

The whole system was started, as has been said, back in the time of the Civil War, in order to give the Union government a chance to sell its bonds. "Buy these bonds," the government said to the banks, "and you can put them up as security and issue your own notes against them." It was a good proposition and the banks took to it quickly enough. As they bought bonds they issued notes. The amount of notes they issued depended entirely on the amount of bonds they bought.

It is just the same to-day as it was then. There are so-and-so-many government bonds outstanding, and there is practically that amount of currency out against them. The government isn't issuing any more bonds which the banks can issue notes against, and so the total doesn't increase. But, on the other hand, neither does it go down. It just stands about the same, good times and bad, business active or quiet, currency in demand or not in demand.

Well, what harm does that do?

Simply this. Take it at a time when business is quiet and all these bank-notes aren't needed to carry on trade. What happens to them then? Are they allowed to lie idle? Hardly. Some sort of use has got to be found for them in order to make them pay for their keep. If they can't be used to carry on business they can be used to carry on speculation. There are always plenty of speculators around willing to borrow any money that may be offering. Maybe the speculation will be in stocks, maybe it will be in commodities; maybe it will be in real estate. Which one isn't material. What counts is that it will surely develop.

That is, when there is too much money around. When there isn't enough things are naturally even worse. This is a big country, and we do things *in* a big way. When business gets really active a lot of money is needed. It is just as with an automobile —when you're running slow you don't need much oil. But when you're running fast you do. What a lubricant is to the machinery of a car the currency of a country is to its business. Run your car hard without giving it enough oil and you'll end up exactly in the same place as the business of this country ends in every once in a while when it gets going too fast on an inadequate supply of money.

That is the second fault. What is the remedy? Clearly, to arrange things so that when currency is needed for business purposes it will be there, and so that when it isn't needed for business purposes it won't be there. In other words, instead of the present rigid currency, to have a currency which is elastic—which will expand and contract according to the needs of trade.

That is the kind of a currency we need. That is the kind of a currency every first-class power excepting ourselves has got.

How can we institute such a currency? By following the example of those who in banking matters are far older and wiser than we. By making the commercial note—the tangible evidence of a business transaction—the basis of our currency. Smith sells Jones a bill of goods and takes his three months' note in payment. Jones's note represents value received. There is no more logical basis on earth for the issue of currency than that note. Smith has sold his goods and wants his money. It is altogether reasonable that the note he has taken should be readily convertible into money. In all other countries than this it *is* readily convertible.

The third great defect in our present currency system is that everything favors the dealer in securities and the speculator as against the commercial borrower. We have more or less of a system of discount, it is true, by which the banks lend money to merchants on their commercial paper, but the whole thing is miserably underdeveloped. Instead of the chief business of the big city banks being to furnish money to business interests, it is to furnish money to those who can offer stocks and bonds as collateral.

Now there is just one great reason why this is so. According to the present banking law (of the vintage of 1864), no national bank can "accept" a sixty or ninety day draft drawn upon it by a customer or by some other bank. The result is that the "bank-acceptance" is unknown in this country, and the result of that is that there is no decent discount market for any kind of paper having a term of weeks or months to run. A bank, having discounted a note for a client, knows that it is "hung up" with that note till it matures. Under our present system, for a bank to try to rediscount a note is often taken as a serious admission of weakness.

As plain as daylight is the consequence. Knowing full well that when they buy commercial paper —*i.e.*, lend money to merchants—they tie themselves up till the paper matures, the banks simply do not buy paper with anything like the freedom with which they should. If they knew that at any time they could take this paper into the market and rediscount it and get their money back, they would feel differently about it. But that's just what they know they can't do. Having bought the paper, they know they've got to keep it—and knowing that, they don't buy it in the first place. They prefer, instead, to put their money into bonds or to lend it out "on call" on the Stock Exchange. In either case they can get their money back any time they want it. All they have to do in the one case is to sell the bonds and in the other to call the loans.

The real inwardness of it is that the bank doesn't want to tie its money up, as it must do if it buys commercial paper. The making of loans which it can at any time call in, it considers a far more preferable way of using its funds.

Who wants to borrow money from banks on that basis? Speculators, and speculators only.

So the speculator gets the money, while the merchant is left out in the cold.

These are the three great defects of the present system. Whether they are remedied by the adoption of the plan recently proposed by the Monetary Commission or by the adoption of some other plan doesn't make so much difference. The point is that they are thereg—laringly there—that they are doing the business of the country an incalculable amount of harm and that they need to be remedied.

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THE AUTOMOBILE IN COURT

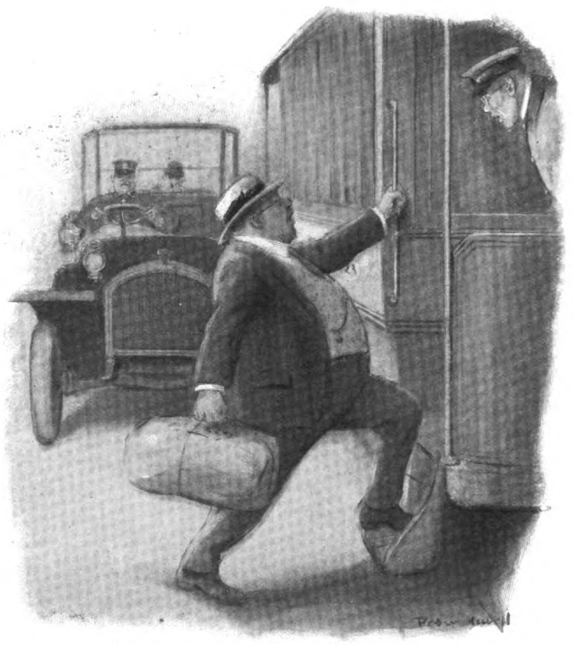
BY THEODORE M. R. VON KÉLER

DRAWINGS BY PETER NEWELL

WHILE it must be admitted that the motorist of to-day is not the *persona non grata* he was a few years ago, it still is sufficiently evident that he is not yet rated as an ordinary mortal—especially when he comes in conflict with the law. Theoretically, all men are equal in the eyes of justice; in practice, however, the motorist not infrequently gets what is known as a "raw deal." And even in those numerous cases where he gains a victory in the courts he is compelled to combat a certain antipathy on the part of the lawyers and judges, which shows its effects in the greater costs of his trials and the frequency with which he has to appeal to higher courts.

The extraordinary growth of the automobile industry in the United States, and the fact that nearly three hundred thousand persons have joined the ranks of the motorists during the year 1912, have naturally tended to diffuse a more intimate knowledge of motor-cars and their characteristics among both the judiciary and the laity, with the result that in this country the owner of an automobile receives the same kind of justice that the owner of a horse-drawn rig gets—which may be considered either a compliment or a "knock," depending on how one views American justice in general. In Europe, on the other hand, the automobile-owner is still the privileged person, and the chauffeur a sort of mixed breed between a hero and a villain, for whom special laws must be made or existing laws be defined in a particularly uncompromising manner.

For instance, there happened an incident recently in Bavaria, which appears almost incredible; it would have been incredible had it happened to a horse-truck driver, instead of to the chauffeur of an automobile truck. A brewery regularly sent its big motor-truck from the plant to the railroad station, loaded to the limit with full beer barrels; on the return from the station the truck usually was empty. On several occasions the wife of the foreman of the brewery climbed atop the truck at the station and was carried to the house adjoining the brewery, in which she and her husband lived. These trips had only taken place about half a dozen times, when the brewery was taxed twenty-five marks, the driver ten marks, and the motor-truck itself twenty-five marks because, forsooth, the so-called truck had been converted into a passenger-carrying omnibus! The brewer and the driver both appealed: the courts found against them. It took an appeal to the highest court of the land to convince the police authorities that a truck is not necessarily an omnibus because a tired woman is occasionally given a "lift" for a few miles.



The fat one grabbed the handle of the car with the left hand

In another case a stranger who was touring in southern Germany was injured in a collision with a railroad train at an unprotected grade crossing. When he attempted to sue the railroad for damages the lower courts told him that, because he was a stranger in the district, he should have studied the maps and charts of the same, when he would have learned all about the grade crossing and its dangers. The next higher court upheld this decision, but the highest court of the empire, the Reichsgericht, reversed the former decisions and declared in favor of the motorist. And the reason for its reversal was not, as might be expected, a realization of the injustice done to the automobile owner, but the fact that the warning sign placed near the crossing was of slate-gray color, and covered with dust, so that the notice on it was not easily readable. For failure to keep the sign in a light condition the railroad had to pay the damages, but not for the injury to the automobile crossing the tracks at a time when no regular train was due.

That a chauffeur of a taxicab ought to distinguish between fat and slender people and steer his cab accordingly is the astonishing decision of the Berlin Superior Court. The chauffeur was driving his cab along a certain street in Berlin, when a somewhat corpulent gentleman rushed into the middle of the street in the effort to catch a trolley-car, which at that moment was passing the taxicab. The fat one grabbed the handle of the car with the left hand, his other hand holding an unwieldy bundle, and managed to catch the step. An instant later his hand slipped and he tumbled back into the street, immediately in front of the taxicab. The wheel of the latter ran over him and his leg was broken. The chauffeur was sentenced by the court to pay damages because, "the plaintiff being a fat man and carrying a bundle, it should have been evident to the chauffeur that an accident was within the range of possibilities, and that he therefore should have taken the precaution of slowing down or stopping when he saw the fat one wildly grabbing for the handle of the trolley-car." There being, however, an ordinance about boarding electric cars in motion, the court decided that the corpulent one was grossly negligent and that the most he could collect from the chauffeur was one-fourth of the damages asked. Strange to say, the trolley-car company has not even been sued—something that could never happen in this country, where the street-railroad companies are the first to be haled into court in case of an accident.



The wife of the foreman climbed atop the truck at the station

The question whether the present construction of double-decked omnibuses is a menace to the public, or whether this menace is an inherent quality of all two-story 'buses, is at present before the Reichsgericht of Germany, after having occupied the lower courts for more than three years. The learned justices of the highest court recently handed down an opinion in which they admitted that the question was too much for them, and that they needed further time to examine experts. The case hinges upon the upsetting of one of the omnibuses while turning a corner at moderate speed through skidding against the curbstone. A passenger seated on the "hurricane deck" was flung through the window of a store and sustained serious injuries, from which he died. His widow sued the omnibus company for damages, alleging carelessness in the construction of the vehicles. The lowest court found in her favor; the higher court reversed the decision; the next higher court again found in her favor, and now the Reichsgericht confesses its inability to come to a decision. Technical experts declared that the motor-buses were built according to the best methods and the available data, and that neither the company which built them nor the company which operated them could be held responsible for the overturning. It was proven that the tires were fitted with anti-skidding devices and that the driver was proceeding at a cautious and legal rate of speed. The attorneys for the company claimed that the accident was due to "the influence of a higher power beyond control of the defendant"—and according to reports the legal lights of Germany are about equally divided in opinion as to the placing of the responsibility. Germany is not the only European country in which strange decisions are rendered, but the precision of the German mind is often accompanied by a lack of flexibility, especially among lawyers and those charged with the interpretation of the statutes of the realm.

FROM A WINDOW

BY ADA FOSTER MURRAY

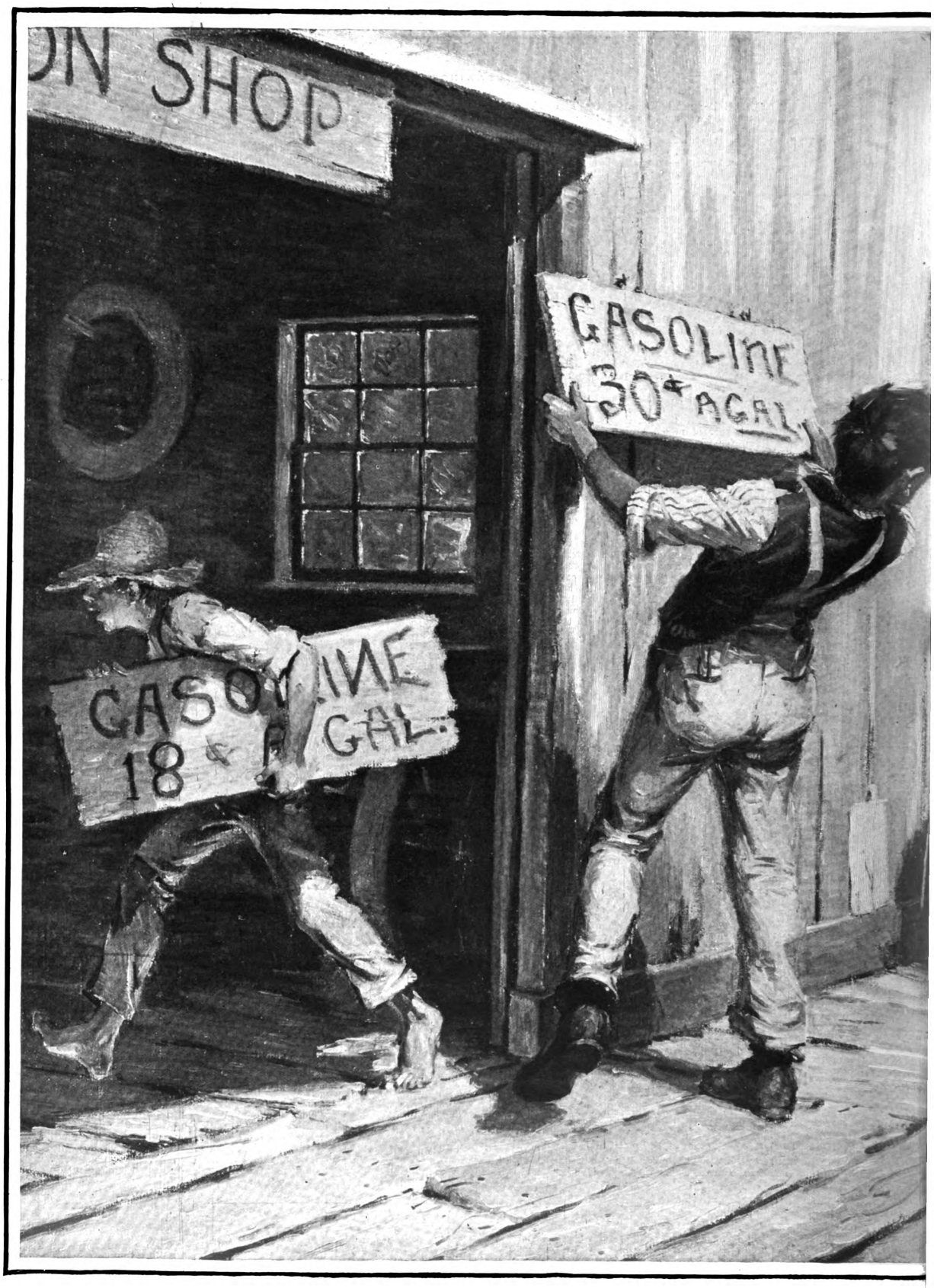
We see the storied river's sweep,
The sculptured Palisades;
Close by the silent people keep
Their holdings in the glades.

And just across the quiet street
A scene enthralls the eyes,
Where columned temples proudly meet
And carven lanes arise,

The pine-tree's dusky image falls
Athwart this dream of Spain;
The treasured splendors of her halls—
Not lute and song—remain.

But rising moons and setting suns
Bring back the ancient spell,
The strain of poetry that runs
Wherever dreamers dwell.

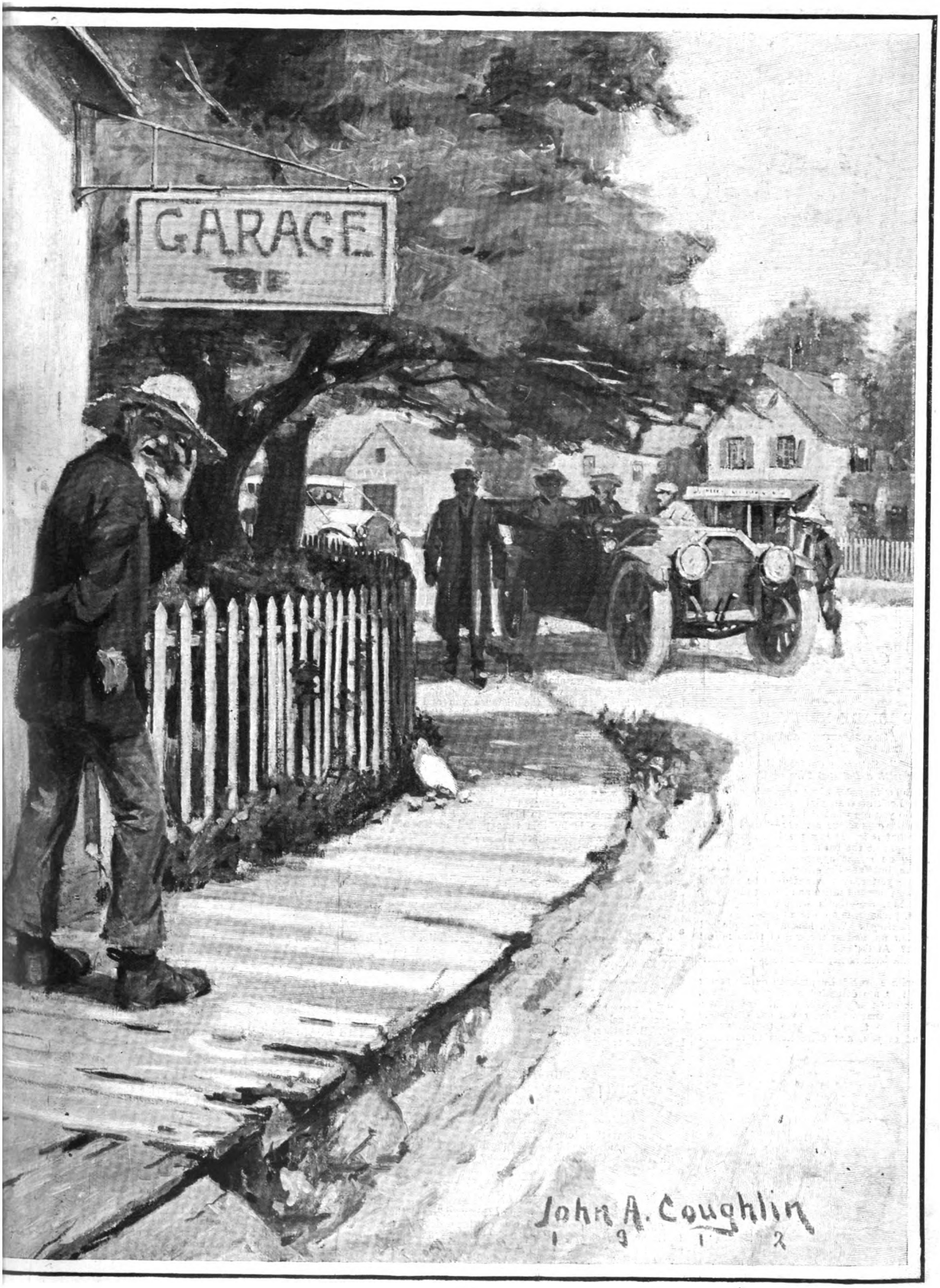
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A BULL MOVEMENT IN

DRAWN BY J

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HE GASOLENE MARKET

A. COUGHLIN

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THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET



Interludes

THE READY REPLYER

A Compendium Of Conversation For Use In Embarrassing Moments.

(For an Automobile Salesman Confronted by an Irate Customer with a Deflated Tire in Hand)

Customer *(with great show of wrathful indignation):* Look at that, sir! *(Holding the tire aloft.)* Do you see what it is?

Salesman *(with a gracious smile):* That? Why, yes, sir—I see what it is. It is a pearl necklace, with a diamond clasp-pin at the back, chaste in design—

Customer *(by no means appeased):* Don't be so fresh, young man, but face the situation. That is the tire you sold me yesterday warranted to be as good at the end of two thousand miles as at the end of ten!

Salesman: Yes, sir—that's what it is—just as good—no better, perhaps, but quite as good.

Customer *(shouting):* Well, look at it—exploded! Simply plain blew up, and at the end of three miles! Do you get that? At the end of three miles. My wife and I had to walk back home, thanks to your wonderful tire.

Salesman *(with a gratified expression on his face):* Well, well, well! I am delighted, perfectly delighted, sir. If there is one thing in this world that pleases us it is the feeling that we have saved our customers trouble, and to have them come here to tell us so. It is very kind of you, and *entre nous* there aren't many people, sir, who would go out of their way to come here and tell us about it, and above all to bring the tire along to prove it.

Customer *(apoplectic):* Kind of me? Saved me trouble? After my wife and I have trudged three weary miles along a soft, muddy highway—

Salesman: Ah, that is one of the virtues of that tire, sir. I think we shall call it the trouble-saver—warranted to burst within convenient distance of home. When I think of the distance you and your good wife might have had to walk had that tire burst when you were ten miles from home, or fifteen, or possibly thirty—really, sir, it makes me shudder, it does indeed. Now I suppose you would like me to take your order for a supply of these—

(At this point jump into an armor-plated racing-car, a self-starter, preferably, and proceed as rapidly as the laws will permit to parts unknown, before your caller has sufficiently recovered to bang you over the eye with the rubber mass in his hand, which you will doubtless observe is by this time poised in the air, preparatory to a sudden descent.)



WHY HE WAS TARDY

"Please, teacher, Smith's dog got hold of my pants; that's why I am a little bit behind."

UNCLE JOSH'S JOKE

"Gee!" said old Uncle Josh, as the wail from the parlor waxed louder and more piercing. "I wish that there female summer boarder'd stop that infernal practisin' on her singin' fer a leetle. She hez a voice like a fish."

"Like a fish?" demanded Mrs. Josh, scornfully.

"Ya-as," said Uncle Josh. "Mostly scales an' flatter'n hokey."

MOST INTENSIVE

"Do you believe in intensive gardening, Mrs. Hoerake?" asked the visitor.

"Well, rather," said Mrs. Hoerake. "I spent all last winter raising one geranium in a soap-box."

A SUBSTITUTE

"You didn't buy that big touring-car you were looking at last fall, did you, Hawkins?" said Garraway.

"No," said Hawkins. "I got a couple of little runabouts instead."

"Runabouts?" retorted Garraway.

"Yep," said Hawkins. "My wife presented me with twins. Can't afford too many luxuries all at once."

A BOOMERANG

"I don't see how you can laugh this way," said the sheriff, as he attached Dubbleigh's car for a debt owed to Higby, and observed that Dubbleigh seemed highly amused by it.

"Oh, I just can't help it," laughed Dubbleigh. "I only owe Higby five hundred dollars, and it'll cost him three times that to run that car six months."

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE

The spring had brought out the usual crop of listless wanderers.

"Want help, do you?" said the prosperous-looking party, who had been appealed to for assistance by one of these. "You're a husky-looking beggar I must say. Why don't you work?"

"My business ain't any good at dis season," said Dusty.

"What is your business?" asked the prosperous-looking party.

"I'm a perfessional tobogganist," said Dusty.



THE MARE: That's a forty-horse power racing machine, my dear.

THE FOAL: Gee, mother, they're forty of the fastest horses I ever saw.

THE FOOD OF THE FUTURE

Synthetic chemistry is going to provide the world with meatless meat, milk without a cow, eggs without a hen, and other marvelous food products to reduce the high cost of living.—*Daily Newspaper.*

They're going to make milk from the soya bean, and eggs by a chemical trick; and cobless corn made of nitrogene they'll serve with a chickenless chick. Mock-turtle soup very soon, they say, will be but a species of drink distilled from the hood of a one-hoss shay and a quart of indelible ink.

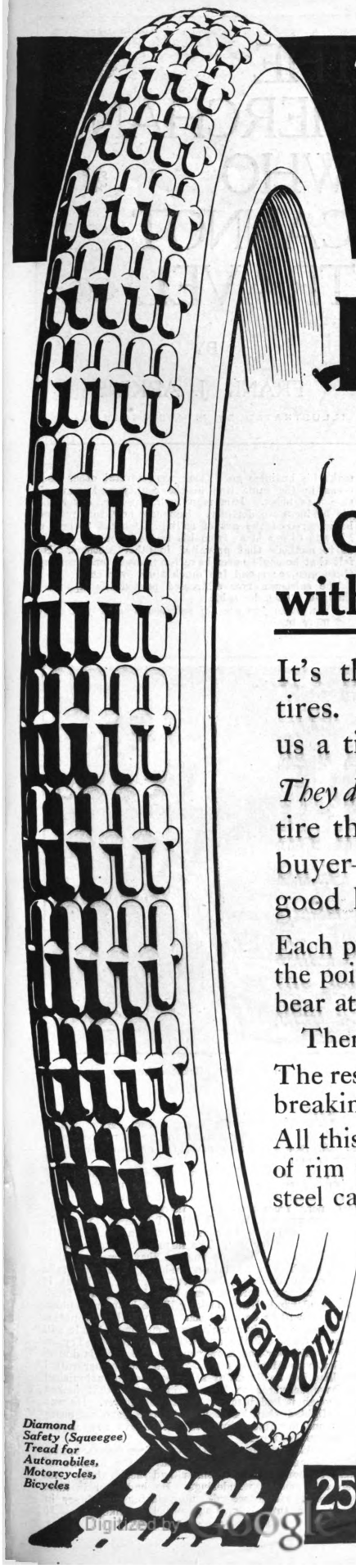
A canvas-back of a luscious sort to make an epicure dance will soon, according to late report, be made of old khaki pants; and the buckwheat cakes of the days of yore that set all our hearts aglow will soon be had at the Cheap-food Store in flannel and calico.

A salad fine with a flavor true to cost but a half-a-cent will soon be made of a page or two of the Sunday supplement; and a sirloin rare for your bill-of-fare 'mid the new food substitutes will soon be served on your table there fresh cut from your rubber boots.

A jelly that's pleasantly safe and sane, and suited to any taste, will soon be fashioned of sugar-cane mixed in with photographer's paste; while your coffee hot that you love so well, dark brown or an amber pale, may soon be got, so the prophets tell, from boiling a rusty nail.

Horace Dodd Gastit.

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Diamond Safety (Squeegee) Tread for Automobiles, Motorcycles, Bicycles

Tire bill payers!

You have demanded a vise-like rim-grip - with no cutting or breaking above the rim-and here it is

Diamond

Vitalized Rubber

{No Clinch} Tires



Cross Section Diamond Safety Tread Tire

with Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact

It's the *rim* as much as the *road* that wears out your tires. So we said to our Engineers: "You must build us a tire with perfect 3-point rim contact."

They did—and now we offer you a sane, sensible, No-Clinch tire that will appeal to you, as a hard-headed, shrewd tire buyer—a man who insists on easy riding comfort and good liberal mileage.

Each point of rim contact in a tire is a point of support. Where the points of contact are not perfect, undue pressure is brought to bear at an unsupported point of the tire.

Then what happens?

The result is a terrific strain on the tire that will cause rim troubles, breaking above the bead and separation of the tread from the carcass.

All this is overcome in the "Diamond" because the three points of rim contact are absolutely *mechanically perfect*—the annealed steel cabled wire bead holds with a vise-like rim-grip.

This is only one Diamond advantage.

You get additional More Mileage advantage without extra expense in the Diamond *Vitalized Rubber*—a scientific combination of pure, lusty, young rubber and a secret toughening compound—nothing inferior in rubber, fabric or workmanship—the No-Pinch Safety Flap inner tube protector—and, if you desire, the now famous Safety (Squeegee) Tread.

So this time buy Diamond Vitalized Rubber Tires —you can get them to fit your rims at any of the

25,000 Diamond Dealers
always at your Service

The guarantee on Diamond Tires becomes null and void when the tire is used in connection with any substitute for air, filled or wound, not bearing one of these trade marks, or having had its serial number removed in whole or part.

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THE MERCHANT WHO CANNOT TRAVEL

BY

FRANK J. ARKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

SOME men develop business by absorbing knowledge from others. The skilful, resourceful merchant, particularly the merchant of the small town, who cannot afford long and expensive trips to the big commercial centers, finds this one of the most effective ways of getting on in the world.

He may be a good business man. Perhaps in his younger days he had metropolitan experience and met many men. In a small town or city, however, unable to get far away and see what the "big people" are doing in the great capitals of trade, if he has not some method of keeping fresh, alive, and informed, he is bound to sink into a rut and, partially at least, rust.

The average storekeeper does not realize this. He gets to believe that there are really limits to his trade. What he hears of the great world of commerce outside does not seem applicable to him.

Among such men everywhere are a few who show themselves possessed of talents far beyond the ordinary. They extend their business out into the surrounding country, while others stand still. These are the men who reach out into a world beyond their own for ideas. They learn from these ideas how to combat their competitors; not only how to hold their own, but how to forge ahead. They win by constantly looking out for things they do not know—suggestions, "pointers," the plans of men elsewhere.

Not a few such successful men among storekeepers in small towns have obtained their first ideas of progress from the traveling salesmen who have visited them. The salesman who operates in the larger field and has traveled extensively views a community with impartial eyes. He has no preconceived notions and no prejudices. Oftentimes, if he be made a friend of and listened to, he can point a way of extending business.

More than one merchant has seen this to his own great profit. Instead of treating the traveling salesman as merely an agent to separate him from his limited funds, he proceeds to get into his good graces. He makes a friend of him and makes him feel himself an important personage. If the salesman is a man of ideas the merchant quickly gets information that opens up new avenues of trade.



"There's the chance of a million years"

Into the presence of such a merchant, a man in the Middle West, came, not long ago, the traveling man of a wholesale woman's ready-to-wear garment-house. This storekeeper had been very conservative. For a year past he had been buying sparingly and had sold his stock by a series of cleverly timed sales. He had realized handsomely, and had money in the bank. But the outlook was dubious. There seemed to be little good business ahead. The community for miles around was lethargic.

He had made a friend of this traveling man, as of a number of others, and now he was glad to see him. The salesman had much gossip of the state to relate. The two men chatted an hour, and in the course of the conversation the **salesman told of an** interesting situation.

Within a radius of ten miles were three towns where the men in the ready-to-wear business were complaining of hard times. They were stocked up on old goods. They did not care to send in orders for new styles, and were literally forcing the public to buy what it did not want.

"It's a great chance for some one with the money to jump in and start up-to-date stores in these places," the salesman said. "The people there have money to spend, but they don't want the old stock. It's—say, George, you're the man. There's the chance of a million years. Why don't you go in? Look here—"

Out came a scratch pad, and the two sat long into the night, laying out a plan of campaign. The salesman had another valuable item of knowledge. It was a time when manufacturers needed cash. The latest fashions in ready-to-wear could be bought cheaper than ever. The long conference proved that it could actually be made possible to undersell the men who had only shop-worn goods to offer.

The next day the merchant visited the three towns and found that his friend's representations had been exactly correct. There was need of quick work, and there was not the delay of an hour. A well-located vacant store was leased in each town. In a month the first of these "branches" was opened, with fresh, bright, new, and attractive "ready-to-wears." The other stores speedily followed, and money poured in. The salesman suggested to the merchant two additional little "wrinkles" that proved valuable factors in the campaign's success. Each store was opened with an orchestra and a tea given to the women that called.

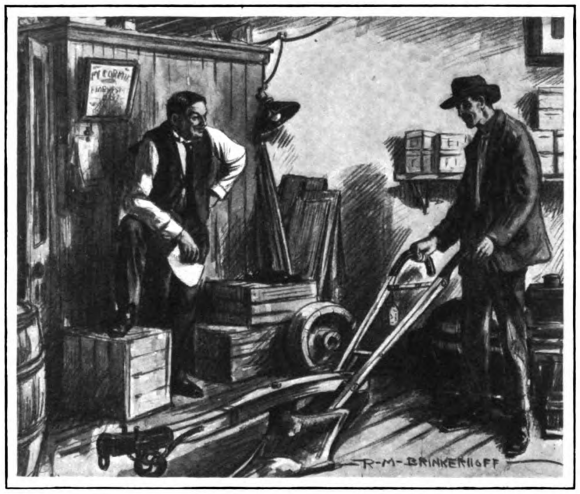
The coup would not have been possible had this merchant not cultivated the friendship of traveling men and shown himself receptive of ideas.

"Tom, I am worried. I have reached the limit of my field. I cannot see where I can forge ahead. That disturbs me, for the man who feels that he has everything within his reach is just at the point where he is about to go backward."

This was the frank way a dealer in second-hand machinery of all kinds spoke late one afternoon to a traveling man who was passing through the town, and had just "dropped in." The dealer had what most men would have called an excellent trade. He was a large purchaser of supplies. These he could not get at second hand, and he had to have them to make his business go. There were several other concerns in the same line in the county and competition was brisk. This man had, however, developed his business wonderfully. He knew how to buy and he understood the art of selling. A fixed policy of his was to get ideas from his friends "on the road" as to methods that prevailed in other sections. He felt that he could never have too many friends among these men, or spend too much time over them.

The salesman now addressed pursed his lips and thought. Then he said:

"You mean you are not satisfied because you can't get more business?"



When the farmer called for his plow on Saturday afternoon he was astonished

"Yes."

"Will, you are really going ahead. Any man is who feels he is stopping short and grows restive under it. All you need is a new idea or two. Will you permit me?"

Any one who at that moment had looked into that private office would have thought the merchant was entertaining his best customer instead of "just a drummer," from the way he listened.

"Here you are, Will. I think I have it. You sold a second-hand plow to a farmer this afternoon while I was waiting for you. The farmer does not want it until Saturday. Let me suggest that you drop that plow, which is rusty, into a lye-bath. That will take all the old paint off the woodwork, and will put it in a condition where you can have it ready for fresh paint and hand it over looking like a brand-new plow. The cost will be so small that you will hardly notice it. It will not only astonish your customer, but it will make a friend of him and a fine advertiser. Try it. I will wait over and show you how the trick is done."

That was Monday night. When the farmer called for his plow on Saturday afternoon he was astonished to have delivered to him an implement that looked as though it had just come from the maker. He was so delighted that he then and there gave an order for some machinery and was willing to pay an excellent price for it.

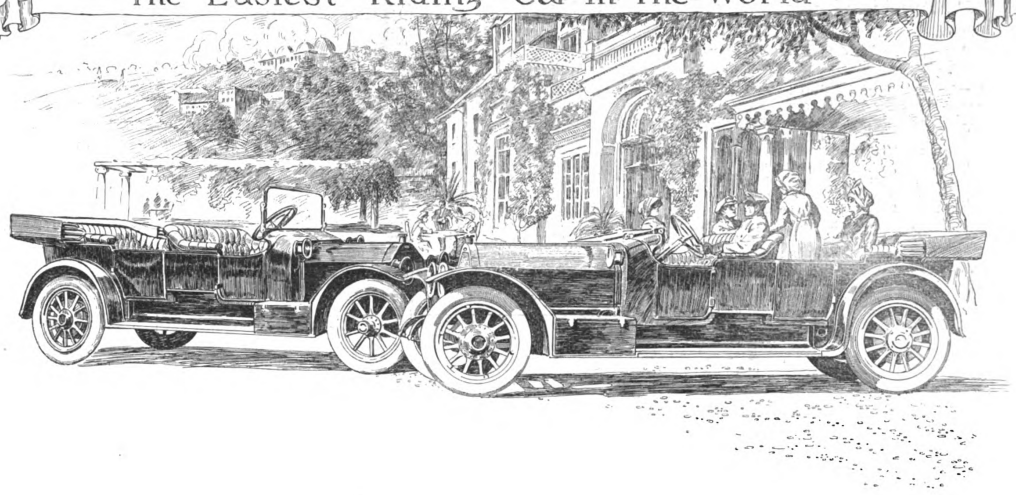
The plan proposed by the traveling man was not new, though it was a revelation to the farmers of that section. The salesman had accidentally run across it on his wanderings. He had seen it done by men who take second-hand printing machinery in trade, and turn it out again looking like new. It

(Continued on page 20)

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MARMON

"The Easiest Riding Car In The World"



IN more than sixty years of manufacturing, this Company has never put on the market anything "cheap," anything "skimped," anything that was not the best that brains, experience, skill and honest intent could produce. Since the early days of the automobile industry, the Marmon car has held its position in the front rank among the world's high-grade cars and today it has no superior.

Detailed Information on Request

Nordyke & Marmon Co.,

Indianapolis, (*Established 1851*) **Indiana**

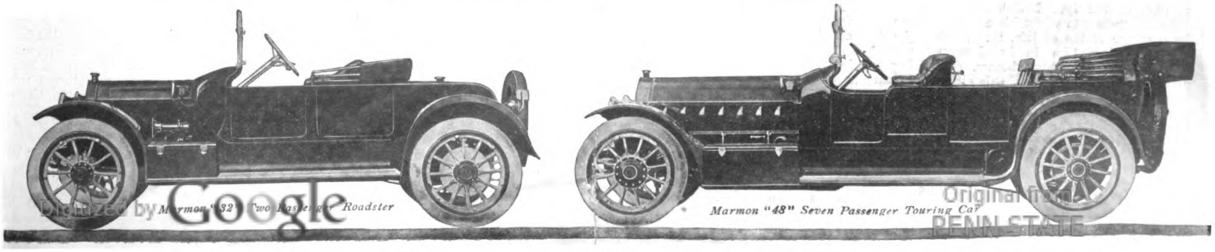
Sixty Years of Successful Manufacturing

The Marmon "Thirty-Two"

A sensible, logical car—a car of moderate size and capacity, meeting every requirement for touring and city use with the economy in tires, fuel and upkeep so important to the majority of motorists. Four-cylinder, 32 h. p., 120-inch wheel base, electric starting and lighting system with body types to meet every requirement and corresponding equipment. Touring car $3000.00 f. o. b. factory.

The Marmon "Forty-Eight"

Six-cylinder, 48-80 h. p., 145-inch wheel base—a large car with small car advantages, a car with short turning ability which eliminates the old objections to long wheel base a car of wonderful and surpassing riding qualities; electric starting and lighting system, with body types to meet every requirement and corresponding equipment. Touring car $5000.00 f. o. b. factory.



Marmon "48" Seven Passenger Touring Car

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(Continued from page 18)

seemed to him to fit his friend's requirements exactly.

Had this dealer not made a practice of keeping close to traveling men he would never have obtained this suggestion. Incidentally it proved a lever of much importance in extending his business. The salesman had never sold him very much. But the dealer had always welcomed him, and this special afternoon had detained him in town to dine with him and spend the night, instead of letting him pass on to a small city a few miles away and put up at a hotel. The friendship here paid.

A salesman for a chemical house looked in one day to see a customer of his, a foundryman. He found his friend—for here was another case of real commercial friendship, the foundryman realizing that he could pick up a good many suggestions of value from the brisk, active, experienced young fellow—in a quandary. An annoying thing had happened and it was going to cost the "boss" money. To devise a plan that could beat it was beyond his skill. When "Jim" came in he commenced to brighten up. In a few moments he had told "Jim" the whole story.

It was a very simple little matter, after all. The foundryman had to buy any amount of old iron, and he had agents out all over the countryside hunting bargains for him. An unusual rush of orders had made it necessary for him to get a decidedly large supply of metal on hand as quickly as possible, and he had so informed his agents. One of them had purchased a large number of old iron flasks.

The problem was this: The flasks were unwieldy and of such a size that they could not be loaded into a car in such a manner as to give the foundry the benefit of the minimum weight. It would cost as much to get men to break up the flasks as they were worth for old iron. The foundryman was seriously put out with his buyer for the mistake. He was not a very good loser, and he was very much disgruntled.

"Jim" was sympathetic. He had helped the foundryman out before with some ingenious ideas. He at once said that he would take a run out and get a look at the flasks that afternoon, if it was convenient. The town where they were was on his way.

Volunteer service may not, ordinarily, be valuable, but this was a case where it was. When the two reached the place where the flasks lay, it seemed as though they covered several acres of ground. They were a bargain, sure enough, if there were only some way of getting the benefit of the freight rate with them. It seemed a pity that, as they were, they were such a "lemon."

The foundryman was worse "stumped" than ever when he got on the ground. It looked like an impossible proposition to him. What made it seem worse was that he found out that he could buy any number more flasks at the same price.

But the traveling salesman was very cheerful about it. He took a good look around and then said:

"I see it."

"You do?"

"Yes. Easy. Cold weather to-day. Mighty cold. Promises to be cold for several days. Let's get the weather to help us."

"How's that?"

"Fill the flasks with water from a hose. The water will freeze, and the expansion into ice will burst the walls."

The plan was highly successful. The foundryman not only followed it out, but bought all the flasks he could, and found the purchase profitable. It gave him an idea that he followed with great success in the purchase of a class of utensils of old iron that was usually avoided by foundrymen on account of the cost of breaking them up. He timed the purchases for the cold months of the year in order to take advantage of the weather and break the vessels in the manner described. The practice is so general to-day that it is no longer considered wonderful.

THREE POETS AND THEIR END

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

A FEW nights ago, when I had rushed out to catch the midnight post, the brilliant stars and the nipping winter air tempted me to a nocturnal vagabondage. From Highgate Village I struck down Hampstead Lane past the gardens and fantastic mansion of that romantic Russian exile, the Grand-Duke Michael. In another fifteen minutes I stood before "The Spaniards," an old, historic tavern on the borders of Hampstead Heath.

The venerable inn seemed asleep. There was only a faint, wavering glow from the windows of the tap-room. The round-faced bar-maid was lighting her candle and on her way to bed. Beyond the tavern several tall cedars lifted their flat, thin crowns against the stars. Under these cedars I knew there was a wooden bench. I was now drawn toward this bench by the irresistible tugging of my memories. And about this seat my thoughts began to play like summer lightning about a hill. The thoughts were sad enough—reflexes of the everlasting pulse, the rhythm of the world's pain.

Yes, here was the same old bench. The cedars towered over it like immense umbrellas. And in front the Heath dropped sheerly and spread away into a vast jumble of darkness about whose edges the limits of Golder's Green and Finchley hung like stranded yellow stars.

It was on a mellow September afternoon some six years ago that we had come hither to roam about the Heath, and then wound up with a supper of beef-steaks, salads, and tankards of ale at "The Spaniards." Middleton, I well remember, had been the gayest of the party. His exuberance had been so uncontrollable that when we came to this open space before the bench he had crouched down in the dust cross-legged like a tailor or a Turk, and flung out his arms toward the misty, green distances.

"Where is my lily maid?" he bellowed. "I want my lily maid!"

Very piratical Richard Middleton looked with his slouch hat, his cumbrous figure, his plump face, with its curly black beard. An old lady looked on with shocked eyes; a pippin-checked nurse-girl, taking Middleton's heart-cry as some new mad method of striking up a flirtation, and frightened by it, trundled her pink infant out of range. Our president, who was lean and solemn and of the Celtic school, tapped the rhapsodical Middleton on the shoulder. We then swarmed into the upper room at the tavern, feasted, drank, joked, and recited poetry—chiefly our own. For we were the "New Bohemians," a literary club founded by Stephen Phillips, Hilaire Belloc, and Gilbert Chesterton, and we were merry as costers on a bank holiday.

In those days Richard Middleton's poetry was largely inspired by visionary "lily-maids" and "fair white women"—who were sometimes red. These bizarre and fantastic ladies lorded it in the poems he used to read us at our weekly meetings at "The Prince's Head" in the Strand. He worshiped Swinburne and Dowson and Symons and flamed valiantly as a modern pagan. At times he was as effusive as some exhilarated young Pan; then, again, sullen and morose as a Trappist monk, settling deep down into his chair, puffing at his pipe, and opening his bearded lips only to curse the idols of the day.

Last year in Brussels he took his own life. He had sung about life, but had not solved it. The strings of the lyre had become iron bars. Through these in moments when his poetic exuberance left him, he saw the vistas of life, like bleak and ashen streets, stretch before him in hopeless perspectives. There was always something heavy, something tragic that dragged at the plumes of this singer. When his spirit rested or recovered from its ecstasies, then it sank like lead. He was one of the race of Ajax. For his gift to the world he expected a trifling bounty in return. All that he asked of it in return for his songs was £150 a year, less than the wages of a street-sweeper in Manhattan. The young poet was winning his audience; the best English reviews and weeklies were printing his prose and verse. And yet, perhaps, there was not forthcoming out of these that modest sum for which he said that he might have lived in comfort at Brussels. A fatal impatience or despair had come upon him. It was not sudden, I believe. I had noticed the sad retrospection of his last articles. He, scarcely thirty, was writing of his boyhood days! Had the kind, blind world but known of his want, a thousand purses would have flown open. But such money, or such food, would not have appeased this poet—nor any poet. The world always opens its eyes and ears, its doors and its purses after the poet has been stolen away. Then, too, the repentant critics open their mouths and enthusiastically announce their wonder at the dead man's work. So it has been with Middleton. His splendid but still unripe talents have been exaggerated into supreme genius.

From the hapless Middleton my thoughts flew to Francis Thompson, another victim of his own genius and that dreadful law which says that only death may herald it to the world. Recently, at the home of Mrs. Alice Meynell, the distinguished poetess, who, with her husband, did so much to soften the last days of the unfortunate mystic, I was reminded vividly of his tragic fate. To this lady, her husband, and daughters, Thompson wrote some of his most opulent and moving lines, and their home is full of memories of him.

Never do I pass by bustling Charing Cross without thinking of the lines he wove about that grimy terminus where Jacob's dream came to him:

> "The angels keep their ancient places—
> Turn but a stone and start a wing!
> 'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces
> That miss the many-splendored thing."

Fleet Street, stained with all its dark and sinister memories of the men of genius it has devoured, will hereafter be deemed still more sordid because it was a long Gethsemane for this spier of celestial visions, this devotee of ecstatic song—to whom, perhaps, its gray pavements became carpeted with flowers that never grew on earth, and all its clash and roar transformed into harmonious choral thunders. Yet here it was that he trudged in the mud, that London mud whose touch corrodes the soul, a wistful, helpless derelict in the gray metropolis. Sick and starved, ragged of beard and out at toes, he stood in the gutter selling matches or springing forward to open cab-doors for a miserable copper or two. In his later, more prosperous days of writing and reviewing for *The Academy* and *The Athenæum*, he might have been seen walking along the Strand, his large eyes sunk fathom-deep in dreams, a being living in another world, with the printed lumber of this one in a bag under his arm and its shadows in his heart.

> "One stricken from his birth
> With curse
> Of destinate verse.
> Deaf is he to the world's tongue,
> He scorneth for his song
> The loud
> Shouts of the crowd."

Despite the praise and assistance given him by Coventry Patmore, the Meynells, and Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, it was not until Death laid his hand upon the throat of this seraphic singer that Thompson's music streamed forth into the wider world. Then the usual inordinate panegyrics in the papers and still more inordinate echoes of these in America. The presses begin to teem with edition after edition of his poems—to enrich the publishers and appease the clamor of a public which is supposed not to care a pin for poetry. *The Irish Review*, which had rejected his magnificent essay on Shelley some years before, reprints it with a pride that is also penance. The name of another poet is set burning in the pantheon of the world—an indifferent ceremony to the man slumbering oblivious in the earth. Thus, always when too late, the blind and blundering people seek to make atonement for their neglect of the immortals sent among them. Perhaps their just excuse may be that these immortals wear such sorry disguises. Or perhaps they still believe that a poet, like the nightingale, sings the sweeter when his eyes are out. But it is not the poet whose eyes are out.

There was one poet whose work was often quoted at our little club, especially his "Fleet Street Eclogues," devoutly recited by some of the janizaries of that world of press and paper. As I sat there under the cedars fragments of these poems came to my ears.

Tragic, like that of his companions in song, was the fate of John Davidson. He, above all other modern singers, was of supreme significance to the modern world. He was piercing into ever higher and thinner airs, his position in English poetry was growing every day more definite. And yet he, too, was forced, despite a small literary pension, to fight with the leaden specter of want. Visions of a new beauty, of a new world, of new beliefs and a new humanity had broken splendidly upon him. He had fought and conquered the ancient gods and demons and stood forth as the champion of a modern world-conception. From the crucible of his brain came the refined gold of a new poetic vocabulary. He had become an explorer in those uncharted domains in which the poet of the future will surely move at ease. In the end his dreams and passions became so vast that he began to look upon himself as some poetic demiurge who was to make over the world, a modern Amphion singing the rubbish of the centuries into form. Against him were arrayed not only the gigantic inertia of an indifferent public, but all the cumbersome forms, beliefs, and prejudices of our inherited civilization. Davidson was plunging his pen like a probe into the mysteries of life and the universe; out of his poetry a philosophy of stoic strength was taking shape. But silence greeted his new staves, silence or sneers. He was one of the first Englishmen who saw the gold in certain teachings of Nietzsche's, and spun it into song. In his life and in his death he fulfilled the standard which Nietzsche had set for his higher order of men—"I love him who seeks to create beyond himself and thereby goes to ruin."

One day they found the body of the poet in a pond. The little jackdaws of press and pulpit came hopping to pick at the corpse. But there was not the customary flood of tardy and intemperate praise and glorification. Davidson's appeal had not been merely a lyric or a religious one. In fact, it was not an appeal at all. His final songs were missiles of revolt against the shadowy powers haunting and oppressing the race of man. The conservative and the orthodox understood him sufficiently to regard him as a fallen angel, and to moralize on his fall.

Such, within a few brief years, has been the end of three of England's most salient singers. Thompson the mystic, the poet of unworldly harmonies, obsessed by an angelic passion, scarcely rescued from a pauper's grave; Davidson, a new Prometheus, storming the strongholds of the old unworthy gods, sending shafts of flame from his harp like arrows from a bow, flinging himself at last into a pool with the millstone of his miseries about his neck. Then Richard Middleton, a young and lusty pagan with a nature smoldering with faunish fire, yet darkened by some fatal underlying gloom—dead in Brussels by his own hand. The echo of the pistol had scarcely died away ere the trumpets of praise were ringing above his grave.

In each of these poets there was perhaps a rift through which the bolt of fatality entered, some open wound unable to resist the poison of the world. But there is also no doubt that the literary climate and topography of their country was murderously hostile to them. I recalled the words which Edmund Gosse had spoken to me some years ago.

"In only one or two Continental countries is the poetic avocation honored and rewarded—but not in England—not in America."

In England the patriotic jinglers or the bards of orthodoxy, blood, and bibles reap gold and glory; in America the once-honored name of poet is little better than a journalist's jest, or is cheaply bestowed upon the tawdry sentimentalist, the tiresome "uplifter," and the corrupt minstrel in slang or dialect.

Here a wind came up, took hold of the cedars and made them speak.

"It is an old, old story," they seemed to say. "We, too, sing our songs and suffer. In the daytime there are too many people for us to be heard; in the nighttime there is no one at all."

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FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

The Trouble in the "Newer Industrials"

FOURTEEN new industrial stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange during the summer and fall of last year show, at the time of writing, an average decline of twenty-five and one-half points. Measured in dollars, the shrinkage amounts to over eighty-four millions. This, in cold figures, is the outcome of last year's craze over the "new industrials," when the public, refusing to touch the standard dividend-payers, rushed in and loaded itself up with hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of shares put out by manufacturing and trading concerns.

It was early last summer that the boom in the new industrials really got under way. Before that a number of new issues had been successfully launched, but it was only then that it was demonstrated that the demand for securities of this sort was such as to allow of their issue on a really big scale. That fact having been established, however, no time was lost. One after another the great manufacturing and merchandising companies, which up to that time had never appealed to the general investment public for funds, created great issues of common and preferred shares and got them listed on the stock exchange. Mexican Petroleum led off, in April, listing on the exchange $4,000,000 of common stock and an equal amount of preferred. M. Rumely Company, manufacturers of agricultural machinery, came next, listing on the exchange in May $20,000,000 of common and preferred. June saw the listing of $27,000,000 of Studebaker common and $13,000,000 of Studebaker preferred, $50,000,000 of Woolworth common, and $15,000,000 of Woolworth preferred, and $8,000,000 of Loose-Wiles (a biscuit-manufacturing company) trust certificates. During July there were no important listings of this class of shares, but August made up for lost time with $60,000,000 of Goodrich common and $30,000,000 of preferred. In September there was listed $5,000,000 of the common stock of the S. S. Kresge Company, a concern operating a chain of five-and-ten-cent stores. Finally, in October, just a little before the trouble began, California Petroleum listed on the exchange $12,000,000 of its common and $10,000,000 of its preferred.

In the main, a good deal of success attended these flotations. Not all of them rose equally in price after being admitted to trading on the "Board," but in the majority of cases conspicuous advances took place. Where the public was mistrustful of the standard "rails" and the seasoned industrials, it showed itself rather well disposed toward the shares in these companies engaged in various forms of business reputed to be most profitable. And by those in charge of the flotation of the new issues, this feeling was carefully cultivated. With one or two conspicuous exceptions, the market in these new shares was so well "taken care of" that buyers who came in even after the advance was well under way were fully satisfied with the paper profits they were allowed to make.

In October Woolworth common sold at 117⅞, and as late as January 2d of this year at 112. It is at present selling in the 80's. In November of last year Rumely common sold a point above par, and during the second week in January was still as high as 92¼. It is at present quoted at less than half of the latter figure. Goodrich common sold at 81 last September, and at the beginning of January was still around 70. It is in the lower 30's now.

What is the matter? What has happened? Here only about six months ago these shares were the only ones investors would buy. Now they won't have them, apparently, at any price. Have these shares been "shown up"? Has it turned out that they are not, after all, the good investment securities the public was led to believe?

No, that is not what is the trouble. Wall Street is apt to be harsh in its judgments, especially in a case like this which comes so close to its pocket-book, but even Wall Street is not impugning the intrinsic value of most of these shares. Here and there sharp criticism is heard, but it is almost invariably aimed at just one or two of the new issues. The "new industrials" as a class haven't been "shown up." It isn't because they are now considered less valuable from an investment standpoint that they are selling so much lower. For that something entirely different is responsible—in the first place, the way in which these new shares were marketed and distributed, and in the second place, the financial conditions which have since developed. That is the combination which has made the trouble.

When these new industrial shares were first brought out they were marketed in the most careful and thorough manner. No pains were spared to get them into genuine investors' hands—to get them placed where they could be relied upon to stay and not come back on the market. Such a distributive process took more time and entailed a greater selling expense, but the bankers handling these earlier issues considered it well worth while. The business was new and the houses of issue proposed to handle it in such a way as to obviate all danger of a "come back" on themselves.

As the great success of these first issues stimulated others, however, and competition for the business increased, the earlier careful methods of distribution underwent a good deal of modification. Wherever it was possible readily to place the new shares with genuine investment buyers, that was, of course, done. But the profits in handling the business having been reduced through competition, and the speedy "moving" of each issue having become a distinct object, bankers became less discriminating as to the parties with whom the shares were placed. If the stock could be sold to *bona fide* investors where it would "stay put," so much the better. If, on the other hand, some other house was willing to come in and take off the hands of the issuing house a block of the stock for distribution among its own clients, it was an opportunity not to be passed by. And so, instead of the original painstaking distributive process by which the house of issue placed practically every share of the new stock with its investment clientèle, it came about that a large part of the primary distribution consisted merely of the placing of considerable blocks of the new stock with other houses. In the case of some of the later issues, indeed, practically the whole amount was thus syndicated and re-syndicated.

Some of the stock thus taken was actually distributed to the investment clientèle of the syndicate participants, but a good deal of it was not. A number of houses took stock (getting it, of course, below the market) for the sole purpose of retailing it to their own customers. Others, however, had no such object in view. Issue after issue had been a "success"—that is to say, had risen substantially in price after being listed. Why, then, these houses figured, distribute their syndicate participation at all? Why not simply hold on to it, and, when the market in the stock had been "made" and the syndicate agreement had expired, sell it in the open market at the advanced price?

With firms all over the "Street" carrying a little of this and that new industrial for their own account, it is no wonder that their example was followed by individual buyers of securities. If this security weren't "good" from a price standpoint, these firms' customers told themselves, why would the house be carrying a block of it for its own account? On that theory, a very considerable amount of buying took place—not by people who had looked into the stock and believed in it, but by people who figured that the stock was going to be put up in price and so was a "purchase."

All this time, therefore, there was going on a steady change in the character of the buyers of the new shares. In the beginning they had been mostly individual investors, people who had money to invest and who bought these securities with their own money for the purpose of putting them away. But now, instead of moderate amounts of the new shares being placed

(Continued on page 26)

Three Purses of Gold

$2000.00—$500.00—$500.00 to successful Artists painting a great subject,

"Dangerous Servants"

The purpose of this competition is to secure original paintings so skilfully executed that they will express certain human experiences and send them clearly to the mind of any observer.

Preliminary color sketches are expected.

The judges select six of the most promising and notify the six artists, who can then finish in oil.

The principal figures to be not less than one-third life size.

When the six finished paintings have been passed upon by the judges, the artist accorded first prize will receive a purse of $2000.00 gold. Each of two others will receive second prizes of $500.00 gold. The remaining three pictures will be returned to their owners.

Ownership in each of the accepted pictures will be transferred to me and they will be hung in my collection at Battle Creek. Plainly printed rules governing the contest will be furnished by mail on request.

Each artist should thoroughly consider the subject, and absorb the facts in order to produce a great work combining realism and art with such skill that the finished picture will tell the story of three servants who appear in many men's lives, and who might be valuable if used only as servants in time of need, but from familiarity become tyrannous and cruel masters.

They gain a power that seems hypnotic, under which the employer appears powerless to dismiss them even when their smiling faces and alluring promises are later followed by demoniacal grins of contempt as they rob him of health, power to properly conduct his affairs, and frequently humiliate him before others.

Carefully observe the men you know, and perhaps study yourself and your acquaintance with these three servants, TOBACCO, ALCOHOL and COFFEE.

It will prove a most interesting occupation if conducted without prejudice either way. (The writer has "enjoyed" some personal experience.)

Start with the premise that each one is a well-known drug, two of them of importance in certain conditions of human disease, when administered by a skilful physician. Hence at such rare times, and when under control, these servants are useful. But drugs are intended to combat disease and their use otherwise is resented by Nature.

Certain punishment in some form or other, light or heavy, sooner or later is sure to follow continued use.

Frequently men assert, "they don't hurt me." Let us most earnestly wish they never would, for most men of that mind can't dismiss these domineering servants.

By watching men who are now being ruled, it will be observed that they use the Whiskey, Tobacco, or Coffee in a search for nerve rest and happiness.

Think it over carefully and see how close you come to that conclusion.

Now suppose that no harm to the body, mind, business or friends resulted from a man's keeping well drugged day by day, certainly no one could then object. But when the final breakdown of the nervous system shows itself in weakened heart, or failure of some other organs, caused by the lack of nervous power to properly operate them, then we realize that the daily introduction of the drug was permitted by Nature under mild protest at first, but a rigid accounting demanded later on.

So long, however, as the user of drugs harbors the belief that they bring him happiness he will stick to them.

A man, in a supreme effort to rid himself of the whiskey habit, may go to some cure and be helped, but whenever he again believes that whiskey will bring him happiness and forgets the hurts and humiliation, he will go back to it.

So with the man dominated by Coffee or Tobacco. When he runs for a car and his "Coffee heart" or "Tobacco heart" fails him and sudden death looks possible, or when some other ugly symptoms appear, he may break the hypnotic spell for a time, but go back some day when he is better and thinks a little of his pet drug would make him happy. Once he shakes himself entirely free from the hypnotic spell and fixes his mind steadfast on the fact that health, strength of muscle and mind, power to do things and win and hold position, bring happiness, and when he remembers that haven of rest, the peaceful sleep of an undrugged body, he will never go back, for he knows the falsehood behind the promises of the servant who abused him so cruelly.

That's the story. It will not be believed by the man still in the hypnotic dream of "drug happiness" until some day Old Mother Nature, tired of mild protests, will give him a sound trouncing and, with blinking eyes and returning consciousness, he will begin to wonder if the story isn't true after all.

It seems, at first thought, a pity that Nature will not allow tired and worried mankind a surcease from weariness by drugging and not demand the wretched bill, but Nature's law is fixed, and finally man comes into the knowledge that only real peace and happiness are enjoyed by a clean, clear mind operating in harmony with a perfect and undrugged body.

Get that great fact clearly into your consciousness.

There will doubtless be a variety of ideas as to the most effective way to tell the story with a brush.

The ingenuity of each artist will have full play.

Each servant should depict in some manner one of the drugs and be shown with a beautiful, alluring face, also some hint of an unhealthy body, possibly with a partly hidden dagger. In some way tell the story of deceit, the fascinating promises of rest and peace to be redeemed in pain and distress.

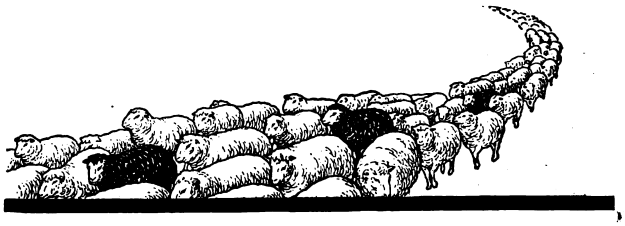
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All preliminary sketches must be presented before July 1st, 1913, and the finished pictures before Sept. 15th, 1913.

Artists who may be interested can address the undersigned at Battle Creek, Mich.

C. W. Post.

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The Knapper and His Trade

HIDDEN away in an unfrequented corner of England is a flourishing industry of which the world at large knows nothing. This is the manufacture of bogus prehistoric implements and relics. In Brandon, in the low country about Ely, lives a community of "knappers," or flint-clippers, who use much the same tools and work in much the same manner as the men of the Neolithic Age.

In this little byway of England the "knapper" finds his material ready to hand in the extensive strata of flint lying amid the chalk beneath the surface. Shafts are sunk direct to the "floor-stone," and from these burrows are made into the chalk. This mining is all done in the most primitive fashion, as these knappers for the most part work singly, without fear of syndicates or "corners." Each has his own "claim" and his own workshop. Quite often, though, he employs help in getting his wares ready for market. The claim is about a man's length, and three feet wide. Generally he digs down about thirty-five feet, and from thence in a horizontal or slanting line as best suits his purpose. His pick is shaped like a figure seven, and he goes down the shaft by toe-holes, ascending by the same means, with the blocks of flint on his head. His workshop, like his mining, is also primitive, being a rude, cheap shed in his garden, the only fittings of which are a block of oak tree trunk, rather smaller than a butcher's block, a seat, a little stove to dry the flint, pails, and some old tin cans.

We had generally supposed that flint-locks went out of use about the close of the Revolutionary War, but these knappers still find the steadiest and most important branch of their industry the supplying of flints for this old-fashioned fire-arm. Five million flints leave Brandon a year. The flints are carefully packed in small bags, and these in turn are packed in straw to prevent the edges from getting chipped.

Where do these relics of bygone days go? To make muskets for the negroes in Africa. Some are shipped to South America and China. As yet there has been no decline in the demand. Another odd shipment was made during the Boer War when fourteen thousand tinder flints were sent to British troops so that they could get light when wet ruined the matches.

"Remains of the Neolithic Age," now to be found in many museums and private collections, were manufactured by this little community in England. They consider their business entirely legitimate, and in a way it is, for it is the shrewd, unscrupulous middleman who sells for a goodly price these "valuable antiques" to the innocent. A great many schools and public educational institutions are supplied by these knappers, and, whether the objects are known to be imitations or not, they are much more valuable than diagrams or illustrations in the teaching of history and geology.

"Flaking" the flint can only be done by the most expert worker. Taking a large block, he will, by deft strokes of his hammer, get flakes from three to five feet in length, struck so thin there will be a ridge running through the middle. These are the first stage of the musket flint. The flake is then held over a small iron upright on the wooden block and struck off and chipped in the required size for the lock. The process of chipping is called "knapping."

Surprises are frequent in the knapper's work, for often certain implements are shaped quite by accident in the chipping. Sometimes it is a spear head, sometimes a chisel. One of these "accidents" seen in the making was a perfect chisel sloped to a beautiful long edge, with a back piece easily fitted into a bone or piece of stick. One stroke of this implement cut through a stick of wood. Another tool unexpectedly produced was an auger. A most intelligent and expert worker among these men believes that Neolithic man was left-handed, as the augers that have been found must be turned from right to left.

How can we detect the difference between the imitation and the genuine antique? The expert knapper knows. The genuine flint implement of ages gone is dark in color, and beautifully smooth on every part of it. The other may look smooth, but with good eyesight or a magnifying-glass you will find little chipped spots which it has been impossible to smooth. "Relics" are boiled in a kettle for six weeks to give them an appearance of age, but this look of antiquity comes off if put to the test. Examine closely, and you will see that these products of the kettle are not shiny to the extreme edge.

Knapping, called the oldest industry in England, is not a healthful occupation, as the flint splinters often enter the lungs; still the work seems to have descended from father to son for many generations. Descended from remote times, along with the work are some strange words and phrases apparently related to no known language. For instance, when a flint excavator wants to say he is taking out stones on the slant, he explains that he is "bubberhatching on the sosh."

The King's Six Thrones

KING GEORGE has six thrones. One would naturally suppose that the King would "sit upon his throne" at Windsor—that that, so to speak, would be the "official throne." While, however, there are both a throne and a throne-room in that ancient palace, the Windsor throne is probably the very last one of all whereon one might find the English sovereign.

The throne at Buckingham Palace is the more generally used, inasmuch as the greater number of ceremonial functions occur there.

The King of England may be said to have a set of thrones. In the case of one throne—the coronation chair at Westminster Abbey—he certainly uses it but once. This is the worm-eaten, battered, lion-footed old oak settle that contains the "Stone of Destiny." Upon it since the days of Edward II. have been crowned all the rulers of England. This chair might very well be called the "throne of the British Empire," since it is by far the most ancient of the English thrones. To be crowned the ruler must sit upon this throne, and no other.

One may be sure of one thing, however, in this connection—no King of England, or any one else for that matter, would voluntarily seek a seat on this ancient throne more than once, since it is a decidedly uncomfortable resting-place. It stands, year in and year out, in the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, and it is removed only on the occasion of a coronation. Then, covered with gold brocade, it is set under the lectern between the choir and the altar.

The throne with which the British public is most familiar is that which stands upon a dais in the House of Lords. The Houses of Parliament contain another throne—that in the King's robing-room. This is employed by the King when he is donning his regal garb previously to entering the House of Peers to read his speech.

Another throne is that at St. James's Palace, which is a very ordinary-looking building at the foot of St. James's Street. This throne is a very handsome one, standing under a magnificent and ornate canopy. It is here that the foreign ambassadors who are accredited to the Court of St. James's are received.

The throne at Windsor is unique in one respect. It is constructed entirely of ivory. It was a gift from one of the princes of India.

The Food-value of Toadstools

THE food-value of toadstools has been rather discouragingly presented by Professor Somerville Hastings in a recent paper on the poisonous fungi read before the Royal Chemical Society. It is to be remembered in the first place, the author states, that from three-fourths in some species to nine-tenths in others is only water. The solid remainder consists mainly of mineral salts (potassium, etc.), a mere trifle of digestible nitrogen-proteid, no starch, and much fatty acids, cellulose, and similar materials of little if any use as nutriment. Of all the toadstools the common cultivated mushroom is regarded as containing the highest percentage of digestible proteid, yet it is only one forty-seventh of that in beef, and one fifty-sixth of that in beans, while it is just about equal to that in cabbage and potatoes. The percentage of fat equals that of cabbage, while the carbohydrates are only a quarter of those in potato. "Clearly, then," as he says, "we do just as well on cabbage as on any toadstool, and run much less risk."

Nevertheless, mushrooms, properly cooked, are excellent constituents of a meal as stimulants to digestion and aids to assimilation. This benefit is in part psychological, for pleasant flavors and aromas stimulate the movements of the stomach and the secretion of the digestive fluids. Hastings concludes, however, that risk is always taken, which varies not only with the individual susceptibility of the eater, but with the character of the soil, the temperature, etc., in which the toadstool grows, even in the case of those kinds usually innocuous. In fact, in some parts of the world even the most poisonous, as the amanitas, are dried and eaten with impunity, and in Siberia are enjoyed as an intoxicant. Outside of a very few species one is never free from risk. Hastings's studies convince him that there is no safe rule for distinguishing an edible from a poisonous kind, and advises that, in view of this and their low food-value, all wild fungi should be let alone.

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River-power

THE rivers of the world are being called upon more and more to contribute to the world's industry. Even where no falls exist, the current of a river constitutes a store of energy, the immense value of which is becoming widely recognized.

Those rivers whose upper courses are marked by many waterfalls are, of course, those possessing the greatest available power. German engineers point out that the Danube is capable of developing, with its Alpine tributaries, something like 2,000,000 horse-power. This statement applies, moreover, only to that part of the Danube's course which lies in Bavaria. Only 700,000 horse-power could be effectively used and only a little in excess of 75,000 has actually been developed.

Along the Danube it is a common sight to observe large water-wheels along the banks driven by the swift current. At one point, not far from Vienna, there is thus developed a horse-power of three hundred.

In this country two methods are employed in controlling the waters of rivers. If the volume of water be large and the stream sluggish, so that the river is apt to overflow its banks, levees are constructed to confine the water in the channel; but if the water mass be small and the slope rapid, systems of dams and locks are built in order that the water may be held back and the level raised, thus insuring the navigability of the river. The result of this is called "slack-water navigation," and a stream thus treated is frequently described as a "canalized river," since the dams represent a series of steps but for which the water would all run out in the dry season. When the water is high the locks are thrown open, the boatmen preferring to use the natural stream. One of our most important industrial centers—Pittsburg—would be a dry-land city in the summer months were it not for "slack-watering" in the Ohio and the Monongahela.

It is far easier to restrain a river that tends at seasons to run out too fast than it is to hurry along to the sea one that would otherwise devastate the country with its overflow. Millions have been spent on levees in the lower Mississippi and much yet remains to be accomplished in this line. Remedies such as reservoirs and artificial outlets have proved both inadequate and impracticable.

Cochineal

GREAT quantities of cochineal are still made and find a market as a dyestuff, in spite of the aniline colors which have so largely replaced all old-fashioned dyes. More than 1,000,000 pounds are imported into the United States annually, to be used as a coloring matter for fine fabrics, certain kinds of ink, and confectionery. It is also used for tinting solutions and emulsions. Formerly it had a supposed value as an anodyne. Cochineal is the body fluid of a scale insect that feeds upon cactus plants of the prickly pear, or *Opuntia*, group, whose fruit is the edible tuna. The insect is a native of tropical America, and Von Humboldt gives a most interesting account of its culture as he found it in southern Mexico in 1811. He believed that this had been going on since prehistoric times there, and it is certain that it was a very extensive native industry at the time of the Spanish conquest.

The cactus and its powdery white scales were long ago transported to various parts of the world and cultivated until a total annual product of about 7,000,000 pounds was reached. Latterly the Canary Islands yielded three-quarters of this, exporting more than 5,000,000 pounds in 1876, after which the industry rapidly declined. As it has been determined that it requires about 70,000 insects to make a pound of the dried product, the extent of the cactus plantations in those islands may be imagined. We have in the southwestern United States a closely related scale, the cottony cochineal, whose blood is a deep crimson. It differs from the true cochineal in having a heavy covering of cottony wax.

The Eskimo's Digestion

WE hear much of American dyspepsia, but there is one native race of America that is certainly not troubled in this respect. The Eskimo defies all the laws of hygiene and thrives. He eats until he is satisfied, but is said never to be satisfied while a shred of his feast remains unconsumed. His capacity is limited by the supply and by that only.

The Eskimo cannot make any mistake about the manner of cooking his food, since, as a rule, he does not cook it. Nor, so far as the blubber or fat of the arctic animal is concerned, is the Eskimo concerned about his manner of eating it. Indeed, he may be said not to eat it at all. He cuts it into long strips an inch wide and an inch thick and then lowers the strip down his throat as one might lower a rope into a well.

Despite all this, the Eskimo does not suffer from indigestion. He can make a good meal off the flesh and skin of the walrus, provision so hard and gritty that in cutting up the animal the knife must be continually sharpened.

The teeth of a little Eskimo child will, it is said by those in a position to know, meet in a bit of walrus skin as the teeth of an American child would meet in the flesh of an apple, although the hide of the walrus is from half an inch to an inch in thickness and bears considerable resemblance to the hide of an elephant. The Eskimo child will bite it and digest it and never know what dyspepsia means.

Balkan Perfumery

ONE of the incidental consequences of the conflict in the Balkans is the rise in the price of perfumery. Of attar of roses Bulgaria is said to have practically the monopoly. Various attempts have been made to create a rival product both in the chemical laboratory and in other soil than that of Central Europe; but Australia is the sole quarter that offers any promise, while the material which the Bulgarians extract from the roses remains superior to all others. These Balkan mountain roses grow in great abundance, and when cultivated yield marvelous amounts of the extract.

The Copper in Our Pennies

A ONE-CENT piece is made from almost chemically pure copper, which is obtained by the new electric methods. Formerly the refining of copper was an expensive process, but with the utilization of electricity the expense has been materially decreased.

The copper is placed at one end of a tank filled with water. This is called a node, or positive pole. The action of a powerful electric current releases the copper, carries it through the water, and deposits it on the negative, or cathode, pole. The result is what is known as "electrolytic" or "cathode" copper. This is the material of which pennies are made.

While the "electrolytic" is the purest known copper, the "Lake" copper brings a slightly higher price in the market. This is because there is a small amount of silver in all the copper from the Lake Superior region. It is, however, of such limited quantity that it cannot be separated at a profit. Silver, moreover, is a better conductor of electricity than copper, and therefore for commercial purposes the "Lake" copper is in such demand that it brings a better price.

The Uses of Talc

TALC, derived from soapstone found in various quarters of the world and in many states of our Union, is as a general thing marketed as rough from the mine. It is sawed into slabs, from which are manufactured various objects, or it is ground into powder.

A great deal of the ground talc is employed in the manufacture of paper. It also enters into the making of molded rubber forms and foundry facings and paints, but the form in which it is most familiar is the toilet powder.

Not only is talcum dusted into gloves and shoes to obviate friction, but it is also blown into conduits to ease the introduction of electric wires or other conductors.

Soapstone is largely employed in the manufacture of laundry tubs and similar articles. The very best grades of talc, free from flaws, are sawed up to make pencils or crayons. Gas-tips are also made from talc.

Ancient Mural Decorations

IT is probable that the earliest wall paintings were those of the Egyptians. Those people employed a distemper containing dissolved gum, and their principal pigments were white chalk, a vegetable yellow, ochres, Ethiopian cinnabar, blue powdered glass stained with copper, and charcoal black.

The walls of Assyrian and Babylonian dwellings were treated in much the same way, and the practice of painting on walls coated with plaster was certainly in vogue in Assyria.

It has been believed that the Greeks understood true fresco work, apparently on the strength of a phrase occurring in Plutarch, "to paint on a wet ground." Vitruvius also speaks of a wet ground and says that colors placed upon a surface so prepared are permanent, which certainly is characteristic of true fresco work.

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A Motor Road Over the Canadian Rockies

Those who know the magnificence of the scenery among the mountains of British Columbia—probably unequaled within the accessible area of North America—will be interested to learn that a motor road, about one hundred miles long, is approaching completion from Banff Park across the Rockies to Lake Windermere on the Columbia River. From Banff it follows the Bow River up to Castle station, where it turns west and ascends Vermillion Pass over the main range, reaching in six miles an altitude of 5,600 feet. Here magnificent views are presented in several directions, and a hotel will be erected, so that tourists may halt comfortably for the trout-fishing and other attractions of this alpine region. Thence the road descends toward the Kootenay and Columbia valley through the gorge of Vermillion River, and the engineers say it will be possible to coast for sixty miles, broken by only one short ascent. A short distance down the valley widens out for a space, and receives Ochre Creek, so named from a deposit of red oxide of iron, the source from which the Indians of the plains formerly obtained their red war-paint. The name Vermillion River has a similar origin. This is a point of very great beauty, and also a good center for hunting big game.

From Ochre Creek to the mouth of the Vermillion the valley gradually widens, and its walls are seamed by the channels of many streams descending from glaciers and moose swamps in a series of picturesque cascades. A salt-lick near the inflow of the Simpson River still attracts numbers of moose and other game; while Goat Mountain, below the mouth of the Simpson, abounds in wild white goats. Just before entering the Kootenay Valley the road turns away from the Vermillion, at the head of an impassable canyon, and climbs to the top of a low ridge giving an extraordinary prospect. The surrounding region is very little known, is totally uninhabited, and offers a fascinating opportunity for exploration and camp life. It teems with game, and an effort is being made to include it as a national reserve within the area of Banff Park. In crossing the precipitous Briscoe Range, separating the Kootenay from the Columbia, tremendous difficulties were encountered and a disheartening amount of time, labor, and money were spent before the road could be completed. In one place there is room between rock walls for a considerable distance for only a single vehicle to travel at once. The engineers assert, however, that all the grades and curves will be so easy that a speed of at least twenty-five miles an hour may be maintained, even in the most difficult stretches. In addition to the great pleasure afforded by this mountain road to touring motorists, it will serve a practical purpose of great moment in affording a quick short cut eastward to the miners and fruit-raisers of the highly prosperous and populous Kootenay Valley.

Blind Boys at School

To make the blind boy as normal as possible is the aim of the blind school. Blind boys are required to do the same work, to pass the same examinations, to submit to the same discipline, and to indulge in the same recreations as their more fortunate fellows. The result has been that the blind boy has in many instances competed successfully in after-life with the sighted.

School routine for the blind at a typical institution differs but little from that of ordinary school life. On rising the youngsters dress themselves with as much speed as those with vision. The day's work begins with half an hour in the gymnasium, where the boys do well on such apparatus as the parallel and horizontal bars, the rings, and the rope. The vaulting horse or any form of exercise for which a running start is required is, however, usually beyond their powers.

In the class-room the work performed by the blind boy reaches a high standard. Books, whether classics, mathematics, or music, are in Braille type and necessarily cumbersome. *Pickwick*, for example, is in fourteen volumes and costs eleven dollars. All writing is done upon little wooden frames filled with a brass guide, either with style or a small seven-keyed machine. Blind boys write as fast as the average sighted boy, and their writing is always legible. Typewriters are easily used. The working of mathematics is done with a mechanism on a zinc board which can be made to represent sixteen signs, and the use of spurred compasses and rulers for geometrical drawing is of course slower than the ordinary process on paper. In the natural sciences the blind boy finds himself much handicapped. Hence classics, theology, law, music, modern languages, and history chiefly attract him.

As to amusements, there is a wide choice. It is possible to play ball games by means of balls containing bells. Such games, however, are not well adapted to the blind boy. At football, for instance, he cannot trust himself to run at full speed unless he "hear his boundaries," and grass does not give a sufficiently distinct echo for him to locate his position. Indoors he has many resources. There are chess, checkers, and the ordinary card games, not to mention social and literary functions such as debates, lectures, and concerts.

The Doll Industry

Thuringia, and especially the town of Sonneberg, may be said to be the real birthplace of the doll. Most of the poorer families in and around Sonneberg are engaged in the manufacture of dolls, and from this industry is derived the principal revenue of the population. The work demands a great deal of skill and practice.

The inhabitants begin early in youth to learn the art of making dolls. By constant practice they eventually become able to work with astonishing speed and accuracy. In the doll industry only some special part of the doll is made by each person. Some make the bodies, others the heads, and still others the arms or hands.

The heads are first molded, and when sufficiently dry the eyes are cut out by a skilled worker with a very thin, sharp knife. This is extremely delicate work, since all the sockets must be of uniform size or the eyes do not fit. The heads are painted, waxed, or glazed, depending on the material from which the heads are made.

The arms, legs, and hands are produced in a similar but simpler manner, as the painting consists only in giving the necessary flesh color, while the heads must have rosy cheeks, red lips, and dark or light eyebrows, depending on the color of the eyes. The setting of the eyes and the making and attaching of the wigs involve a number of other processes.

The doll industry is now putting out "character dolls" in restricted numbers. The model is made by an artist and the molds are than copied from this model. The painting of these dolls is done with special care. Consequently, their price is considerably higher than that of the commoner type of doll.

The French Tobacco Monopoly

It is said that the French tobacco monopoly has netted nearly $3,000,000,000 in the one hundred years or so during which it has been in existence.

On December 29, 1810, a decree issued by Napoleon created the Tobacco Régie and reserved to the national government a monopoly of the importation, manufacture, and sale of tobacco in all its forms. It was estimated that this monopoly would add 80,000,000 francs to the annual receipts from taxation.

While this expectation was not immediately realized, a few years later the estimate was more than met. The revenues from that source have continued to increase as the practice of smoking has become more general, and the consumption of high-grade cigars and cigarettes has augmented with the increased luxury of living. Then, too, there must be considered the constantly increasing number of foreigners who reside more or less permanently in France.

From 1811 to 1814 the revenue from the Régie averaged 63,000,000 francs ($12,159,000) a year. The receipts for 1911 approximated $95,000,000.

There must be added to this the annual profit of $7,387,200 derived from the monopoly of the manufacture and sale of matches. It is, therefore, quite evident that the revenues which are derived literally from smoke are among the solid and reliable assets of the French government.

$4,812,734 a Day

The government of the United States last year made money at the rate of $4,812,734 a day, the total of bills printed amounting to the neat little sum of $1,443,820,320. There were just 348,129,172 separate bills, ranging from the lowly $1 to the mighty $10,000 note, few, however, of the latter—perhaps a couple of dray-loads. If these notes were laid end to end they would reach nearly twice around the globe; or, should the government choose to spread them on the ground, they would cover an area of 1,550 acres. But should stacking be preferred, the last note, when placed, would be something like twenty-seven miles from the earth. The cubic contents of the pile of notes printed in a year are about 17,000 cubic feet. It costs the government $9.25 thousand to print these notes, the cost for the yearly issue being $3,690,000.

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Making of Chains

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All cables and other very heavy chains are made of wrought iron, and there are made wrought-iron chains of all sizes down to and including chains of material a quarter of an inch in diameter; but nowadays most of the chain used in comparatively smaller sizes is made of soft steel, such chain being made in sizes ranging, by sixteenths, from three-sixteenths of an inch to an inch and a quarter.

When the size of a chain is referred to by those familiar with chains, it always means not the link, but the material used in it. Thus a one-inch chain would be made of one-inch steel or iron. The completed link would be about five or six times as long and about three and a half times as wide across as the thickness of the material of which it was made.

In other days all chain was hand-made, but the modern chain is of soft steel, and machine-made. There is taken a long bar of steel, which is bent cold around a mandril that is oval in shape. The bar is thus bent into what looks like a spiral spring with its coils not round, but oblong. This spiral is cut up cold in a cutting-machine, which cuts it into as many parts as there are coils, each of these being the material for a link, and at the same time the machine spreads each of these sections apart a little at the opening and cuts on each of the two free ends a long scarf or bevel and bends the ends over within the opening.

This bent piece of steel is now in shape, roughly speaking, like a letter U with rather long arms and with its two ends bent over inward. It needs only to have those scarved ends welded together to make it a link of chain. The chainmaker sits at a foot-operated power-hammer, with a forge beside him in which he heats the open links.

He takes from the fire a link suitably heated and hooks it into the chain as far as completed, and then pinches the open ends of the new link together under the hammer, and with three or four quick blows he welds the link together. When he takes a hot link from the fire he puts a cold one in, and so he continues to work. It is altogether a quick and more economical process of manufacture than hand-forging, but it has not yet been adapted to chains of the larger sizes.

There are wrought-iron chains of some sizes that are machine made, but all wrought chains of material above an inch and a quarter in diameter are hand-forged.

Of whatever size the big chain is to be, the workmen cut up the iron bars into straight lengths, each suitable to be made into a link. This length of iron is heated, one end at a time, and one after the other the ends are hammered down by hand on an anvil to shape the scarves or bevels. Then this straight piece of heavy wrought iron with scarved ends is swaged into link form, and if it is to be a stud or bar chain there is placed within the link before it is welded together the stud or bar. This is a stout little bar of cast iron, with its ends rounded in, concaved to fit the rounding surface of the link iron, the stud being placed across the link inside of it and midway of its length.

Once in place and the link pinched together on its ends, the stud could not be got out except by breaking it out with a sledge. Its purpose is to prevent the links from drawing together at their sides and wedging under heavy strains. In a stud chain there is a stud in every link.

With this stud in place and the link beat to shape with the scarves overlapping, the link is again put in the fire to be finally heated for the welding, which is done by hand. It takes a blacksmith to handle it, and on big chains two or three helpers striking with sledges to do the welding. The iron must be of precisely the right heat, and the blows must be quick and sure, to complete the work perfectly before the iron cools.

Stud-chain is sometimes made of iron, as small as five-eighths of an inch in diameter; from that the iron used runs through various diameters up to three inches and more. A three-inch chain makes a tremendous cable, suitable for a five-ton anchor.

The Railroad Scrap-heap

THE wreckage of hundreds of thousands of tons of steel and iron that was piled up after fire and earthquake had devastated San Francisco was called the biggest scrap-heap in the world. Yet it shrinks into insignificance in comparison with the amount of scrap material that the railroads of America accumulate every year.

The scrap-heaps of the railroads grow larger and larger every year, owing to the steady expansion of business. They are composed of used-up locomotives machinery, and material of every sort and description. Even at the small prices per ton or per pound at which this metal waste is sold it brings in millions of dollars every year.

Of all the vast amount of material that a railroad purchases every twelvemonth ninety per cent. eventually finds its way into the scrap-heap. In no other business are the odds and ends that are no longer serviceable collected with so much care. Everything from the frames of tin lanterns to the ponderous driving-wheels of locomotives reaches the scrap-dock in the end.

But before anything is "scrapped" it has to be passed upon by about a dozen experts. They look it over to see if there is a possibility of its being used in any other way before it is sold to the junkman. On one of the Eastern railway systems, a few years ago, a large quantity of steel freight-car bolsters were found to be unavailable for the type of car for which they were originally intended. One by one the mechanical experts shook their heads and voted that they be sent to the scrap-dock. But one of the examiners suggested drilling an extra hole in the condemned bolsters and using them on a different class of truck than that for which they were intended. This was done at little cost, and their journey to the junk-pile was delayed.

After the material gets to the scrap-dock another set of experts goes over it. There was a time when the junk-dealers know more about the value of scrap metal than the railroad men. The dealers bought craftily and at low prices, because the scrap was sorted into only a few classes when it was offered for sale. After buying the material the dealers resorted it and made big profits. Many of them grew very rich.

Nowadays the Railway Storekeepers' Association is as wise to the value of the scrap as the dealers. The members of the association have been studying it year after year and discussing it at their annual meetings. At present scrap is classified into more than a hundred different grades and varieties. Each has its market price. There is no longer a chance for speculation or guessing. The railways are getting more for their waste material today than ever before. The average is between $15 and $16 a ton.

When the car-scrap is picked up and loaded on the cars it is only roughly sorted. Its final sorting and classification occurs when it reaches the scrap-docks. The manual labor of unloading and handling this material used to be a very heavy item of expense. Now big electro-magnets attached to movable cranes save much time and money. One of these cranes will do the work of fifty men.

Tunnels and Geology

ACCORDING to Professor Wehril, of Zurich, geologists owe much of their knowledge of the Alps to the various tunnels which have been bored through those mountains to make railway routes between the northern and southern parts of Europe. Dr. Wehril points out one important discovery on the occasion of the construction of the Loetschberg Tunnel. This was the unexpected piercing of a great coal seam in the center of a mass of much younger Triassic stone.

The Loetschberg Tunnel proved a much more difficult proposition than the St. Gothard Tunnel, which is driven almost entirely through hard gneiss. At Andermatt and Airolo one can perceive, by the quarries, how under tremendous lateral pressure the Jurassic chalk has been turned into marble. In the case of the Loetschberg the geological profile presented the unusual sight of primitive rock piled on top of stratified rock.

All the Alpine tunnels are run on straight lines except the Loetschberg, which is built on a curve. This was necessitated by unforeseen obstacles in the interior composition of the mountain, and resulted in an extra expenditure of $500,000. The engineers did not believe that the Kander stream, which flows down the mountainside, would interfere with the boring of a tunnel six hundred feet below the river-bed; but it did, and there was a cave-in by which twenty-five workmen lost their lives.

Turquoise from Sinai

IT is claimed that the finest turquoises in the world come from the Mount Sinai Peninsula. Formerly the mines of Persia supplied them in abundance, but within the last few years these mines have shown signs of exhaustion; and concessions have been obtained for working the ancient Sinai mines, which, as hieroglyphics carved on the rocks show, were originally opened by the Egyptians.

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X-Ray view of Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen

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Finance

(Continued from page 21)

with individual buyers here and there, one big issue after another was being brought out and sold to syndicates, subsyndicates, and speculators. The original sales had been to people who had had not the slightest idea of reselling for years to come. This later distribution was very largely, if not principally, among banking and brokerage houses and individuals determined to hold their shares only until the price was put up and then to sell them out as fast as possible.

It meant, of course, the borrowing of a good deal of money from the banks, but then the banks were willing enough to lend on the new shares. Were not the very best people interested in them? Was there not a good market in them? Besides which, money was not much in demand and the banks in no position to be over-critical.

So it came about that a very large amount of these new industrial shares, thought to have been "distributed," were not really "distributed" at all, but merely scattered around a little among those having facilities for carrying them on borrowed money.

That is the first chapter in this new industrial financing. The second opens with the quick shift in money-market conditions last fall and the consequent change in the attitude of the banks toward the new shares held by them as collateral for loans. To lend money on these securities when money was a drug on the market and hard to lend out at any price was one thing. To lend on them in the face of a financial storm of dreadful possibilities and with money greatly in demand was something quite different. Arrangements as to rates and collaterals which had been attractive enough from the banks' standpoint at the end of the summer became decidedly unattractive in November and December. It was realized then that a good deal of readjustment would have to take place.

For the banks at once to throw out all the newer industrial shares held by them as collateral and to demand substitution of more seasoned stocks was, of course, out of the question. But without any delay a movement in that direction was started. Loans made by the banks on "all industrials" and coming due were not renewed. Wherever possible, borrowers having standing loans were requested to take back at least a part of the new shares and to send the bank something else in their place. Requests for fresh loans on the security of these new industrial shares were, of course, very generally turned down.

In January the money-market eased off unexpectedly, and for a while it seemed as though the trouble threatened by the presence of the large amount of new industrial securities in bank-loans had been averted. February, however, saw the money position tighten up again and the banks taking an even stricter attitude toward the new shares as security for loans. Where leniency, previously, in many cases, had been shown, real pressure began to be applied. We want you to substitute these new shares with something else and we want you to do it in a hurry—that was the attitude very generally assumed by the banks.

The first result was naturally to cause heavy liquidation in the objected-to shares themselves. With the banks unwilling longer to lend money with which to carry them there was just one thing left to do and that was to sell them out. The market in them, however, as was to have been expected, at once proved exceedingly "thin." Knowing very well that as collateral for loans these shares were taboo, pretty much everybody was afraid to buy them. The inevitable result was that on offerings of even moderate amounts of stock the market should break "wide open."

Short selling, too, was indulged in extensively at the time and served greatly to aggravate the trouble. With so much stock around which its owners, unable to borrow at bank, were only too glad to "lend out," the opportunity to sell these shares short was one not to be neglected. Operations of this philanthropic character were on big scale. There is no doubt that by the liquidation forced by the calling of bank loans very considerable declines in all these shares would have been brought about anyway. But there is no doubt, either, that by the short-selling which took place, the declines were made much more abrupt and extensive than there was any need for them to be.

A second result of the banks' attitude toward the new shares was to cause a good deal of selling throughout the general list. In some cases withdrawal of banking facilities in connection with the new industrials resulted in those holding them selling them out without further delay. In a good many other cases holders, rather than sacrifice their shares in the bad market prevailing for them, decided to fortify themselves by selling something else and hold on. That took place, for example, in many instances where brokers carrying these new industrial shares for clients informed them that, as the banks were no longer willing to lend on that sort of collateral, they would have to sell out or take up their shares. To many clients choice of the latter course meant the necessity of selling out holdings of other stocks and bonds, but in a great number of cases that was the course chosen. Why should I sacrifice my stock at a big loss, more than one holder of this sort agreed, when by selling out some of these other things I'm carrying I can hold my stock till this storm blows over?

That a great deal of selling of the general list has been thus induced has, on a number of occasions of late, been made only too painfully evident.

When these new industrial shares were first listed on the stock exchange the banks lent freely on them, and now they won't—that, in a nutshell, is what is the matter. Whose fault is it, the banks'? Wall Street, especially that part of it that has been directly affected, declares that it is. Why did these banks, it asks, lend us money on these shares last summer, only to take it away from us now when we need it most?

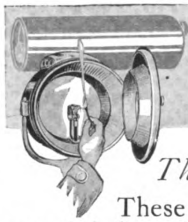
That, it is true, is what happened, but whether the banks can be blamed for it is another question. The banks are in business to lend money and have to take conditions as they find them. Last summer was a time when there was more money around than was needed, and when the banks, if they wanted to get their funds placed at all, were in no position to turn up their noses at the industrial collateral offered them. The present situation is very different. Things have changed, and the banks are now in a position to demand pretty nearly such collateral as they see fit. It is very much of a question, indeed, whether, under present circumstances, they would be justified in lending money on the same terms as last summer.

But of really greater importance than the question of whose fault it is is the question as to how long the general market is going to remain under the influence of the weakness in this particular group of stocks. A bad situation in these new industrial shares was developed—is it still bad or has it been pretty well cleared up? The latter, fortunately, appears to be the case. Liquidation and in considerable amount may still have to take place, but the great bulk of it has undoubtedly been accomplished. The heavy selling necessitated by the calling of bank-loans has been pretty well cleaned up. Whatever selling may still have to take place is not likely to be in sufficient volume seriously again to upset the rest of the market.



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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

VOL. LVII] No. 2938 WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1913 [10 Cents a Copy [$4.00 a Year

Brother Bryan's Birthday Banquet

"My foot is on my native heath, and my name is MacGregor!"

WE have awaited with ill-concealed impatience the arrival of the *Commoner* containing an adequate report of Brother BRYAN'S Birthday Banquet. The Eastern papers failed to appreciate the importance of the event, and were unaccountably niggardly in making allowance of space. Aqueous floods, moreover, intervened and swamped those of rhetoric. But history shall not be cheated of the record of Mr. BRYAN'S final appearance as a Brother—final at least for the immediate present, or until the official separation so commonly regarded as predestined by incorrigible Fate shall stir the cockles of our hearts.

We hasten, then, to recapitulate the salient points from the teeming columns of the *Commoner*. In the first place, "it was an orderly crowd" until the distinguished guest arrived, when "the diners rose to their feet and cheered lustily"—so lustily, in fact, that Mr. BRYAN was compelled in self-defense to "deprecate the laudation." The auditorium was packed so full that several hundred were obliged to "eat at the hotel," and then take places in the gallery despite the fact that "the gallery had been filled previously by men and women for four hours." With admirable foresight, in view of the great number assembled, "the meal had been served before the diners sat down, and with the exception of coffee and ice there was no serving. For this reason the delay in changing courses was obviated, and the banqueters hastened through the meal within an hour."

Ice-water flowed like champagne, in graceful recognition of the custom said to have been established at political headquarters in the national capital. The band played "La Paloma," Brother BRYAN'S "favorite air"—in fact, the only one he can distinguish readily from "My Country, 'tis of Her"—and the bestirred guest of honor beat time first with one foot and then with the other. An openwork table had been provided to enable the multitude to watch the oscillating boots.

Congratulatory telegrams were read between the courses, which had already been served outside. The first, of course, was from Brother BRYAN'S former protégé and present boss, who frankly confessed his inability "to tell you what a comfort it is to me to have the aid and counsel of your distinguished fellow-townsman," presumably in the preparation of the Chinese proclamation, which was at that moment on its way to the public prints. Fellow-members of the Cabinet followed conformably to their respective depths of feeling and literary bents. All were happy expressions, indicative of class-room harmony, but the phrase which touched their hearts dripped from the mellifluous pen of Former Brother JOSEPHUS, to wit: "Every hamlet and home in America will be with you in giving honor to Mr. BRYAN, because in honoring him his neighbors honor the principles which he incarnates." The last word is somewhat blurred by the *Commoner's* print, but it is either "incarcerates" or "incarnates," and we think probably the latter, which signifies "embodied in flesh." Brother BRYAN was greatly pleased to hear that his real party was so much larger than that which fell under his naked eye.

The toastmaster was Mr. EDGAR HOWARD, who is well and favorably known throughout Nebraska, according to the *Commoner*, as "a solemn wit." But SIMEON FORD would not have turned green from envy on this occasion. Mr. HOWARD'S sad humor was sunk deep in emotional appreciation. He evoked tumultuous applause by designating Brother BRYAN as "premier" of the administration of "that educated ANDREW JACKSON now occupying the exalted position glorified by the Democrats of other days," he congratulated the distinguished guest upon putting Nebraska on the map, regarded him "trustingly, hopefully, and gloriously," was "buoyed and sustained by unfaltering faith in his integrity," preferred "a message of peace" to "a message of defiance," but under no circumstances would he collaborate in "making the free democracy of this state or nation the handmaid of the embattled enemies of mankind." Thereupon the United Order of Shopgirls Opposed to Being Handmaids gave the Chautauqua salute, the toastmaster sopped his brow with a Japanese napkin, apologized "if in speech I shall seem over-brief," and proceeded to introduce the orators of the night.

We have neither the space nor the heart to print in cheerless Mergenthaler all of the eloquent outbursts. Suffice it to say that they were ringing and attuned with rare skill to the pleasant occasion reported by all. True, there was a moment of disconcerting silence when Dr. CHARLES REIGN SCOVILLE, of Chicago, axiomatically declared that "it has been truly said that if you want to find out what there is in a man send him abroad," thus recalling the painful rumor that for a time the fate of the Peerless Leader trembled in that very balance; but the facile speaker leaped quickly to, "What a contrast between the NAPOLEON of France and the NAPOLEON of Nebraska!" and the slight misallusion was forgotten amid the thunders of applause over "the one banished to St. Helena and the other crowned Secretary of State."

Governor MOREHEAD spoke in a serious vein. He strongly favored "the people giving greater attention to the lawmaking of our country," objected to anybody "selling," or buying, either, we assume, "worthless stocks and bonds," wanted to "remove from the penitentiary" a large percentage of our fellow-citizens, thought putting too many men into office was "bunglesome," and finally, as ever, "We have with us to-night one whom crowned heads have sought his coming and hung with rapture on his words," and in conclusion, "when the last has come, in the dawn of endless days, heaven's light may 'round you shine." From which we infer that, unless the Governor has mixed his dates, the appearance of Brother BRYAN in Uncle ABRAHAM'S bosom will coordinate with the extinguishment of this terrestrial sphere.

Be that as it may, JERRY SULLIVAN spoke next. He had arrived late from his ancestral home in Iowy, and had dropped a few verbs on the way, but everybody knew what he meant, and cheered heartily when he declared emphatically that "no country is just that taxes the loaf of bread or the clothing its people wear." Bone and sinew, he insisted, should be exempt from taxation in any form. He also preferred the Mississippi Valley to the monopolistic press. Moreover, despite the unsatisfying of his craving for a place at the Cabinet table, he was convinced that all "corrupters of government and beneficiaries of selfish interests" will be driven out of the power, which they thought they lost on the 4th of March, by that "noble schoolmaster and patriot Governor" who has become our earnest President. "How can he fail when we recognize standing by his side one who, when Democracy's robe was trailing in the dust," incontinently but unflinchingly "held it up as the shield and protector of humanity?" And so on; but that will do for JERRY.

Governor HODGES, of Kansas, frankly admitted that he is no astrologer. "I know not," he began, "what star stood over the cradle of that infant son that was born in the BRYAN home in Salem, Illinois, at 3.36 A.M. of March 19, 1860." A pity it is that the Governor knew not, because he could have made a pretty point out of the fact that the happy event took place in the twelfth zodiacal constellation, signifying that the lusty one would some day "come into his own." It made no difference, anyway. "He grew. As he stands to-day, he is a growth. No mere egotist could do what Mr. BRYAN has done. If he has been self-assertive, his self-assertion indicates self-absorption. Such a man," etc., etc. The Governor's speech was, in truth, a gem, and would have been untarnished but for a heedless yielding to his poetic muse. Fidelity to the history we are making, however, compels a recording of the fact that when, in concluding, the distinguished Kansan quoted—

> "How happy is he, born or taught,
> Who serveth not another's will,"

Brother BRYAN shifted uneasily in his chair.

Governor DUNNE'S close study of history had convinced him that "great crises produce great men." Of these critical periods three had arisen in this country. The first evolved THOMAS JEFFERSON and the second ABRAHAM LINCOLN. The third which is still with us was doubly productive. "This crisis," said the Governor, impressively, "produced two great men, WILSON and BRYAN, and as a result thereof the name of BRYAN will go thundering down the ages as the greatest statesman and friend of the people that has appeared upon the pages of history in the last century." It was a nice distinction, but the Governor made it manfully. "With the people of Nebraska," he concluded, gallantly, "I uncover and do honor." Whereupon, emulating the eloquent speaker's example, all present except the guest of honor whose hat was cocked—we mean checked—removed their head-gear and stood upon the bottoms of their feet.

Brother BRYAN'S turn came next. He manifested no signs of personal embarrassment, although to the surprise of the audience he "declared that he was unable to make a real speech." Possibly he was undergoing a slight indisposition from compunctions of conscience. "I am not sure," he said, "that I ought to have come to Nebraska to-night. I am sure that I should not have come if I had known how busy I was to be at this time." The trouble was that he had accepted the invitation before Assistant President HOUSE negotiated the terms and conditions of his assumption of official duties and presented him with a second fiddle manufactured in Trenton, New Jersey, and warranted to produce no harsh notes.

We can only imagine what Brother BRYAN considers a "real speech," but we must say that this one was noticeably gracious and unaffected, vastly superior in quality and expression to most of his punk lectures. While sincerely appreciative of the kind words that had been spoken, he could not honestly take the entire credit for "the final"—

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PENN STATE

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we hope he did not mean the last—"triumph of Democracy." There were others, six millions of them in fact, and he was only "one of the multitude." But he was glad, more than glad, "to live in such a time." There was in his judgment no age "as golden as this"—an incorrigible fact deeply impressed upon his mind by a thoughtful review of the issues and results of past campaigns.

The President was "consecrated" as a matter of course. Some may think that Brother BRYAN drew it a bit strong when he declared that "standing before the American people, WOODROW WILSON called them as did Jesus Christ call Lazarus, 'Come forth from this grave'"; but it all depends, of course, upon how badly off we really were prior to general resuscitation. So far as he personally was concerned, Brother BRYAN didn't know and didn't seem to care what his "place in history will be." In any case, he agreed with Assistant President HOUSE that it was "a privilege to be associated" with Mr. WILSON and he was going to stand "ready at all times to go forth and meet his foes." A more beautiful spirit than that which Brother BRYAN breathed into his peroration has seldom, if ever, to our recollection, found rhetorical manifestation.

It was indeed, as the honored guest declared, "a delightful time." And when it was over and all had shaken hands, he went around to the office of his paper and made a few impromptu remarks to Brother CHAS. and the other editors and publishers. "You may note," he said, "a change in the tone of the paper since your connection with it. It has been its duty to comment on the administration and often that commment has been unfavorable. I am sure that the change is pleasing to you" Just what he meant by that we confess utter inability to comprehend, but whatever vague apprehension we might have felt was promptly allayed by his subsequent commendation of the purposes of the administration "as far as I have been able to understand them." So we guess it is all right.

Belatedly, owing to Brother CHAS.'s unaccountable delay in getting out the paper, but no less cordially, we tender our own felicitations upon the joyousness of the birthday banquet which marked the transformation of a Brother into a Secretary of State for Very Foreign Affairs.

After all is said and done, the fact continues to be evident that the great commoner still stands first and deeply imbedded in the hearts of his countrymen.

As to Raw Materials

Free wool or free sugar or both?

A decidedly important problem. By no means a matter to be settled in hurried and whispered conversations. By no means a matter to be subordinated to considerations of mere party expediency. On the contrary, a matter to be studied out carefully, candidly, thoroughly.

Nevertheless, not a matter really involving the integrity of the party in power; not a question which, if answered mistakenly, will convict the party in power of bad faith.

The Democratic party is committed to a tariff for revenue, not to free trade. It is committed against the practice of taxing the masses for the benefit of a few favored enterprises, not against the promotion of the general welfare. The general welfare is, by constitutional warrant, a proper object of taxation.

A small element in the Democratic party, headed by former Senator BAILEY of Texas, has insisted that "raw materials" should be taxed just as heavily as anything else. Apparently this school has thought that a tariff for revenue meant equal taxation of all commodities without regard to their relative value as producers of revenue. The mass of the party has never held this notion, and the idea of taxing lightly, or not at all, the raw materials of American industries has always commended itself to the majority of low-tariff men. In our judgment, there has been no inconsistency in this discrimination. As other nations almost uniformly admit free the raw materials of their industries, to put duties on the raw materials of ours would be to impose a positive handicap. Moreover, in the actual working of the thing, to do it is to create and in a measure to justify a demand for "compensatory duties" on the products derived from the taxed raw materials. As a matter of history, that is the way some of the worst of the existing schedules, particularly the preposterous Schedule K, have been created.

It is good Democratic practice to admit raw materials free unless there are sufficient reasons for taxing them. This is true, notwithstanding the lack of precision in the term "raw materials." Wool, for instance, is the finished product of the shepherd, but it is properly regarded as raw material because it lies at the basis of countless other industries. Raw sugar is, of course, the finished product of the people who grow sugar-cane and beets. It is raw material to the refiner.

Not, however, of a series of industries. Therefore sugar does not derive a very strong claim to exemption from taxation from the raw-materials argument. Its strongest claim is on the ground that it is a necessary of life and that to cheapen it would be to confer a boon on practically all of us. On the other hand, it is a superb revenue-raiser. The tax on it yields us over fifty millions a year. If we surrender that sum, we must make good the loss either by other tariff taxes or by a free use of the income tax.

To take off the duty on wool is to give up some, but much less, revenue; to help, legitimately, a number of industries; and to deprive those same industries of their sole honorable basis for a demand for governmental coddling.

Weigh for yourself the two sets of considerations. That is what the President and the Democratic leaders in Congress have been doing. They have differed somewhat; but that does not mean a division over principles. It does not mean the slightest apostasy to principle on either side. It means adherence to principle, and a common endeavor to apply the revenue-tariff principle to a great mass of facts, difficult to be sure about. A free-trade programme would be easier to carry out. So would a high-protection programme. But nobody is shirking the job of giving the country the kind of tariff it needs and has demanded.

The Seventeenth Amendment

As a matter of fact, there is no such thing at this writing, but the ratification of only one more state is needed, and probably, when that is secured, Secretary BRYAN will not have to wait more than a year for proper official notifications.

We remarked concerning the Sixteenth Amendment, relating to the income tax, that there is a question whether it really altered the Constitution at all; good authorities sustain the view that it merely settled a doubt as to the Constitution's original intent as to the matter it dealt with.

Unquestionably the Seventeenth Amendment will alter the Constitution. Yet of this amendment, too, a somewhat similar observation may be made. It will not essentially alter, it will rather confirm and compel, what is substantially the present usage of a number of states in the matter of choosing United States Senators. It is the culmination of a change that has been going on for some time, not a sudden and abrupt departure from what the Constitution contemplated. The absolute control by state legislatures of elections to the Senate was disturbed before the Civil War, when party conventions began to name candidates, and party majorities in the legislatures began merely to ratify the choices thus made for them—as in the famous LINCOLN-DOUGLAS contest of 1858 in Illinois. Followed after a while the practice of choosing candidates by party primaries, a kind of dictation to which the legislatures proved equally amenable. When at last a state held what was in effect a Senatorial election, and a legislature, obedient to its results, sent to Washington a man whose party had not won a majority of the two Chambers, although he himself had received a majority of the popular vote, the direct election of Senators was already achieved.

But to say the change has been gradual is far from saying that it is not a great change. It is already a very great change indeed. The effects of it in the Senate are already quite apparent.

Undoubtedly the people have willed it. They have willed to take whatever risks it may involve in order to make an end of abuses which the old method permitted.

Time alone can show whether or not the change is on the whole wise. Two reflections occur to us as of a nature to console such as most seriously doubt the wisdom of it. One is this: Direct elections may, and we think they will, give to the several state electorates an opportunity to correct the mistakes made in party primaries, now so general. For they will give a chance to independents, and they will give comparatively weak oppositions a chance, by putting forward their best men, to beat the weak men too frequently named by the party ordinarily dominant. The other reflection is [illegible] one about democracy. Its true strength [illegible] in the avoidance of mistakes, but in the fact that it can always change its mind and correct them.

The Bull Moose and the Elephant

Hempstead, Long Island, has not figured as a strategical point in politics, and naturally the returns of its recent municipal election appeared only in obscure paragraphs in the newspapers. It was the same way, too, with a few other places that have had municipal elections recently. Municipal elections in general are rather unreliable signs of political weather. Still, they are frequently all we have for considerable periods, during which it is natural to pay some attention to them.

If we may judge at all from Hempstead's and some others', the wind is not blowing quite as the Bull Moose herd would like. More broadly, such indications of public sentiment as we have had since the November elections—meager, undoubtedly—do not indicate any progress of the Bull Moose party. If they indicate anything, it is the contrary of Brother FRANCIS E. LEUPP's contention. Brother LEUPP thinks it a mistake to consider the Bull Moose party merely a ROOSEVELT party, and he also thinks the Republican party demonstrably dead. On the contrary, so far as we can observe, and we admit there isn't yet much *to* observe, the Bull Moose party doesn't run very well when it isn't in some fashion ning ROOSEVELT, and the Republican party shows considerable defiance of the coroner and very little consideration for the undertaker.

Insufficient material for prophecy, undoubtedly; but for want of more to go on it may serve for a straw to guide and to encourage such Republicans as may still be refusing to despair of their party and studying seriously the best way to rehabilitate it. On that point nothing has happened to discredit the movement, inaugurated immediately after the election, for a convention of the party to set it right in respect of the ways in which it has in recent years gone wrong, and thereby lost the country's confidence. Some time ago the papers reported that Senator ROOT had come to favor such action, and we have seen no denial. There is one thing in particular the party must do. It must convince the country that its nominations for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency are honestly made, in obedience to the will of the majority of its members. It must cleanse itself of the reproach of the manipulation of Southern delegations and of bad practices in the choice of delegates from other sections. Other reforms are advisable; this is essential. To the neglect of this ROOSEVELT owes, however illogically, much of the honest following he had last autumn. The change of policy in this regard cannot be too soon made and advertised. Until it is made, the party's only possible gains will be such as can be derived from the wholesome and perhaps needed discipline of an opposition rôle.

The Budget Question

The President would like to have a budget system. It is not surprising. Anybody who has studied either the President or the character of our appropriation bills ought to have known in advance what his general attitude on this matter would be. The papers report that he wishes to continue President TAFT's economy commission. That is not surprising, either.

This journal has several times pointed out the practical impossibility, under our system of government, of having a budget system comparable to Great Britain's, for the reason that we have no such co-operation and concordance between the Executive and the legislature as the British system insures. We are glad to be confirmed on this point by the speech in which, near the close of the final session of the Sixty-second Congress, Representative SWAGAR SHERLEY proposed a budget committee of the House, for Mr. SHERLEY has evidently studied this matter long and thoughtfully. But in the same speech Mr. SHERLEY gives also the reason why a budget of *some* sort, no matter if it does lack authority, is desirable. It is the same reason we have been urging:

> Why is it the American people are so indifferent to expenditure? Is it that they are an extravagant people? Is it that they accept in a loose way the constantly repeated statement of a former Speaker that this was a billion-dollar country, and therefore we should have a billion-dollar Congress? No. The reason the American people have heretofore not been interested in questions of expenditure is because they have never had brought to their attention in its broad aspect the question of expenditure.

In other words, a budget such as we *can* have under our system will at least secure some publicity, *in advance*, for the appropriations contemplated.

Pending that reform, there is one thing that can be done at once. The Ways and Means Com-

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PENN STATE

mittee of the House and the Senate steering committee can at least decline to intrust the framing of appropriation bills to men who have already shown themselves amenable to pork-barrel considerations and indifferent to such matters as the decent pay and housing of American ambassadors and the proper upkeep of the American navy.

Honor to Mr. Bryan

It seemed odd to read that the American ambassador at Rome had offered the embassy as a place for funeral services over Mr. MORGAN'S body, "by direction of Secretary of State WILLIAM J. BRYAN."—*Springfield Republican.*

It did not seem odd to us. In the eyes of the world Mr. MORGAN loomed large as the first citizen of the Republic. At home, as the multitude of testimonials clearly prove, his character was held in highest esteem. Practically all of the rulers of Europe, including the Prime Minister of Great Britain, the King of Italy, the Tsar of Russia, and His Holiness the Pope, paid fitting tribute. The Emperor of Germany sent a floral wreath to Rome and this message to Mrs. MORGAN:

Accept the expression of my sincerest sympathy in your great bereavement. Your husband's death is a loss not only for you, your family, and your country, but his many friends in all parts of the world will never forget him.

Would it not have seemed strange to foreign peoples, who are accustomed to civilities in death as in life, if no word of appreciation had come from the government of Mr. MORGAN'S own country? Mr. BRYAN'S official act and personal words were those of a generous and truly representative American gentleman.

Mrs. Pankhurst

In every paper now we shall have news of Mrs. EMMELINE PANKHURST. She has been highly successful in drawing attention to herself, and incidentally to her cause, though she and the cause seem to be getting a good ways apart. The British government, apparently, cannot do anything at the moment about votes for women; cannot change its procedure or undo any of its mistakes, for some time to come. All it can do is something about Mrs. PANKHURST, and we are all interested to see what it will do next.

It is being heartily scolded for its dealings with the militants, but perhaps it has been shrewder than it gets credit for. The militants seem to have no great volume of popular sympathy behind them. Their destructive expedients annoy and scare a great many people, most of whom are quite indifferent to their cause or the merits of their case against the government. We guess the people of England are pretty mad at the militants, and mad certainly at the government because it has not squelched them. To have so managed as to allow public opinion to reach that condition seems considerably to the government's advantage. Its objection to letting the militants starve themselves to death in prison is based, we suppose, not so much on humanitarian, as on political considerations, and if it ceased to be politically dangerous to let Mrs. PANKHURST starve herself we suppose she might be allowed to starve.

And when the British Home Secretary concludes that public opinion has reached a stage where it is safe to let Mrs. PANKHURST starve herself, Mrs. PANKHURST, who is also a politician, will conclude, we suppose, that starvation is a shot-off gun and of no further use in the existing war. And then, if she has strength enough left, she may call for her supper.

It is all very like poker, but then poker is not a game that average British statesmen know.

The "Titanic," a Year Ago

Next Monday, April 14th, is the anniversary of the loss of the *Titanic*.

We have just been through a period of news of great disasters and great loss of life by tornadoes and floods, and public sympathy has been greatly stirred by them, but it must have been often remarked that these recent distresses, bad as they have been, have not taken hold of the public mind like that single disaster a year ago. Three times as many lives (1,503) were lost by the sinking of the *Titanic* as in all the floods in the West. That made some difference, though the property loss by floods is vastly larger.

But figures, whether they concern lives or property, do not, in sensations of this sort, measure the effect on the mind. The loss of the *Titanic* was one of the most dramatic disasters that ever happened. As a story, sudden, vivid, tragic, and crowded with familiar characters, intensified by suspense and fully given in the end with all its details, it far exceeded in penetration the whole sorrowful collection of recent flood stories as the papers gave them. We notice advertisements for agents to sell books about the floods, several of which have been published. The papers could not begin to tell more than the outlines of the story of them, they were so spread out. But the whole story of the *Titanic* was told while we all listened, and it got home and it will be remembered long after we are all gone who heard it.

The siege of Lucknow made a great story that lived. The Johnstown flood made a story that was complete in one narrative, like the battle of Lexington. So the *Titanic* disaster. It seemed as if the mind and the imagination could grasp it all, and it stays as clear in memory as though it happened yesterday.

Senator Lewis

It must be a good many years since our near neighbor, the *Sun*, began to call attention to the pulchritudinous qualities of the Hon. JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS. It was while he still coruscated in the distant state of Washington, and he moved to Chicago ten years ago. What interested the *Sun* in him we forget, but it was a good deal interested and has maintained its concern and spoke of him again in the old familiar way last Sunday.

We begin to suspect that JAMES HAMILTON has a t. f. advertising contract with the *Sun* office. At any rate, he has thrived under its notice. His record is worth looking at: forty-seven years old; born (1866) in Virginia—the popular state nowadays to be born in; raised in Georgia; educated partly in the University of Virginia; studied law, was admitted to the bar (1884) in Georgia, and then (1886) lit out for Seattle, where he got promptly into politics and was elected to Congress in 1896. It took him ten years to get to Congress from the state of Washington. He moved to Chicago in 1903. He was Democratic candidate for Governor of Illinois in 1908, and was elected long-term Senator from Illinois in 1913. Ten years again.

Nothing that the *Sun* has said about JIM HAM.'S whiskers seems to have been a detriment to him. To move to Chicago and gobble up an Illinois Senatorship in ten years seems a considerable exploit, for Illinois is a great state and has sent great men to the Senate, though it is true that her last choice before LEWIS was LORIMER and she had to take him back.

Mr. LEWIS is still young and may yet move to New York and be a Senator or something from this state. He seems to be closing in on the *Sun*.

Mr. Schwab's New Captain

We seem to recall that a long time ago—oh, so long!—before the life-insurance disclosures, when 1898 had just passed across the picture screen, and the times were boom times, and the Captains of Industry were the greatest of living men, that Fellow-citizen CHARLES SCHWAB was projected to the front of the stage as a leading Captain of Industrial Captains and made a speech about education. So much water has run through the mill-wheels since then that we can't remember precisely what he said, but his speech stays vaguely in mind as a discourse in disparagement of the current processes of education as practised in the institutions maintained for that purpose and in praise and preference of the training of steel mills and such industrial seminaries.

It is no special discredit to any one to disparage, right or wrong, the current processes of academic education. Everybody's doin' it, as the song says, and they are very vulnerable, and the best authorities do no better than guess what they ought to be. But those far-off words of Citizen SCHWAB are recalled by a piece in last Sunday's newspaper that tells of the advancement of E. C. GRACE to be president of Mr. SCHWAB'S Bethlehem Steel Company.

Look at the record of this Mr. GRACE:

Mr. GRACE is the son of J. W. GRACE of Goshen, New Jersey, a retired sea captain. His earlier school days were spent at Pennington Seminary, where he figured prominently in athletics, baseball being his hobby. From Pennington Mr. GRACE entered Lehigh University in the electrical-engineering course. At Lehigh Mr. GRACE was valedictorian of his class, played baseball four years, and was captain of the team for two years. On graduating in June, 1899, Mr. GRACE went to the Bethlehem Steel Company and set to running an electric crane.

And now at thirty-eight he is captain of Mr. SCHWAB'S steel-works, in spite of going to school, going to college—the engineering course, to be sure—being at the top of his class, and playing earnest academic baseball for four years. So at least, if our memory of that far-off speech is right, Citizen SCHWAB is a wise man, who cares no more than EMERSON for consistency and does not let a preconceived theory stand in the way of his appreciation of facts.

Dancing the Trot

We read about the prevalence of the turkey trot in certain restaurants in New York with very much the same sense of remoteness with which we read of the operations of the Montenegrins before Scutari.

Who under heaven go to restaurants to dance the turkey trot, and why, why, why do they do it? It seems that the Mayor has ordered these places to be closed at one o'clock at night, which seems reasonable enough.

Who has time and strength to eat and drink and dance the trot after one o'clock?

But it seems they do it now in the afternoon, too, crowds of distraught people.

Amazing!

Who has time in this working season of the year to dance in the afternoon? People used to do it at summer hotels, but not the trot. Not that the trot seems to be so bad now. We read that it is decent enough, as a rule, but that it is a prevailing craze.

Well, well! this is a strange world and very much replenished with partly demented people. Here is our President and Congress working overtime to reduce the tariff and the cost of living so that the public can subsist, and here's our Mayor, a good deal bothered, apparently, because so many people insist on dancing in restaurants in the afternoon and after one o'clock at night.

So hard it is to reconcile the facts of life!

Taft and Yale

The country approved and applauded Mr. TAFT'S decision to go back to Yale and become a teacher of law. It was a fine solution of the problem of "what to do with our ex-Presidents," which in this free country is really the problem of what an American who has been President shall do with himself. He could make no wiser or more blameless use of his abilities and his experience.

Excellent, too, was the way Yale received him—a bit boisterously, as is the habit of youth, but heartily and joyously and for himself. As one American rises to the highest political eminence from academic antecedents another American retires from that same eminence to academic walks. It is good for the colleges. It is certainly not bad for the country.

Inviting Trouble

In recognizing this emancipation of the Chinese the American Republic reflects a new emancipation of its own.—*The World.*

The Chinese have overthrown a dynasty and are now living under a dictatorship. Is that, in the opinion of the *World*, the sort of "emancipation" that has come to the American Republic? Nobody living can foresee the consequences of recognition by the United States of Mr. YUAN SHI-KAI as the government of China. It is a leap in the dark and full of peril.

Responding to the Bugle Call

The Colonel seems to think he is still President. Anyhow, he sent this message:

To the Progressives in Congress: I greet you, the men of the stout heart and firm faith, who dare to stand up to your colors and fight the people's contest.

Whereupon the men of the stout heart calmly marched into the Republican caucus, voted for JAMES R. MANN for Speaker, and grabbed all the committee assignments they could lay their greedy hands upon.

Wherein We Differ

HARPER'S WEEKLY, in its farewell to President TAFT, says of the TAFT wing of the Republican party: "What is left of your party still stands for preservation and not for destruction, for sense and not for sheer and unruled impulse." That is as near as HARPER'S has the courage to show in what direction its sympathies lie. If it were frank, it would plainly say that, if it were Republican, it would line up with CRANE, ROOT, BRADLEY, and the other party wreckers.—*Warren (Minnesota) Register.*

But, being disingenuous and notoriously timid, it merely reiterates its preference for preservation to destruction and for a government of sense to one of unrestrained impulse.

From the Olive-Tree

The respect, confidence, and affection of a nation—those are the gifts with which the sovereign sentiment of the people dower CHAMP CLARK at the sixty-third milestone of the straight white road. The Republic is proud to congratulate him.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Reprinted in the *Commoner*.

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LONDON: 45 ALBEMARLE STREET, W.
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Entered at the New York Post-office as second-class matter

The Godless Good and Real Religion

THE London *Spectator* has recently published a seriously intended article on the "Godless Good" which has elicited numerous letters in reply varying all along the scale from those who indignantly deny that any one not officially and formally connected with a creed or a sect should dare to attempt to be good (quoting article thirteen that "works done before the grace of Christ . . . have the nature of sin") to those who boldly say that grace is not necessarily allied to creeds, and those who hope, as does the original article itself, that the time is at hand when "God-fearing men and women may claim boldly and openly to belong to the same company as the godless good." "From our point of view," says the writer for the *Spectator*, "these latter are the recipients of the direct grace of God, a gift which He still bestows upon the unthankful who render Him no service but the sweet-smelling odor of their good deeds. . . . The godless good are blind men destined to arise and show a light to the righteous, a light which reveals the latest discovered attribute of God, His magnanimity." Probably the only objection which the godless good would make to that statement is, that if he rendered but one service, at least he chose, in good works, the most difficult of them all.

But if there were no reason for unfaith one might take it for granted that these "blind men" would not so abound and certainly would not so rapidly increase as they have done in the past two generations. To be livable, Life demands indeed some faith in ultimate issues, haunted as it is even in its happiest moments by disease, division, and death, and that vast uncertainty that lies beyond. Divert himself as he may, the thinking man cannot accept such a world, evanescent in its duration, full of misery and anguish as it passes, as an ultimate reason for joy. The doctrine of the joy of mere living is widely preached, but life regarded as a mere span of years in a difficult world of individual, much-thwarted effort is hard to accept as a completely satisfying good. The "gloomy wherefore of our battlefields" is rarely solved save in the spirit. There have been reasons for the increase of what the *Spectator* calls the godless good. One of these reasons has been the misunderstanding or a very limited understanding of the course of modern science and its reaction on philosophy. A second reason has been the fuller and freer comprehension of the conditions under which we live. And the third, and far and away the weightiest of all reasons has been the godly themselves and the perfectly obvious fact that creeds could not shape or control individual conduct. Indeed, the godly wicked are far more to blame for the swift increase of the godless good than they fancy.

The advance of physical science upset the cosmography of the definitely outlined religions. If it were proved that the verbal inspiration of a set of scriptures could not be relied on, that no one book contained the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, those who built a faith in such a harbor must of course put out to sea again. Philosophy was disturbed and began founding the universe anew on the thinking subject. Concentration upon the physical sciences led many to set their faith in sheer brute fact and to believe that brain-power would take the place of spiritual ideals.

But, undoubtedly, the very greatest stumbling-block has been the divorce between creeds and conduct. Religion as a mode of thought, a habit of mind, and a rule of conduct produced men not unlike the godless good; men good and bad alike; men faithful and untrustworthy, kind and selfish. Above all, religion, which is nothing if not the binding and the healing power that draws men together, was a fertile source of war, of sectarian animosity, of cruelty, distrust, and hatred. It was only natural that the thinking should demand that here and now should be proved the validity of spiritual ideals.

The first opposition to be noted between religion and life is perhaps that creeds are static while life is fluid. Life is continuous change, a living demand for action, readjustment, progress; it is incessant creation; it is vital movement. Nothing is still but death. Unless, then, creeds move, change, adjust, grow, struggle, men must continue to meet the same dilemma that he faces to-day. His creed is outworn and will not tally with the facts or the demands of reality.

Goodness itself changes in form and quality and demands with time. What was goodness in the thirteenth century would land a man in the penitentiary to-day. It is told as one of the feats of MICHAEL ANGELO that he was especially clever at copying the old masters and then so smudging and dirtying the drawings as to have them mistaken for the originals; so he was enabled, writes his admiring, contemporary biographer, to sell his imitations as originals and retain the real drawings for himself. To-day this would hardly redound to a man's credit, though it added to MICHAEL ANGELO'S value, and no one at that day seems to have thought of it as in any way detracting from his morals. "A man's morals are not likely to differ from those of his environment and his time," said a good and kindly man. "When I went into the lumber business success meant crowding out the smaller dealers. Sometimes we bought them up; sometimes we absorbed them or undersold them; but by hook or by crook we pushed all the smaller dealers out of the business on this peninsula." That man was a good man according to the day, but if one read aright the signs of the times it is not a far cry to the time when people will open their eyes at that straightforward confession as they do now at the story of MICHAEL ANGELO'S forgeries. It is possible that certain religions have been too well satisfied with a static ideal of conduct and that reforms have been left too exclusively to the godless good. Was it not LUTHER himself who warned his followers: "There is no finished achievement; all is in the making. We do not see the end, but only the road. The full splendor is not yet, but only the refining process which must continue"? And is it not just this that MEREDITH points to when he cautions us to

> "See in mold the rose unfold
> The soul through blood and tears"?

"From the depths of doubt," writes a great religious philosopher, "there has grown up the axiomatic certainty that we are rooted in another order of things." To any true conception of the religious life there must go long periods of doubt; the great analysis of the failure of creeds to cope with life. One learns through the mind that it is the will and the heart that can most fully enlarge life in the end. Our age is putting a new and a better content into the old forms of Christianity. Is this new form not shadowed forth by the evident concern to-day of man for man? By the renewed interest and faith in education, prevention of crime, extension of mercy and justice? The new Christianity will be ever more and more penetrated by the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The only religion that can carry weight with humanity to-day is one which puts care of human life and character above riches, success, and acclaim. It is willing, after the manner of CHRIST Himself, to uphold all sorts of unpopular causes at the cost of loss and failure, aye, if necessary, of crucifixion again. Those who continue to uphold the order of this world—inequality of opportunity, lack of protection for the weak and down-trodden, may go to church till they drop in their tracks, but no man will be made better by it. The tendency of any true religion is to be practical. It means the care of the poor and the wretched, the protection of labor, education, equality of opportunity, and amelioration of environment. It means a renewing of the social conscience, a willingness to shift and alter economic conditions for the sake of the many at the cost of the one. As the church becomes socialized and the social conscience spiritualized, religion will be vivified.

The great value of religion is its power of binding together human souls. The flaw in the sectarianism now so swiftly passing was that it bound together a few in intense antagonism to others. But the mark of the new religious temper is peace, tolerance, inclusiveness, a wide and trustful outlook, a far vision. Fear, division, bitterness, are the hall-marks of the conquered sectarian. We can believe a man religious only when we see him consider himself and others under some universal aspect; when we see pushing through his thought and life the greater power that breaks down barriers; when we see in his daily life the stirrings of eternal life.

We may find this in the disinterested searchings of the scientist; in the struggles of the honest doubter; in the ever-renewed effort of the philosopher; in the simple man who has given up trying to think out the scheme of existence, but is living helpfully, mercifully, day by day. But in one place we shall not find the marks of true religion, and that is in the life of the satisfied believer who thinks he has reached the goal and is yet content to see one barrier set up between himself and the rest of life. For religion extends as far as the Whole, and the truly religious man will have as kindly a smile for the heading "the godless good" as he has for the godly wicked who daily beset his path.

Correspondence

GOLD PRODUCTION

DAYTON, O., *January 24, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—There are fashions in all things, and it seems now the fashion to attribute many of our economic ills to the large production of gold. At first it was largely the soap-box orators and a few theorists who exploited this theory, but now it seems it has extended to the railroads, as evidenced in the recent article in your pages entitled "The Two Dromios of Trade." This, of course, is a special plea to be allowed to raise rates, and perhaps it would have been better to have based it on the acknowledged increased cost of doing business rather than on a theory which will not stand the test of common sense. The question is not whether the value of gold will fluctuate under certain conditions, but whether it actually has done so. The trouble with most of these gold theorists is that they have too great a respect for natural law. Now undoubtedly that pound of feathers would fall at just the same rate as the pound of iron in a vacuum, but in practical life they always fall in the air and the iron wins out. So with the law of supply and demand undoubtedly the value of gold, as other commodities, is dependent on this law and is affected in the same manner when the conditions are the same. But do not conditions vary with the nature of the commodity? Take strawberries and wheat, for instance. Strawberries must be sold and eaten in a few days or they perish; consequently, the supply in existence is the supply for sale, and in case of overproduction they press on the market until it does not pay to pick and market them. Wheat, however, may be stored for future use, and when the price becomes attractive enough the speculator will buy and withhold from the supply for sale.

Then take wheat and houses. Wheat when used once is gone forever—used up we say; houses can be used day after day with only a small depreciation. Hence we can rent them to others (I use rent in the common, not the economic sense). When there is an over-production of wheat the price is forced down until it is speculatively attractive. When there is an oversupply of houses, as a great proportion are built to rent, the competition of landlords first forces the rents down, and as this makes them unattractive as investments numbers are thrown on the market and the price follows the rents. There is also this difference to be noted: the year's output of wheat, with the exception of a varying surplus carried over to the next season, is used up each year; the year's output of houses, less the number destroyed, is added to the previous stock on hand to be reckoned with.

Now gold resembles houses in these two particulars: there is a certain depreciation in the stock due to the fact that some is used up in the arts and as money; it suffers some loss of weight from wear, although the use of gold certificates has reduced this greatly in late years, so that the net production of the year is added to that previously on hand to find the amount on hand. If this be done it will be found that even doubling the production will make a very small percentage of difference in the total stock. Also gold can be "rented" or loaned for interest, and as in houses, if there is an over-production of gold, it will be first felt in the rates of interest.

Now if we suspected an over-production in strawberries we would go down to the city market or corner grocery and find if we could buy them at four for a quarter. If of wheat we would seek the quotations made on the Chicago grain market and the great markets of Europe. If of houses we would go to the rental and real-estate agencies.

Now if the railroads suspect an over-production of gold, why not take the common-sense plan of going to the money markets of the world? Is gold so cheap and idle that investors are crowding to the counters of the bond-houses and bidding for the railroad bonds? Their answer will be found in the short-term notes they have been issuing at high rates of interest? Are the stock-exchanges wild with the bull markets that are caused by cheap and idle money? The quotations and volume of transactions do not show it.

The final solution of our financial problems will come not through a plan by experts for the altruistic control of our credit by themselves, but by the common-sense application of the ordinary principles of common business to the finances of the country. I have now relieved my mind.

GEORGE L. LA RUE.

TWENTY-EIGHTH OR TWENTY-NINTH

EAST DEDHAM, MASS., *March 10, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your last issue in the article "The New Era," by A. Maurice Low, the writer calls Woodrow Wilson the twenty-eighth President. Permit me to inquire how he is the twenty-eighth when only twenty-six different individuals have preceded him in the Presidential office. If Cleveland is to be counted twice, why not Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, each of whom was twice elected.

I am, sir,
FRANK M. BAILEY.

There is conflict of opinion whether Mr. Wilson should be termed the twenty-seventh or twenty-eighth President. Presidents who served two consecutive terms are, by nearly all American historians, numerically described by their first term; thus Washington is always the first President, not the first and second; Jefferson the third, and not the third or fourth, etc. Mr. Cleveland was both the twenty-second and twenty-fourth because Harrison intervened, and to term him the twenty-second President in his second administration when there had already been a twenty-third President would be confusing. The weight of opinion is in favor of describing Mr. Wilson as the twenty-eighth President.

I am, sir,
A. MAURICE LOW.

THE LATE IMMIGRATION BILL

BALTIMORE, MD., *February 22, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—President Taft should have signed that immigration bill. True, it was not perfect; no measure for the restriction of immigration can be perfect, because human judgment and foresight cannot perfectly separate the honest, industrious, and healthy applicant from the undesirable one, who may become an anarchist or a militant suffragist. The bill passed the Senate comfortably over the veto, and lacked but a few votes of the necessary two-thirds in the House. The country is ready for further restriction. As Senator Lodge, who spoke ardently in favor of the bill, said, it is the steamship companies who stand opposed. And I take my hat off to Lodge when he discusses immigration.

I am, sir.
R. E. S.

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OUR GOVERNOR

DRAWN BY C. J. BUDD

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King Ferdinand of Bulgaria

Uneasy Heads

Some Timely Gossip of the Balkan Courts

By C. Powell-Napier



King Carol of Roumania

MANY people who know Bulgaria foretell that King Ferdinand's court will give way to a republic, with Mr. Daneff at its head; that Servia and Montenegro will follow suit, possibly under Prime-Minister Pashitsch, and that Roumania's monarch will be sent back to Germany, whence he came. Who knows? Events move quickly nowadays; plots are rife in eastern Europe and dark pages have yet to be written in Balkan history, even minus the Turk.

For general tone and decorum the Bulgarian court comes first. You find no trace of "Merry Widow," or "Balkan Princess" atmosphere here. It is dignified —and deadly dull. The King can hardly be blamed for escaping from it whenever state affairs give him the least excuse for running over to Vienna, Paris, or Petersburg. It is even duller than the Russian court, where various forms of spiritism make time pass uncannily, if not agreeably.

And yet there is no denying the fact that King Ferdinand is the greatest personality on any throne to-day. His astuteness and versatility are enormous. He is so well informed that one almost forgets one is listening to a monarch. He talks well, he is a brilliant botanist, a distinguished historian, an astute statesman, and, at bottom, a simple, kind-hearted gentleman. He has done more for his adopted country than the Bulgarians will admit. He found them a nation of barefooted, ignorant peasants, has given them education, and as much culture as was possible in twenty-five years. He has taught them how to exploit the natural riches of their country, and has spent much of his own large private fortune to help them on the road to civilization. Why is he unpopular? Why was he given the choice between war and exile in that peremptory way? Why was he justly so alarmed for his own safety at the beginning of the armistice that he crept quietly back to his capital, without any of that pomp his heart loves? These are questions he is credited with asking himself very often. After more than twenty-five years' reign he has failed to establish himself on the throne that the Bulgars themselves offered him.

King Ferdinand's enemies say his ruling passion is ambition. From his bib-and-tucker days he has longed for a throne. He has enjoyed almost every moment of kingship, in spite of plots, gout, war, and a morbid fear of infection. But one morning lately he felt weary, for he said to his doctor, "I must be really ill to-day." For the first time in my life I asked myself, as I awoke, "Is it worth while being a king?" Nothing pleases him more than to be called "Your Majesty" at frequent intervals, or told he is like King Edward. He loves flowers so passionately that, even when down at the front, his table, in the railway-car that was his home, had to be decked with them daily. He pauses at his meals to caress them with his white, shapely hands, of which he is as proud as a woman. He will not allow an army surgeon near him, nor would he go within sight of cholera tents. He puts his family and household into quarantine for the slightest indisposition. He refused to see the Queen for weeks after she returned from nursing the cholera patients down at Adrianople. This quarantine rule has become quite a joke in the palace, and some suspect that he has hit on it as a riddance of troublesome courtiers, or family jars. He never forgets a face, and makes up for his humors by delicate little attentions and compliments, so gracefully paid that their value is enhanced. When angry, he is very angry, but soon recovers. He has his household watched, even when at a distance. He knows just how each member has spent the day and covers him with disgrace who dares make even a short call at any foreign embassy. He cannot bear to think they are discussing his affairs for the benefit of the great Powers. "Diplomats always pump everybody, and why not my suite?" he says. Dining or lunching out is taboo, except as a very special favor. His suite is jealously cut off from the outer world. This accounts for much dullness. He is an excellent father, and was a devoted son. Even now he cannot speak of his late mother without emotion. She seems to have earned Bismarck's definition of her as "The only man in the Orléans family." When she died, her son, who had already lost his first wife, to whom he was devoted, became lonelier than ever.

Some four years ago he married the Princess Eleonora of Reuss, one of those small German states whose rulers have been there for centuries, and intermarried with all the great reigning houses. The lady was verging on fifty. She had lived the semi-independent life of the unmarried woman, had been much in Russia, where she took charge of her own hospital during the war with Japan. She is a lifelong friend of the Tsar and Tsarina. Ferdinand came often to the Russian court, where he had been coldly received ever since he accepted the Bulgarian crown. For years he worked to better his position there. One day, it was hinted to him that an alliance with Princess Eleonora would do in a day what he had vainly striven after for years. But the lady did not attract him. Her cleverness is not the kind to appeal to him, who needs an imposing intellect, as his mother had, or a very subtle one, like his first wife's. He hung fire for some time. The Russian court grew chillier than ever. Even kings are human. Once more ambition gave way to inclination. The marriage was "arranged." He could not complain that his bride was indifferent.



Helene Vacaresco

And so one of the most admirable women in European courts is now a full-fledged queen. The poor and the wounded soldiers love her. Sofia society, except those just around her, does not. A more lovable woman never shared the onerous drudgery of a throne. She has been described as ugly. It is a libel. Her nose is too broad and flat, but her face is so mobile, her hazel eyes so full of kindly humor, her soft voice so full of music, that her one ugly feature is more than redeemed. She shares a keen sense of humor with the rest of the family. She is a splendid manageress and rules her many charitable institutions in a way the best-trained matron might well envy. She is never happier than when relieving distress, and takes good care her money is well spent. Having given her own private fortune for her husband's poorest subjects, she is often hard pressed for funds; but she generally manages to get them, and philanthropists cannot do better than help her whose spending is so wise. She reads a great deal, especially English books. She can tell, and enjoy, a good story. She has the air of disliking the pomp her lord loves. Were they a simple, every-day couple, you would say to your bosom friends, "But, my dear, how *could* they be expected to hit it off?"

Till he left in disgrace, some months back, old Baron Eckdorfstein, the princes' over-governor, gave the royal children more fun than anybody. He was a rigid, fidgety old Prussian, always complaining. Last spring, under the plea that his neighbor, Baron Bernsdorff, snored so loud that he could not sleep, he changed his rooms from the wing to the main body of the palace, much to the disgust of the princes, who determined to get rid of him. They soon hit on a plan. His new quarters were so far from the telephone that he had to pass many corridors and cross a large hall to get to it. One morning he got so urgent a call that he hastened out in his pajamas. On his way back he found the way stopped. Each corridor and stairway held a sentry, who solemnly declared His Royal Highness the Crown Prince had given orders that nobody was to pass. The princes themselves guarded two exits, and the poor old Baron spent an awful quarter of an hour rushing wildly about the large hall, and dodging behind pillars when a minister passed through on his way to the King. The suite, hearing roars of laughter, came to look and laugh. The joke worked so well that the Baron petitioned the King to go back to his old quarters that very day. But he grew crustier and crustier. The crisis was reached when, furious that a reception was going on in the palace when he wanted to sleep, he rose, locked all the dressing-room doors, and took the keys to his room. Some of the household gave him a good shaking, the King heard of it and sent him off on unlimited leave. His greatest foe, Baron Bernsdorff, had had no summons to go to the King for weeks and weeks, and was getting quite uneasy, as the man who does not enjoy royal conversation frequently soon loses prestige at court. But at last a gendarme came and told him he was not to stir from his rooms that day, as the King might want him. Bernsdorff waited and waited. At last, three weeks later, somebody mentioned his name before the King, who exclaimed, "Good God! I told him to wait in for me three weeks ago." He sent and found the poor old Prussian still waiting; through three weeks of glorious Balkan spring weather he had not dared leave his rooms.

The King of Roumania has not mastered the language of his adopted country even after forty years. His German pronunciation makes something so strange when he delivers an address in Roumanian in Parliament that none of his listeners pretend to understand what he says. As Roumanian is like Italian, it is especially hard for Teutons to pronounce well. The Queen speaks it much better. King Carol is another unpopular monarch. Not but that the Roumanians respect him and recognize that he has done much for their country. But they cannot bear his pro-Austrian policy, which he keeps all to himself, as it were, never taking ministers into his confidence. The events of the winter have aroused discontent. But he has many good points, though he is now too old to exercise the authority he once did. The character of the Roumanian court of twenty, and even ten, years ago is lost. The King no longer feels equal to entertaining. The Queen, who used to make it a center of cultivated talents, who encouraged all the arts, wrote poetry, played, and drew herself, also feels the weight of years. Clever and interesting people are still welcome, but there are no more receptions where you once met the flower of the world's talent.

When Carmen Silva went to Roumania as a bride the ladies of the *boyard* class treated her with marked

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disdain. True, they went to court, as ladies will, but they called her *La Princesse Vide* (The Empty Princess), a play on her title of Princess of Wied, because she was neither rich nor connected with the great reigning houses. They thought nothing of the arts which Her Majesty loved so well. Proud of their vast wealth and ancient lineage, they thought it below the dignity of well-born women to know anything at all, and the idea of one of them putting pen to paper was worse than eloping with a friend's husband. So the Queen had uphill work to introduce at court that atmosphere of cultivation for which it has since become famous. But she succeeded at last, and though the Bibescos, the Ghikas, and the Philipescos, and the rest of the aristocracy held aloof for some time, they finally fell in with her ideas, and the general tone of Roumania has changed so much that, if Carmen Silva came into their country as a bride today she would be idolized for those very qualities that caused her unpopularity when she was young.

One might almost accuse the Roumanians of not knowing what they do want in a monarch, or consort. King Carol is respected, but not loved. His services for the country are acknowledged but faintly; his faults magnified. Even the austere purity of his private life, and the total absence of the least breath of scandal in his and his consort's court, do not get the credit they deserve, for the shortcomings of *La Petite Cour* are made much of, and one would have thought that the virtues of the old one would have been magnified in proportion. But not so. King Carol is accused of parsimony, of dullness, and of keeping the country's foreign policy a dead secret. Not a cabinet minister had shared it, it is true; but not one has ever asked to share it, so that the whole responsibility of peace or war rests with the aged king. His old years are full of burdens. He is by no means pleased with *La Petite Cour*, as the Crown Prince's household is called. And yet he does things for the Crown Princess which seem to go against his conscience. The fact is, the dear old gentleman has grown senile and Princess Marie turns him round her little finger.

Princess Marie came into the country some two decades ago as a demi-goddess. She was all Carmen Silva had not been. She was rich and wonderfully connected. Her relationship with the royal houses of Russia, England, and Germany, her extreme youth, her dazzling beauty, put all society at her feet. Society altered its view years ago, and the princess and her husband are more unpopular than Carmen Silva and Prince Carol have ever been.

More than twenty years ago, when Crown-Prince Ferdinand was quite a young man, he fell in love with Hélène de Vacaresco, a beautiful maid of honor of whom Carmen Silva was very fond. The Vacarescos had reigned in Roumania earlier in the country's history, and had produced more than their share of politicians and patriots. Hélène was the daughter of John Vacaresco, who had distinguished himself in the war against the Turks, and in diplomacy as well. He was rich and respected. His daughter was a poetess. This in itself was enough to make the other *boyard* ladies dislike her, and, when it was known that Crown-Prince Ferdinand was engaged to marry her, their indignation knew no bounds. If their future king was to marry a Roumanian, why not one of their daughters? Their logic will appeal to any mother with daughters on her hands, but it did not appeal to Prince Ferdinand, who insisted on declaring himself Hélène Vacaresco's affianced husband. The court and country were agog with the question. People took sides, for and against. Queen Carmen Silva, who adored the young girl, was for it; so was the King, at first, thinking that an alliance with an old *boyard* family would be good for his dynasty. The peasants, who knew the young poetess and for whom Vacaresco was a household word that occurred time and oft in their folk-songs of dead heroes, were for her, too. But peasants are of little account in Roumania; the *boyard* clique, far more powerful then than now, hated the idea of a match that they might have made for one of their daughters, and fought hard against it.



Marie—Roumania's unpopular Crown Princess

They finally won over the King. The beautiful Hélène was banished from court; Prince Ferdinand was sent to Europe to look for another wife; Hélène's father was sent on a diplomatic mission which kept him and his family out of the country for years. The jealous *boyards* would have banished the lovely young girl for life, but here the King and the Vacarescos' friends refused so sternly that even her bitterest enemies were obliged to desist. Hélène was asked to renounce her lover, but refused. Her disgrace was complete.



King Peter of Servia

When watching Prince Ferdinand's listless face at some function I often wonder if he ever thinks of those early days, when he was scarcely kept from suicide from sheer despair and made a tour of Europe in search of a wife. One cannot think he loves the class that spoil the best dream of his life. The ambitious party who now had the King on their side first sent him to England. He asked for the hand of Princess Maud, daughter of Edward, then Prince of Wales. Queen Victoria was not averse to the match; she would have chosen German husbands for the whole family. But Edward, who knew the Vacarescos, and the story of Hélène's engagement, would not hear of it. "The boy is in love with another woman," he said. "I won't risk my daughter's happiness like that." The next visit was to the Court of Hesse Darmstadt, where the Princess dreamed of an alliance with the Tsarevitch, and did not even trouble to come and see the suitor from Roumania. Prince Ferdinand returned home and became insistent for the marriage with Hélène. There was a moment when it seemed as though the pair of lovers would have their own way. But the Duchess of Edinburgh stepped in. This lady, who was a Romanoff and had married the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, had made a vow that all her daughters should be queens. Her eldest, Princess Marie, was scarcely sixteen, but she proposed marriage with Ferdinand. The fact that he loved another girl did not concern her. The idea pleased the Roumanians, who were doing all they could to prevent one of their own race from sharing the throne. The King, too, was dazzled with an alliance with so many royal houses. After any amount of fuss and trouble the marriage took place. Princess Marie had an indifferent husband. She is said to have shed many bitter tears during the first few years of her married life. Then, as she grew into womanhood, for she was married when barely sixteen, her heart seems to have hardened. To-day, she often tells her intimates, "I am a second Catherine the Great of Russia." Her cynicism has shocked even those who plotted for her marriage. Her many adventures have ceased to surprise, but the best Roumanians hold aloof from her court. Now that the days of her accession must be very near, for the aged King grows feebler and feebler, people who once were at her feet speak of Hélène de Vacaresco with regret. From being their idol, Princess Marie has become a byword. She is called "Catherine the Great without the brains." Probably not fifty per cent. of the stories about her are true, but the fact remains that she has lost her future subjects' respect. Her husband remains indifferent. Though inspector-in-chief of the army, he plays little part in public life. He goes out to social entertainments, where he sits, or stands, looking listless and bored. His people say there is absolutely nothing in him. The general idea is that his consort will hold the reins of government. The pity is that neither has chosen as friends those calculated to work for the country's good. And the strangest feature of the whole business is her growing influence on King Carol.

Of the two remaining courts, that of Servia is the least attractive. Some shadow of the ghastly events of six or seven years ago, when the brutal murder of Alexander and his queen put Peter on his throne, still hangs over it. Court life there is none. True, King Peter has a good chef, and asks his subjects and the foreign legations to dinner. But the palace has the air of a bachelor household not too well managed. To the balls comes all Belgrade, including the tinker, tailor, and candlestick-maker. The King has a strained look in his beady, restless eyes. One day, in a fit of expansiveness, he said to the writer: "I know I shall not die a natural death. All the Kings of Servia have been murdered." He himself killed Prince Michel Obrenovitch forty years ago, hoping to reach for the crown. But he had forgotten a child of the Obrenovitch house, who lived with an old aunt in Vienna, and reigned as King Milan. It was many years before he got his second opportunity. That Russia had a big share in the Alexander and Draga murders there can be no doubt; and Peter played into their hands, and has been the Tsar's humble servant ever since. The bulk of the Servian people knew nothing about the plot, started primarily because Alexander refused to be dictated to by Russia, and fed by Draga's arrogance. King Peter's health is very bad, so he may yet break the record and die quietly in his bed. He has constant fainting fits. His second son, Prince Alexander, who will probably succeed him, is a quiet, rather nervous youth. His eldest, Prince George, is too excitable to hold the reins of government. Even now, Pashitsch, the radical Prime Minister, is the real king. His astuteness and calm have done much to bring the country out of the cloud into which the Obrenovitch murders placed it. He dreams of a huge Servia in which the Montenegrins will be united with his own country, and encourages all Montenegrin malcontents. Peter is so unpopular with Montenegrins that the thing seems a dream unless Servia becomes a republic, as many radicals would have it. When Peter goes down to the Skouptshina, or parliament, to talk to his deputies, these never trouble to stand up. He is given to understand that he is king only so long as his subjects think fit. Many ill-natured stories of the Belgrade court go the round of the Balkans. The latest is about a pearl necklace. At a state dinner-party, given just before the war, His Majesty admired some pearls that one of the foreign ladies wore. At a request from somebody she slipped them off and they were handed round on a silver salver. Suddenly the lights went out for a second. When they came up again the pearls had gone. The King apologized, saying he felt sure it was only a joke, and that if the lights were again put out the pearls would appear on the salver. The lights went out again; but, on relighting, it was found that the salver had gone the way of the pearls! There was a tremendous fuss, and the lady recovered her jewels a few days later. This shows Servia in a very bad light, but the following story, which is perfectly true, shows up the simple nature of the Servian peasant. During the armistice a Servian soldier in the Adrianople trenches was anxious to celebrate his *slava* (a kind of patriarchal feast), by giving his comrades wine. As there was none in the camp he set out with a couple of jugs and got into the Turkish outposts, where he was arrested and brought up before the officer in command. "What are you doing here with these jugs?" demanded the Turk. The Serb, with the utmost simplicity, explained that he wanted wine for his *slava* and thought he could get it in the besieged city. The Turk thought for a moment, and then said: "Well, I admire people who keep up their religious customs. You can't go into the city, but I will send for some wine. But don't come into our outposts again. You might get shot." A Turkish soldier was sent with the two jugs, and returned with them full of wine. The Serb wanted to pay, but the officer would not hear of it. "It is my present for



Roumania's beautiful Princess Elizabeth

your *slava*," he said. I have told this story to show the difference between the intriguing educated classes in Belgrade and the simplicity of the Servian peasant who fights the country's battles. Many a time, during this war, the soldiers took a position on their own initiative when the officers thought it too dangerous. Once, at Prilep, they stormed and took a fort. "Well," said the sergeant, "we saw the spirit of Tsar Doushan, who was sitting on a fence, and he said, 'Go on, children; this is the best time to take that fort.'" And they went and took it while their officers were asleep. The war has astonished people, who thought all Serbs were like the plotters and politicians of Belgrade. The country people have always been the same—simple, honest, brave. It is only at

(Continued on page 26)

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ENGLAND'S UNPOPULAR CONSERVATIVES

Their Plight is Due to their Lack of Convictions and Leaders

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

THE Conservative party in Great Britain has almost ceased to exist. Ten years ago it was a mighty and triumphant host that had just lost, it is true, the leadership of Lord Salisbury, but that looked forward with a not unjustifiable confidence to many years of power under the command of Mr. Balfour. To-day it is little more than a rabble and a rump. Ten years ago it stood for something; it had, what every party must have to keep alive, a faith. To-day no one knows what its policy is on anything or whether it has any policy at all. Ten years ago it was strong in the possession of many notable personalities. To-day Mr. Balfour has retired from its councils, Mr. Chamberlain has for long been out of the firing-line, no successors have been found for the stalwart free-traders who seceded from the ranks at the time of the great split, and the land is almost bare of coming men. I do not know of more than three of the younger Conservatives who show promise of real ability and distinction. A feeling of bitter and helpless despair has settled over the party. It seems incapable of taking a definite line on any question of public policy and holding to it. The new session has revealed it in the depths of confusion and impotence. It has lost all stomach for the Parliamentary fight; it dare not even face the electors. Normally, after seven years of office it is the government that goes stale and loses influence and popularity. In this case it is the opposition.

The Liberals at this moment are as full of vigor as in the brave days of 1906 when for the first time in twenty years they found themselves not merely in office, but in power and at the head of a commanding majority. They have had their ups and downs since then, but they are still a united and aggressive party, with their energy unspent and ready to tackle undertakings as great as those they have already carried to success. The country may at times gasp under the Niagara of legislation which has marked the Liberal governments of the past seven years. There may be moments when it is inclined to cry out for some relief from the stunning cataract of bills. But when it ponders the only method in which relief can be had—by placing the Conservatives in power—it decides to leave things as they are. No country that still kept a hold on political sanity could contemplate being governed by Mr. Bonar Law and his followers as they are to-day. They are as unfit for office as were the American Democrats from 1896 to 1904, and they are not less divided among themselves. All parties from time to time pass through the valley of adversity. The British Liberals at the time of the Boer War seemed, if anything, even more hopeless and distracted than are their opponents at this moment. But there was this very important difference: The Liberals split over an issue that could not last indefinitely and that every day brought nearer and nearer to extinction. The Boer War was at once an abnormal and a temporary incident, and the quarrels it engendered, though exceedingly fierce, tended naturally to quiet down when the cause that had provoked them had itself disappeared. But the Unionist dissensions have their root in a question to which no time limit can be set—the question, namely, of the fiscal basis on which British trade is to be conducted. So long as there is a single trader left in Great Britain he will want to know with what sort of a tariff policy he has to reckon; and that is precisely what the Conservatives are incapable of telling him. The issue is recurrent and eternal; it belongs to the foundations of things; and until the Conservatives are able to come to some agreement upon it they can never be an effective or coherent party.

It is almost ten years to a day since Mr. Chamberlain launched his protectionist campaign. Two motives inspired him. One was the conviction that without preferential trade arrangements between Great Britain and the self-governing Dominions the Empire would fall to pieces. The other was that British trade was declining, and under the system of free imports would continue to decline, and that only a wholesale reversion to protection could establish it. Mr. Chamberlain recognized that to give any real preference to the dominions it would be necessary for the British people to submit to a tax on their imports of corn and wheat and dairy produce and live-stock and meat. It was this tax that killed, and, so far as one can see, will always kill, the programme he put forward. It was in vain that he and his supporters argued that the foreigner would pay the food taxes; that they were not to be imposed on maize and bacon, so that the food of the very poor might not be increased in price; that they would involve no sacrifice; that the sacrifice was worth making for the sake of the Empire; that the workman's budget would not be burdened by so much as an extra farthing a week; that any rise in the price of bread would be more than compensated by the remission of other taxes; that the price of the home supply of breadstuffs would be unaffected by the tax; and that the farmers, none the less, would greatly benefit. This amazing series of assertions, each happily framed to cancel the other, very well illustrates the lack of clear thinking which from the very beginning marked the protectionist propaganda.

Indeed, every statement and prophecy on which Mr. Chamberlain ventured in 1903 has been falsified by the experience of the past ten years, and every test by which he sought to prove the decay of British trade has served merely to show its gigantic and increasing expansion. Instead of a decade of ruin Great Britain has had a decade of records, and the yearly Board of Trade figures have made the whole case for protection ridiculous. The stars in their courses have fought against Mr. Chamberlain. He had the misfortune to float his agitation at what proved to be the commencement of a long period of booming trade, rising profits, and lessening unemployment, while at three successive elections the British people have conclusively demonstrated their determination to adhere to the fiscal policy which has served them so splendidly for nearly seventy years.

Yet from the moment of its inception the Chamberlain movement gathered to itself an immense support. It captured the enthusiasm of the Imperialists, who hope and work for the federation of the Empire; after a severe struggle which tore the party in twain and led to the secession of some of its ablest members, it was imposed upon the Unionists as their official policy; and, naturally, enough, most of the manufacturers in the kingdom favored it. But Mr. Balfour himself never accepted it whole-heartedly or without some wide reservations; his lukewarmness irritated the more ardent Chamberlainites and aroused their suspicions; and at the election of December, 1910, he pledged himself to submit any protectionist budget that might be framed to a referendum before it went into effect. The stratagem availed little; the Unionists were again and for the third time in succession beaten at the polls. A year later, in November, 1911, Mr. Balfour laid down the leadership and Mr. Bonar Law was elected to succeed him. More than any man except Mr. Chamberlain himself, Mr. Bonar Law had been identified with the protectionist movement. His accession to the leadership was everywhere regarded as a sign that the Unionist party would pin its faith anew to the full Chamberlain programme. For a year there were no developments of any particular moment, but last November the decisive step was taken of announcing that Mr. Balfour's pledge to submit the protectionist budget to a referendum was no longer regarded as binding on the party. The results of its abandonment were the very reverse of what Mr. Law and Lord Lansdowne had expected. Instantly there went up from Lancashire and from the whole of the industrial north a wild cry of anger and alarm. A violent crisis in the Conservative party was immediately precipitated, each wing with its supporters in the press abusing the other with unmeasured vehemence. It looked for a while as though both Mr. Bonar Law and Lord Lansdowne would have no option but to resign. Both wished to do so; both were with difficulty persuaded not to; and ultimately a concordat was reached by which no additional food taxes were to be imposed until they had been submitted to the people at a second General Election. That is everywhere looked upon as postponing them to the Greek Kalends.

The whole discussion made the fact clear, indeed, that over ninety per cent. of the Unionist M. P.'s had suddenly discovered either that they did not believe in the policy they had been advocating for the past ten years, or that they could not hope to win on it—in any case, that it ought to be retired into the innocuous background of a second General Election. But the value of their rearward maneuver is very problematical. They have practically killed the project of imperial preference, the one item in the whole protectionist agitation that lent it a touch of vision and idealism. They are now left with a programme of industrial protection in its most squalid and corrupting form. All their impassioned rhetoric about "uniting the empire" goes by the board, and all their promises to assist British agriculture by taxing foreign foodstuffs are reduced to nullity. Naturally the farmers are furious. They see before them only the prospect of duties on all they buy and on nothing that they sell. Naturally, also, the remnant of convinced and ardent Chamberlainites are furious, because they feel they have been "sold." And the whole party is furious because these endless tergiversations have pretty well destroyed the confidence of the country in its sincerity and good faith, and because, having merely postponed and not definitely renounced the scheme of imperial preference, they are still open to the accusation that they favor food taxes but dare not say so.

Nor is this by any means the end of their troubles. Hopelessly divided and at cross purposes on the main plank in their platform, they are almost necessarily at one on nothing else. For hardly a single moment since the *débacle* that overwhelmed them in 1906 have they succeeded in getting into touch with the country. They egged on the House of Lords to reject one Liberal measure after another and finally to commit the monstrous outrage on the constitution of rejecting the budget of 1909. Yet, when the Liberals put every other question on one side and closed with the Upper Chamber in a desperate grip, the Conservatives, while rejecting the opportunity of settling the whole issue by conference and consent, practically threw the Lords overboard, officially discountenanced the idea of resisting the Parliament Act *à outrance*, and themselves put forward various schemes for reforming the Upper House that were decidedly more revolutionary and more opposed to what one had always supposed to be the principles of Conservatism than anything that the Liberals had proposed. They began, again, by welcoming effusively Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Act. They applauded its objects and approved its central principle. But the moment their leaders in the House of Commons found they could gain a temporary political advantage by opposing it they fell upon it tooth and nail. The most daring and beneficent scheme of national betterment ever proposed and carried in a single Parliament was twisted by them to serve their petty electioneering ends. Those were the tactics of men without any real convictions and simply bent on playing the immediate political game. They have tried, and tried in vain, to evolve some sort of an agrarian policy as an alternative to the Liberals' programme. They have tried, and again have failed, to hit upon some attractive and practicable policy of social reform. They chase after anything and everything that promises to create a diversion to their advantage, and not once do they succeed in impressing the electorate. The reason is very simple. They lack men, they lack ideas, they lack convictions. Only when they have regained all three will they be restored once more to political health.

Perhaps the most pitiable figure in the whole business is their nominal leader, Mr. Bonar Law. He owes his position very much less to his own merits, though he is a clear thinker, a man of real force of character, and an invigorating speaker, than to the fact that in 1911, when Mr. Balfour's successor had to be chosen, he was the man who least divided the party. One considerable section preferred Mr. Walter Long, a plain-spoken country gentleman. Another section, almost equally large, favored Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who is perhaps mainly remarkable for being the son of his father. Neither of these two groups would give way to the other; both were willing to agree on Mr. Bonar Law as a compromise candidate. In this way the Glasgow ironmaster, who had only been in the House some ten years, who was almost wholly unknown to the country at large, and who had never held any office of any real prominence, became the leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons. The Conservatives have hardly ever made an odder choice. Mr. Bonar Law, by birth and training and instincts, is about the last man one would expect to find at the head of the party that still draws its main strength from the aristocracy and the country gentry of England. He is a close, reserved, thoughtful, argumentative Scotchman. He never went to any one of those great seminaries which are called public schools—"public" because they are restricted to the sons of the well-to-do, and "schools" because they teach cricket. He was never at Oxford or Cambridge. In London society he has never sought to play a part of any kind. He is first and last the able, successful, provincial business man.

The contrast between him and his predecessor is complete. Mr. Balfour was an aristocrat to his finger tips. He never quite lived down the impression that literature and philosophy were his true bent and politics only a hobby. He was interested in old china; he had a passion for music; he liked to be in the company of artists. It was characteristic of him that he hated figures, could never get them right, and was constantly tripping himself up in matters of detail. His books, it is true, show not only a keen and honest but a positive intellect. But it is an intellect of the kind that is most positive when it is most agnostic, and most trenchant when it is most concerned to justify an attitude of skepticism and doubt. Its range and acuteness and fertility find their freest field in the work of critical destruction. There are few settled questions for Mr. Balfour; his strongest intellectual conviction is, perhaps, a denial of the finality or permanence of anything. That subtle, supple, spacious, free-roving mind of his affirms little, analyzes all things, and hardly finds a firm refuge anywhere. For a leader in the hurly-burly of politics such a mental equipment as this is not always an advantage. To the plain party man, pining for a clear lead, Mr. Balfour's refinements seemed to smack of casuistry, and his hesitations, which were really the fruit of his scrupulous intellectual honesty, to argue an incurable vacillation. A past master in the art of conducting a defense or a retreat, he was often flaccid in attack. There was in him a strain of weakness or indifferentism, if not of petulance or fretfulness, that seemed to warp his judgment and sap his fiber when the pressure of a hand-to-hand fight was removed. I doubt whether any leader was ever regarded with such mingled despair and admiration, admiration for his parts and personality, despair for the lack of force and strenuousness and decision that at times used to goad his more militant followers almost into revolt. But if he was not a great leader, he was an irresistible critic, a fine intellect, an engaging, even a fascinating, character, and a great gentleman. Transparently incapable of anything low or mean or vulgar, he not only set a high standard himself, but made others live up to it by the mere influence of atmosphere. He never took part in a House of Commons debate that he did not broaden and elevate.

The change to Mr. Bonar Law is a change indeed. Yet the new leader has some qualities which the old one did not command. Mr. Balfour often puzzled both the country and his party; Mr. Bonar Law puzzles nobody. It is one of his good points that he is always intelligible. Moreover, he is a born fighter; he always shows sport; he is confident, plain-spoken, aggressive, and not infrequently deliberately provocative. It has happened two or three times in the last year that his zeal in attack has outrun discretion, and that his sallies have delivered him into the hands of the enemy. But a party will forgive much to a leader who has an air of pugnacity and directness and determination, and shows that he means business and possesses driving-power. In all these respects Mr. Bonar Law may yet prove himself a more effective leader than Mr. Balfour. But in all other respects it is almost ludicrous to institute a comparison between the two men. What the Conservatives need more than anything else is a commanding personality. I very much doubt whether they have found one in Mr. Bonar Law.

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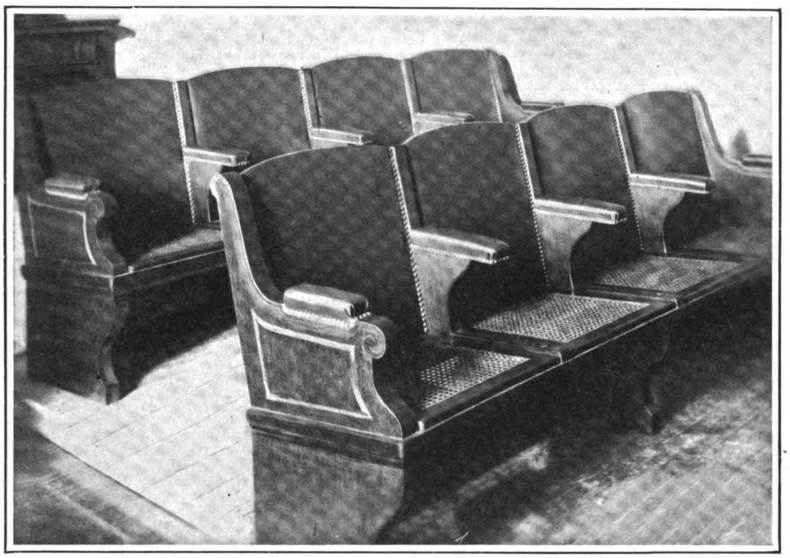
FROM DESKS TO BENCHES

The change in the Seating Arrangement of the House of Representatives is Symbolical of the New Order in Washington

BY A. MAURICE LOW

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

IT is symbolical of the new order that the first session of the Congress of the new administration should see the old desks of the members of the House of Representatives replaced by benches—symbolical of progress and the workmanlike conduct of affairs that have so impressed themselves upon the country since the fourth of last March. If ever there was anything that invited to the slipshod transaction of the public business it was the desk of a Congressman. It made life entirely too easy. Seated at his desk he could read a newspaper or write letters, do anything, in fact, rather than apply himself to the purpose for which he was supposed to be there, to listen to or take part in debate. To a man inclined to be slack the desk weakened his resistance. How many millions and hundreds of millions those desks have cost the country no one will ever know, but undoubtedly they were the most expensive pieces of furniture in the world's history. Had they been made of solid gold, cunningly wrought by the hand of the master craftsman, incrusted with precious stones, the expense would have been trifling compared with what has been paid for those simple desks of mahogany. Sitting at his desk it was so easy for a member to vote millions: sitting on a bench, which is by no means so comfortable, members will feel less inclined to be generous or to waste time in speeches merely for the sake of hearing themselves talk. The substitution of benches for desks ought to shorten the length of sessions, and it will be interesting to note if it has this effect.



The new style of seat which has driven the time-honored desk from the House of Representatives

While this change coincides with the opening of the Wilson administration, it is only fair to say that it has come about, as most reforms do, after a long period of discussion and agitation, and not overnight; and incidentally it may be added that the reform which comes overnight usually dies as quickly as it is born. As far back as the time of Thomas B. Reed's speakership the proposal was made to take out the desks and replace them with benches, but that was too "radical" a suggestion to meet with approval in that conservative time, and nothing came of it. It was revived and forgotten, and then again revived, and even such a supposed to be dyed-in-the-wool standpatter as Mr. Canon, when he was Speaker, considered it worthy of serious consideration. With the increase of population and the corresponding increase of the membership of the House, it was evident that something had to be done, and either the hall had to be enlarged so as to allow room for more desks or space had to be economized by making provision for more members in the same hall. Mr. Cannon appointed a commission to study the subject, which offered alternative plans. One was to retain the desks but enlarge the seating capacity by tearing out the walls separating the House proper from the members' lobby, the other was not to disturb the existing chamber but to save space by substituting benches for desks. Nothing was done at the time, but the report favoring benches was adopted at the last session, and the changes were made immediately after adjournment so as to have the House ready when the special session convened. The members of the commission and others who carefully examined the question favored benches because they believed it would result in a quicker despatch of the public business. As long as a man has a comfortable chair and a desk on which to rest his arms he is content to sit in idleness and is less impatient in having to listen to dull or meaningless speeches; if less attention is paid to his physical comfort he will become mentally impatient.

The new benches are not exactly instruments of torture, but they are not so inviting as the old desks and chairs. The benches are very much like the ordinary seats in a theater, although somewhat wider, so that even a man of Mr. Taft's build will have plenty of room. They are upholstered in leather with cane seats, and under each seat is a small drawer in which members can deposit their papers. The benches are somewhat similar to those in the House of Commons, but they are more comfortable and their arrangement is different. In the House of Commons the benches are arranged in tiers at right angles to the Speaker, the government and its supporters occupying the right and the opposition the left; while in the House of Representatives the benches are semi-circular, thus enabling a much larger proportion of the members to face the Speaker. In the House of Commons there are many more members than seats, and on important occasions members must either stand or come early and file their claim by depositing their hats on the seats they intend later to occupy, it being one of the unwritten rules of the House that a hat on a seat is a valid title. In the House of Representatives there is a seat for every member, but whether it will be assigned to him and remain his property during the Congress, or whether first come first served will be the rule, has not yet been determined. When there were desks, members obtained their seats by lottery at the beginning of every Congress, which often resulted in prominent members being driven to the back rows and new men getting the most desirable places.

It would be rather curious if with this change in the seating arrangement of the House there followed the adoption of the often-discussed proposal to give members of the Cabinet seats in Congress and the privilege of taking part in the debates but not to vote, bills for which will be offered at the coming session. The opponents of throwing the doors of Congress open to members of the Cabinet say it strikes a blow at the theory on which the American system of government is founded—the strict demarcation of the line between the powers of the executive and the legislature. Congress has one function, and the executive, the President, and through him the Cabinet, another, and it was intended that they should function separately and not interfere with each other's authority, since the admission of members of the Cabinet to Congress would inevitably lead to the usurpation of executive power. The further argument is advanced that little practical benefit would be gained. The views of members of the Cabinet regarding any proposed or pending legislation are always accessible to Congress; almost invariably they are consulted, before action is taken, and in making up appropriation bills committees take as the foundation the estimates submitted by the heads of departments, who then go before the committees and explain the needs of the service and the reason why they ask for more money or additional legislation. The presence of members of the Cabinet on the floor of Congress might prove a dangerous coercive influence and make Congress too subservient to the President; besides, it is an imitation of the English system, which is impossible of application in this country, as the two theories of government are so different. In England the Cabinet is the government, and all legislation must have the support of the Cabinet, and if the House of Commons refuses to give its approval to its recommendations the Cabinet relinquishes office and a new Cabinet takes over affairs; but in the United States, as the Cabinet has no authority except that which it derives from Congress, which Congress at any time has the power to revoke or curtail, there is no analogy and really no reason why members of the Cabinet should be admitted to the House or Senate. Furthermore, while the English member of the Cabinet is always a member of Parliament and as such can speak and vote, the American Cabinet Minister might be accorded the privilege of taking part in debate, but of course he could not be permitted to vote on any measure.

While the supporters of the proposition admit a certain soundness in the arguments of their opponents, they say the real advantage to be gained is overlooked. The fact that by admitting members of the Cabinet to Congress the barrier between the executive and the legislative branches will be broken down does not terrify them, for the simple reason, they say, that it is now broken down and has been for several years. Theory notwithstanding, the truth is that the country looks to the President and not to Congress to initiate and carry through legislation, and holds him responsible for whatever is done or not done when there is a majority of his own party in Congress, so that he is regarded as the responsible power in government without having the power to enforce responsibility. He can attempt to influence Congress indirectly through a message, or through a member or senator who is recognized as his "spokesman," but who is always careful to have it understood that he is not the official representative of the President; or, more remotely, through a member of the Cabinet. If Cabinet ministers were permitted to speak from the floor of Congress, whatever they said would of course be official and have as much weight as if the President himself said it, just as in England, when any statement made by a Minister is known to be the judgment of the Cabinet as a whole. A speech made by a member of the Cabinet on the floor of the House or Senate for or against a bill would be much more effective than a dozen reports or messages; questions of administration could be answered, and reasons given why the measure is defective or its passage is necessary. The President would often be saved the necessity of a veto if a department head were able to say, "This bill is bad, for the reasons I shall give, and if it passes against my protest I shall consider it my duty to advise the President to veto it." That would be notice to Congress that the President was prepared to veto the bill unless it was modified, for the member of the Cabinet would have spoken only after he had consulted the President, and Congress would understand that the President's intentions had been officially communicated through the Speaker.

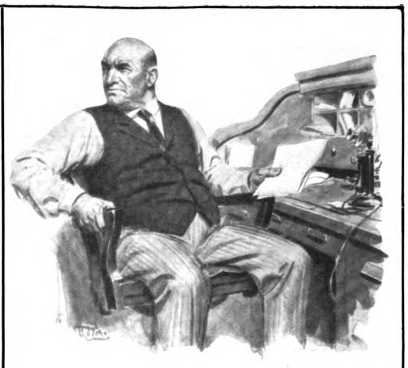
Legislative veterans in Washington say that one of the reasons why so much of the legislation in Washington is unsatisfactory, and friction between the President and Congress is more common than harmony, is because of this divided responsibility. Instead of authority centering in one place, as it should to insure the effective carrying out of a programme, the division of power and rivalry and jealousy and the fear of "rights" being encroached upon always increase the difficulties of securing needed legislation and make it easier to pass laws that are not in the public interest. If the President has a policy which he is determined to carry through, he is accused of coercion and overstepping the limits of his office, and his firmness and determination almost always arouse the opposition of his party in Congress, who may be driven to do what he wants because they believe the country is behind him, but who do so sullenly and in a revengeful mood; who lose no opportunity to discredit the President in the eyes of the country, and are often successful in making the country believe that the President is unworthy of its further confidence. If, on the other hand, the President is a weak or amiable man who has no stomach for a fight and wants to be on good terms with every one, and especially his party men, and yields to Congress, allowing his judgment to be overruled by his good nature or the bad advice of his intimates that it is fatal for a President to quarrel with Congress, then the country turns on the President, the sins of Congress are laid at his door, and it is almost impossible for him to escape being made a vicarious sacrifice.

No matter what the exact words of the Constitution may be, the fact is, as every one knows, that in recent years the people have silently amended the Constitution and made the President law-maker as well as law-enforcer. It is in keeping with the spirit of the times that there should be a strong sentiment in favor of giving members of the Cabinet seats in Congress, for that would still further increase the power of the President over the control of legislation.

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The Science of Not "Firing"



BY CROMWELL CHILDE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. J. GOULD

"INCAPABLE? Getting more and more useless? Has he been tried at anything else than just this work?"

The general manager was in the midst of a council with his department heads. A score of important matters had come up and been passed upon, and now the case of William Jones had been reached. A commercial fate insignificant to the world at large, but vital to one young man, hung in the balance.

William Jones was a failure. He was the very black business sheep in a very efficient staff. Every chance had been given him and all possible forbearance had been shown. The sub-department head who was his immediate chief had lost hope. The department head over him had looked into the case and agreed with his subordinate.

A few years ago such a matter would never have come into the general council. William Jones would long since have been discharged at the word of his immediate "boss." But here the big affairs of a big corporation stopped while little, incompetent, forty-dollars-a-month Jones was talked over.

It was a busy morning. Each man around the council table was urgently needed in his own big room, where papers were piling up at an appalling rate. Why matter about William Jones, who could be replaced instantly by a good man?

The department head was speaking. "Hopeless, Mr. Green," he said. "We have never had such a poor clerk. He was never good, but he has steadily been growing more careless and worthless. The records he keeps are full of errors. He takes no interest in his work and loafs at his desk."

It was then that the general manager asked the brief and pointed questions set down at the head of this column. He followed this by:

"Did you bring Jones's card-record?"

This was handed him. He read it aloud. The most modern and best equipped of modern big businesses no longer keep records of their stock, their sales, and their finances only. They have exactly as full records of their employees, not only of their names and home addresses, but of their characteristics and capabilities. Information for these records comes from several sources. They are confidential papers, and none but the biggest chiefs know what is written on them.

This card-record gave in full the story of Jones in the company from the time, four years before, when he had been taken in as office-boy. He had climbed, but slowly. At each stage was noted the opinion of his immediate chief as to his work and development, and alongside of this the view of some independent observers sent through the staff to "size up." In business to-day it is realized that the "little boss," chief of a few men and women, may be prejudiced one way or the other.

Such a personal card-record as this is very complete. It would fill with wonder those who think that the big commercial enterprise of to-day is necessarily heartless and only regards its men and women as numbers. A modern card-record of employees made fully up to date records each person as a distinct, independent brain and engine of energy and accomplishment. Several different authorities at different times note on each record that person's quickness, inventiveness, responsibility, persistence, originality executive quality, possibilities as to salesmanship, faithfulness, "approach," ability to make friends readily. A human chemical analysis is what it becomes in the course of a few years, one of the most valuable assets a company can have.

Young Jones's card-record looked black. Here was clearly a piece of dead-wood that deserved throwing out. But the general manager studied the card as if the coming year's dividend depended upon it. He passed by unfavorable criticisms and finally noted three items on a pad before him.

"I see here," and he read off slowly, "that Jones has some traces of originality. It is noted down below that he has a good 'approach,' though evidently undeveloped—yes, and on this line it is suggested that there may be the making of a salesman in the boy.

"Gentlemen," and the general manager looked steadily from one man to another with the earnest, compelling glance that made him the power he had grown to be, "it is our fault, I think. We have set Jones at something he is unfit to do. He has failed—yes, but we have made him fail. I have never seen the boy, but this record makes me believe that he will win among men.

"Frank"—he turned to his big and brilliant sales manager—"will you give Jones a chance? Will you put him out as one of your juniors? Let us see if we haven't been wrong and if, after all, he is not really good. I may be mistaken, but—"

Perhaps this modern way of not discharging men and women, once they have entered into the employ of the big companies that number their "people" by hundreds or thousands and, if they do not "fit" and do badly, of trying to give them other work that they can do well, may not be right, but it has become a definite policy of the day and appears to bring results. It is by no means a universal policy as yet and seldom an official one, but it is adopted in many of the most prosperous corporations and not a few concede it and point to it with pride. There are good reasons behind it in the first place. Take the case given above. That happened in one of the best-known companies in all America. The man whose "head" was in peril, whom many smaller concerns, their patience exhausted, would have let go promptly, has become one of the best of the younger salesmen the company employs. Worse than useless in the detail work inside, he became a "star" in the getting of business. He was misplaced and never knew it. It took a commercial genius like this general manager to guess at the trouble and make trial of his theory.



He received car-lot orders

The idea of not "firing" is logical from the corporation's viewpoint when one comes to think of it. It costs money to train men and women. Every salesman, executive, and clerk of a company represents an investment. The longer a person is in a concern's service the greater is this individual investment. In the case of frequent discharges money and time must be spent in training other people. Thus, if a company's personnel changes much, this employee investment grows. The new policy minimizes this expense. In the words of Napoleon, "every private carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack." Any one in a big business, however far down the line, has the possibility of being one of the great executives a few years later. He may be the one man of a critical hour a quarter of a century distant. Unless it be essential, the modern well-officered company considers it bad judgment to let even one of its privates slip away.

As an evidence of the value of this policy of holding its men and women, of keeping the ranks unbroken through long years, business men who have a thorough inside knowledge of affairs point to-day to a company of national fame close to thirty years old. Practically every high executive in it started low down, when the concern was in its infancy. If there were difficulties and annoyances inside the organization, these were threshed out within the four walls and the youngsters were not dismissed. If here and there a man was found who seemingly had failed, he was shifted. When necessity arose, individual men were deployed back and forth like battalions in war—anything not to let them go.

With this system this concern led in its day and generation. The people who knew its ways when it was a struggling young company with none too much money criticized it sharply. Now many an organization does as nearly the same thing as possible. In this and some other cases the idea that has recently come so much into vogue seems to be justified.

"I think," said a certain very able American business man, as he and a friend one day passed the offices of a bank that, while prominent, no longer holds the relative place in its city which it once possessed, "that if the idea we have to-day of not 'firing' men had been in existence twenty-five years ago I would still be with that bank and pretty well near the top. I would most likely be at the top. And I think I may say without egotism and judging from my record that if I had not been 'fired' that bank would be a good deal better off than it is to-day.

"Would you like the story? It always made a great impression on me, and it has taught me in my own business never to have a man 'fired' by any one except myself—not even an office-boy or the most insignificant girl stenographer in one of the branches. If any one is to be 'fired' I will do it. My heads of departments may recommend as they please; I will examine all the evidence. At the worst I generally do not 'fire,' but transfer the boy or girl, woman or man, give them some other work, put them under some one else. That is apt to solve the problem.

"I must have been twenty-three or four. Probably I was not a youngster of much capacity. I certainly had not sobered down. Over me was a cynical, rather oldish man. He was a fine head, except for his dislikes. He began by not liking me. Nothing I could do pleased him, and I soon realized it was no use to try. He 'laid' for an excuse. The first opportunity that came he had me discharged.

"That was the fault of the old system. With it the word of just one man was taken. He could both advance and ruin. If he had the confidence of his company and did good work himself, only his unsupported statement was necessary. This opened the way for

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PENN STATE

countless little bullies in all the concerns who could shake a threat over the men under them and make things mighty uncomfortable. In those days officers of companies and heads of firms never thought of questioning such recommendations. 'How can we expect results from our men unless they are satisfied with their subordinates?' they would say."

Some critics claim that the big complicated company of to-day goes too far and "coddles" its men and women, that the average employee takes advantage of the chances given him to defend charges and to explain. There is altogether too much explanation now, these critics say. They approve of former days, when the "old man," as a firm's head was always called, summoned some quaking employee into the private office and there discharged him.



William Jones was a failure

The great steel corporations a few years ago instituted an elaborate system of cost-finding in order to ascertain whether they actually understood the science of employment. They effectively demonstrated to themselves that they and many other business concerns had much to learn, that employing to-day is very often carried on in haphazard fashion. In some cases the result of the investigations was most astonishing. It was discovered—and the facts looked incredible until they came to be proved—that seemingly very competent, greatly trusted officials had no real knowledge how to employ. Again and again it was shown that they had hired men for the wrong work.

These men hired, and when they found that a man could not do what they had figured he should they instantly branded him as "incompetent." The investigation put its finger on the real weakness. The trouble was not, primarily, with the men who had not "made good" and after a time were "fired," but with the people who had done the employing.

Since these investigations were made and the plan was adopted of giving the so-called "incompetent" a chance along other lines there have come to be far fewer discharges in the big steel companies. The "failures" have been reduced to a minimum. The theory now is that there should be practically no "failures." The old system, or, rather, lack of system, has been replaced by an intelligent and thoughtful effort to find the work for which each man is best suited. In black and white in more than one report made, it is shown how in case after case men originally employed at one thing and shifted to another were able readily to earn an appreciably higher wage, whereas before through "incapacity" they were on the "ragged edge" of discharge. The men had not altered. They were the same. It was simply a case of knowing how to make use of human material. The big chiefs of the companies learned, to their amazement, that really valuable men, men that could be turned into money-makers, had been struggling along against hope over work they were quite unfit to do.

In New York to-day are two rival concerns evenly matched. A man went with one five years ago. Within a year he was almost literally kicked out as being of no use. By luck he got a chance to fit in the organization of the other company. He went rapidly up the ladder there, and three years after the first concern had discharged him he was invited to come back to it at his own figure as to salary. It had been a matter of misplacing him in the original instance. Some minor potentate who thought he "knew it all" had not sized up the man and had not realized his possibilities and his genius at certain things. The first company have him now on their staff under contract and he is a treasure.

A prosperous American railroad has in its archives a story which shows how it is best to look before you leap when it comes to a question of "firing." This railroad had an employee in its general manager's office for whom no one could say a good word from a business point of view. He was very much of a candidate for dismissal, and in the ordinary concern there would have been no hope for him. But this general manager had in him the stuff of a real chieftain of commerce. Before dismissing the man he first made careful inquiries to see if there was not some other department into which he could be made to fit. The rest of the story is in the words of the general manager, who found later on that he had decided reason to plume himself on the way he had looked ahead.

"I realized that very many times a man does not suspect the ways in which he is proficient. This case interested me. I couldn't seem to find a hole for him anywhere else, but by asking many questions suddenly discovered that he had a faculty for sending patrons to our city ticket-offices. He was no good at all in our department, but people took his advice and used our line. That gave me an inspiration. I arranged for him to turn his attention to that work. The outcome was simply incredible. The man proved a marvel. Remember, he had been up to that moment a failure of failures. Within three weeks he had an offer from another line at a better salary.

"Here came in the science of business as it is at the present day. I think I can take credit for handling that case rightly, for the real building of a big man—for that he certainly eventually became. He came to me with that offer. Without committing myself I asked whether he intended to accept or not. 'No,' he answered, decidedly; 'I shall say no. You gave me a chance when I was about to be dismissed. When you treat me that way I have no hesitation about trusting my future with you.'

"He did not ask for an increase in salary, but there was only one thing to do. When he received his check at the end of the month it was for the same amount that the opposition line had offered him. Soon after that something remarkable happened. The freight department demanded that he be transferred to that division. He was now beginning to divert to our line shippers that we had never been able to reach.

"And this was the man we had decided to 'fire' because he was no good at all. Think of the mistake we had been on the verge of making, but somehow hadn't!

"The two departments kept on arguing over him—and I instructed that his salary should be still further raised. I anticipated that the opposition would be camping on our trail and I wanted to forestall our rivals. They came, but without effect. Marsden refused to leave us. He was by now doing wonders.

"Then an experiment was tried. The man we were going to 'fire' was sent out into the country with the title of traveling freight and passenger agent. He scooped in conventions, gathered up church societies, and obtained a monopoly of picnics and excursions. He rubbed up against men who shipped without regard to the line over which their goods were going, and received car-lot orders.

"The only thing we were afraid of was a case of swelled head. Something like this is apt to occur at just such a stage. Through a friend I had a justifiable little fib conveyed to him. It was to the effect that the opposition lines predicted that within sixty days his head would be so badly out of shape that he would be discharged and land in the constantly growing scrap-pile. It was intimated that there was a chance for promotion if he kept on an even keel. It was as though a lash had been applied. He worked harder. I called him into consultation from time to time to test his judgment. I found, to my delight, that he had made a deep study of traffic. When the position of general freight and passenger agent was created he shook out the kinks and, while strict, maintained the respect of all.

"When our traffic became so great that it was congested and our yards were hopelessly blocked, I consulted with him. He proposed a perfectly simple plan to open the blockade and keep the freight moving. Of course I received the credit for being able to select good men. When I became president shortly after that, the man who was pronounced incompetent at the outset followed in my footsteps and later became the managing director of the road."



Infantrymen prepared to defend the trenches



Soldiers washing clothes in a cholera camp

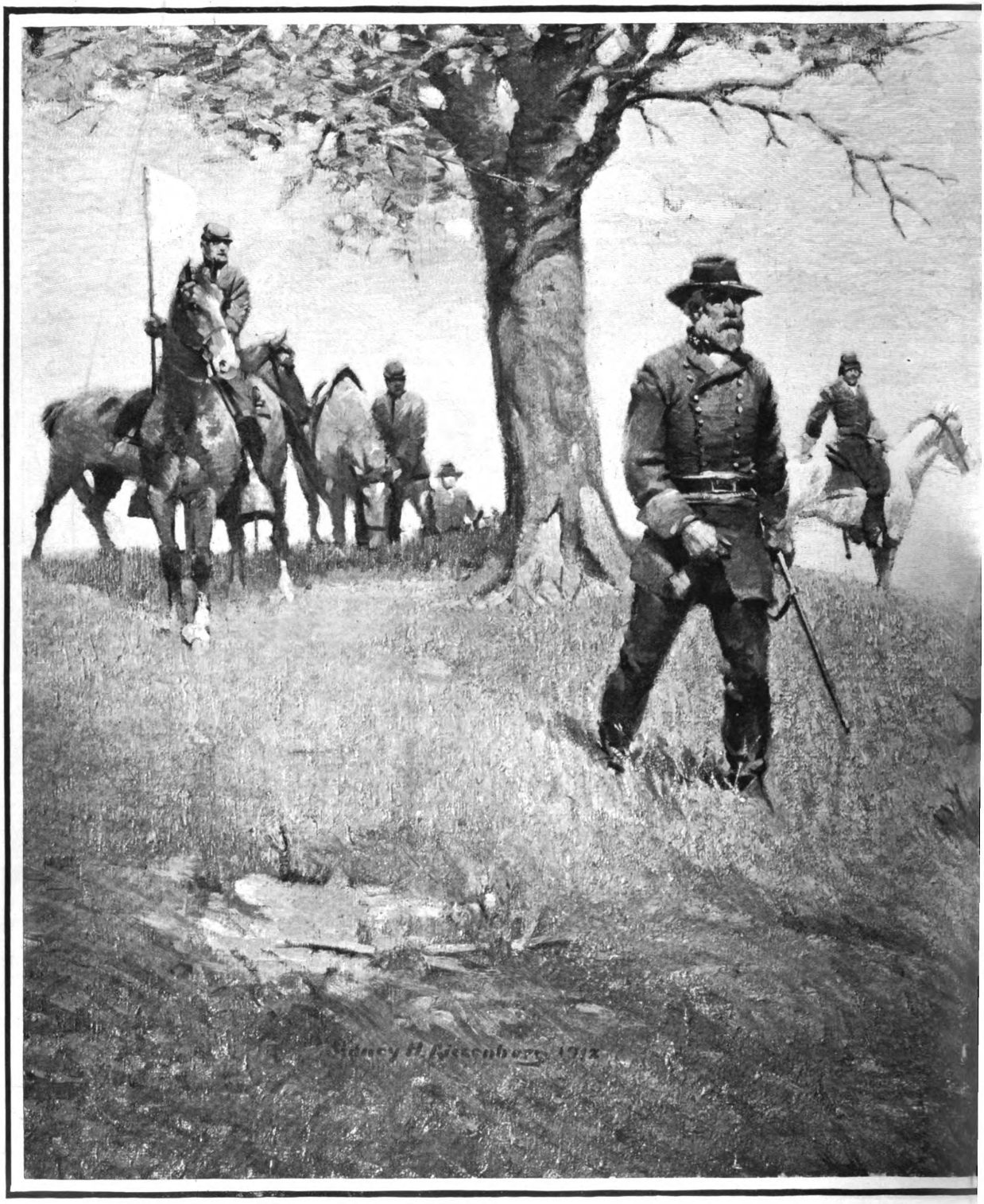


A patrol of Turkish cavalrymen rounding up stragglers

WITH THE TURKS AT TCHATALJA

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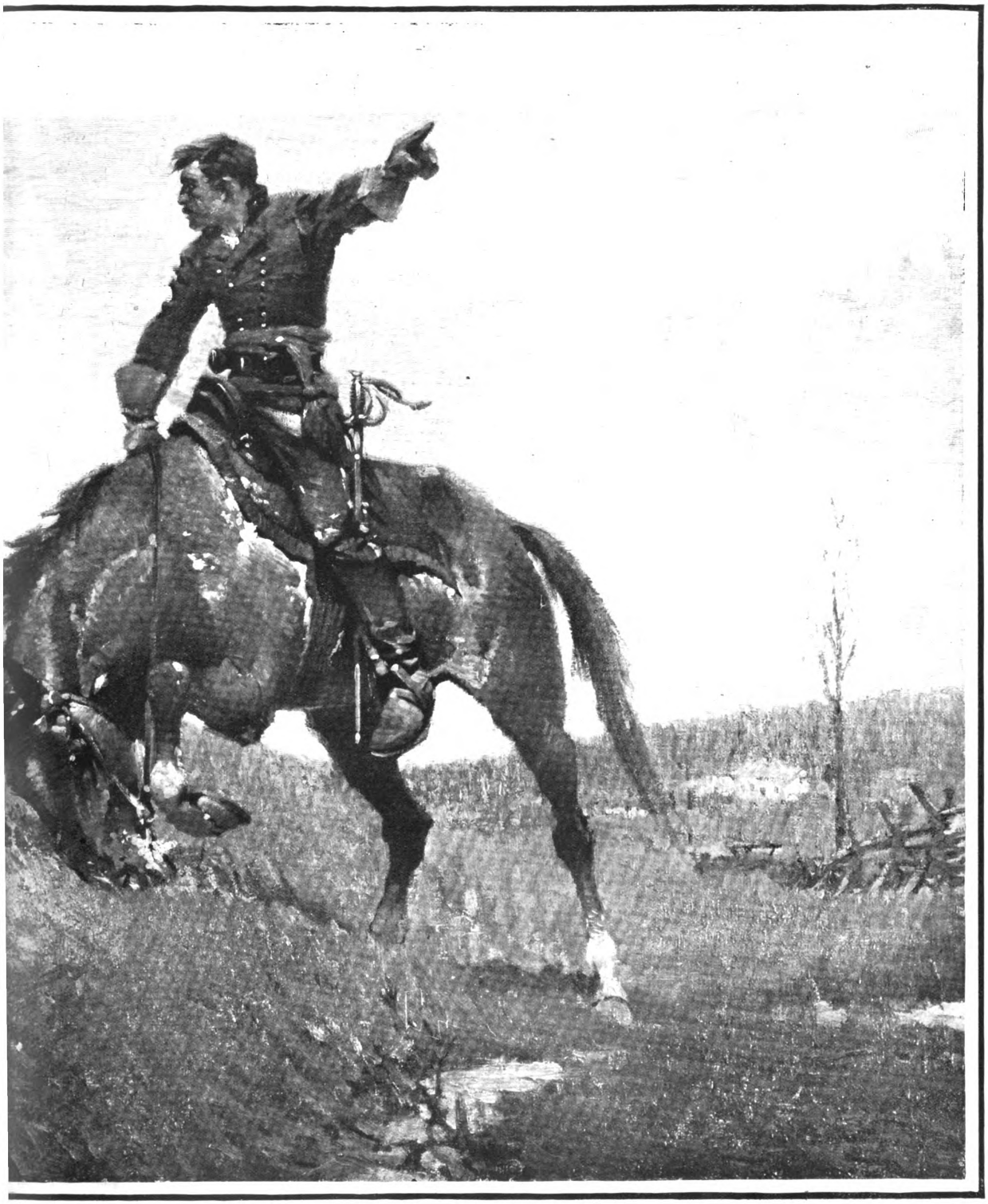


ONE OF HISTORY'S

On April 9, 1865, a report was received by Longstreet that a break had been found in the lines of the Army of the Potomac through which the Army of Northern purpose of treating with General Grant. Colonel J. C. Haskell, who had a blooded mare that had been carefully led from Petersburg, volunteered his services. As and was not seen until the gallant rider had dashed by him. As Colonel Haskell pulled up, General Lee walked to meet him, exclaiming, "You have ruined you

DRAWN BY SIDN

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OST OPPORTUNITIES

ginia might force a passage. He called for a swift courier to carry the information to General Lee, who had passed outside the lines, under a flag of truce, for the mounted he was told to kill his mare if need be, but to bring back General Lee. He rode like the wind. General Lee had dismounted beyond a turn of the road utiful mare! Why did you do so?" The swift despatch came too late, for General Lee's note to General Grant requesting an interview had gone beyond recall

H. RIESENBERG

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Interludes

HINTS FOR BRITISH SUFFRAGETTES

(NOTE.—The Ladies of the Militant Branch of the British Suffragette Party have recently shown so lamentable a lack of originality in the things they have been doing to attract public attention to their cause that, at considerable expense, we have employed an inventive genius along publicity lines to prepare for their use a number of startling acts of an entirely novel sort. These suggestions—or shall we call them suffragestions?—are herewith presented to our suffering sisters across the sea with our respectful salutations and best wishes.)

I. Get a huge sixty-horse-power vacuum cleaner, and, after smuggling it into Westminster Abbey some dark night, use it to remove all the illustrious dust that is buried there.

II. Lie in wait at some convenient corner and seize Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill by the collar, and, after throwing him in a cab, rush him out to the Zoo and thrust him into the lion's cage at dinner-time.

III. Set up a printing-press and engraving-plant, and issue ten million counterfeit five-pound notes, and put them in circulation, thus embarrassing the Bank of England and shaking the financial world to its very foundations.

IV. Kidnap the Archbishop of Canterbury, and, after drugging him into complete oblivion, mail him by parcel post to the managers of the Bal Tabarin at Paris. This will raise a fearful commotion.

V. Break into Buckingham Palace and shanghai King George, sending him in an iron cage to General Huerta down in Mexico to be used as a provisional president after all the rest have been assassinated.

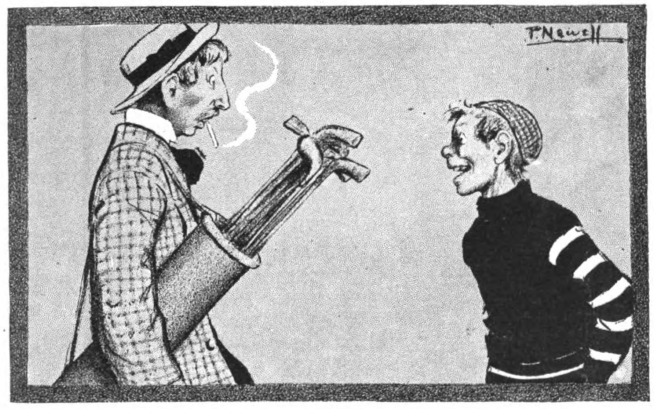
VI. Write a forged letter signed by Mr. Asquith to Secretary Bryan, of President Wilson's Cabinet, telling him to take his old Panama Canal and squirt it into the Potomac.

VII. Break open Shakespeare's grave at Stratford-on-Avon, and, after having removed his dust therefrom, carry it to the top of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square on a windy morning and toss it in the air, to be scattered broadcast over, and irrecoverably lost in, the streets of London.

VIII. Seize Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. George Bernard Shaw some dark night, and, after shaving their whiskers off, send them C. O. D. to Mr. Lloyd George.

IX. Pledge every woman in England to rise up on a specified morning at a specified signal and burn every pair of trousers in the British Empire. If this does not move the stolid Britisher nothing else will.

X. Bribe the compositors of London *Punch* to give you access to the forms after the editors have passed their final proofs, and insert a joke somewhere in the paper. Such an act as this will shake British society to its very foundations, and will make any other minor innovation like woman's suffrage seem tame.



"SAY, WHERE DID YOUSE SWIPE DE UMBRELLA-STAND?"



BILLY *(to Suffragette Leader)*: SAY, LADY, IF YEZ WANT ANY WINDERS BUSTED ME AN' DE GANG'LL TAKE DE CONTRACK CHEAP."



LITERALLY SPEAKING

MRS. DUCK *(jokingly)*: HOW MANY CHICKS DO YOU EXPECT AT THE COMING-OUT PARTY, MY DEAR?
MRS. HEN: ALL I CAN TELL YOU IS THAT I'VE LAID COVERS FOR FOURTEEN!

PRESENCE OF MIND

"YES, sir," said the old-time manager. "It was a terrible moment. The theater was on fire, and over a thousand people sitting there in front. I was afraid of a panic, but suddenly the inspiration came. I sent Miss Scrawney out upon the stage to recite 'Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night.'"

"Yes?" said the excited listener.

"The house was empty in just three minutes by the watch!" said the manager.

JUSTICE

"ALL right," fumed Jiblets, handing over ten dollars. "I'll pay, but let me say to your honor that it is rank injustice. Why, look at the damage to my car from your rotten roads—the mud's an inch thick on every bit of that machine."

"Thet's where the justice comes in," smiled the local Solomon. 'At four dollars a load it 'll cost us about ten dollars restorin' the mud your old machine has been a-gatherin' up outen our highways."

A LIVE LAWYER

"COULD you advise me as to the best road into Wigglethorpe, mister?" asked Jimpson, addressing the man in the buggy, stopping his car in the middle of the road.

"Wa-al, seein' 's I'm a lawyer, I reckon I kin," said the man in the buggy. "Whut retainin' fee be ye offerin'?"

NOTHING MUCH

"I GUESS I'll hire a taxi," said Dubbs.

"Tut!" said Jinks. "Any idiot can hire a taxi, but I never found a man yet who could lower one."

SYMPATHETIC

"I DON'T know what's the matter with me," said Jones, "but I've been feeling terribly tired in my head lately."

"Well, why shouldn't you feel tired in your head—think of all the wheels you've got there," said Dubbleigh.

A DISTINCTION

WHIBBLES turned wrathfully on his yokel guide as his car sank up to the hubs in the mired road.

"What in thunder did you mean when I pointed this road out to you on the map, and asked you if it was a good road, and you said it was?"

"Why," said Silas, "you ast me if it was a good road on the map, and it was. Ye never ast me what kind of a road she was off the map. I could ha' told ye then it was the wust in the hull dinged county."

WHAT SHE WANTED

"THESE are all genuine antiques, madam," said the dealer. "We guarantee that."

"I haven't any doubt of it," said Mrs. Noocash, "but hain't ye got anythin' newer 'n them? They look like a lot o' hand-me-downs."

A DURABLE CAR

"I'VE used my car twice a day to my office and back, a distance of six miles for seven years," said Waggley, "and I've never had to pay a cent of repairs."

"Great Scott, what a record!" said Bildad. "What car is it?"

"Trolley," said Waggley, and Bildad rang for the waiter.

TROUBLES OF A FINANCIER

"Do you know where you are going to spend the summer, Reddymun?" asked Skimpole, meeting the financier at the club.

"No," said the billionaire. "As the Sherman Law is now interpreted I really don't know whether it is to be Europe or a Federal jail somewhere."

NO ROOM FOR THEM

"WHAT were poor old Hartley's last words?" asked Hicks, at the funeral.

"He didn't have any," said the widow. "I was with him to the last."

OVERRULED

"OH, but, Judge," protested Jinks, when his honor imposed a ten-dollar fine for overspeeding, "look at your roads! No car ever made could have gone over eight miles an hour through that mire."

"Thet's jest it!" said his honor, severely. "'Twarn't nothin' but thet there mud of ourn as held ye back!"



IT'S IN THE SOCIAL CALENDAR. TROUT SEASON OPENS.

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THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

H. G. Wells's "Discovery of the Future"

BY F. M. COLBY

IN all of Mr. Wells's recent writings some one has solved, or is about to solve, the riddle of the universe. If they are novels, it is the hero or heroine that has seen the new light; if they are essays, it is, of course, Mr. Wells himself. The solutions vary somewhat in their vagueness, but in common with his other readers I believe implicitly in every one of them so long as I hold the book in my hand. It seems as if everybody must believe for the moment in Mr. Wells's New Dawns and regenerating formulas and suns of generalization rising over the chaos of fact—everybody, that is to say, except Max Beerbohm, who, being but part human, hardly counts. Max Beerbohm, indeed, does not permit himself for an instant to be overpersuaded by any contemporary. He looks into their books as into their faces, merely in the hope of finding something there to twist. Strong in this single purpose, he has become a prince of the little black art of parody, as may be seen from that wonderful book of his, *A Christmas Garland*, wherein Messrs. Wells, Shaw, Chesterton, Bennett, Henry James, A. C. Benson, and others appear magically in their own persons and give themselves away. Here, for example, is a bit of Mr. Wells's *The New Machiavelli* after Max Beerbohm has stripped it of illusion:

"True there was Evesham. He had shown an exquisitely open mind about the whole thing. He had at once grasped the underlying principles, thrown out some amazingly luminous suggestions. Oh, yes, Evesham was a statesman, right enough. But had even he ever really *believed* in the idea of a Provisional Government of England by the Female Foundlings?

"To Perkins the whole thing had seemed so simple, so imminent—a thing that needed only a little general good will to bring it about. And now. . . . What was the matter with the whole human race? He remembered again those words of Scragson's that had had such a depressing effect on him at the Cambridge Union. 'Look here, you know! It's all a huge, nasty mess, and we are trying to swab it up with a pocket-handkerchief.' Well, he'd given up trying to do that. . .

"'You've got to pull yourself together, d'you hear?' he said to himself. 'You've got to do a lot of clear, steady, merciless thinking—now, to-night. You've got to persuade yourself somehow that, Foundlings or no Foundlings, this regeneration of mankind business may still be set going—and by you.'

"He paced up and down the room fuming. How recapture the generous certitudes that had one by one been slipping away from him? He found himself staring vacantly at the row of books on the little shelf by his bed. One of them seemed suddenly to detach itself. . . . *Sitting Up for the Dawn!* It was one of that sociological series by which H. G. Wells had first touched his soul to finer issues when he was at the 'Varsity."

Very good criticism in its way, if one has the heart for it, but no one will have the heart for it who has ever really been under the spell of *The New Machiavelli*, or of *Marriage*, or has read with momentary openness of mind those more recent papers on "The Labor Unrest" and "The Past and the Great State." And it will seem still less congenial after reading this latest *Discovery of the Future*, which, though very brief (being merely a reprint of an address before the Royal Institution), is an ardent and eloquent confession of faith, and rounds out admirably some of the ideas in his recent novels.

He begins by dividing human minds into two main classes according to the relative amount of attention they give to the future. One type of mind, the type of the majority, seems not to regard the future at all, but in habit is retrospective, interpreting and valuing the present entirely in relation to the past. The other type is chiefly concerned with things that are to come, and interprets and values the present entirely in relation to what is purposed or foreseen. The first may be called the submissive or legal type of mind, and the second the creative, legislative, or masterful. The one says, Things have been and so we are here. The other says, We are here because things have yet to be.

In the present essay he confines himself to this broad and generally recognized classification, but in his paper on "The Past and the Great State" he carries it further and applies it to contemporary writers and thinkers. From that we learn that all statesmen and political thinkers fall into three great classes: The Conservators, whose attitude toward the forces of change is necessarily hostile; the Planless Progressives, who regard the harsh and ugly features of modern industrialism as necessary aspects of selection and survival, and who fear nothing so much as state intervention; and the Constructors, who wish to control the new forces of society by a collective effort for a common purpose. Of course, everybody nowadays is a little confused, and "wobbles" between one attitude and another. He may at different hours of the day be found in each of the groups, and it is particularly hard to place him if he calls himself a Socialist, which term has run so to incoherence that there is no telling what sort of creature it conceals. The Conservators disdain science and regard rapid transit and machinery as mischievous. Skepticism of widespread beliefs seems to them insanity. The most clear-headed and consistent Conservators among contemporary writers are, he says, Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Mr. Hilaire Belloc, whose ideal for the future is a community of "vinous, loudly singing, earthy, toiling, custom-ruled, wholesome, and insanitary men." They cannot be said, however, to be engaged in actual thinking. Their teaching, says Mr. Wells, is merely the outcome of "an enormous amount of conservative feeling." The Conservators also include the British rural Conservative, and the Liberal who believes in small holdings, and, oddly enough, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, but only "in his Western-farmer, philoprogenitive phase," and not in his "more imperialistic moments." Other strange alliances are brought to light by Mr. Wells's ingenious and amusing manner of grouping the minds of men. But to return to the charting of the future.

Three hundred years ago everybody who thought on moral subjects drew his principles wholly from the past, basing them absolutely on some dogmatic injunction or settled decree. Nowadays there are few who do not, in moral considerations, take the future somewhat into account. Yet the past still dominates us. Although we are embarking on the future, we look for the most part backward; we marshal men into classes on the strength of the past; we draw from it our shame and our honor; we admit no rights of the future against the rights of property or the establishments of the past. To be sure, we are less servile to it than the Chinese. Compared with them, we are distinctly aware of the future. "But compared with what we might be, the past is all our



H. G. Wells
AUTHOR OF "THE DISCOVERY OF THE FUTURE"

world." This arises from the belief that while the past is certain and knowable, the future is blank non-existence of which nothing can be known, and studying it is no more profitable than guessing "which way a kitten is going to jump." Mr. Wells, on the other hand, believes that we overestimate the certainties of the past and underestimate the certainties of the future.

For as to the past, the range of absolute certainty is, after all, very limited. There is knowledge of one's personal experiences—that is to say, memory—and this comes nearest to absolute conviction. Outside that lies the past of hearsay and tradition, which dies out as it grows remote and which finally becomes a blank just as void as futurity. And until the beginning of the nineteenth century the personal memory and this outer zone of human records comprised man's whole knowledge of the past. Recorded history, rounded off with legends and guesses, carried the story back to exactly 4004 years B.C., according to Bishop Usher, and that was mankind's universal history. The man of the sixteenth century was just as sure that before the world began in 4004 B.C. there was nothing as we are sure of the non-existence of the future. But modern science within the last century has abolished those limits of the past, and to-day we know the labyrinthodon as well as we know Zenobia, if not better, and we are considerably more intimate with a pterodactyl than with Sargon.

"I doubt no more about the facts in this farther picture than I do about those in the nearest. I believe in the megatherium which I have never seen as confidently as I believe in the hippopotamus that has engulfed buns from my hand."

This "inductive past" was not the product of any sort of revelation, but of a new and keener spirit of inquiry into things that have always been about in the world, lumps of stone, bandings and streaks in cliffs, and other details of development that had lain at men's feet without any one's dreaming that they could tell a tale. Now if by picking out significant-looking things in the present it has been possible to bring to light the remoter past, why is it extravagant to suggest that "by seeking for operating causes instead of for fossils, and by criticizing them as persistently and thoroughly as the geological record has been criticized, it may be possible to throw a searchlight of inference forward instead of backward, and to attain to a knowledge as clear, as universally convincing, and infinitely more important to mankind than the clear vision of the past that geology has opened to us during the nineteenth century"?

Why not, in short, an "inductive future," remote of course and in broad outline, corresponding to that "inductive past"? Suppose the laws of political and social development were subjected to the scrutiny of as good intellects as those which had applied themselves during the past fifty years to the laws of chemical combination, what might we not expect? The test of scientific process is prophecy. Until a scientific theory yields trustworthy forecasts, it remains merely an evanescent guess, as vain as "the phantoms politicians talk about." Scientific prophecy in human affairs will not be fortune-telling. Nor will it prefigure any Utopia like that of the positivists, for example, who got so far as to see that humanity was now on the move, but believed that it would one day sit down again in an orderly fashion and on a higher plane, with everybody good and cultured and happy in the remodeled positivist state.

Mr. Wells now takes a leaf from *Creative Evolution*, and repeats before the Royal Institution almost exactly what Trafford, the hero of *Marriage*, says, when after being bitten by a lynx in Labrador he talks Bergson for two days in his delirium. Trafford raves of the Will to Live; of protoplasm twitching and thrusting under the waters, and then the plants creeping up the beaches, and then the insects and reptiles, and then an apelike thing scratching queer pictures on a bone, and at last man still pushing upward until he "shall stand upon this earth as upon a footstool and laugh and reach out his hand among the stars."

And thus Mr. Wells, after reminding the Royal Institution that we were represented in the Carboniferous time by "something, perhaps, cold-blooded and with a clammy skin," and that we have changed considerably since then, asks why things should cease with man, and concludes:

"All this world is heavy with the promise of greater things, and a day will come, one day in the unending succession of days, when beings, beings who are now latent in our thoughts and hidden in our loins, shall stand upon the earth as one stands upon a footstool and shall laugh and reach out their hands among the stars."

The value of this essay from the point of view of science or philosophy or religion is beyond the humble province of this review. I will merely say in passing that if biologists ever found a church or eugenists desire a prayer-book they will do well to draw upon its pages. It is a fervent and lucid statement of Mr. Wells's evolutionary belief. Its bright assurances are in no wise to be distinguished from revelations. Indeed, upon analysis it will be found to rest as absolutely upon dogmas as does the Nicene Creed.

I am interested in it rather as supplying the key to some of the characters of Mr. Wells's novels. It shows precisely what they are about, or, as some readers may prefer to say, what is the matter with them. They are actually trying to square their present act with this dream of an enormously distant future. The hero of *The New Machiavelli* is trying so to direct his activities that they will redound to the advantage of the entire human race a hundred thousand years from now. Trafford, the hero of *Marriage*, goes to Labrador that he may think out the problem of making his career conform to the upward pushing stream of life all the way from the twitching protoplasm to the being now hidden in his loins who shall one day stretch out his hand among the stars and laugh. This is a not ungenerous ideal. But as embodied in the definite formulas to which Mr. Wells and his characters are much addicted it is not altogether satisfactory. We may desire these ultimate and perfect human beings, and yet doubt if they will come about through the Endowment of Motherhood. We may devoutly wish that politics were no longer muddled and yet doubt if the words "Love and Fine Thinking," however often repeated, will straighten them out. We are won by the hero of *The New Machiavelli*, and yet fear that his magazine, *The Blue Weekly*, would leave us rather cold. In short, Mr. Wells confers personally upon his writings a quality that is permanent and not easily forgotten, but their sociology, economics, biology, and eugenics seem always to evaporate as soon as the volume is closed.

And this is the trouble with Mr. Wells and the brilliant group of social problem-solvers to which he belongs. They are too much concerned with the "ideas in the air," and too little with the ideas at the back of their heads. There is the stuff of literature in them, but they have embarked on a sort of gigantesque journalism and are forever saying much larger things in public than they privately believe. They have rushed into social shepherd work, guessing at everybody while unacquainted with themselves, and they seem not to be nourished on sufficient solitude.

I wonder if we commonplace creatures, with our exceedingly limited vision, our inability to size up all mankind, are not right after all in our instinct of distrust toward Mr. Wells and Mr. Shaw and Mr. Chesterton and the other gifted and exceptional literary persons who have assumed these larger cares. We believe implicitly in their fancies and not at all in their facts.

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DRAMATIZING THE PRESENT

BY DAVID BELASCO



David Belasco

IN my theater in New York there is a studio, as comfortable and restful as I had always hoped it would be. Years ago I lived in it. It was not very costly then, because it was merely a luxurious dream. It is still the place of my ambition, as it was in my youth. It was the place of mature reverie when my hair turned gray, and to-day, as my hair grows white, I find it is the place where I have spent nearly all my life—a private corner of it.

The theater itself has been a source of eternal youth to me, a workshop where I have dramatized the day's work, each day as I saw it, and as I felt it. In it I am still dramatizing the present, as I did in the days when I was young and it first nourished my ambition.

I am convinced that to the artist there is but one duty, an obligation beyond all temptation of temperament or feeling. It is the duty of being forever young. From the windows of my theater-studio I look out upon the world now, and I find that the sunsets are as tender, the storms as terrific, the sea and sky as beautiful, the moonlight as caressing, as they were when my hair was black. The stars are above, and God is there among them still; but great changes have happened in the world. There are strange whisperings in the air—whisperings that suggest new dramatic material, new voices that thrill the soul with a murmur of a new generation among us, new faces that tell us the story of a new, a different heart-interest in the world.

The dramatist's task has changed, because every one is thinking to-day. The elemental moments of crisis in nature are the same, but the emotions have changed their form. Happiness and grief are no longer capable of the theatrical illusions of the past. They have grown up, as it were, and we must treat them with the dignity and respect that is due them in their manifestations of knowledge and of truth.

There are few stage secrets to-day. They have mostly all been told, and therefore my studio, which was once a place of illusions, perhaps, has become a study room, for the theater demands a transcript of life, not an adaptation. Stage pictures must have the substance and the spirit of reality, for men and women have gone beyond the fairy tale of their emotions. The words of a play are fewer, as they are in life; the drama of to-day goes straight to the truth, unadorned. The limitation of the artist is the only hindrance to this progress of the theater. This, to me, is the mystery of all mysteries.

There is scarcely an actor or an actress known to fame, scarcely a distinguished contributor to the literature of the theater of my day, who has not shared the secrets of my studio. I can hear their voices, feel the thrill of their power and genius as it was felt by those generations of theatergoers over whom they reigned; and then, suddenly, something has gone wrong, the light of their souls has grown dim, the life of tragedy or comedy has grown weak in them, their artistic career stops. It is a problem of pathos that I shall never understand. They do not grow old, but they stick in the quagmire of traditions, and they cannot go forward into this new world of a strange and wonderful present.

One merciless student of helpless fact tells me the hardening of the arteries cramps and binds one's capacity to think and feel one's way forward through life, but, surely, is not the soul always in eternal march to greater triumphs, to a clearer vision, to the new understanding of vital issues?

There still remain the few primary colors of which all drama is painted, but skill in mixing them has increased—indeed, the whole scheme of playwriting has changed as the world has grown younger.

We speak of the past as old-fashioned. The present is youth, the past is old age. It has always been so. In all the years I have spent in active work, the theater has always set a new task for the producer. Stage traditions were good enough for a while, till the audiences outgrew them, and then began the conflict between the old theater and the new. One day the heroine who used to shout her grief till the gallery shook discovered that she found no sympathy with her audiences. Her snorts of pain, her rhythmic sobs, were no longer appreciated. The acrobatic heaving of her bosom did not affect her audiences as in other years. What was the matter? Had they really grown tired of emotional acting? No; they knew more about emotions, that is all. The world had made a few striking discoveries, people had been reading, and it had set them thinking. They had not denied the truth of emotional experiences; they had simply found out that there was nothing athletic in them. This sort of emotional display became too unreal even for the license of theatrical illusion that old theatergoers allowed their actors. So the ranting heroine of melodrama was banished from the stage.

The hero walked the plank next, and plunged into oblivion. His waxed mustache, his painted cheeks, his perfectly penciled eyebrows, his air of smug virtue, no longer found a place in the hearts of the most susceptible. He, too, was banished with the disgraceful epitaph upon his tombstone: "A Matinee Idol."

There were few who believed that the stage villain would ever reform, however. His sinister appearance and desperate criminal heartlessness were assets that the playwright parted with reluctantly. What, they asked, would become of the third-act thrill if this picturesque figure of villainy were subdued? Without his exaggerations of criminology how could any play have a plot? Who ever heard of a plot without a villain of the play to conceive it? So, obstinately, he continued to snort and dissemble with such obvious energy of nefarious purpose that the audiences wondered why it took five acts to unmask him, when his makeup was enough to put him behind the bars on sight. His doom was sealed with the rest, however, and the producer had to get rid of him. He was replaced by a new villain, the sort of man whom no one suspected, no one feared, every one liked. He even became became the chief object of sympathy, because people felt so sorry to see such a splendid, amiable, good-looking chap go wrong. He was such an alluring devil, too, that he won the tender fancy of pretty women, and took the place of the once woodeny hero. It was very difficult to get a hero who "made good" with the public when the new villain was at his height of popularity. I feel that he has, in a way, done a great deal of good.

There still remained the adventuress to deal with. For years and years she could never be an American. No amount of ingenuity would permit such a seeming falsehood. For many years she was associated chiefly with French, or Italian, or Spanish blood. Her badge of dishonor was the cigarette, her favorite color was a smashing red, the heels of her shoes were immoral, and her black wig denoted the recklessness of her character. She usually spoke in broken English, to establish her at once as an undesirable alien. It did not matter so much how broken it was—that, too, was immaterial. Most of the stage adventuresses were beautiful women, and these actresses contributed a great deal to the fashion of their day. We have not quite overcome this stage prejudice to an American-born adventuress, but the newspapers and magazines are enlightening us a great deal on this point.

Briefly, these were the obstacles to theatrical progress. To disperse them was easy enough, but to replace them—that was the difficulty. The ethics of drama demanded that they be utilized. Clearly they could not be eliminated. The search for their substitutes brought about an interesting awakening. In replacing the old-fashioned heroine we had to dig into the more vivid sort of literature. The producers looked around to see what people were doing when they were not in the theater, and they found that they were reading story books. The writers had been keeping abreast of the times, while the theater had clung too long to its traditions. Then came the vogue for the book play. This gave a distinct literary "uplift" to the stage, and, in dramatizing the book, the theater gained new heroes and heroines, new wantons, new villains. In a general way the book play inspired ingenuity in the theater, and many stories were written and published with a view to their ultimate dramatic use. So the stage regained much of its popularity by dramatizing the literature of the hour.

Personally, I must say, the book play did not appeal to me so much. A good deal of the first-hand subtlety of human nature was lost in the process of welding printed fiction to the breath and life of the stage. I had always lived so close to the heart-beats of men and women that the ready-made story seemed to me but remotely possible for the required naturalness of my stage. It was like trying to make a painted swan curve its neck like a real one, or to give a property bird the illusion of wings that would make it really fly.

The essence of success in a theatrical production I have always believed lies in its surprises, which the book play could not have. Lives have their moments of importance, and they are the thrills, the dynamic emotions. To show why they happen, and how they come about, is to produce realistic drama. With a sound knowledge of what should *not* be done in the theater, I have always found more than I could use of things that *could* be done there. The province of literature is a very different field from that of the theater. I can speak only, of course, of my own dramatic view, with which some have differed.

I believe in the play that deals with life in its moments of importance, in a crisis of emotions that brings surprise and thrills, if possible, to the audiences. Life, in its most prosaic moods, is always exposed to them. They come unexpectedly, swiftly, with an aftermath that startles us with a new wisdom, a better knowledge of human nature. These were the things I tried to apply to my productions. To meet the progress of current psychology, rather than adapt the meaning of current events, has been my chief interest.

I knew that the heart of the wanton had all the humanity of all women, but that her life was obviously full of dramatic contrasts. She was a heroic figure to the crowd that looked on and followed the surprises of her emotional events. I knew that in most women's lives the horror of temptation had been secretly fought, and that they would understand the thrill of its dramatic conflict. Then, too, I knew that most women can be spiritually redeemed, and that here was material for a suggestion of the beauty of a soul that, after having been dragged through the mud, is triumphantly restored to the peace that passeth all understanding.

Long before some of my plays had made their success, long before the production of "The Heart of Maryland," my dramatic purpose had broken away from stage traditions. My productions were modern pictures of modern life. My aim has always been to find the dramatic material of the present, even if it led me to the edge of a rainbow. It has often done this, for intuition is a master one must not disobey.

Nearly everything I have selected for dramatic production has been chosen under this spell. An instinct for the theme that is uppermost in the world's progress is no credit to the individual, because it is a gift. I realized then that a new dramatic material was at hand, that before long we could reach up and touch the rainbow of human aspirations at their best, at the intangible line that divides the natural from the supernatural.

Within the past few years we have been reading a great deal about these mystic themes that involve our emotions. The magazines have popularized these themes, not only in this country, but all over the world. I watch and read a great deal myself, and then I search for the dramatic crystal of what I read. A new play is the final result of my intuition for the universal theme of interest.

The past has accomplished its evolution of progress in the theater logically. Crude enough at first, then startling in realism, to-day we are on the threshold of a theater that is adapting itself to the spiritual and the supernatural. If we must dramatize the present, as I believe, let us dramatize the most absorbing, the most important events of life; and these, I think, concern its banishment of evil, its faith in the eternity of spirit.

Not that I believe in limiting the theater to one theme, to one formula of dramatic material, because that would narrow the tremendous scope of the stage. There is always room for the big play, whether the theme is finance, or divorce, or religion, or the passions. There is room even for the big burlesque, if it is the best. For myself, I am interested to-day in the idea on the horizon, in the problems of the soul, for they are the most compelling facts of the present.

I have sometimes thought that the essence of life is in its mystery. The things that happen are not always done through our own volition, but through an influence we have not yet discovered. There is the supernatural in almost every event, no matter how prosaic the incident. We are growing nearer and nearer to the supernatural consciousness, which is the next step in the advancement of the theater. I remember that when I produced "The Darling of the Gods" with Mr. Long, we often discussed this question in my studio. In that play a deliberate appeal to the supernatural perceptions of the public was made. I was in doubt whether the theater could accomplish this appeal, whether it would be understood, whether the poetry of a supernatural tableau would be received with the reverence it deserved. However, it was part of the Japanese religion, and it belonged there, and it made a profound impression. I refer to the apotheosis of the play, its final scene. By searching in the magazines and the newspapers, and the everlasting output of the printing-press, these things are found.

And there is another way, which is quite beyond any reasonable calculation. In my own experience, I have been unable sometimes to justify my ultimate reasons for a production. I only know that there is a dormitory for ideas, where they sleep quietly as long as they please, and when they awake they drag me with intense energy to the stage. Where they find lodgement, or how long they sleep, is immaterial. They are the whisperings of new thought that fill the air, the unspoken truth seeking definite form.

Whenever I try to solve this mystery of how I find myself producing a certain sort of play, I think of that wonderful picture of Elihu Vedder, the well-known American painter. He tried to give form to an idea that, though vague, was deeply rooted in the human heart: the idea of spiritual eternity. The picture represents two figures. They are there in a mist, a vapor, a place between earth and heaven. One says, "When did you come?" The other replies, "I only died last night."

To-day some of us are trying in the theater to do what Elihu Vedder did: to give substance and logic to the unknown, to make a forecast of the inevitable. This, I think, is the highest purpose of art, to prove that poetry as well as prose may serve the interests of information in fact. We are too often inclined to neglect the reason of poetry, while all nature is its justification.

It is the poetic adaptation of nature that has absorbed the producer of stage pictures. Though his canvas is limited, it is not more so than the painter's canvas. Beyond the margin of a miniature the whole world can be seen, if the miniature be faithful. It is easier to produce an effect in a circus, or upon a huge stage, than it is in the proscenium of a regular theater. The language of stage lighting is the language of the

(Continued on page 46)

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PLAYS AND PLAYERS



Jessie Bonstelle, in Elizabeth Jordan's "The Lady from Oklahoma," at the Forty-eighth Street Theater



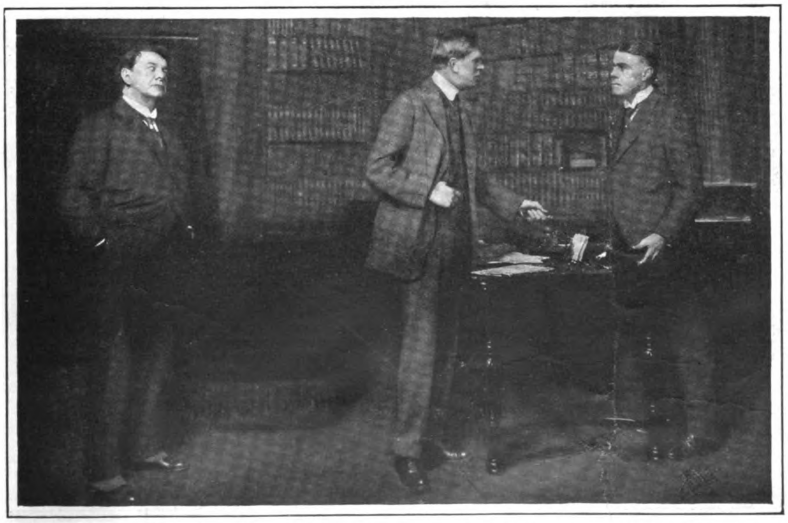
Grace George, starring in a revival of "Divorcons," at the Playhouse



Jane Cowl, in "Within the Law," at the Eltinge



A scene from "What Happened to Mary," at the Fulton. Olive Wyndham (center) as Mary



"A Man's Friends," at the Astor. Left to right: George Fawcett, Frederick Burton, Vincent Serrano



Masie McFarland, now appearing at the Colonial

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SCIENCE ON THE FARM

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

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Transmutation Explained Away

By Leonard Keene Hirshberg, M.D.

TIME was when every third savant was a dignified alchemist, and every fourth one an eminent astrologer. Those were the old days, to be sure, yet when you reflect upon the fact that the great industrial and practical sciences of chemistry and physics are the offspring of the one, and the science of astronomy the upshot of the other, you must pause not in derision, but with a spirit of homage and humility before both of those ancient and medieval forebears of modern knowledge.

The savants of that past era held it as a sane ambition of their hopes so to conquer the baser things of the physical world that they might at will convert cheap minerals into fine gold. They held to the principle that there was an underlying agent or element in all matter with a real capacity for changing granite or tin into gold; chalk or coal into diamonds; and even death itself into life.

This philosopher's stone, this scientific talisman, this elixir of life, this source of magical wealth, was alike the aim of the alchemist and the *ignis fatuus* of the explorer and the adventurer. Indeed it was a lure that actually and ultimately led to fabulous wealth for mankind, if not for the individual seekers themselves. Not only did it lead to the discovery of America and the Great Western Hemisphere, but this selfsame, selfish desire scoffed at by straight-laced Puritans, bigoted and intolerant dervishes of religion, as well as the prudes of that day, resulted not only in the establishment of religious and moral freedom, but in the creation of the sciences of chemistry, physics, electricity, agriculture, and all the other wealth-creating industries of modern life.

As the great new sciences of chemistry and physics became firmly established nearly every serious-minded investigator ceased his attempt to transmute iron, zinc, and the baser metals into gold or silver. The men who so continued to experiment were sent to Bedlam. In brief, they were until three years ago, in 1910, called madmen, and dubbed liars or fools.

Then with a vengeance there emerged again into the calcium glare of the scientific world the long discarded principle of transmutation. The effulgence was none the less startling and blinding, since it emanated from one of the greatest chemists known to experimental science, to wit, Sir William Ramsay.

When Sir William Ramsay announced that he could transmute copper into lithium, the scientific workers began to sit up and take notice. Madame Curie, the discoverer of radium, disputed Sir William's results, but his eminence as a research worker of undisputed renown overshadowed her. Even last year when he promulgated the fact that he had obtained carbon, boron, and many rare metals from other elements; when he told the astonished investigators that the ancient alchemists were right and that an element like hydrogen could be built up into the gas, *neon*, then into oxygen, carbon, and so on gradually up to lead and silver, to say that the laboratories were bestirred is to put it mildly indeed. Sir William Ramsay's position was so secure that when he gave what seemed to be indisputable evidence that lead came from ionium, and that radium came from lead—it had already been proved by Rutherford and Soddy that radium breaks up into niton, helium, and many other elements—when Sir William promulgated these startling discoveries, it sent a cold shiver up and down the spines of all but true-hearted believers. To overthrow the results of so eminent a savant must perforce require even, if possible, a greater investigator.

That very situation has now come to pass. Sir J. J. Thomson, who is the discoverer of those tiny corpuscles called electrons, myriads of which are contained in every atom, who is also the Cavendish professor of physics at Cambridge University, England, and the leading investigator on electricity, magnetism, and light alive to-day, comes forward to deny Sir William Ramsay's conclusions unequivocally. These were based upon the presence of lines in the spectrum, a procedure known as spectrum analysis.

Sir J. J. Thomson used an entirely different method which is much more sensitive than was Sir William's. For example, he used a glass bulb—called a Crookes tube—like those used in taking Roentgen-ray pictures. This is a vacuum tube from which all air has been exhausted. From it come negative or cathode rays and positive or anode rays. It was with the rays coming forth from the positive pole that the Cavendish professor discovered an entirely different explanation for the presence of new elements as described by his London confrère.

Sir J. J. Thomson then began to manipulate the discharge of positive rays from a large Crookes tube. It was connected by aluminum wires with an induction electric current, when he found that a new gas which he calls *X*—closely like helium—and also the gas neon appeared on the scene. There was, however, never any obvious connection between the appearance of either of these gases and the material in the Crookes tube. These two gases, *X* and neon, were neither increased or diminished in amount, no matter whether oxygen, nitrogen, air, helium, or anything else was present. Yet Sir William Ramsay had erroneously concluded that these or similar elements were transmuted from the metals acted upon by the rays.

Professor Thomson then ascertained that the same conditions which gave rise to *X* also produced helium and neon. Yet his colleague, Sir William Ramsay, had overlooked the source of all of them and attributed their origin to the heavier elements present. All of the supposedly revolutionary tests of Ramsay and his assistants were then repeated at the Cambridge physical department with different conclusions.

A piece of lead bombarded with the positive rays from the Crookes tube showed the presence of helium for two days, and though thus exposed for weeks to the positive rays no more was found. This also disproves transmutation from lead. Platinum, oxygen, and hydrogen were similarly treated with much the same result. Briefly, there was not a tittle or jot of evidence in support of the transmutation of any element whatsoever.

From Sir J. J. Thomson's detailed and painstaking experiments, the deduction is comprehensive and inevitable that the hopes of the alchemists are just as chimerical to-day as they were fifteen years ago. The elements supposed to have been transmuted in recent years by a little band of modern chemists are, after all, gases and elements actually present, yet hitherto unfound, hidden away deeply in the interstices of the metal from which they emanate. The bombarding rays from a Crookes tube merely liberate the imprisoned elements, a power that even the greatest heat lacks.

As for the discovery by Ramsay of helium in old, worn-out Roentgen ray bulbs, appearing only when they are heated, Professor Thomson shows this to be due to the previous liberation of the helium, which adheres to the pores of the glass until the heat drives it off. It is also possible that all elements are slightly radio-active or that certain elements are driven into heavier metals during their manufacture into useful objects. Be all this as it may, the fact remains that the philosopher's stone and the transmutation hypothesis have no leg left to stand upon. Moreover, Sir J. J. Thomson has again given pause to the radium enthusiasts, for they, too, must rearrange their theories and their researches and see, perhaps, whether radium itself really breaks up or merely expels the gases that are in it.

Beating the Wheel

THE Casino of Monte Carlo, which draws its vast revenues from visitors by methods which have been described as "only a politer form of theft," is itself frequently the victim of ingenious swindling. The games of Roulette and Trente-et-Quarante do not readily lend themselves to cheating; nevertheless "the Bank" has been robbed, more than once, by rogues who, had they devoted their talents and patience to better aims, might have made fortunes more legitimately if less excitingly.

The Ardisson swindle is still talked of—not without admiration—in Monaco; and its memorial remains, at the Trente-et-Quarante tables, in the fact that different-colored packs of cards are used for every game. But in Ardisson's day the packs (*i. e.*, the backs of the packs) were all alike; and his magnificent coup depended on this circumstance. Strolling up to the Trente-et-Quarante table, one day, with two brilliantly attired lady friends, he took his place in the crowd. The ladies separated from him, and one went to the other side of the table. Just as a game was about to commence, this lady asked the croupier for change for a 500-franc note. She received gold pieces, but fumbled them, and a moment later they had dropped and were rolling hither and thither all over the floor. There was a momentary disturbance; all eyes were diverted from the table; but attendants and onlookers helped her to retrieve her money; and presently the series of games were renewed.

Ardisson and his other lady friend began staking, and time after time the cards turned up in their favor. In a very few minutes they had won, between them, a sum estimated at 180,000 francs. Then they walked off, joined by the third of the trio, left the Casino, entered a waiting carriage, and were whirled across the frontier into France.

The authorities' suspicions were aroused, the cards were counted, and it was found that there were several too many. In the diversion caused by the dropped coins, the croupier had substituted a prepared pack, supplied to him previously by Ardisson. The rest was simple. But the extraordinary part of the affair was that the croupier had not even been bribed; he had done it purely as a friendly act. And the Casino company—or, rather, the local authorities, who are much the same thing—gave him only two months' imprisonment. When he was released he obtained employment again, but not as a croupier. The truth was that the Casino had learned a valuable lesson—and they are always ready to pay, and pay smilingly, for fresh safeguards.

M. Blanc, the founder of the present Casino Company, was in the habit of paying in similar fashion for his experience. At first he issued counters for play, each counter being bought, at an office, with a five-franc piece. The counters got into local circulation, and were considered as good as cash; but it suddenly occurred to M. Blanc to grow suspicious, and he "called in" all the counter-money. More than double the number of counters were returned than had been issued. M. Blanc redeemed them all and only allowed actual coin on his green cloths in future.

"Rouleaux d'or"—rolls of gold coin—were allowed, at one time, each roll being sealed in paper and each representing the value of 1,000 francs. It was unnecessary to open the rouleau when it was placed on the table. But one day a player who had lost his rouleau bought it back from the bank, on the plea that it was a specially lucky one. Again he lost, and again he bought it back. The paper became torn by a rake, and, lo! the rouleau, which ought to have been formed of a solid line of gold coins, was only a brass tube correctly weighted. Since then, rouleaux placed on the table have to be torn open and their contents displayed. Quite a number of fake rouleaux had been in use—but, when lost, were always eagerly bought back by the syndicate who operated with them.

Jaggers, the Yorkshireman, who studied the roulette wheels until he found one which had a bias, kept six clerks in order to find the number which appeared oftenest, and in the end won eighty thousand pounds by his diligence. But now the wheels are not only inspected and leveled daily, but each wheel is changed. The wheels run on horizontal ball bearings, and each can be lifted from its bearings and transferred to a different table. This was done before Jaggers became aware of the alteration, and he lost forty thousand pounds, owing to his inattention. But he left Monte Carlo a moderately rich man, in spite of the Casino's cunning.

Oil-lamps illuminate the tables of play, as well as electric light. This is because it would be difficult, if not impossible, to extinguish all the oil-lamps simultaneously. When gas was used, a gang of swell mobsmen contrived, one night, suddenly to turn it off at the meter, and a terrible scramble for money ensued in the gaming-rooms. The bank lost heavily, and so did many private persons; but the ruse can now never be repeated, not only because oil is used as an illuminant, but because even the electricity is brought from two quite separate supplies.

The Casino Company has, of course, been frequently blackmailed. Papers are started, in Nice and elsewhere, solely with the object of attacking the gambling, publishing (often imaginary) lists of suicides, and so forth; and presently the papers and their editors vanish—bought out by the authorities. When M. Blanc reigned he gave an annual banquet to pressmen, and in each napkin reposed a thousand-franc note. Whether this sort of thing continues is uncertain; the fact remains that the French press of the neighborhood, and even of Paris, is singularly silent on the subject of the less pleasant side of Monte Carlo, whereas if any gambler does happen to win a large sum the news is given large type everywhere.

Carrier-Pigeons

A MILITARY pigeon system is still maintained in France, owing to the success of experiments made during the siege of Paris, when, of 302 carriers liberated from balloons, 73 returned safely. These birds bore messages photographed on collodion enclosed in goose quills, attached by silk threads to the upper part of the tail feathers.

The modern French carrier-pigeon is a cross between the *biset* and the Belgian "traveler." The prevailing type is large, with a long body, head, neck, and beak. The female lays two eggs at a time, from which are usually hatched a male and a female. Incubation lasts eighteen days, and both parents share in the process of upbringing. Birds chosen for races are fed on wheat, but when they are to be put to tests of endurance their diet is small dried beans and maize with water that contains iron. Beechnuts and buckwheat are sometimes given just before a race to impart extra strength for the flight.

Training begins when birds are three or four months old. They are placed in baskets, taken a mile or so from home, and liberated. A few days later the process is repeated at a greater distance, and so on in successive stages, until a bird flies homeward 100 miles or more. At five months it will fly 300 miles in ten hours. A pigeon, however, is not at its best until four or five years old, when it can easily cover 600 or 700 miles. The average speed of a good carrier is twenty miles an hour, and the height at which it flies is from 450 to 500 feet. The price varies from $4 for an ordinary specimen to $250 and more for a prize-winner.

The Castor-oil Plant

THE rapid growth of the castor-oil plant has become proverbial. Some commentators have declared that the plant known as Jonas's gourd was the castor-oil plant. There are vast plains in Bengal covered with the oil-producing vegetable.

Immediately after the monsoon, when the water has receded, the peasant rakes the mire and puts the oil-plant seeds in the ground, two by two. The plants rapidly develop their great leaves and produce their fruit, which grows in groups of capsules, acquiring a coppery green color mottled with purple and rich carmine. When the hot sun has dried the pods they burst. The women and children watch the pods and, when the first crack appears, they are ready to catch the precious seeds within.

When the seeds have dried a few days the natives toast them, crush them in a mortar, and plunge them in boiling water, when the oil rises to the surface.

TRAINED NURSE

Remarks About Nourishing Food.

"A physician's wife gave me a package of Grape-Nuts one day, with the remark that she was sure I would find the food very beneficial, both for my own use and for my patients. I was particularly attracted to the food, as at that time the weather was very hot and I appreciated the fact that Grape-Nuts requires no cooking.

"The food was deliciously crisp, and most inviting to the appetite. After making use of it twice a day for three or four weeks I discovered that it was a most wonderful invigorator. I used to suffer greatly from exhaustion, headaches, and depression of spirits. My work had been very trying at times and indigestion had set in.

"Now I am always well and ready for any amount of work, have an abundance of active energy, cheerfulness, and mental poise. I have proved to my entire satisfaction that this change has been brought about by Grape-Nuts food.

"The fact that it is predigested is a very desirable feature. I have had many remarkable results in feeding Grape-Nuts to my patients, and I cannot speak too highly of the food. My friends constantly comment on the change in my appearance. I have gained 9 pounds since beginning the use of this food."

"There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. ***

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC.,

of HARPER'S WEEKLY,

published weekly *at* New York, N. Y.

required by the Act of August 24, 1912

Name of— *Post-Office Address*

Editor, George Harvey - - New York, N. Y.

Business Managers: George Harvey, President; F. A. Duneka, Secretary; F. T. Leigh, Treasurer.

Publisher: Harper & Brothers (Incorporated). *Addresses:* New York City.

Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock.)

Harper & Brothers (Incorporated).

Stockholders: George Harvey, 14,152 shares; J. Henry Harper, 2,000 shares; Estate of Clarence W. McIlvaine, 2,000 shares; Estate of William M. Laffan, 2,000 shares; Charles Hathaway, 303 shares; R. B. Woodward, 303 shares; A. J. Smith, 322 shares. *Addresses:* New York City.

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GEORGE HARVEY.

(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March 1913.

[SEAL] PHILIP J. FOX, Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 30, 1915.)

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FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

Deceptive Lights Along the Business Shore

ALLOWANCES WHICH MUST BE MADE IN READING THE SIGNS GENERALLY TAKEN TO BE INDICATIVE OF THE COURSE OF BUSINESS

IT is a long time since there has existed the same necessity as at present, not only for scrupulous care in reading the so-called "barometers of business," but for a clear understanding as to how they ought to be read. To know that rising bank-clearings, for example, usually indicate a rising volume of business is not enough—it is perfectly possible for bank-clearings to be increasing while the volume of business is actually falling off. To figure that because railroad earnings uniformly show an increase, business is on the up-turn is another unsafe conclusion—there have been plenty of times in the past when earnings have increased while the tonnage actually being handled was on a declining scale. And so it is with the other lights along the business shore. Intelligently observed, they form the one safe way for the business man to lay his course. Observed without appreciation of their changing characteristics, they constitute as serious a form of danger as a set of lights which a navigator thinks he recognizes, but in the identity of which he is mistaken.

But if increasing bank-clearings and railroad earnings don't necessarily mean increasing business, if money rates can be low while the real position is one of strain and all the other signs are liable to mean just the opposite of which they usually mean, of what use are these so-called "barometers of business"? Rather than take the chance of being so misled, would it not be better in the conduct of one's business to disregard them entirely?

Were it simply a chance as to what clearings and earnings and the other signs actually meant, there could be no question as to the folly of paying them any serious attention. Into the reading of these signs, however, by those who understand how they ought to be read, the element of chance enters not at all. In the taking of almost any scientific observation allowances have to be made. Just so it is in this case. In the use of statistics as to clearings, earnings, bank reserves, foreign trade, and the other things, not to know how to make the necessary allowances is not to know how to take the observation at all.

Take bank-clearings, for instance. Ninety-five per cent. of the country's business being done on checks, it might be thought that whenever the amount of checks passing through the clearing-houses is on the increase, the business which gives rise to the drawing of these checks must be on the increase, too. But by no means does that necessarily follow. Suppose, for the sake of illustration, that the total business done during this present week and during the corresponding week a year ago is exactly the same. Would exactly the same amount of money be required to do that business, and the same volume of checks pass through the various clearing-houses? By no means. That would depend entirely upon prices. If wheat and cotton and leather and the other great staples were higher in price now than they were then, obviously it would take more money to do the same amount of business in them. The check drawn in payment, for instance, of a shipment of a thousand bushels of wheat would be considerably larger if wheat happened to be selling at a dollar a bushel than if it happened to be selling at only ninety cents. No more merchandise would have changed hands, but in the amount of money used and, so, of checks cleared, there would have been about a ten-per-cent. increase.

The index-number, therefore, which is a sort of composite picture of commodity prices, must be taken into account in connection with this matter of bank-clearings. Small variations may be disregarded, but when the index-number is well above or well below the point at which it stood during the period whose clearings are being compared with those of the present, full allowance must be made. To fail to realize that a decided rise in commodity prices such, for instance, as has taken place during the past year, is in itself bound to make clearings seem large, would be completely to misunderstand their significance.

Another important thing to bear in mind in connection with this matter of clearings is the locality in which the increases or decreases take place. A big increase in clearings for the country as a whole, we will say, is shown. Assuming that commodity prices are the same now as then, does it follow that general trade is more active? Not necessarily. The entire amount of the increase, it may be, has taken place at New York or the other big cities, clearings out through the country having remained stationary. What would be shown by a condition like that? That stock speculation, presumably, was more active. Had the increase in the clearings of the cities come from increased *commercial* business, this would not have failed to find a reflection in clearings at the smaller towns with which the cities do business.

Passing from clearings to railroad earnings, it is evident that here, too, careful allowances must be made. Increases or decreases in railroad earnings, it must be borne in mind, are in comparison with the same period during the previous year. What conditions were during that previous period is, therefore, of the very greatest importance. If conditions then were good and earnings were showing a satisfactory increase over the corresponding period of the year before that, a further substantial increase really means something. If, on the other hand, because of floods or strikes or any one of a hundred different causes earnings during the corresponding period last year were poor, what may look like brilliant increases may mean merely the getting back again to normal. Too much care cannot be taken, especially following periods when railway traffic is known to have suffered, to note the actual condition of affairs during the period with which comparison is made.

Allowance must also be made for the fact that railroad earnings are necessarily somewhat late in reflecting business conditions. In the case of most manufactured products a number of weeks or even several months intervene between the time when the order is placed and the time when the goods, ready for shipment, are started on their way. Railroad earnings during any given month, therefore, do not, necessarily, reflect the activity of business during that particular month, but are rather a measure of orders previously placed. It is perfectly possible for general business to suffer a decided set-back and orders to fall off sharply, and still for railroad earnings to go on for a month or six weeks exactly as though nothing had happened.

Of what use, then, if railroad earnings reflect a turn in business only after it has happened, are they as an indication of what is to come? Of no use at all if one thinks that he can pick up a report of a month's railroad earnings and from it tell anything about the course of business, but of a good deal of use if one knows enough to compare earnings for several months and to determine tendencies therefrom. Railroad earnings now coming out, we will say, reflect the business done in February. Can I, by taking these earnings for the past week or the past fortnight, find out anything from them as to the probable course of business during the current month? Certainly not. But suppose I take these current earnings and those of the month before and those of the two or three months before that, and find, upon examination, that there was a distinct tendency one way or the other. As a business man, wouldn't it be of the very greatest use for me to know that during a number of months preceding February there was a decided movement up or down in progress, and that as late as the middle of February the movement was in full swing? Wouldn't that help me in forming an intelligent estimate as to current conditions and those likely to prevail in the near future?

In the use of the figures showing railroad earnings another important thing to bear in mind is that while month-to-month comparison is safe enough, year-to-year comparison is not, unless increased capitalization is allowed for. Every year the railroads of the country, to take care of their natural growth, increase the amount of their capitalization by several hundred millions of dollars. On this new money, so to speak, put into the game, earnings have got to be shown. Suppose the railroads as a whole report gross earnings for this year the same as last year or the year before—would that signify that business had merely stood still? By no means. So much new capital having been employed, earnings *ought* to show a corresponding increase. If they don't, it is a sign not that business has stood still, but that it is actually going back. Nor can the figures be reduced to a per-mile basis and comparison made that way. Increase in capitalization by no means necessarily results in corresponding increase in mileage. The money may be spent for cars, rails, improvement of roadbed, or a hundred other things. After it has been spent, the road *ought* to earn more per mile than it did before.

The figures for foreign trade are another part of the industrial barometer which need to be read not only with care, but with understanding of the fact that they do not always mean the same thing. A big balance in our favor—that is to say, a big excess of exports over imports—is very generally taken to mean satisfactory business conditions. And so it does, as a rule, but by no means always. What caused the balance is of very great importance. Was it caused by a big increase in exports, imports holding up, too?—in that case, without question, conditions most satisfactory are reflected. But suppose that the balance in our favor turns out, upon examination, to have been the result not of an increase in exports, but rather of a decrease in imports. That would put a different face on the matter entirely. Stationary exports and decreasing imports would have this effect of bringing into existence a big balance in our favor, but the existence of such a balance would be anything but a favorable sign.

Exactly that thing happened as late as 1908. Exports during that year were not so very much less than in the year before, but, owing to the post-panic business depression, imports fell off from $1,423,000,000 to $1,116,000,000. What was the result? That the balance of trade in our favor, naturally, suddenly swelled to big proportions. During the twelve months of 1908, as a matter of fact, the balance of trade in our favor ($636,461,360)—broke all records. And that occurred in a year three-quarters of which was marked by acute depression in business. Evidently the conclusion that a big balance of trade indicates prosperous business conditions is one that should be arrived at only after examination of what brought the balance into being.

Even the premise that rising exports denote increasing trade activity is at times subject to modification. Take it at a time when the crops—particularly the great export crop, cotton—have been large two seasons in succession. Total exports, in that case, are almost sure to run large. And even if agricultural exports are excluded and manufactures are considered by themselves, it does not always follow that big exports of manufactures indicate active trade. Back in 1910 and the first part of 1911, for instance, when business was contracting, exports of manufactured products ran big for the simple reason that in any number of important lines it was a case either of finding an export outlet or of shutting down. Rather than do the latter, export agents, instructed to make such prices as would "keep things moving," were sent post-haste to all the possible foreign markets. The result was a very considerable increase in our exports of manufactured goods. But any one who drew therefrom the conclusion that business here was particularly active would have been sadly mistaken.

In the case of big imports, too, as indicating prosperity, allowances must sometimes be made. As a general rule, rising imports do denote active trade and increased purchasing power. But, by a rise in commodity prices, imports are sometimes artificially stimulated. Under such circumstances, this being a good market in which to sell, merchandise is sent here in such quantity as to make it seem as though the demand for it and the activity in trade must be very great. Whenever (as, for instance, at present) the index-number shows commodity prices in general to be high, full allowance must be made therefor in the use of the figures for imports as a gauge of activity.

But requiring perhaps the very greatest amount of care in reading is that section of the industrial barometer concerning itself with the reserves of the banks of New York City and of the country as a whole. Easy money at New York with the banks there holding apparently ample reserves—how many times has that condition, and within the space of a very few weeks, been followed by high rates and money stringency! Big surplus reserves at New York, it is plain, are no guarantee of long-continued ease in the money position. A reading of the barometer which does not take into consideration the possible effect on the position at New York of the banking position as a whole would be no reading of the barometer at all.

Of infinitely greater importance, as a matter of fact, than the surplus reserves of the city banks, is the percentage of cash to deposits held by the banks out through the country. That, at least, is one part of the barometer whose meaning never changes. High percentage of cash to deposits means fundamentally easy conditions. Low percentage of cash to deposits means strain. Slack requirements for money may keep the latter condition from manifesting itself in high rates, but as long as it exists it needs only a moderate demand for funds to make itself felt.

Surplus reserves in the city banks, however full, and money rates in the big cities, however easy, really mean very little except as they are taken in connection with the cash position of the out-of-town banks. What, indeed, constitutes the surplus reserves of the city banks except the excess cash of their "country" correspondents? Over these surplus reserves of the city banks the banks out through the country have absolute control. If a country bank wants cash its city correspondent has got to send it along, whatever the effect on its own reserve. If a number of banks out through the country all want cash at once, short work is apt to be made of the city banks' surplus reserve, however large it may be.

What is important, then, is not so much the amount of cash belonging to their out-of-town correspondents held by the city banks, as the likelihood of these out-of-town banks wanting it back. That likelihood is expressed in the percentage of the cash they themselves hold, to their deposits. If the percentage is high they are not apt to want back the money they have on deposit with their city correspondents and the surplus reserves of the latter may really mean something in the way of continued easy money. If, on the other hand, the percentage is low, these interior institutions are likely at any time to start calling upon their city correspondents for cash—with the result that the surplus reserve is soon wiped out and the condition of apparent ease followed by one of actual stringency.

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Science and the Burglar

SCIENCE, while aiding mankind in all sorts of beneficent ways, is at the same time aiding the cracksman to pursue his nefarious work with much more neatness and despatch, and with less danger to himself, than ever before. The modern burglar now spurns the clumsy outfit of crowbar, jimmies, and skeleton keys. He knows a trick worth a dozen of those. He carries a few ounces of nitroglycerine, a cylinder or two of oxygen and acetylene, and a blowpipe. With these easily concealed tools he can force his way through the toughest steel.

The blowpipe is the deadly enemy which the safe manufacturer is now trying, with the aid of science, to circumvent. Under the intense heat that it generates the strongest steel crumples up like paper. A circle some two feet in diameter can be cut through the metal, even if an inch thick, in a few minutes.

A steel plate which a shell from a 4.5 gun fails to dent will fall an easy victim to a few cubic feet of oxygen and acetylene gas in combination. When the thermite process for welding iron was discovered, advantage was immediately taken of this for the purpose of burning through plates of steel.

Deadly forces must be handled with care and an exact knowledge of the power of which they are capable. It is not for the reckless or the bungler to toy with the blowpipe or nitroglycerine. So Raffles sets to work to acquire a scientific knowledge and skill of manipulation that, if put to some legitimate use, might open up to him an honorable career.

Quite recently a safe-breaker, whose successful career was suddenly halted by the law, fairly amazed expert scientists by the completeness of his library, which comprised a valuable collection of books in French and German written by scientists for presentation to technical societies. He made a specialty of the subject of the force of the blowpipe on metals. He admitted that he had spent three years in this study. A laboratory adjoining his library was small and compact, but for completeness of equipment would have done credit to a science school. In this laboratory he had made some improvements.

No sooner does the scientist discover some tremendous force than he must set to work to counteract that force in the hands of the criminal. It is said that recent experiments have produced a steel that will even withstand the blast of the blowpipe.

How to Grow Strong

IT is not logical for a man to swing in the air hanging on two rings by his hands, according to George Hébert, a French naval lieutenant who has devoted himself to the study of physical culture. Such exercise demands abnormal efforts which must be harmful because they do not respond to any necessity. For the same reason it is poor gymnastics to raise and to hold the arm in the air while holding the rest of the body motionless. The result of such action is incomplete development. The arm should be exercised by throwing something, by climbing or by boxing, and the legs should be exercised by running or swimming, because these essentially natural movements have a happy reaction on the whole organism. A particular movement may be interesting in the case of invalidism, when the subject is capable of ordinary exercise, but when people are in health and anxious to become strong there is only one means of obtaining physical improvement, and only one form of efficacious physical culture. That is to carry out such exercises as were imposed by nature upon the men of the forests, and such as are in use now among savages. These are walking, running, leaping, climbing, lifting, jumping, boxing, and swimming. All the obligations of primitive life have a place in these eight natural exercises.

The First "Pure Food" Labels

AMERICAN "pure-food labels" are issued in pursuance of an Act of Congress dated June 30, 1906; the first "pure-food labels," it appears, were of a date something like 900 B.C. These, brought to light by the Harvard Palestine expedition, are thought to be the first instance on record where a government took upon itself the task of seeing that its products were really what they were represented to be.

These early labels were found among specimens of ancient Hebrew writing in the city of Samara. They were employed as seals on wine and oil jars. They set forth the year in which the wine was deposited in the cellars and they state the vineyard whence the wine came. The wine was deposited in what was practically a government storehouse. On the old jars the label reads "A Jar of Pure Oil," with the name of the district producing it. These records, some seventy-five in number, pertain to the period of King Ahab, who lived about three thousand years ago. The names appearing in the inscriptions indicate that not only the king himself, but many other men, stored their wines and oils in this warehouse.

According to Professor Lyon, the script in which the inscriptions were drawn up is the Phœnician, which was widely current in antiquity. It is quite different from the so-called square characters in which the existing Hebrew manuscripts of the Bible are written.

Nature's Freaks in Australia

THE animals and plants of the world are divided into regions almost as clearly marked as the political boundaries of empires. The Australian region is perhaps the most clearly marked and the most peculiar of them all. Its indigenous inhabitants, both animals and plants, belong to a bygone epoch of the world. Besides the island-continent of Australia itself, with Tasmania, the Australian life-region includes New Guinea, the largest of all islands, 300,000 square miles in area, and the large islands stretching from New Guinea toward Java and Borneo, but not including these two. At a remote epoch this whole region was continuous land. At a period still more remote, in the secondary age of geology, only one part of the whole area was above the sea, that part of Australia which is on the side farthest from New Zealand; and this huge southwestern island had already received the ancestors of its ancient plants and animals, probably from southern Asia.

At the period when this southwestern island was first populated by mammalian animals, one of the most important matters in animal life, namely, the production of the young, was still at a very early stage. Among many of the animals the old fashion of laying eggs, inherited from reptile ancestors, still remained, even though the young were fed with milk after they were hatched. In Australia there are still some of these primitive mammals which lay eggs; the duck-billed platypus, or ornithorhynchus, and the echidna, or porcupine ant-eater, which is almost equally primitive. But the great majority of the Australian mammals had already, even at the remote period we are considering, got one stage beyond the egg-laying epoch. They produced their young alive, though still hardly beyond the fœtal stage, small, blind, naked, unformed creatures which had to be tucked into a skin pouch on the abdomen of the mother, and kept there, within convenient reach of the milk supply, till they got their proper growth and were better able to fend for themselves. These pouched or marsupial animals are characteristic of Australia, though there are a few stragglers, like the opossum, in the New World. Most conspicuous among the Australian marsupials, or pouch-bearers, are the kangaroos, of which there are nine species of large size, and forty smaller species, as well as a curious tree-climbing kangaroo, in New Guinea. The largest, the great red kangaroo, stands five feet high and weighs as much as a man.

To Outwit Oily Thieves

TIME was when the horse-couper was the perfect personification of ways that are dark and tricks that are vain; but in these days of motoring some garage-keepers are up to more devious ways of tricking the unwary than any horse-couper ever dreamed. Most garage-keepers are honest, but certain ones are not. They have, for example, the habit of selling inferior lubricating oil at the highest price and under the name of the best makers—though they sell the oil in bulk. They have a saying that it's a poor helper who can't draw from the same barrel any oil that is demanded. The intelligent motorist can easily guard against these thieves. All he needs to do is to insist upon getting his lubricating oil in its original package—sealed—and he is safe. But he must insist and he must be sure that the seal is intact.

Joss-Sticks

JOSS-STICKS, which are almost as familiar a sight to us as they are to Orientals, are made in vast quantities in China and other countries of the East. They consist of bamboo rolled in stems, in different odoriferous drugs, two of which are aconite, which serves to protect the sticks against the attacks of rats and mice, and camphor, which causes them to burn steadily without being periodically extinguished.



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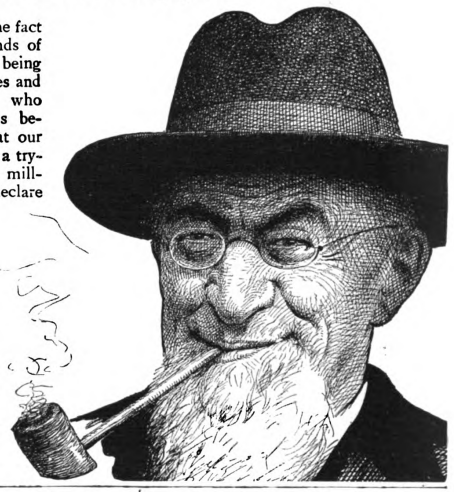
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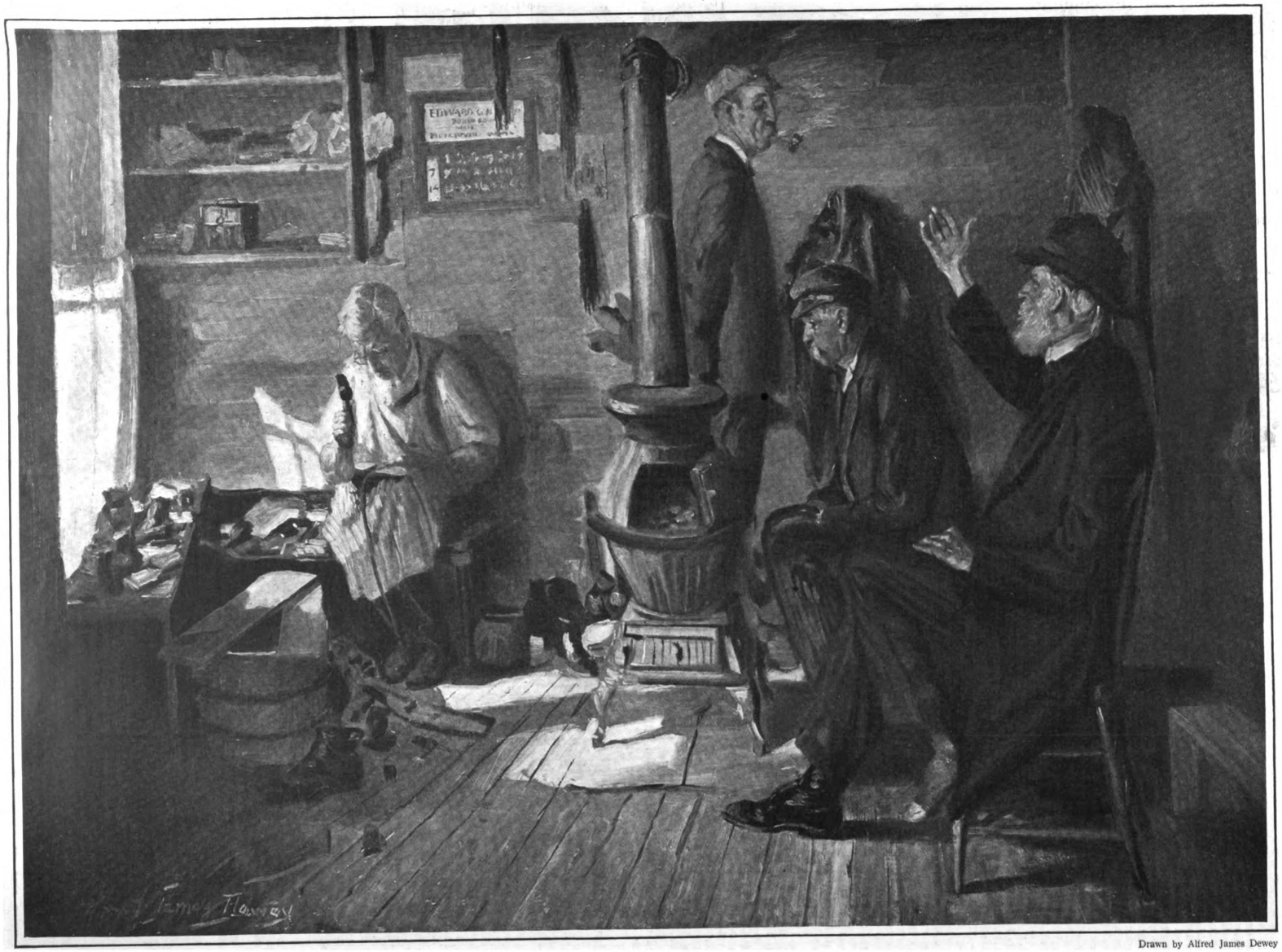
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THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

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Catching Sea-Turtles by Hand

TAKING turtles in the Fiji Islands, where this animal is so important, is more like sport than work, and almost as exciting to watch as to take part in. Two men go out in a light canoe. One paddles in the stern while the other lies upon his stomach with his head projecting over the bow, and with a heap of pebbles at hand. With scarcely a ripple from the paddle the canoe is propelled gently to and fro over the bottom where grows the green sea-grass which is the turtle's favorite food. Suddenly the watcher in the bow lifts his hand, and, as the motion of the boat is checked, he takes a pebble from the heap beneath him and drops it gently into the water. Down it goes pat upon the shell of the pasturing turtle. Unsuspecting danger, and apparently not at all affected by the shadowy object overhead, the beast crawls lazily out of reach of such accidents and begins to feed again. Steered by hand-signals from the man in the bow, the canoe swings her head over him again, and a second stone taps rudely at his shell. It may need a third or even a fourth tap to convince the animal that this rain of projectiles from the upper world is more than accidental, but the unwonted exercise thus forced upon him at meal-time has shortened his breath. Air he must have, and he makes slantwise for the surface.

Then the sport begins. The bow man springs up, snatches off his loin-cloth, and plunges down into the depths. He knows that success in his art lies in seizing the creature by the edge of the fore flipper, and in turning him over before he reaches the surface. It is a slippery handhold, but if he grasps the limb higher up his hand will be nipped between the flipper and the sharp edge of the shell; while to seize a turtle by a hind flipper is to put one's self in the attitude of a tin-can tied to a puppy's tail. Having been both skilful and lucky, as these amphibious and agile Fijians usually are, and got a proper grip upon the edge of the fore flipper, the man must next manage to turn the turtle on his back. To this the animal strongly objects, and the spectator sometimes watches an underwater contest which could hardly be matched for sensational interest. If success follows the swimmer's effort, he must still guide the turtle to the surface before letting go; and there the steersman is ready to help get the prize into the canoe. No one less accomplished in swimming and long diving than a South Sea Islander could hope to do much at this game.

The turtle in Fiji has royal rank—or had in the primitive state of things. Every considerable chief had his band of turtle-catchers, who were expert at the business of catching their prey in nets. These nets, sometimes two hundred yards long and twelve feet wide, were taken in canoes out to deep water and hung from floats in a great semicircle, the ends of which were brought to the reef. This was to intercept the animals on their way back from their pastures in the shallows, and a perfect knowledge of their habits guided the fishermen in choosing the proper place and time. This method is still followed. If the turtle takes fright at the net, the men drive it forward with much noise and splashing, until the jarring of the floats show that the victim is entangled. Returning, the catch is announced by loud blasts on the conch-shell trumpet, and the canoes are received with the same noise of triumph as used in former days to greet the boats that brought back the bodies of enemies to furnish materials for a cannibal feast.

Praying for Prey

MOST persons know the praying mantis—that large, greenish, grasshopper-like insect which holds up adoring arms as if venerating some deity of the woods, or making an invocation—an oracle among insects, as the old Greeks thought it. But these attitudes of prayer conceal the most atrocious habits; these supplicating arms, to fall into Fabre's picturesque phrasing, are lethal weapons; these fingers tell no rosaries, but exist to seize the passer-by. Although a member of a vegetarian family, the mantis feeds exclusively upon its living prey. It is a tiger in ambush; and if only it had sufficient strength its ogrish appetite, and its horrible facility of concealment by color and form among the green leaves where peaceful insects travel, would make it the terror of the countryside.

At first glance it does not look very terrible. Its neck is flexible and it can turn its head and look with sharp eyes in all directions, but no formidable jaws affright a victim. In its powerful uplifted fore limbs lies the hidden danger, the cruel trap. Each long thigh, shaped like a flattened spindle, carries on the forward half of its lower face a double row of steely spines, alternately long and short; and three needle-like spikes, longest of all, rise behind the parallel rows, between which the fore leg lies when folded in "prayer." This forepart of the leg is similarly armed, but with smaller spikes, and terminates in a hook with a blade like a pruning-knife and a tip as sharp as a needle. Handle the insect incautiously, and this armament discovers itself to you instantly, thrusting its needles and blades into your flesh, gripping you in a stinging vise and forcing you to crush it to get free.

When the mantis is in repose these weapons are folded and pressed against the chest, showing nothing of their ferocity. The bandit's sword is sheathed and it seems at its devotions. But let a victim come within reach and the ruse—if ruse it be—is abandoned like a flash. The three long joints of the deadly fore limbs straighten and shoot out their talons, which strike the victim like the unsheathed claws of a cat and drag it back between the saws of the thighs. The vise closes with an upward motion, as a man would bring his hand up to his shoulder, and no cricket, grasshopper, beetle, or spider can struggle out of the crook of that terrible elbow.

Old Panama

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS did his best, by a painstaking exploration of the Central-American isthmus between Honduras and Darien, to find an outlet to the Orient. He was born too late for that. Recent geological investigations have shown that there was a time when the region at present occupied by the Panama Canal was well below sea-level, with the exception of certain elevations which, before Columbus, had the appearance of islands.

After the discovery of the Pacific by Balboa in 1513 Spain took a lively interest in the isthmus, since explorations had revealed the presence of valuable minerals on the west coast of South America. The following ten years saw the undertaking of numerous expeditions of vessels of small tonnage on the Atlantic side of the isthmus. These boats were shipped in pieces to the Pacific coast and there put together again, and placed on the water. In 1523 the Spanish king wrote to Cortez, then in Mexico, directing him to find a navigable passage to connect eastern with western ports. There had already been constructed, from Nombre de Dios, forty miles east of Colon City, a route that had its terminus at Old Panama, the ruins of which are about five miles northwest of the present town. This roadway was paved and it is an open question if it served for wheel traffic or merely as a pack-horse trail. Anyhow, it was long used for the transportation of the precious metals of Peru destined for shipment to Spain. Old Panama was much enriched by this means and tempted Morgan, the English buccaneer, who made a clean sweep of the place.

Cortez, meanwhile, had been unable to establish a water connection between Mexico and Panama. A Spanish decree in 1634 directed the exploration by experts of the region between the Chagres and Panama, to see if it were possible to find an outlet to the river into the Pacific. Governor Pascual Andagoya drew up a report in which he stated that "insurmountable difficulties" forbade the junction of the two oceans. This, in fact, was the first canal commission.

Wine to Make Hens Lay

IT is reported from France that Professor Joubert, of the Agricultural College at Fontainbleau, has discovered a simple method of making hens lay. It appears that the Professor feeds them with wine in addition to their ordinary food.

An elaborate series of experiments was conducted by Joubert, and these produced, it is said, the same result in every case. In each instance he experimented during the four winter months with two sets of twelve fowls of the same breed, adding bread soaked in wine to the food of one of the two sets of twelve. In every case the wine-fed hens laid more eggs than the others.

New Uses for Cement

ENGINEERS are pointing out the value of cement grouting for repairing defective masonry, lining walls, and making tunnel roofs water-tight. In Germany a well polluted by infiltrations was put into satisfactory condition by lowering into a sheet-iron drum, filling the space between the drum and the walls of the well with Portland cement, and withdrawing the drum after the cement had set. The damaged masonry of a tunnel was repaired by injecting liquid cement under pressure. Air at a pressure of seventy-eight pounds per square inch sufficed to force the cement into place.

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UNEASY HEADS

(Continued from page 9)

the court that you find those whom you cannot trust.

King Nikola of Montenegro has two amusements—writing poetry and playing poker. He is so keen on the game that he has been known to play on the top of a hill in full view of the battle-field, with a military band going close in his ears. But he can fight, too, and has taken his shot at the Turk more than once during the war. His great characteristic is despotism. He only gave his country a constitution because he found his own family clique getting too powerful. He has got his opposition in the Parliament down to six by the simple method of imprisonment. There have been several plots against his life, but he always managed to nip them in the bud, put the ministers who were supposed to be involved into chains and kept them there. Several influential men, including the country's one liberal Prime Minister, the luckless Radovitch, have been in that uncomfortable state for nigh four years. And yet King Nikola will bring the tears to your eyes with his eloquence, when he gets onto Austria's teasings, and Mr. Pashitsch's perpetual stirring up of discontent. "The trouble is," he once said to me—"the trouble is that my subjects who go to Belgrade to study come back with radical ideas for which my country is not yet ripe. These are the men who plot against me, because my son-in-law, King Peter, hopes to reign here. But he is wasting his time, I can assure you."

This is King Nikola's view. American ideas have got in, too. Six thousand Montenegrins came back from America to fight for Scutari, and are spreading republican ideas in the camp and trenches. If Scutari goes to Albania, it will be a bad lookout for the old King's dynasty, for his subjects have an idea that his plottings with Austria will alone account for its loss. The old man loves money. He begs from all his rich neighbors. Austria, Russia, and Italy give him large sums yearly. He says they are for the development of Montenegro; many Montenegrins doubt it and believe it is for the royal family. He is credited with having several million francs invested in America. He has ten children to provide for if he is forced to go. His constant begging annoys M. Kokowceff, Russia's Premier, beyond words. There is generally a passage of arms between them when Nikola visits St. Petersburg, but last time Kokowceff won. As usual, King Nikola proposed after-dinner spirit-rapping, and the Tsar assented. Old Nikola called up the ghost of Alexander the Third. There was a long conversation, and the ghost finished by saying that Nikola ought to have 60,000 rubles ($30,000) from the Imperial purse. Next morning, the Tsar, a confirmed spiritist, told Kokowceff, who is no spiritist, but knows King Nikola's weakness. "When was this, Sire?" he asked.

"Oh, at about ten o'clock," replied the Tsar.

"So I supposed," said the wily Kokowceff. "Feeling nervous, I, too, called up the ghost of His Imperial Majesty, Alexander the Third, at two o'clock. He told me that he had wanted to get into communication with Your Majesty, or with me, because he had thought over the matter of King Nikola and come to the conclusion that Montenegro was costing too much, and 600 rubles would be quite enough this time." And six thousand was all poor old King Nikola got that trip.

One thought that predominates over all others as I observe the Balkan courts is the conviction that the days of their monarchs are nearly over. Even Roumanians, with their aristocracy, speak more and more of a republic. The germ of republicanism seems to have got into the air. It will be interesting to see how far it will spread.

DRAMATIZING THE PRESENT

(Continued from page 18)

poets that commands the sun, moon, and stars, the sea, and sky to speak.

So much that is kind and complimentary has been said about the lighting of my production that I have always been greatly encouraged to devote my utmost efforts in that direction. If the successful results of my light effects were a matter of mechanical invention, they would be adaptable to any theater; but they are not. There are always distinguished copyists who can feel the artistic beauty of an original picture when it is before them; but the original painting still retains its identity. In a lesser degree, the lighting of each new scene that I produce is a new and original picture, which retains its identity once I have painted it. My process of producing light effects bears the same relation to the stage that the painter does to his canvas. Where the painter has his scene in front of him, however, the theatrical producer is obliged to rely upon his memory. I have often sat in an orchestra seat, at rehearsal, and painted a moonlight scene from my recollection of an actual one. I have directed the distribution of lights on the canvas as a painter manipulates his colors, shading here, brightening there, till the effect was complete. It was all done at that one sitting, for the first time, but I could never repaint that picture. Once I have worked out the lighting of a scene, sometimes till I am almost blind, there are no changes afterward. The mechanism completes it, but the inspiration of a few hours makes it.

To return to the question of the supernatural in its relation to the theater. There is as much truth in the supernatural as there is in the natural, but it may be more difficult to visualize. I am inclined to believe that the expression of supernatural truth is, in itself, a supernatural message to the artist, and I say this from the logic of experience.

"The Return of Peter Grimm," for instance, was a play that grew out of supernatural causes. I was told, over and over again, that I could not sustain the ghost-light illusion on the stage without the traditional green light and wax-white stage figure. I had to violate stage tradition, almost to ignore my knowledge of the theater, that I might make way for a new and untried stage effect.

To veil the story of this play, to convey supernatural suggestions without obvious staginess, I selected the month of April for its episode, the fairy month of the year, when the air is full of whisperings and murmurs. This for effect, of course, but chiefly to emphasize the truth of supernatural influence.

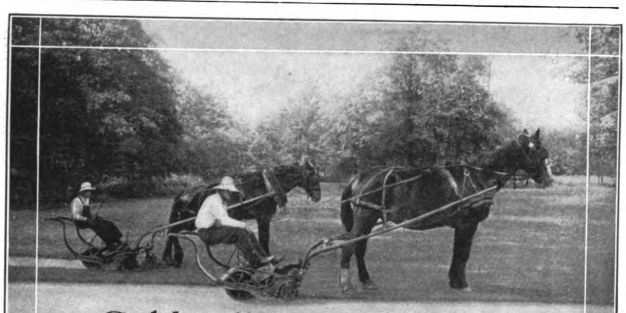
"The Case of Becky," the play which Mr. William J. Locke brought in to me one night, was written around a theme I had long studied out in my studio. Like "The Return of Peter Grimm," it dealt with the new thought of the present, the struggle of a dual personality in one being. In the past we had seen "Jekyll and Hyde," but in "The Case of Becky" there is shown something more—the power of science and experience to help. No green lights, no dark stage, no horrible stage contortions to accomplish the physical change. It is done as we see it done to-day in life; as it frequently happens in the full glare of a lighted room.

"The Return of Peter Grimm" is a play that has touched the edge of the rainbow, a forecast of the wonderful possibilities in this new dramatic material, which lies in the undiscovered field of supernatural influence.

"The Case of Becky" is a play that I believe points the way toward the realistic theater of the future—toward a realism that conveys a message to those who think, but also those who do not think.



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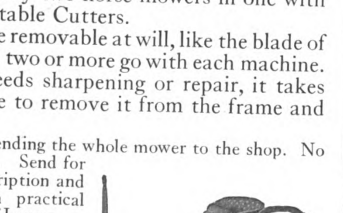
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Roman Roads in England

THERE has been revived by British motorists a certain degree of interest in the project to reopen and put in usable condition the old Roman roads that led out from London to other cities. The ancient highways, built by the Roman generals for military purposes, were well constructed and their routes were exceedingly straight, but they have in many instances been practically abandoned.

Few except students of the subject are aware of the great network of highways which was driven across England, Wales, and Scotland by the Roman generals. The straightness of these roads probably is explained by the fact that the cities and towns they linked were founded subsequent to the road-making. The roads were constructed for military purposes—the subjugation and control of the turbulent Britons—and had no set objective. Camps grew into cities and towns were founded at points of military vantage. These naturally lost their importance in many instances where the conquerors withdrew, and their very sites are forgotten.

Odd Ways of Fishing

IT is said that at one time the Icelanders taught tame bears to jump into the sea and catch seals. In China birds do equally well, for at a signal they dive into the lakes and bring up large fish grasped in their bills. In Greece the fishermen use branches of pine steeped in pitch and lighted; the inhabitants of Amorgos used cypress-leaved cedar, which served, when lighted, as a lure; and the Chinese fish in the night with white-painted boards placed in a manner to reflect the rays of the moon upon the water. These attract the fish to the boat, when the men cast a large net and seldom fail to draw out considerable quantities. Anchovies are fished for in a similar manner.

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PENN STATE

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

VOL. LVII] No. 2939 | WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1913 | [10 Cents a Copy $4.00 a Year

President Wilson on Capitol Hill

"Nothing does so much honor to a man newly risen to eminence as to make new regulations devised by himself. If these, when once established, show that they have grandeur in them, then they will render the man an object of respect and admiration."—NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI.

IF THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY had been alive and well and in Washington on April the 8th, as he used to mark time, we should have had a fitting portrayal of the memorable event which signalized the entirely new freedom of a pretty new President. Beef-eating sergeants-at-arms would have stalked glumly about, great lords of the plains would have strolled in from the headwaters of the noble Missouri, ambassadors and ambassadresses would have appeared resplendent in gilt and lace, bright eyes would have blinked at the unaccustomed splendour (with a u), and more than one lady would have been carried out in a fit. But Mr. MACAULAY'S calculation that the Republic would die before he did having gone wrong, we are compelled, as usual, to turn to our neighbor, the *Sun,* for a pen-picture sufficiently vivid to satisfy a natural craving for details.

Be it understood that April the 8th was the day on which the speech-making spirit of JOHN ADAMS was what the present alleged Secretary of the Navy would call reincarnated. President WILSON had served due notice upon Congress that he had graciously accepted the invitation which Congress had neglected to send to him and would appear at high noon or thereabouts to deliver an impromptu address upon the state of the Union in *persona grata.* His reasons for so doing were, as usual, "very simple."

"I think," he said, "it is the most dignified way for the President to address the Houses on the opening of the session instead of sending the address by messenger and letting the clerk read it perfunctorily. I thought that the dignified and natural thing was to read it. It is a precedent which, it is true, has been discontinued a long time, but which is a very respectable precedent." He also hinted through Secretary TUMULTY, who is becoming a sort of LOEB, that he meant no reflection upon THOMAS JEFFERSON, who had to do originally with the discontinuance aforesaid.

Nevertheless, as the painstaking Mr. MACAULAY would have taken note, the information aroused wide-spread interest in the minds of living statesmen. In point of fact, on the day preceding the event mentioned hitherto, three Senators as unlike in temperament, disposition, and physical appearance as can be easily imagined, although each of the Roman type, rose in their places and spoke their minds. The first to make deliverance was our old friend Historicus of Massachusetts, who now finds so little of interest in the present that he is writing and printing chapters of what Mr. ROOSEVELT would designate as possible reminiscences.

"It is well known to all here," said Senator LODGE, with far greater confidence than we should have felt, "that under the administrations of WASHINGTON and ADAMS it was the practice for the President to come either to the hall of the Senate or to the hall of the House of Representatives and deliver his message in person." The custom, he continued, with historical accuracy, had been borrowed from England, where kings and queens were wont to open Parliament in person if there were no CROMWELLS around. But the Jeffersonians disapproved of all such monarchical proceedings, and said Senator LODGE:

> When Mr. JEFFERSON was elected he altered this custom once for all, and we have always adhered to the Jeffersonian change. I suppose Mr. JEFFERSON must have had, possibly, the feeling in regard to it that was expressed by his followers; and I think he was not, as a rule, much given to speech-making. At all events, he addressed a letter to the President of the Senate on the 8th of December, 1801.

What the Senator meant to say was that Mr. JEFFERSON *thought* he was altering the custom "once for all." The fact, of course, is that it remained changed only 112 short years. Mr. JEFFERSON had not foreseen a politically lineal descendant with a strong Hamiltonian strain. But that is neither there nor here. The letter addressed to the President of the Senate by the original THOMAS, who, by the way, was so proud of his given name that he never dropped it for a minute, reads this way:

> SIR,—The circumstances under which we find ourselves at this place rendering inconvenient the mode heretofore practised of making by personal address the first communications between the legislative and Executive branches, I have adopted that by message, as used on all subsequent occasions throughout the session.
>
> In doing this I have had principal regard to the convenience of the Legislature, to the economy of their time, to their relief from the embarrassment of immediate answers on subjects not fully before them, and to the benefit thence resulting to the public affairs.
>
> Trusting that a procedure founded in these motives will meet their appreciation, I beg through you, sir, to communicate the enclosed message with the documents accompanying it to the Honorable the Senate, and pray you accept for yourself and them the homage of my high regard and consideration.

To Dr. RUSH Mr. JEFFERSON merely remarked, "By sending a message, instead of making a speech, I have prevented the bloody conflict to which the making of an answer would have committed them." So they were able to "set into real business" without losing several days "combating an answer."

But we are forgetting Senator LODGE, who proceeded in this wise:

> I do not know, Mr. President, whether it is the plan of this reversion to the earlier and very dignified Federalist procedure to continue it, and make an address in reply to the personally delivered message. It seems to me it would be very appropriate to do so. But Mr. JEFFERSON'S change was accepted by the country and has been followed from that day to this. I do not recall at this moment but one adverse comment after it had once gone into effect; and that, curiously enough, proceeded from JOHN RANDOLPH, who stated on one occasion that he thought it very unfortunate that the old plan of the President coming and delivering his message in person and the Houses then adopting an address had been abandoned, because he said the consideration of the message and the adoption of the address gave such an excellent opportunity to review what had been done, to comment and criticise the message, and it seemed to him that it was a great pity to be given up.

We record with pain a suspicion that the distinguished Senator's recollection is not as good as it used to be. Our own is very distinct to the effect that a far broader statesman than the provincial JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke, found occasion to make "adverse comment" upon JEFFERSON'S act. We can, indeed, recall his very words, to wit:

> JEFFERSON killed this simple ceremonial, and substituted for it the written message, sent by a secretary and read by a clerk in the midst of talk and bustle, which is the form we have to-day. JEFFERSON'S change was made, of course, in the name of liberty, and also because he was averse to public speaking. From the latter point of view it was reasonable enough, but the ostensible cause was as hollow and meaningless as any of the French notions to which it was close akin. It is well for the head of the state to meet face to face the representatives of the same people who elected him.

We are quoting from memory, but the Senator can easily determine whether our recollection is as good as his by turning to page 79 of the second volume of the *Life of George Washington,* by HENRY CABOT LODGE.

We hate to admit it, but the truth is that we could not detect the point in the Senator's speech and, as usual, had to go to Boston for it. They have made a study of him there and understand him, as witness the following from the Boston *Herald:*

> I incline to think that Senator LODGE'S historic citations on the President's reading his own message in Congress were cleverly intended to play with the Democrats. Their great apostle and prototype, THOMAS JEFFERSON, had abandoned the idea, and Mr. LODGE liked to call attention to the prophet of the new freedom in the act of returning to discarded Federalism. The Bay State Senator also had some sport in laying emphasis on the importance of an address to the President in reply, as in keeping with the necessities of the old order. He knew there was no reply to be made, and nothing that could be said. But it was all very clever. People make a great mistake who think LODGE lacking in humor.

It is a guarded utterance, but that is their way. They never boast vulgarly of thinking in Boston; they merely admit an inclination in that direction. But we surmise that the divination is correct and we cheerfully attribute our own stupidity to the fact that we are of the very people who have made the great mistake referred to.

In the temporary absence of Mrs. MARTIN W. LITTLETON Senator JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS spoke as the personal representative of the immortal JEFFERSON. He regretted exceedingly that the President had resolved upon a procedure which involved a revival of "the cheap and tawdry and tinsel imitation of British methods." It was not, in his judgment, without reason that every President had followed Mr. JEFFERSON'S example and he hoped there would be no more of the "pomposities" and "cavalcadings" which he considered "out of keeping with the American spirit and American institutions." Apparently the Senator thought the President was going to prance up the steps of the Capitol, but in any case he would not oppose the resolution, because it would be discourteous to do so, although he could not but envy the Senator from Massachusetts his happiness over the fact that the infraction of the time-honored tradition came from a nominally Democratic source. The sadness of Senator WILLIAMS evoked the sympathy of all present, but it was evident that he spoke rather in sorrow than in anger.

Senator STONE also adventured a few trite observations, but he was originally a CLARK man, so no attention need be paid to what he said.

They took the matter less seriously in the House of Representatives, where, according to the papers, "when the committee reported that Mr. WILSON would appear before Congress in person there were shouts of laughter."

Such the preliminaries. We now revert for a moment to the *Sun's* account of the actual happening. It was "a scene of unusual activity" because "there were twice as many tickets as seats" and "statesmen's wives trod upon one another's

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toes with good-natured recklessness." In fact, the wife of the Vice-President "was turned away by the doorkeepers," one of whom, apparently thinking it was some sort of game, curtly announced "a full house." Finally, however, a suitable place was found

The British and French ambassadors and their consorts arrived early, but Mr. JOHN BARRETT was a trifle late and it looked for a time as if the ceremony would have to be postponed. A sigh of relief went up from the Speaker's rostrum when the Director General of the Western Hemisphere finally appeared leaning upon the arm of Mr. DUDLEY FIELD MALONE, who also is soon to become a third assistant public servant.

The Speaker himself was resplendent in "his best frock coat and a white waistcoat" brilliantly supplemented with "a scarf of rich purple" and "a big white carnation" in his buttonhole on the left. Leader UNDERWOOD was immaculate, as ever, in long coat, creased trousers, and his Mona Lisa smile. The others looked about as usual.

The Senators came in, like the animals on their visit to the ark, "two by two," the Vice-President leading with a slight limp occasioned by his desperate endeavors to master the brutal game of golf. Both Senator WILLIAMS's and Senator MARTINE's countenances were somewhat wry, although the latter's was illumined by obvious consciousness of proprietorship. Senator ELIHU ROOT also smiled.

The President was "warmly applauded." When he had "smiled and bowed his acknowledgments" and "stepped briskly up the dais," it was observed that he had discarded the pepper-and-salt suit in which he received the Supreme Court, and "was attired in a frock coat with dark-gray trousers of modest stripe." He spoke, "in a strong, clear voice," these words:

> Mr. Speaker, Mr. President, gentlemen of the Congress: I am very glad indeed to have this opportunity of addressing the two Houses directly, and thereby verifying for myself the impression that the President of the United States is a person and not a mere department of the government hailing Congress from some isolated island of jealous authority, sending messages instead of speaking with his own natural voice; in short, that he is a human being trying to co-operate with other human beings in a common service.
>
> Hereafter, after enjoying this pleasure and privilege, I shall feel absolutely normal in all our dealings with one another.

He then advised Congress to reduce the tariff and await further instructions. When he finished there was more applause, led by Secretary TUMULTY, who was present in his personal capacity as a private citizen of Jersey City. "In exactly thirty-seven minutes after his departure on this precedent-smashing journey," the *Sun* concludes: "President WILSON descended from his automobile in front of the White House," greatly to the relief of Assistant-President HOUSE, who had been watching anxiously from a sequestered nook in the upper story.

It was a very pretty performance all through, and nobody has found any fault except our hypercritical neighbor, the *Times*, which fears that the innovation may "lead to unfortunate results" in the form of hissing, which "would certainly be deplorable." But there is nothing in that. Members of Congress are not only invariably polite, but they are also well aware, as Mr. DOOLEY once remarked, that they get their real message when they go to the White House to inquire about the post-offices. Neither is there any point in the *Times's* subtle insinuation that the President's underlying purpose was to "air his vanity." He told plainly enough in the words quoted above why he went in *persona grata*. He was sick of living like Robinson Crusoe on an island, and he wanted to show that he was really a human being like "other human beings," so that "hereafter, after enjoying his pleasure and privilege," he would cease to feel abnormal. Nobody but the *Times*, or perhaps the *Evening Post*, would think of criticizing an act so wholly natural and unaffected.

We are proud and pleased to be able to record the fact that no other public journal has animadverted upon the happy episode in words that might tend to mar the honeymoon of the new administration.

Not a Whim

When President WILSON goes over to the Capitol to read his message to Congress, it is not a mere whim.

It is an action with thirty years of thought behind it.

It is not an act of aggression nor of advertisement, but an experiment, duly considered, to facilitate government.

Perhaps that is why Mr. WILSON's innovation seems to have been so successful. He is not an improviser either of stunts or of methods or of convictions. His thoughts and his important actions have deep foundations.

Undoubtedly, in this instance, his purpose was to rivet public attention upon tariff legislation and, incidentally, to emphasize his own leadership.

Taxing Authority at Its Source

The President had so good a time on April the 8th that on April the 9th he again rowed over from his island of jealous authority and made another visit to Capitol Hill. This time he went to confer with the Democratic members of the Finance Committee of the Senate, who had been summoned previously from their duties in the Chamber, about the tariff. Just what happened has not found its way into the public prints, but the President went so far as to remark laughingly to the correspondents, when he emerged from the marble room, that there was really no "crisis," and that in the end harmony would prevail or he would know the reason why. Something was also said about a "mat," which we didn't quite catch. It was a mere visit of courtesy—in fact, the return of a call, designed solely to effect true co-operation, a sort of drawing together, so to speak, in the service of the people. The Senators themselves were obviously touched by the attention, and everybody else seemed at least pleased.

Imagine, then, our amazement when we found our unemotional neighbor, the *World*, guide-in-chief of the administration, breaking into double leads over the incident. "We cannot believe," it said, firmly, "that President WILSON was well advised"—whom does the *World* suspect?—"in going to the Capitol." Not that there is any cause for alarm in "the cry of usurpation" or "specious plea of an insidious form of Executive intimidation." All that, of course, is absurd. What the *World* is concerned about is "the prestige of the Presidency itself." It continued, with undisguised anxiety:

> The President of the United States cannot afford to take the chance of being publicly flouted by a Senator or a Representative. He cannot afford to take the chance of having his leadership publicly rebuked as private meddling. But this is what he does when he goes to the Capitol for conferences with members of Congress.
>
> At the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue there is a White House with commodious Executive offices. By the unwritten law of Washington the President may see whomever he wishes to see. The Senator or Representative who is summoned to the White House must go, or label himself as deficient in the ordinary amenities of official life. It is impossible for the President to be insulted in the White House. Congressional callers may agree with him or disagree with him, but there is a line that none of them may cross without, in a sense, ostracizing himself politically.
>
> It is quite a different matter when the President goes to the Capitol as an advocate of legislation. There he is on Congress's ground and is no longer master of the situation.
>
> It is proper enough for the President to read his messages if he prefers, but in the matter of consulting with Congressmen it is wiser to follow the beaten path of tradition. It is far safer to summon the Capitol to the White House than to carry the White House to the Capitol.

Highly as we esteem the *World's* marked ability when it engages in demonstration of its independence and fidelity to principle, we cannot even pretend to get excited over this. In truth, there is no question of principle involved at all. It is wholly a matter of policy or of method. If President WILSON thinks he can achieve results more quickly by going up the hill and removing some of the blinders that Mr. MARSHALL found Senators wearing, there is no good reason why he shouldn't do so. At the worst, like a certain famous gentleman of France, he can always go down again—as, in fact, he did the other day—unruffled and in good order.

Time and experience invariably straighten out little matters of this kind. We, too, have our doubts of the efficacy of the President's plan because, as a continuous performance, it seems to lack sense. A President embodies an entire department in himself; he is paid ten times as much as a Senator, and presumably his time is worth more than ten times as much; he has a great deal to do, and occasionally needs to stop and think; he also has to eat and sleep and converse with disinterested strangers who spurn the thought of seeking office. Logically, therefore, as the *World* says, he would do well to let Congressmen "follow the beaten path of tradition" to the White House.

That, moreover, is the way it will work out practically. Despite his feeling of need to prove that he is "like other human beings," Mr. WILSON's liking of novel ways is sufficiently obvious, and he is entitled to his fling. It won't last. He will have to go to the Capitol once or twice more to prove that he was right, but as soon as his presence in the wrong place becomes so usual that Congressmen go on attending to their own business and pay no attention to his comings and goings, he will go back where he belongs and stay there.

The *World* needn't lose sleep. A century-old precedent is far stronger than a month-old President, and Mr. WILSON is in no danger of being ignored entirely while he remains on the little old island which lies between the departments of JOSEPHUS DANIELS and JOHN SKELTON WILLIAMS.

The Underwood Tariff Bill

HARPER'S WEEKLY expects to treat the UNDERWOOD tariff bill precisely as it has treated other tariff bills—that is to say, on its merits as we see them. For many years an advocate of the low-tariff policy, we naturally welcome the introduction of a low-tariff bill with good prospects of passage. We sincerely trust this bill will pass in a form consistent with that policy and that the country will adhere to the policy, as it did from 1846 to the Civil War. But it is no part of our advocacy of our faith to deal disingenuously with any specific measure.

Moreover, anything said now about the UNDERWOOD bill must be said tentatively. At the present writing, though already before the House nominally, it is in fact still subject to amendments by the House Democratic caucus. We must add, to be candid, that we do not pretend to have mastered already the immense detail of the measure.

Nevertheless, a just judgment of it must rest on the way it deals with the great mass of articles subject to tariff taxation, not merely on its treatment of the particular commodities—sugar and wool, for instance—which as subjects of lively controversy are naturally singled out by the newspapers. The great enterprise of Mr. UNDERWOOD and his associates should be taken as a whole.

Taking it that way, and confessing our acquaintance with it to be still imperfect, we nevertheless feel justified in saying this much about it:

It is a thoroughly honest effort to carry out the low-tariff, non-protective policy. It is a substantial, even radical, downward revision of existing schedules and will, if it is passed substantially as it stands, afford us a fair test of the Democratic theory of tariffs applied with intelligence to present conditions.

It is both a revenue tariff and a competitive tariff. It does not for a moment lose sight of the principle that the tariff is a tax to raise money, yet it steadily keeps in mind the actual status of productive industries in this country and abroad. The two aims are consistent. The bill offers our producers all the help to be derived from the cheapening or even the making free of what they need in their several lines of production, but resolutely denies them immunity from competition. What it puts on the free list is not one whit more demonstrative of its sincerity of purpose than its taking from the free list a number of articles, mainly luxuries, for the revenue they will yield.

It adheres to the principle of taxing luxuries heavily and taxing necessaries as lightly as the requirements of revenue permit; but in our judgment it does not, in leaving the tobacco and liquor taxes practically unchanged, exhaust the revenue-raising possibilities of those schedules. This, however, is a matter to be considered only in connection with internal-revenue legislation.

It is right and consistent in endeavoring to reduce the cost of living to the mass of Americans, and the sincerity of its framers is again apparent in the fact that adherence to this purpose permits a demagogic appeal by its opponents to the farmers of the country. We trust, however, that the mass of American farmers are quite intelligent enough to see that they gain more from the removal of really and highly protective duties on the things they buy than they lose by the removal of illusory protection on the things they sell.

We think, therefore, that as to the great mass of commodities and industries it deals with, the bill is honest, thoroughgoing, intelligent; that it is truly Democratic and deserves the support of every Democrat and of every independent opponent of the high-protection form of privilege.

The Politics of It

So much for the foundation work of Mr. UNDERWOOD and his fellows. They have done as well as WILLIAM L. WILSON and his fellows did twenty years ago, and that is no mean praise. They have a far better prospect of seeing their work carried on to fulfilment and practical effects. But the prospect is not unclouded.

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True, they can look to a party still apparently united to support them; there has been no preliminary quarrel over another matter, as there was in 1893. They have the aid of a President resourceful, brilliant, persuasive, who possesses the prestige of the traditional new broom and is intensely alive to the supreme importance of enacting his own and his party's pledges into law.

The difficulty and danger is where it has always been—in the Senate, now controlled by a scant and insecure Democratic majority. The situation there is unusual and nobody can yet say with any assurance what will come of it. The Republicans will, of course, co-operate in any plan to defeat or emasculate the bill. The Progressives and Progressive Republicans would support a less thoroughgoing revision downward and probably favor certain parts of the bill as it stands, but doubtless only one or two of them at most would vote for it as a whole without substantial alteration. But the chief uncertainty is as to the final attitude of a very few Senators elected as Democrats who are either protectionists at heart or subject to immense pressure from protected interests in their several states. These men, as it happens, are most disturbed by the prospect of free wool immediately and of free sugar after three years of reduced sugar duties.

It is a situation to be handled both with delicacy and with courage, with the tact and reasonableness to avoid a rupture if it can be avoided without sacrifice of principle, yet to be faced resolutely if principle and honor cannot be maintained otherwise. For our own part, we believe an arrangement consistent with principle and honor to be attainable and we are extremely hopeful. We do not expect the UNDERWOOD bill to go the way of the WILSON bill.

Gloversville Is Alarmed

As we go to press, Gloversville is parading in the afternoon, with all places of business closed, and holding mass-meetings in remonstrance at the UNDERWOOD-bill reduction in the tariff on gloves. Gloversville announces that adoption of the UNDERWOOD rates will mean the end of the city. So long as the Hon. LUCIUS N. LITTAUER was Congressman from Gloversville, and his party made the tariffs, all went well and there was no need of these demonstrations. But if Gloversville is entirely dependent on the will of Congress for existence it is in a bad case and ought to vary its industries, no matter what the tariff is. But is it really ready to confess that it has subsisted all these years as a parasite on the taxpayer, and that the withdrawal of even a part of the people's benevolence will ruin it?

That must be a very mortifying confession for any community to make, either privately or by a parade and five mass-meetings.

And There Are Others

Gloversville is not the only mourner. We don't know how many more there are, but Mr. UNDERWOOD is doubtless in the process of learning, and report says the volume of wails by telegraph is very heavy. Flood-vexed Louisiana lifts a voice deeply distressed by the prospect of free sugar. Everybody has a friend who says his industry, whatever it may be, will be wiped out if the UNDERWOOD bill becomes a law. We suppose that very few of these remonstrants minimize their fears or understate their prospective loss. But it is no joke to correct an evil that has a root wherever smoke comes out of a factory chimney and that has been steadily growing for fifty years. That kind of a devil will hardly come out without prayer and some fasting.

Mr. Marshall at the Bat

We may as well confess that the JEFFERSON birthday dinner given by the National Democratic Club in this city was a frost. Only about half as many guests as usual attended, and those who were there were glum as oysters. Even the customary toast to the President of the United States was omitted, and there was a good deal of silence when Mr. MARSHALL expressed his personal belief that Mr. WILSON is the authorized representative of the Almighty.

It is hard to descry why this was so. One would have expected much enthusiasm at a Democratic dinner when the Democrats hold full power in nation, state, and city, but there was nothing like as much as there used to be when they held no offices worth mentioning; in fact, there was practically none at all.

Mr. MARSHALL, of course, didn't help much when he gave what the *World* calls "a mischievous twist to Jeffersonian doctrine and" held up to wealth the terrors of confiscation as constitutionally possible through the taxing power." The idea is strongly imbedded hereabouts that, when Mr. JEFFERSON drew the Fifth Amendment guaranteeing that no citizen shall be deprived of his property without "due process of law," and that no private property shall be taken for public uses without "just compensation," he meant what his words seem to convey.

It was a silly, swashbuckling speech and, as the *World* remarks, "wholly uncalled for by the times and the occasion."

Wayne Mac Veagh

Eighty years ago to-day the stork brought WAYNE MAC VEAGH to the great Republic which he has served so well as public officer and as private citizen, and which he still loves as dearly as anybody we know. We respectfully tender our most cordial felicitations and good wishes.

Hon. Mr. Cockran is in Massachusetts

It is remarked, under very large head-lines in the Boston *Journal* of April 12th, as follows:

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, *April 11th.*—In a great speech here to-night, BOURKE COCKRAN declared the UNDERWOOD tariff bill was another bi-partisan invention designed for the purpose of protecting the special interests. He charged President WILSON with vague generalities in his recent tariff messages—generalities which, he said, were purposeful and intentional in their clouding of ideas.

Why, the dear man, is he at it again? One is almost tempted to read what he said, but that would hardly be fair, for of course he does not speak to be read, but to be heard.

But what took our BOURKE off to Massachusetts to denounce us Democrats, root and branch?

It seems that a candidate named NORMAN H. WHITE is running for Congress as the Bull Moose champion in the South Framingham district, and great efforts are being made to give him a good send-off. Recent-candidate BIRD is on the stump again for him, and somebody has turned the spigot of our good BOURKE'S eloquence in the same behalf.

Wonderful man! Wonderful sentiments! Wonderful party!

The Michigan Election

Michigan is something of a straw—quite big enough to serve as well as any other straw to show which way the wind is blowing. We ourselves did not attach too much importance to the municipal elections mentioned last week as indicating whether or not the Bull Moose party, *as* a party, had gained a footing in the country. But Michigan is too big not to be really significant.

And the change there is too striking. Last November the state gave ROOSEVELT his biggest plurality. Now the ROOSEVELT party is a bad third to the Republican and the Democratic parties.

For the life of us we can draw but one inference. It is that the Bull Moose strength of last autumn was *not* Bull Moose strength at all, not at all the expression of a full and permanent commitment to a new party, but something else.

What else?

We do not pretend that our answer is more than guesswork, but we should say that the great showing made by the new party last autumn was due mainly to two things—ROOSEVELT'S personal popularity and indignation with the Republican party. Perhaps we ought to add a third cause—the general state of restlessness and discontent in the electorates; but that is hardly worth considering in any reasoning that looks to the future—even the immediate future.

The immediate future is quite worth considering. The Democrats are engaged in passing a tariff bill; they indicate a purpose to deal strongly, perhaps radically, with other matters not less important. They conceivably may—and we sincerely trust they will—use their power so wisely and conscientiously as to strengthen themselves even in their first appeal to the country. But there is no denying that such success as that is extremely rare in the history of parties, either in this country or in England. Ordinarily the strongest and best administrations, as well as the weakest, have faced reactions of public opinion, and have suffered reverses, the first time they went to the country.

If there is such a reaction in 1914, which of the two opposition parties seems most likely to profit by it? The one that does will be the one most likely to survive. The few indications of the public mind that we have had since November are distinctly favorable to the view that the Republicans rather than the so-called Progressives are likely to be the real opponents of the Democrats in the 1914 elections. ROOSEVELT'S personality remains, however, an important factor in the situation—much as HEARST and his papers have long been in this state. Of course, too, it is possible that the few signs we have are misleading.

Boiled Down

The abundant and wholesome airing of the ambassador question seems to yield two conclusions.

One is that we should pay our ambassadors living wages and provide them with proper residences, after the manner of other great nations.

The other is that rich ambassadors ought not to embarrass others who are not rich, and at the same time put this country in a false and unfavorable light before the world, by a too lavish use of their wealth.

Put still more succinctly, parsimony and extravagance are the two things to get rid of.

Both amendments of our practice are quite attainable if both Congress and the Executive will do their duty.

Ambassador to London

Mr. WALTER H. PAGE has spent most of his adult life trying to make himself interesting, through various publications, to the public. He has worked long and hard at this employment—as arduous a one as there is—and it is generally admitted that he has succeeded in it.

He is a very interesting man indeed; knows a lot, and is practised in imparting it. Moreover, he is conspicuously a modern person, whose thoughts have been busy with the problems of this generation, and who knows the facts behind those problems intimately and accurately as few people know them.

We do not doubt that our cousins in England will like Mr. PAGE and find his presence in London beneficial to their spirits and understandings. And of course, since he is a friendly and very social man, he will like them and have due enjoyment of life in their society.

Taking Notice of Our Governor

Our neighbor the Springfield *Republican*, which looks over often in a friendly way to observe what is going on across the Hudson, has this to say about the people's foremost representative at Albany:

The stock of Governor SULZER of New York is not so high as it was. He has reached the period in which his constructive ability and his staying power are to be tested relentlessly, and in which picturesque manners no longer avail to meet the requirements even of the daily news. For a time it seemed that those who had based their estimates of SULZER upon the strong suggestion of the mountebank in the manner of his Congressional performances, might have misjudged their man and failed to appreciate his real ability. Their view to-day seems less wide of the mark than it did when Governor SULZER took office. But the record is far from being all in.

Yes, the record is far from being all in, and so is the Governor. But the feeling about him is about as the *Republican* says. Observers would be less anxious if it were not that his pneumatic quality exposes him to constant risk of puncture.

Junk

We record with pain that the Los Angeles *Municipal News*, to which Mr. BIRD, of Massachusetts, lately pointed in a letter to the WEEKLY as an example of a fair and truthful newspaper, has died.

Its trouble, as disclosed, was not that it was too good to live, but that it was too expensive. After thirty-two weekly appearances its upright labors were discontinued because—so we read—it cost $36,000 a year and yielded no revenue.

But $36,000 a year is so moderate a sacrifice in the cause of truth that there must have been some other reason for stopping this honest paper.

Can it be that nobody read it?

We suspect that that was the real trouble.

The Answer

The levying of an income tax has been approved by the *Independent*, but we cannot see how the desired $100,000,000 or $110,000,000 can be raised by a tax of one per cent. on incomes in excess of $4,000, even if the rate be graduated upward for much larger incomes.—*The Independent.*

It can't. According to the Treasury estimates, 1 per cent. on incomes from $4,000 to $100,000 would produce $21,500,000, and 4 per cent. on incomes exceeding $100,000 would yield $28,000,000—a total of only $49,500,000, or nearly $3,000,000 less than is now derived from the sugar tax alone.

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Entered at the New York Post-office as second-class matter

Of Nerves and Space

IT is not by dint of professional knowledge, either medical or psychological, that the Hermit dares set on paper his remedy for the nerves, tense-drawn, and quivering under the discords, suspenses, and delayed solutions of our complex modern life. It is rather as one sufferer yearns to speak to the next of his symptoms and modes of relief. None will deny that life, like all its arts—music and painting, molding and building, aye, even thought and its expression—is becoming daily more and more difficult to "play up to." It is a time of high tension and hard tasks. Our partially directed and bewildered efforts are recognized now, for good or for evil, as an independent, creative task. In whatever wise it may be, we are still making life; and, let us face the fact, we are making it higher and better, or more sordid and ignoble, not for ourselves alone, but for humanity to come. Responsibility? Aye, a terrible one and yet one to be carried, not dragged; one for courageous facing of all the facts; one to demand our entire equipment of consciousness, feeling, and intuition. But in the end it is not he who falls fainting in the fight with Destiny, not he who bleeds to death, still struggling to his feet, to hit back just once more, so long as he can breathe, at blind Fate, who is truly defeated by life. But he is defeated who, turning from the sight of the struggle, manages to keep a mind soft-padded by prejudice and to stroll through to Death unscathed.

In such a mighty battle it is only human to lose nerve, now and again, and to have to pause to catch breath and soothe one's soul. But it is true usually that we are saved only by a far vision. The most maddening pains come from thinking in small spaces. The thought gets caught in a tiny, geometrical figure and paces round and round there, like a lion caught in a net, seeing nothing but the imprisoning ropes. Back and forth over the same small space the thought turns till the soul is sick and giddy. Then it is time to turn to the wounded body and say: "But the world is large; if this same chair and these same shut-in walls invite the teasing return of the same thought; if from the hollows of the same pillow the insistent voice reiterates that sleep is murdered and will not rise again, then it is time to turn the consciousness into wider ranges. Remember the universe is not contained in one room nor yet one land nor on one star. As there is infinite space, so there is infinite possibility, and none has yet told us what unsettlings and new ratings the trumpets of doom may announce."

An old Scotch shepherd, an English writer tells us, who had lived his whole life under the open sky, was about to die. His troubled wife suggested that she call in the rector to inquire into the state of his soul. "No, no!" he answered, "that would not do any good, but you might call in Sir Robert Ball if you knew where to find him."

There is a certain close relation to modern life in the old shepherd's answer. He knew, from sitting out beneath the wintry skies at night, something of the wide ranges of the spirit, and he, if his soul were to be taken account of, wanted a man who had lived in the infinite distances of the heavenly bodies. If the soul was to escape the skin at last and go a-wandering, it was not the rector's walled-in heaven with pearly gates he wanted to visit, but the great astronomer's innumerable spheres, whirling through space.

So when the accustomed chair and pillow become but the ghosts of despondent thought, make a bolt for the open. Give larger rooms for consciousness. There is something infinitely soothing in a high-pitched roof and distant walls. Go into an empty cathedral or a big and vacant church and look up and around, and the turbulence is quelled, and soothing comes dropping from the lifted space.

But better yet, go stare at the sea, or lie long hours looking up at the sky, and no physical disease, no mental anxiety but will respond somehow to space. A cheerful and easy-minded lady, upon whom the worst blows of Fate had not yet knocked, calling on a suffering neighbor, said: "I don't wonder you are ill. Any one who tries as hard as you do to be God would have to be ill." It was no presumptuous striving after virtue that she alluded to either, but the over-anxious carrying of the daily burdens of life that only a God could bear; burdens whose solutions lay beyond the guesswork of the limited intelligence; even beyond the tenderness of the failing human heart. After all, except in the field of virtue where we know that defeat is foreordained, it is unwise to shoulder the burdens of God. Though one may suffer and rage over the inequalities of human life, the careless hand with which ease and agony are sown, one can but consume oneself, and the insistent 'why' of the universe and its misery is never stilled. Somewhere beneath the outer seeming must lurk the mitigating factor, the reprieve we have not seen. From the outside, none can tell just why it is that the fat lady in the limousine is petted and fed and paid for until she can hardly waddle from the door of her vehicle to the top step of her dressmaker's establishment, or why the heavy-lidded girl who comes in to fit her should have a paralytic father and a blind mother as well as six younger children to support on the twenty-five dollars a week she can earn by working indoors ten to eleven hours a day for six days in the week. Who can say what it all means and how it can be remedied? Indeed, when one begins the perpetual wrestle with the sorry scheme of things entire, it is no wonder that nerves give way. It is well enough to try to turn the shabby facts and find a silver lining. This gives pause from pain, though never health. As a matter of fact, there just chanced to be in that little dress-fitter's refuge, called home, some consoling spiritual factors. It happened that the blind mother and the paralytic father adored her and that the highest ambition of all the younger children was to help her along. There was in the house a consoling amount of sympathy, trust, love, and a touching sense of faith and desire for service.

Has one caught the clue to the sorry scheme then and to some of the evils of the world when one says that only by suffering can the beast of prey be choked in each of us and that most spiritual quality, pity, grow in its place? And still back of that recurs the question, "Why should an infinite good create such infinite evil and then leave such frailly manufactured creatures to cope with it? The question resounds through the void and no echo ever answers, and yet we do know that, after all, the top notch of misery and failure is to be insensible to the world's pain and never to alleviate it ever so little.

When we are worn with facing facts, when every inch of the body seems covered with a network of quivering nerves, we may, by simply enlarging the spaces in which the mind and body move, grow more largely quiescent and gain strength for our next set-to with life. If we but peer out through the chinks and crevices of this prison of daily custom, we shall see, at any rate, stars and moon and all the shifting scenery of infinitude, where surely healing has place no less than wounds. If we do but "open and intend the eye," we shall become aware that life is not all of a piece. If there is suffering, there is delight; and side by side with crucifying agony walks the joy of creative effort.

Doubtless who bears the warfare with courage unrelenting has some unseen rewards. Perhaps he hopes his sons "will reap incentive from each wound." Every burden bravely borne out to the edge of doom may be a stone in the foundation of a nobler order of life. To bear this thought in mind is tonic, and a little soothing loneliness under wide skies and in face of vast spaces will rest the teased or tortured mind till it can endure again. It takes no more than a sudden resolve, a spirit of will to pull loose from the daily round and go where eye and mind can roam over great spaces.

There is refuge to be found on the top of a great wind-swept, sliding sand-dune, where never a track of man's invasion may stay, and where a semicircle of green sea writhes roaring round the cape, while to the west a crumbling forest dies, slowly strangled by the falling sand. Only sea-gulls and clouds move wheeling across space, and wild duck in groups turn dark a spit of sand. There one becomes stiller and stiller, almost insensate, intent alone on hearing above the clamorous sea the more wistful melody the wind plays on the dying forest.

But when the doors are shut on poisoning thought and one enters the open world of endless possibility, one must be sure to take the delighted eye, the soul expectant of earth's healing.

There is a little song an English rustic poet sang for his dead friend. To repeat it while the eye roves over dimpled landscape, hill and vale and clustered orchards, or while the eye plunges into depths upon depths of blue and peace, bedecked with spinning, scudding clouds, is to draw breath for this unending warfare which is life.

"He loved Thy miracles
With all his force.
Praising Thee daily more because Thy love
Mellowed the woodland with the soothing dove,
Set linnets in the gorse.
Made sweet the darkness with the nightingale,
That we might find his comfort in the vale,
Though seeing not its source.
Give him again to hear our words,
To hear the birds,
To drink the landscapes' distances
With those deep eyes,
In ecstasies
At finding spread around him everywhere
The everlasting sameness and surprise."

Correspondence

APPRECIATION

KANSAS CITY, MO., *March 18, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—This is written to compliment you upon the two editorials, "Good Morning" and "Good Evening," in the WEEKLY of March 1st.

I think your diagnosis not only correct, but very appropriate at this time, and I think your characterization of Roosevelt as a "charlatan" is truth plainly spoken. Taft failed because he had never had practical training in politics and had never been a student of politics or political economics. He talked tariff reform in his canvass for election without any comprehension of the shackles that bound his party to the domination of the most selfish and exaggerated system of protective schedules ever witnessed in any government.

I am, sir,
K. K.

GAINESVILLE, TEXAS, *March 13, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I must congratulate you on that superb inaugural number of HARPER'S WEEKLY. I thought your Arnold Bennett illustrated issue capped the climax, but you have certainly gone one better and easily won the national trophy. It is absolutely impossible for one to express full appreciation of such a remarkable journalistic feat.

It, however, is prophetic of the significant political changes foretokened by the induction into national life of the present splendid administration. Wilson and his rare Cabinet spell "Hope" in big letters for our great republic.

May HARPER'S WEEKLY grow apace with the marvelous strides under the new régime.

I am, sir,
ERNEST C. MOBLEY.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., *March 8, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—It did not require the excellent editorial, expressing just pride, entitled "Public Service and Public Journals," to convince a life-long reader of your journal, as I have been, that you brought Woodrow Wilson to the attention of the nation, and did the work of a master in holding him in position to receive the nomination of his party and the votes of his countrymen for the Presidency.

It is the irony of politics that the man you have effectively opposed for President should have wrought the political feat that gave Wilson the nomination for President and is holding a commanding position in the Cabinet. I deem it the blending of radicalism and conservatism that on Wilson you and Bryan should unite. This "blending" of opposing forces is but another evidence of the wisdom of compromise in a republic.

President Wilson appears to be an excellent compromise and will quite probably give this country a highly satisfactory administration.

I am, sir,
WEEKLY READER.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., *March 12, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your editorial in the last issue of the WEEKLY is the finest specimen of journalistic independence and power, and your supplement the finest example of journalistic-political prognostication yet produced in American history. Long life to you, with ability to forecast and promote true reforms! May you outlive the woman-suffrage lunacy, and look back upon it with serenest humor!

I am, sir,
GEO. T. WINSTON.

CARROLLTON, MISS., *March 8, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—When you first suggested the president of Princeton for the Presidency of the United States I said to myself that is ideal but that is not politics. Now that it is proven to be both ideal and good politics, too, I want to congratulate you and also to thank you. For, as a matter of fact, it furnished me the opportunity for the first time in forty years to vote for the successful candidate for the Presidency. I began in South Carolina with Greeley in 1872. I was so placed in 1884 and 1892 as not to be able to vote. So this last vote of mine, for President Wilson, is my first successful Presidential vote. I hope you will give me another good chance in 1916.

This note was held back until Mr. Wilson should be actually inaugurated, for I did not know but that something might happen to prevent. For I remember that in 1876 we elected a President and he did not get inaugurated. But now I am safe—my vote told. For a good many years I have been a diligent reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY, but have never enjoyed the editorial page so much as during the last six or seven years.

May your star never decline.

I am, sir,
WM. HAYNE LEAVELL.

THE ARTICLES ON PAGE SIX

PORT GIBSON, MISS., *April 2, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Will you permit me in this way to thank the writer of the special articles on page 6 of the WEEKLY, and especially for the one "Life's Pauses" in the issue of March 15th. I have read nothing during the past year (and I have read no little) that has made such a profound impression as some of these articles, notably the one's entitled "The House in Order" and "The Passions of the Soul," both in recent numbers, and the one mentioned above. They express for me thoughts and feelings that are constantly struggling for utterance and failing for lack of adequate command of language. Is there not some way to preserve them in permanent form? A book of such essays would be a worthy contribution to the achievements of the human mind.

I am, sir,
W. G. MARTIN.

POST-OFFICE INSPECTORS

MARQUETTE, MICH., *March 16, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—This paragraph occurs in your issue of March 8th. "By post-office inspectors, to be sure, every blessed one of whom is a Republican."

I think upon investigation you would find that two-thirds of the post-office inspectors were for Theodore Roosevelt, and I am not guessing. I know in this part of the country it was absolutely true, as a poll of the Chicago office showed it.

I am, sir,
J. D.

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Personal

FRANK IRVING COBB, chief editorial writer of the New York *World*, was a great baseball player while he was at college, in Michigan. During vacations he accumulated strength and a little extra money by "working" in a lumber camp and playing catcher on the camp team. (The word "working" is put in quotation marks advisedly.) Young COBB and his pitcher, FLANAGAN, formed a splendid battery, and all the players and their campmates won their bets in games against rival camps with great regularity. The battery worked so well that on a certain dull Saturday they were hired at ten dollars each and expenses to play on the team of Svenson & Stefansson, a score of miles away. They had to pretend to be Swedes, of course, and they were down on the score-card as LARSEN, p., and OLSEN, c.

At a dinner in Washington not long ago Mr. COBB had the pleasure of meeting Senator JULIUS C. BURROWS, of Michigan, and found him a delightful companion. Mr. BURROWS seemed to find the dignified young editor very entertaining, too, especially when the talk turned to baseball; for Mr. BURROWS was a "fan" in the superlative degree.

"The boys in my lumber camp have a team," he declared, "that has never been beaten."

"Didn't the team from Svenson & Stefansson's camp beat them some years ago, Senator?" asked Mr. COBB, innocently.

"No, *sir!*" cried Mr. BURROWS, turning hot as if the battle were again going on before him. "No, *sir!* They didn't beat us. Confound 'em! they put in two ringers as a battery and were leading our boys by seven to four in the eighth when we found out about it and ran 'em off the field and most of the way home."

"The score was seven to three, wasn't it, Senator?" asked COBB, politely.

"No-o-o—yes; I believe it was," Mr. BURROWS admitted. "That's so: the umpire didn't allow our fourth tally because the runner didn't touch second. But how did you know the score?"

"I was there," said Mr. COBB, turning the left side of his head toward Mr. BURROWS. "See that scar? That's where they caught me with half a brick as I was going over the fence. I was OLSEN."

One thing that has enabled JOHN L. SULLIVAN to keep his hold on the esteem and affection of the American people is his sterling honesty, his sense of the vital importance of a contract.

When JOHN was sent out to Carson City, Nevada, by the New York *World*, to report the battle between CORBETT and FITZSIMMONS for the championship of the world, the regular corps of war correspondents from his paper gave him a reception in the Arlington Hotel. When everybody had been introduced, JOHN sat back in a big armchair, looking, as some one said, like an old Roman emperor on his throne.

"Gentlemen," he rumbled in his most earnest growl, as if he had suddenly become the owner of the paper—"Gentlemen, I want this report of this fight to be the greatest account of a battle that was ever put into publication—and we've *all* got to put our shoulders to the wheel."

And JOHN worked hard and faithfully as a special reporter, interviewed the principals and gave his opinion of their condition, etc. On the day of the contest, he kept up a running fire of comment, criticism, praise or blame, from the moment the men came into the ring until it was all over, all of which was taken down verbatim by a stenographer at his side. JOHN'S task was really completed when the stenographer closed his book. Thereupon the reporter who was going to edit JOHN'S "story" offered him their carriage to drive wherever he chose.

"No, thanks," JOHN rolled out in his deepest bass. "No; I've got to get my article in shape. I know you're all right, but I've got to see that there are no mistakes in it."

And SULLIVAN sat by the reporter for three long and wearisome hours, until the very last word was typewritten and put on the wire.

"Now I can go as far as I like—now that the job is finished," he said; "but the only way to finish a thing is to finish it entirely."

WILLIAM GIBBS MCADOO, the new Secretary of the Treasury, is never quite so happy as when he is holding the steering-wheel of an automobile going a mile a minute.

For years it has been his habit to meet his car at the Seventy-second Street station of the Subway, and rush his chauffeur home to Irvington so fast that his hair nearly blew off. All the policemen on the way know Mr. MCADOO, and greet him with cordial smiles as well as salutes. He greets them all by name, and they seem to wish him more power to his cylinders.

"Aren't you afraid to go so fast?" asked a guest whom Mr. MCADOO took up to Irvington recently.

"Oh no," he said. "I'm very careful." And so he is; although no nervous person could ever feel happy while he drives. Once a German express train nearly got him at a blind crossing; but after smashing through a gate he slewed his car around parallel with the train, skimmed along the ditch, side by side with the train, and merely got a few dozen hot cinders from the locomotive down his neck. It is also interesting to recall that on the day a eminent specialist warned him not to overtax his heart he stood up in a sling and was hoisted twenty-two stories in the air to inspect his new building. He does not seem to be acquainted with fear.

Justice JOHN W. GOFF, of the New York Supreme Court, who conducted the trials that sent police Lieutenant BECKER and his gunmen to the death-cells and is still trying grafting police officials, has a long and enviable record as a discoverer of crime and prosecutor of criminals. His able and fearless conduct of the investigation of the Lexow Committee years ago gave New York the first revelations of how wide-spread and deeply rooted in the police department was the system of organized corruption. Yet he let slip one briber of the police, who got off scot free in spite of the clearness of the evidence against him. MICHAEL F. CALLIGAN, the ancient proprietor of a packing-box factory whose bulky wares blockaded the sidewalks for two blocks along West Broadway and a side street, was suddenly brought before the committee under subpœna. MICHAEL had not one moment to engage counsel, and he looked worried, for it was notorious that the police would not let him obstruct traffic without paying a good price. Yet he smiled affably on the committee, and there was not a wrinkle on his round, smooth, shining face, which was the color of the sunset on a clear winter day. He swore to tell the truth as a witness, and in the same breath denied that he had ever—so help him!—paid one cent of graft to any policeman, directly or indirectly. Mr. GOFF handed him a paid check, and asked him whose signature was on it. MICHAEL admitted that it was his. Mr. GOFF read the check: "Pay to the order of JOHN MCGREEVY [the police captain of that precinct] fifty dollars."

Silence profound and sympathetic. It was pitiful to see the old man so frightfully trapped. There could be no escape.

"Now, Mr. CALLIGAN," thundered Mr. GOFF, "you remember what you have testified here upon your solemn oath, before this committee and before your Maker. And yet you admit that you wrote that check. Now, sir, what have you to say?"

MICHAEL looked at the check quizzically. He smiled at the senators and even at his inquisitor. Then he threw his head far back, and his pink sunset face broke into a broad grin.

"Hoh!" he roared. "Hoh! That's a jo-o-o-oke!" Senators, reporters, all the spectators joined in a hearty laugh with him.

For perhaps the only time in his life Mr. GOFF was nonplussed.

"Leave this place, sir!" he commanded. "Get out of here before something happens to you!"

Old CALLIGAN flew. His ready wit had saved him from a probable term in prison.

WILLIAM MULDOON, long the champion wrestler but still more noted as the rebuilder of broken-down men, is well along in the sixties, but he is still as quick as a cat and strong enough to throw the average big man across the room. After a popular boxing-match recently, MULDOON was sitting at supper with a friend, when a gigantic young fellow who had had too much champagne took offense because MULDOON had happened to glance at him. He saw the gray hair and short, gray beard of the old champion, and thereupon picked him as a victim. Approaching the table, the stalwart youth began to bellow that he was a gentleman, that no one could insult him, etc. Without ever ceasing to speak to his friend or looking away from him, MULDOON drew one of his cards from its case and handed it to the blusterer. One look was enough. The man fled. MULDOON didn't even look after him.

Miss GENEVIEVE CLARK, the charming young daughter of the Speaker, who has just begun her chosen career as a newspaper woman by writing an interesting account of a visit to the Panama Canal, has an intimate knowledge of national policies, national politics, and national politicians that would be astounding in a mature man. If she ever begins to write on political topics, the Washington correspondents, past, present, and future, had better look to their laurels.

The Hon. THOMAS R. MARSHALL, Vice-President of these United States, is slight and dapper, with plentiful iron-gray hair and fighting blue eyes. Baseball is his favorite game, but he has smitten the golf-ball a few times and intends to take up the game with Mrs. MARSHALL, from whom he has never been separated one day since they were married, seventeen years ago. He is a Presbyterian, as were his fathers. He does not drink wines or liquor at banquets, yet he puffs an occasional cigarette. He says: "I smoke good cigars when my friends treat me and bad ones when I buy them myself."

Few of those who admire the skill of Dr. JOHN A. WYETH, eminent as a surgeon and the founder of the New York Polyclinic Hospital, are aware that he was a successful contractor and builder when he was a young man. When he was newly graduated in medicine and surgery and hung out his first shingle at Guntersville, Alabama, he suddenly became panicky over his lack of actual experience and determined to acquire some before beginning to practise. He engaged himself as surgeon with a building contractor who had a large quarry on the White River in Arkansas. Having plenty of leisure, he employed it, first, in learning the river, so that he became a first-class pilot for the boats carrying stone; then presently in learning the quarrying and building business, and embarking in it as a contractor. He built the county court-house and jail at Augusta, Woodruff County, Arkansas, besides other structures. His former employer wanted to take him in as a partner, but the young doctor declined. He had accumulated five thousand dollars, and that enabled him to complete his postgraduate studies in Europe and prepare for his useful career in New York.

When Greek meets Greek, sings the bard, then comes the tug of war. Also when German meets German, even though one of them be His Imperial Majesty the Kaiser WILHELM and the other a mere farmer. HELMUTH SOHST rents a farm on the imperial estate of Cadinen. Three times has Emp. WM.—as the Boston papers call him—ordered SOHST to build a new dwelling thereon at a cost of five thousand dollars, and upon SOHST'S continuous refusal has sought three times to distrain him. The tenant farmer has just convinced the judges at the Ebling Sessions that he cannot be ejected because his lease has five years still to run. Emp. WM. is annoyed. Hoch der SOHST!

The Hon. OSCAR S. STRAUS has bought an eighty-acre country place in Westchester County, New York, fronting on Pocantico Lake and adjoining the domain of JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER. Does this mean that Neighbor ROCKEFELLER may become a member of the Bull Moose yard?

Poor King ALFONSO! Observers at Madrid report that his appearance has become ghastly; also that his youngest child, Infanta MARIA CHRISTINA, now fourteen months old, is threatened with impediment in speech and hearing like that of her brother, Don JAIME, who is four years old. The Crown Prince ALFONSO, nearly six years old, and Infanta BEATRICE, not quite four, are said to be normal.

The Misses ELEANOR and JESSIE WILSON, daughters of the President, are devoted enthusiasts in the struggle to obtain shorter hours of labor and better hygienic conditions for factory-workers. Miss ELEANOR WILSON recently made a special journey to Albany to address the joint legislative Committee on Labor and Industries at a public hearing upon thirty-two bills introduced as the result of the findings of the New York State Factory Investigation Commission.

If there could be any question as to whether the heir to the throne or its mere Prince Consort father is of more importance to the state, Queen WILHELMINA of Holland settled it very practicaly a few days ago. The Prince Consort was lying ill in the Taunus Mountains, and the Queen was to depart from The Hague at half past seven in the evening to go to him. The time came, slipped by, was long past—and yet the train stood still. Then the word was passed among the great throng of Dutch men and women who were waiting to cheer their sovereign loyally on her way: "Sh-sh-sh! Her Royal Highness Princess JULIANA is not yet asleep. The Queen will not start till she sleeps." So the royal maids-in-waiting and the royal aides-de-camp and the entire royal entourage stood first on one foot and then on the other and hoped very hard until ten o'clock. Then little JULIANA'S restless eyelids fluttered down to repose at last, and the crowd enthusiastically, though gently, cheered the departing train. You can't beat the Dutch.

One man's sport is another man's undoing. And no more striking example of that fact can be found than in the avocations of some of the eminent pianists of the day. ERNEST SCHELLING, American, finds relief from the hard physical labor and mental exhaustion of long study and practice at the key-board by riding on the engines drawing the fastest express trains. He says he would rather ride a horse and would especially prefer to play polo, but both these sports endanger the hands and fingers; so for excitement, speed, and safety, he flies—to locomotive cabs!

MAX PAUER, the German virtuoso, turns to boxing-gloves and a hearty antagonist for his fun and relief from mental strain. There are no love taps in it, for he recently knocked out a new-found friend in a gymnasium of the Y. M. C. A. The very lightest sparring is perilous to thumbs and fingers, and hard hitting is almost certain to sprain them; yet PAUER—perhaps guarded by some unconscious, psychic fist-caution—goes serenely on his way and is never injured. Probably if either artist were forced to resort to the other's sport the change would incapacitate him. Behold, we are fearfully and wonderfully made.

If it is especially gratifying for a man to be able to order the programme of his last days, then JOAQUIN MILLER, the Poet of the Sierras, must have finished his course in serene satisfaction. A very few days before the end he wrote a poem, "At Final Parting." His strength remained until he had polished it to his liking. Soon after death his body was cremated at Oakland, California, and then his ashes—as he had directed—were thrown to the winds from the handsome monument he had erected a few years ago upon his own estate.

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PENN STATE

"THE NEW BOSSISM"

President Wilson's Concept of the Duties and Responsibilities of His Office Has Led to a Change in the Relations between Executive and Legislature

BY A. MAURICE LOW

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

THE session of Congress that began at the opening of this week will prove to be one of the most memorable in the history of American politics. I do not refer especially to the fact that it marks the full restoration to power of the Democratic party after it has been so many weary years in opposition—although that is memorable enough—or that the session was called for the purpose of revising the tariff in compliance with the popular will, which alone is significant enough. More important than either, it marks the beginning of what, in the absence of a better phrase, may be called "the new Bossism," the change that time and circumstances have made necessary in the relations between the two great co-ordinate branches of the government, the executive and the legislative. Mr. Wilson signalizes the new régime by putting the new bossism into operation.

In American politics the word boss, like the word war between diplomats—as the late John Hay with inimitable wit once remarked—may not be used in polite society. To be a boss is disgraceful, because bosses usually have been disgraceful, disgraceful men guilty of disgraceful acts. To be a boss was generally infamous, to be a leader was praiseworthy. The line between the boss and the leader, like that between sanity and madness, or art and Futurism, or harmony and discord, is so fine that it is easily passed, and yet not so fine that it cannot with equal ease be recognized. It is, in a word, to be found in character, and motive is the controlling force. A boss may do, at times, as much good as a leader and serve the public as faithfully, but that is because he has a selfish end in view and the public gain dovetails with his own personal or political advancement. A leader looks to compensation only as the reward for having served without thought of personal consideration.

In this sense is the bossism of President Wilson. He has seized leadership with both hands, and he holds it with a firm grasp. It is, of course, too early to say whether it will be wrested from him, whether even any attempt will be made to do so, but that need not be discussed now. What is more important for present consideration is the new freedom—the manner in which the President has liberated himself from benumbing tradition and brought about the new bossism.

It is doubtful if any President—certainly no President within our recollection—has taken such an active, open, and frankly public part in the formation of a great legislative measure as Mr. Wilson did in the drafting of the tariff bill. Such a thing even a few years ago would have been impossible, a few years earlier it would have been unheard of, and had there been a President courageous or audacious enough to attempt it, in the opinion of perhaps a majority of the American people it would have presaged, if not the end of the world, at least the end of the system of government of the United States. The proper function of the President, as then conceived, was to be not a great leader but a stout party man, and there is a wide difference between the two. His correct attitude, so far as Congress was concerned, was to try to influence legislation, to prevent the passage of measures that were bad or to attempt to secure those that were good, but always covertly, keeping what he was doing as much hidden from the public as possible, asking favors rather than insisting that his position as leader gave him the right not only to demand, but also to command. For the tradition was still virile that the political system was built like a great ocean liner with water-tight compartments, and if the walls were broken down ruin was inescapable. The President was in his compartment and Congress in theirs. Each was sacred. Nothing Congress was so jealous of as "executive encroachment" or "executive interference"; nothing the President resented so much as the "usurpation" by Congress of "the legitimate functions of the President." Each of these co-ordinate branches kept to itself. The President might bribe, by the use of patronage, and Congress might bully, by threatening to withhold appropriations or in other ways embarrassing the President—the Senate always had the club of refusing to confirm appointments—but that was playing the game, and each side kept within its properly marked-out sphere. When the President sealed the fount of patronage the recalcitrants might abuse him, but they had no ground of complaint, for by immemorial right and custom spoils were the President's to bestow as he saw fit. When Congress retaliated, the President must yield or fight, according to temperament, but it was all done according to rule, and no one felt that any unfair advantage was taken.

Under that system it was impossible for the President to do very much with legislation in its initial stage; in fact, it was not proper for him to know the details of measures before they became public property. Even then he could do nothing except by indirection. Every one remembers the sensation that was created when President Cleveland objected to the tariff bill and in forcible language expressed his disgust in a letter to Representative Catchings, which he read from his place on the floor of the House. That was bitterly and forcibly resented as an attempt on the part of Mr. Cleveland to "influence legislation," and in that day nothing was considered more pernicious or more fraught with dangers to the liberties of the people or the permanence of political institutions. Think of influencing legislation with a single letter written after a bill has passed the House! One wonders what Mr. Cleveland would say to-day. Nor was it any the less reprehensible for a bill to be drafted by the administration and sent to Congress. I well remember in my early days in Washington, also during the Cleveland administration, that a Chinese exclusion act was prepared in the State Department and sent to Representative Scott, of Pennsylvania, who was to introduce it in the House as the spokesman of the administration. The Pacific coast members were opposed to the bill and the Chinese policy of the President, and an attempt was made to create a sensation because it was discovered that the bill Mr. Scott offered was written on State Department foolscap. Here was conclusive evidence of the dangerous lengths to which the President had gone; actually he had directed the Secretary of State and his expert advisers to draw a bill dealing with the treaty relations of the government, and had the unblushing effrontery to give it to a member of Congress to introduce in the House, just as if it was the duty of the President not only to execute the laws, but to make and pass them. As free-born Americans jealous of their sacred rights and heritages, of course they had to show their utter detestation of "executive encroachment."

I doubt if the public at that time would have sanctioned the President interfering in the details of legislation. Nourished on the theory of Congress being a co-ordinate but independent body, it would have come as a shock to the public to learn that the President was endeavoring to have the provisions of a measure arranged to suit his ideas of what was proper. The duty of the President was to approve or veto, but not to assist Congress. If he approved, he shared with Congress whatever praise or blame the country was willing to apportion, although often he could escape censure by declaring that, while the measure did not fully meet his approval, he consented to its becoming law because the good features outweighed the bad. If he vetoed it, his duty was done and Congress had to stand the full responsibility.

The veto was supposed to make the President master of Congress, but at best it was a clumsy weapon. Would the President veto the bill? Congress could find out after it had passed the bill, but not before, because there was never any certainty that the President might not change his mind. Presidents have played with the veto as with other things; they have sometimes weakly yielded to pressure or been persuaded that the good of the party required signature when a veto was clearly indicated; they had trimmed too closely to the ever-varying breeze of public opinion, as they caught it, to kill legislation. And it is always easier to stop a leak than it is to dam a torrent. Congress might know that the President disapproved of a bill, but it trusted to luck to overcome his scruples or his judgment, and time was always an element in favor of Congress and against the President. Months must elapse before a great measure like a tariff bill could be passed, and in that time who knew what might happen? The President might need the help of the very man whom he was at that time opposing, matters even weightier than the tariff might compel attention and force the President to sign the bill without the due consideration to which it was entitled; the long contest might break down the President's resistance, or the country might believe anything was better than the continued uncertainty and agitation. Effective as the veto or the fear of the veto might be, often it lost much of its effectiveness because it was used too late.

President Wilson has put the machinery of the veto in working order before it has anything to operate on. He begins at the beginning, which is always much simpler than to begin at the end. Believing that it is his duty as the leader of the party as well as the President, who represents not any party but the whole people, to become familiar with the details of the bill, so that he may know before it is introduced in the House whether it meets with his approval, he freely consulted with Mr. Underwood, the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and also with Senator Simmons, the chairman of the Finance Committee, the tariff committee of the upper house, and he formed the connecting link between the two houses and brought the chairmen to work in harmony. If President Wilson had done nothing else he would have rendered a great public service. In the past the House made a tariff bill and the Senate pulled it to pieces and rebuilt it according to its own peculiar ideas of what a scientific tariff bill ought to be. A tariff bill must first see the light of day in the House because that is mandatory under the Constitution, but the Constitution permits the Senate to amend a tariff bill in the same way that it can any other measure, and the Senate has always given liberal construction to the power of amendment. After the Ways and Means Committee had spent many weeks in hearings and exhausted all possible information and then discussed the bill at great length in the House, the Senate went through the same performance. The testimony taken by the House Committee was printed and available for the use of the members of the Finance Committee, but that did not satisfy them. The Senate had a habit of thinking that it knew more about the tariff than the House, and to show its contempt for the House it held hearings and went about its work as if it, and not the House, was the real tariff-making power of Congress. And usually it was. Most of the tariff bills of modern times have been made by the Senate rather than the House. The Senate, being a smaller and more cohesive body than the House, was able to say to the House: "Take our bill or there will be no bill," and there was nothing left for the House except to make a wry face and swallow what the Senate was pleased to offer.

The Senate will not dominate the present bill. The Finance Committee has agreed that hearings will be merely a waste of time, and the delay that would have followed after the passage of the bill by the House will be saved, for which every one will be thankful. The Senate has resisted "executive encroachment," but it has not scrupled to encroach upon the prerogatives of the House. That body, as the direct representatives of the people, was intended to control the purse, to say how it should be filled as well as how it should be emptied, and it was the theory of the framers of the Constitution that the Senate would be content to acquiesce in the judgment of the people as expressed through their representatives. In recent years the Senate has exercised a greater control over the purse than the House, and while both tariff and appropriation bills have originated in the House they have become laws by the permission of the Senate, with sundry amendments.

It is typical, not only of the changed relations existing between the President and Congress, but also of the greater place the President now occupies as the direct representative of the people, that he insisted upon his right to take part in tariff making. Whether for good or evil the Constitution has been amended by the people themselves, and not through the machinery of convention or the legislatures. It is to the President the people now look rather than to Congress; it is the President who is now supposed to be able to shape legislation to satisfy the demand made by the people. The former belief that the President is merely required to recommend and that Congress need treat his recommendation with no more deference than the memorial of a board of trade is obsolete, and finds favor only with those persons who are proud to call themselves old-fashioned. The position in which the President has been placed by the silent revision of the Constitution is this: The President must be able to formulate a policy, and having formulated it he must make Congress execute it; if Congress is rebellious, the duty of the President is to put down rebellion; if force is necessary, he must obtain it as he would a volunteer army required to quell insurrection—that is, by an appeal to the people to come forward and do service. If Congress is mutinous, the President has only to appeal to the people to be sustained, and the support will not be withheld if what the President advocates has popular approval. Congress does not dare contumaciously to oppose the President unless it feels very sure that the people are with it rather than with the President.

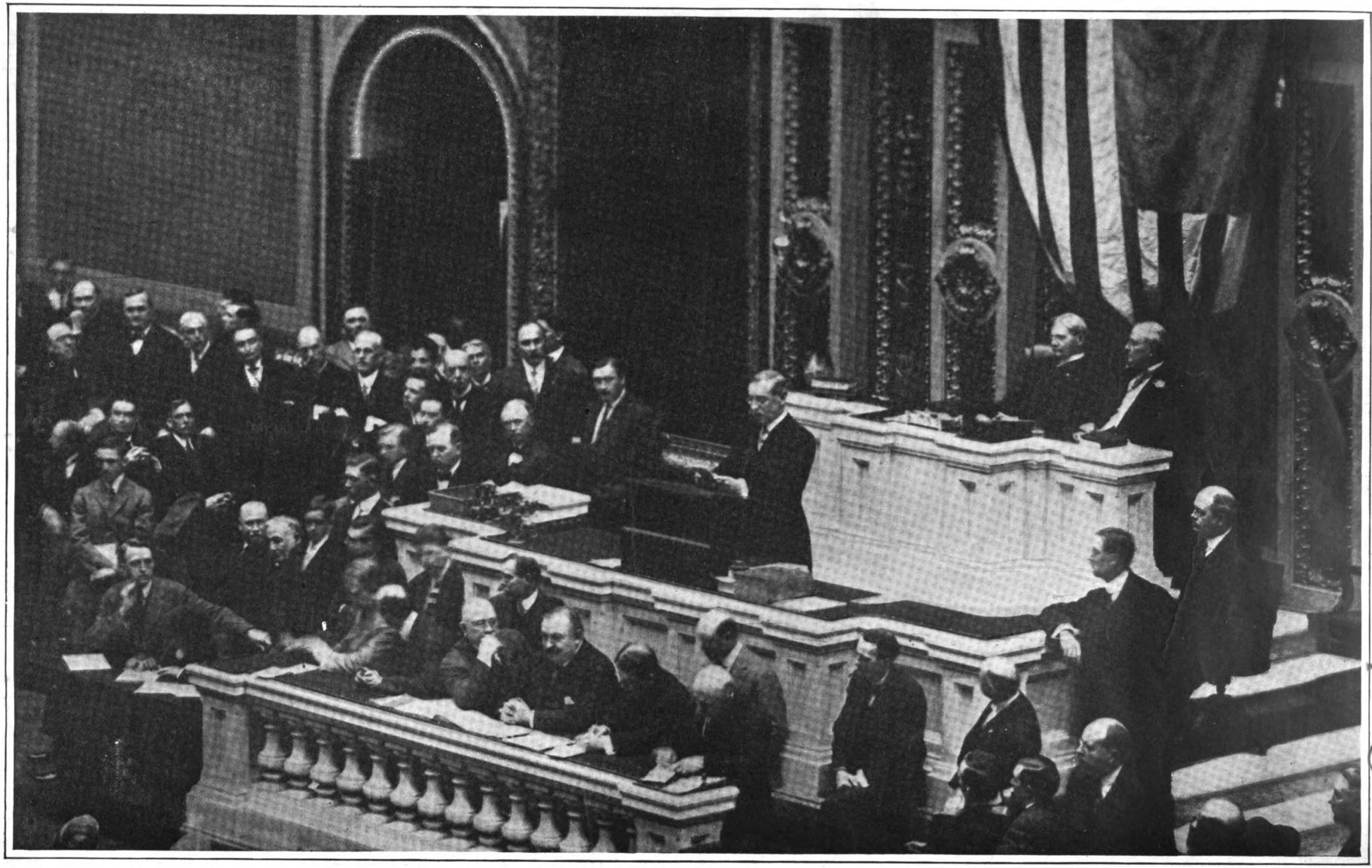
It is quite natural that this change should have been brought about, in fact it is surprising only that it has been so long in coming. In American politics the President is the one national figure. Members of Congress are local, Senators represent their states. The President represents neither district nor state, but every district and every state and all the people. Members of the House can evade or escape responsibility by throwing it on fellow-members or the Senate, Senators can hide behind the House or themselves. For the President there is no such convenient whipping-boy. He stands single. Every act of the President is known and unshared by any one. Having clothed the President with responsibility, the people now insist that he shall be given the power effectively to make his authority felt. Such, at any rate, is Mr. Wilson's view, and he is acting accordingly, with full appreciation of the tremendous responsibility which he thereby assumes.



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REVIVING AN ORIGINAL CUSTOM

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 112 YEARS THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, ON APRIL 8TH, READ AN ADDRESS TO CONGRESS, INSTEAD OF SENDING A MESSAGE, IN CONFORMITY WITH THE PRECEDENT ESTABLISHED BY JEFFERSON. WHATEVER MAY BE THOUGHT OF THE ADVISABILITY OF THE CHANGE, THE PROCEEDING MADE "A BRAW SHOW," AND RESIDENTS OF WASHINGTON WERE GREATLY PLEASED

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SHAW AND THE MODERN DRAMA

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

EDITORIAL NOTE.—*We publish Mr. Chapman's views about Shaw not because we indorse them, but because they make good reading. We think Mr. Chapman is unjust to Shaw, and to the large public which enjoys and admires him. We believe that he is mistaken in attempting to trace any connection between the indisputable popularity of Shaw's plays and the characteristics of an age which Mr. Chapman believes to be increasingly corrupt. But his article is interesting, and it is written with an engaging viracity and fervor. Those who feel as he does about Shaw will enjoy it; those who differ with him will perhaps enjoy it even more.*

"FANNY'S FIRST PLAY," by George Bernard Shaw, has the first requisite of a play in that it is very entertaining — "diverting" would be the old-fashioned word. It is a lively, and even boisterous, burlesque, and would be a perfect sample of good burlesque writing if the humor of it were always good humor, and if some sort of ethical purpose were not from time to time rubbed in.

The theme of the play is happy. The hero and heroine are the commonplace offspring of middle-class British tradesmen; their fathers have been partners in business for years, and their betrothal, which has taken place before the play opens, is but a part of the humdrum world in which their lives are to be spent. An interruption to the idyll takes place, owing to the following circumstances: The hero, through a fight with a policeman, has got himself locked up for a fortnight; the heroine, in a fit of high spirits, has gone alone to a dance-hall, and has there become involved in a "raid" of the place. Thus the heroine has also been incarcerated for the same two weeks as the hero. The discovery of these two escapades throws both families into convulsions of horror; and each of the four parents of the lovers exhibits a different and amusing variety of wounded conservatism.

The nature of the hero's escapade has not been innocent, and it brings into the play a young woman of the streets in whose company he has been arrested. The heroine's escapade *has* been innocent, but brings into the play a Frenchman in whose company she has been arrested and whose appearance gives rise to infinite equivocation and innuendo. Both Frenchman and street lady are as entertaining as they can be, and every part in the play, as it is given at the Comedy Theater, New York, is played to perfection—including the one remaining character of a young butler, who turns out in the end to be the brother of a duke. This butler, by the way, is finally married off to the heroine—after not quite sufficient preparation of the audience for such a *dénoûment*.

Nothing could be more admirable than this plot as a skeleton for a burlesque. It is obvious, conventional, symmetrical, and just new enough to awaken in any audience agreeable anticipations. I forgot to mention that before the curtain goes up, and after it comes down, there are some gentlemen who appear on the stage and discuss the merits of the play—one being dressed in fancy costume and intended to represent the traditional artistic feeling of Europe in the eighteenth century, and the others being types of the British dramatic critic of the present day. To my mind this prologue and epilogue were not successful, because they were not clever enough. Something dragged, and one wished the talkers would stop. But the dramatic idea of this prologue and epilogue was admirable. The play itself is interesting from beginning to end and shows well enough that a *conversation play*, with a well-set-up, cast-iron frame behind the characters, is a good kind of play. It holds its own; it pleases. And one may remark incidentally that the Greek drama very often depends on the same arrangement for its success—cast-iron plot behind, character-talking in front.

Shaw is a sincere playwright, and when we consider the fluffy mediocrity of the old plays, and of the old-style acting which Shaw's drama supplanted, we cannot help being grateful to him. He has revolutionized English acting. He has produced actors who, within their rather narrow limits, are as good as French actors. Shaw is a sincere artist; he writes for himself and to satisfy himself. He has thus rediscovered one of the psychological secrets of art. The way to interest the world is for a man to write for himself. Shaw, as a man, is interested in the contrasts and incongruities of ethical theory which modern (perhaps all) life shows. His mind is satisfied when he has apprehended the irreconcilable conflicts in the world of morality. As an artist he is satisfied when he has successfully presented one or some of these conflicts. He really seeks nothing beyond this in his art; and yet the fact that he came into notice as a social agitator has left its heavy trace on his art: it makes him preach.

Whether it be preaching or poetry, however, Shaw's work has got him the attention of the world. Any group of educated people anywhere will be thrown into excited discussion by almost any bit of Shaw's work. This shows not only that Shaw is a very powerful and remarkable being, but also that his work bears a peculiar and vital relation to the passing moment. Some people think that Shaw's purpose is to amuse the fools and to bewilder the thinkers. My own belief is that Shaw wants merely to get heard of and to make money. Socialism and play-writing are his rattle. When he was young and poor he agitated it loudly; and now that he is rich and famous he knows how to do nothing else except to work this rattle. You cannot say he is a man without heart: he is the kindliest of men. But he is a man without taste or reverence. He does not know that there are things which cannot be made funny. He is a man in whose composition something is left out. You cannot *blame* him, any more than you can blame the color-blind. He is beauty-blind, and amuses himself with seeing what grotesques he can pick out of the carpet of life.

The objections to Shaw are thus seen to be not dramatic, but personal, and again, in a sense, not personal, but generic and of the age. Shaw's crude and cruel treatment of humanity—all done in the name of Fabianism (whatever that is), the somewhat loathsome touch of the social reformer who has worn off the fine edges of his feelings by contact with grossness (we find this touch sometimes in a certain type of clergyman), keep sending chills of an unpleasant kind through a sensitive auditor, and chills of a very agreeable kind through the auditor who is deficient in human feeling or deficient in artistic experience. I suppose the fault of Shaw is like the fault of Ibsen. Ibsen is not content unless he has rasped our feelings. Shaw, to be sure, can laugh, and is, to my mind, a thousand times a better man and better artist than Ibsen, who can only scowl. But Shaw has Ibsen's method. It was Ibsen who first found out that the public was callous. Ibsen reasoned thus: "If you want to give emotion to the average playgoer you must take a rusty blade from an old razor, attach it to a brick, and therewith suddenly shave off one of a man's toes. That is art." Shaw has the same rake-and-saw theory. He cannot mention adultery (and it is his chief theme) without seeming to soil the whole of human nature in doing so.

In all this obtuseness Shaw is a child of the age, and his popularity depends upon this very crudity. If Shaw should touch human nature with the loving hand of, say, Molière, or present his characters in the transparent and pleasing atmosphere of sound-hearted humanity, his peculiar audience to-day would not understand him. He would lose his charm for his public; I say not for all the public (witness the charming plays that succeed), but for *his* public. Whatever Hamlet may have intimated to the contrary, *caviare* is what half the million wants to-day. We must have mustard at every course. We like the butter to be a little rancid, and humor seems flat unless it contains just a little tang of doubt as to the fundamental truth of virtue and honor. Such a public takes the romance out of its theater; and the loss is particularly visible in the romantic rôles—namely, in the young characters.

"Fanny's First Play" contains four admirable middle-aged persons, kindly handled—three of them could not be better. The fourth, the religious woman, is only painful because she is rendered unkindly. Shaw is afraid that we shall not see the point unless he overdraws her a little. Some people tell me that Mrs. Knox is not intended to be a caricature, but a serious portrait of humanity. This amounts to saying that Shaw's harshness comes from the lack of fine perception, not from malice. It may be so; but Mrs. Knox's portrait remains a caricature. But the young people! The mushy boy; the flat heroine, who "sees life" as it were by accident, and then takes the bit in her teeth and proclaims some sort of half-considered "freedom." She is supposed to be very virtuous, yet her virtue is not agreeable; she is supposed to be innocent, yet somehow she seems corrupt. What is it that these young persons lack? Why, they lack *feeling*. The girl has no gospel: she is a bold-faced jig. She really isn't a character at all, but is like a face drawn with one scratch of chalk, which shows only a single eye and but half an ear. The boy hero is a puppy without sentiments. The butler is perhaps intended to typify wisdom and goodness. One cannot tell. As a butler of comedy he is perfect. Let us leave him at that.

During the performance that I witnessed I observed about fifteen young girls sitting in the row in front of me, who devoured all this medley of twentieth-century confusion with eyes of rapturous interest. They were the graduating class from a fashionable school, and this was part of their "finishing." Their parents in Oshkosh and Patagonia will be delighted when the mail brings them word that the school is keeping their daughters in touch with European culture. It must be remembered that the most corrupt touch in the play consists in the fact that it is supposed to be written by a young girl. Hence girls flock to see it.

And this recalls to me a strange thing that has been happening for some years past to the young girls in New York City. The dress and carriage of the just-grown-up misses there, I mean of the fashionable ones, are such as to suggest an ambition on their part of seeming to be worse than they are. The expression of their faces—which, by the way, are often painted—is what the older dramatists would have designated as "wanton." And yet a baby freshness and youthful emptiness peeps through the veneer of crime. Surely this class of boarding-school girl is a strange product of contemporary life.

I suspect that, at maturity, some of these girls may be found in the divorce courts, whether as parties or as co-respondents. The row of them that watched "Fanny's First Play" took the play seriously—viz., as a very good joke. And every time a reference to adultery was made by the actors, the girls giggled in a knowing manner. At one of the wittiest points in the play, where the butler gives a tip to the Frenchman to the effect that the little street lady is what in France is so decently and accurately called a *fille de joie*, my whole row of young ladies burst into uncontrollable gaiety, as if they had never heard anything more lively.

Now what did these girls know about the world (so much more than I did), that they laughed at a sally which rather shocked me? How did they ever get so far along in a knowledge of the demi-monde? And were they right in seeing a good picture of life in the crude and blatant immorality of Shaw? The fact is that these girls are not only being corrupted but deceived. Their feather-brained parents and guardians are feeding the creatures to Moloch and Astarte because it is fashionable to be immoral. No doubt there could be found among these very innocents many girls who would like to remain honest women, even in thought, if they had but known such a thing were possible in modern days. It is an interesting and yet awful glimpse into every-day life that we get through the minds of these virgins. The play, the name of the play, and the presence of the girls—all these elements are symptomatic and inevitable.

During the last thirty years there has been a great demand in Europe for coarse literature, obvious, crude, and bold—fitted for the appreciation of luxurious and materialistic persons, of ignorant persons, of fatigued persons. New wealth joined forces with effete culture in search of sensation. The increasing demand for *piquancy* which such an audience implies, led to an ever-increasing grossness of conception on the part of the artists. Wherever the relations of the sexes were concerned, this intensification led, of course, to pictures of female depravity at younger and even younger ages. It seems as if the limits of indelicacy had now been reached by this school of play-writing (unless childhood is to be attacked), and we may expect an emotional revival.

SONG OUT OF GLOUCESTER

BY ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

THE great gold moon lifts looming up beyond the dusky reef—
The dusky reef,
The shoaling reef,
The dusky, treacherous reef!
The hollow wind in sail and shroud sings with a sailor's tune:
He lifts aloft the little boats as in the woods a leaf;
The fish will fear the nets to-night by glamour of the moon—
The golden moon,
The lifting moon,
The golden, lifting moon.

The fishing-fleet puts out to sea between the guiding lights—
The guiding lights,
The tender lights,
The homing harbor lights!
The moon has sight of many a port where only shadows flee.
The wives lie waked when singing winds lament on winter nights
For the lost craft that win to port past the uncharted sea.
The fishing-fleet,
The fishing-fleet,
The fishing-fleet at sea.

The lights of home will shine for them across the cruel bar—
The cruel bar,
The laughing bar,
The white-fanged, laughing bar!
When the white moon is cold with dawn and pale as drifting foam,
Smiling through heaven in storm and peace she drives her silver car,
Though vainly shadowy fishers set their shadowy sails for home,
And see no more
The lights of port,
The harbor lights of home.

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A MINGLING OF WINTER AND SPRING

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

I HAVE been listening to the sweet, assured melody of a song-sparrow —three opening notes, and then a happy trill, then stillness while one may count a score, then again the three notes and the trilling song. The air was soothing and benign, just touched with the first scents of spring. The happy-hearted little bird was perched on a spray of forsythia beside the lake, the streaked brown of the twigs matching well with his brown homespun coat and mottled breast. His mate, on a lower twig, moved to and fro in cheerful comradeship, rejoicing in the song and the new breath of spring.

The smooth lake waters gave a gray-blue background against which the curved brown branches and the brown little birds came out clear. Evening shadows were already falling; the broad red shield of the sun was barred by elm branches low in the west; the silver-white gulls, scattered broadcast across the mirror of the lake, were calling to one another, questioning whether it were not time to depart and betake themselves to the salt ripples of the shore. Many were already soaring in the pale-blue sky, catching a red glint of sunset on their pearl-white breasts and wings.

Two small, trim snowbirds, in gray, monkish coats, stirred in the willow overhead, and on an elm branch a robin was clucking and chuckling, his head new black velvet, his breast burnished red, announcing the authentic coming of spring. A chickadee, small grayish fellow with black glossy cap and black cravat, among the purple-brown birch twigs, declared his presence and his name: "Chick, chick, chick, a-dee-dee-dee-dee!"

For two or three weeks the lake has rejoiced in the white splendor of the gulls coming up from the seashore to bathe in the fresh water and preen their feathers and amuse themselves in the full sunlight; then sailing away again to the ocean. Last week opened with warm spring days, tempting the forsythias to unfold their yellow, cross-shaped blossoms, almost the earliest shrubs to burst into bloom. Then, on Thursday and Friday, there was a sharp, fierce frost, twenty degrees at night, with a bleak northern gale, that skinned the lake over with a fresh, crisp ice-sheet. But on Sunday the warm winds were back again, true Californian weather, soothing and benignant, such as we have enjoyed so often during this "unseasonable" winter.

The thin ice was still on the lake, and the silver-white gulls settled on it, hundreds of them, standing about, or walking sedately to and fro; sometimes pushing a rash foot through the thin ice-crust, then drawing it back with a shake, and moving carefully to a solider place. One could note every shade of color of the beautiful birds, the pale flesh-colored feet and legs that shone red if the sun was behind them, the yellow bills, the pure white breasts, the silver-gray of the wings above, their clear black tips dotted with white thumb marks, the wide, sagacious eyes. These are the full-grown birds, the gentlemen and ladies of standing. The noisier youngsters are mottled brown, light and dark shades, the bill tipped with black; the feet black, too, and with a band of black across the end of the tail. Between the youngsters and the oldsters there are many shadings, the black tail-band lingering long, and at last fading to pure white.

Who can describe in words the infinite grace and beauty of their flight as they soar high up in the blue, looking abroad over the world, hovering motionless, then sweeping forward with no visible wing-stroke, but with marvelous play of sunlight on the curving wings and white, pure body; then the downward circling curve toward their white kindred on the lake; the final back stroke of the wings close to the water, with the tail spread out fanwise, the flesh-pink feet set forward to alight on the thin, brittle ice? Then the careful folding of the wings with two or three jerking motions, for all the world like an elderly gentleman getting into his light spring overcoat. Then begins the long, leisurely preening and prinking, evidenced by the snow-white feathers dotted about over the ice; the yellow bill pushing here and there among the feathers, down the soft breast or about the shoulders, smoothing and settling slightly ruffled plumes. And at last, when all is ordered and complete, the white head is tucked back into the left shoulder for a pleasant nap; one pink foot, perhaps, lifted up and tucked away among the feathers.

There was a space of open water, a broad lead in the ice. Here the gulls launched themselves, a score or two at a time, to wash and splash like sparrows in a fountain, or floating with light grace, bobbing to the wind-ripples like white yachts at anchor; now and again pecking at one another in shrill, harmless quarrels. The warm sun sparkled on the ice, a white tablecloth spread upon the water with the rows of silvery gulls set out as table ornaments. Along the lake shore the interwoven elm branches were brown and leafless yet, but with young buds already swelling. The pendent fringes of the alders were almost ready to scatter their golden pollen. There were weeping-willows too, along the shore, the long downward-hanging twigs bright yellow with the rising sap; one of them, in full sunlight, shone like a cascade of golden tresses.

The forsythias are already starred with pale yellow flowers; even in February one could find here and there an early blossom; in December, indeed, some of the yellow star flowers were peering out in wonder at the untimely gentleness of the year. Other flowers lingered long or came far before their time. In December and January bright yellow dandelions, disks of captive sunshine, starred the green grass here and there. And before January was three weeks old there were snowdrops in full bloom, not scented, as in the Alps, but fair virginal blossoms, hanging pure heads in gentle humility. Through the brown earth the tulips are pushing their firm green spear-heads and the crocuses show their green arrow-points along the borders.

When the snowdrops were a week old, and while January had a week yet to run, came the first veritable spring song, the long-drawn, silvery whistle of the white-throat sparrow, a call of fairy sweetness coming forth from the deep green rhododendron thickets and the glossy mountain laurels. Then the little singer hopped confidently forth on the grass, looked up with a bright, humorous eye, and once more whistled his sweet silvery call.

The fox-sparrows, too, big, confident fellows with chestnut-brown tails, have begun to sing, though not so early as the white-throats; both wintered here in uncommon numbers; and with them many birds one hardly ever sees here between November and March, such as the purple grackles, the rusty blackbirds, and those other more showy swamp blackbirds with their scarlet epaulets. Starlings, too, are very abundant; not at all the "little blackbirds" you may be inclined to call them if you see them only up in the tree-tops against the white of the sky, but splendid fellows with bronze-green bodies and purple-bronze heads, their wings and backs dappled with pale, fawn-colored spots. A comical person, too, is a starling, as he sits, very upright, on the coping of your roof, his wings spread a little on both sides like a swallow-tail coat, his fine purple neck-feathers fluffed out in a ruff, his yellow bill chattering and cluttering in what may be very significant speech for him, or breaking into a long, musical whistle that always has an ironic tone. He may not consciously criticize the ways of mankind as he looks down on us from his height, but he has all the air of doing it.

The starling's American kinsfolk, the meadow-larks, were very abundant all through the winter—tall, wide-legged fellows with fine yellow waistcoats and black cravats. I saw a round dozen of them within a hundred feet of a row of city houses in mid-February, strutting through the brown grass; then rising and shooting along on even wings over the meadow, their tails opened fan-wise, the white feathers spread conspicuously at both sides of the fan.

While the gulls were strutting on the ice last Sunday, and yesterday again, I saw a butterfly, wakened thus early from his winter sleep, a fine fellow with brown-purple wings edged with buff, opening and closing himself like a book as he basked in the sunshine. His name, I believe, though he himself knows it not, is *Vanessa antiopa*. The chickadee knows his name, and the quawk—the black-crowned night-heron with the fine ruby-red eyes, and a few others, but none of the butterflies.

These are but fugitive notes of our rare winter, which, in spite of gloomy forebodings and ominous shrugging of shoulders, does not seem to have made a fat churchyard, but has, on the contrary, brought us an uncommonly low death-rate, besides much contentment to those not over-fond of cold. One may attribute this warm benignity to local conditions, to the prevailing south winds, to the almost entire absence of cold waves from the vast white northern plains that stretch up toward the arctic night. But in truth the local conditions are only symptoms, effects themselves, of far larger causes. And these larger causes seem to be world-wide. At least it is certain that the present mild weather has stretched across the Atlantic. In England, Ireland, France, throughout the winter, they have been noting and recording the wonderful warm days, the opening of untimely flowers, the presence of unwonted birds. In the south of England, throughout December and January, the primroses have spread broad upon the brown leaf-carpets of the woods their pale-yellow blossoms, delicately fragrant, amid their green crinkled leaves; the primroses, most beloved of all British wild-flowers, which I have been able to find nowhere else, though searching much, save in Normandy just across the Channel. In the woods of southern England there were violets, too, among the primroses, and the little white stars of the wild strawberry; even the cuckoo-flower, which should come only with that mocking songster in April and May. And Wordsworth's flower, the lesser celandine, saw the new year in. In Ireland the same: primroses and violets in warm nooks; early daffodils where they have been planted in the woods; and in sheltered gardens even monthly roses, joining hands over the turn of the year with the Christmas roses and little yellow aconites, almost the earliest flowers, but this winter coming forth even in December; there were belated polyanthuses, gold and brown and pink kindred to the field cowslips, looking a little astonished to see the first yellow crocuses a month or two before their time.

The English birds, too, have felt spring's call even in deep winter. The confident, familiar redbreast, who is the genuine original robin, began his spring song in the first week of January, before his autumn song was well ended; the greater tits called to each other in the brown larches, that were already preparing to shake out their rosy tassels; the rooks began the year by overhauling their old nests and building new rooms to them.

So it was, across the Channel, in France. From the Bois de Boulogne, from the woods about Versailles, from the forest of Fontainebleau, came little records of unaccustomed blossoms and birds that should have been far away in the south, or even in Africa. The Parisians aired themselves and basked, just like my purple-brown *Vanessa* with the buff-edged wings.

Over here, we have been telling one another that there never was such a winter before. But only that is new which is well forgotten, and in the Old World they have longer memories. A curious writer has turned up old temperature records, and old numbers of the country gentleman's papers, and has found that the winter of 1868-69 was just such another; within a tenth of a degree, for temperature, and marked by just the same season-disregarding by the birds and flowers. In 1868, a late English swallow lingered till within a fortnight of Christmas; in the first week of January, 1869, a pair of redbreasts nested and laid their eggs in the west of England. In North Devon, a farm laborer found a partridge sitting on eight eggs while the year was still but ten days old. The rooks in Yorkshire were busy with their nests.

So cyclic Time brings his returns; and the cycles, it would seem, are world-wide, not born of local conditions, fair winds, and the absence of snow, but springing from larger causes, dwelling, perchance, in the magnetic changes of the earth or the sun.

Take a few things within all our memories. The summer of 1911 was outrageously hot, as those of us who spent June and early July in the city can well bear witness. But it was almost as hot across the Atlantic; in London and Paris, people wrote to their favorite newspapers to complain of the heat. August was hot, dry, a roasting month, on both sides of the ocean. There were forest fires of exceptional extent, causing very great loss, all across the continent, from Maine and New Hampshire, through the Canadian forests, across to Wisconsin, and over the Rockies to the coast. And there were forest fires and great stretches of burning heath just at the same time in Denmark and northern Germany. Going from Copenhagen by rail to Hamburg, and thence to Holland, one passed through a hot haze of scented smoke, and along the sky-line the heather was blazing in fierce red flames under the hot sunshine.

Then came a winter almost as outrageously cold, the winter of 1911–12. Weeks of skating then answered to scant hours, perilously snatched, in the present winter. And there were dense drifts of snow, where this year we have had green grass and dandelions. And across the ocean, the same cold; the same piteous complaints in the Paris and London newspapers, as though civilized lands should not suffer such extremes. There was, it would seem, a certain definite relation between the over-hot summer and the over-cold winter, like a circle pulled out of shape in two opposite directions. Then came last summer, mild, chilly even, in the hill resorts, so that many summer hotels were but sparsely peopled all through August. Some of us, who stayed at home, found the ocean almost too cold for pleasant swimming. Some of us who crossed the ocean were compelled to watch an even downpour through French and Swiss window-panes. So that a very cool summer, in 1912, preceded the very warm winter we have been enjoying; just as the over-hot summer of 1911 was followed by the extreme winter of 1911–12.

APRIL

BY EDITH DART

Oh! met ye April on your way,
And was she grave, or was she gay;
Saw ye a primrose chaplet fair
Upon her tangled, wind-tossed hair?

And had she on a kirtle green,
The sweetest robe was ever seen?
Oh! met ye April on your way,
With eyes like dove's breast, meek and gray?

Yes, I met April on my way,
Part morrow and part yesterday:
And she went laughing, she was sad.
Wayward and pensive, grave and glad.

The fluttering fabric of her gown
Was emerald green, in shadow brown:
Soft gray as dove's breast were her eyes,
And bluest blue of summer skies.

Light fell her step upon the grass,
As though a faery queen did pass:
Her hands were cold, yet full of flowers,
Her loose hair wet with pattering showers.

Strung daisies for a girdle white
Were wound about her body slight.
Yes, I met April on my way,
And swift she stole my heart to-day.

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HOTEL LIFE FROM BELOW

By Lionel Josaphare

Drawings by F. Strothmann

"DO you know what's wrong with the world?" asked an old dish-washer in one of the big New York hotels. "The whole thing can be illustrated right here. Back yards and fresh air have gone out of style. In the cities, I mean. It's a poor civilization that can't afford fresh air. Back yards!—there isn't even a back of the hotel, nowadays. There's the underneath. I once owned a newspaper up in Syracuse. Traded it for a hotel. Then a fellow with palm-garden ideas opened an opposition house. I lost my patronage and $500. Soon I heard that he quit, with a loss of $10,000. That was the difference between the old and the new. He lost $10,000 proving that I didn't know how to run a hotel. I had a dish-washer up there that was an intellectual man, with a scrapbook full of letters that newspapers had printed from him. Many a time, when he was at the sink, or sitting in the back yard peeling potatoes, I would go out and hold theological discussions with him. Sometimes I would take out my jackknife and whittle a few of the potatoes while arguing. I wasn't one of those managers that look as if grown on a rose-bush."

The old dish-washer waved his hand, and stared at a few of his thousand coworkers, steamy-faced throngs of many nationalities, in various hues of undershirts.

"It's all done by machinery now," he remarked, dreamily, "even the drying. Only glassware is wiped by hand. Machinery for everything. Human nature hasn't a chance down here. Machinery and rules. Rules to get this and to hand over that. Do that this way, and don't do this that way. Don't go over there or you'll be dismissed. Don't leave any linen here or you'll be discharged. Rules for everything. You can't remember them; but you're safe in assuming that steady work will keep you out of mischief. Rules against everything except thinking over the past. The only exception as to machinery, I believe, is that there hasn't yet been invented a contrivance for stringing string-beans.

"If you have a package you must leave it in the package-room, or open it and show the contents on the way out. Maybe you have delicate reasons for not wishing to do either. No smoking, of course. Mustn't bring a newspaper here. Mustn't whistle. Is that human nature? If we laugh or joke, it's using loud and boisterous language. After working hours, if we wait for a friend outside, it's loafing about the entrance. The explanation is thoroughly scientific. If one should do it, all would do it. This is on the theory that, if one man is allowed the liberty of scratching his left ear, everybody else would follow suit, and the loss of time would be enormous among a thousand employees. The act then ceases to be personal, and enters the domain of social economics. Well, I haven't a destructive nature, but sometimes I enjoy breaking a plate on the quiet—it makes me feel so informal."

He lapsed into meditation. If he dreamed of the proprietor dropping in for a theological discussion he was disappointed.

Farewell, dish-washer.

Here's a pantryman. He is in the midst of tempting food, evidently in a choice location for tidbits. He is a young man, with wide-set eyes, like a sailor's, strong jaws, and a mouth probably good-natured, yet becoming stern through lack of exercise.

"Talk about the slips between the cup and the lip!" said he. "It would be a big slip to get caught slipping yourself any of these good things. But I tell you I'm not the man to backstep for anybody or anything, and if I was to be attacked by an escaped roast chicken or a can of caviar or a bottle of cherries in maraschino, I would draw my trusty can-opener or my corkscrew, or even use my bare fist and strike out in self-defense; then I'd remove the evidence by eating it. I don't know what fear is. Against the rules? Say! Whoever hangs up the rules should enforce them. I have nothing to do with enforcing the rules against myself or anybody else. Let 'em catch me! Instant dismissal is the professional term for what I'd get. And when once they let you go, you never come back, take it from me. I'd like to be black-listed by every hotel in the city. Then I'd have more time to study the cornet. I was within ten minutes' walk from nowhere when I took the job. There's too much discipline here.



The waiter is not supposed to make a speech in favor of the dish

"I've served in the Philippines. Military life isn't as hard as hotel life. Do you believe it—there's a lot of highly educated foreigners about these barracks? Some of them are real highbrows. Take me, for instance: I'm a highbrow. I've been in China, Japan, Egypt, France, Germany, Rome, Constantinople, and nearly everywhere else. I can talk to you about everything I saw. Isn't that highbrow? And some of them here know more than I do. Say! Those dudes in the office couldn't carry on a conversation with us. The clerks and managers have no education. The kitchen is full of brainy men from all over the world. I can pow-wow with any of them in their native lingo. An Armenian came here. He knew about seventeen words of English, and had to use most of his vocabulary to get the job, just like this: 'Me do nice work with take-away dish; me good boy.' They made a bus-boy out of him. I spoke to him in Armenian. Asked him how he was and how he liked it, and said good-night. That was the best I could do for him; but it was enough, wasn't it? He was an Armenian. Some of those Greeks get to work as 'buses' (bus-boys, you know) when they are three weeks in the country. They work up to be waiters.

"Sure, we get the best of food, but the waiters wouldn't eat it. They buy their own food. The chambermaids eat down here. There's a saying, the bigger the hotel the worse the food for the workers; and I tell you this is a big hotel. The clerks and other dressy chaps eat in what is called Officers' Hall. The rations are good in there, but not plentiful. A clerk will always take a cracker, like a polly—any clerk, any time of day.

"There's three or four patents on the weather down here. The management ventilates us with blowpipes. But blowpipes to a place like this is about the same as ventilating a bedroom through a few pea-shooters. I have a friend in the engine-room. It's 115 degrees in there, which is hotter than the boiler-room or the kitchen. We don't feel like talking. You don't hear much conversation going on down here, do you?

"Another thing: in hotels there is very little friendship outside your own department. Class distinction is on tight lines, and you're fighting mad with the other departments, unless you happen to graft with them. Grafting is against the rules. When you want a lead pencil, you go to the head of your department and get a requisition; then you go to the department that has authority over the pencil, and you get the requisition countersigned. Maybe you're in a hurry; yet you wouldn't expect the stationery department to use judgment, without a requisition, and give you a pencil on your word of honor that you need it quick in the interests of the hotel. They can't use judgment, because a slight error would bust up the whole system—so they say. A routine has to be gone through; and, believe me, when I'm tired of working, I enjoy going through the routine, and all of it. Besides that, maybe you've quarreled with the head of the other department; then he holds you to the hardest rule he can think of. If he's a cook and can't talk English, he takes advantage of that fact not to argue with you. But I can usually tell him something he doesn't like, no matter what lingo he speaks. They can't use a fire-extinguisher on me."

Suddenly he became busy.

Here are a few figures, as given by the assistant manager of a New York hotel famous throughout the country. About 21,000 persons enter the house every day. This figure is based upon an actual count made three years ago, when 19,000 persons entered in nineteen hours, from 6 A.M. to 1 A.M. Employees were not included; they are 1,600 at ordinary times. Three thousand persons lunch there every day, and 5,000 dine. To entertain these fashionable multitudes there must be military precision.

One manager said: "It is impossible to please the help, and we haven't time to experiment with the



"If I was to be attacked by an escaped roast chicken I would draw my corkscrew."

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impossible. Still, we give them the most sanitary accommodations, as you saw for yourself. I didn't expect you, and I took you through the house at a moment's notice. The public also is very, very hard to please, and expects us to perform the impossible, as a matter of course. In no other line of business does the public consider itself at perfect liberty to interfere with the management. Why, the minute some persons enter a hotel they seem to become thrilled with ideas—brilliant ideas of how a hotel should be conducted; and they don't hesitate in making a suggestion. We have to be extremely careful with them. Even when a guest complains about the food, we can't dispute with him. The waiter is not supposed to make a speech in behalf of the dish, but has orders to remove it immediately and politely inquire what the guest will have instead. The guest may have a bad taste in his mouth from the night before. We don't argue with him, not even when we are sure that he just wants to hear himself get rid of a grouch.

"So you have heard that hotel-keeping is not what it used to be. Well, sometimes the public forces on us a novelty that is no part of the legitimate hotel business. But there isn't as much money in sensationalism as there was once upon a time. Ten or fifteen years ago the magnificence of modern hostelries was new to the public. A banquet then had to be a splurge and show that the host could live up to the price of his wife's diamond necklace. He would mention some other banquet, and say, 'Let mine beat that. Charge extra for everything, and have it extra gorgeous.' The result was tremendous. Half the food wasn't eaten. To-day dining is an art, not a sport.

"Now and then part of the public objects to the high price of food. Yet some managers are glad if they can come out even on the dining-room. The general rule is that the raw material costs from 33 1-3 to 50 per cent. of the menu price. Suppose, for instance, that a short loin costs us $10, and we get about $20 for it in the dining-room. Now, can you tell me where some of these restaurants make a profit, when they flash up with costly floral displays, music, and cabaret shows, pages, and all that sort of thing beyond the legitimate expenses of cookery, service, laundry charges, and breakage?

"Suppose a guest orders a $2.50 breakfast sent to his room—$150 worth of silver goes on the tray. Twenty breakfasts in the rooms take up about $3,000 in silver. That's not only a big investment against the profit on the food, but an investment that is likely to shrink, and disappear in the course of time. A guest would be highly offended if the tray were asked for as soon as he is finished; so the silver remains scattered about the rooms all morning; and, as I intimated, that's not the best thing in the world for silver. Fifty dollars in silver goes on a little order of coffee, rolls, and eggs—$50 invested against the small price of the breakfast. Fifteen thousand dollars is a low yearly water bill, and we use coal like an ocean liner.

"No," he drawled, "there's no fun in being manager, and guarding all these huge accounts, with the hostility of the help on one side, the public on the other, the nervousness of the proprietors on the other—"

"And on the fourth side?"

"On the fourth side the managers of other hotels scheming to get your job. Sometimes I think there's more real happiness in being a dish-washer."

"Did you ever discuss the matter with one of them?"

"No; it would be against the ethics of the profession."

RIGHT-LEGGED VS. LEFT-LEGGED GOLF

All England and Much of America are Intent on the Struggle Between P. A. Vaile and the Old Masters

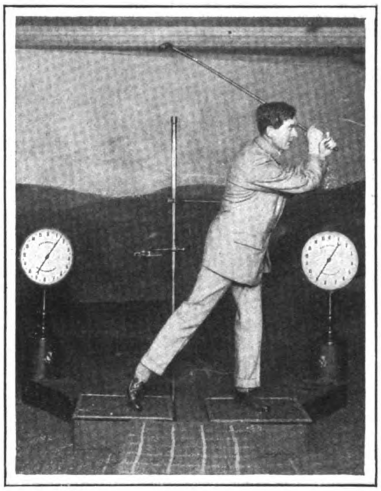
BY WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY

THE year's at the spring, and spring's at the morn; mornings at seven the hillside's dew-pearled—quite as the poet sang—but all that isn't helping British golfers a bit. They are in the midst of a furious discussion as to which leg most of the weight of the body rests on at the top of the full swing. [N. B.—Non-golfers may leave off reading at this point if they choose, for what follows is verra technical.] Mr. P. A. Vaile, the fearless iconoclast from New Zealand, who in his books and other writings declares that Vardon, Braid, Taylor, and the other old masters are all wrong in their theories—and then devilishly proves it—has stirred up a hornets' nest compared with which the hornetry on the seventeenth hole of a certain Westchester course is a placid rest-cure. England is a boiling pot of golf theories, and London is its vortex.

The old-school tradition is that at the start of the drive, or any long stroke, the weight of the body is equally distributed upon the legs, and that as the club is drawn back to full reach most of the weight is shifted to the right leg—the shifting having taken place without any swaying, either at the hips or at the head. Mr. Vaile maintains that most of the weight of the body is imposed on the left leg from the moment the club begins the back swing until after the ball has started on its journey and the club has finished the "follow through." Inasmuch as the left leg is the one nearest to the impact of club-face on ball and naturally has most to do with driving the blow home, the case *prima facie* seemed to be in accord with Mr. Vaile's theory. But the old masters rose as one and denounced Mr. Vaile's contention. They said they could prove that the weight of the body rested on the right leg by the fact that the muscles of the right leg were those most flexed and taxed by the golf stroke.

"Right as to facts, but wrong as to conclusion," cried Mr. Vaile. "You think the flexing of the muscles of the right leg is due to the imposition of the weight of the body. It isn't. It is really due to the torsion of the body in turning slowly around to the right in the back-swing and turning to the left again in making the stroke. It is a lateral thrust—not downward at all."

Inasmuch as every Englishman loves the theory of his game as much as the game itself, and is always ready to shed his ink in its defense, the warfare between right-leggers and left-leggers has raged among the English periodicals devoted to golf—and wherever else a letter to the long-suffering editor could be crowded in. Mr. Vaile thus far has been the winner. He had a pair of scales made so that the golfer could stand with one foot on each. Then he had golfer James Sherlock stand on the machine, tee up balls on a rug before it and drive them off in the regular way. The picture of the machine reproduced on this page shows that the weight of Sherlock is divided as follows: right leg, 1½ stone (21 pounds); left leg, 9 stone (126 pounds). In other words, the left leg is carrying six times as much weight of the body as the right leg. Moreover, the weight distribution ceased to be evenly divided from the moment the back swing was begun. The left leg at all times carried the greater amount. Sherlock certified to all this.

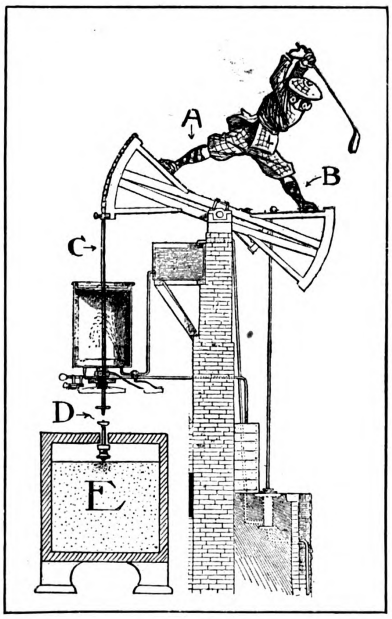


GOLFER JAMES SHERLOCK AT THE END OF HIS STROKE, SHOWING ONLY 1½-STONE DOWNWARD PRESSURE OF THE RIGHT LEG AS AGAINST 9-STONE PRESSURE OF THE LEFT

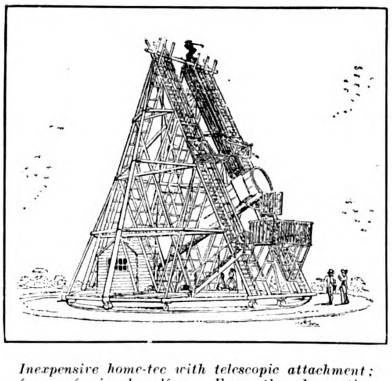
While the main battle was raging there were many amusing skirmishes aside. *Golf Illustrated*, for example, presented a page of pictures of imaginary golf machines, two of which with their captions are reproduced on this page. In serious vein Mr. Garden G. Smith, the editor, wrote:

"We have still an open mind on many of the points raised. 'Golf is a funny game,' and the whole act of swinging is so complicated, and the processes are so rapid and inter-related that it is almost impossible to describe them without misapprehension, or, at any rate, with absolute accuracy of statement. It is quite possible, however, as Mr. Croome suggests, that the professionals have overestimated the amount of weight thrown on the right leg, and, apart from that, is it, after all, so absolutely essential to keep the head immovable, and is any lateral movement of the trunk necessarily fatal to the preservation of balance?

"May it not be possible that the transference of weight to the right leg is instantaneously compensated by the bending of the trunk leftwards as the swing goes to its upward limit? It seems to be not inconceivable, that with a compensating leftward sway, some players may be able to preserve the equal distribution of their weight and of their balance, even although it may be true that many good players keep it mainly on the left, and others mainly on the right. Although the weighing machine cannot prove which is the best method for individuals, it will at all events show pretty accurately what a player actually does, and will assist him in correcting any exaggeration of his method."



Many leading players argue that in the drive the weight should not be on the right leg at the top of the swing. We have therefore devised a simple machine permanently to eradicate this fault. Should the right leg (A) exert greater pressure than the left (B), the piston (C) will be depressed, thus firing the percussion cap (D) and exploding dynamite (5 pounds—E), so removing all faulty leg-work.



Inexpensive home-tee with telescopic attachment; for professional golfers. From the observation hut the foolish trajectory of the ball (caused by their incorrect swings) may clearly be followed, and their erroneous theories corrected

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MRS. CORNELIUS C. CUYLER

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE CAMPBELL STUDIOS

The beginning of the social season under the new regime in Washington coincides with the closing of the season in N graciousness. Mrs. Cuyler holds a similar unofficial position in New York by right of birth and charming personality.

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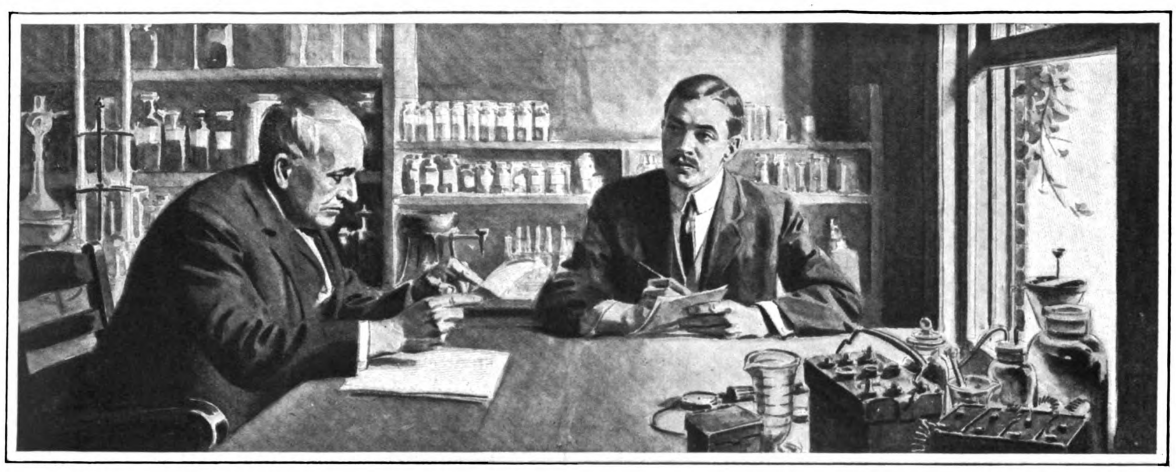


MRS. WOODROW WILSON

FROM AN ETCHING BY A. G. LEARNED

ork. Mrs. Wilson is officially the leader in Washington, but would hold high rank in any case by virtue of her are Princetonians in a sense, Mr. Cuyler having been a trustee while Mr. Wilson was President of the University

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INVENTORS AS AN INVESTMENT

BY FRANK J. ARKINS

DRAWINGS BY J. J. GOULD

"WHAT happens to copper ore when the heat in the furnace reaches a temperature of 2,200 Fahrenheit?"

The question was asked by a sharp-eyed man. The person to whom he was speaking said dispiritedly: "I don't know. No one ever looked inside a furnace when it was that hot."

"Well, we must look in and see."

The orders were plain if they did demand a seeming impossibility. The next furnace built in that plant could be looked into. The scientists found what happened to copper under those conditions.

At the bottom of every furnace the air blast is introduced through little tubes of steel called twyers. In this new furnace, on the outer side of the twyer pipe, a window of heavy mica was inserted. The metallurgist had only to place his eyes to it to look in and study the fire within the furnace walls. With the aid of a microscope and perfectly protected from the heat he could note every effect of the fusing mass.

When they came to get a good look at the way copper acted in the furnace these metallurgists discovered several new things. The mica window made it possible very nearly to revolutionize the entire process of smelting. The experts saw that the first effect of the air blast was chilling. So they wrapped the "line" with steam pipes to heat the air, thereby hastening the smelting period and taking far more metal out of the ore. They noticed that in some parts of the furnace the charge actually froze, while others were so hot that the metals passed off in vapor. The result was loss.

It is but a few years since copper sold for forty cents a pound and only the richest ores would profitably yield their metal contents. The window in the twyer pipe marked the starting-point of a new day in metal production that has been to the vast advantage of every boy who owns a pocket-knife, every man who builds a sky-scraper, steamship, or railroad. That window has so cheapened the cost of all metals that the use of them is an every-day necessity in the life of every man.

Just such a story—differing only in its details—might be told of every other article of American manufacture. As the years go by these tales of business romance multiply at a greater and greater rate. This is due to the new inventor, who is very far from the shabby, vacant-eyed, long-haired man of a generation ago working in a grimy attic or a shanty and making discoveries hit or miss. Some were of enormous value, others quite worthless. He was seldom at the best able to turn any of them to his own advantage. The new inventor lives in the lap of luxury. Big corporations pay him well and attach him permanently to their staffs. By cheapening production and developing processes he is the man that can bring them their greatest success.

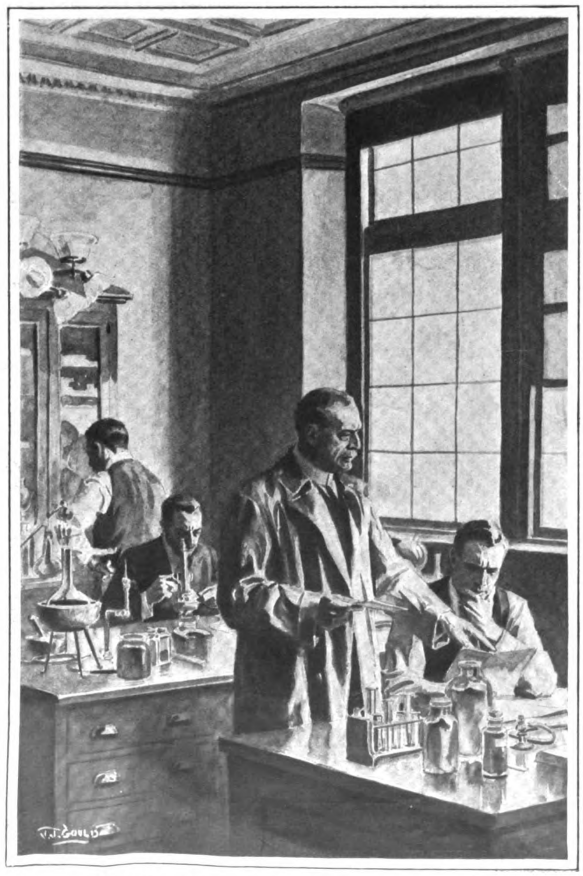
The big American manufacturer has too much at stake to sit at his desk and wait for people of ideas to come to him. That was the old system. It often happened that a concern of minor importance by pure chance picked up something revolutionary from some one whose family were close to starvation, bought it for a song, and elbowed out the "big fellows" in their line, making a fortune thereby. The business groups of to-day would laugh at such a policy as suicidal. The man who can really invent is an asset worth paying big money for.

Take a case in point. Up in Schenectady in New York State is a manufacturing plant so big that its buildings and its men make up a great city in themselves. The present writer could not estimate by a thousand the number of employees on its pay-roll. In one of the many buildings, whose annual cost of maintenance is alone more than the total annual outgo of many plants, is a little bearded German who is what might be called a master inventor. Next to Edison, he has more great inventions to his credit than any other American. In some little work-shop of his own, with few tools and next to no laboratory facilities, he might—he probably would—have dreamed great practical dreams and translated them into profitable processes. But much of his wonderful achievement has been due to the great department he has been encouraged to create, for the development of which money has never been lacking.

The old inventor worked alone. He had neither money to hire nor could he take the risk of letting any one into the secret of his simmering idea. The new man simply presses button after button on his desk and highly paid assistants or, perhaps, independent investigators—"cracks" in their especial fields of chemistry, electricity, metallurgy, mechanics, or science—come in to be sent to make researches that may consume months or years. An order blank filled out brings any quantity of material, equipment, or instruments. Not long ago Edison had a typewriter idea. He summoned his executive man.

"Send for one of every typewriter made in this country," he ordered, "and the day after to-morrow have an expert from each company here to demonstrate his machine. Get out for me every book in the library that deals with typewriters."

In some such way this expert and every other great new inventor works. At the Schenectady plant not far from fifty men do nothing but inventing, a scientific corps generaled and captained in military unison. Some 250 mechanics and laborers aid them. This force is a varying quantity, according to what the experiments are, now and again diminished, at other times greatly increased. It pays to equip men who can devise practical ideas and gives them staffs with assistants not far behind them in capability.



It pays to equip men who can devise practical ideas

A problem that beset the printing world for a long time was to make the first fold in the turning off of newspapers from the presses keep pace with the increasing speed of the machines. It was realized that some simple idea would solve the problem, but just what that simple idea was could not be seen. The high-speed press could not take definite form until this first fold was made faster. The presses delivered the papers to the folding-machines so fast that the latter were clogged.

Inventors sat up nights and experimented.

One day while working on the perplexing problem which the factory was determined to solve, in order to satisfy a publisher whose press-room facilities were limited, one of the inventors suddenly conceived an idea. He raised two broom handles so that the widest angle touched that portion of the press from which the printed sheet emerged. Over these he trained the web forming the first fold. It was apparent at once that, no matter how fast the press was speeded, it could never clog by this method. Out of this, by a very practical evolution, grew the "former" that looks like an inverted snow-plow.

The invention was by no means complete—but the great principle had been discovered after weeks of

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work and experimentation. There were other things to do—to cut the paper, deliver it to the second fold, etc.; but that these were all successfully accomplished the press of to-day, capable of printing 2,500 papers a minute, is an attestation.

To-day a printer calls on a manufacturer and tells him that he wants a machine that will fit in a room of a certain size, to print so many pages at a time, at such-and-such a speed, counted in bundles of twenty-five, and so on. The inventor is called in and straightway proceeds to design a press the like of which has not been constructed before. In this way a machine that will print a book and deliver it bound at the other end has been devised.

Carborundum could never have been invented in a garret. One man hovered on the borderland of discovery for years. Clay, coke, and sawdust subjected to great heat produced an indefinable something that showed him he was on the right track. He sought more intense heat in an effort to magnify that something which he did not as yet understand. He believed he was on the verge of grasping in unlimited quantity an abrasive purer than any yet known. Emery comes from an impure substance in nature known as corundum. The man in question was trying to combine the silica in the sand and the carbon in the coal in an effort to produce a pure abrasive. So he went to Niagara Falls. With the aid of water churning great electric units he produced the most intense heat known to man. These substances he now placed in a furnace and fused by electricity. The result was that they threw down prismatic crystals composed of pure corundum combined with carbon.

The discoverer came to New York with these first crystals. Stepping into a diamond-cutter's laboratory, he asked the cutter in charge what his crystal was. A series of tests developed that it would scratch a diamond. A diamond is pure carbon and the hardest natural thing in the world. He sold these crystals for more than he could have obtained for diamonds of the same weight. He had produced in a furnace material better than nature itself could make.

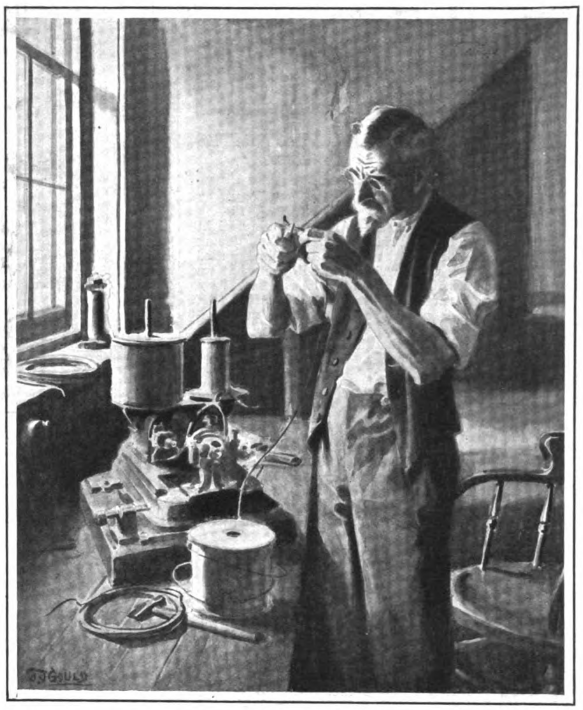
So carborundum could never have been discovered by the dreamy inventor who worked alone. A great plant employing scores of men and costing a fortune in excess of the wildest anticipation of the seeker of bygone days was necessary. Each furnace was in itself a marvel of construction. Years of work and thousands of dollars had to be expended to produce a few crystals that one could drop into the end of a goose quill. But these few crystals opened the way for an artificial abrasive that could be produced by the millions of pounds cheaply and quickly.

The vast plant that this inventor of the new day had assembled for his production of carborundum gave him facilities that resulted in another new product of greater importance. Carborundum obtained the clement of hardness, of course, from carbon. But carbon exists in a soft state also. So not satisfied with having done what no other man had ever accomplished, and in an endeavor to outdo his previous achievement, the inventor placed the carborundum back in the furnace and sealed it. Through this crucible he turned on the greatest heat manufactured by man in an effort to burn out of his new product any secret that might lie concealed beneath its hardened surface.

In a general way he figured that something opposite to what he had would result, and careful experimentation covering a period of months brought him to this point. The new heat disintegrated the carborundum and it fell in flakes of graphite so soft that they would not scratch the highly burnished surface of the most carefully annealed gold. Graphite is heavier than water and hence will sink. But these flakes were so fine that when dropped in water they remain in suspension indefinitely.

The result was a lubricant finer than anything ever known before. To illustrate: If a aniline dye is placed in water and is poured through a filter paper (which is a fine grade of blotting-paper) the water will pour out in a clear stream, the dye remaining on the upper side of the filter paper. When the same process is followed with artificial graphite (Acheson's discovery) and water, the graphite passes through the paper just as easily as the water.

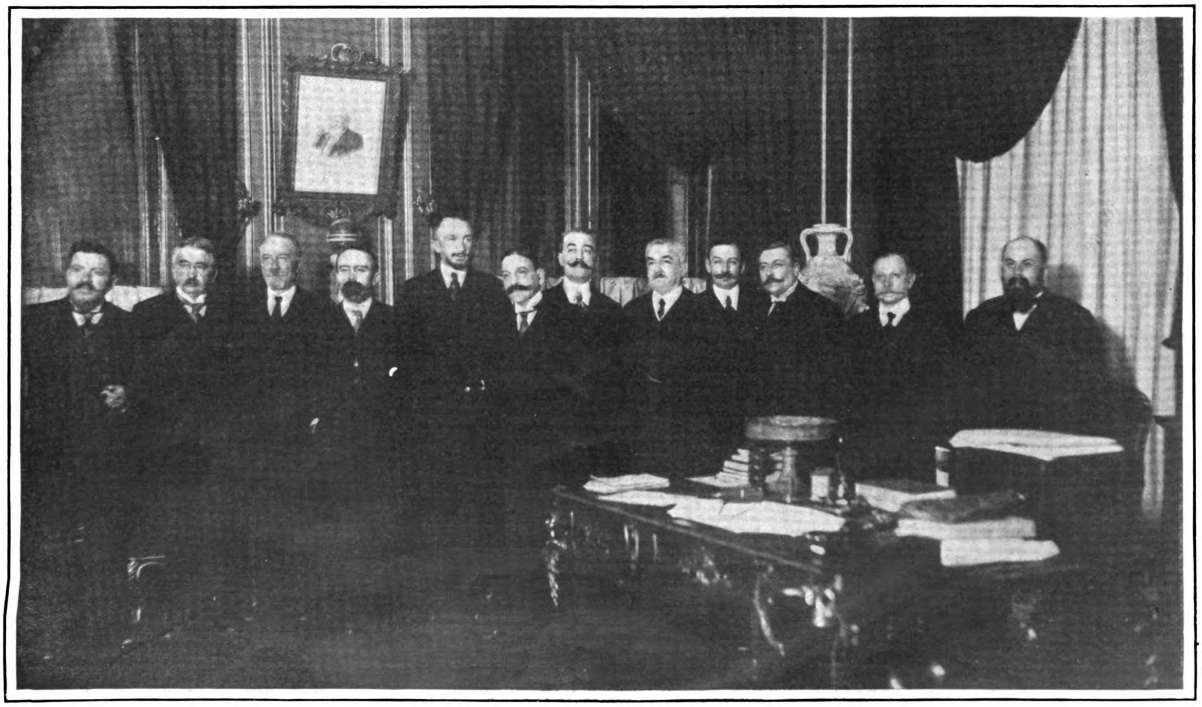
The oil supply of the world is fast being exhausted, but as long as coal exists graphite lubricant is possible. The machinery of the world will not turn without lubricant. Great as is the amount of oil used for lubricants every year, it is small compared with that used for paint. And graphite makes a paint that is more easily applied, penetrates deeper, holds tighter, is wind, heat, cold, rust, and water resisting.



The old inventor worked alone

Millions of needles are sold daily. It was not so long ago when the thread in the needle was cut by the sharp edges left in the eye after manufacture. The smaller the needle, the sharper the edge and the greater the annoyance to users. Then, again, the eye would rust: for a woman will dampen the end of the thread on her tongue in order to make a point so that the needle may be threaded more easily. Complaint was loud and long and orders were passed down the line to produce an eye in the smallest needle that could not cut the finest and softest thread in the world.

This was done by inventing a new machine in the shape of die-cutters for the making of the eyes. The points on these minute augers are so small that they cannot be seen with the naked eye or detected by the most delicate sense of touch. A microscope is necessary. So it was essential to invent new machines to manufacture the dies and to sharpen the tiny drills. Polishers and burnishers had to be made that would finish off every rough edge in an instant almost, because needles sell a dozen or so for a few cents. When this was done the needles were placed in a rack through which the eyes projected and held so tightly that when immersed in water only the eyes were covered. In this way the heads of the needles became the negative pole of a powerful battery, and in a few moments the eyes of several million needles were gold plated and hence rendered rust-proof.



THE NEW FRENCH CABINET

FRANCE HAS AGAIN CHANGED HER GOVERNMENT. THE NEW MINISTERS, WITH THEIR PORTFOLIOS, ARE, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: CHARLES DUMONT (FINANCE); STEPHEN PICHON (FOREIGN AFFAIRS); ANTONY RATIER (JUSTICE); LOUIS BARTHOU (EDUCATION); PIERRE BAUDIN (MARINE); LOUIS BRIEZ (INTERIOR); ETIENNE CLEMENTEL (AGRICULTURE); EUGENE ETIENNE (WAR); JOSEPH THIERRY (PUBLIC WORKS); ALFRED MASSE (COMMERCE); JEAN MODEL (COLONIES); HENRY CHERON (LABOR)

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Interludes

LETTERS THAT NOBODY EVER WRITES

By Wilberforce Jenkins, R.F.D.

TO A DENTIST FROM A GRATEFUL PATIENT

8976 Broad Street, New York.
July 5, 19—.

My dear Doctor Molars,—After spending eight hours in your chair on Friday afternoon last, during which time you filled eight of my teeth and pulled five, I feel that I must write and tell you what an enjoyable time I had of it. For a long time I have seriously felt the need of a vacation, but after that exhilarating period under your delightful ministrations I feel completely reinvigorated, and have decided to postpone indefinitely the little fishing trip I had intended to take as a bracer. This letter, however, is not altogether unselfish. I do want to thank you for the good time, but I also find myself wondering if you could tell me where I could purchase one of those delightful electric arrangements you use to operate the buzzer with which you do your delving. Frankly, dear doctor, I enjoyed the buzzing of that little instrument in my wisdom tooth so thoroughly that I am inclined to purchase one for my library, and substitute it for my after-dinner cigar.

Cordially your grateful patient,
Byron J. Waterbury.

BREAD-AND-BUTTER LETTER FROM A BURGLAR TO HIS HOSTS

The Fagin Club,
New York, *August 10, 19—.*

My dear Mr. and Mrs. Slabsides,—Please permit me just a brief line or two to thank you for the very charming two hours spent at your lovely home last Thursday night by my friend Leary the Pug and myself. In a very long and varied experience as an uninvited guest at the homes of many of our best people I cannot recall a more delightful, even if unconscious, hospitality, than was afforded us upon that memorable occasion. Not only were you good enough to leave the front door unlocked—a sure sign of welcome—but everything we cared to take along with us as a souvenir of a pleasant evening lay within easy reach in unfastened drawers and closets, so that our work progressed as easily and as pleasantly as used to do the pursuit of huckleberries in the happy days of childhood. And on top of this to find the thoughtful care of our appetites in the cold repast in the ice-box—the juicy roasted partridge, the most excellent Camembert, and the glorious vintages in the bins hard by—was truly touching to Leary and myself, who, to tell the truth, are not accustomed to such sympathetic attentions. Truly, the old-time courtesies of the open house have not, as some appear to think, passed out of our social life forever, and both Leary and I want you to know how much we appreciated it all. Thank you, thank you, and thank you again.

Faithfully yours,
Muggins the Gink.

LETTERGRAM FROM A JILTED SWAIN TO HIS SUCCESSFUL RIVAL

T. F. Jimpson, Sharon, Conn.

Word has just been brought to me while waiting at the altar that Mabel has eloped with you. Heartiest thanks, old man, for your timely and friendly intervention. Never able to repay service, extent of which revealed itself in flash moment heard the news, and realized escape. Am sending by special delivery railway tickets to and from Niagara Falls which had intended using for myself. Am wiring proprietors Sprayview Hotel, Niagara, to hold rooms reserved for me for your use. My cordial regards to wife. Tell her her choice meets with my heartiest approval. Sincere belief no more appropriate mating than bride who would elope with best man and best man with nerve to carry project through.

Devotedly,
J. Watkins Glenn.

(Collect.)

FROM A JUDGMENT DEBTOR TO A CREDITOR

Holmeleigh, *September 5, 19—.*

My dear Hardpate,—I have been looking for a chance for three whole days now to write and thank you for having put that wonderful sheriff in my house. I don't know when I have met a more delightful fellow, or a more original character. In fact, he is unique. He has a fund of reminiscence that I really wish you might have been present to enjoy, running back over a period of twenty years of consecutive public service in the police department. There was a thrill in almost every line of his utterance, and during the whole time of his presence here, unfortunately limited, he kept the whole family on the *qui vive* with his tales of adventure, his sidelights on the character of distinguished politicians past and present, and the truly astounding stories of his life on the plains back in the pioneer days. Mrs. Dubbs and I have not had much entertainment of late, owing to certain economies rendered necessary by my financial condition, and your sheriff came to us both like a whiff of good, fresh, salt air to a worn and jaded spirit.

Mrs. Dubbs and the children all join me in this expression of our united appreciation of your kindly act.

Your obliged debtor,
Barton W. Dumpley.

FROM A COMMON PERSON TO A SUPERCILIOUS ACQUAINTANCE

The Squills Building, New York.
October 10, 19—.

My dear Mr. Fitzboobington,—I cannot resist the temptation to take a few moments from the pressure of business this morning to write and tell you how grateful I am to you for cutting me so conspicuously and directly yesterday afternoon when we met on the Avenue. The lady who was with me at the time was my wife, and had you bowed or even shown signs of the faintest recognition as we passed it would have involved me in all sorts of embarrassing explanations which I have no desire to make. Mrs. Plainface has very decided opinions as to the so-called smart set, and those who are presumed to constitute society in this city, and while of course she and I never quarrel, and accord each other perfect independence in the choice of our associates, I would not for one moment have her peace of mind disturbed by the apprehension that her husband was on terms of intimacy, or I may even say casual acquaintance, with any of you.

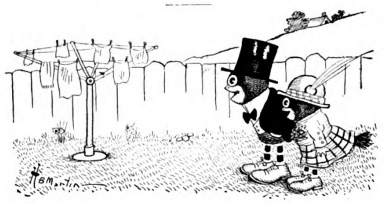
Your tact upon this occasion will always be appreciatively remembered by

Yours sincerely,
John Plainface.

To Fitzroy Fitzboobington, Esq.
The Crackerjack Club.



HOW PAUL REVERE MIGHT HAVE COVERED ALL NEW ENGLAND BY SUNRISE



"What in the world will they do next? Who would ever believe they would make artificial trees?"



Mirandy *(to Jane)*: How much longer should woman be the toy of man in his idle hours?

EXPLAINED

"I see somebody has invented a new spark-control for automobiles," said Mrs. Binks, laying down the morning paper. "Just what is a spark-control for, John?"

"I don't know, my dear," said Binks, "but I think it is a sort of automatic alarm that keeps amorous chauffeurs from sparking while on duty."

THE INFLUENCE OF HEREDITY

"That's a fine baby of yours, Bill," said the boss to his chauffeur.

"Yes, Mr. Wilkins," said the chauffeur. "My wife and I are pretty proud of him. He's the latest model, all right—a self-starter, with an automatic horn that would wake the dead."



MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES

NOT LIKE THE OLD DAYS

"Well, Mrs. Climber," said the visitor, "I presume your daughter is working very hard for her graduation."

"Oh no," said Mrs. Climber. "Since my old man made his pile we've quit makin' Susie make her own clothes, and hires a seamstress to do the work."

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THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

Romain Rolland's "Jean-Christophe"

BY F. M. COLBY

THE third and last volume of the English version of *Jean-Christophe* is called *Journey's End*, and comprises the three volumes of the French edition entitled, respectively, *Love and Friendship*, *The Burning Bush*, and *The New Dawn*. In France, where those smaller instalments (ten volumes in all) have been published at intervals for several years past, the effect could not have been so overwhelming. But five or six hundred more pages of *Jean-Christophe* certainly seem stupendous. Nor is the sense of magnitude altogether that which the author sought to convey. It is somewhat oppressive. Along with much admiration of the author there creeps into the reader's heart some little pity for himself. In the preface to the last French volume M. Rolland tells us with confidence what he has accomplished:

"I have written the tragedy of a generation which is nearing its end. I have sought to conceal neither its vices nor its virtues, its profound sadness, its chaotic pride, its heroic efforts, its despondency beneath the overwhelming and superhuman task, the burden of the whole world, the reconstruction of the world's morality, its esthetic principles, its faith, the forging a new humanity. Such we have been."

Those who speak in this large way are perfectly safe from refutation. Any writer may confidently expose an entire generation, for an entire generation never answers back. It is a rule well known to contemporary writers, and one that they have most lucratively observed, that the broader their generalizations the safer they are from attack.

The man who begins a sentence with, "All History shows," may or may not be a convincing person, but he never has been and never will be refuted. And who has himself so fully grasped the spirit of the times that he dare deny M. Rolland's pretension? But it is certain that few novelists of our day could come so near to fulfilling this gigantic purpose. And it is something of a feat to invent for one's hero a man of genius and put him credibly through his paces.

There is a profound incredulity abroad in the world as to the genius of novelists' heroes. Let the author swear as he will that the fellow is a demigod, the fellow somehow does not look the part. Conceited readers are soon thinking that they, too, might pass for geniuses — so easy does it seem. But Jean-Christophe Krafft, the greatest musical genius of Germany and of France, moves through these three long volumes, fighting, loving, ranting, dreaming, and philosophizing, displaying himself at every turn, and yet retains to the very end a certain ascendancy over the reader.

Jean-Christophe was born of poor parents in a narrow, provincial little German town. He was a marvel of precocity. Not only did he make his public appearance as a musician before he was eight years old, but he developed in his boyhood into a full-fledged critic of the intellectual tendencies of his time. In his teens he fought out within himself the spiritual battles of Herr Teufelsdröckh. Before he was twenty he had outgrown Germany. He was suffocated by the meanness of her intellectual life, and sought freer air and room for growth in France.

He found France intellectually alive but decadent. If Germans irritated him by their dull, complacent acquiescence, Frenchmen appalled him by their prostitution of art for art's sake and their heartless chase of everything new. He tried every phase of the intellectual life of Paris and found it wanting. He turned first, of course, to the professed lovers of music. They babbled only of "theme and counter-theme." They gave tags and labels to the component parts of a musical composition, and were as proud as if they had written it. They seemed unable to conceive of music as a natural language, but regarded it merely as material for grammatical analysis. They made it an adjunct to science. They hated variety, and each one contended fiercely for his "verism," "symbolism," "idealism," "subjectivism," or "objectivism." They despised Beethoven and Wagner and openly derided Berlioz and Gluck. For the moment they thought of no one but Debussy and Bach, and Bach was already beginning to seem a pedantic hack. In this petty warfare, when Christophe was asked to take sides between "Horizontalists" and "Verticalists," between the champions of "Succession" and the champions of "Superposition," he thought them all mad and could only quote:

"Gentlemen, I am everybody's enemy."

The music theater had been turned into a "perfumery shop," being at that time given over to Meyerbeer, Gounod, Massenet, Mascagni, and Leoncavallo—that is to say, to "brazen music" with "its girlish rapture" and "its artificial flowers." Christophe vowed he would belong to no school, but would hold his own and fight his way. The volume *Jean-Christophe in Paris* is a record of this struggle, of his gradual recognition by a few exceptional people, of the contemptible hostility or indifference of all the rest. This final volume brings him to his triumph, at first a popular triumph, transitory and accidental, later a true triumph of genius, the appreciation of the few who really understand, and then through many love adventures, soul battles, and floods of contemporary criticism, to his death in the odor of sanctity.

The same abominable conditions that he finds among musical critics he finds among all the other groups of men that he encounters. There are a few good and sensible persons here and there, but the general run of men in their work and in their private lives are fools, knaves, or automata. In religion, philosophy, literature, the drama, and politics there is little to be found but drivel and cant. Men's souls are cramped and bound by the "triple bandage of town, caste, and union." He plunges into everything, thinking to find the fullness of life, but finds only vanity, and returns on himself. He is the strong man and self-sufficient. He can console himself with his art, regardless of both friends and foes. His outer activities, though intense and constant, only furnish him with the fuel for this inner flame. He must be a man that he may be a musician. He was afraid of becoming a dilettante and repeated to himself the words of Ibsen:

"If a man is to persevere in his art, he must have something more than his native genius: passions, sorrows, which shall fill his life and give it a direction. Otherwise he will not create, he will write books."

It is impossible even to catalogue here Jean-Christophe's outer activities, which almost invariably end in some blighting criticism of contemporary life. His experience in politics will have to suffice for an example. He found France like the rest of the world to-day floundering among social uncertainties, facing perhaps the social revolution. The working classes were growing in numbers and strength. Their cause had vitality, and for this reason, and not because of its justice, it was stirring the minds of the intelligent middle class. There was no more sense or justice in the ideas of the working class than in those of any other class.

"Its creed was as absurd as every other creed—the Divine Right of Kings, the Infallibility of the Popes, Universal Suffrage, the Equality of Man—all equally absurd if one only considers them by their rational value and not in the light of the force by which they are animated. What did their mediocrity matter? Ideas have never conquered the world as ideas, but only by the force they represent. . . . Some of the ideas which were now the flaming standard under which the working classes were marching on to the assault upon the capitalistic citadel, emanated from the brains of dreamers of the comfortable classes. While they had lain in their comfortable books they had lain dead. . . . But as soon as the people had laid hands on them, they had become part and parcel of the people. . . . The moral epidemic spread and spread: and it was quite possible for limited creatures to communicate them to superior men."

The new ideas were turning the heads of the comfortable people just as they did in 1789. Many rich young men of culture were beginning to feel that the comfortable classes were useless. They had tried to reform the people from above by popular universities and the like, but the people learned nothing. Of their own leaders, some were self-seekers or traitors, easily bought by the enemy, others were empty braggarts, and all were at odds with one another and uncertain of the direction in which to lead.

Christophe spent many days and nights talking with Socialists and Syndicalists. He inclined to the Syndicalists, but when he saw the actual working of the trades-unions he was filled with disgust. They were coalitions of the weak, who if they came into power would in their turn become oppressors. They cared nothing for liberty. And who, he asked, does care for liberty in these day? A select few who have no influence. The Popes of Rome proscribe the light of reason; the Popes of Paris extinguish the stars; and M. Pataud in the strike of the electricians puts out the lights of the streets.

Nevertheless, Christophe was carried away by the ideas themselves and was soon more revolutionary than any one. Despoil the robbers, said he, copying Proudhon. Any man who has more than enough for his livelihood is a thief and a robber. If he has too much, it means that others have too little. He watched the coalition of the proletarians. He loved to "plunge now and then into the vat of the people." He egged on the wildest insurgents. He wrote a revolutionary song. Finally, when there was fighting in the streets, he rushed madly into the thick of it, killed a man, narrowly escaped capture, and fled from the country, pursued by the police.

But all this was merely by way of developing his inner creative faculty. He cared nothing about this vulgar rabble and their revolution. They were incapable of acting together for a noble purpose. Crowds are ignoble; collective action is base. A crowd is no better than a clique; the people are as bad as the musical critics or as a batch of modern painters or poets or playwrights or statesmen. He thought there would be no social revolution, and time proved it. He lives to be an old man, which carries him well along into the future, and as he looks back of the France of to-day he finds that there has been no gain in freedom save in one particular. Sexual morality has at that distant date grown freer. Trial marriages are then in vogue (say, about 1930). That at least has been accomplished; but for the rest it is all reaction. The past generation has exhausted itself in thinking. The next generation has ceased to think at all.

"It would have seemed natural for the spirit of liberty, which was then tending to modify morality, to take up its stand also in the other domains of thought and action. But it did nothing of the kind; human nature cares little for contradiction. While morality was becoming more free, the mind was becoming less so; it was demanding that religion should restore its yoke. And this twofold movement in opposite direction was, with a magnificent defiance of logic, taking place in the same souls. Georges and Aurora were caught up by the new current of Catholicism, which was conquering many people of fashion and many intellectuals. . . . The reason of humanity was exhausted. It had just made a gigantic effort. It was overcome with sleep and, like a child worn out by a long day before going to sleep, it was saying its prayers. The gate of dreams had opened. . . . Even philosophy was wavering. Their gods of thought, Bergson and William James, were tottering."

Hundreds of pages are given over to this analysis of present-day tendencies and to this sweeping criticism, and, on the strength of just such passages as the one above summarized, many of Mr. Rolland's admirers are exclaiming that he sets all life before us, or sums up all modern culture, or at the very least explores to its depths the civilization of France and Germany. It is true that his range is remarkably wide, that he is eloquent on a variety of large subjects and often penetrating, and that in his abounding discourse on art and art criticism he exposes many fallacies, pedantries, and meannesses. But these analyses of present-day movements and controversies often seem no more than clever digests of articles in reviews. His mind has absorbed more commonplace stuff than it needs for any reasonable critical purpose. What can he do with it? Often he can do no more than declare that it is commonplace. Dull folk will be talking. Out it pours from press and platform, in crowds and coteries, on the stage, in books; and M. Rolland sits by, plotting vengeance and taking far too copious notes. By the time sensible people have forgotten last month's literary commonplace, he is proving somewhat elaborately that it lacks inspiration. The enraptured admirer says, Behold the life of Modern Europe, passing in review. But so it passes in the Index to Periodicals.

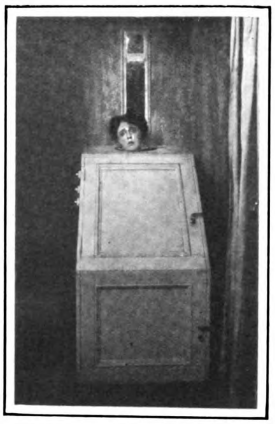
In this criticism of contemporary art, philosophy, politics, science, and religion, M. Rolland often seems no more than an industrious and clever journalist, sometimes even inferior to the people whom he attacks. To one party cry he retorts with another party cry quite as foolish. He blames a host of present French writers for their absorption in the "psycho-physiology of love." He himself is just as much absorbed in the "psycho-physiology of love." He condemns "modern music" for its "loquacity of introspection." There is a surprising amount of the "loquacity of introspection" in those ten volumes of *Jean-Christophe*. He plays the game of current criticism, just as all the other critics play it; that is to say, by trying to stand intellectually on tiptoe above the next man. On vast, world-wide subjects, M. Rolland has a solemn manner, but is often at bottom quite as frivolous as his competitors. It is not in these attempts to boil down modern Europe or even in his spirited and entertaining descriptions of the intellectual life of Paris, Rome, Basle, or a German town that we see the best of him, but in his quick, clear portrayal of individuals.

In current French literature it is, of course, especially necessary to be an expert in women's souls. M. Rolland is remarkably proficient in that deep craft. He can wreck a woman's soul with, as it seems to a layman at least, quite wonderful precision. He wrecks many of them in a few pages apiece. For example: Jacqueline, who was rich, married Ollivier who was poor. Ollivier was a man of intellect and noble ideals; Jacqueline had high aspirations, but was entangled in a brilliant and charming, but worldly society. Part of the soul of each became merged in the other, and all went well at first. But as it turned out there was too much of Jacqueline's soul in Ollivier and too little of Ollivier's in Jacqueline, and as M. Rolland explains, the woman's soul ought always to be merged entirely in the man's. Jacqueline began to compare Ollivier unfavorably with her Parisian friends. Ollivier was not strong enough to draw her to his high plane. She lost her idealism. A woman, says M. Rolland, has more of an intuitive sense of the eternal than has man, but it is harder for her to keep her grip on it. She "uses it to feed her own life," whereas a man "feeds it with his life-blood." So they drifted apart. Jacqueline's soul dried up; she ran away with another man and broke the heart of Ollivier. But even M. Rolland gets lost sometimes in women's souls. Sometimes he says they are stronger than men's, sometimes he says they are weaker. A woman, he will say in one place, is like running water, and the man who loves her must follow the stream or divert it into his own channel. Elsewhere he will say it is the man who ought invariably to swallow the woman. Still again, he will remark that the women of France are far greater and stronger than the men, and therefore ought, presumably, to be the devourers.

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Frank McIntyre in "Oh! Oh! Delphine," at the Amsterdam





Two amusing incidents in the "beauty parlor" scene in Elizabeth Jordan's "The Lady from Oklahoma," a recent production



Elsie Ferguson



Della Fox

TWO OF THE WOMEN MEMBERS OF THE ALL-STAR CAST IN "ROSEDALE," AT THE LYRIC



Edwin Stevens and Lina Abarbanell in "The Geisha," at the Forty-fourth Street



Grace George and William Courtleigh in "Divorcons," at The Playhouse



De Wolf Hopper and Anna Wharton in "The Beggar Student," at the Casino

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Orientation

It is said that the majority of persons lack a keen sense of direction. In other words, they are very apt to "get turned round" at times, not knowing which is north or south or which is east or west.

The tendency of the English-speaking peoples is to make use of the north as a starting-point of direction rather than the east. A people whose ancestors have lived chiefly inland, like the Romans and the French, naturally think of the rising of the sun as giving the central point of direction. A seafaring race, on the other hand, looks to the North Star as the one fixed, unchangeable point, sure to guide a ship accurately. Accordingly we of the English-speaking races are, when we "get turned round," almost sure to inquire, "Which way is north?"

When we have found the North Star or seen the sun rise or set after being "turned around," are we really set right in our own sense of direction? One may easily make a mistake, especially in a city or within a house, and even become "turned clear around," making north seem south and east seem west. When one is corrected, is it within his power to make the direction seem right?

Among individuals there is in this respect a great difference. Some are instantly conscious of the points of the compass wherever they may be. They may err, but they cannot avoid the sense for a moment that one way is north and another south. Others seldom give the directions in a strange place a thought until they are informed, and such persons find it difficult to understand the case of others, who, though living for years in a place where they have once been "turned around," never can make the point "seem right."

It has been pointed out that there is reason to assume that the persons who find it difficult to escape from an error of this sort are really the ones who possess the keenest sense of direction. They are acutely conscious of direction, and when they have made a mistake find the impression so deep that it cannot be shaken off. Such persons' errors are apt, it is contended, to be few and to be made in towns and the interiors of houses. In the open fields and woods they seldom err, while the person who easily adapts himself to the information of others is apt, in the woods, to move about in a circle and become lost.

Many hold that the savage has a better sense of direction than civilized man, for the reason that he has had more occasion to cultivate it. But it is a mistake to assume that the savage is never "turned around." In cities he is, and sometimes even in the woods. It is his confidence in himself that has led many persons to suppose that the Indian never errs in his direction. The proverbial "Indian no lost; wigwam lost" may well have been true, for even the savage, though he trust his own judgment, may lose his sense of direction.

The Chinese, although the first people to use artificial means of fixing the direction—the compass—for the most part have the gift of judging the direction instinctively. They never say, "Turn to the right." "Turn to the left," in showing the way, but always "Turn to the north" or "Turn to the south," and so on. Their sense of direction probably does not, however, come from a particular gift, but from the practice, very common in China, of studying the heavens.

Lost Lemuria

Many distinguished scientists have believed that there was once a continent in the Indian Ocean which has sunk beneath the waves and of which Madagascar, the Maldive and Laccadive islands, Ceylon, and Sumatra are surviving fragments. A name, Lemuria, has even been suggested for this lost continent. One of the strongest arguments for its existence is found in the extraordinary plant and animal life of Madagascar, curiously related to the animals and plants of India, Ceylon, and the Malay archipelago.

The great island of Madagascar is equal in area to Oregon and California taken together, equal to them also in north and south extension, possessing, like them, bands of mountain, forest, and plain. Madagascar is only two hundred and fifty miles from the east coast of Africa, yet it contains not one of the most characteristic and conspicuous African animals: neither elephants nor rhinoceroses, lions or leopards or hyenas, giraffes, zebras, or antelopes, apes, monkeys, or baboons, though all of these abound in Africa, and most of them are found on the mainland opposite the great island. Instead of these familiar African animals, which include some of the biggest and most conspicuous animals on the globe, the forests of Madagascar contain only small and insignificant mammals, sixty-six species in all; and of these just one-half, or thirty-three species, belong to the family of lemurs, small animals which suggest an unequal blending of monkey and cat which live in the thick tropical trees and are rarely seen because they hunt their prey at night, eating insects, fruit, birds' eggs and young.

The lemurs fill a lowly place in the scale of animal life and date from a very remote period of geological history. Lemurs, more or less close cousins of those of Madagascar, are found on the African mainland, in India, in Ceylon, and in the Malay archipelago. And it was their presence in these widely separated regions that suggested the existence of a former continent including these places, and in their honor it was called Lemuria.

The remaining mammals of Madagascar consist of about a dozen species of insectivora, including a shrew, and five genera of a very peculiar animal, whose closest kin are found in far distant Haiti and Cuba, the Centetidæ by name; a singular cat-like animal, the cryptoprocta, which has no near relations anywhere in the world; eight civets, belonging to four peculiar genera, and four species of rats and mice, also of peculiar genera. Then come two animals which fall into a different class, a small hippopotamus and a river-hog, both semi-aquatic in their habits, which seem to have come over from Africa at a not very remote period, probably along the chain of the Komoro Islands. Of hundreds that may have started on this journey, perhaps two or three pairs arrived in Madagascar, after many generations had been born and had died on the intervening islands. Among the reptiles of Madagascar there are two American genera of snakes and one belonging to a genus found in America and China; there are lizards belonging to two genera of the Iguanidæ, a family which with this exception is exclusively American; there is a genus of the gecko family which is found in Australia and America.

The first question to be solved is, why none of the large and conspicuous African animals are found in Madagascar. The answer is simple. At the very remote period (probably in the Eocene, the first division of the tertiary period of geology) when Madagascar was joined to the African continent, none of these distinctive animals had yet arrived in Africa, or at least in that part of Africa which lies south of what is now the Sahara Desert. Africa north of the Sahara was joined by land to the south of Europe, and the Sahara was a sea; and it was in this land, stretching far north from the Sahara, that the elephants, lions, rhinoceroses, and the other distinctive animals we have named were developed, ranging from France to the Himalayas. Africa south of the Sahara and likewise India south of the Ganges Valley were cut off by sea from this northern land in the middle and upper Eocene epochs and were joined to each other and to the Malayan region by land extensions of which Madagascar was a part. At that time then the lemurs flourished throughout this continental area, which thus merited the name of Lemuria. Then much of it sank beneath the Indian Ocean, including that part from two to three hundred miles wide which joined Africa to Madagascar. In this way the peculiar animals of Madagascar were isolated. Then at some time during the Miocene epoch the Sahara Sea and the Ganges Sea dried up, and the big, conspicuous animals spread south into southern Africa and India; the elephants, rhinoceroses, lions, leopards, antelopes, and the rest; there they mingled with the earlier Lemurian animals, which are still found in India and Africa.

The Best Club in the World

In England the House of Commons is often referred to as "the best club in the world." If the cost of the accommodations of a material sort which it furnishes to its members is to be considered, it must be confessed that there is justification for the term.

Members have a luxurious dining-room and café, and they can obtain a substantial luncheon for a sum equivalent in our money to a quarter or forty cents. A good dinner may be had for about sixty cents, and this includes soup, fish, meat, fowl, salad, pudding, and cheese. The members have, too, a first-class bar. This, like the table, is cheap. Whiskey plain is eight cents a drink, while whiskey and soda costs only a dime. Wines also are cheap. A good claret is dispensed for thirty cents a quart, and standard brands of champagne range from $1.50 to $2 a bottle.

A recent report of the kitchen committee of the House showed that, in that fiscal year, the restaurant took in $64,000; the bar, including wines, whiskey, and beer, $36,000; the cigar stand, $5,700. The committee made a profit of $7,500 on the food, but no figures are given as to the profit on the liquid refreshments.

Crows

The crow is a social being and a lover of his home. The adult crow is seldom seen alone. After the young crow mates he does not change his residence. Early in April the crows begin to build the new nests of the community and to repair the old ones. The nests are composed of a scaffolding of dry branches and a bed of grass or leaves, bark, and roots. The materials are cemented together with clay, and the finished nest is lined with wool, fur, hair, or moss. Each nest contains from three to six greenish-blue eggs spotted with olive green. The female alone sits, the male forages for the family. Nothing in bird nature is more remarkable than the devotion of the parent crow. The community mounts guard over the nest until the young are ready for flight. After the young birds have left the nests, the different communities or tribes domiciled in the same region assemble with every evidence of systematic organization. Their meetings are held before the dawn and the meeting-place is a deserted spot where perfect secrecy can be observed. During the session many distinctly different cries are heard, and in them naturalists find the rudiments of a language. The parley ended, crow scouts scour the country, presumably to make sure that the way is safe, and a little later the tribes set out to forage for the first meal of the day. Toward the middle of the day the foragers collect in groups, seek shelter, and rest and sleep, hidden in the leafage of the tall trees. Their sleep over, they set out again and forage and feed until evening, when they assemble for the night parley. In the midst of the debate the chatter ceases suddenly, and in silence, with infinite caution, the scouts set out to reconnoiter for the night. Assured of safety the individuals of the different tribes wing their silent flight to their nocturnal hiding places.

The search for food is the crow's chief business, although his love for glittering things causes him to wander from his ordered road when attracted by the gleam of some object at a distance. If the object of his curiosity can be transported, he steals it.

After his young family leaves the nest the gross cravings of a greedy appetite rule his life. Carrion is his preferred delicacy, but worms and all insects are acceptable, as well as the little animals of the fields. Six and seven field mice have been found in the stomach of one crow killed in a cornfield. Nothing is more delicately modest than the demeanor of the crow when nut-picking. He passes over the branches of the trees threading his way carefully and in silence. Having cut the nut from its stem with beak and claw, he runs away to some hidden place where he can eat it undisturbed.

The crow is easily tamed, but the work demands patience. Many crows talk as distinctly as parrots. Pliny the elder notes a case where a crow alighted in the Forum and saluted the Emperor Tiberius and his two sons, calling them by name.

Warships' Libraries

From the moneys appropriated for the Navy Department there is each year expended $30,000 for libraries on war vessels. Each ship's library includes 300 books, mostly technical, and on that account more or less expensive. A "crew's library" is usually made up of about 500 books of fiction and of others of an entertaining character.

Each year it becomes necessary to replace about one-third of the books. The changes are made upon the recommendation of those in charge of the ships, but it has developed that this is not a satisfactory method, as much depends upon the points of view on literature possessed by the responsible persons. So it is proposed to standardize the libraries by making the changes in Washington, applying them generally to all ships. It is further held that this plan would work for economy, effecting a saving of from $10,000 to $15,000.

Necks and Legs

Naturalists assure us that, with a few exceptions, there is a marked equality between the lengths of the necks and of the legs of both birds and quadrupeds. Whether they be long or whether they be short is determined, it seems, chiefly by the manner in which the animal feeds.

Crocodiles, lizards, and fish have practically no necks. Fowls that feed in the water also offer an example of this correspondence between the members, with the exception of swans and geese and some Indian birds, which gather their food from the bottom of pools and must for that purpose have long necks, while the short legs make it more convenient for them to swim.



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FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

The Low Level of Bond Prices

IS THE DEPRESSION IN HIGH-GRADE BONDS A TEMPORARY CONDITION, OR ARE PRICES ACTUALLY SEEKING A PERMANENTLY LOWER LEVEL?

A WELL-TO-DO client of one of the oldest bond-houses in the Street walked into the office the other day and gave orders to sell practically his entire holdings of high-class bonds. Very much surprised, the head of the firm, an old friend, asked him his reason for selling out at a time when everything was down and practically every bond on the list showed a considerable loss. "My reason," the client replied, "is, very simply, that I've come to the conclusion that this present decline in the best-grade bonds instead of being just a temporary condition represents a process of readjustment to a permanently lower level and higher yield."

That a good many investors—and a good many bond-dealers, too, for that matter—look at it that way is undeniable. So far as the bond-market is concerned it is, indeed, the big question in Wall Street these days. For several years, broken by only occasional feeble rallies, the price of the very best bonds has been going steadily down until a level has been reached only a little above that touched during the panic. Is this a temporary condition?—in other words, will the price of these securities "come back"? Or is it a fact that the day of the four-per-cent. yield is past, that even the best grade of bonds will in future yield four-and-a-half per cent. or over, and that prices will have to keep on going down until that income basis is reached?

That a good many investors who have seen the price of their high-grade bonds steadily decline during the past three or four years should feel that there must be something more than merely temporary unfavorable conditions at the root of the trouble is natural enough. The conclusion, however, that the income obtainable from good bonds has gone on a permanently higher basis and that prices must be revised downward accordingly, is not one to be lightly reached. Every time that there is a big decline in the price of securities or the price of anything else there is always this question as to whether prices will *ever* come back. Perhaps it is true that what has been going on in the bond-market *is* a readjustment to a permanently lower level and not a mere swing in prices, but certainly upon those who claim that this is so there rests the burden of proof.

What are the arguments advanced to show that the lower range of bond prices has come to stay?

First and foremost, of course, that the cost of living has gone permanently higher, the rise having brought with it the necessity for a higher rate of income from investments. Ten years ago, it is pointed out, or even five years ago, the $40 which represented the interest on an absolutely first-class thousand-dollar bond went very considerably further than it goes now. To buy the same things at present that $40 would buy a decade ago requires $50 or $60. That, therefore, is the rental charged by the investor for the use of the same amount of money for which he used to be willing to accept $40.

That the rise in the cost of living has had much to do with raising the income-yield on many classes of securities is undeniable. But why this calm assumption that because the cost of living has been going up in recent years it is going to stay up and never again come down? When the cost of practically everything we use is, as at present, away up, it does seem almost as though prices could never again recede, but a glance at the records of the past shows how wrong is that idea. Is it not a fact that commodity prices are at present higher than they have ever been before? Yes, that is a fact, but it is also a fact that, as far back as 1906 commodity prices, as shown by the Bradstreet index-number, were very nearly as high as they are to-day. The whole course of commodity prices back over a span of years, indeed, is one series of ups and downs. To a man who is really seasick, even if he has had the same trouble before, it always seems very much of a question whether he will get over it. To the great majority of people afflicted with the present high cost of living it may seem as though prices never *would* get down again. But sooner or later the recession is bound to set in. The present era of high prices, it is to be noted, follows a period marked by a strong tendency toward concentration in business, by a great increase in the production of gold, and by a high tariff. Certainly at present the tendency in business is all toward decentralization. For four years there has been no increase in gold production. Within a very few months the high tariff will be a thing of the past.

The second great argument brought forward to show that what has been happening in high-grade bonds is in the nature of a readjustment in values rather than of a merely temporary decline is the competition coming from the many new and already existent high-interest-bearing security issues. With all these new public-utility and other five and six per cent. bonds around, it is asked, how can the old issues, however good they may be, be expected to remain on a four-per-cent. basis?

Now there is no question that by the great mass of new high-interest-bearing securities created during the past few years a very considerable amount of the old-line bonds have been displaced. But there is no question either that as an influence on the price of the so-called "savings-bank bonds," this bringing into existence of new securities has been very much overrated. A good many investors, formerly satisfied with their holdings of bonds of the savings-bank class, have, it is true, sold out in order to buy bonds yielding them a better rate of income. But whether the amount of such selling has been as large as is commonly supposed is open to doubt. Had the new bonds been of the same type as the old, and offered at the lower prices, there is no question as to what the effect would have been. But the new bonds, it must be borne in mind, have, for the most part, been securities of a very different sort. Attractive, for instance, as are all these new railway convertibles from a speculative standpoint, they do not in the least compete with the "back-log" bonds in which the conservative investor is sure to have part of his savings put away. And good as are many of the new public-utility bonds which have been offered in such large amount, they can never take the place in a scientifically invested fund, of the old underlying railway "firsts." Tested by time and the fire of half a dozen panics, these bonds occupy a position of their own. The competition offered them by the new issues is like the competition offered flawless gems by stones, good, but of inferior quality. A diamond, to be the real thing, doesn't have to cost thousands, but a diamond of the kind that does cost thousands and a diamond of the kind that costs hundreds are two entirely different things. Each has its own place in the world and between them there is little competition.

Just so it is with bonds of the savings-bank class and these newer high-interest-bearing bonds of one sort or another put out in such quantity during the past three or four years. Many of them are securities of very excellent quality indeed and entirely suitable for the investment of savings. But few, if any, of them are of the "back-log" variety—that is to say, the kind of absolutely safe and absolutely marketable bond in which a certain proportion of every fund ought properly to be invested. However many excellent public-utility bonds or railroad convertibles may be issued, and however attractive an income they may yield, they can never come into direct competition with the old, time-tried, underlying, railway "firsts" whose mission is one that they themselves alone can properly perform.

The foregoing are the main arguments advanced to show that the market for high-grade bonds is on its way to a permanently lower level. They do not, it must be admitted, seem conclusive. If it could be proved, of course, that the cost of living were going to keep on rising indefinitely, a strong argument could be made out against the price of high-grade bonds, or, indeed, of any fixed-interest bearing obligation. But the proposition that the price of commodities is going to keep on going up indefinitely is something which, far from being susceptible of proof, is negatived at the very outset by the experience of the past.

There are, indeed, quite a number of things which go to show that the big decline in the price of high-grade bonds is a market swing pure and simple, and that when the unfavorable influences which have made the trouble begin to lose their force prices will begin to work up again. These unfavorable influences may be classified as follows: (1) Selling by holders who have become convinced that prices are headed toward a permanently lower level. (2) Selling by investors whom the rise in the cost of living has caused to throw caution to the winds and to replace their reserves of savings-bank bonds with high-interest-bearing securities of inferior grade. (3) Liquidation induced by the campaign against the "trusts," the prevailing anti-railway sentiment, and the necessity for radical tariff revision. (4) Liquidation by savings-banks and other institutions who, as they have seen their reserves shrink by reason of the decline in bond prices, have found it necessary to do a certain amount of selling themselves. (5) Liquidation by foreign holders induced by war and the fear of greater wars to come.

An imposing array, there is no doubt about that. Little wonder that the market has had a bad time of it and that prices have sold off. But how about these various influences—are they of a sort to go on affecting the market indefinitely? They have made a lot of trouble, it is true, but may it not be that some or all of them can be relied upon to make decidedly less trouble from now on?

Let us see. Take the first one, the selling by people whom the specious arguments about a permanently lower level of bond-prices have convinced. As long as prices keep sagging they will, no doubt, remain confirmed in their belief and continue selling what they have. But let the market stop going down and take a brace, and how long will it be before doubt assails the minds of these timid ones as to the correctness of their very radical belief? Let the savings-banks start buying on even a moderate scale and the really very limited supply of high-grade bonds be made manifest, and how long will it be before this investor and that begins to say to himself, "Here, I guess I made a mistake about that permanently lower level thing. Hadn't I better get my bonds back while there's yet time?"

The investor, too, who has strayed from the fold and who, listening to the siren voice of a high income, has exchanged his nest-egg of savings-bank bonds for some of these newer securities, is sure to come back, a sadder and a wiser man. If he had the good sense or the good luck to change into one of the better classes of the new bonds it may be some time before he is brought to see that for a certain kind of investment there is just one kind of bond that is suitable and that he had better go back to that. If he happened to get into something not quite so good, repentance is apt to come quicker. Already, indeed, there is in existence a large body of investors whose new high-interest-bearing ventures are causing them no little uneasiness and who would be only too glad to change back, were that possible, on the original terms.

Then there is the third large class of investors who, frightened at the continuous "pounding" of the trusts and the hostile feeling toward the railroads, made up their minds that corporation securities of any sort were not the thing to hold, and sold out whatever they had. Natural enough, perhaps, but not a frame of mind likely to last. Does any one, for instance, fear the effect of dissolution suits as the effect was feared a couple of years ago? And how about the feeling against the railways?—is there not plenty of evidence that the public is now much better disposed toward them than only a little while ago? Take the great falling off in the amount of adverse legislation put through various state legislatures this year as compared with last. There is to be found a concrete expression of the better feeling. By no means past are the troubles of the railways, but unquestionable is the greater disposition on the part of the public to give them a fair deal; you see it reflected every day in the changed character of articles and editorials on the railway question. And that, before very long, is going to have its effect. With the popular clamor against the railways palpably subsiding, people are going to begin asking themselves whether they were wise in letting go their holdings of corporation securities. And then soon enough will come reaction and determination on the part of those who threw over their bonds to get them back.

The savings-banks, too, and the other institutions which have been sellers rather than buyers of high-grade bonds during the past couple of years, will soon enough change their attitude when once they note the recommencement of investment-buying and prices begin to recover. With the decline eating steadily into their surplus, the banks have had to do a good deal of selling themselves—thus helping the decline along. But let the market turn and show the slightest sign of strength, and quickly enough will this selling come to an end.

The fifth harmful influence, finally, the almost continuous liquidation from abroad, will hardly continue after the ending of the war between Turkey and the Balkan states and the definite determination of the fact that there is to be no war between major Powers. For nearly two years, now, Europe has been selling American bonds, the amount which we have had to take back running into much larger figures than is generally appreciated. Most depressing, naturally, has been the effect.

Had this selling been the result of any loss of confidence in American securities on the part of the foreign owners there would be no telling how long it might last. Very definitely, however, is it known that Europe sold our bonds not because there was anything the matter with them, but because the money was needed more than the bonds. With the settlement of the difficulties on the Balkan Peninsula that condition will no longer obtain. It seems, indeed, altogether reasonable and conservative to figure not only that Europe will stop selling American bonds, but that the foreigners will buy them back in very considerable quantity.

Just how soon these various influences responsible for the long-continued weakness in the price of the best bonds will become inoperative it is impossible to say, but certain it is that when that does happen the scarceness of securities of this class will result in a rapid recovery in their price. With a very considerable part of the investment public convinced that bond prices have gone down to stay, and taking every opportunity to dispose of its holdings, it may not seem as though there were any scarcity in the supply of bonds of this kind, but that is, nevertheless, the case. While high-interest-bearing bonds in huge amount have been put out during the past few years, the output of bonds for the savings-bank type has been almost nil. Lack of demand for bonds of this sort has at times made it seem as though the amounts offering were large, but actually such offerings have represented little more than moderate amounts temporarily dislodged. Is there any doubt on that point? Let him in whose mind the doubt exists go down into the market and make a bid for any considerable block of bonds of this sort. Very quickly will he find out that the low quotations are being made on very small amounts indeed. In any quantity the bonds are simply not to be had. And that is now, after two years of depression. What will it be when the market turns and there develops a rally active demand?

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

VOL. LVII No. 2940] WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1913 [10 Cents a Copy $4.00 a Year

The Disaffection of Mr. Hearst

"He writes for thet ruther unsafe print, the *Courier*,
An' likely ez not hez a-squintin' to Foorier;
I'll be ——, thet is, I mean I'll be blest,
Ef I hark to a word frum so noted a pest;
I sha'n't talk with *him*, my religion's too fervent.
Good-mornin', my friends, I'm your most humble servant."
—*The Biglow Papers.*

WHEN a certain well-known predecessor at the Court of St. James of Mr. (not THOMAS NELSON) PAGE picked the homely words quoted above from the lips of Mr. Hosea Biglow, he could hardly have foreseen a poignant political situation as of the present moment. And yet, where is the thesaurus that could supply a nicer portrayal of the present attitude of President WILSON toward Mr. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST? We cannot recall a better example of Mr. LOWELL'S touch—it was only a touch—of genius. But it is Mr. HEARST'S opinion of Mr. WILSON, not Mr. WILSON'S view of Mr. HEARST, that is full of moment, if not, indeed, of portent. And we have no need to ransack the library for that; Mr. HEARST has set it down in plain typewriting and printed it in heaven knows how many papers from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Without further introduction, we enter upon a discussion of the merits of the case.

We may as well admit at the outset that we are not surprised at Mr. HEARST'S declaration of war upon the new administration. It came a little quicker than we had anticipated, but that is all. Like many other things whose enumeration is not essential, it was inevitable, predestined, foredoomed. Although Mr. HEARST permitted his many writers and painters to support Mr. WILSON for the Presidency, he never recognized him as a true Jeffersonian Democrat. There was no noticeable cause for his suspicions, but he could, not escape the feeling that a little scratching would betray an instinctive and rooted Federalist. So he never waxed particularly enthusiastic and is glad now that he didn't, because the scratching took place when the President made his sally up Capitol Hill and revealed himself to Mr. HEARST'S shocked vision as a ghost from the Elysian Fields of Weehawken.

Mr. HEARST says—and there is no reason to doubt his sincerity—that he regrets exceedingly to quit the ranks of forward-looking men whom the President summoned to his heels. He, too, had inhabited an island of his own for a long time and had become lonely. When the opportunity offered to rejoin the Democratic hosts, therefore, he hastened to avail himself of it. Now that he finds himself unable for reasons of conscience to keep step, he naturally feels sorry. He is "loath to criticize the policy of the Democratic party or of any man whom I helped to elect," but there is nothing else to do, because he is "an American first and a Democrat afterward." He is not yet without "hope to see the party fulfil its duty and rise to its opportunity," and "shall continue to implore it not to be led by a Federalist fetish away from the fundamental Democratic principles of THOMAS JEFFERSON."

The impelling reasons for Mr. HEARST'S abrupt desertion are three in number. In the first place, as we have noted, he resents the revival of "a mere adaptation of the British usage of a speech from the throne." It is, to his mind, "a singular thing" that this reversion of practice should have taken place under a Democratic administration, and he simply cannot understand it. The mere appearance of the President in person should before Congress he regards as a "somewhat sensational performance," and he finds no excuse whatever in Mr. WILSON'S modest declaration that his chief purpose was to show that, although President, he is a human being not markedly unlike others of the same species.

"If, however," Mr. HEARST continues, somewhat bitingly, "Mr. WILSON'S suspicion is correct, and there has lately arisen among independent and intelligent American citizens a belief that there is something superhuman and supernatural about a President, Mr. WILSON has effectively dispelled that superstition by proving that a President can possess all the purely human weaknesses, including vanity and a craving for newspaper notoriety."

This, we respectfully submit, is very careless writing. If Mr. HEARST will but turn to the enumeration found by MOSES on certain tablets of stone, he will discover that there are many human weaknesses which could not possibly be exemplified by the mere reading of a speech. Moreover, we are convinced that few persons will agree with Mr. HEARST that the President's appearance can justly be attributed to "a craving for newspaper notoriety." It is a hazardous thing always to impute unworthy motives to a high official engaged in the performance of public duty, and, in the absence of evidence supporting his contention, we can but regard Mr. HEARST'S implication as unwarranted and uncalled for.

But, after all, the purely personal phase is of little importance. The real significance, to Mr. HEARST'S mind, lies mainly "in the Federalistic flavor" and in the "possible consequences to the American nation of a chief executive with a Federalistic viewpoint." Here, in truth, is a point, if the premise be granted. But does not the danger arising from executive encroachments inhere in the substance rather than in the form? It is not so long ago when he had a President who became a positive menace because of his disdain of fundamental law. But it is what a magistrate does, not the way he does it, that makes for real apprehension. So long as President WILSON continues faithfully to observe the restrictions placed by the Constitution upon Executive prerogatives, there need be little concern over his method of promulgating his ideas. If his novel practices should, as we suspect they will, prove ineffectual or impracticable, they will succumb inevitably to the hard law of facts. Experience, too, is a jolly good schoolmaster. Point No. 1 may be dismissed without further consideration.

Mr. HEARST'S second reason for breaking away is found in his distrust of Mr. WILSON'S sources of information and inspiration. It seems that he has admitted that, "to get the news of the world," he reads the London *Times*. This, in Mr. HEARST'S view, is a most reprehensible and dangerous practice. It is a publication "absolutely saturated with the English prejudices toward all other countries, and toward America in particular." Consequently, it is "astonishing, if not alarming," that our Chief Magistrate should peruse its "biased" columns. Again, we cannot get the excitement. The *Times* does print a good deal of foreign news, and, since it derives most of it from the same agencies that supply the New York and various other *Americans*, we must assume that it is fairly trustworthy. Maybe if Mr. WILSON had read it more closely of late he would have saved his administration the slight humiliation which attended the report of a quite precipitate recognition of Mr. YUAN SHI KAI as the Republic of China. So long as the State Department continues to be derelict in collecting information, he must get his news somewhere. Even Mr. HEARST does not assume that Mr. WILSON looks to the London *Times* for his opinions. That, we grant, would be unfortunate; but happily there appears no ground for apprehension on this score. Mr. WILSON knows where to look for sure political guidance; at least, he used to.

Mr. HEARST'S third and last *casus belli* is economic. "Mr. WILSON," he says, tersely, "is an English free-trader." Obviously this can be true only in part at best. Certainly he is not English, either by descent or in disposition. Whether or not he is convinced that universal freedom in commercial intercourse between nations is sound fundamental doctrine is not known. Quite likely he does; most intelligent men do. What matters? It is a condition, not a theory, which the President and his party are dealing with, and it is by their acts, not by their suspected abstract principles, that they should be judged. Surely Mr. HEARST was aware, when supporting the Democratic ticket, that the Democratic platform promised "immediate downward revision of duties" in order to establish "a tariff for revenue only," and said not a word in favor of "reciprocity." Surely, too, he knows that the issue thus raised was the most conspicuous in the campaign, and that the voters indorsed the Democratic declaration at the polls.

Upon what possible ground, then, could he or anybody justify a complete *volte face* now? It is no longer a question of the relative merits of reciprocity and a revenue tariff, but one simply of keeping faith with the people. Surely, moreover, as Mr. HEARST must in candor admit, whatever may be the consequences of their endeavors, that is precisely what the President and his party are striving to do.

We cheerfully concede Mr. HEARST'S disinterestedness. We cannot and do not question his sincerity in advocating reciprocity, especially in view of the fact that the proposed tariff measure would inure greatly to his pecuniary advantage. But we insist that this is not the time when he should make a stand upon his contrary views; that time expired when he accepted the platform and the candidate as his platform and his candidate. It is not Mr. WILSON who is breaking faith; it is Mr. HEARST.

Not that Mr. HEARST has no standing in the administration court; he has, or should have, distinctive recognition. He put the very great power of his popular newspapers behind the ticket, he buried his prejudices, he invited the distrust of millions of working-men when he abruptly ceased attacking the candidate's utterances respecting labor, he made a very real sacrifice by supporting WILSON when nine-tenths of his readers wanted

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ROOSEVELT. All this gave to him full title, not, of course, to dictate nor to influence unduly, but assuredly to marked consideration.

This, we are credibly informed, is what he sought and did not receive. If so, from the viewpoint of those who wish the administration well, it is a pity. A President has enough to do in overcoming unavoidable opposition without inviting unnecessary antagonisms. And make no mistake. Mr. HEARST has become a mighty force in these United States. His influence has grown steadily since he forsook office-seeking, and is widening constantly as he continues to add to his impressive line of public journals. It is not so much that he declares war upon grounds that we have shown to be untenable; the mere fact that his action is without real warrant suffices for the moment. But other occasions are bound to arise, occasions wherein he can lend much help or do infinite damage. We foresee an example.

The newspapers of April 13th contained the following despatch from Washington:

> President WILSON does not believe the SHERMAN anti-trust act should be enforced against labor unions or co-operative associations of farmers.
>
> His attitude on this question is directly opposite to that of President TAFT, who vetoed the sundry civil bill on the last day of his administration because it prohibited the expenditure of any part of the appropriation available for anti-trust prosecutions in proceedings against labor unions or agricultural associations.
>
> President WILSON'S views on this important subject became known after his conference to-day at the White House with Senator MARTIN of Virginia and Representative FITZGERALD of New York, chairmen, respectively, of the Senate and House Committees on Appropriations.
>
> The sundry civil bill will be reintroduced in the House Monday in precisely the form in which it was disapproved by President TAFT.

Immediately there arose a storm of indignant protest from all sections of the country. Practically every public journal of standing expressed unqualified agreement with President TAFT, who had denounced the bill as "class legislation of the most vicious sort" and "a crime against the state." We did not observe a single dissent from the *Times's* declaration that "the principle, the purpose, and the method are shocking to the minds of men bred in respect of the law, and President WILSON'S signature to such a measure would be a shock to his most earnest supporters and to the country. We do not believe," it concluded, "that he is capable of such an act."

This was and still is the consensus of opinion. Nevertheless the bill was introduced as announced, is now pending, and will probably be passed and sent to the President. We do not hesitate to record a prediction that if he signs it he will commit political suicide.

But where does Mr. HEARST come in? To see is very easy. Suppose that, after further investigation and reflection, the President should conclude that the favored legislation is indeed vicious, and should withdraw his approval. What then? Would not, or rather, as matters stand now, *will* not Mr. HEARST hold up Mr. WILSON before his multitude of readers as one who, after once acceding to the demands of labor, finally withdraw his support or acquiescence at the behest of capital? And who can doubt the effectiveness of that insistence, reiterated and reiterated by nine daily newspapers, in view of the circumstance which already is past recall?

But it is no part of our present intent to discuss this proposed legislation. We advert to it solely for the purpose of illustrating what is likely to happen in more cases than one if the policy of curtly ignoring fair suggestions from influential men entitled to consideration be persisted in.

> I'll be ——, thet is, I mean I'll be blest, ef I hark to a word frum so noted a pest; I sha'n't talk with *him*, my religion's too fervent

might serve for Hosea Biglow, but it simply will not do with WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

A Nomination

At the risk of seeming intrusive, we nominate Mr. WILLIAM F. MCCOMBS for Ambassador to France.

Peace in the Family

Both Secretary BRYAN and Speaker CLARK have gained in public esteem by resuming relations which enable them to speak to each other. To do so was the plain obligation of each as a high official of state. Undoubtedly the newspapers overstate the incident when they designate it as a complete reconciliation. That was not possible, but neither was it necessary. It was only the unseemliness of personal estrangement of a Democratic Speaker and a Democratic Secretary of State that was objectionable to the public view.

We are pleased incidentally to record that the *rapprochement* was effected with a degree of tact which has the spice of rarity in official circles. Brother BENNETT, of the Washington *Post*, acting doubtless by suggestion of that eminent peacemaker, Brother JOHN R. MCLEAN, had charge of the affair, and he managed the exchange of typewritten civilities with notable skill. Mr. BRYAN came nearer than ever before to admitting that he had been in the wrong, and the Speaker, magnanimous as ever, unhesitatingly waived all personal considerations from a sense of duty to his party and his country.

Peace is an unusual watchword among Democrats, but clearly it has merit at a time when continuance in power is dependent upon division of the opposition. It is better to hang together than separately, anyway.

Felicitations, then, to all concerned!

Always "Left"

JOSEPHUS never could port his helm when BRYAN hove in sight.

A Sign of Approval

President WILSON had ample reason to leave his box in the theater and send a congratulatory telegram to the Democrat who was elected to succeed Senator WEEKS in the thirteenth Congressional district of Massachusetts. The unexpected result was more than an indication of satisfaction with the way the tariff is being handled; it was a happy omen generally. Last fall the vote stood: Democrat, 13,583; Republican, 15,934; Progressive, 5,853. At the recent election: Democrat, 13,134; Republican, 8,742; Progressive, 5,503. So the Democrats and Progressives practically held their own, while the Republican vote was cut nearly in half. Even more significant is the fact that the combined opposition would barely have won against the Democratic candidate. There is not much, therefore, in the Boston *Herald's* wail that the friends of protection "are not now enough devoted to it to unite for concerted action." Nevertheless, it is well to remember that the same thing happened twenty years ago, when the same district elected Dr. EVERETT to succeed Senator LODGE, and then resumed the electing of Republicans. Possibly, too, the arguments of the manufacturers themselves to the working-men that it would be advantageous to send a Representative who would act with the controlling element in Congress had something to do with the result. But facts is facts, and the signal is of a favoring wind. My! my! what an undisguised blessing those Progressives are!

The House Caucus and the Tariff Bill

Although quite ready to find fault with anything really wrong in the Democrats' procedure with their tariff bill, we fail to discern any perfidy, or even any serious mistake, in the careful and unhurried debating of it by the House Democratic caucus. It is a party measure. The natural first thing to do about it, therefore, is to make sure that it fully and correctly represents the will of the party as represented in Congress.

That is also expedient and really time-saving; for it should and probably will mean a united party behind the measure when it is once put on its passage. As a matter of fact, the House caucus has given to the work of Mr. UNDERWOOD and his colleagues a practically complete indorsement; but there has been no compulsion. Nobody has played the boss. The procedure has been democratic in the smell and sense.

Of course Mr. MURDOCK and Mr. MANN (the latter, we feel sure, without the slightest desire to conceal the fact that his tongue was in his cheek) have made the most of the "secrecy" of the caucus. But there has been no secret caucus. If anybody thinks the present enormous Democratic majority in the House could hold a secret caucus if it tried, then the American newspaper is still sadly underestimated. And the Democratic majority hasn't tried. When Mr. MURDOCK dutifully attempted sarcasm on the point, Mr. UNDERWOOD answered, with perfect truthfulness:

> I will state to the gentleman from Kansas that so far as my observation goes and as far as the newspapers are concerned there has been no part of the Democratic caucus that has been secret up to this time.

If any newspaper's readers have failed to find every day a front-page full account of the caucus's proceedings, then they have good cause to stop their subscriptions.

Wool, Sugar, and the Income Tax

Not the caucus only, but everything else that has so far happened, goes to show that the real uncertainty about the bill's future turns on three things. These are free wool, the proposal as to sugar duties, and the proposal as to the income tax.

There is no good reason to sophisticate any one of these three questions.

As to wool, to cut heavily the present rate on it is an imperative Democratic duty. A bill that failed to do that much would be a plain breach of Democratic pledges, an unpardonable betrayal of Democratic principles. To remove the duty altogether would be in strict accordance with both pledges and principles, and it is in itself a consummation devoutly to be wished. Only two considerations can be urged against it. One is the loss of revenue, which will be substantial, but not impoverishing. The other is that possibly it might be better to attain the end sought gradually, rather than immediately. But it is always dangerous to trust anything to a later Congress, or even a later session of the same Congress. On the whole, the argument for free wool at once seems to us convincing.

Free sugar is also desirable. But the objections are stronger than those against free wool. The loss of revenue would be far greater; the principle of free raw material is much less extensively involved; the benefit to the consumer, though apparently plainer, is open to some question, at least as to the amount of it. We, for one, are quite content that the complete removal of the tax is to be postponed.

One reason for our contentment is that meanwhile we shall have a chance to see how the income-tax provisions work. Frankly, we should like to see a cautious rather than a headlong resort to that method of raising Federal revenues, and a very careful study to find out the most just way to apply it in this country. We are glad that all question of the power of Congress to make use of it is ended, but we do not wish to see it at once too much relied on as a principal means of raising revenue in time of peace.

Not as Advertised

> I am an American. I would go down into the ditch to shake the hand of the poor man, but I would also be glad to shake the hand of the rich man.—*Vice-President* MARSHALL *to the Public.*

Put it the other way around, Mr. Vice. If there is anybody in the ditch nowadays it is the rich man. Only bold spirits venture to shake hands with him.

Bro. Marshall's Supplementary Remarks

When Bro. Vice-President MARSHALL got back to Washington after his visit to New York the inspirations of the JEFFERSON dinner were still running strong in him, and he issued a line of supplementary remarks, in the course of which we find him saying:

> People are being told that there are just as many opportunities to-day as ever before; that there are any number of jobs ranging from $10,000 to $20,000 waiting for the capable man. It may be that a very able man might not want to earn $20,000 working for the steel trust, however. He might prefer to start a little rolling-mill of his own, so that he would be independent and his own master, even though he made but $5,000 a year. It is such opportunities as these that many men are saying are denied to them.
>
> I might be able to earn $25,000 in a big law firm, for instance, but would prefer earning $5,000 working by myself. What would the lawyer say if conditions had worked out in the legal profession to the point where a lawyer would be denied the privilege of setting up in business for himself?

If the conditions that had worked out to prevent the lawyer from practising successfully by himself were lawful and progressive, it would not make much difference what he said, for he would have to grin and bear it. It could not properly be contrived by law that he should have clients if he could not win them, nor should any one be compelled to pay him fees who could get his business better or cheaper done elsewhere. The title-insurance companies have actually taken away from the individual lawyers a great part of the real-estate business that they used to do, but they have no remedy. In this city great firms of lawyers, with many partners and dozens of clerks and scores of stenographers, make lots of money, and thousands of individual lawyers make a very scanty living. But there is nothing to do about it. The business goes to those who can get it.

So the shoe manufacturers have driven most of the old hand-working shoemakers out of business, and the department stores have driven hundreds of small merchants out of business, and there is no suggestion of a remedy by legislation, because big business can be done cheaper and better in some lines than small business.

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We guess it is so about rolling-mills—that small ones can't compete with big ones in economy of production, and that that business has gone permanently into the stronger hands.

Governor MARSHALL seems imperfectly apprised as to what kind of world this is that he is living in. He seems to have dreams of an equality of opportunity that are quite impossible of fulfilment. Any serious attempt to fulfil them by legislation would mulct the public for the benefit of the individual in a fashion that would dwarf the protective tariff into complete insignificance. There is scarcely any equality of opportunity more important to protect than the chance to buy in the cheapest market. Unfair competition should be restrained. There has been much of it. Unwholesome processes of production or merchandising should be restrained. There has been much of that. But fair competition under fair conditions is to be protected, whether a five-thousand-dollar rolling-mill can survive it or not. We guess the tariff was the best friend the small independent manufacturer will ever have, and Governor MARSHALL says that "the present tariff monopoly is the chief cause of our unrest."

Ambiguous

We are all brothers. But I believe that the men of power should know what the rest of the people are saying.—*Vice-President* MARSHALL *to the Public.*

They don't need to be told, Mr. V. P.; they can read it in their indictment papers. But, that being so, who are the men of power and who the rest of the people?

Has the Merit System Been Abused?

It may be that the Democrats who in both Houses are asking for information about the actual working of the civil-service laws under Republican administrations are not without a partisan motive. One allegation they make is that somehow or other there are at present precious few Democrats—say six or eight in a hundred—in such strongholds of civil-service reform as the Pension Bureau and the Government Printing Office. It is quite likely that one motive of the inquiry is to get Republicans out of places like these, and Democrats in.

Nevertheless, true friends of civil-service reform and of the merit system will do well *not* to resist the inquiry. If there is no wrongdoing disclosed, then the civil-service laws as they stand and the commission as it stands will nevertheless be mightily strengthened by it. If the laws *have* been evaded and twisted, or if any of them is stupid and ineffective, or if, as Senator CUMMINS avers, the effect of them as a whole is "chaotic," then the sooner and the more fully we know the facts the better for the cause. To attain either object—that is to say, to ascertain either that everything is all right or that there have been real and serious abuses—would be quite worth the highest estimate of the inquiry's cost.

Certainly, to use a forgotten phrase of a former president of the commission, when "the investigators are being investigated" it is hard to see how they have any kick coming. If, under three successive Republican Presidents there has been steady manipulation of the laws to fill the offices with Republicans only, we ought to know it. If men have been appointed as from states they never saw, we ought to know it. If Presidential extensions of the law have operated to violate instead of enforcing the principle of appointment for merit only, and have exempted unfit men from examination, we ought to know it. If none of these things have happened, then we ought to have the gratification of knowing that.

Senator Root on the New Ideas

We trust Senator ROOT's two lectures on the STAFFORD LITTLE Foundation at Princeton will be printed in such form as to make them easily procurable, and that many Americans will have sense enough to read them. Their title is not attractive. "The Essentials of the Constitution" do not commend themselves either to habitual readers of "gripping" novels or to budding statesmen who find the word "progressive" an agreeably vague "open sesame" to preferment.

Nevertheless, we believe there are plenty of Americans who will be glad to have Senator ROOT's views, expressed in Senator ROOT's wonderfully clear way, about the true value of certain current notions of the way this country ought to be run; for we think a good many Americans appreciate Senator ROOT as the best mind in our public service.

Senator ROOT's lectures are, of course, directed mainly at the extraordinary revival of direct government now being attempted in this country. But he makes a broad distinction. He is not seriously worried at the movement, so far as it concerns itself merely with the control of parties. In that aspect he actually welcomes it as an exhibition of citizenly interest and energy. He does not, however, welcome the recrudescence of the notion that the citizens of a great nation can dispense with the experience of ages in the matter of the best ways to secure right government. He does not welcome the idea that the University of Wisconsin has made any discoveries that discredit the convention of 1787. He finds the Initiative and Referendum rather untrustworthy as a final solution of all the difficulties of democracy. He finds the Recall a rather crude and unreliable substitute for conscience and intelligence in the choice of public officials.

In fact, the reactionary Senator finds *no* cheap and easy device to relieve citizens of their responsibility and duty to vote right at elections. He thinks the direct-nominations plan will help them to discharge this duty, and that the simplifying and shortening of ballots will also be helpful. Maybe they will; but as we understand the Senator, he does not think that the Republic can safely rely on anything but the intelligence and virtue of its citizens for continued existence and prosperity. It is astonishing how many men with reputations for wisdom have arrived at the same conclusion.

A Mistake about Financing Farming

There seems to have been some curiously crude thinking since this country found out about the various European rural-credit associations. Everybody, apparently, agrees that the plan is a good thing, and that our farmers ought not to be paying nearly eight per cent. for the money they borrow when European farmers pay only half as much. But whence comes the notion that the remedy is for government to supply the money that the farmers need?

Not from the European practice. It is not the government's money that the French and German farmers get on such reasonable terms. They get it from banks, just like other people. Nor are the credit associations in any sense government affairs. They are not started by government; they are not run by government; they are voluntary associations that run themselves. All government has to do with them is to regulate them by general laws, just as it does other business enterprises.

Yet plenty of Americans—plenty of farmers, particularly—seem to have got it into their heads that the way to start the scheme over here is to go and ask government—the Federal government at that—for a big appropriation. One would think from such procedure that we Americans had no knowledge of co-operative associations. On the contrary, though somewhat behind Europe in the matter, we have actual experience of them that ought to prove quite sufficient for a successful start in this new line. Our experience with ordinary building and loan associations ought to be sufficient in itself.

Of course, it may be advisable to ask the states for some legislation of a protective nature, though most states probably have already general laws that will suffice. But to ask them for money would not be following the European example. That is an example of self-help by co-operation, not of dependence on government or anything or anybody else. To grant such an illogical demand would probably be to prevent, instead of promote, the movement it is sought to inaugurate.

Not the Earmarks of Josephus

It is not Secretary DANIELS who is responsible for the expulsion of the old maritime words "starboard" and "port" from the United States navy and the substitution of the landlubberly "right" and "left" in their place. The change was recommended by the General Board of the Navy in a report signed by Admiral DEWEY. The Secretary did no more than approve it.

But that was obvious. Secretary DANIELS is a politician from a farmer state, and knows that the navy is expensive and always hungry, and that it needs the backing of the great farmer vote when it asks for an appropriation. If he had made the change from "starboard" and "port" to "gee" and "haw" we should all have recognized a masterly design to bring into the agricultural mind a fruitful sense of kinship with the sea.

Bones, Keys, and Wolf's Head

The hundred and fifty Yale sophomores who have revolted against the three senior societies as at present conducted, have had their feelings expressed for them by a committee of ten, who say, as to the selection of members of these societies:

> We believe that there should be a recognition of merit, not on the basis of actual accomplishments alone, but to a large degree on the basis of what men have attempted to do and on the revelation in that attempt of qualities of character and of personality. We believe that the forty-five men who have so gained the esteem and respect of their classmates and represent to that class the highest ideals of Yale, should be elected without undue regard to family influence or personal interests; furthermore, that they should be judged on their characters as revealed here at Yale rather than on any indefinite assumption of future possibilities.
>
> It is important that only such men should be chosen as shall reflect the greatest credit on the societies themselves and not such men as may bring disrespect upon institutions which we prefer to esteem as being in no small measure responsible for Yale's present high position in the world of learning.
>
> We suggest that secrecy be reduced to a reasonable privacy; that tap-day as it now exists be abolished, and that the greatest care in the choice of men as outlined above be exercised. Such external criticism as this can be effective only in proportion to the influence which it exerts on the members of the societies themselves, for we well know that whatever change may occur must come from within.

What these young men are really after seems to be direct elections. They want the senior societies preserved, but with a membership that everybody will approve. That was the feeling our people lately had about the Senate. They were not satisfied with the line of Senators that were furnished by the legislatures, so they took over the job themselves. They have set these Yale gentlemen an example. What the young Yale brethren will have to do is to take this matter of selecting their superiors into their own hands, and attend to it by public discussion and the ballot. So will democracy again triumph under the elms at New Haven, and—

But hold! Suppose the proletariat took a spite against the societies and concluded to fill them up with undesirables! What could they do?

We can't do that with the Senate, because the Senate has power, and must be efficient, or else we suffer damage. But these Yale societies have no defined powers; they are just bunches of young gentlemen who try to enjoy one another's society and be an example to the crowd. They can abolish tap-day and modify their secrecies, but they can't possibly engage to elect members that will suit everybody, and we doubt if they could afford to delegate that duty to the disinterested public. Their quandary is hard to solve. The simplest way out would seem to be to abdicate all responsibility for the maintenance of the Yale pattern, and cease to advertise, and withdraw from public life. As representative institutions they can hardly hope to give public satisfaction unless their membership represents a public choice. But as social organizations they can hardly thrive unless their members suit one another. It seems as if their dilemma arose from an effort to combine incompatible functions.

The Faith that Was In Him

Mr. MORGAN's will disposed of great possessions and of works of art of importance and immense money value, in the disposition of which all the world was interested. It was a very long will. The newspapers printed it all; but the paragraph which they found most interesting, and emphasized in head-lines and put at the top of the column, was this with which the will began:

> I commit my soul into the hands of my Saviour, in full confidence that, having redeemed it and washed it in His most precious blood, He will present it faultless before the throne of my Heavenly Father; and I entreat my children to maintain and defend, at all hazard and at any cost of personal sacrifice, the blessed doctrine of the complete atonement for sin through the blood of Jesus Christ, once offered, and through that alone.

The papers were entirely right in their estimate. That was the most interesting clause in Mr. MORGAN's will, and, more than that, it was the most valuable legacy he bequeathed to the generation of men that is to follow him. It contains the pith of the Christian faith. What it says can be expressed, no doubt, in other words that would carry the same significance. But these words are comprehensive and exact. They declare the basis of the testator's whole character—the basis, moreover, of all the best and noblest and most useful characters that have developed in this world in the last two thousand years.

To have a man of Mr. MORGAN's kind and size and prestige declare humbly and in such convincing words his profound confidence in the faith in which he had lived was a crowning service of inestimable value to mankind.

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Entered at the New York Post-office as second-class matter

The Solace of the Sonnet

When the traffic and tumult of life press in too close upon me, said the hermit, I soothe my soul with sonnets. Sonnets by the nature of them are divorced from life. They represent a turning away from the immediate flux of things to one of the minor but most exquisite and delicate tasks of culture. All culture, of course, is reaction from what is called life—namely, the uninterrupted pushing past of events. Culture is the endeavor to hold stable the better and more beautiful elements in existence and to retain them present, living, and consoling. The sonnet is a moment's monument representing, as it does, one of the most intricate of art forms. And either it is no sonnet to count at all or it is a gem finished, cut, and perfected; an exquisitely wrought expression of a single thought or emotion. Whenever there is a period of literary splendor there seems to arise also a tiny concurrent channel of sonnet literature running alongside the greater stream, as in the Renaissance in Italy when Dante, Michael Angelo, Guidi Guinicelli, Cavalcanti, Guittone, Lorenzo de' Medici, and Vittoria Colonna were all writing sonnets; the Elizabethan era when Fletcher, Sydney, Daniel, Drayton, and Shakespeare made sonnets, or in the recent Victorian period when Wordsworth, Mrs. Browning, Matthew Arnold, Christina Rossetti, George Meredith, Andrew Lang, Symonds, and, greatest of all, Rossetti, were writing sonnets.

For personal solace, continued the hermit, now fairly launched on a monologue, I usually take a single sonneteer, or at best a period, a century of sonnets at a time, and try to suit the chosen ones to the mood and environment. I have friends who have assured me that Shakespeare's sonnets would not stand reading in the open air under the clear light of day. Well, I admit that there have been moments when I have looked at him on a hill-top or beside the insistent moaning of the Caliban Sea when he seemed too studied, intricate, preciously wrought, to be sincere. Still, sonnet CXV. can bear the light and there is a certain amount of blunt sincerity in the two last lines:

"You are my all the world and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue."

That, too, is a fairly universal emotion that is spoken in the lines:

"You are so strongly in my purpose bred
That all the world besides, methinks, is dead."

Dante's *Vita Nuova* fits best in youth and Angelo's sonnets are the very voice of old age, its weariness, and austerity. How deeply touching the sonnet, *'S'i' avessi creduti"* ("Had I but Known"), is to all who have by some mischance missed life and go wearily, with slackening hold on joy, the sunless paths to death. Pater warns one that in these sonnets there are "no flowers like those with which Leonardo stars over his gloomiest rocks; nothing like the fretwork of wings and flames in which Blake frames his most startling conceptions; no forest scenery like Titian's fills his backgrounds, but only blank ranges of rock." But is not this the very demand of age, the bare, bleak rock of unadorned truth—that which shall fit the inner desolation when one faces the rent and scarped face of age? The sonnets of the sad old painter, especially those written to Vittoria Colonna, with their near and haunting sense of disappointment and division, are very perfect. And how they bring back to memory that most touching regret of the old man that when he went to see her for the last time, knowing her to be passing from this earth, "he did not kiss her forehead or her face, but just her hand." The last sonnet written after the death of Vittoria, in which he compares the effect of her presence upon his soul to the work of his own rude hammer on the stubborn stone, has unending poignancy of grief. The sestet at the end holds this simile:

"Now for that every stroke excels the more
The higher at the forge it doth ascend,
Her soul that fashioned mine hath sought the skies.
Wherefore unfinished I must meet my end
If God, the great artificer, denies
That aid which was unique on earth before."

There are, too, long and happy hours to be given to the sonneteers of a single sonnet. Blanco White and Mrs. Meynell each achieved a single sonnet without flaw, an immortal classic. Mrs. Meynell must have stumbled on perfection for her wonderful sonnet, "Renunciation," hallowed and chrismed by Rossetti's voice, was written while she was still a little girl. Blanco White's sonnet to "Night" is still too little known:

"Mysterious night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet neath a curtain of translucent dew
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
"Who could have thought such darkness lay revealed
Within the beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst flower and leaf and insect stood revealed
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?"

From the blind poet, Philip Marston, there are three lovely sonnets on sorrow; first appeared to him Regret as a child with mystic eyes and flowing hair; next came Anguish, who, though a woman, seemed a rose half blown and full of promise; with voice like the wind and eyes like sunset clouds brooding upon the landscape she could not be withstood; yet never declared her name until the inevitable marriage, ordained by Fate, was consummated. Finally came enduring, silent Sorrow; she who no longer cries and calls, but bears on into everlastingness:

"There is no sound now in the house at all,
Only outside the wind moans on alway.
My Lady Sorrow has no word to say,
Seems half content; for well she knows her thrall
Shall not escape from her; that should God call
She would rise with him at the judgment day."

Mrs. Browning's sonnets must be known and loved before twenty or not at all; but even then they belong to womenkind. There is in them far too much sentimentality and the abandon of youth to make any appeal to the heart hardened by much experience. Hers was the first awakening of young love untouched by all deeper knowledge of life. Christina Rossetti's sonnets, except the ones "Remember Me When I Am Gone Away," "The World," and "Vanity of Vanities," fall below the level of her other poems; and the picture sonnets of the two gifted women poets who write under the name of Michael Field are negligible, leading one to believe that the form itself is too severe for feminine handling.

Among English sonneteers Rossetti stands alone and unexcelled. Nowhere else have fundamental brain-work and finished craftsmanship been so subtly married to such fine issues. In distribution of rhyme sounds Rossetti mainly followed the Italian model, though he handled the ebb wave of the sestet, freely exchanging the Guittonian model frequently for other arrangements. In one point of art Rossetti undoubtedly surpassed any sonneteer that has ever lived—namely, in making both sound and sense grow like a rising wind until they burst into supreme beauty in the culminating line. To read the last lines alone of the "House of Life" is to fill the mind with music and with thought. Take only such separate lines as in the sonnet to "Life, the Lady of Bliss,"

"And did these die that thou mightst bear me Death?"

or the wonderful line from the superscription,

"Sleepless with cold, commemorative eyes."

What color and majesty sing from the last words of "Life, the Beloved."

"And the red wings of frost-fire rent the sky."

Or,

"The shame that loads intolerable day."

Or,

"Nor stay till on the year's last lily stem
The white cup shrivels round the golden heart."

Or,

"And the woods wail like echoes from the sea."

And loveliest of all,

"Upon the devious coverts of dismay."

Just because it is the most finished art form in the realm of poetry it is, perhaps, the surest relief from life; imitating none of the multitudinous swell and surge of the onrushing days; furnishing in the forward flow to men no more than frightened wisps upon a stream a moment's pause; presenting in its brief fourteen lines some instant of beauty or solemnity, majestically still. If nothing abides, and this is one of the greatest sorrows of life, more and more must men who feel and suffer find their rest in art which above all sciences and philosophies aims at stability, at the conservation of the beautiful moment, the instant's perfection.

"A sonnet is a moment's monument
Memorial from the soul's eternity
To one dead, deathless hour. Look that it be
Whether for lustral rite or dire portent
Of its own arduous fullness reverent:
Carve it in ivory or ebony
As day or night may rule; and let Time see
Its flowering crest impearled and orient."

Correspondence

THE UNITARIANS

Northumberland, Pa., *March 19, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—In your issue of March 15th you say, referring to Mr. Taft's recent words about Unitarianism: "Since the other folds have become more comfortable, the Unitarian Company has ceased, we believe, to gain in membership."

But who or what made the other churches so liberal? Was it the spirit of the age, the *Zeitgeist*, as you perhaps would claim, and not the definite teaching of the Unitarian body and its leaders? Then you admit that the movement is in that direction, and what did Mr. Taft say but this? And does it not remain true that the Unitarians thus made stay in the old churches, which are the popular ones, instead of coming out into the open?

But has not the *Zeitgeist* had some help in the Maker, if it be not irreverent to say so, from the direct and persistent teaching and remonstrance of professed Unitarians—remonstrance against dishonoring conceptions of God and man, untenable estimates of the Bible, and affronts to reason? Have Channing, Emerson, Holmes, Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, and others, most of them avowed Unitarians, and all of them in heartiest sympathy with the Unitarian method and spirit, had no part in creating that atmosphere of liberality which makes it possible for so many Unitarians to remain in "evangelical" churches?

As to Paul, we can hardly think of him as a Unitarian as to the doctrinal *results* reached by most Unitarians; but his solemn injunction, "Put everything to the test, holding fast what is good," brought him into close relation with those in every age who, whatever their names, have followed the truth wherever it might lead, and have held what to-day seemed to them the truth subject to revision under fresh light from whatever source. Who can doubt that with Francis Newman when warned by his brother, the cardinal, that if he held such and such opinions he would be likely to go farther, Paul would have replied, "When I see farther, I will go farther"?

I am, sir,

H. D. C.

The Unitarians did, or helped to do, a great and necessary work. The reason, as we see it, why they stand still, apparently, now, is that their work is done.—Editor.

Holyoke, Mass., *March 21, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—On March 2d President Taft went to the Unitarian Church and made the statement, "That it always has been a wonder to him why all the world is not Unitarian. That the trouble the Unitarians suffer from is that there are so many Unitarians in other churches." Harper's Weekly editorially refuted that statement by exclaiming, "No, Mr. Taft, you Unitarians are going to the other churches." I would like to make this a double negative and say: No, Mr. Taft; no, Harper's Weekly. The Unitarians are neither going to the other churches nor coming from the other churches. Death's rapier has cut down in the last twenty-five years the genuine Unitarians, and the few who are left must be considered potentially almost negligible in the body politic except for the truth that they exemplify.

Two or three generations ago when hell was a reality and not a myth, when the ministers in the old orthodox churches cowed and intimidated the trembling congregations with their lurid, cruel descriptions of the hereafter and their literal interpretations of the text, the liberal-minded individualists who would not tolerate such deductions, and would not be trammeled and bound down by an unyielding rigid creed that thousands of other people had signed to, broke the hampering strings and affiliated themselves with a faith that gave full scope to their individual ideas of religion. They said, "If we have a right to interpret politics, literature, science, medicine, and history according to our lights, why should this individual freedom be withheld from us in the interpretation of religion?"

The influence of these initiating minds upon the personnel of the other churches has become so great that one sometimes cannot tell what church he is attending by the subject-matter of the sermon he hears. It is so broad and liberal and free from any reference to creed or questionably authentic passages from the text.

If a man can get what he wants in the church of his fathers it is quite useless for the Unitarians to try and proselyte a fixed rigid creed, an alluring, fascinating, elaborate ritual, and a liberal Unitarian sermon is evidently the "open sesame" to the twentieth-century religious situation. It holds and satisfies the old-time reactionaries and mitigates the restlessness of the modernists. I have attended a Unitarian church all my life. Twenty years ago there were about twenty-five men of acknowledged standing in the community who were members of the church. One by one I have seen them go—not to other churches, but to that country whence no traveler ever returns. They have gone and their places have not been filled. If it was not for the fact that there are two or three men of means among the members the doors of the church would have to be closed. What is the reason for this? The spirit of liberalism is abroad in the land. It is either because of the methods of the other churches, or the fact that men are coming to believe that the spirit of God is not confined within the walls of a church edifice; that this is not an age when some are "the elect" and some are not; that the spirit of brotherly love, the Christ spirit, is ever present, like the air we breathe, and the air is always purer on the hilltop in the sunshine than it is behind storied windows and towering granite masonry looming up above the humbled cottages below.

I am, sir,

J. R. Lewis.

SIXTH-PAGE ESSAYS

St. Petersburg Club,
St. Petersburg, Fla., *April 14, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I also wish to add my appreciation of the "Sixth-page Essay" to that appearing recently in the "Correspondence" column.

Also, may I ask, will these essays appear in book form? My scrap-book grows bulky.

I am, sir,

Carl Kemp.

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Personal

HER MAJESTY QUEEN HELENA of Italy is reported to have won the hearts of the emotional Neapolitans during her recent visit. The little royal princesses and their distinguished little brother, the Crown Prince UMBERTO, walked abroad with the greatest freedom, accompanied only by their governess. Queen HELENA stopped her motor-car before a cottage in the village of Coroglio and beckoned to a pale little hunchback girl whom she used to see every day leaning far out of the window to throw kisses. The little girl came down and timidly told the Queen her name—GILDA. Her Majesty took the child in her arms and kissed her and gave her sweetmeats and a beautiful workbox full of embroidery and a card on which was written, "For the best child in the village of Coroglio."

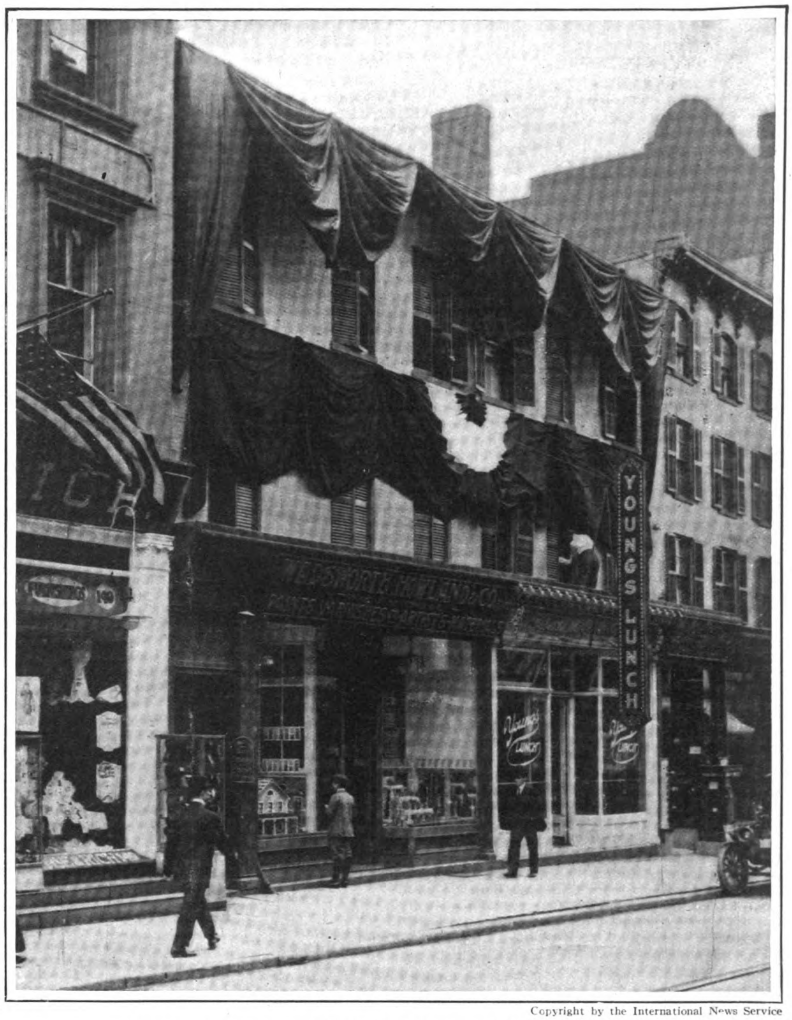
Is it, then, true, this report that one hears everywhere that M. LEPINE, distinguished and able Prefect of Police of Paris, has retired from office? It is, alas! true and officially confirmed. His fame is world-wide; his narrow escapes from death are too numerous to array on paper. The Royalist and the Socialist press have often denounced this calm, wise little man, whose white beard, round felt hat, and brisk military stride always made him conspicuous in the midst of every turbulent demonstration. He has escaped scathless the bullets of anarchists, automobile bandits, and misguided partisans of the Confederation Générale du Travail, and he retires because he has seen sixty-seven years. "But," says he, "there is a telephone in the flat which I have just taken. Should duty call, I shall be there." One wishes for M. LEPINE a long and happy and undisturbed enjoyment of well-earned rest.

Whenever a judge presiding over a New York criminal court is conducting the trial of some notorious murderer he is sure to receive letters, postal cards, and even prepaid telegrams written by cranks breathing denunciation and threatening him with death in some horrible form. The late Recorder FREDERICK SMYTH, presiding over a murder trial, one day beckoned a reporter friend up to the bench and handed him a letter than ran like this: "You cruel and bloody-minded old tyrent, you are trying to send this insent Man to the Chair as you sent —— ——, but you will never Live to do it for I will lay in wait for you and pounch on you and Give you death Penalty. a friend of Justice." The reporter wanted to publish it. "Oh, no," said Recorder SMYTH. "I showed it to you only to call your attention to that beautiful new word, 'pounch,' which I suppose means to crouch and to pounce. If you should publish it, hundreds of other cranks would be inspired to write. It's bad enough now, for their letters take up so much time in going through the morning's mail. The writers are not dangerous—merely nuisances."

The artistry of KHAIM KURICHKESS is a precious gift, yet it set in motion a series of activities that scared him out of his senses. He sat cross-legged in his shop at Simferopol, in the Crimea, when a snorting motor-car stopped at his door. In came a Russian captain of infantry and said to the trembling KHAIM: "Come. Fear not." KHAIM wept. They motored to Livadia, and KHAIM was led before a great general. The general led him into a great room in the palace, and there he saw His Imperial Majesty, the Czar of all the Russias. "Make me a uniform of the Crimean Dragoons," said the Czar. "See that it fits." With shaky hands KHAIM passed the tape around the august person. He withdrew, and prayed to the God of his fathers, and toiled as never tailor toiled before. The uniform was pronounced perfect. KHAIM received fifty rubles as a fee besides a gift of three hundred rubles to pay his debts. He returned to his weeping family as from the dead. But that was not all. A few days later an imperial messenger brought to his shop a gold watch with the double eagle of Russia blazoned on it, and the inscription: "To KHAIM KURICHKESS; for zeal." Selah.

The enormous difference that the point of view makes in human estimates could not be more strikingly shown than by this anecdote that is told of JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER. Mr. ROCKEFELLER was speaking of the loan of $25,000,000 with which J. P. MORGAN stopped the financial panic of 1907. "It was a fine and patriotic thing to do," Mr. ROCKEFELLER is reported as saying, "especially when you remember that Mr. MORGAN is *not* a very rich man."

The people of France are opening their eyes wider every day in admiration of their new President, M. POINCARE. He is all for simplicity. He declares he will keep all his old friends and dine with them as often as ever. He has directed the police not to hold up street traffic to let him pass. He has dismissed the Republican Guard, who used to camp and sleep fully armed around the Presidential bedroom. He has discharged the famous chef at the Elysée and installed a plain cook. He has ordered for sale the scores of fat and useless horses in the Presidential stables. Automobiles will take their places. Moreover, he is showing daily an astounding liking and ability for work. France stops, looks, listens, and applauds.



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The house at 153 Asylum Street, Hartford, where Mr. Morgan was born

Last Honors to a Great Citizen

THE funeral of John Pierpont Morgan, on April 14th, although celebrated in three capitals of the world, was marked by the simplicity he had long before ordained. There was no departure from the service for the burial of the dead in the rubric of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Thousands paid the last tribute of respect to the body of him who had been the first citizen of the world. In London and in Paris memorial services were held simultaneous with the actual funeral in old St. George's, in New York, the church of which Mr. Morgan long had been senior warden. Representatives of the King and members of the government attended the service in Westminster Abbey, and there was a similar assemblage at the memorial service in Trinity Church, Paris.

At the break of day people began to gather about the Morgan home in Thirty-sixth Street, New York. Thousands of wage-earners went out of their way to linger there in silence for a few moments. At eight o'clock a large force of policemen, horse and foot, cleared the street between Madison and Park avenues, and throngs remained close to the lines and upon the roofs until the cortège had passed. John Pierpont Morgan, Jr., with his wife and son, went to his father's house at nine o'clock. Mrs. Morgan, the widow, with the other children, Miss Anne Morgan, and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Satterlee, and Mr. and Mrs. William Pierson Hamilton and their children, joined them in the library. Together they proceeded by an underground way to the great library in Thirty-sixth Street, which had been the scene of one of Mr. Morgan's most notable triumphs—the stopping of the panic of 1907. There the body of the financier had lain since its arrival from Europe, contained in a threefold casket surmounted by a pall of red roses and green ivy.

About St. George's Church in Stuyvesant Square a vast crowd had assembled early. The police had closed the adjoining streets to vehicular traffic, and only those who had cards of admission were allowed to enter the church. Fifteen thousand men and women stood at reverent attention in the square, and many hundreds more looked down upon the scene from the neighboring housetops. The doors of the church were closed at ten o'clock, and at the same moment the great bell in the tower began to toll. The choir emerged from the robing-room and passed beneath the north gallery to the door, where they met the clergy—the rector, the Rev. Karl Reiland, and his assistant ministers, and Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts, Bishop Brewster of Connecticut, and Bishop Greer of New York. Next came the twelve honorary pall-bearers, led by Senator Elihu Root and Joseph H. Choate. The others were George S. Bowdoin, Lewis Cass Ledyard, Robert W. de Forest, Henry Fairfield Osborn, Robert Bacon, George F. Baker, Dr. James W. Markoe, Elbert H. Gary, Morton S. Paton, and Seth Low.

The heavy doors swung open to admit the coffin, which had been borne to the church from the library on Murray Hill in a plain hearse without plumes drawn by two black horses not caparisoned, the family following in old-fashioned carriages.

The clergy and choir led the procession to the chancel, followed by the honorary pall-bearers, then the coffin and the members of the family.

To tell who were at the funeral would be to recapitulate the leaders in art, science, literature, music, finance, commerce, and manufacture in or near New York. Some of the organizations represented were the Automobile Club of America, the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Union League Club, the Clearing House Association, the New England Society, the Chamber of Commerce, the American Bankers' Association, the Southern Railway, the American Academy in Rome, the Union Club, the United States Steel Corporation, the International Mercantile Marine Company, the Astor Trust Company, the School of Applied Design for Women, Scions of Colonial Cavaliers, Church Institute for Negroes, Church Temperance Society, New York Yacht Club, and the Stock Exchange.

From St. George's Church the funeral party proceeded to a special train at the Grand Central Terminal and thence to Hartford, Connecticut, Mr. Morgan's birthplace and the home of his ancestors. During all the railway journey of two hours and a half crowds assembled at every station and stood bareheaded as the train passed. Flags were at half-mast everywhere. All business was suspended in Hartford. Factories and schools were closed, too, and a silent multitude witnessed the passing of the cortège to Cedar Hill Cemetery, where the body was interred in a tomb in the Morgan family plot.

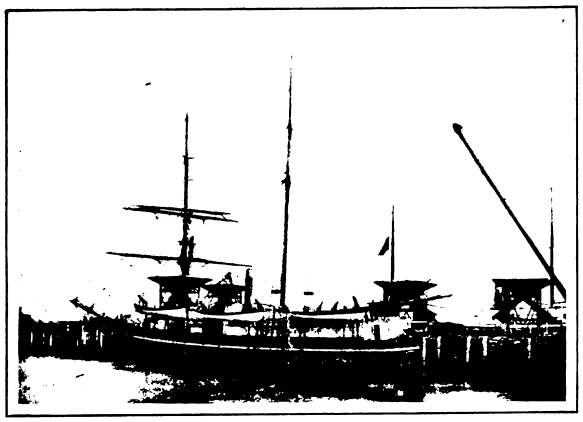
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SEEKING A NEW CONTINENT

The Canadian Arctic Expedition, which Sails this Spring for the Far North, May Find an Unknown Territory Ten Times the Size of New York State

BY VILHJÁLMUR STEFÁNSSON

LIKE many another vain person, the typical arctic explorer employs a clipping bureau to keep him informed of what the world is saying about him, and especially of what the editors of the country think of his achievements and his plans. For the last several months it has been my fortune to find in my mail almost every morning an editorial clipping bearing some such title as "Another Useless Arctic Expedition." Most of these come from the backwoods, but a few appear even in the leading dailies of the country. Of course there is a general similarity about them; possibly they may be traceable to only two or three original contributions which editors of the country, with the judicious use of scissors and blue pencil, have made to take various forms and to fill the greater or lesser vacant spaces in their journals that had to be filled with something or other. Fundamentally, too, these are the opinions of men who see no value except money value, who can conceive of no effort being worth making unless its results can be translated into dollars and cents. But even were money the only standard of value—and many of us do not agree that it is—still a sufficient answer to these objections would be that nothing but omniscience can determine what things may sometime become of value, and a long experience has taught us the fact that even the most abstract knowledge is likely eventually to find its practical and even commercial application. There are living to-day men who contemptuously dismissed the Bell telephone as a toy—amusing, it was true, but of no practical utility; there are also living to-day men whose wealth has become fabulous because of their faith in and their substantial backing of this "useless toy." There are others still living who remember speeches delivered in Congress denouncing Secretary Seward for having paid six and a half million dollars for a lump of ice known as Alaska; and to-day there are in existence several single mining concerns that have each taken many times over this amount in gold out of a few square miles of the frozen earth of Alaska.



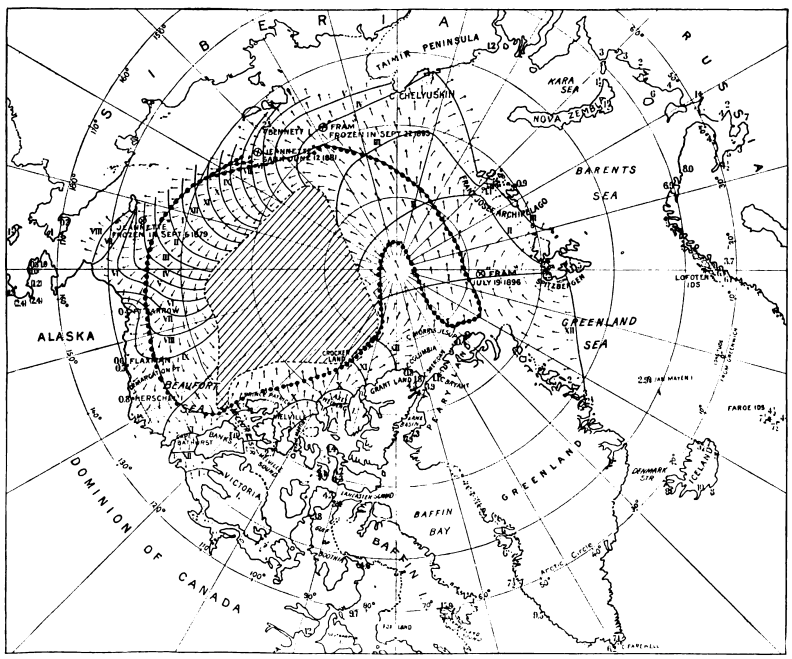
The "Karluk," which will convey the members of the expedition

The expedition which just now occupies more space in the papers than any other of those denounced as "useless" is one which has for its chief aim the exploration of as large a portion as possible of over a million square miles of unknown area lying north of western Canada, north of Alaska, and north of eastern Siberia. But it happens that the government of Canada is just now in the hands of men who do not consider that the acquisition of knowledge is useless; who are willing to spend money and to lend their influence to a project which, true enough, may never bring a result translatable into dollars and cents, but which will surely, if it has any success, add materially to our knowledge of the earth even though it should not happen to discover any new land. And if new land be discovered they do not take for granted that it will forever remain valueless. The progress of the world each year seems to us more rapid than that of the year before, and if the last fifty years have changed Alaska from a valueless lump of ice to a commercial empire of fabulous wealth, then it is surely not safe to say that land which may be discovered in the future, though it lie a few hundreds of miles north of even Alaska, will be valueless fifty years from now. And if it be valueless fifty years from now the future will bring other years and other centuries, and one or another of them is likely to bring inventions and developments that will make the last inch of the earth's surface of value.

In one sense the present exploration is unique. It may be considered as an undertaking to test the validity of a theory. Dr. Nansen has argued vehemently, and to some men's minds conclusively, that the unexplored portion of the Arctic Ocean is a deep basin practically, or more probably entirely, devoid of land. Other students of the North, such as General A. W. Greely and Dr. R. A. Harris, feel equally convinced that there is a land of considerable area lying undiscovered in the Polar Sea, and Admiral Peary from an elevation of two thousand feet near Cape Thomas Hubbard has even seen land to the west. With the conservatism of a man of great experience, he says that he is not sure of the existence of any land upon which he has not actually put his feet and he is not, therefore, sure if what he saw was land and not a cloud-bank. And if what he saw be a land it is also possible that it may be of no great extent, but that there is an unknown land of great extent Dr. Harris, with others, believes, and he states the case as follows:

"From the behavior of the tides it can be shown that a deep arctic basin cannot extend without interruption from the region of deep waters traversed by the *Fram* (Nansen's ship) and embracing the Pole itself, to the known waters lying along the arctic coasts of British America, Alaska, and eastern Siberia. Moreover, this interruption lying between the arctic archipelago and the New Siberian Islands must be tolerably complete so far as the greater depths are concerned. For were this not the case the arctic basin would be well suited to the production of diurnal or daily tides, which would be much in evidence along the coasts just mentioned. Wherever adequate observations have been made along these coasts, they show that the diurnal tides have less than one-half of the rise and fall which the diurnal tidal forces of the moon and sun acting over the uninterrupted arctic basin would produce; and again, the diurnal tide actually occurs earlier at Point Barrow than at Flaxman Island, while the tidal forces acting over the uninterrupted basin require that the reverse should be the case."

He argues further that the semi-daily tides found in the Arctic Ocean are derived almost entirely from those of the north Atlantic. They would have to be derived either from the north Atlantic or from the north Pacific, because the position of the Arctic Ocean is such that the semi-daily forces almost vanish near its center and are but slight in any portion of it. But the tides of the north Pacific are barred from entrance into the Arctic Sea by the narrowness and shallowness of Bering Strait. The semi-daily tide is, therefore, that which, coming from the north Atlantic, sweeps up through the deep and wide opening between Norway and Greenland, and the argument is that were the unexplored Polar Ocean a deep basin, as Nansen would have it, then this tide would come straight across the Pole and strike Alaska at nearly right angles. In other words, the tide at various points on the north coast of Alaska should be at the full approximately at the same time and its volume should be approximately equal; for instance, at Bennett Island and at Point Barrow. But this is not the case. The tide, instead of coming from the north at Flaxman Island and other points on the north coast of Alaska, comes from the west, and the rise and fall, instead of being the same at the various points, is 2.5 feet at Bennett Island, 0.4 foot at Point Barrow, and 0.5 foot at Flaxman Island. These variations from what would theoretically be the case if the Polar Ocean were deep and land free can be satisfactorily explained by assuming an undiscovered land or dense archipelago of at least five hundred thousand square miles in area, plotted about as Dr. Harris has done in the accompanying map, which is reproduced by his kind permission. It seems further, that there is no other satisfactory explanation of the above cited and various other facts concerning the tides and currents in the explored arctic.



The region inclosed by dots shows the unknown area awaiting exploration. The shaded area is supposed to be land. The arrows show the direction of the tides

One of the stronger subsidiary arguments which bears in the same direction as that of the tides is pointed out by Dr. Harris and others to be the fact that any westerly wind in the southern portions of the Beaufort Sea produces a high tide along the whole of the north coast of Alaska and any easterly wind produces a low tide. This is exactly what we might expect to happen if the map of the arctic regions were actually as Harris draws it. One of the most valuable and definite things we

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know about the arctic is that there is a current through the polar ocean from America to Europe. This was conclusively proven by an experiment of Admiral G. W. Melville, of the United States Navy, and Mr. Henry G. Bryant, president of the Philadelphia Geographical Society. A number of casks containing messages in many languages were set adrift from whaling-ships in the western American Arctic. One dropped overboard near Point Barrow was picked up five years later in Iceland, and another sent from Cape Bathrust was thrown up on the beach near North Cape, Norway.

The fact that the Mellville-Bryant casks have floated across from Point Barrow and Cape Bathurst to Iceland and Norway, respectively, shows that there is a northward current through the Polar Sea, but the further fact that the abundant driftwood coming from the Mackenzie River does not lodge to any extent upon the shores of Banks Island, lying to the north of the mouth of the Mackenzie, shows that this current cannot be straight north from Alaska across the Pole, but must be a circuitous one, running for the first portion of its way westward nearly parallel to the coasts of Alaska and Asia—a thing which is substantiated by the known drift of the *Jeannette* after September 6, 1879, until she sank on June 12, 1881, and of the *Fram* from her freezing in on September 22, 1893, to her becoming free from the ice July 19, 1896.

Because a hypothetical land such as Harris has plotted satisfactorily explains these otherwise mysterious facts and many others, and because no other explanation is readily discernible that really does explain them, the students of tidal phenomena consider that there is land yet to be discovered in the northern ocean. But be that as it may, a successful expedition to the Beaufort Sea will either discover this land or establish the fact of its non-existence.

From a scientific point of view one result is as desirable as the other, for the true scientist is concerned merely with the extension of the bounds of human knowledge and not with proving that any certain thing is or is not so. The particular problem that most interests geographers is the determination of the continental shelf. In other words, they want to know the distance from the known lands of that line on the sea bottom where the depth of water suddenly increases from one or two hundred fathoms to several thousand, for the presumption is that beyond this continental shelf no land exists, as most of the already discovered arctic lands rise from shallow water. In other words, the known arctic islands are the slight elevations of a submerged plateau and do not come up in the manner of mountain peaks from great depths. It may, however, be pointed out that the finding of such a shelf will not be conclusive, for we have striking exceptions to the rule in such bodies of water as the Mediterranean, and even nearer at hand in Baffin Bay, and elsewhere in the arctic, where depths of over two thousand fathoms have been reached, and yet land lies but a few miles beyond. In other words, a man coming from Greenland, if he were to assume when he reached the edge of the shelf off Greenland that no land lay beyond the two-hundred-fathom line, would never discover Baffin Land, although as a matter of fact Baffin Land would not be far below the horizon in the west.

But apart from the discovery of new land, or the determination of its non-existence, the expedition has important aims. On Victoria Island and the mainland south of it are Eskimos who had never seen a white man until our visit to them in 1910, and the study of such people is one of the most desired opportunities of the ethnologist, for there are few, if any, other places on the earth's surface where people in so nearly a primitive condition are still living. The historian and the archæologist are engaged in pushing the history of mankind back into periods which our fathers supposed would be blank forever. In one sense of the word we are making history fast to-day, with all our modern political and social changes and our scientific discoveries. In another sense we are making history much faster yet by pushing our knowledge of the past backward century by century until it seems not extravagant to speaks of the Pyramids and the Sphinx as modern works of man. The bones of men and their buried implements give us some idea of what our ancestors were like ten thousand, fifty thousand, and some would even say five hundred thousand years ago. But the picture is not complete, and by discovering people who are to-day on the level of culture on which our ancestors were ten thousand years ago we seek to fill in the space left vacant by archæology and to give life and color to the archæologist's and historian's records of the past. And then besides that the study of the childlike peoples has intrinsic ethnological interest exactly as the study of the child has psychological interest. Further, as archæologists we hope to determine the prehistoric range of the Eskimo upon the arctic islands and upon the northern mainland.

Partly with deference to those who cry for "utility" and partly, too, from intrinsic scientific reasons, considerable emphasis will be laid on geology. Our last arctic expedition established the existence of copper in Victoria Island, which is the first published discovery of copper on any of the large arctic islands. We have, therefore, in northern Canada a known copper-bearing area running from Great Bear Lake on the mainland north to the middle of Victoria Island and from Dismal Lake east to and beyond Bathurst inlet. This is one of the largest known copper-bearing areas in the world, and it does not seem impossible that it may also prove one of the richest. Certainly native copper has in few, if any, places in the world been found and used by aborigines in such abundance as it is by the Eskimos in this area.

Another thing of self-evident economic value is the study of the sea and land life. Bear Lake has long been known to be rich in food fishes, and we have found most of the rivers running into the Arctic and most of the lesser lakes to be correspondingly rich. The ocean doubtless has its valuable stores, also, though we know but little of them. By setting nets along the beach we have caught an abundance of various kinds of fish almost anywhere along fifteen hundred miles of the north coast of America; there is no telling what an investigation of the water life offshore may bring to light. We know there are the bowhead whales, tremendous brutes, the flesh of which is well flavored, and they may therefore at some time become an important source of food in our country, as they already are in Japan. Then there are the walrus, the seals, and the polar bears, all of them of economic value. The study of the ocean can therefore easily be defended before even the most crass utilitarian. To the scientist the study of the ocean is of self-evident importance.

The study of terrestrial magnetism has also its already established utilitarian side, for the commerce of the world across the oceans is still guided by the magnetic compass, and the relation of magnetism to electricity and other phenomena is yearly becoming of more and more vital interest. In co-operation with the Carnegie Institution Bureau of Terrestrial Magnetism we shall carry forward investigations in this field. There will also be investigations and records in meteorology, and it is hoped that our wireless apparatus will be able to send down daily messages which will complete the wide gap between perhaps the two most valuable meteorological stations in the northern hemisphere, those of Iceland and the Allutian Islands, and furnish thus a certain way of predicting storms from the north—a thing of prime importance to navigation upon the oceans and upon the Great Lakes.

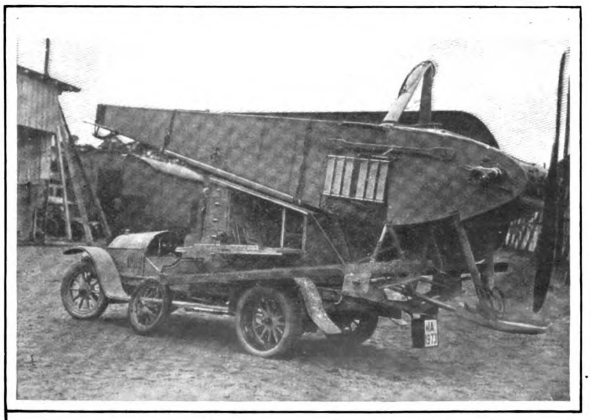
The expedition will sail from a Pacific port of Canada in late May or early June. The ship is a 247-ton barkentine with steam auxiliary power which, under the name of *Karluk*, has for many years sailed the Beaufort Sea as a whaler Although in many seasons the whalemen in the Beaufort Sea find no ice to the north of them and every indication of an open ocean stretching far in the direction of the Pole, they have never had any occasion to explore to the northward because their business is to get whales, and whales, in their opinion, are not abundant farther north than a diagonal line drawn from the north end of Banks Island to Flaxman Island on the Alaska coast. Success in arctic exploration is always partly a matter of luck. If we happen to go north in a season of prevailing westerly or northwesterly winds we shall find the Beaufort Sea choked with ice and our ship will be compelled to hug the mainland closely; but if the summer of 1913 happens to be a season of easterly or southeasterly winds, such a season as we have had almost every year since 1906, we shall find the Beaufort Sea open farther north than any ship has ever tried to go and open probably to the latitude in which Harris lays down his theoretical land. The general plan is, therefore, to cruise northward from the mouth of the Mackenzie as far as it seems safe or feasible to go, and to establish a winter base on any land that may be discovered. Failing the discovery of land, the vessel would head eastward toward the known islands (Banks Island or Prince Patrick Island) and our winter base would be as far north as possible along their western coasts. From this point of vantage we should, the following winter, explore the ice-covered ocean, to the west and northwest chiefly, but also possibly to the north, with a view to determining all facts of interest such as the depth, the character of the ocean bottom, the direction of currents, etc., besides taking tidal and other observations on shore. The following spring our geological, zoological, and archæological work would be carried on in the interior of these islands, while the meteorological observations would go forward without interruption at all times. A secondary base will be established, if possible, in southwestern Victoria Island, and here the general work of the expedition will be carried on exactly as at the main base, except that more emphasis will be placed on economic geology on account of the already known copper deposits and upon ethnology, on account of the already discovered primitive Eskimos.

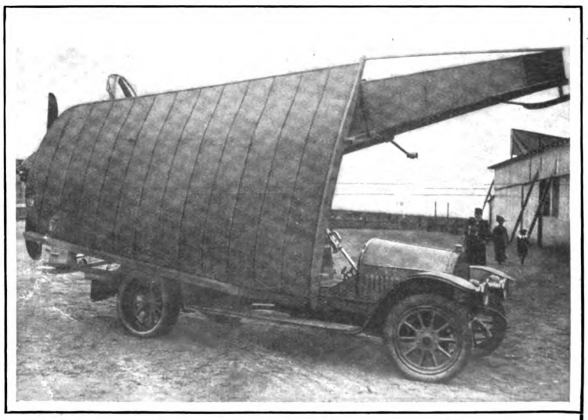
The scientific staff of the expedition will comprise eight or more specialists divided between the two base camps. The vessel will have a crew of ten men, and the intention will be that she return to a Pacific port before winter sets in, but on account of the uncertainty of everything in the arctic she will go provisioned for two years to forestall accidents. Like our previous expedition, this one will be more simple in equipment than is generally the case in polar exploration, for we have found the principle of living on the country to be admirably adapted to the carrying on of most kinds of scientific work and exploration. Further, scurvy, the menace of all polar explorations, is a thing as yet not well understood, and we do not know exactly how to prevent it except that it has never attacked any one who has lived largely on the meat which the country itself produces.

The time of the expedition as planned is three winters and four summers, so that, if all goes well, the scientific party should return to civilization only in the autumn of 1916, although the vessel should be able to communicate with them each summer and return each autumn to the Pacific coast.

It seems to some that this is rather a lengthy programme, but the arctic is an inaccessible place with much to be done when you get there. If you are trying to reach a mathematical point such as the Pole, and if that be the sole goal of your endeavors, then you can return at once when it has been attained. We shall not be striving for any one point particularly, but for broad scientific results. We have a large area of country to cover and many problems to settle, some of them ones which in their very nature have to be investigated through a long period of time. The work we have before us is no job for a homesick man or for a man in a hurry.

A MOTOR-CAR FOR WAR AEROPLANES





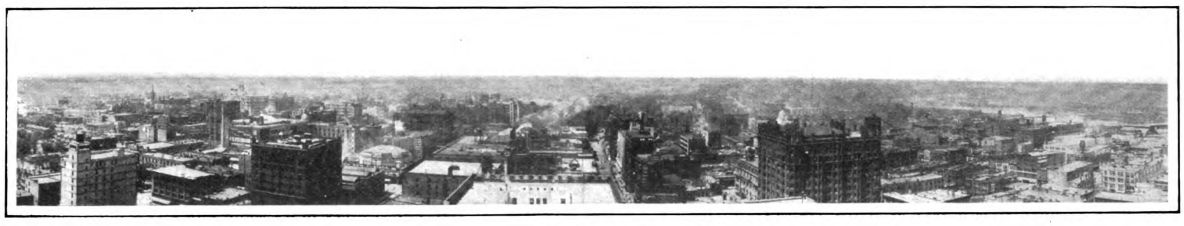
Germany's new war automobiles designed for the transportation of aeroplane sections and aviation materials

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MINNEAPOLIS, RICH AND BEAUTIFUL

The Wonderful Resources, Abounding Prosperity, Charming Homes, and Excellent Schools of the Great City of the West



A panoramic view of Minneapolis

WITH its genesis scarcely written, Minneapolis already occupies a prominent position among the foremost American cities. It is the commercial capital of the state of Minnesota and the metropolis of the great American Northwest—a vast and wealthy region exceeding in extent the combined areas of France, Germany, and Great Britain. The city of Minneapolis is located at the geographical center of North America. It is the head of navigation on the Mississippi River and one hundred and fifty miles from the head of navigation on the Great Lakes. The city covers a level plateau 918 feet above sea-level, 10 miles long and 6 miles wide, surrounded by rolling hills. The Mississippi River flows through the city, dividing it almost in half.

Minneapolis is essentially a manufacturing city, but the development of its industries has not been accomplished at the expense of its natural beauties. It ranks fourteenth of all the cities in the country in volume of manufactures, while it is recognized as one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Its educational institutions stand high in comparison with those of other communities, and it has attained national prominence as a music and art center.

The rise of Minneapolis to its present distinction as a center of manufacturing was but the fulfilment of destiny. It did not come by its prestige through any accidental or artificial influence. It owes its existence to the Falls of St. Anthony in the Mississippi, 250 miles from the source of the great "Father of Waters." When a rush of water from the north encountered this shelf of rock it marked the site of Minneapolis, and the establishment of this city was as certain then as was the coming of Columbus.

From its small beginning Minneapolis has superseded communities which were in a thriving condition long before the first settler reached the site of this city. Other cities might have served as distributing centers for the supplies now furnished by Minneapolis to its vast trade territory, but it was the presence of the tremendous water power of the Falls of St. Anthony that enabled Minneapolis to attain the prestige it now enjoys.

Its growth has been phenomenal. A little more than half a century ago its site was an Indian reservation. It now is a city boasting a population of 323,476 (estimate of United States Census Bureau for 1912), increasing at the rate of about 10,000 inhabitants a year. With St. Paul, whose limits merge into those of Minneapolis on the south, it forms a community with a population of approximately 600,000.

The first industry of Minneapolis was the production of lumber. The Falls of St. Anthony furnished power for the sawmills which reduced the forests of the state to lumber. The country surrounding the infant Minneapolis, then known as the town of St. Anthony, was turned by the plow and sown to wheat. The falls were called upon to turn the millstones which ground this to flour. Minneapolis remains to-day the world's chief producer of flour. With the diminution of the forests the lumber industry waned. Minneapolis was far-sighted, though, and other industries were provided to take the places of the sawmills and to utilize the cheap power generated by the falls. To this energy and foresight is due the Minneapolis of to-day, with its 1,200 manufacturing establishments, whose annual products represent the sum of $548 for every man, woman, and child in the city. The factory brands of Minneapolis are known throughout the world. Its flour is sold in every civilized country, and its linseed, woolen, and machinery products follow the paths blazed by the pioneer flour-mills companies to every part of the globe.



The pavilion and band-stand at Lake Harriet

The growth of the jobbing business of Minneapolis kept pace with the development of the city's industries, until in 1912 the total business of its wholesalers aggregated $350,000,000. Recognized "Minneapolis territory" extends from Lake Michigan to the Pacific coast, from the Canadian boundary and beyond, far into the Southwest. It is the second largest distributor of farm implements in the United States and the third largest wholesale fruit and produce center.

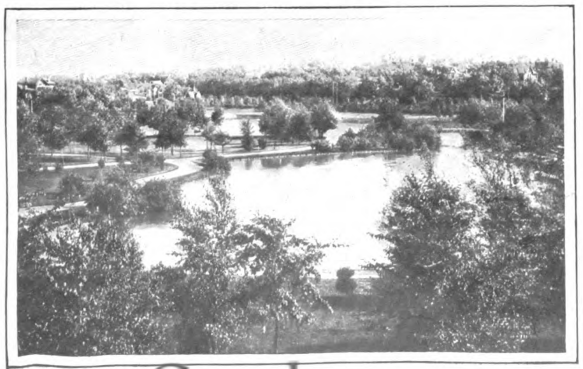
Minneapolis is famous, too, as a retail trading center. All of the thoroughfares in the retail district are wide, well paved, and inviting. Nicollet Avenue, the main artery, is one of the few retail streets in America not traversed by a street-car line. The continuous façade of attractive shop fronts on this thoroughfare is not surpassed anywhere in the world. There may be a greater number of retail establishments in larger cities, but they are scattered and interspersed with "dark spots," while on Nicollet Avenue the array of plate-glass fronts is unbroken.

Minneapolis is laid out on generous lines. Its residence streets, as well as those downtown, are wide and well kept. Clean white buildings are much in evidence in the downtown business section. A number of the buildings occupied by the jobbers are of the most modern construction, and most of its factories are model industrial buildings with plenty of light and air. There are no "sweat-shops" in the city, and no slums. Huge elevators near the city give the sky line of Minneapolis a distinctiveness no other city can claim. Its great tank structures picture the story of the city's chief business. Minneapolis citizenship is noted for far-sighted thrift. A large percentage of the laboring classes own their homes and fifty-four per cent. of all the children in the public schools have savings accounts. The bank clearings are among the ten largest in America, being annually nearly $1,250,000,000. There are nineteen national and state banks, three savings-banks, and two trust companies, with a combined capital and surplus of $18,000,000 and deposits of over $116,000,000.

Her location has made Minneapolis the center for nine railroad systems, comprising twenty-six lines and covering over 55,000 miles of trackage. Two hundred passenger trains arrive daily at the three Minneapolis stations. January is not normally a heavy shipping month, but during that month in 1913 Minneapolis received 30,912 car-loads of freight and shipped from the city 28,568 car-loads. For every twenty-six minutes, day and night, of the twenty-seven business days of January a forty-car train of freight pulled in or out of Minneapolis.

One company operates all the street-car lines in Minneapolis. This city has more than 178 miles of track, which is of the best possible construction. All parts of the city are furnished with fast, convenient service. The cars are unusually large and easy riding and are built in the company's own shops. Four interurban lines connect Minneapolis with St. Paul, and there are two fast suburban lines from Minneapolis to Lake Minnetonka points, besides lines to the city of Stillwater and to White Bear Lake. The company also operates a fleet of fast boats to all principal points on Lake Minnetonka, enabling Minneapolis business men to live at the lake and yet be within a short ride from their offices.

Minneapolis now is developing another important avenue of transportation—the Mississippi River. Legislative provision has been made for establishing municipal terminals, with the latest equipment for the economical handling of freight, and business men of the city are purchasing stock in a navigation company which is preparing to engage in river traffic as soon as the terminals are ready for use. The United States government's six-foot channel project terminates at the Washington Avenue bridge in the heart of Minneapolis. A great dam is nearing completion, and it will provide Minneapolis with an excellent inland harbor. Some of the largest shippers of the city are enthusiastic over the development of water transportation, and an informal census has brought from a few of them pledges of more than 500,000 tons of southbound freight per annum which they will forward by the river as soon as the means are provided. Minneapolis intends to utilize the new method of river transportation, which consists of a power vessel drawing trains of unit barges with a displacement of 1,000 tons each.



Loring Park, Minneapolis

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The city government is housed in a magnificent building costing $3,544,000, every dollar of which represents actual value. The assessed valuation of Minneapolis property is over $215,000,000, while the city debt is only a little over $14,000,000. The tax rate is low, being less than one and one-half per cent. of true property value. The city owns its own waterworks and recently completed a perfect system of filtration which furnishes, through its 493 miles of pipe lines, the purest of drinking-water. This plant already is looked upon as a model after which other cities are patterning. The 1912 census reports the death rate in Minneapolis at 10.44 to the thousand, which is lower than that of any other large city in the world. The climate is delightfully dry and invigorating. The average temperature for the winter months is 17 degrees above zero; for the summer, 70.5. The annual precipitation is 29.35 inches. While there is frequently no snow or settled cold weather until after Christmas (thus affording perfect autumns), there is an entire absence of rain and sleet during the winter, which accounts for the exhilarating, dry atmosphere.

"The Land of Lakes" (there are 10,000 lakes in Minnesota) early attracted lovers of art to this locality. The Minneapolis Society of Fine Arts, now in its twenty-seventh year, conducts a school in the public-library building, the standard of which is pronounced by New York art critics higher than any other west of the Alleghanies. Members of the Minneapolis Society of Fine Arts instituted in 1910 a campaign for the erection of a great art museum. At a gathering of interested business men the sum of $750,500 was pledged for this project. This included a site valued at $250,000. Ground has been broken for the museum and it is to be completed within two years. The park board has purchased property facing the proposed museum which will provide a beautiful approach to the art property.

There are many private collections of paintings in the city, among them the T. B. Walker Gallery, said to contain one of the most valuable collections, the number of paintings considered, in the country. This gallery is open to visitors. There are many Minneapolis musical organizations which have more than local reputations. The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, supported by an annual guaranty fund of $50,000, has been pronounced by competent critics to be one of the six great symphony orchestras in the world. The city has always been known as a good "show town." There are four theaters, five vaudeville houses, and five summer entertainment places. Besides these there is an auditorium at which, through the winter months, the Symphony Orchestra and other local musical organizations appear and where the leading musical artists of the world are heard. The visitor is never at a loss for entertainment in Minneapolis.

Minneapolis has had a library association for fifty years and the present central library building for twenty-one years. The library contains 256,000 volumes, maintains eleven branches with reading-rooms, and over fifty deposit stations in schools, factories, social settlements, and fire-engine houses. The annual book circulation is 1,312,000, or an average of over three books for every man, woman, and child in the city old enough to read.

Minneapolis is known as an ideal convention city. Over seventy conventions were entertained in 1912. The hotels are equal in appointment to those in other cities and new ones are being built constantly. One of the five new hotels cost more to build per square yard than any other hotel in the country. The seating capacity of Minneapolis churches is large enough to hold half of the entire adult population. There are more than two hundred church buildings, which represent all denominations and nearly every known faith. It might here be mentioned that Minneapolis has maintained for nearly a quarter of a century a "patrol-limit" law which allows liquors to be sold only in a restricted downtown district. No liquor is sold near residences or schools. All saloons close at eleven o'clock and no liquor is sold on Sundays.

The people of Minneapolis are so well organized in both commercial and social clubs that the new-comer finds it easy to meet the people with whom he or she wishes to work. There are over fifty women's clubs, thirty-five improvement associations, and many social clubs. Nearly every class of business has its organization. Every section of the city has its commercial club. The chief business men's organization of the city is the Minneapolis Civic and Commerce Association, which boasts a membership of 2,200 representative citizens and which in one year of existence has attained prominence as one of the most effective organizations of its kind in the United States. This association is equipped to supply any information that is desired about Minneapolis and to find locations for any person planning to open factories, offices, or mercantile houses in the city.

Minneapolis might well be called "a city of millionaires," although there is not that outward show which people might expect in such a city, for nearly all of these millionaires were poor boys or their fathers were poor boys when they reached the Northwest. The streets in the residence sections abound with systematically planted shade trees. There are one hundred and ninety miles of paved streets and seven hundred and ninety miles of well-kept cement-block sidewalks.

Minneapolis real-estate prices are admittedly much lower than those in any other city of the same population, affording an excellent opportunity for safe and profitable investments. There were more than 41,407 real-estate transfers in 1912, totaling over $34,000,000 in value. The building permits for the same year show 5,965 granted, totaling in actual cost more than $14,300,000. New buildings are going up everywhere; yet there is no boom — just a steady growth.

Eminent authorities maintain that the Minneapolis public-school system is second to none in the United States. There are seventy graded and five high schools operating under a law of compulsory education. Statistics show that a larger proportion of the population attends high school than in any other city in the United States, and a large per cent. of the high-school graduates enter college. The greater number of these go to the state university, which covers eighty-five acres on the east bank of the river, enrolling 6,950 students in eight "colleges" and three "schools." The University of Minnesota library contains 160,000 volumes.

Minneapolis has been called the "city of lakes and gardens." There are twenty lakes within the city limits and one hundred more within a radius of twenty-five miles. It is worth while to fish in many of these lakes.

Nearly all the city lakes are now controlled by the park board and held by it for the benefit of the people. Over 3,700 acres, or one-ninth of the entire area of the city, is in the park system. The city has thirty-five miles of parkways, also under the supervision of the board. One stretch of park land on the western side of the city, covering nearly one thousand acres, includes seven large lakes. Four of these are now being connected by lagoons which will afford a waterway with twelve miles of shore line, no part of which is more than four miles from the downtown district. The visitor will notice the absence of such signs as "Verboten," or "Keep off," in the Minneapolis parks. The children are made to feel an interest in the city through the special playgrounds, wading-pools, and public baths in many of the parks. Private launches and sail-boats are seen on the lakes. The board maintains free skating-rinks in most of the parks every winter. In fact, the entire city might be called one great park because for thirty years the park board has had supervision of the planting of shade trees throughout the city. These hardy elms are placed at even distances, pruned, and cared for by this board. Over one hundred and twenty miles of the city boulevards have been provided in this way by the city for the citizens.

Cedar Lake, Lake of the Isles, Lakes Calhoun and Harriet, are all within fifteen or twenty minutes' car or automobile ride from the center of the city and offer bathing, fishing, boating, music, and refreshments. At Lake Calhoun is the beautiful Calhoun Bath House and the finest inland bathing-beach in America. Sail-boats, launches, rowboats, and canoes are rented to the public at Lake Calhoun and Lake Harriet.

Minnehaha Falls and Fort Snelling are reached by cars. The fort is a historic spot occupied by a full garrison, while adjoining Minnehaha, with its famous falls, is the home which the state has provided for her soldiers.



Minneapolis Court House and City Hall

In St. Anthony Falls and the milling district are the world's greatest flour-mills with a daily capacity of 84,000 barrels of flour. In their midst two of the largest grain elevators in the world have recently been erected. Near by is the power plant where power is generated for the street-car service of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

The City Hall and Court House, built of Minnesota granite at a cost of $3,500,000, is one of the finest city buildings in America. The main entrance and corridor form a most imposing view.

The Chamber of Commerce, which is the center for the grain business of the Northwest, is an interesting point, especially during the trading hours from eleven to one o'clock each day. More cash wheat is sold there than at any other place in the world.

The financial center in the vicinity of First Avenue and Fourth Street, south, presents a number of the finest banking structures in the West and forms the financial center not alone of the city, but of the entire Northwest.

The Midway manufacturing district and railway terminals, as well as the grounds of the Minnesota State Fair, the largest state fair in the United States, may be viewed from two of the four interurban lines connecting Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Lake Minnetonka, with its beautiful islands, bays, and wooded heights, with its more than 100 miles of irregular shore line, is one of the most picturesque lakes in America. It can be easily reached by trolley or one of two railroads and can be best seen and enjoyed by taking one or more of the steamboat rides to various parts of the lake.

A LINNET IN THE BRAKE

BY ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

LITTLE brother of my heart,
Come and speak with me.
I hear you shrilling and singing apart
In the waste by the hawthorn tree.
Little brother of my heart, I pray you
Come and speak with me.

Or, if you will not come
Where the boughs meet above,
Come to the orchard, the apple-orchard,
Where the wild honey-gatherers hum,
And sing to me of love.

Little brother of my heart, I pray you
Fly not soon away.
All the love in my eyes shall pay you,
Little brother, if you stay.

Fly not forth in the bitter weather,
Questing treacherous lands.
Droop in my garden your proud wing-feather,
And feed from my hands.

Droop down the cruel wing-feather
That bids you fly,
And we will be joyous together
Under the cool sky.
Stay with me forever, heart's brother;
Ever we shall be more to each other
As the gold days go by.

Fly not forth to the wood, little brother—
Bleak is the wood, and gray:
Let us sing love-songs, one to the other,
The old songs, sad and gay.

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MAKING THE TABLE GROAN

New Vegetables Will Put the Potato to Shame and Make the Cabbage Hide its Head

BY CROMWELL CHILDE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. STROTHMANN



THE farmer is the most conservative manufacturer in America. He has been the conservative of all conservatives in every generation, era, and country. Ever since our history began he has stuck to a ceaseless round of wheat and corn. A few centuries ago he added potatoes; later, within the past fifty years, the tomato. He accepted these two innovations unwillingly; now they are among the great staples. But still the farmer raises only from seventeen to twenty different vegetables. Of late years Science has been poking inquisitively in the earth and among its products and she is now putting the matter to him directly.

"Wake up," she says. "Rouse yourself. I've discovered by years of labor and patient research more new vegetables than the twenty—it's really less than that—which you have now. The new ones are better than the old. They will be more profitable for you because people will like to eat them better. You can raise more of them and sell them cheaper. If you will only plant these new things I have discovered for you the wealth your acres will produce will be doubled. Why can't you see it? Must I jam these new vegetables down your throat?"

"Well, maybe there is something in what you say," remarks the farmer, cautiously. "Perhaps I will try some of them next year if you come around."

"I'll make you," says Science, shaking her fist. "All my work shall not go for naught. I've done my part toward feeding the people, now you do yours."

The farmer is at last being persuaded. A few years ago experiments would not have been welcomed by him. But latterly science has proved altogether too successful in farm life to be ignored. Moreover, there is a new prosperity on the farms and there are many new processes of agriculture. The farmer who has electrical equipment and the telephone and drives about his acres in a neat motor-car looks at crops with a different eye from he who worked alongside his hired men and scarcely knew the feel of a dollar. The new farmer does a lot of thinking about the ultimate consumer.

There are more than twenty of these new vegetables that show a likelihood of coming into general use on the American dinner table within the next ten years. The choice of the housewife is going to be considerably more than doubled. She will have forty different vegetables from which to plan her meals instead of twenty. There is nothing of the "fad" proposition about any of these new vegetables. All have been and are being grown and already have some market. All have been popular wherever they have been tried and all can now be grown at a profit. In addition, over and above the forty, there are five or six other vegetables not so new, but still uncommon as foods because they have never been put widely upon the market. These latter have passed the public verdict of approval, but in most cities and towns it is difficult to obtain them. But all the new vegetables, the experts say, are going to be possible for the slimmest pocketbooks.

Udo, the Japanese salad vegetable that will take the place of asparagus very acceptably, is one of these new vegetables. The dasheen is another. The dasheen is the new potato—one of the new potatoes rather, for science has lately brought several to American agriculture, each more promising from the point of view of popularity than the last. Nobody contends that the dasheen or any of the others will rule out the "spud" that is regarded with so much affection, but what may happen is that they may prove formidable rivals, being produced in such quantities that prices will permanently drop. The new potato can be grown in soils and under circumstances impossible for the potato everybody knows. Dasheens are something between the white potato and the sweet-potato and they have a very acceptable flavor. Considerable quantities of them are being grown to-day in South Carolina, there is already a market for them, and they pay the farmer.

What the makers of the new crops are not going to do is to turn out a small quantity, send it to market, and then sit down and growl and stew because the public does not immediately buy. The men who are the pioneers of the new vegetables are too wise for that. They know how, in the past, popular appreciation of the rare vegetable novelties started slowly and without any apparent reason and then took half a century to climb up to fair proportions. Of course the striking instance is the tomato, in our great-grandmothers' days and even in our grandmothers' called the "love apple" and thought fit only to be fed to pigs. But even later days supply just as curious vegetable history.



"Must I jam these new vegetables down your throat?"

There is the English vegetable marrow, for example, almightily enjoyed by very nearly every one who has ever tasted it. It is not new in America, though probably many people have never heard of it. Epicures like it and any number of people would frequently buy it if it were "handy" at the corner grocery. But so far it is supplied only casually by enthusiasts. No one seems to have thought to have taken it up as a business proposition.

Then there is the eggplant. It is used in large quantities in the foreign quarters of the big cities and in many fashionable restaurants and clubs, but in many a city and town it is a difficult matter to get it. Now eggplant might never get to be a "vegetable head-liner," but none the less it would have a considerable sale if people could find it when they wanted to buy it and if they saw it when they were not thinking of it. Oyster-plant labors under the same disadvantage of never being pushed. It is possible to make a very good oyster stew out of the oyster-plant—an oyster soup really—which has everything except the actual presence of the oysters. It has the taste, the smell, and the look.

With these instances in mind, the men who will grow the new vegetables are forearmed. Create a popular demand by supplying it. Keep the product to be sold constantly in the market. Have it within easy reach always as a reminder. As an evidence that this policy is succeeding wherever and whenever these new vegetables are grown it is found that they are easily sold. Big far-away markets are not being tried as yet. What is the need and the use of that when the small local markets steadily absorb all that is grown? There will be time enough when the product is established on a firm foundation.

The aquatic potato, which jokers, when they get wind of it, are going to designate as a "submarine" because it really grows, so to speak, under water, is one of the most spectacular of the new vegetables. The scientists and the progressive farmers who have looked into it say that the aquatic potato has a very fair chance of becoming one of the great American food products all by itself. It is good to the taste and it grows where no potato worthy of the name could ever be induced to grow before—on very moist and marshy ground.

Along with the aquatic potato is the roselle. The roselle is almost the star among the new vegetables, for even now it has a brilliant record and has become a distinct commercial success. It is a substitute for cranberry, or really not a substitute at all, but something new and capable of making a jelly that can meet cranberry on its own ground and—some day—of surpassing that delicacy. It will grow in southern climates impossible for cranberries and, best of all, a market for it is now established; Texas, California, Florida, and South Carolina have all become roselle States. One advantage it has over the cranberry is that it is very easy of culture and can be grown in any garden.

None of these new vegetables, it will be seen, are variations, variants, or mere "improvements." They are really new foods for America. In some cases a new product may hit an old one hard and threaten its popularity. The big Japanese radish is a case in point. It promises to be a serious rival of the turnip.

The radish, as America knows it, is a very dainty and agreeable comestible eaten raw. The kind that appears on our domestic dinner tables is small and round, a pretty little ball. But the Japanese radish is long and big like a beet. Oftentimes it is grown to a prodigious size—sometimes it runs up to forty pounds in weight. The little radish is a relish, the big one is a vegetable for cooking. Though a radish and nothing else, a Brobdingnagian brother of the baby radish that all know and eat, it is boiled and mashed like a turnip. A good many people nowadays are eating Japanese radishes and are enthusiastic about them. In Germany this new vegetable has scored its most marked success. There it gets on many dinner tables, being more agreeable to the taste and not having the turnip's strong odor.

A strong point in the Japanese radish is to be its low price. It has been proved it can be cultivated very cheaply. This new vegetable has been better launched than almost any other. It will be possible to cultivate it over a tremendous range of territory—practically everywhere. Already it has been grown on the outskirts of New York.

These but begin the long and interesting list of the novelties in vegetables that here and there are getting a strong hold, creating a demand, and being found by hard-headed men to be well worth the effort of growing. Every American knows of stuffed peppers. Peppers that won't bite, however, come thick enough to fry like beefsteak. They are better eaten sliced than stuffed and, generally speaking, are unfamiliar. They are not altogether unknown, for the reason that to a greater or less extent they have been imported from Spain for some time. What is new is the way in which they are being slowly and steadfastly established as a standard American crop in accordance with the modern idea that the pepper should be a delicious vegetable rather than a mere condiment.

Peppers sliced and fried, experts think, will appeal

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to many when they come to be known. Then there is the Chinese cabbage, which does not look like cabbage at all (though it tastes like it), but like lettuce. It is more delicate to the palate than the ordinary cabbage of commerce, and tastes, when cooked, "very fine" (so vegetable enthusiasts say). Where it is likely to get a hold on the affections of the farmer, however, is in the fact that it matures early. The fortunate grower of it, once Chinese cabbage gets established, can hurry it off to market and completely take the wind out of the sails of his neighbor who plants only the traditional cabbage.

Scarlet-runner (a flower until science discovered that it was really a food), cardoons, sea kale, collards (the latter a Southern delicacy, but now being headed toward the North and designed for national consumption), corn salad (an early plant that is also called lamb's lettuce), Swiss chard, and Chinese artichokes are other interesting scientific contributions to the diet of the American home. The broad bean may be added, too, and Japanese kiushu rice. The latter has come into much more general use than most people are aware. Rice from the Orient and also from Italy and Africa is more and more taking the place of the old American rice. Probably the average American does not know the difference, but it is quite likely that he is habitually eating kiushu rice. Nearly one-half of the rice area of Louisiana and Texas is given over to the better and healthier product of the Orient.

Swiss chard looks more like a narrow-leaved lettuce than anything else and sometimes goes by the name of silver beet. It is boiled and used as greens. It has had a remarkable rise as a new vegetable. Also it has a root that can either be stewed or eaten like celery. Cardoons are a thistle-like plant of south Europe, of the same species as the French artichoke. When the leaves are nearly full grown they are tied together near the top, straw is piled around the head, and then earth is banked against it. This is for the purpose of blanching. Cardoons must be blanched in order to be good eating and the process takes from two weeks to a month. Until very recently the cardoon was very little known in the United States, though small quantities were imported canned.



A Brobdingnagian brother of the baby radish

Corn salad is eaten as is spinach and sometimes blanched for salad. The Chinese artichoke seems to have many enthusiastic admirers. It has a flavor which, its devotees say, is going to bring it into great popularity before long. There are already two artichokes in existence. Some one can make himself of value in the community if he invents a better name for this new one than artichoke. What they speak of as the Chinese artichoke is a good deal like a sweet-potato in shape. It grows underground like a peanut and people who are acquainted only with the French species of artichoke will be confused when they come across it.

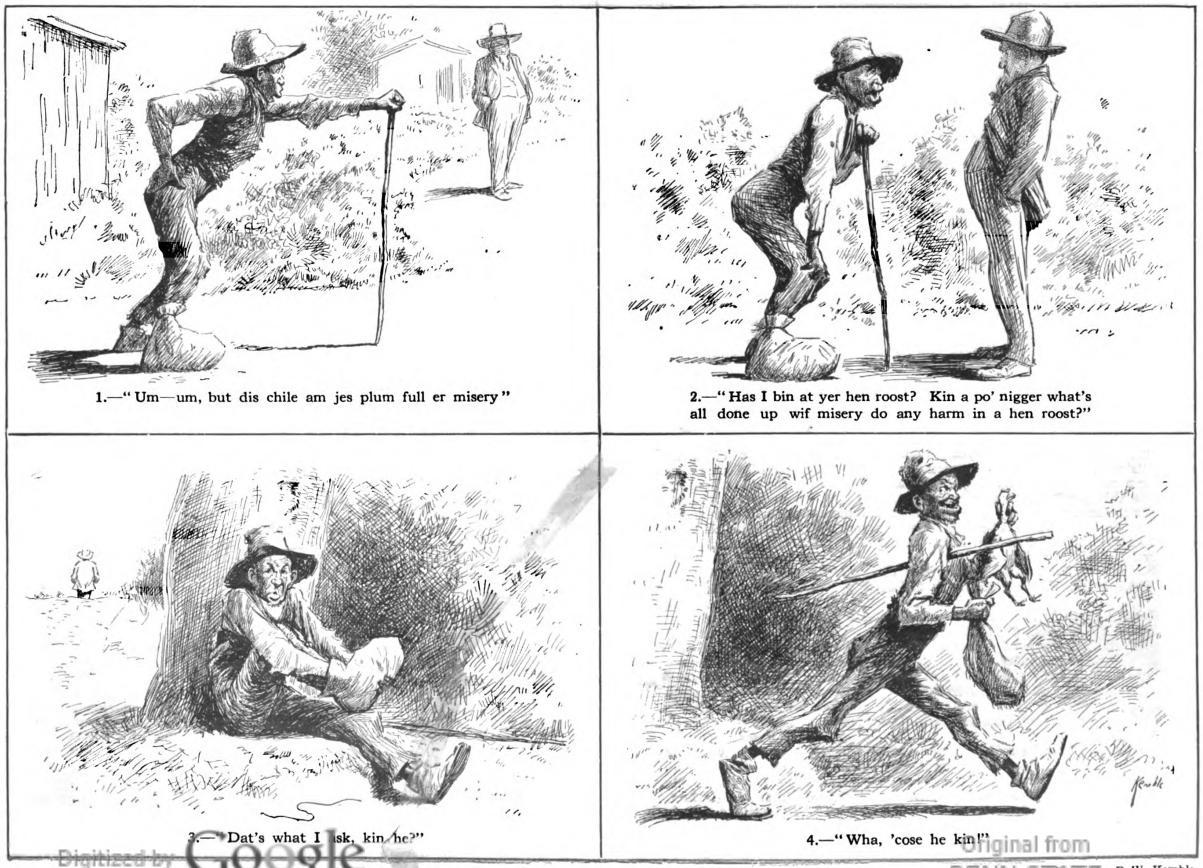
The two artichokes already known are the French artichoke and the Jerusalem artichoke. The former is eaten almost altogether these days when artichokes are eaten at all. The Jerusalem artichoke has all but passed out of existence for the table. What is eaten of the French artichoke is the undeveloped flower bud. With the Jerusalem artichoke the root is eaten. In just this one point the new vegetable corresponds to the Jerusalem. It has a taste reminiscent of the French artichoke, but is far more delicate. It is peeled like a potato and cooked with cream. Its prospects for the new era of vegetable farming are the best, for it is very easy of culture and can be grown all over the country. This gives it a particular advantage over the French artichoke, for the latter is one of the most difficult of all vegetables to grow and after planting needs to be nursed through a winter before the "bud" is ready for eating.

On the whole, it has been the foreigner that has taught us as a nation the possibilities of truck farming, that sort of truck farming that leaves nothing to chance, but studies consumption and is ready to supply real needs and actual demands. The truck farmer plants and harvests to sell. The crop that is most wanted in his locality is the one that he supplies. If he sees something better he changes. He is the true manufacturer of the soil, the cool, far-seeing, level-headed provider who has the judgment to forecast a profitable demand for a novelty and interest the dealers in its possibilities.

As in everything else, there is a distinct "trick of the trade" in truck farming. In Europe it has grown into a definite profession. A man engaged in it needs to be shrewder and more resourceful than in almost any other line. The "trick" of this especial trade is getting to market early. That is, in the fierce competition of the cities the crop of any vegetable or fruit that gets into the market first commands the high prices. So positively is this the case that shrewd truck-farmers, in buying property, hunt out farms in the "early part of the neighborhood"—the land of a locality where crops mature a little sooner than in other parts.

Truck-farmers who are thorough business men and experts on market conditions see in the new vegetables that science has brought forward much practical value. Many of them are actual early crops. The man growing one of these—say udo, to take a single example—can come into the market and do business at a profitable figure when his neighbors are stewing, bemoaning, and waiting the few days more that their crops need to mature. There is a big asparagus-growing concern in California that has realized this. It has acted on its knowledge and has set apart a goodly sized portion of its acres for udo. While other asparagus-growers sit down and wait this company rushes in its udo to the California markets. People are eager for asparagus. Udo is not that, but it is a very acceptable rival and, being that, it sells. The new vegetables are rich in commercial possibilities of just that sort.

Each of the new vegetables has just such able growers developing it, business men who are taking the place of the old-line farmer who, in the words of the popular song, "oats, peas, beans, and barley grows" and could not be induced to think anything else worth while.



1.—"Um—um, but dis chile am jes plum full er misery"

2.—"Has I bin at yer hen roost? Kin a po' nigger what's all done up wif misery do any harm in a hen roost?"

3.—"Dat's what I ask, kin he?"

4.—"Wha, 'cose he kin!"

Drawn by E. W. Kemble

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MINNEAPOLIS AND THE NORTHWEST

The Causes of the Prosperity that has Spread through this Great Agricultural Region

BY ROLLIN E. SMITH

SOME twenty-five or thirty years ago the Middle West was devastated by a real-estate boom which reached the epidemic stage, swept westward in a virulent form, and finally disappeared off the Pacific coast. The effect was much the same everywhere, though a little worse in some communities than in others.

The "boom" period in the Northwest was followed by the depression of 1893, and then came a season of business paralysis. Business men and bankers who had not been engulfed existed in a dazed condition. Could business ever go on in a normal way again? Would office buildings ever be filled again? Would the stores ever be crowded again? Would there ever again be employment for every one? These were questions in the mind of every man.

During this period of business paralysis it gradually fixed itself in the minds of financial men that the trouble with the Northwest was that towns and cities had been built on air, on optimism, or what you like. The towns and cities had gone ahead of the country; there was nothing to support them. They were in the position of a line of beautiful steamships having nothing to carry. This was the most important discovery ever made in the Northwest.

When it was fully realized that the Northwest is distinctively an agricultural region and that it must be developed to profit the cities anything, and that to "boom" the cities blindly was folly, the turning-point in the history of the Northwest had been reached. Then followed several years of slow development and substantial foundation-building. Minneapolis and the Northwest had now passed through all the stages incident to a new and developing region, and were building the foundation that is to last for all time. Speaking in a general way, it may be said that this work was completed ten or eleven years ago. Since that time business, financial, and agricultural expansion have been rapid but healthy. A few statistics will illustrate this point better than many words.

In 1901 deposits in all the banks in Minnesota amounted to but $87,800,000; the following year the total was $111,500,000; and in 1912 the deposits had increased to $356,370,000.

In South Dakota in the same years the deposits were $19,190,000, $28,000,000, and $85,440,000, respectively.

In North Dakota in the same years the deposits were $12,450,000, $19,000,000, and $73,160,000.

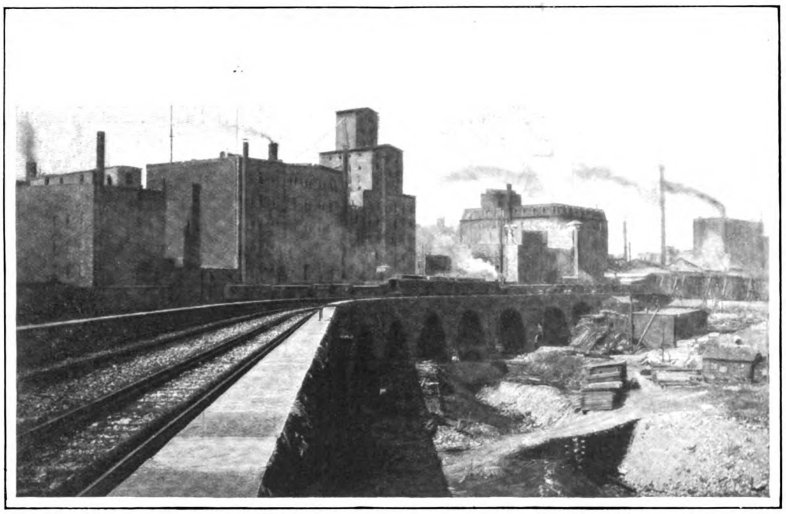
Minneapolis, the financial center of this great Northwest, has naturally greatly profited by the expansion and increase in wealth of the last ten years. For example, in 1903 the capital and surplus of the national and state banks in Minneapolis amounted to $5,500,000, while at the present time the capital and surplus is $16,300,000.

In passing, it may be said that the Census Report for 1910 gives the following information relative to manufacturing industries in Minneapolis: Capital invested, $90,380,000; annual value of products, $165,400,000; value added by manufacture, $45,000,000; number of manufacturing establishments, 1,100; lines, 34; persons engaged, 33,320.

Furnishing money for moving the crops of the Northwest is probably one of the best examples of financing to be found in the whole commercial world. And it is only possible because the system is of gradual development and by reason of its regular recurrence, and because the bankers know that it must be done. The money must be on hand as surely as that which is required in New York on January 1st with which to pay dividends.

It is impossible to estimate more than roughly the vast amount of money that must be withdrawn from other channels in order that the farmer may receive his annual cash dividend from his land. It may be said that the amount required in the Northwest to move the crops to carry grain in store to January 1st is approximately $100,000,000, varying largely according to the price of grain. This is intended to represent only the amount of currency, and not of credit, annually diverted from other lines of business, and which local banks and the East are called upon to supply. A much larger amount is called into temporary use.

Certain conditions obtain in Minnesota that cause an unusual centralization of interests. If it were not for this fact the demand for currency would be much less acute, and the time of its confinement in the Northwest would be shortened. While the big crops of Minnesota and the Dakotas call for a great amount of money, Minnesota is a milling state, and an immense amount of wheat is required within its borders. Minnesota mills, including Minneapolis and Duluth, grind approximately 120,000,000 bushels of wheat annually.



A view in the mill district of Minneapolis

Now in order to insure the mills getting sufficient wheat—to keep the grain from being drawn to other markets—it must be purchased as offered and stored in elevators in the country or at Minneapolis and Duluth until ground. This results in concentrating and tying up, every fall in the Northwest, a large amount of money which would otherwise be distributed over a greater area. Owing to the centralization of milling interests in Minnesota and to the immense crops of the three Northwestern states, the demand for currency every fall from this region has not a parallel in the world's grain trade.

A system of borrowing money for financing the business of handling grain has come by way of evolution, and the most important factor in the system is credit. The rest is largely mechanical. Besides the millers, there are two classes of borrowers, namely, the elevator companies and the commission houses. The latter finance grain-buyers at country stations.

The heavy borrowers are the elevator companies, and they are divided into two classes—the "line" and the "terminal" elevator companies. The former have a "line" of small elevators at country stations or towns, usually on one system of railroad. The number of such elevators owned by one company is from a dozen to over one hundred, and they may extend through two or three states.

The business of the two classes of companies is different. The line elevator company buys grain directly from the farmer, and ships it to the centers and sells it to terminal companies or to millers. Much wheat is sold to country mills and so never reaches the centers. The terminal companies buy wheat and other grain from the line companies and the commission houses, to store for a time. But, of course, the grain is ultimately resold when wanted by millers or shippers.

The elevator companies have large resources of their own, yet they also borrow great amounts of money during the crop-moving period.

When the elevator companies have exhausted their credit at their local banks and in Chicago and the East—for the larger companies are borrowers in Chicago and New York—their paper, "grain paper," it is called, is offered through commercial-paper brokers to bankers generally who are likely to be in the market. Canadian banks have for years been good buyers of grain paper.

Grain paper has, during the last ten years, steadily grown in favor among bankers, generally as a short-time loan for their surplus funds. This is partly due to increased deposits of banks, but not altogether; for many banks now turn to the Northwest in the fall for grain paper that formerly never bought it even when having money to loan. Country banks throughout the Northwest are now, in the aggregate, heavy buyers of such paper in the fall, though the amounts taken by individual banks are necessarily small. The banks of Iowa, Minnesota, the Dakotas, and eastern Montana have become regular buyers. During the crop-moving period the banks of the Northwest have bought as high as $40,000,000 of grain paper in Minneapolis. Montana banks have increased their purchases from year to year of late.

The importance to the Northwest of farmers raising more live stock, particularly in the northern half of South Dakota and Minnesota and throughout North Dakota, has this year been strikingly apparent, by reason of the very large crops of last summer not having produced satisfactory returns. If, with record crop yields, the farmer does not receive returns commensurate with his investment and his labor, why persist in grain-growing on a large scale, is now being asked. But it is not within the control of the farmer, except in individual instances, to change his general plan of farming. Yet that some change is necessary is obvious, when the best interests of the entire Northwest are considered and if the present prosperity is to increase in the same ratio that it has in the last ten years. The bankers of the Northwest, alert to changes in the economic barometer, are already considering ways and means for co-operating with the farmers in a movement to increase the live-stock industry in the Northwest materially and so insure a continuance of the present prosperity.

A Minneapolis merchant, once a banker in southern Minnesota, in a letter to the writer on this subject, says:

"When I was a banker I preached that swine would pay off a mortgage on a farm quicker than anything else; but cows and sheep should be added also.

"It is of little benefit for a farmer to buy cattle or sheep of his neighbor—that does not materially change conditions. Let the bankers and business men arrange to send a good judge of stock to states east or south, to buy good young stock and bring 500 to 1,000 head into each county, selling ten, fifteen, or twenty to different farmers, on easy payments and at a moderate rate of interest. The value to any county that will do this cannot be estimated. Growing more hogs and cattle will quickly lead to growing more corn and fodder, and that is far better for the land than growing wheat.

"Let the bankers in the smaller towns get enthusiastically behind this idea with the business men, and they will be surprised to see the great benefits that will result within three to five years."

The gentlemen who wrote the foregoing practises what he advocates. Last spring he bought 340 young cows and sent them to his farms in Polk County, Minnesota. He has already given orders to buy 100 more cows this spring, to be sent into the same county. He also has a herd of fine Holsteins and another of Shorthorns on his lands in Anoka County.

In the Northwest there is no apparent interest in the new agricultural or rural credit movement, advocating agricultural credit banks, or co-operative agricultural banks, meaning, no matter what the name, cheaper money to the farmer. Nor is there any real need apparent for such banks; nor, in fact, is there any merit in the campaign for cheaper money for the farmer, so far as the Northwest is concerned.

The farmer borrows money at the same rate as the business man in the nearest town, and the farmer's credit is just as good as the business man's. The credit of one farmer is better than that of his less thrifty and less responsible neighbor, just as the credit of one business man is better than that of another. Also, the average credit of one locality is better than that of one less fully developed and less sure in the matter of crops. The credit of localities in which the land has been cultivated for twenty-five to fifty years, and in which the farmers are wealthy, is of course vastly higher than in a region where all the farms are new and where the farmers have little live stock and depend mainly upon one or two grain crops. And the rates of interest correspond to the physical conditions of the locality.

For example, in the long-settled, prosperous, and diversified farming district of southern Minnesota, the

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farmers borrow money, on farm-mortgage security, on three to five years' time, at five and one-half to six per cent. to the borrower—that is, that rate covers commission and all charges and costs. Life-insurance and loan companies and individual money-lenders offer a constant supply of money at the rates mentioned. In the same region, the banks lend to farmers whose credit is good small amounts on short time at six to seven per cent—no commission or charges in addition.

But if we travel several hundred miles to the Northwest, to sparsely settled southwestern and northwestern North Dakota, we find that entirely different conditions obtain. Much of the country is still uncultivated; all the farms are new; the principal crops are wheat and flax; there is little live stock; the farms are poorly improved, compared with those of southern Minnesota, and the farmers are not, of course, so prosperous as those of older-settled districts. The credit of that part of the Northwest cannot be so good as that of the famous Red River Valley, in eastern North Dakota, or of the prosperous, mixed-farming region of southern Minnesota. The farmers of northwestern and southwestern North Dakota find it necessary to pay 8 per cent. when borrowing on farm-mortgage security. For short-time loans at the banks the rate is from 10 to 12 per cent. to farmers and business men alike. In eastern North Dakota the rate to the farmer, on farm loans, covering all charges, is 6 to 6½ per cent., and on "over-the-counter" loans at the banks, 8 to 10 per cent.

In Minneapolis at the present time the discount rate at the banks, on best indorsed commercial paper, is 5½ to 6 per cent. That is, business houses having the highest credit are paying these rates, whether they borrow $5,000 or $100,000; and at the same time a southern Minnesota farmer may go to the bank at his home town and borrow $100 on his unsecured note at 6 to 7 per cent. Credits and rates of interest, in a broad sense, follow economic principles, and neither is likely to be materially changed by innovations such as rural credit or co-operative credit banks. The latter have been of great benefit to agricultural communities in European countries, and they perhaps might be in some parts of the United States, but not in the Northwest.

GLACIER PARK AND ITS WONDERS

The New Government Reservation where Tourist and Peigan Fraternize

No other country has such a remarkable chain of national parks as the United States. Each of these playgrounds which Uncle Sam has dedicated to the people is entirely dissimilar from the other, and, in some respects, Glacier Park, the newest of the government's nature preserves, is the most distinctive of the collection. So much is this the case that in the third year of its existence (it was created by Act of Congress in 1910) seven thousand tourists registered at its two gateways—Glacier Park station, Montana, on the eastern side of the Continental Divide, and Belton, Montana, which is on the Pacific slope of the Rockies. The backbone of the mighty range extends from the Canadian boundary thirty miles through the middle of the park, the area of which is somewhat larger than the state of Rhode Island.

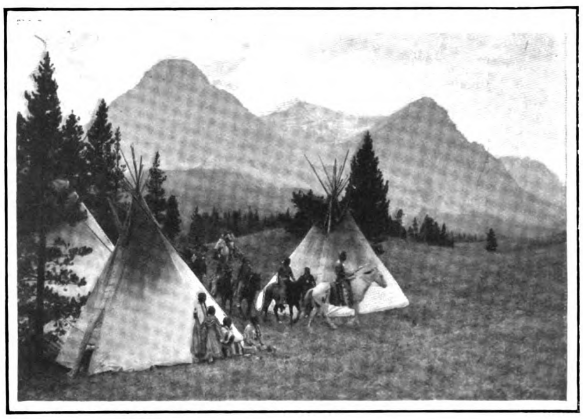
In providing for the accomodation of tourists in the park, log-châlet villages have been built at convenient distances apart. These are after the Swiss style of architecture and they lend a picturesqueness to the wild surroundings. These unique timber lodges are situated on the shores of the larger lakes, of which there are 250 in the park. These placid bodies of land-locked water are fed by sixty living glaciers, the largest of which is Blackfoot Glacier, five miles in breadth.

Five means of travel may be resorted to in touring the park: automobile and horse stage, by which the main points of interest connected by highways are to be reached; launches, which ply the big lakes in their canyon-like basins between mountains towering five thousand feet above the water level, and those who desire to penetrate the mountain recesses and cross the Continental Divide can follow the winding trails on horseback or afoot.

The Indian life is another distinctive feature which is attractive to the American tourist in these latter days of the rapid passing of the red man. The trails over which tourists now travel are the same hunting trails the Indians have followed up the mountain-sides for thousands of years in their chase of big game.

The older Peigan braves relate some wonderful stories of buffalo-hunting expeditions. The Peigans were among the most renowned buffalo-hunters of the Indian race. They lived close to the Rockies because it was there the big herds sought shelter and feed during the winter months. The old Indians to this day point out passes in the mountains which formed natural runways through which their hunting parties drove their prey by the hundreds until the frenzied animals would crowd themselves over the cliffs to slaughter. Thus the Indians obtained their supply of winter meat, and skins for clothing and with which to make their tepees.

Hence the reason for the famous buffalo or grass dance which still is religiously indulged in by the Blackfoot tribe. The Indians, who were so dependent upon the buffalo for food, raiment, and shelter, held the grass dance as an appeal to the Great Spirit, thinking he would be pleased and send plenty of rain to make the grass grow luxuriously so that the buffalo would come into their country to browse, and thus afford the red man opportunity to get what he needed to eat and wear.



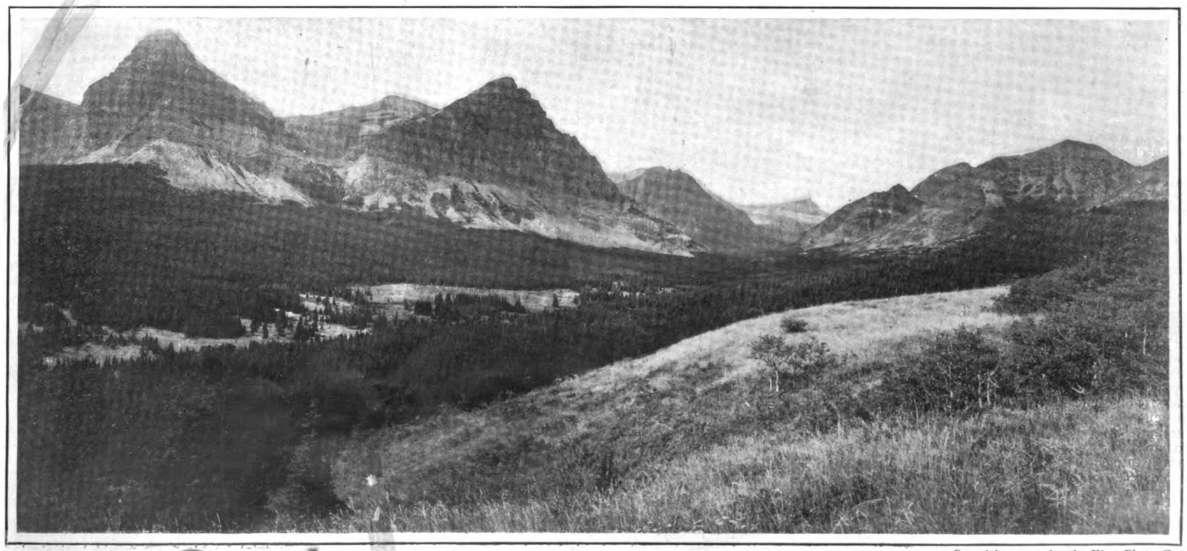
Peigans riding from their encampment to greet a tourist party

The reservation of these Indians adjoins Glacier Park on the east, but the Indians spend much of their time roaming through the park itself, that they may gratify their desire to meet the tourists and have the white people enjoy their grotesque dances and weird ceremonies in the tepee camps which they set up for that diversion.

No other national park in Uncle Sam's domain offers such opportunity of obtaining an intimate knowledge of the Indian and his home life. The highest honor the Peigans have to bestow upon the white people is their ceremony of adopting into their tribe those to whom they take a liking.

This same region of the Rockies is also much esteemed as a fisherman's paradise. Inside the park proper is to be found some of the best trout-fishing in the world. Expert dry-fly exponents say so, at least. The United States government has very wisely put a check upon the fisherman in these virgin waters, limiting the catch of each to twenty-five fish a day.

Most striking of all things about this wonderland upon the roof of the continent is that it seems to be one of the earth's notable haunts of longevity for man and wild beast alike. Many of the Peigans are very old men. The most recent evidence that the fountain of youth flows from the roof of the continent comes in the presentation to the outside world, by a big-game hunting party, of horns from one of the oldest elk of which there is any history. These horns have a spread of nearly five feet. An Indian, who gives his age as ninety-four, says that when he was a boy there was a gigantic elk the braves of his tribe used to seek, but which always eluded them until finally this mammoth animal came to be regarded reverently as a favorite of the Great Spirit sent forth to taunt the red man. It may be that this is the same one.



A view in Glacier Park taken from the chalet village of Cut Bank

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THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

Mrs. Herbert Parsons's "The Old-fashioned Woman"

BY F. M. COLBY

MRS. PARSONS has indomitably brought together in this volume things scattered in a thousand different places. They all pertain to the social inferiority of women in every period of history, at every stage of civilization. It is a compilation of concrete instances from ethnology, myths, religions, ancient and modern histories, the Greek and Latin classics, the patristic writings, modern literature, to-day's newspapers, and her own experience. Evidently she has been taking notes these many years on everything she read, heard, or saw that implied the slightest disesteem of woman or discrimination between her and man. She has plainly resolved that nothing shall escape her. Accordingly her notes range all the way from some dark early slander, as that God made woman out of a monkey's tail, down to such a modern every-day injustice as that which permits a man, if excited, to say "Hell!" and a woman only "Goodness gracious!"

She begins as far back as could in reason be expected. She begins indeed with Kashatsko Hakatidise, showing that the creation of this first Hindu woman was an afterthought, just as the creation of woman was an afterthought among the Hebrews and among the Wichita Indians. She comes down to the wife of the United States Senator who made her sit by him at a White House dinner and begrudged her the necessary carfare on going about the town. In between are numberless squaws, bushwomen, Roman brides, nuns, fiancées, concubines, vestal virgins, Zulu and Fifth Avenue *débutantes*, chaperons of Newport, chaperons of New Guinea, women and girls, tame or wild, all of whom bear upon them the ineffaceable brand of social inequality. And since she does not proclaim her purpose, or generalize upon her facts, or propound new theories, or dream new dreams, some people will doubtless be wondering what she is about. For my part I can only guess at her purpose, but I am quite sure of the value of the results.

It is a book that broadens the basis of induction, whereas the usual book on woman narrows it down. It makes the material not only accessible but inviting. It can be read by people of light literary character with scarcely any pain. Any one who is at all familiar with those small but sweeping volumes which deal with the subject of woman in general will see the importance of this. In the whole range of gigantesque journalism, in all our literature of inverted pyramids, there is nothing quite so topheavy as the usual book on Woman in General. Men do not think of Woman in General till just as they are about to go to press. In their private lives they are too confounded by women in particular for any of these wider certainties. Time and again have I asked this question, and no one will explain: What so distends man's thoughts of woman when on the point of publication and at no other time? By what apocolocyntosis, or pumpkin-change, as one might say, should the head of a Mr. G. K. Chesterton comprise of a sudden a "Female Cosmos" merely because he wants to write an article? By what miraculous enlargement was an entire Superwoman squeezed into the tight, three-cornered intellect of Mr. Bernard Shaw? For some of the most charming writers of our day seem subject to this strange inflation.

Whatever one may think of feminism, there is at least vivacity about it, and it does not bring such weariness to the human mind as does its deadly opposite. One may not love feminism and yet admit that hominism is worse. Hominism is a new term, I believe, but it seems at present needful because of the new turn in our affairs. The hominist is that sex-patriot of faint heart who scolds in a vague and general way the Modern Woman. He has not learned the simple lesson that it is necessary to take some pains himself if he would inflict any pain upon the foewoman. Goaded by fear of Modern Woman he bursts with spontaneous generalization into print, and usually concludes with the advice that Woman in General should in a general sort of way try and be charming. Actual women seem not to enter the mind of the hominist. Once visited, perhaps, by Ruth, Penelope, and a female relative long deceased, his mind is now deserted save for a few mottoes and the rush of the wind in empty spaces. Sometimes, however, the key to a hominist is his wife. I once met an Indiana hominist whose belief in woman's innate worseness was intense, and his expression of it very bitter. The sweep of his words astonished every one, so vast was the experience that they implied. Whence came that mighty certitude, we wondered, and that clear and sure though painful picture of an entire sex? And we went on wondering till one day it happened that we saw him with his wife. And his mind soared in the same way about the subject of domestic service. Domestic service of itself, said he, was enough to show that anarchy was near us, and he described the upward rush of the proletariat and drew a horrid picture of mob-rule, which was followed, I think, by a reign of thirty tyrants, all of them trades-union men, and this in turn by race extinction, and it was all to come about much sooner than any one except himself expected. And again people admired him, and wondered how he knew, till one day some one dined with him and noticed that his maid sat through the dinner in a rocking-chair and rose to pass things only on his supplication, and even then with evident hauteur. Thus does the broadest hominism often rest on the sharp point of a single instance. But to proceed to my purpose. I wish to contrast these findings of Mrs. Parsons with the best rulings of current hominism. Now I know of no better type of hominist than one Dr. Andrew McPhail, a Scotchman, with some powers of sarcasm and very unusual skill in handling words, who on every subject but Woman seemed something of a man. His *Essays on Fallacy* appeared in 1910 and are to-day distinctly remembered. Two of the essays were on Woman in General, and they were the ones most widely quoted. Dr. McPhail believed in the doctrine of compulsory charm and in a few well-chosen words from the Bible, mainly from the writings of St. Paul. At the thought of some new kind of woman that he had imagined, Dr. McPhail was alternately angry and alarmed. Sometimes he would say she was, like the Hanoverian rat, sure to exterminate the older species. Again he would taunt her with sterility and say she was dying out. Sometimes she would seem to him a noxious weed soon to be uprooted; at others he would shrink from her as from a giantess. Now and then he would refer to her as an insect. Epithets that seemed to destroy one another were seized by him in the apparent hope of destroying her. Nor was it all plain who she was or what precisely was the matter with her. One could only see that he was laboring under great excitement for which apparently there was neither cause nor cure. Yet each sentence taken by itself was vigorous and rather interesting. It even seemed to have a meaning when you forgot the sentences that went before.

Great is the glory of that woman, said Dr. McPhail, who is least talked of for good or evil among men. He was thinking of the high times of Pericles. Great then is the glory of New Ireland girls—to draw on the pages of Mrs. Parsons. They are "shut up in dark cages for four or five years." Greater still is the glory of the Ot Damons of Borneo. "They may be kept as long as seven years in their special hut." And there are many others who ought to share in the glory that was Greece—according to Mrs. Parsons:

"When a Teh-ta girl of Burma passes a boy, she must not look at him. . . .

"A Thlinket Indian girl must not stir out, except after dark, and then only with her mother. . . .

"A Loango Bantu youth dare not speak to a girl except before her mother. . . .

"Were a lad to offer a Greenland girl anything, even a pinch of snuff, she would be affronted."

Dr. McPhail remains for the most part Greek or severely Biblical.

"The two great Greek poems, says he, are full of heroic affection, and, indeed, are founded upon it. It was the meekness and submission of the women which created the heroism of the men."

He mentions Helen, Briseis, Penelope, Arete, Clytemnestra, and Chloris. Mrs. Parsons has collected many other instances of meekness. There is, for example, the meekness of the royal widows in the cemetery of Buganda:

"Some sitting on their haunches rocking to and fro, others crawling stealthily about the place, others arranging fresh grass on the floor of the tomb, and still others sitting mute and motionless as mummies."

There is much meekness among the Arunta women:

"If a brother-in-law met an Arunta widow out in the bush acting as if nothing had happened, hunting for "yams," for example, he would be justified in spearing her."

The Ewe women are also meek. The Ewe term for mother is "She-Who-Stays-in-the-House." And "in the great houses of ancient Mexico, if the women went one step without the door of their own apartments, they were punished, as were those who looked up or behind them. The Babylonian woman who 'gadded about' was thrown into the water."

Penelope, who, as Dr. McPhail remarks, was easily greater that Ulysses, was content not to meddle in men's affairs. So are many others, according to Mrs. Parsons, and still one seldom hears of the heroism of their husbands, and as yet no Odyssey has appeared.

"Should a Queensland woman touch or even look at a death bone—a bone for murder by magic—she would straightway fall sick. So would a Mendi woman of Sierra Leone who found out the Poro secret society mysteries. Any Jabim woman of Kaiser Wilhelm's Land who saw the sacred flutes used in the initiation rites would die."

Let us grasp if we can Dr. McPhail's ideas as to what a woman should be and then see if Mrs. Parsons does not find them fully realized in all parts of the world to-day. "Self-reliance," says Dr. McPhail, "is the most deadly gift which the female of this race can possess." The Greek view was right, that "whatever a woman is or does, it is the fault of the man." She that has a veil on her head wears authority on her head. Women are "more unhappy now than when they lived in trees." They are consumed by "a feverish desire to do something" which is "a sign of the malady of the age." Accordingly they seem now like "dogs in a dance" or "monkeys sedulous at sewing." They also resemble the potato bug and the San José scale. Says St. Paul, "I suffer not a woman to usurp authority over a man, but to be in silence." Let there be modest apparel, sobriety, and good works. Let woman move in continual quietness and suffer long. Let her remember that "favor is deceitful and beauty vain." Let her be eternally mysterious; for even Byron after his long research confessed that she was mysterious. The veil is now rent and the woman is ashamed:

"Gentleness and goodness and continual quietness and beauty of nature are always mysterious."

Beware of the "rude comradeship of athletics." Goethe's Faust mastered himself by means of the eternal feminine. Back to the mystery; back to charm; back to those simple times:

"So simple that the suitors for the greatest heroine of all times lay upon the ground without her door, and cast scraps of food to their snarling dogs."

Then were men resolute to die for their country; then was the fear of the gods strong upon them. The woman who will prevail is the effeminate woman. Let her obey the law of kindness, then doth the husband's heart safely trust in her. The woman who will prevail is she "who envieth not, who vaunteth not herself and is not puffed up, who does not behave herself unseemly, who seeketh not her own, who thinketh no evil, beareth all things, and is not easily provoked." With these good scriptural words he leaves the subject.

Now I do not for a moment suppose that Mrs. Parsons set out with the design of finding the right sort of woman for Dr. McPhail, still less with any notion of bringing the two together; but she could quite wonderfully, it seems to me, appease his appetite. She can show him the woman of his heart almost anywhere. Indeed, the book is largely made up of what ought to seem to Dr. McPhail exceedingly good news.

Woman "vaunteth not herself" among the Zulus. A Zulu woman, says Mrs. Parsons, may not speak her husband's name. If she does, she is likely to be charged with witchcraft and killed. Consider also the Ainu. He refers to his wife as "my slow of foot" or "my person at the lower side of the hearth." And then the Tuyang. He speaks of his wife as "the mean one of the inner room," or "my dull thorn," or "the thorn in my ribs."

The woman of Fiji "seeketh not her own"—

"In Fiji and several other cannibalistic communities, human flesh is an exclusively masculine dish."

In Central Australia woman is "not puffed up"—

"To insure wifely docility most of the men of Central Australia carry a magic knout in their wallets. The mere sight of it terrifies an offending woman; the stroke of it she believes to be fatal."

Charm, mystery, veil on the head, walking in quietness, are all still plentiful, sometimes with cannibalism, sometimes without. And why regret the passing of the Greek and Hebrew meek ones? Are there not Thlinkets even meeker? And sweet natures on the upper Congo and among the Tshi, Wagogo, Kaya-Kaya, Aleuts, Bantu, Ostiaks, and Yarraibanna—sweet feminine natures absolutely unspoiled? Was Penelope, after all, a whit more pious or self-effacing than a quite ordinary, every-day modern Koniag?

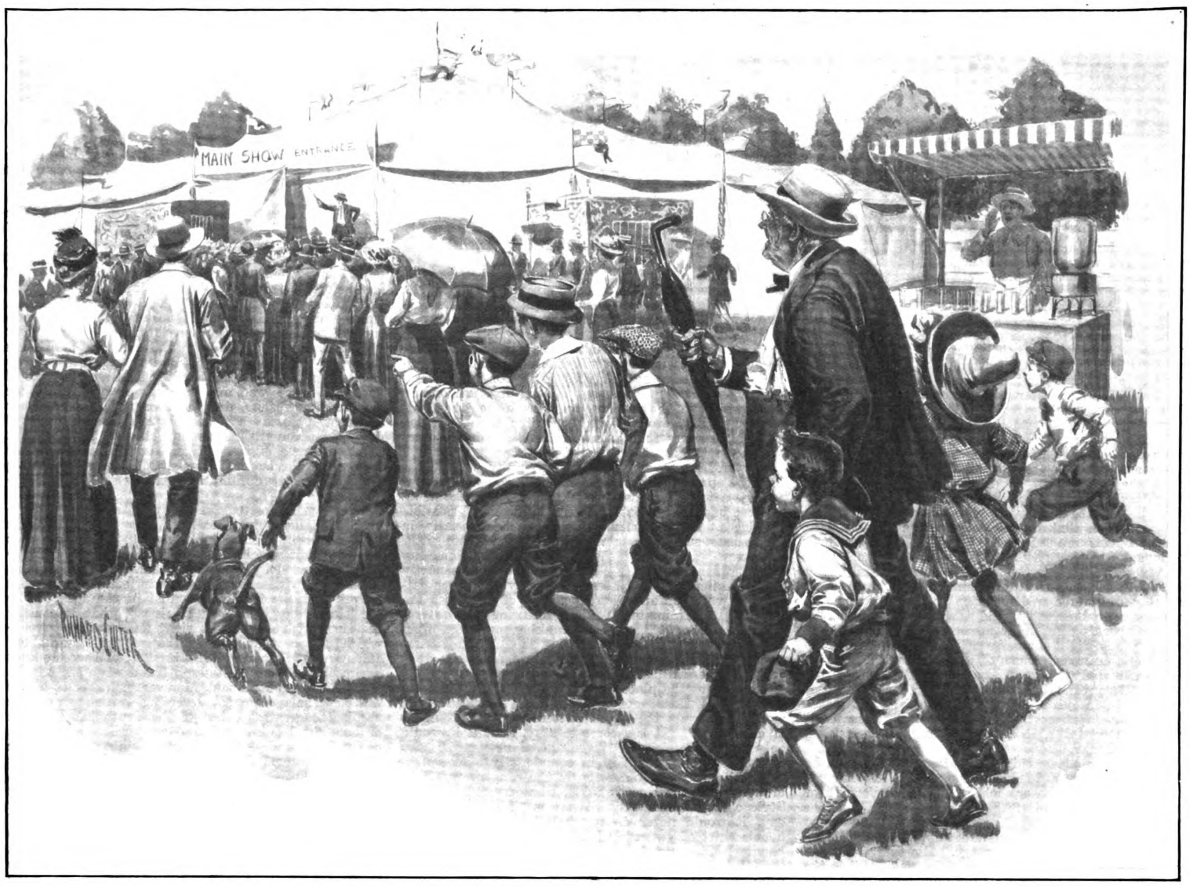
"In Alaska a Koniag woman fasts and lies wrapped in a bearskin in a corner of her hut when her husband goes whaling. Such self-sacrifice insures him a good kill, just as we have seen that in many another community "sympathy" in wives is a guarantee of success to husbands 'away on business.'"

This is enough to show the contrast in method. Mrs. Parsons is not telling people what to do about woman. She is merely trying to find out what the situation is and to enlarge the area of accessible information, which she makes interesting by her way of presenting it and by the amusing analogies she finds in our present-day life. Dr. McPhail, on the other hand, does not care in the least what the situation is, and does most emphatically tell woman what she ought to do, though on the next page he seems to forget it. At one point he calls upon all the right kind of women, addressing them this time as bees to become executioners of the wrong kind of women and to fall with cold-blooded, virgin fury upon the "great, idle, sugary-mouthed drones unconscious on the melliferous walls." This in another mood he finds inadequate, for he says the only desirable form of society is that in which every woman dresses skins. Even this would not satisfy him, for he remarks elsewhere that women are never happy unless they live in trees. And having brought modern woman and his readers into the trees, he leaves them and goes his way muttering Bible words.

Now on a vast and complex subject, at the present time somewhat riotously debated by groups of mad folk on either side, which of these methods seems the more reasonable—Mrs. Parsons's plan of further inquiry or Dr. McPhail's process of closing the mind? I do not raise the question of feminism? This is a question merely of mental behavior. Ought any one's mind to behave as Dr. McPhail's does, whether toward woman or toward anything else? Are his words the issue of continuous thinking or do they come from a succession of little inner jumps? He does not really want all idle women killed. He does not really want all women to dress skins. He does not himself care especially for tree-women and probably never knew a man that did. Simple, sweet natures such as he imagines in the times of Homer, such as now no doubt abound along the Congo, would on the whole rather bore him, I believe. And if the women of his family or acquaintance were anywhere nearly so reduced to the simplicities as his words would seem to require, it is he in all probability that to-day would be living in a tree. To what extent does he seek or relish those tender, meek Loango Bantu simplicities in his conversation with actual womankind?

Mrs. Parsons, on the other hand, does not advise a massacre which she might on second thoughts regret. She does not carry anybody up a tree. She does not settle the whole nature of man or the whole future of woman, or in any part of the present volume assert for immediate literary purposes the precise opposite of what she means. In short she goes about the business in the way that Dr. McPhail as hominist would call peculiar in the male. And I doubt if any reasonable person on trial by his peers would hesitate long if he were free to choose between the two for a juryman.

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WHAT THEY'VE BEEN SAVING UP THEIR PENNIES FOR



Interludes

AN INCIDENT OF THE OPERA SEASON

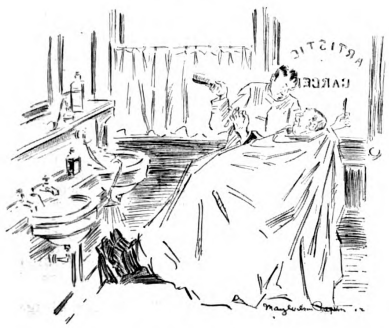
THERE was considerable excitement in the little city when it was announced that arrangements for a season of grand opera had been made by certain enterprising individuals who realized the uplifting qualities of music upon the human spirit, as well as upon box-office prices. Several of the leading singers of the day had been secured, and an advertising campaign of great magnitude was instituted, conspicuous among the features of which was a fine display three-sheet poster of "Madame Hortense Vocalini," the leading diva of the day.

The great night came, and Madame Vocalini was at her best, indulging the marvelous qualities of her great voice in a spirit of enthusiasm for the rôle of Lucia which awoke the house to a high pitch of appreciation. Everybody was delighted save one horny-handed son of toil, who, after the fall of the curtain on the second act, approached the box-office and demanded his money back.

"Want your money back?" queried the astonished manager. "What for? Haven't we delivered the goods?"

"No, b'gosh, ye hain't!" said the disgruntled consumer. "I didn't come here to hear that there lady holler, and screech, and yell the top of her head off. I come to see her dive, and, by hokey! ye hain't even produced a tank fer her to dive inter, an' what's more, after lookin' at her a couple o' times I don't believe she kin dive without splashin' watter all over the orchestry."

His money was returned.



"HAVE YOU BEEN EATING ONIONS?"
"NO, SIR."
"HERE IS A QUARTER. WOULD YOU MIND STEPPING OUT AND EATING ONE?"

UNCLE HIRAM ON EDUCATION

Ya-as, I know thet eddication is a gol-derned useful thing, and the gal thet goes to collidge makes a wife fit fer a king. She's ez graceful ez thet animile they call the fair gazelle, an' ye'd think her pa an' ma to home was mighty fine an' swell. I am glad to think my Mandy's had a chance to fill her head with the fine an' splendid idees of the gal thet's collidge-bred. But I cannot help but wonder what 'll happen in her life when she comes back here to settle ez a busy farmer's wife.

Makes me proud to set an' listen, an' to watch her when she speaks all them langwidges peculiar of the Latins and the Greeks; an' my soul is filled with pleasure when I hear her talkin' French 'bout ez easy's if 'twas nothin' but a-fallin' off a bench. She can talk for 'leven hours on the ways of ancient Rome, an' in Punic wars and sich things she is very much at home. But, b'gosh, I sometimes wonder what 'll happen when she tries for to please a hungry farmer with a batch o' punkin pies!

She can tell ye 'bout old Plato, an' thet feller Socrates, and there's nothin' thet can stump her when it comes to ologies. You should hear her on the subject of The Origin of Man back in days before old Adam or his garden-sass began. Why, she goes back past the monkeys to a sort of carly worm not much bigger than a dust-mote, which she calls the same a germ. But I cannot help a-wond'rin' ef that sort o' learned lore is a-goin' to cheer her sperrit when she scrubs the kitchin floor!

She's a subject called Eugeenics thet she talks about all day—it's a curious sort o' theery, an' I cannot truly say thet I understand it wholly, but it seems to have to do with a perfect sort of infant of a kind ye never knew but are sure to find a-waitin', if we're careful to select for its parents two young people thet's in every way correct—but I wonder ef she'll find thet them Eugeenics can be wrong when her own red-headed freckled little skeezicks comes along!

Ya-as, my Mandy's eddicated, an' I'm mighty glad she be, and they ain't no use denyin' she's the pride o' ma an' me. Epictetics, Diecteties—all o' them is useful things, and Eugeenics comes in handy for the gals that marry kings. But ye see my Mandy's plighted to Hi Wilber's oldest kid—he's a big shock-headed feller with few brains inside his lid—and it kind o' makes me wonder how them eddicated queens is a-goin' to look majestic when it comes to cookin' beans!

HORACE DODD GASTIT.



"ARE YOU THE OWNER OF THIS HOUSE?"
"YES, I'M THE JANITOR. WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

DISQUALIFIED

"I'M very sorry," said Mrs. Dubbs, to the applicant for a position as her chauffeur, "but you won't do. I like your looks, and your references are fine, but I can't employ you."

"What seems to be the trouble?" asked the aspirant.

"You don't fit our last chauffeur's furs, and I couldn't possibly afford a new set," said Mrs. Dubbs.

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WOMAN AND THE PATTERN

BY J. C. HEMPHILL

"I KNEW a very wise man who believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." So wrote Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun to the Marquis of Montrose; but that was two hundred years ago, in the age when men wore knee breeches and long stockings and fastened their shoes with silver buckles and went forth to make love with the guitar, or, with the lance in place, charged with desperate valor offending windmills. That was, indeed, before the world had grown up. Writing now, old Andrew would doubtless say to his correspondent: "Let me make the paper patterns of a people and I care not who shall make their laws." The machines that talk and hear and fly, Niagara harnessed to turbine wheels, ships of steel that float as if they were feathers on the face of quiet waters, women marching for principle, and men fighting for plunder are all valuable or interesting enough in their way and place; but really the simple things are the great things, and at the head of the list of great discoveries or inventions of these last times is the paper pattern which has diffused the civilization of dress throughout this and other lands. Until it came there was chaos, and men or women in the mass were without form and void.

It was then that the philosophy of endurance laid down this maxim, "It doesn't matter how you look so long as you're good." That was the time when the inverted bowl was the sign of high tonsorial art in the family, when the outer seams of the trousers invariably discovered a disposition to be neighborly by crossing over the instep, and when the frocks of the women, speaking generally again and of course, never hung exactly right, and the religiously inclined, conscious of the imperfections of their apparel, sang with the spirit and the understanding, "Heaven is my home." Then came the paper pattern, evangel of these lofty times, carrying with it into the remotest places light and comfort, so that, however plain the material and poor the wearer, no one need be out of the fashion, whatever it may be.

It does not matter whither one travels nowadays, he will find the styles, long skirts or short, big buttons or none, whole bolt or hobble, stiff and formal or languishing and familiar; but, whatever it is, it is the one thing all the women seem to know, and with no protest except from "lean and slipper'd pantaloon" or gentle relict of a gentler age. However inartistic and emphatic the cut and cloth, "the Fashion" is the thing that is not affected by the fighting of Turk and Bulgar, the fugitive law in Mexico, or the change of Presidents at Washington.

Nearly everything that the women wear detracts from their own endearing charms; they do so many things to spoil themselves—if they could be spoiled, really—and we bow down to the inevitable and impossible, hoping that the time will come when the men will fix the style, forgetting that the greatest of the Frenchmen was not Robespierre nor yet Bonaparte, but Worth, the man milliner, who will be a long time in Purgatory if reparation is to be made there for the deeds done in the body. As Pahson John Jasper said, "the sun do move," and it "do," as witness the recent efforts that have been made by certain benefactors of the race to strike for Americans, and therefore for the world, a new note in the things our women must wear if they would be "in the fashion." Really the highest art is the art of "good dressing" and the man or woman who can make the homely look heavenly and the hollow to seem like the hills and the crooked to appear to be straight, the long to be short, the fat to be fragile, and the dumpy to rejoice in obliterated lines, is greater than if he had been awarded a foreign embassy or she had been admitted to all the rights of citizenship.

One of the most useful functions of the dressmaker is the conversation he makes. Life would not be worth living if people could not talk, and there is more talk about clothes than about anything else in the world. It is: "Did you see how Betty had her hair dressed?" or "Wasn't that a wonderful hat Joanna wore to-day?" or "I should think the President would send a special message to Congress recommending that a law be passed making it a jail offense for any woman to wear long hat-pins to hold her bonnet and rats together; down in Boston there is a fine of $100 for every such offense unless the woman wears a knob on the point of her hat-pin."

It is not known at this time of writing whether or not the paper pattern is entitled to second-class postage rates, except when it is sent through the newspapers; but if it is not it should be given all possible privileges. Congresamen would find it, especially in the woman-suffrage states, a far better vote-getter than new varieties of seed, that will not come up except when soil and climate and seasons exactly suit, and there is far better reason why the paper pattern, diffusing information upon one of the most important and intimate questions affecting the general happiness, should have the franking privilege than there is why members of Congress should take twenty cents a mile for their traveling expenses when they only pay the railroads three or five.

This is not the place, however, for the discussion of political questions; nor is this article intended to do more than exalt the paper pattern as a great agent of civilization. It has come to stay, and, if it would only stand in with the inventors of new models for hats and gowns, and slip in occasionally a few plain suggestions, all the old souls in the country would be brought into touch with Style, whatever it might be. Style changes constantly. What is "fashionable" today, it would never do to wear to-morrow, and the hobble skirt of yesterday is almost as far away as the hangings Cleopatra affected when she was drifting on the Nile. Next week or next year, perchance, the most newly discovered mummy will give out from her cerements ideas of the demure which will take the fashionable fancy by storm. Only a little while ago the style in dressing the hair could not have been more painful to the artistic eye—why, nobody could understand exactly, unless the women who started the style had lost their capillary covering or the men who misdirected the proceedings had cornered the hair market among the dead and vanished Incas or in the land of the Pharaohs. There has been an improvement in this feature of personal adornment, but art will not have reached its highest point, strange to say, until it has back-tracked to the time when the little girls wore curls and their elders dressed their hair as if it belonged to them, and the woman's face never looked so lovely and divine as when it was framed in the sunbonnet.

That was the day when the elderly ladies wore caps made of laces and filmy things; it was the day, also, when the men were brave and chivalry was not dead in the land; when the young men respected the old, and the young women took their mothers into their confidence; the day when the domestic virtues were exalted and there was no "smart set" and the muckraker was unknown; the day when the candidate for office was not elected because he was "strong with the boys," but when merit was the test of fitness; the day before the expert at bridge—indeed, it was before bridge had been invented—and cleverness at trumps was not esteemed the highest culture. It will come back, because there was something really worth having in it. The world goes round and round and what was will be; only this, that the fire purges the dross and leaves the gold. So that we shall get back to the time when the woman of society knew equally well how to sing a song, dance the minuet, drink a toast, or roast a fowl. The schools are teaching now the domestic accomplishments once taught at home, and in the fullness of time, never fear, we shall get back to some of the better things of a simpler age; an age in which wealth accumulated slowly and men did not decay.

The women are to save the country, after all; not by the privilege of the ballot, but by the right to rule in the home. There are volumes to be written about her—of what she has done, of what she is doing, of what she can do. How she can make and does make a dollar go farther than any man could hope—which proves that she is the economist of the ages; of how she "keeps her bonnet on straight" when it comes to deciding between what is right and what is wrong—which proves that she is the greatest moral force among all the agents of civilization; of how she knows by instinct, if not by study, a fraud when she sees him and a lie when it is told, however plastered it be with the cleverness of man's deceiving—which proves that she is the greatest detective the Truth has ever had; of how she has suffered and can suffer, not personal discomforts and deprivations to which she is accustomed, but misunderstanding of her true relation to organized society—which has made her the sacrifice of the world. All this opens a wide field for comment and reflection: dainty little pictures of domestic peace; horrible impressionist drawings of what the women of our own country have endured for love and patriotism and conscience; amusing bits of the humorous things they do at times in which they are innocent as sincere, and thrilling stories of deeds of daring and endurance which put to shame the boasting of "the other sort" about which "the other sort" have built up libraries and labeled them "The History of the World" with "the world" really left out; for, as Thomas Campbell sang—

"The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man the hermit sigh'd—till woman smiled!"

She, or some of her, at least, will think that this is very foolish, and it does look a little that way; but she may think better of it after all the foibles as well as the facts have been brought out about her—and how much more and better she could have done if she had only half tried!

FARM LAND AS A BASIS OF CREDIT

BY STUART W. WELLS

DURING the past few years farm mortgages have been growing in popularity among investors. The life-insurance companies, the largest and probably the most scientific single class of investors in this country, bear out this assertion in their statements of assets. In 1911 the stock holdings of 180 companies were reduced by one-fifth. Mortgage holdings increased over 14 per cent. and bond holdings increased less than 7 per cent.

Any investor may go out and lend his money on a farm, but it will not pay him to do it. Only a few of the largest insurance companies which invest millions in mortgages every year find it profitable to lend direct to the farmer. The transaction is not only handled with less expense to both borrower and lender, but with more safety and less care to both by companies specializing in that business.

The farm mortgage loan company shows confidence in its wares by first investing its own money, as does any merchant, in the mortgage note of the farmer. After the sale of the security to the insurance company, savings-bank, or private investor, the company continues to look out for the interests of its client by seeing that the taxes, insurance premiums, and interest are promptly paid. It cares for the many little details, the neglect of any one of which by the inexperienced investor, who is not in a position to keep in touch with his loan, might result in considerable annoyance. Right here should be noted the sharp distinction between the investment house which buys and sells its securities with its own funds and the farm-mortgage broker with little or no financial responsibility. The latter sells the loan on commission and has no interest further than the collection of his commission in each transaction.

The permanence and indestructibility of land itself gives a primal security to the well-selected farm mortgage which can scarcely be equaled by any other form of investment. Looking at the farmer as a producer of goods and the land as his means of production, just as we would look at a manufacturing plant, we are immediately impressed with the especial stability of his business. The idea of over-production is no longer thought of in connection with staple farm crops. They are placed upon a market eager for them at remunerative prices. The farm mortgage is no more a sign of lack of prosperity than is the note given by the merchant for his goods or the bonds issued by a railroad or industrial corporation. On the other hand, his ability to command the additional capital which may be profitably employed in his business is rather an actual evidence of the farmer's prosperity. The steady growth in the value of farm lands, which will continue with the increase of population and the improvement of methods of farming, gives a farm mortgage a widening margin of safety. The end of the "homestead era" and the increasing ratio between the demand for and the supply of farm produce in this country assures the investor that the profits of the farmer, with which mortgages are paid, are not liable to decrease.

The reports of the life-insurance companies, which hold one-third of the farm mortgages in this country, show that the companies having the largest proportion of farm loans on their security lists receive the highest average rate of return from their investments as a whole. This is a clear illustration of the higher interest to be had from farm mortgages than other classes of sound investment. The safety of the comparatively high-rate mortgages is seldom questioned, and the prevalent idea has been that the greater return was a compensation for the limited marketability. This phase has been subject to considerable exaggeration, and the fact is that, while they do not agree to do so in advance, a few of the best mortgage companies make a practice of repurchasing their mortgages. During financial crises it is hard to realize on any sort of securities; but the farm mortgage may be carried at par through periods when it becomes necessary to mark down many other negotiable securities. During the tight-money period of 1907 one insurance company realized great sums quickly on its farm mortgages without the loss of a penny of principal by wiring the companies through which the securities had been purchased that they would allow the borrowers the privilege of prepayment. Many farmers who had prospered beyond their own expectations had the cash and were eager to accept the opportunity to pay off their debt.

Having found a farm-mortgage company worthy of his confidence, the investor needs to give little further care to the administration of his funds. All the details of his investment are looked after in a way which he would scarcely be able to equal. At the same time he is in a singularly strong position, with an absolute control over his investment if he cares to exercise it. He is the sole creditor and holds in his possession the note, the mortgage, and other papers, giving him the key to the simplest form of secured investment.

In the West a new development has taken place in farm mortgages with the application of the method which has for some time been used in funding large loans on metropolitan business property. Many extensive improved ranches require loans larger than the individual investor can conveniently handle, and the need is met by issuing bonds of various denominations against a blanket mortgage given to trustees covering the whole property. The bonds, which are generally issued for serial redemption, not only offer the investor a choice of maturity, but in many cases enable the capitalist whose stock is as low as $100 to participate in a highly profitable farm-mortgage investment.

The growing popularity of the farm mortgage is likely to result in persons entering the business whose lack of experience may result in the making of poorly secured loans, and it is not possible to emphasize too strongly, in this connection, the importance to the investor of dealing with a company of long experience and high reputation.

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Finance

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

On Margin

The system by which stocks are carried on borrowed money is subject to grave abuses, but is no fit subject for legislation

"YES, and now that we've got the Governor's signature on the bill making stock-manipulation a felony, the next thing we're going to do is to pass a bill prohibiting you fellows from carrying stocks for your customers on margin." The Albany "reform" legislator—he is one of those who worked hardest for the passage of the Levy bill—puffed out his chest as he said it. "Yes, sir," he went on, "if you Stock Exchange people think we're through with you, you're mistaken. Whether we make you incorporate or not, we've got one more good one to hand you, and that's a bill making margin-trading unlawful. We'll get it through just as sure as we got through the bill prohibiting manipulation."

Was he right about it? Out of the anti-stock exchange agitation will there come a law prohibiting margin trading, the carrying of stocks with money borrowed from banks? If so, it means a big change in the order of things financial.

Strictly speaking, what does it mean to buy stocks "on a margin"? Why, to put up only a part of the purchase price yourself, getting somebody else to advance the rest on the security of what is being bought. Then it is no different from buying real estate on mortgage, or carrying a line of merchandise with money borrowed from a bank? Well, there are points of difference, but really the theory of the thing is exactly the same. You want to buy a house, but you haven't enough funds, so you give somebody a mortgage on it and raise the necessary money that way. You want to buy a given stock, but for one reason or another you don't want to put up more than a certain proportion of the purchase price. So you go to your broker and commission him to get a bank to lend what you need, the stock being held as security. What is the difference? Really only this, that in the case of the purchase on mortgage, fluctuations in the market value of the security do not count; you cannot be asked to put up additional security. In the case of the purchase of stocks or bonds on margin they do. But aside from that, the two transactions are practically identical. In either instance it is simply a case of working with borrowed money.

Just the same thing is true of the little cross-roads store that keeps a loan running at the bank, or of the million-dollar concern whose "paper" is continuously being discounted to the extent of hundreds of thousands. It is all one and the same. The man who runs the cross-roads store hasn't money enough to pay for the goods he keeps in stock, and, so, borrows it from the bank. The big concern, big as it is, needs more money than it has, and so gets it from the banks on the strength of its "paper." What is happening in each case, as a matter of fact, is that business is being done "on margin."

In the proposition, then, of carrying shares on borrowed money there is nothing unusual or unbusinesslike; it is only what is going on in every kind of business. Real estate, raw goods, finished goods, every kind of merchandise, in fact, is all the time being carried "on margin"—that is to say, on money borrowed from banks. Nobody would dream of objecting to the practice in these cases. Whence, then, comes this feeling against doing the same thing in stocks?

Primarily as a result of the abuses which have sprung up in connection with the carrying of stocks on margin. What abuses? In the first place, the engaging in these operations by persons not qualified—a direct result of the process having been made too easy. In the second place, the engaging in these operations on a scale not warranted by the resources of those undertaking them—an inevitable consequence of the banks' being willing to loan too nearly the full market value of the collateral. In the third place, the fact that because there are always a number of persons, some of them totally unqualified and some of them with inadequate resources, carrying stocks, operations artificially to move share prices up and down, are almost constantly under way.

Most important of these, probably, and most potent in bringing margin-trading into disrepute and causing a demand that it be legislated against, is the engaging in these operations by persons not at all qualified to do so. To buy real estate on margin requires some little knowledge of the game and some little standing and credit. To buy stocks on margin requires neither. There being a commission in every transaction for the broker, he sees to it that the whole operation is made just as simple and easy as possible. Enough margin to protect him; that is all he cares about. Put up the necessary margin and he will attend to all the details. The commission you pay covers everything. You don't need to know the least thing about it.

The operation of buying stocks on margin having been made so extremely easy, and brokers being so ready to do the business for any one having the relatively small amount of money required, it is hardly to be wondered at that a large number of persons should be all the time trading on what is a purely gambling basis. All over the country there are people who deposit margins with their brokers in one of the big cities, sending in orders to buy and sell which represent nothing more than guesses that the stock in question will go up or go down. Is it any wonder that, however luck may favor for a time, such accounts are invariably "wiped out" in the long run?

Well, is it the broker's fault? Surely it is, if he encourages such business. If through his customers' man or his wire connections or his "business-getters" or in any other way he sets out to stir up business of this sort, surely it is his fault when the inevitable happens. Far from going afield after "business" (if you can dignify it with the name) the broker ought to discourage it in every way possible. A good many of them, as a matter of fact, do, nowadays. There are lots of offices in Wall Street where they won't take "unintelligent" accounts. There are lots of offices where, if a man sends in some money as margin and then begins to trade in such a way as to show that he doesn't know what he is doing, he will be politely requested to take his account elsewhere. A stock broker is in business to make money out of commissions charged for executing orders and is not supposed to be the censor of his clients' morals, but there is unquestionably a strong and growing feeling against stirring up speculation on the part of people who don't know anything about it.

The second great abuse in connection with margin business in stocks is overtrading. With the bank willing to lend as much as eighty per cent. of the market value of the collateral, and the broker himself willing to lend at least half of the remaining twenty per cent., it is possible for the customer to "swing" very large amounts of stock on relatively very small amounts of money. What is the result? That the vast majority of people who buy stocks on margin "overtrade." Required to put up only ten per cent. of the purchase price, the average man soon finds himself carrying a line of stock which is really out of all proportion to his financial resources. Especially is this true if the market happens to be dull. Day-to-day fluctuations being narrow, he gradually loses his sense of proportion, finally coming to regard a hundred shares as a very small amount of stock. On the strength of two or three thousand dollars deposited as margin he will find himself carrying three or four hundred shares—twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars' worth of stock, perhaps. Then, when the market becomes active and really begins to fluctuate, the insecurity of the position is made manifest and the whole amount of the margin quickly wiped out.

Almost irresistible is this tendency to overtrade. You buy a hundred of something, putting up ample margin. The stock goes against you a few points. Buy another hundred, advises your broker, and reduce your average. You do that, and, when the stock goes farther against you, you do it again. The first thing you know, what at the start was a conservative operation you had the money to see through is converted into the rankest kind of a gamble.

Unenviable indeed is the position of the man who is trying to carry a greater amount of stock on margin than his means allow, and pitifully small are his chances of success. With the greatest possible amount of investment acumen, he may have picked out some stock legitimately entitled to sell higher—and yet lose his money. He figures the stock due for a rise and buys all of it his broker is willing to carry. The expected rise comes, but first, as is so often the case, there is a final shakeout, a dip of a number of points. Worried to death at seeing the price go against him, and knowing how little of a setback he is able to stand, he sells out just before the real rise begins. Then, as the stock goes up, as he figured it would, he is in the pleasant position not only of not being "aboard," but of lying helplessly on his back on the platform as the train pulls out.

Is it the brokers' fault that their customers overtrade? Sometimes no, generally yes. The mere fact that the client wants to over-extend himself doesn't "let the broker out"—not by any means. Time and again he has seen such operations carried to their inevitable conclusion. It is his business to see to it that they don't happen; to refuse, if necessary, to handle the business. Let the broker point out to his customer the danger in what he proposes to do, and nine times in ten nothing further will need be said about it.

The great trouble, of course, has always been that the greater the amount of trading the greater the amount of commissions, and that many brokers, thus, have encouraged activity on the part of clients, even where it was plainly a case of overtrading. But, as in the case of speculation by people not qualified, there has grown up in late years a strong feeling against this kind of thing. The better class of Wall Street houses don't want the business of those who trade beyond their means. Regardless of the resulting loss in commissions, many firms, when a customer shows a disposition to swim out beyond his depth, politely but firmly inform him that they consider the proposed purchase unconservative, and that if he wants to carry it out he will have to do it through some other firm.

The third abuse in connection with margin-trading, manipulation of prices, is a direct result of the other two. With stocks being carried by persons who do not know what they are about and other stocks being carried by persons of limited resources, it is inevitable that there should be constant attempts on the part of professional market operators to run prices up and down. With the tree, in other words, just simply covered with fruit ready to drop at the first healthy shake, it is hardly to be wondered at that there are plenty of professionals at all times ready to do the shaking.

What effect toward checking these practices the bill just signed by Governor Sulzer will have remains to be seen, but certain it is that the way they have been carried on in the past has had a good deal to do with bringing on the demand for legislation against trading in stocks on margin. The idea being to shake the tree, the legitimacy of the methods by which that can be accomplished has never been given any particular attention. Wash sales on the Exchange, doctored statements, fake reports carefully planted in the press—these are merely a sample of the things done when any considerable and weakly margined interest is to be "dislodged."

But because the practice of margin-trading in stocks is subject to abuse, is that in itself any reason why it should be stopped? New York City is full of apartment-houses put up on so narrow a margin of cash that any number of builders annually go into bankruptcy. Is that any argument against the system of real-estate mortgages? All over the country every year firms which do business largely with bank money spread themselves too thin and go to the wall. Is that any argument against bankers loaning money to merchants? Is the fact that *any* system of doing business is liable to abuse any argument against that system?

Should it not rather be a question of the right and reasonable uses of a system than of possible perversions?

Trading in stocks on a narrow margin and without resources to see the transaction through is bad—there is no doubt about that. But trading in stocks on margin by intelligent persons of adequate resources isn't bad. Far from it. A man's fortune, we will say, is invested almost entirely in real estate. A time like "1907" comes along when to every observant person it is plain that stocks are far below their intrinsic value and may safely be purchased. Because this man's fortune happens to be invested in real estate must he forego the opportunities offered by the share-markets' decline? Very likely the prices of his real-estate holdings, too, are down, so that he doesn't feel like sacrificing them. What, under the circumstances, is the logical thing for him to do? To go and buy on margin, certainly, secure in the knowledge that if he *has* to have more money he is in a position to raise it.

That is looking at it from the standpoint of the individual. From the standpoint of the community at large there is just as much reason why the privilege of purchasing securities on margin should remain free and unrestricted. Suppose in the case cited above there had been a law making impossible the purchase of stock by the man whose fortune happened to be tied up in real estate and by the thousands of others similarly situated. By just that much would the buying-power in the market have been reduced and the panic have been made worse. From the viewpoint of the man who owns securities and who realizes that some day he may want to sell them out in a hurry, it isn't pleasant to think of legislation the effect of which will inevitably be to reduce buying power at the time when it is most needed.



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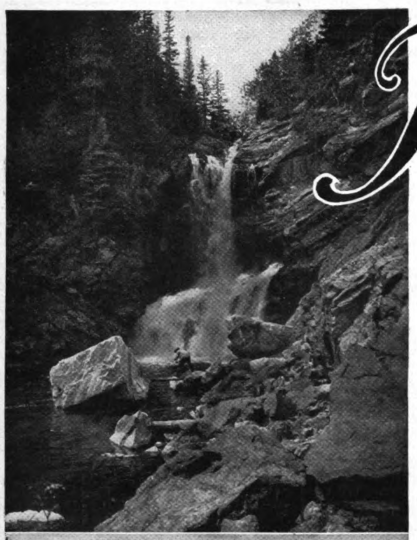
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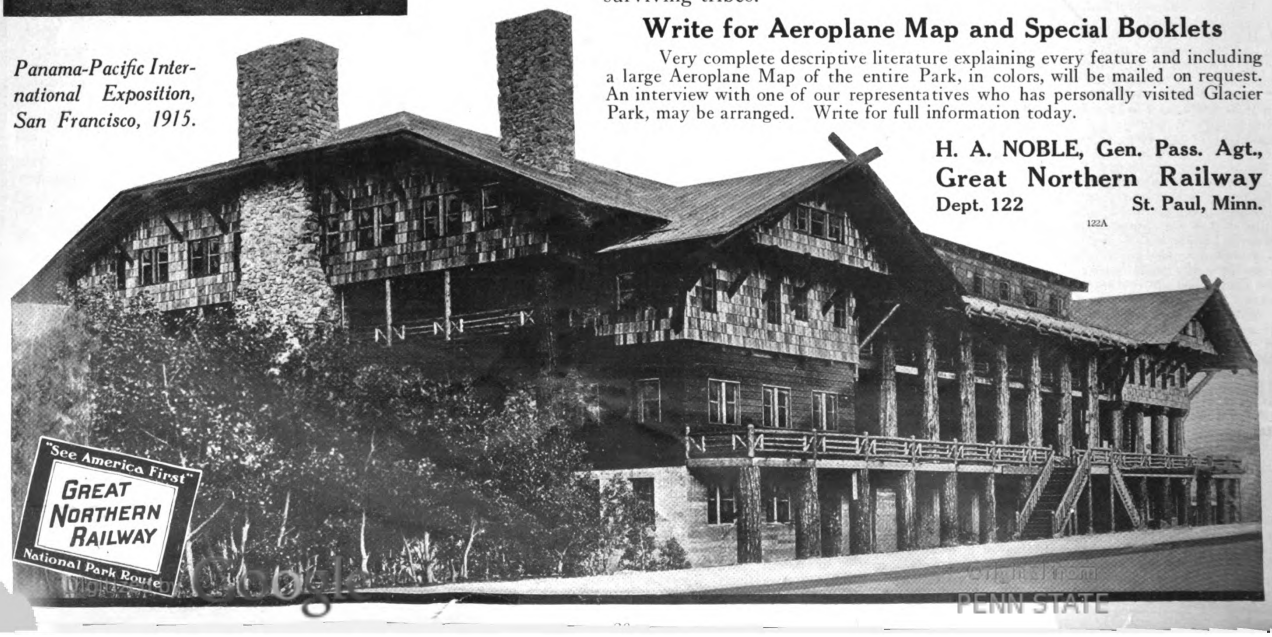
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Minneapolis Clearing-House Banks

MINNEAPOLIS is prouder to-day of her financial strength than of any other feature of her material progress, and great as is the city's fame in milling and in lumber, in wholesale trade and manufacturing, and as a market to which the whole Northwest may turn, in no respect has reputation come in such important degree within the last ten years as in financial growth. The clearing-house of Minneapolis, with its annual figures that last year almost reached $1,250,000,000, tells the story of accruing strength through years of banking management ever mindful of the needs of a vast country of rapid growth and population increase, yet mindful also of the value of conservatism. Seven banks, of the twenty financial institutions of various form that the city boasts, are clearing-house members. Three are great banks with deposits ranging from $20,000,000 upward. Four are banks of smaller size, but each a factor of importance to the city and the Northwest.

It matters little how the first three banks are named, for Minneapolis is not like some other cities where financial matters center around one institution. It has never been that way. As well try to differentiate between the three largest banks of Chicago or New York as to comparative influence. In rank in the Minneapolis clearing-house the Northwestern National Bank is first. Oldest in the city is the First National. Strongest institution of its kind in the Northwest from the standpoint of relation of surplus to capital is the Security National.

The Scandinavian-American National, German-American, Hennepin County Savings, and St. Anthony Falls National are the other four members. Each is a bank of which the city is proud. Together they make a showing against which few cities in the United States of the population rank of Minneapolis can make a comparison.

Men who in pioneer days foresaw the future of the little city that had grown up about the Falls of St. Anthony made these banks what they are and guided them through stormy periods to their present state of solidity and strength. Names that stand for every phase of the progress that brought in the railroads and opened the prairies and the forests and that built the mills and factories and reared up the great distributing firms are on the lists of officers of these banks, either on the honored rolls of those who are gone, or, in a number of instances, still actively identified. The banking roll of Minneapolis is the city's roll of honor.

The Northwestern National Bank came into existence following a meeting at the Nicollet Hotel, April 23, 1872, at which $200,000 was subscribed as the capital stock. Thomas Lowry, afterward president of the Soo road and the Twin City Rapid Transit Company, acted as secretary of that meeting. C. H. Pettit, J. H. Thompson, C. M. Loring, Clinton Morrison, E. Morse, Jr., S. E. Neiler, E. A. Harmon, George H. Keith, Dorilus Morrison, R. S. Stevens, and F. S. Gilson were present. The first board of directors comprised Dorilus Morrison, Henry T. Welles, Anthony Kelley, Paris Gibson, F. S. Gilson, Dr. C. G. Goodrich, E. A. Harmon, William Windom, S. E. Neiler, A. H. Barney, C. B. Wright, and Wm. G. Moorhead. Mr. Windom became Secretary of the Treasury; Paris Gibson went to the Senate from Montana, in later years; and nearly all the others are dead, Clinton Morrison dying only a few weeks ago. Dr. Goodrich was the father of C. G. Goodrich, who is president of the Twin City Rapid Transit Company. Dorilus Morrison became president of the bank and S. E. Neiler cashier.

In 1876 Henry T. Welles succeeded Dorilus Morrison as president. Winthrop Young and W. H. Dunwoody became identified with the bank in 1876. George A. Pillsbury, then the world's greatest miller, was elected a director in 1880. Judge M. B. Koon became a director in 1881. The capital stock was increased to $1,000,000 in 1882, and in 1883 Thomas Lowry was elected director. S. A. Harris was elected a director in 1888, and in that year J. B. Forgan, who was afterward to become so prominent in the Chicago banking world, was appointed cashier. F. H. Peavey, then the country's greatest grain merchant, was elected a director in 1889.

George A. Pillsbury succeeded S. A. Harris as president in 1890. The bank moved in 1891 to the Guaranty Loan Building, J. B. Forgan resigned to become vice-president of the First National Bank, Chicago. David R. Forgan was made cashier, and J. W. Raymond became vice-president. In 1892 the capital stock was increased to $1,250,000, and in 1893 the bank successfully weathered the trying period. D. R. Forgan left in 1895 to become vice-president of the Union National Bank, Chicago. Gilbert G. Thorne, now of the Park National, New York, became cashier. J. W. Raymond became president.

To-day its officers are: president, Edward W. Decker; vice-presidents, Joseph Chapman, J. A. Latta; cashier, A. V. Ostrom; assistant cashiers, R. E. Macgregor, H. P. Newcomb, W. M. Koon, S. H. Plummer, and H. J. Riley.

William H. Dunwoody, former president, and for many years identified with the progress of the city, is chairman of the board. On the board are E. W. Backus, James S. Bell, Fred W. Clifford, Albert C. Cobb, William A. Durst, L. S. Gillette, C. G. Goodrich, Louis W. Hill, Thomas B. Janney, F. E. Kenaston, F. W. Lyman, E. A. Merrill, H. L. Moore, B. F. Nelson, W. G. Northup, E. J. Phelps, J. S. Pillsbury, George W. Porter, W. A. Ramsey, A. T. Rand, Arthur R. Rogers. Fred C. Van Dusen, C. D. Velie, Edward P. Wells, C. J. Winton, E. S. Woodworth, James T. Wyman, and Oliver C. Wyman.

The Harrisons founded the Security National Bank in 1877, but it was then a state and not a national institution, and it so remained for a long time. T. A. Harrison and H. G. Harrison, who had been residents of Minneapolis since 1859, decided that there was demand in the city for a new bank, and together with J. M. Shaw, W. W. McNair, Franklin Beebe, C. E. Vanderburgh, and Joseph Dean they organized the Security Bank of Minnesota. These men constituted the first board of directors, and the bank opened for business January 2, 1878, with a capital of $300,000. This was eventually increased to $1,000,000. When T. A. Harrison died, H. G. Harrison succeeded him as president; and when H. G. Harrison died, in 1891, F. A. Chamberlain became president and still holds that office. But the Harrison name has not ceased to be actively identified with the bank, for Perry Harrison, son of H. G. Harrison, is vice-president at this time.

The original Harrisons were prominently identified with the growth of the city. T. A. Harrison was a believer in the future of Minneapolis and the Northwest. H. G. Harrison was the first president of the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce. The brothers were interested in many commercial enterprises, but in later years the name became known in connection with banking and has so remained.

The bank owned its home at Third Street and Hennepin Avenue, but the necessity for larger quarters became pressing, and in 1890 the bank removed to the Guaranty Loan Building, now known as the Metropolitan Life Building, at Third Street and Second Avenue S. Here it remained for sixteen years, and here it weathered the dark times of 1893. November 17, 1906, the bank removed to its beautiful new home in the Security Bank Building at Fourth Street and Second Avenue S.

Deposits that in 1880 totaled $879,000 have risen every year and now total $21,000,000.

The history of the Security Bank is closely interwoven with the financial and commercial history of the Northwest. It has always numbered and now numbers among its customers the leading concerns in the milling, grain, mercantile, and manufacturing lines, and has an equipment adequate for the efficient handling of such business.

The Security National was the first Minneapolis bank to establish a department exclusively for women. About the time that the Security became a national bank a special savings department was created. This has been very successful.

The Security is the bank that is conspicuous in the Northwest for strength, and it has a surplus and undivided profits that now stand at $2,500,000, compared with capitalization of $1,000,000. For the past year it has paid dividends at the rate of 16 per cent. a year, the highest rate of any twin city bank, and its stock is quotable at $500 a share.

Names that stand for financial, commercial, and industrial leadership appear on its official list and in its directorate. F. A. Chamberlain is president, and there are four vice-presidents: F. G. Winston, Perry Harrison, E. F. Mearkle, and J. S. Pomeroy. Fred Spafford is cashier, and he has three assistants, who are George Lawther, Stanley H. Bezoier, and Walter A. Meacham. On the board of directors are L. C. Barnett, R. M. Bennett, A. S. Brooks, E. J. Carpenter, F. A. Chamberlain, Frank M. Crosby, L. F. Day, C. F. Deaver, J. H. Ellison, Perry Harrison, Louis K. Hull, F. P. Hixon, Morris McDonald, Sumner T. McKnight, E. F. Mearkle, W. S. Nott, George F. Piper, J. S. Pomeroy, J. H. Queal, Thomas L. Shevlin, Fred B. Snyder, John R. Van Derlip, C. C. Webber, E. C. Warner, and F. G. Winston. For twenty-six years the bank exchanges have been made through the Security National, which is the clearing-house bank, and its vice-president, Perry Harrison, has been clearing-house manager for that period of time.

Minnesota was still the Indian-infested, undeveloped territory of the western frontier when J. K. Sidle came from York, Pennsylvania, with $10,000 with which to start a bank. St. Anthony was then the principal settlement, and Minneapolis but a straggling village.

Sidle & Wolford, bankers, came into existence, Peter Wolford joining Mr. Sidel. Minnesota became a state, and Sidle & Wolford incorporated as "The Minneapolis Bank." For six years it did business under that title.

The bank was given a national charter in 1864. The bank is known through use of the Abraham Lincoln name and picture, and "Organized in the Days of Lincoln" is one of its advertising phrases. J. K. Sidle was president and H. G. Sidle cashier, and the first stockholders and directors were Henry G. Sidle, G. Scheittin, Loren Fletcher, David C. Bell, E. A Veazie, Anthony Kelly, E. B. Ames, and W. A. Penniman. The incorporating had only been completed when the news arrived in Minneapolis of the triumphal march of Sherman through Georgia and the practical close of the great war. On the books of the First National Bank of Minneapolis are to be found the names of many survivors of the old First Minnesota. Governor John S. Pillsbury of Minnesota was a director at the time of his death.

The First National Bank of Minneapolis began business with a capital stock of $50,000. This grew steadily and reached $2,000,000 in 1893. The bank showed resources of $126,000 May 31, 1861, and now has resources close to $30,000,000.

In 1894 Frank M. Prince was elected cashier, and in January, 1895, C. T. Jaffray came to the bank as cashier, Mr. Prince being elected vice-president and John Martin president. On the death of Mr. Martin in 1904, J. B. Gilfillan was elected president, and in 1905 Mr. Gilfillan was made chairman of the board and Mr. Prince president. The present officers are Frank M. Prince, president; C. T. Jaffray, A. A. Crane, George F. Orde, and Donald Mackerchar, vice-presidents; H. A. Willoughby, cashier; G. A. Lyon and P. J. Leeman, assistant cashiers. The board of directors represents capital and industry that stands for the development of the city. On the board are the names of men prominent in every walk of life. The full membership comprises George C. Bagley, Earle Brown, E. L. Carpenter, R. H. Chute, Hovey C. Clarke, A. E. Clerihew, Elbridge C. Cooke, Isaac Hazlett, Horace M. Hill, W. A. Lancaster, A. C. Loring, John D. McMillan, John H. MacMillan, S. C. Palmer, Edmund Pennington, Alfred F. Pillsbury, Charles S. Pillsbury, Rufus R. Rand, John Washburn, Fred B. Wells, A. M. Woodward, Frank M. Prince, C. T. Jaffray, A. A. Crane, and George F. Orde.

In 1906 the bank, which had occupied quarters in the Phœnix Building at Fourth Street and First Avenue S, moved into its new home at Fifth Street and First Avenue S, with frontage of 150 feet and 15,000 feet of interior floor space. The bank building is one story, forty feet high, and is remarkable for its light. It is of Bedford stone.

Every member of the staff of these banks, after he has served fifteen years from his twenty-first birthday, is entitled to a pension if he becomes incapacitated, or he may retire when he reaches sixty years of age.

The Hennepin County Savings Bank is one of the institutions of which Minneapolis is very proud. For forty-three years, since its incorporation in 1870, it has ranked as one of the great conservative institutions of the Northwest. For years it carried on its business with a capitalization of $100,000 and its stock was very firmly held at a great premium because its business had grown to large proportions. The name "savings bank" has been a power, but the Hennepin County also does a commercial business. Of all institutions in Minneapolis there is none in which conservatism is more pronounced. It has that reputation and is proud of it. It makes no effort to expand in extraordinary manner, but goes on, adding new strength year after year by the slow accruing progress, and to-day it is considered a financial bulwark in Minneapolis. Recently it increased its capitalization to $250,000 and its surplus to $250,000.

On its directors' list are names prominently identified with Minneapolis in many ways. Its president is W. H. Lee, who has been with it practically all his life D. P. Jones, former mayor of Minneapolis, whose family has been officially represented since the bank was formed, is vice-president, W. F. McLane is cashier, and H. H. Barber and Roger I. Lee are assistant cashiers. Its directors comprise F. A. Chamberlain, Frank M. Prince, D. P. Jones, David C. Bell, Henry Doerr, W. H. Lee, and W. F. McLane.

The German-American Bank is located on the north side in Minneapolis, in a splendid new home of its own that it erected a few years ago, and it is not only a power in the business district of which it is the center, but is one of the strong banks of the Northwest. On capitalization of $200,000 and surplus of $100,000 it is rapidly approaching the time when its deposits shall have reached the $3,000,000 mark. It is ably officered, has back of it a long record of prudent management and substantial growth, and is in its twenty-seventh year. It is the biggest "little" bank in Minneapolis, using the word "little" only by contrast with the big million-dollar banks of downtown Minneapolis, and it is growing rapidly. It has an unbroken dividend record to which it points with pride. Many a business enterprise has been helped by it, and it has been a factor of the first importance in the development of a part of Minneapolis where millions have been invested in the past few years in wholesale and manufacturing plants.

Francis A. Gross, a comparatively young man, is president, and its vice-presidents are two prominent business men, Charles Gluek and Henry Doerr. George E. Stegner is cashier, and J. A. Kunz assistant cashier. On its directorate are J. M. Griffith, George M. Bleecker, Wm. J. Vonder Weyer, I. V. Gedney, W. P. Devereux, Peter J. Scheid, A. E. Eichhorn, Jacob Kunz, George Salzer, C. J. Swanson, and W. P. Cleator, and every name stands for something of importance in the commercial or financial life of Minneapolis.

The St. Anthony Falls Bank is the big bank of East Minneapolis. It is in the center of the thriving district where Minneapolis really began, and where, of the 325,000 people in Minneapolis as a whole there is a population that is close to 75,000. It is across the river from the present Minneapolis financial district, and in a district all its own, where commercial firms and manufacturing establishments made a valuable clientele. The bank came into existence in 1893. It has had a prosperous existence and is growing rapidly.

H. A. Scriver is president, and W. F. Decker vice-president. J. E. Ware is cashier. Prominent East Minneapolis manufacturers and merchants are on the board of directors, which, besides the officers, comprises Aaron Carlson, Theodore A. Foque, John F. Wilcox, Arthur H. Ives, Andrew M. Hunt, Henry T. Eddy, William P. Washburn, and Henry R. Chase.

The St. Anthony Falls Bank has a savings department. It serves a district that has grown rapidly in population in the past ten years and is destined to have a much larger growth with the enlargement of the many industrial plants that are located east of the river.

The Scandinavian-American National Bank is located in the center of the financial district of Minneapolis and is the successor to the Swedish-American National, as to location and mainly as to men associated. The Swedish-American was a prosperous bank which built up a large clientele. It was absorbed by the Northwestern National.

The Scandinavian-American National came into existence only a few years ago, with modest capitalization, but so strong was its directorate, so central its location, and so influential its business alliances that after Theodore Wold came to Minneapolis to take the presidency its growth was rapid, and it shows to-day the most remarkable growth, relatively speaking, of any financial institution in the Northwest. It was necessary that its capital of $250,000 be increased, and to-day it has $500,000 capital and $100,000 surplus. The story of its remarkable growth is told in the simple statement that when organized in 1909 it had, after some months of operation, $992,000 in deposits, and to-day it has $4,250,000 in deposits.

The Scandinavian-American is very conservatively managed and has able men on its directorate, whose activities and success in other lines bespeak their capability. It bought out not long ago the Minnesota National Bank, and thereby added a valuable clientele.

Theodore Wold is president, C. L. Grandin and Andreas Ueland are vice-presidents, and Edgar L. Mattson cashier. All these names stand for something in Minneapolis. They represent long connection with banking or with business in other lines. E. V. Bloomquist is assistant cashier. Others on the directorate are F. G. Brooberg, Aaron Carlson, A. M. Dyste, P. C. Frazee, G. B. Gunderson, C. J. Hedwall, Eric Jacobson, John Lind, Edward Pierce, George J. Sherer, C. J. Swanson, and Eugene Tetzlaff.

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Valli Valli and Harrison Brockbank in "The Purple Road," at the Liberty



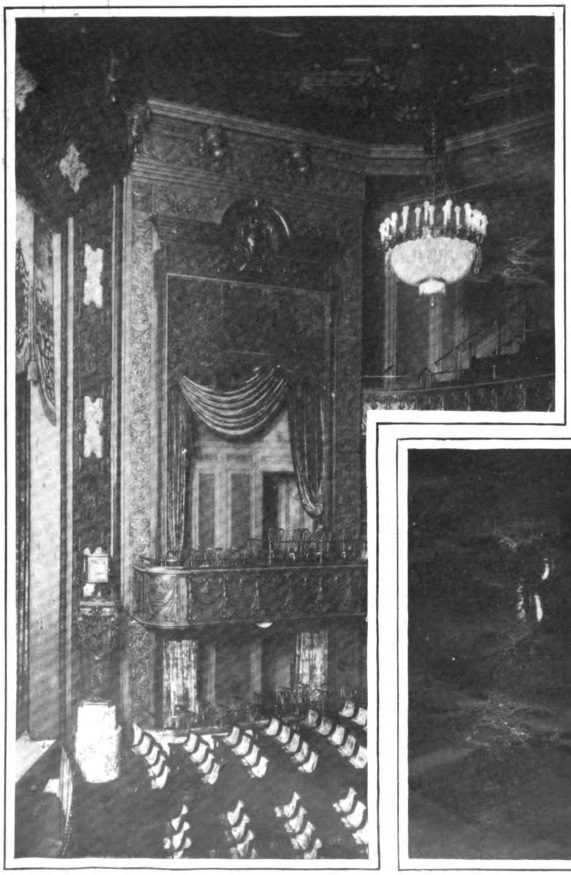
Janet Beecher in "The Purple Road"

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

What the Theaters are Offering



A recent portrait of Elsie Janis, appearing in "The Lady of the Slipper," at the Globe



New York's newest theater, The Longacre, in 48th Street



Charles Cherry (left) and Robert Warwick in the revival of "Rosedale," at the Lyric

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The Science of Yeasts

SCIENCE has rendered important service to the brewers. Some years ago Professor Hansen, an authority on yeasts, experienced much difficulty and opposition in obtaining admission to the old Carlsberg brewery in Germany for the purpose of conducting researches into the origin and nature of the yeasts on which the production of beer depends. The brewers were familiar in a practical way with the culture of yeasts, and they did not believe that a scientific professor could tell them anything new or useful about the subject, although their yeast often behaved in a manner which they could not explain and which caused them much disappointment and loss. But within a comparatively short time the professor had discovered facts the brewers never dreamed of and had made their brewery famous through the scientific world on account of his experiments. Various kinds of yeast cause "disease" in beer, and Hansen discovered the means of guarding against it. He also devised methods of preserving "stock" yeast, so that it can be kept pure for years and transported safely thousands of miles.

The cleanest lager beer sometimes contains numbers of yeast cells. Still larger numbers are often found in ale and in weiss beer, which probably gives these beverages certain of their desirable properties. But by far the largest amount of yeast which finds its way into the human digestive system is introduced with bakery goods which have been made from flour.

Yeast is a fungus and belongs to the same family as the mushroom, for which most people have a distinct liking. The age-long use of yeast for bread-raising purposes proves that this fungus is capable of thoroughly agreeing with the human organism. In view of this fact, it is somewhat surprising that immense amounts of beer yeast are annually allowed to go to waste from every brewery in the land.

There are several circumstances which have seemed to stand in the way of employing beer yeast in food production. The chief reasons against its use are to be found in its dark color and its bitterness, due to the simultaneous use of hops in the brewing processes.

These undesirable qualities of beer yeast may, however, be removed, and easily. Beer yeast is not suitable for baking purposes, since it grows in a cold medium and does not possess sufficient raising power for the purposes of the baker. There is no question as to the nutritive value of yeast, since, weight for weight, it is quite comparable in nutritive value to the best beer.

For direct consumption in the fresh condition yeast must be put into a suitable form. By a method invented by Kleinschmidt compressed yeast that has been treated for the removal of its bitter substance may be melted with edible fats, such a butter, the result being a very "tasty" paste which can be spread directly on bread. Dry yeast can be used in the same manner, and experience has, it is said, already shown that the addition of yeast to certain sauces and salad dressings is attended with very favorable results. The experts add, however, that this is a question which should receive the thorough study of the gastronomists.

DR. TALKS ON FOOD

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A well-known Editor's view of Cocktails

I sometimes drink a cocktail. In fact, I like a cocktail when towards evening the fatigues of the day begin to tell on me. Some people like a cocktail as an appetizer, but everybody who likes a cocktail likes a good one. For a good while I have kept in my house, whether in the country or in town, the Club Cocktails in bottles, more for convenience than anything else. I knew they were good and I liked them, but just why they were so good did not occur to me until some one, speaking of the vast quantities of these that the Messrs. Heublein must make in a "batch," led me to this sort of reasoning. Barkeepers, and even one's self, in mixing cocktails, necessarily cannot have a uniform and exact quantity of ingredients in each one. A few drops more or less of either ingredient greatly changes the nature of the product. In a great laboratory where quantities like the Club Cocktails are made at a mixing each article is accurately weighed or measured, and the compound is following an exact formula. This insures that each and every cocktail or bottle of cocktails put up shall be precisely correct in its composition. Again, recalling the fact that age is necessary to the proper blending of all liquors, it occurred to me that these bottled cocktails by the time they are used by the consumer may have been months or even years in bottle, hence that the blending must be perfect. Reasoning thus, I feel constrained to tell my readers about it, as I know a goodly number of them enjoy a perfect cocktail. I have found the several varieties prepared by the Heublein Brothers, particularly Manhattan, Dry Manhattan, Martini, Dry Martini, and Brut Martini, all excellent —*Adv.*

The Song of Birds

WHILE the song of birds is thought to be instinctive, it has been ascertained that young birds never have the song peculiar to their species if they have not heard it. They very easily, however, acquire the song of any other species with which they may be associated. Barrington has advanced the view that notes in birds are no more innate than language in man, and he has furnished much interesting information along these lines.

A British naturalist educated nesting linnets under the three best singing larks —the skylark, the woodlark, and the titlark—every one of which, instead of the linnet's song, adhered entirely to that of his instructor.

When the note of the titlark was thoroughly fixed, the bird was hung for three months in a room with two common linnets which were in full song. The titlark linnet, however, did not borrow any note from the linnets' song, but adhered steadfastly to that of the titlark.

Birds taken from the nest at two or three weeks of age have been found already to have learned the call-note of their species. If the experimenter desires to prevent this, the birds must be taken from the nest when a day or two old. A certain goldfinch sang exactly like a wren without any proper note of its species. This bird had been taken from the nest when two or three days old and had been hung at a window opposite a small garden, where it had undoubtedly acquired the notes of the wren without having had any opportunity of learning even the call of the goldfinch.

Still more extraordinary was the case of a common house sparrow, which in a wild state only chirps, but which learned the song of the linnet and goldfinch by being brought up near those birds.

The Musical Ear

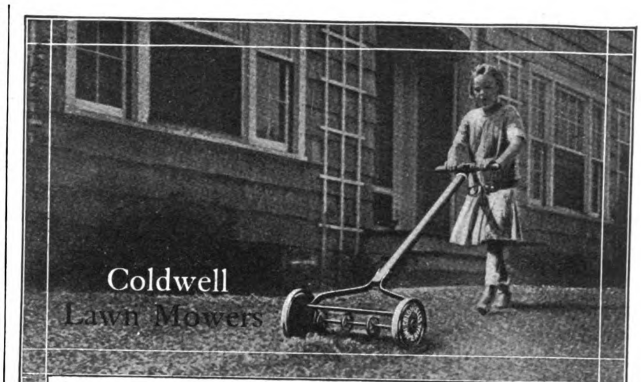
THE well-educated musical ear is able to distinguish notes where there is not more difference than the one-hundredth part of a tone. The great majority of persons are not able to know the difference in the tenth part of a tone, while some can scarcely tell one tone in music from any other.

The cause of this disparity is due to slight differences in the construction of the internal ear, the cochlea, to be more definite, which is the point where the auditory nerve ends, this being the nerve which transmits sound impressions to the brain.

The chords in the ear are like the chords of the piano, and the ear has its "extinguisher," also, that prevent sounds from becoming mixed when given in rapid succession. The cochlea is really the organ of musical functioning in the human body; the sounds, musical and otherwise, which it receives from the middle ear, or tympanum, being distinguished and sent to the central station for the receipt of the message by the consciousness.

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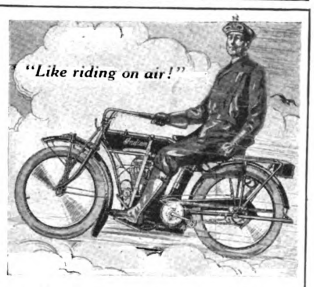
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PENN STATE

Women Spies of the Secret Service

Not long ago an engineer in the English army was sentenced to four years' imprisonment for having betrayed naval secrets. Accidentally meeting a woman whom he had known casually years before, he was led to speak of his life in the service, and all unwittingly to give her the clue to certain naval plans. These she is supposed to have sold to a foreign government.

Many an adventuress lives on the sale of state secrets, a condition of affairs that many people believe not to exist save in the imagination of novelists. The importance of having women in the service called "secret," has been demonstrated time and again in the past few years.

Four years ago, a case was recorded in Shoeburyness, where headquarters were opened, ostensibly for the study of languages. Under this pretext people came and went more or less constantly without attracting much attention. Meantime, a young German lady made periodical visits to Shoeburyness, where she formed the acquaintance of a young naval officer. He had not been more than a week or two in her company when he began to suspect her interest in his department. In due order she admitted that she wished to obtain a quantity of plans. He immediately acquainted his superiors with the state of affairs, and the young lady fled in haste to Germany.

Lord Wolseley says in his *Soldier's Pocket-book* that spies are liberally paid when the information they give is of exceptional value. During the Anglo-Boer War the English employed many women spies. Large numbers were distributed throughout the hospitals, where they exercised their arts of fascination upon the wounded prisoners with telling effect as to the securing of important dates and sources of supply.

Brief and mysterious was the fate of a young Russian woman of good family who left St. Petersburg during the Japanese-Russian War. She undertook to get naval secrets from a young Japanese official in Manchuria. Forgetting loyalty and patriotism, this young man fell into the trap, and told her of plans and dates with regard to the movement of the Japanese artillery. But he was suspected by a companion who kept steady watch of him, and the result was that both the young woman and the man who had become infatuated with her quickly disappeared. The family of the young woman expended vast sums of money to ascertain her fate, but without any result whatever.

Not long ago in Toulouse a young girl named Juana Renée, alias Bourg, got herself into serious trouble for the crime of inducing certain naval officers to reveal secrets of the French submarine service. These secrets she sold for large sums not to one, but to several European governments. She was only twenty-one years of age, and her sudden accession of prosperity caused attention to be centered upon her. A young mechanician in the artillery was finally induced to accuse her and produce all necessary proofs. Some mysterious social influence protected her, however, and she was not punished.

The Cleverest of Diggers

It is said that, of all living creatures, the gopher is the one most perfectly adapted to digging in the ground. This creature is short-legged, almost neckless, without visible ears, and with extremely small eyes. In its tunneling work the gopher employs its long and powerful front teeth as a pick to loosen the ground. At the same time the fore feet, which are armed with long, curved claws, the sides of the toes being lined, in turn, with bristles that prevent the passage of dirt between them, are hard at work both in digging and in pressing the dirt back under the body. There the hind feet take it and push it farther back.

When a sufficient quantity of earth has been accumulated in the rear of the gopher, the animal whirls about, and by bringing his "wrists" together under his chin, with the palms of the "hands" held vertically, he pushes the earth out in front. A gopher will move backward just as rapidly as forward, and he can push the soil either way. His movements in excavation are almost as rapid and automatic as those of a shuttle. It has been estimated that a pocket-gopher can make two hundred complete strokes with his teeth in one minute. The jaws are so arranged that thirty-eight distinct single cuts are made by the forward stroke of the jaw, and twenty-eight by the backward stroke. Thus, it will be seen, the jaws of this curious little creature may accomplish a grand total of thirteen thousand two hundred cuts a minute when in active operation. He is immensely destructive to crops, and is, therefore, not popular.

The pocket-gopher digs as long as he lives, extending his burrow from year to year. He digs all summer and generally all winter, since he is not a hibernating animal. All his life is practically passed underground, except when, for an instant, on rare occasions, he emerges into the air to push a load of earth from a freshly opened hole. But he vanishes so quickly that it might be said he is never seen.

If a gopher in captivity finds a whole potato he will cut off little slices, trimming them to suitable shape with his sharp teeth, and transfer them to his cheek-pouches by a swift movement. To remove them from the pouch he presses his fore feet firmly against the sides of his head and carries them rapidly forward, dumping the contents of the pouches on the ground before him. These pouches are often packed so full of bits of roots, stems, and leaves as to give the gopher a strongly distorted appearance.

The Sun's Path

The sun's path is called the ecliptic. It is a great circle of the celestial sphere, cutting the celestial equator, at two points one hundred and eighty degrees apart, and making with it an angle of twenty-three and one-half degrees known as the obliquity of the ecliptic. The crossing points are called the equinoxes, because the days and nights are then equal, and the points midway between the equinoxes are the solstices, because the sun then seems to stand still for a few days.

The ecliptic is so called because eclipses occur only when the moon is crossing it, or is near it, for the moon's orbit cuts the ecliptic in two points, called nodes or knots, and at other times is above or below it. If the moon, when in either node, is in line with the sun and the earth, we have an eclipse, either total or annular. If she is near her node, we have a partial eclipse.

The moon's nodes are not stationary, but move backward on the moon's orbit, completing a revolution in about nineteen years, when the eclipses of the period recur in the same order, and at about the same intervals as before. This period of eighteen years and eleven days is called the Saros. It was known to the Chaldeans and the Greeks, and gave them their data for computing eclipses.

And intelligent person can trace the sun's path in the heavens. If the sun rises exactly in the east and sets in the west, it is the time of the equinoxes. If the sunrise and sunset points are farthest north, and the sun at noonday is highest in the heavens, it is the time of the summer solstice. If the sunrise and sunset points are farthest south, and the sun is very low in the heavens at noonday, it is the time of the winter solstice.

From Grave to Golf

An English authority on golf gives the following description of the golf-course at Tientsin, North China:

"The course is 5,244 yards. Mud and sand greens, as it is impossible to grow turf good enough for greens. One of the most sporting courses in the Far East. A large mud wall (30 feet high) with moat intersects the course and is utilized for hazards and elevated tees. Groups of Chinese graves, consisting of mounds of earth, sometimes ten to twelve feet high, piled over the coffin, which is laid upon the ground, form excellent hazards. A unique local by-law permits the lifting of a ball from an open coffin without penalty."

Paper and Ink for Our Money

To manufacture and print the paper money of the United States it is necessary to import materials from various parts of the world. A part of the paper fiber, for instance, is linen rag from the Orient. The silk that furnishes the strands that are run through the paper as a safeguard against counterfeiting comes from China or from Italy. The blue ink contains cobalt from Canada or Germany. The black ink is said to be made at Niagara Falls from acetylene gas smoke; and the greater part of the green ink is made with white zinc sulphite, the product of German industry. The red color in the seal is derived from a pigment imported from Central America.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE For MAY

A NEW NOVEL

by

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

BEGINS

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SEVEN COMPLETE SHORT STORIES

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Wells & Dickey Company

THE Wells & Dickey Company with its principal office in Minneapolis is one of the most prominent houses in the Middle West dealing in farm mortgages, municipal and corporation bonds.

Founded at Jamestown, North Dakota, in 1878 by Edward P. Wells and the late Alfred Dickey, the company has more than kept abreast of the big and substantial growth which has taken place in the American Northwest since that time. Indeed, the Wells & Dickey Company has been a considerable factor in the development of that territory through the outside capital from the Eastern States and Europe which its firm, conservative policy has attracted. Beginning thirty-five years ago making loans to the farmers of North Dakota, today the field of this company extends from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Coast. Branch offices are maintained in St. Paul, Minnesota; Jamestown, North Dakota; and Great Falls, Montana.

With the growth of its business and the extension of its territory the Wells & Dickey Company has perfected a system of handling farm mortgages which is perhaps unsurpassed in the degree of safety which it assures the investor. The management is in the hands of officers and heads of departments, all stockholders in the company, whose long experience enables them to render excellent service, whether it is to the insurance company with its millions to invest or to the savings depositor who wishes to transfer his first one hundred dollars of capital from the savings-bank to the higher interest bearing farm mortgage.

The loans are made by the Wells & Dickey Company with its own funds through its own officers or its own bonded correspondents on improved farm lands. The land covered by each loan is inspected by the company's salaried experts. The corps of attorneys in the main office examine the abstracts of title and draw the papers. Such care is used in these matters that the company or its customers have never suffered a loss through neglect of technical details or defective title. Every mortgage it offers is accompanied by a guaranty of title from the Wells & Dickey Company.

After the sale of a mortgage this company feels no relief of responsibility, but its detailed supervision includes seeing that taxes and insurance premiums are paid and making the collections of principal and interest. These latter are promptly remitted to the investor without exchange or other charges, so that the owner of a mortgage need but give it a care after purchase.

A Stone Age Banquet

DOCTOR EDOUARD HAHN, an archæologist of Berlin, and a member of the Anthropological Society, lately conceived the original plan of preparing a banquet in the manner of "The Stone Age." There were many volunteers to aid in the work of making the proper preparations for the unique function. It was necessary first to select an appropriate spot for the dining-place. After many sites were examined, it was finally decided to hold the "banquet" on a sand bank in the middle of the Danube River, far from habitations. This was done in order to remove all semblance of the life of to-day, and to insure surroundings that would indicate a time when the only habitations were caves, or the shelter of trees.

With the sand bank as "the table," dishes and utensils were made in models of those used in the Stone Age. Those made of wood were fashioned in close imitation of the utensils of that age.

Cabbage soup formed the first item of the menu. It was prepared in a wooden bowl by means of stones that had been first heated and then thrown into the water in which the cabbage had been placed. As fast as the stones cooled, others were put in to take their place. The cooking consumed, of course, a much greater time than do modern methods, but time was no object to the scientists on this lark.

Boiled "leg of horse" came next. It had been cooked in the same manner. Roast pork, cooked over the living coals, and far better tasting, the learned gentlemen said, than any offering of to-day, was an important dish. Stewed maize, cooked by the hot-stone method, went with the pork.

Turnips were roasted in the ashes of the fire, the fire-hardened part jerked away and then served steaming hot. After this there was a dessert of dried berries and wild honey. The banquet lasted more than three hours, and when it was over and the scientists were returning to their homes, the guests all insisted that if the Stone Age man fared as well as this he had little of which to complain in the matter of food.

During this strange banquet every possible effort was made to enter into the spirit of the remote age. The scientists ate either with their fingers or out of the bowls that were placed before them. There were no knives, no forks, no tablecloths, and no napkins. In fact, nothing in the entire meal suggested the table manners of to-day. When it became necessary to turn any material that was being cooked, this was accomplished by means of a pronged stick. Not a bit of metal was employed, either in the cooking or in the consumption of the food that day prepared for the scientists.

99- and 999-Year Leases

WHENCE originated the use of the odd term in leases, 99 or 999 years?

In other days lessees and mortgagees in possession of real estate for 100 or 1,000 years demised the same at an annual rental, retaining a reversion for the last year of the original term. The object of this proceeding was to be found in the unwillingness of the under tenant to become bound to the performance of the covenant contained in the original grant and also in the importance to the lessor of a reversionary interest, without which, under the old English practice, he could not recover his rent by distraint.

Sometimes this reversion was for only three days or even for only one day, but usually in long terms the last year was retained. Out of this came the popular notion that the law provided this distraint and hence leases were made for 99 or 999 years, when there was no reason whatever for any such odd period of time.

In England there was in special cases a restraint on corporations or ecclesiactical persons prohibiting the demise of lands belonging to them to the impoverishment of their successors for a term beyond 100 years, and such leases were accordingly made for 99 years.

A Valuable Bug at Large

NOT long ago a Washington scientist, an enthusiastic student of natural history, captured a fine specimen of beetle. On reaching home he, in a moment of haste, pinned the beetle to a library table with his diamond scarf-pin.

When he returned to the library from his dinner, he found his captive had got loose and was flying about with the diamond pin glistening from its back.

Man and bug made a rush for the window at the same instant. The beetle got there first and triumphantly sailed away, barely eluding the scientist's outstretched hand. Neither bug nor pin has since been seen.

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The Rise of the "Stovepipe"

THE shiny silk cylindrical hat, sometimes called "topper," "high hat," "plug," "high dicer," "stovepipe," or "four-gallon hat" by the irreverent, seems fated to disappear, after little more than one century of existence. In England, the place of its origin, it was long esteemed the very highest badge of respectability, so much admired that 'varsity crews rowed races and 'varsity elevens played cricket in correct, shiny bell-toppers. To Americans who remember the pleasing custom in frontier towns a generation ago of shooting any high hat full of holes while it was carried through the street on the head of its owner, the following bit of history from the *Pall Mall Gazette* will seem familiar:

This form of headgear was first seen in London on January 15, 1797, when John Hetherington, a haberdasher, emerged from his shop in the Strand wearing a silk hat, and was promptly surrounded by an astonished mob of such proportions that he was arrested and charged before the Lord Mayor with inciting to riot. The officer who arrested Hetherington testified that he "appeared upon a public highway wearing upon his head a tall silk structure, which he called a silk hat, having a shiny luster, and calculated to frighten timid people. Several women fainted at the unusual sight, while children screamed, dogs yelped, and a young son of Cordwainer Thomas, who was returning from a chandler's shop, was thrown down by the crowd which had collected, and had his right arm broken." The defendant pleaded that he was merely exercising a right, possessed by every Englishman, to appear in any headdress he chose, and had not violated any law. He was, nevertheless, bound over in £500 to keep the peace. This verdict aroused the wrath of the *Times*. In its issue of January 16, 1797, the hat worn by Hetherington is described as "an advance in dress reform, and one which is bound, sooner or later, to stamp its character upon the entire community. The new hat is destined to work a revolution in headgear, and we think the officers of the Crown erred in placing the defendant under arrest."

A Child

Oh, I'm th' youngest king alive,
And yet I am the oldest, too,
And everybody tries to guess
Just what I want them all to do,
For when they strike it right, you see,
I look at them approvingly.

But when they put my mittens on
And make my little thumb go stay
Off in a place all by itself
Where it can't watch the others play,
I hold it straight in front of me
And look at it inquiringly.

And when some grown-up grins and tries
To come "make friends" with little me,
There is a ramrod down my back
And I am on my dignity,
For I am giving lessons free
On how to look reprovingly.

But when a gray-haired somebody
Smiles through their shiny double eyes,
And takes you up real capably,
Your each and every finger tries
To touch and solve the mystery,
That's why I look so wonderingly.

And when I look far, far away
At what is in the coming years,
"A penny for your thoughts," they say,
Close up to my unheeding ears.
I look at them indulgently—
They wouldn't understand, you see.

Oh, I'm th' wisest king alive,
And yet I am the simplest, too,
The secrets all wrapped up in me
Are guessed at reverently by you:
The things revealed to my blue eyes,
But hidden deeply from the wise,—
They were entrusted just to me
And to one other, don't you see.

MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS.

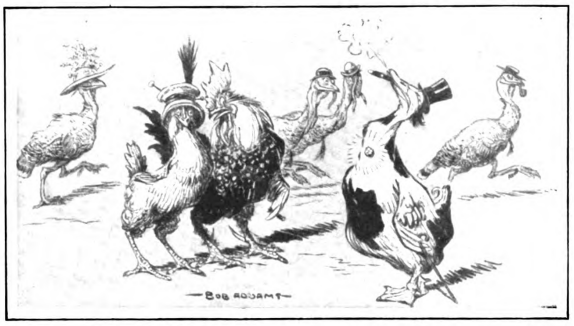
Our Unstable Earth

IT is held that the axis of the earth is not fixed in direction, but that it swings round in such a way as to cause the North Pole itself to revolve once in every fourteen months round a circle ten yards in diameter.

It is evident, according to some authorities, that such a "wobbling" of the earth's axis of rotation, small as it may be, must produce some effect upon the level of the ocean at its shores, and examination of the very careful records which have been kept for many years of the height of the tide in the canal at Helder, in Holland, has been made for the purpose of determining whether such an effect could be perceived. The result of the examination showed that the average level of the water had varied with great regularity, in a recurring period of fourteen months, ever since the tide records were begun in 1851.

The inference is that this regular change of level must be due to the swinging round of the axis of the earth. The amount by which the level changes—a little less than five-eighths of an inch—also corresponds to the calculated change that should result from the supposed cause.

A curious result of the slow changes of level proceeding at various points of the earth's surface has been pointed out by a member of the Geographical Survey of Canada. This is a gradual tipping up of the shores of Hudson Bay, as if some gigantic power were engaged in an attempt to empty that great basin of water into the adjoining sea. One of the earliest indications of what was going on came to the attention of the officers of the Hudson Bay Company when they found that the water at the mouths of the rivers where their posts are stationed was gradually getting shallower and navigation consequently becoming more difficult. Examination showed that the shore was lined with old beaches of sand and gravel lying as high as fifty feet or more above the present level of the bay. When Hendrik Hudson, in 1610, discovered the great body of water that bears his name, he wintered with his ships on the east coast of the bay in a harbor that has now disappeared, or at least has been so far drained off as no longer to be recognizable from his description.



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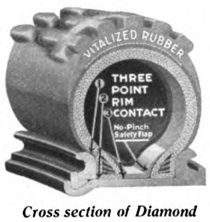
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Bottle Brokers

SINCE the edict of June 6, 1894, the production and sale of vodka, that fiery drink in which most Russians delight, has been controlled by the government. Of the 50,000 places engaged in the vodka traffic in European Russia more than one-half are conducted by the state under the direct supervision of the Ministry of Finance. Most of the employees in the government vodka shops are the widows and orphans of deceased officials of the state. These shops are conducted in an orderly manner and no drinking is permitted on the premises. The fact that a charge ranging from one cent to nine cents is made for the bottle in which the vodka is sold has given rise to a strange business. Bottle brokers, as they are called, haunt the neighborhood of the vodka shops, watching for some thirsty person who needs the loan of one or two kopecks (a half a cent or a cent) with which to make the purchase of a bottle of the desired beverage. Perhaps the buyer has but six kopecks, and he requires eight to get a bottle of vodka; the "broker" lends him the two kopecks to make up the desired amount, and, after the receptacle has been drained under the vigilant eye of the broker, the bottle is turned over to him. He takes it back to the shop and sells it for three kopecks, thus making a profit of one kopeck. In Moscow and St. Petersburg there are hundreds of men who earn a living at this strange trade.

The Author of "Fair Harvard"

A Proposed Memorial

FEW of the many who have heard the strains of "Fair Harvard," the distinctive song of Harvard University, know the name of the author. The words were written by the Rev. Samuel Gilman, born in Gloucester, Mass., in 1791, who was graduated from Harvard College in 1811, studied at the Harvard Divinity School, and was settled over the church in Charleston, S. C., in 1819, where he served for nearly fifty years. He was asked to write the hymn for the bi-centennial of the university in 1836, and composed the poem known as "Fair Harvard."

His memory is to be honored now by the establishment of a Samuel Gilman Memorial Room in the tower of his church, which was built in 1774, and remodeled under his ministry. An appeal has been issued to Harvard alumni, who can obtain further information from Walter B. Wilbur, Esq., 35 Broad Street, Charleston, South Carolina.

The Color of War-ships

THE color which war-ships shall be painted has long been the subject of much study and controversy, the object being to make them as invisible as possible. Since 1905, England has adopted a neutral color mixed with the white of zinc and a smoky black, approximating to the color used on American battle-ships. Japanese and Russian ships are painted in the same way but with a somewhat brighter tone. Those of Italy are a little darker, while those of Germany are almost blue.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

VOL. LVII] No. 2941 | WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1913 | [10 Cents a Copy $4.00 a Year

Secretary Bryan in California

"The good minister fears no undertaking which he knows to be for the public good. . . . There should be a great distance between the authority of the minister and that of the prince."—THOUGHTS OF A STATESMAN.

WHATEVER may be the outcome of Secretary BRYAN'S visit to California as the official representative of the President, there can be no doubt of the beneficial effect of the delay imposed upon the legislature of that somewhat bumptious commonwealth and of the breathing-spell afforded supersensitive Japan. To that extent, at any rate, Mr. WILSON has retrieved his original inadvertent error in tacitly conceding the inability of the federal government to interfere in matters of state legislation. Doubtless Mr. BRYAN is now being put to his boots to reconcile his mere presence in Sacramento with the President's injudicious declaration, no less than with his own explicit denunciation, in the Baltimore platform, of "the efforts of our opponents to deprive the states of any of the rights reserved to them" as "usurpation." Had he foreseen the present difficult situation, he would hardly have insisted so strongly that "there is no twilight zone between the nation and the state." That there is such a zone has now become painfully and exasperatingly manifest.

The whole question with respect to Japan and California resolves into an interpretation of the Constitution, which thus far for political reasons our governing authorities have avoided. It is idle to attempt, as many are now doing, to dismiss contention by referring to all treaties as "the supreme law of the land." The fact, of course, as explicitly set forth in the Constitution, is that only such treaties as are "made under the authority of the United States" have any binding force whatsoever. Where that authority begins and ends has never been determined by any competent tribunal. The only certainty is that all powers "not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively or to the people," and that authority to regulate the disposition of lands has never been so delegated.

Nevertheless the courts over and over again have held it to be a fundamental principle that, since the nation alone is empowered to treat with foreign countries, the scope of its authority cannot be subjected to limitations which would impair the efficiency of its acts. Secretary BAYARD made an odd distinction with respect to this very matter in his note, June 15, 1886, reading as follows:

> Were the question, whether a treaty provision which gives to aliens rights to real estate in the states, to come up now for the first time, grave doubts might be entertained as to how far such a treaty would be constitutional. A treaty is, it is true, the supreme law of the land, but it is, nevertheless, only a law imposed by the federal government, and subject to all the limitations of other laws imposed by the same authority. While internationally binding the United States to the contracting powers, it may be municipally inoperative because it deals with matters in the states as to which the federal government has no power to deal.
>
> That a treaty, however, can give to aliens such rights has been repeatedly affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States; and, consequently, however much hesitation there might be as to advising a new treaty containing such provisions, it is not open to this department to deny that the treaties now in existence giving rights to this class of aliens may, in their municipal relations, be regarded as operative in the states.

Coming from a pronounced advocate of state rights and Secretary of State under President CLEVELAND, this definition would seem to have a force almost binding upon the Democratic party until rejected by the courts. Under it, clearly the claim of California of a right to deprive aliens of rights in real estate upon the ground that other states have already done so would be disallowed, since the treaty with which such an act would conflict is already in existence. The nicety of the distinction is apparent; it might or might not be sustained; but it certainly does seem to be a pity that Secretary BRYAN is virtually barred from using it, with the authority of his distinguished Democratic predecessor, by the declaration in the platform drawn by himself and by President WILSON'S unguarded utterance.

Apparently the only weapon left to Secretary BRYAN in his difficult undertaking is moral suasion. In this he will derive great assistance from President WILSON'S tactful and almost compelling appeal to the people of California to "leave untouched the international obligations of the United States." It seems well-nigh incredible that patriotic citizens of any state would disregard so frank and earnest an entreaty from their President. But California has always regarded herself as more or less a thing apart, is nearly as disdainful of her Eastern neighbors as of Japan itself, and, unhappily, at the moment seems to be quite under the domination of the arrant demagogue, HIRAM JOHNSON, who formerly opposed the very laws which he now advocates in response to the demand of labor unions and who makes himself ridiculous by blatting about the state rights which he persistently derided during the present campaign.

The lack of real need of the proposed legislation appears from the government reports. The Japanese in California to-day own a little less than 13,000 acres of land, one-tenth of one per cent. of the agricultural area of the state, and an increase since 1909 of something less than 2,000 acres. The Japanese lease 17,600 acres, a decrease since 1909 of 2,700 acres. In other words, Japanese agricultural activity in California is represented by less than one-third of one per cent. of the entire arable land of the state, and, counting ownership and leaseholds, they cultivate nearly a thousand acres less to-day than they did three years ago. Nevertheless, we would not put undue stress upon this phase of the situation. Under no circumstances would we uphold outside interference with the people of a state in judging the requirements of their own communities. The question is much broader than that. It involves the moral, rather than a mere technical, right of a member of the sisterhood of states to enact legislation involving international relations in the face of opposing sentiment and material interests of forty other commonwealths. President ROOSEVELT went too far when he declared in his annual message of 1906 that "in the matter now before me affecting the Japanese everything that is within my power to do will be done, and *all forces, military and civil, of the United States* which I may lawfully employ will be so employed"; but the result indicated that he knew his people and confirmed his judgment of the need of meeting truculence with truculence. President TAFT achieved the same end by methods which, though moderate and becoming, were none the less firm and meaningful.

That President WILSON will maintain with equal resolution whatever position he may find himself compelled to assume as a consequence of Secretary BRYAN'S mediation may be taken for granted. Barring his preliminary slip, which lent undue encouragement to the ranters, every step he has taken in the affair deserves hearty commendation. It was quite right and proper to manifest consideration for and faith in the people themselves. It was prudent to provide a breathing-spell for all concerned. And we are disposed to believe that it will prove to have been wise to give full rein to Mr. BRYAN'S unfermented diplomacy, while making it perfectly clear that he himself holds in reserve all of the authority conferred upon a President of the United States, and a free hand to act as circumstances may require. No partisanship or prejudice should deter any citizen from standing squarely behind his Chief Magistrate in a contingency of this kind in any event, but the reason for upholding his hands is enhanced tremendously when he evinces the sagacity, caution, and tolerance which so far Mr. WILSON has shown in a marked degree.

There will be no war. Japan is in no condition to fight. All the more reason, then, for especial consideration, for increased friendliness, and for cordial co-operation in her every endeavor not only to allay friction with this Republic, but to insure tranquillity among her own unduly sensitive and somewhat turbulent population.

Good luck to Mr. BRYAN!

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More Clay Feet

Oh dear! oh dear! Can it be possible that ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE is getting his political ideals mixed up with loaves and fishes? The thought seems incredible, and yet — well, what about this?

On April 12th Brother LA FOLLETTE sounded a most alarming tocsin over his own kurlyku signature on the front page of his paper. He had detected "The System at Work," and thus entitled his piece. It was all about the appointment of Mr. JOHN SKELTON WILLIAMS as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. "Until a few days ago," he wrote, plaintively, "it was officially announced that ROBERT WOOLEY, of Virginia, would be appointed." We never heard of Mr. WOOLEY, but we cheerfully accept Mr. LA FOLLETTE'S assurance that he is "an able, scholarly gentleman," and free from all entangling alliances. But it seems that Mr. WOOLEY had criticized Mr. C. C. GLOVER, the pugnacious president of the Riggs National Bank. Consequently, declared Senator LA FOLLETTE, "either Mr. GLOVER or some one with like interests persuaded President WILSON to appoint JOHN SKELTON WILLIAMS." And he, in the vigilant Senator's view, is the limit. Sarcastically he continues:

> Mr. WILLIAMS has qualifications which would be recognized anywhere in Wall Street as admirably fitting him for this position. He is a member of the Metropolitan (Millionaires') Club of Sixtieth Street, New York. He organized the Seaboard Airline Railway System and was its president from 1899 to 1904. On the Board of Directors of the Airline, Mr. WILLIAMS is associated with H. CLAY PIERCE, NORMAN B. REAM, B. F. YOAKUM, and other System representatives.

And then the inevitable warning, worthy of Brother BRYAN before he donned the muzzle of officialdom. "It is believed," Senator LA FOLLETTE concluded, "that President WILSON has been imposed upon. Let him beware of such influences. The special interests never sleep. They have their friends in every department. Many of them are known. They should all be hunted down and out. But it will avail little to turn out one man with special-interest connections only to appoint another with like affiliations in his place."

All this was as usual—characteristic and consistent. But lo! see what happened! Brother LA FOLLETTE'S piece appeared on April 12th. Four days later the papers contained the following despatch:

> WASHINGTON, *April 15.*—There was unusual interest to-day in the conference at the White House between President WILSON and Senator LA FOLLETTE. After giving indirect but valuable support to Mr. WILSON in the Presidential campaign Senator LA FOLLETTE let it be known that he would support President WILSON in all proposals for progressive legislation, but recently the Senator has attacked the administration in his magazine, especially on account of the appointment of JOHN SKELTON WILLIAMS as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. He charged the appointment was satisfactory to the "system."
>
> At the close of the interview it was said the President had asked Senator LA FOLLETTE to go to the White House to discuss matters of mutual interest. One subject was the appointment of Federal officers in Wisconsin. The President followed a custom he has established of consulting Republican Senators. Senator LA FOLLETTE also conferred with Secretary MCADOO to-day.

Now mark! One subject discussed was "the appointment of Federal officers in Wisconsin," and then the Senator went across the street and "conferred with Secretary MCADOO." Presumably JOHN SKELTON was out.

Now why the distinction invidious? Is not Mr. MCADOO also a member of "the Metropolitan (Millionaires') Club of Sixtieth Street, New York"? And if poor JOHN SKELTON has been really contaminated by association with Mr. PIERCE, Mr. REAM, and Mr. YOAKUM, what does the worthy Senator suspect may have happened to Mr. MCADOO during some years of intimate relations with *his* directors? Did Mr. LA FOLLETTE never hear of ANTHONY N. BRADY, the "traction magnate"; of JOHN G. MCCULLOUGH, notoriously a capitalist; of PLINY FISK, the *banker;* and, sakes alive! of ELBERT H. GARY, president of the great steel corporation? Or had he not heard that they were directors of Mr. MCADOO'S tunnel company?

La! la! Suppose Mr. MCADOO were Assistant Secretary *without* patronage, and Mr. WILLIAMS Secretary *with* patronage. Which then would Senator LA FOLLETTE be condemning and which "conferring with" about "Federal offices in Wisconsin"?

Is Battling BOB a humbug, too? Pshaw!

Too Bad

It was hard luck on JOSEPHUS to have a fire just as he was preparing a statement for the public.

Wineless

Mr. BRYAN has explained about the wineless dinner he gave to Ambassador and Mrs. BRYCE and seven other ambassadors and their wives. Seeing that this important diplomatic news was out, he admitted that it was true, and disclosed that he told his guests that he and Mrs. BRYAN had been teetotalers from their youth and their parents before them, and had "never served liquor at their table"; and that when he took office under President WILSON he asked him whether failure to serve wine would be an embarrassment to the administration, and Mr. WILSON cheerfully left that to his discretion, and he decided that it wouldn't. So he gave the ambassadors nothing to drink but water and a certain bubbling, purple fluid—so the papers say—made of unintoxicating grape juice. And Mr. BRYAN said he never spent a more enjoyable evening than that one with the ambassadors thus liquidated.

Surely that was very creditable to all concerned; to Mr. BRYAN as an entertainer who is independent of stimulants, and to the eight ambassadors and their wives, as cheerful riders on the water-wagon. To be sure such entertainment could not embarrass the administration! Far otherwise! But Mr. BRYAN must remember that he is himself a great and powerful stimulant, and that though his watered guests, stimulated by him, might be happy and responsive, the guests of less gifted hosts might welcome the mellowing effect of a few swallows of wine. There rises in the memory the far-away figure of an illustrious Democratic statesman coming in his evening clothes to his own sideboard in his own house in Washington, and proceeding rapidly and with a smile to wet his own whistle with his own fluids, before going down to the White House to dine with President HAYES. A few years later that statesman filled the place that Mr. BRYAN now holds. We respectfully offer his example to the good ambasadors.

Relief

Thank goodness Mr. BRYAN'S parents were not prejudiced against the use of forks.

The Report on the Tariff Bill

Does anybody read a committee report on a tariff bill? Those who reply to it, perhaps, but precious few others. Of course, too, many of us glance through the Associated Press report. But practically none of us consider at all the carefully prepared statement which usually accompanies such a measure as the UNDERWOOD bill, now at last fully launched on its difficult course through the two Houses of Congress.

Really, we wish there might be an exception in this instance. It is too much, no doubt, to expect any wide reading of the whole of the UNDERWOOD report, but there are certain paragraphs which are not only worth reading, but actually readable. BASTIAT himself wouldn't be ashamed of them. It is two to one that fifty years from now college boys will have to read them along with HAMILTON'S *Report on Manufactures* and the WALKER report of 1896.

We refer particularly to the paragraphs on the Cost of Production Theory, on the Democratic Platform Pledges, on the Competitive Tariff Theory, on *Ad Valorem* Duties, on Our Tariff Relations with Other Countries, and on the "Dumping" Clause. If Mr. MCCOMBS and his committee have the money they would do well to circulate this matter as widely as possible, for it is the clearest and strongest statement yet made of the Democratic contention concerning the tariff as it affects the precise conditions now existing in this country; also the fairest, for it does not in the least pretend that an honest tariff, built on sound principles, will not necessitate some changes from the conditions brought about by dishonest tariffs built on unsound principles. "To protect profits," it frankly declares, "of necessity means to protect inefficiency," and it as frankly proclaims that the party in power will no longer protect inefficiency at the cost of the vast majority of American citizens.

Nobody is asked to deceive himself. The bill proposes a great change in the economic policy of this country, and the report gives candidly and clearly the reasons for it. In our judgment, they are sufficient, convincing, overwhelming. There are only two serious doubts about the matter. One is whether the American people will take the time and trouble to understand those reasons; that is to say, to comprehend their actual situation in respect of the tariff. The other is whether the men and interests that profit by our present un-sound policy will have money and guile enough to accomplish, by hook or crook, some miscarriage of this promising endeavor to adopt the right policy.

As the bill goes on its way we hope to point out some of the specific injustices and absurdities it aims to correct. The main fact at present to be emphasized is the fact of its fundamental wisdom and righteousness.

"Schedule K"

President TAFT was likable in many ways, but we like him best as the Republican party's *enfant terrible.* There was something of the hand of Providence in the train of events, including ROOSEVELT, which forced that party to make a man so incapable of shrewd insincerity its President and spokesman. Think of a man in that position actually telling the truth when he came to explain why the wool and woolen schedule remained unchanged in the PAYNE bill!

Yet TAFT did it, in these words:

> Mr. PAYNE, in the House, and Mr. ALDRICH, in the Senate, although both favored reduction in the schedule, found that *in the Republican party* (italics ours) the interests of the wool-growers in the far West and the interests of the woolen manufacturers in the East and in other states, reflected through their representatives in Congress, was sufficiently strong to defeat any attempt to change the woolen tariff, and that had it been attempted it would have beaten the bill reported from either committee.

We again run across this famous passage from the Winona speech in a fairly competent article in the *Century,* reciting the history of the wool and woolen schedule from 1865 to the present day. That history must surely, by this time, be known to all intelligent Americans—the original bargain between the shepherds and the weavers, the way it has been kept through their joint agent, the Republican party, and the way we Americans have paid the costs every time we have bought cloth or clothing with a shred of wool in it.

The plain facts are that it has made us pay, for half a century, about two prices for all our woolen and worsted and shoddy clothing; that it has taxed the rough woolens of the American laborer far higher than the worsteds of wealthy Americans; that it has *not* raised the wages of laborers in the industries it protects; that the wealthy heads of those industries and the Republican party have been its sole beneficiaries; and that it has been the source of unmeasured corruption in our politics.

If the UNDERWOOD bill in its final form does nothing but make an end of the long iniquity of Schedule K, it will be worth all the trouble it has cost to elect a Congress willing to pass it.

On the Starboard Side

Our semi-weekly Secretary of the Navy.—*The Herald.*

Don't you mean semi-daily or perchance just semi?

A "Feeler" on the Banking and Currency Question

Somebody at Washington gave last week to the Associated Press a very vague outline of the probable character of somebody's bill to reform the banking and currency system. Some of the papers, however, take what is announced as an indication of the ideas of Representative GLASS, prospective chairman of the House committee on the subject discussed; others take it as emanating from "the administration." The name of Senator AMEN, chairman of of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, is also vaguely associated with the outgiving.

However, there is nothing really mysterious about the article—and nothing really culpable. It is simply a "feeler," put out to test public sentiment, through the newspapers, on the tentative plans of those most concerned in the framing of an administration plan of banking and currency legislation. The practice of putting out such feelers is well established in Washington. ROOSEVELT used it constantly, in reference to appointments as well as measures.

We trust the press will respond to this one fully and candidly. It may thereby give courage to the gentlemen particularly engaged with this great matter, and courage is what they need. Mr. GLASS, for instance, seems to have some sensible notions about his subject. We trust the press will help him to see that he and his associates on the job will be wise to trust the intelligence of the American people, and not to be deterred from doing the best they can by fear of the ignorance and prejudice of the electorates. As a matter of fact, we have not observed as yet any very foolish comment on the feeler as it stands. On the whole, we are of opinion that if the party in power fails to pass a good banking and currency bill it will

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fail from the incompetence or timidity of its own leaders rather than from any insuperable stupidity of "the people" on the subject. We believe that at present very few Americans out of politics are obsessed with impossible notions about public finance. The trouble is that so many politicians are obsessed with the notion that the American people *are* so obsessed.

We Consent to Be "Felt"

So far as we can make out from the article in question, the inchoate plan looks to the establishment of some fifteen regional reserve banks, presumably holding the reserves of all the banks in their respective regions, and also charged with the emission of currency. By a gradual retirement of the present bond-secured currency we are to be brought to an asset currency, based on commercial paper, which is, of course, what we ought to have. The intimations as to probable devices to prevent inflation—all unnecessary if we *do* get a currency based on commercial paper, which will be automatically elastic—are too vague to be worth discussing. Really important, however, is the composition of a suggested governing board—the Secretaries of the Treasury and of Agriculture and the Comptroller of the Currency, four members chosen "by the banks of the country," and two members appointed by the President. Unfortunately, there is no intimation of the precise powers this board is to exercise.

Hazy and incomplete as it is, we think the plan shows a sincere but timid desire to follow the best thought of the country. The regional arrangement for reserves is half a concession to the ALDRICH plan and half an attempt to vary from it. If the governing board has sufficient power, regional reserves can perhaps be used, inconveniently, for the same purpose for which a single national reserve could be used conveniently. The composition of the proposed governing board is faulty in that there will be too many more or less political directors. For that reason and others the plan as a whole—or, rather, what we are permitted to see of it—is inferior to the ALDRICH plan for the precise reason least to be expected: to wit, that it leaves credit *more* open to control by "Wall Street!"

Nevertheless, the feeler is to some extent encouraging. Whoever prepared it had some sense of what the country really needs in the way of banking and currency legislation. We are optimistic, and trust that in time the country's needs in this matter will more and more prevail, in the minds of the men who now have the power and responsibility to take action, over an exaggerated fear of the country's unreadiness to accept what it needs.

The South and the Ambassadorships and Consulships

In view of some current criticism of certain appointments to our foreign service which the President has either made or is supposed to be about to make there are some facts which the public, in common fairness, ought to keep in mind. They were brought out and discussed the other day in the Senate; but they are not new. This journal referred to them a year or more ago.

They show that under recent Republican administrations the diplomatic and consular appointments have been so unequally distributed among the sections that the result is grotesque. Here, in brief, is what the new administration found:

Of the 35 ambassadors and ministers not one came from the regularly Democratic states of the South—about a third of the country.

Of the 64 consuls-general, only 5 came from the South, and these were of the lower classifications, with low salaries.

Of consuls with salaries over $2,000, only 23 were from the South, as against 13 from the District of Columbia alone. The aggregate of salaries paid to all Southerners in the consular service was $84,000, as against $103,500 paid to those from Ohio alone. The showing would not be even so good as this but for the recent imperfect extension of civil-service rules to consular appointments.

In both services the total of Southerners was 80 out of 676, and their salaries amounted to $167,300 out of $2,145,928.

It is worth noting that in the Senate discussion of this state of affairs no Republican defended it as just or reasonable. It can hardly be unjust or unreasonable if the new administration shall in some measure correct it. In the consular service particularly it is eminently desirable that the South, which plays so great a part in our foreign trade, should be better represented.

However, we think it best to mention that we are at present speaking *only* of the diplomatic and consular services.

A Wise Friend Leaves Us

We Americans are getting nowadays plenty of comment and admonition from distinguished foreigners. We seem to like it; else there would hardly be so much of it, and our magazines and publishers would hardly pay so well for it. The parting words of JAMES BRYCE, at the Pilgrims' farewell dinner, were not commercially inspired, however, and there is another reason why we may well pay attention to them. Mr. BRYCE has studied us longer and knows more about us than any other foreigner alive. Indeed, it sounds wrong to call him a foreigner.

He tells us two thing that are encouraging to us all. One is that we have a sort of middle class now, between the millionaires and the labor unions, on which we can rely for a real strength and stability. The other is that to his trained observation the standard of civic duty among us seems to be steadily rising and not falling.

We trust Mr. BRYCE is right. We are sure he is sincere. He is not flattering us. He does not need to and must know it. He must know that in the minds and hearts of nearly all decent and intelligent Americans he holds securely a place with CHATHAM and COBDEN in that fine company of Englishmen whose knowledge and appreciation of America has been free alike from prejudice and from ignorant enthusiasm. In this day and generation he is easily first among America's friends in Great Britain.

On Recognition

From the Sandusky (Ohio) *Journal:*

HARPER'S WEEKLY takes exception to this item that appeared in the *Springfield Republican*:

"It seemed odd to read that the American ambassador at Rome had offered the Embassy as a place for funeral services over Mr. MORGAN'S body, 'by direction of Secretary of State WILLIAM J. BRYAN.'"

To HARPER'S this does "not appear odd." Nor should it appear odd to any right-thinking American. Mr. BRYAN could not agree with Mr. MORGAN in many particulars. In economic beliefs they were diametrically opposed. Mr. BRYAN would have curbed the great power which Mr. MORGAN held, and likewise the Nebraskan was probably one of the last men whom the "money king" would have wished to see in power at the Capitol.

It does not follow, however, that one could not see greatness in the other. No matter how much Mr. BRYAN and many of the rest of us may have been opposed to Mr. MORGAN and his financial methods and system, we recognized in him a great man. While enriching himself and his associates he had also done much for his country. He did what he deemed best to insure sound financial conditions. Possibly it is true that on one occasion he prevented a great money panic. Certain it is that he gave vast sums for philanthropic purposes, and did more than any other man to advance the cause of art in this country. While he traveled much, he was always an American. And surely a man whose death brought forth messages of condolence from the German Emperor, the Pope of Rome, and other great rulers was deserving of the courtesy, in death, of having his country's Embassy tendered as a place for his funeral. Mr. BRYAN took the proper course, that of a true American.

The trouble with some folks seems to be that they cannot imagine one man opposing another, or taking issue with him, unless it be in all things, even unto death.

It is most gratifying to be able to record that the Sandusky *Journal* is but one of many public journals who have expressed themselves in this wise.

A Shift of Scare

There seems to be some basis to the stories that the two great German armament companies have been promoting war agitations in order to sell their goods. Probably the promotion was done by irresponsible persons, but at any rate a shift of scare in Germany from the government to the armament-makers seems a thing to be thankful for. The armament business has been extremely profitable and profits are tempting and liable to become a habit, but the business seems to have been overdone. A sharp attack of KRUPP nausea in Germany might bring relief to all the world.

They Won't Let Her Starve

London *Truth* wickedly declares that Mrs. PANKHURST has (in effect) sold suffrage short and is prospering mightily in the speculation. It points out that since, being in reduced circumstances on the death of her husband, she got a job in the office of the Registrar of Births and Deaths, she has given continuous evidence of great improvement in her fiscal condition. It maliciously suggests that the greatest obstacle to her personal success was the possible success, or ascendancy, of the more pacific suffragists. Accordingly, it finds her breaking with the old-time suffragists, like Mrs. FAWCETT, and attacking first Sir EDWARD GREY, "the most honest suffragist" in the Cabinet; next the Premier, CAMPBELL BANNERMAN, who wanted to give women the vote; next disconcerting the House of Commons by an uproar when it was on the point of giving an overwhelming division in favor of suffrage; and so on, and so on.

These are cruel aspersions. Yet if they are believed by the present Premier and the Home Secretary they may help to account for the solicitude of the government of England that Mrs. PANKHURST'S health shall suffer no permanent hurt from imprisonment.

Baseball in the Philippines

ELWOOD S. BROWN, physical director of the Y. M. C. A. at Manila, is quoted as telling in San Francisco about the prosperous state of civilization by baseball in the Philippines. He says the entire younger generation of the Filipinos is baseball mad, and has no time for revolutions. He tells this story:

A few months ago a company of constabulary landed from a steamer on Jolo Island. As the soldiers were arranging the camp they heard an awful uproar. Seizing their guns, the entire company, believing that a whole village was being butchered, crept through the jungle toward a clearing whence the sounds came. As they reached the edge of the trees and peeped through the leaves, they perceived about a thousand natives dancing about and yelling at the top of their voices. A fleeting creature, clad in a loin cloth, was traveling toward a palm leaf spread upon the ground to designate first base and an excited little brown man, afterward identified as one of the chiefs, was informing the multitude that the hit had been "fair."

Mr. BROWN says that three-fourths of the children going to the Filipino schools are identified with some sort of sport. The boys play baseball, and the current epidemic is probably the more violent because there are no winter months to check it. The boys play every day in the year except when it rains.

That is very interesting. We are used to baseball as a sport, but perhaps we have not given it all the credit that is its due as a process and safeguard of civilization. It may be that the propensity of the college boys to neglect the proceedings in the main academic tent for the sideshows is based on a sounder instinct than it has had credit for. Possibly it would help for the peace of the world if companies of baseball missionaries could be sent to Germany; aye, and if necessary, to California!

Why Have Public Service Commissions?

The legislature of New York is open to the criticism directed at the man who kept a dog and still did his own barking. It lately passed a "full-crew" bill. Last week it passed the SILVERSTEIN bill making it a misdemeanor to operate horse-cars in first-class cities. It has under consideration and near passage two bills regulating fares, one bill increasing the size of "caboose" cars, and one regulating telephone fares, and yet it keeps two "expensive and respectable Public Service Commissions" (as the *Sun* says) expressly created to study and attend to all such matters as these.

A Few Big Men Will Do

If our new President as he goes along looms up pretty large, it will doubtless be partly because he is pretty large, but also, we suspect, because there are so many men in public life whose dimensions are not at all impressive. There is hardly another office in the gift of the people, besides the Presidency, acceptance of which by a first-class trained man does not involve sacrifice of his pecuniary and private interests. That does not deprive us of the services of a good many very able men, but it does probably contribute to our acquisition of the services, in all our various legislatures, in Governorships, and offices generally, of many incumbents whose abilities are not imposing. The abler men are usually discovered and employed, or find employment for themselves, and are apt to be too busy to run for office; and though a few of them, after they have made due provision for themselves, would be glad to work for the people, they can seldom get far into politics after devoting the more active years of their lives to private concerns.

What saves us is that a few first-rate men go a great ways in legislation and administration. The important matters have to fall to men competent to handle them, and the less competent have to follow their leadership. It only takes a few superior minds to plan and give orders. When too many of them crowd into that employment they are apt to embarrass one another.

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Crossways

A VIVID and exquisite phrase that lingers in the thought may diverge from the author's intention a little, and be none the worse, as it troubles and warns. Such a one is that which urges that not to discriminate every instant "some tragic dividing of forces on their ways is, on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening."

To Artemis, the merciless Lady of the Cross-roads, men should all burn from time to time a grain of smoking incense and hang a garland hoary with dew, that she may be placable. As a thief in the night she comes upon men, and as she passes a cold wind blows their hearts, a cold damp touches their foreheads and the palms of their hands. Well for them if the white lightning which plays about her, behind and before, shows that they go the right way. Woe to them if they missed the turning in the darkness, or in thick fog, or in the dazzling sun-streaks and flickering shadows of leafy boughs along the primrose path. For them there is no returning. "Was that the landmark?" cries the sad master of the House of Life—"that foolish well?" Sometimes where ways part a cross is set up; sometimes a spring flows clear. Sometimes the honeyed azaleas or rhododendrons blossom so thick and pink that none can see between them; sometimes the dust is powdery, the sun is high, and the plodder is looking neither to right nor left; the idler is looking nowhere as he whistles and switches a willow rod. To many men each vital decision of life comes unexpected, without warning, and they must act by the moment's impulse, with ruin or shame to follow if, being flawed, they fail the test and choose stupidly or act meanly; but to yet more men it comes unrecognized, without visible significance, and only afterwards they see that what seemed of little moment heaven and earth waited breathlessly upon.

"What I say unto you I say unto all—watch!" The devil does not declare war thirty-six hours before hostilities commence, nor yet recognize any armistice or flag of truce. He is never tired, or sleepy, or absent-minded, or out of practice. There is no discharge in that war; night and day the soul must keep the watch, not knowing when nor whence nor how often the sudden challenge may come. When that comes neither high ideals nor a sense of humor will avail so much as the habit of self-discipline. Ideals are eternal in the heavens, and with eyes fixed on them a man may walk into the mire and wallow there. Humor is a genial grace and may make for charity toward one's own failings, as well as other men's, for easy going and an unbraced attitude, for ironic self-indulgence. To keep in training, to look out for the tokens and read them aright, to practise daily when unnecessary the austerities which may turn the scale at the great moment, gives the only certainty. Habit is master of the event.

Lax ways are easy—comfortable as velvet jacket and slippers down at the heel.[4] We let ourselves go in respect of little things: missing church, or trifling extravagances, or messy thinking, or small petulances, or trivial cruelties, *crises de nerfs* and sharp practice, and some day we find that in some indefinable manner, at some unnoticed time, irremediable mischief was done. A woman will forgive a beating sooner than habitual sarcasm, a man will forgive sin sooner than stubborn frivolity; because from the great wrong there is always turning back—but for the others, who knows just where the two ways forked? All the relations of the hearth are in reality exacting to the last degree. Any one who wants to talk brilliantly abroad and save his breath at home, any one who wants to be charming to outsiders and cross in the house, had better go into bachelor apartments. Husband and wife must be interesting to each other and up to the mark; brothers and sisters must be friendly and not tepid, well-bred and not brutal, under penalty of finding their common life rather a dull and common failure.

Not every one is made for domestic life. That, happily, is recognized once more, as it was not in the Victorian age. It had been accepted, indeed, long before by Buddhist beggar and roving friar, by ragged Diogenes in the courtyard of Cybele's temple, and the silent white-robed fraternity at the *Grande Chartreuse*. A man, or a woman either, is free now to live alone and work alone; to still the spirit in solitude and steep it in silence. Some such carry out with them into the sweltering, sickening world a breath as of mountain air, a touch as for the healing of the nations. The soul that knows the place of peace, and abides therein, can communicate strength and courage, and that soul only. A man must settle accounts with himself before he sets out to benefit his fellow-men. These Stoic and Taoist temperaments, these natural solitaries, face their own dangers, insidious and bewildering. Theirs is the risk, while serving the world, of neglecting some one across the hall; while practising detachment, of wanting love. If you pass grief without sympathy, if you leave loneliness without solace; if you let a child fall into mischief, or a man fall into despair, because you did not notice, you can never make it up, and your own character can never quite recover. When for another man the dark hour comes, you must watch with him that hour. It is the one chance of your life, so far as he is concerned, and that chance you dare not miss. By it you are judged. With those you love you can always retrieve failure and redeem pain, but with those for whom just once in all eternity, if you had only known, you might have done just one thing, there is no more to do.

Sometimes the hard choice cannot be escaped, and with a splendid rapture of pain it is embraced. Sometimes the turn was made blindly, but aright, and may be looked back on with a breathing ecstasy of thankfulness. One hardly knows how one came instinctively to take the course that saved from an abyss unguessed.

Life has no vacant lots, no empty corners, no insignificant acts. What has been can never be again. All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full, nor shall the streams ever flow back toward whence the springs began. The flushed child that falls asleep after the long August day of play and punishment, tired out at last, will wake up good to-morrow morning and recommence; but for us to-morrow must bring another day. A certain wise woman, when her man grew restless, used to give him her little store of gold pieces knotted up in the baby's sock, secure that when he had sailed across the world and spent the last of the gold, the little stocking would fetch him home again. But how could he fancy that he found the same woman there, and how could she fancy that the same man came back? As in dreams, we go six steps down a street to see what it looks like, meaning to return straightway and go about our business along the avenue; and lo! when we turn there is no avenue any more—so in life. A certain young man lost his way at twilight in a thick wood, and was afraid to follow the path over the shoulder of the hill because of the sinister creatures he saw in the shadows—spotted leopard, gaunt wolf, and sullen lion; and in the end, to get where he was going, he had to go through hell, down through the bottom of the bottomless pit. He never knew what lay on the other side of the hill, and only with unmeasured pain he won out at the last into the sweet air of dawn. The worst investment in the world is presumptuous sin, the stupidest and the most irremediable. The keenest intelligence, the richest endowment, affords little enough for safety. In the very brilliancy of men's gifts are discerned the tragic parting of forces on their ways. Only we must be ready for the moment—to seize the emotion as it is ready to flower, a cinnamon-sweet soft rose, saffron-tinged and gold at heart; to catch the fleeting influence as it flushes for an instant, like the mauve lights on autumn landscape that sometimes follow sunset. Like men walking at night among unknown mountains, we must feel the warm guidance of the kindly earth and the chill warning of the blue ice-chasm.

We are all on a long journey, and the country is strange and the ways across it are many. If we take a wrong turn we may have to ford a red torrent in spate, or sleep in drifted snow, or march a week among the fiery dunes of the desert under a brazen bowl, before we strike the way again. For sooner or later we have all to come back to the one way, and, however hard we make it for ourselves, we have to go on. There is only one journey, and perhaps there is only one end—that which Aurelius and Augustine have named *The City of God.*

Correspondence

ENTITIES

CHICAGO, ILL.

Entities of Power make up the greater Power which is used by the Power that is behind the universe.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—As the bonds which make up a political entity cannot be lightly looked at, or patriotism will be stifled, so when we consider woman's position in nations the matter is one of serious import, not only for the present, but for the future.

It is sometimes said that the church is for women and the weak, while governments are for the strong; if we look at the church as an almshouse this may be true, but serious-minded persons, when they realize what churches have accomplished, can hardly say that they are simply for the weak; they may look like entities, which do not always work with one another, but none can deny that a great deal of moral and intellectual power is often behind entities which we call churches; and no matter what they are at present, woman would not be where she is now if it had not been for them. So as an indispensable corollary woman's victory over things, as far as human governments are concerned, either by vote or otherwise, is somewhat bound up in a victory of churches; and while some may deplore economic developments which attract woman and which seem almost to throw the state off its equilibrium, as these increase, her opinion, if not her vote, should be sought in regard to them. Governments cannot make for women a certain position in the world; this depends upon forces which are beyond their control. A government can work for their betterment, but it cannot do this under false pretenses or through visionary schemes.

Governments cannot do for women what they can do for themselves, but a government can realize that most of the refinements of life come through their influence, and protect and defend them.

Thus woman's power is more than a political one; it enters into art and literature and things which are within the structure of governments, which have been built up by men; her loyalty to high ideals is often stronger than man's loyalty to governments. Men may mark out a form of government and be loyal to this form for a time, and this form of government may seem almost to bind them intellectually, as it were, and to be loyal they will only applaud things which support this form of government. But woman looks not at the form so much, she wishes to hold on to what is good in any form of government.

Thus while we look at women as conservers of good and orderly things which have been developed in the past, they also have a great part in developing that which is best in the governments of to-day.

Man may be loyal to his race and to his nation, and this is well, but at the same time man's ideas about his race and nation may change in some ways as he is brought into intellectual contact with other people.

Racial contact will present to us the greatest struggles which the ages have shown, and all this enters into politics, which is nodified warfare; and an intelligent and true woman, I think, realizes that a man cannot traverse the world without a sword at his side, or as a part of a government which has the power to defend him. Some, I think, wrongly imagine that if women held the balance of power in a government they would be more tyrannical than the Puritans, who, while believing in one Lord, one faith, and one baptism, and holding that a God or His moral agents should reign in every sphere of life, wished to tell others exactly when and where He did reign according to their own private interpretation of things.

People sometimes applaud a man with lax moral sentiments and loose verbal utterances who would not tolerate a woman of this kind, and we believe that power in a virile and good woman as well as power in a virile and good man will put fear into the heart of evil-doers, and we would like to see this power increased; and I do not believe that the majority of women will let the outer husks of government take the place of the inner fruits which they have done so much to develop in the past.

Now to end this matter of woman's part in government, which may see great development in the future, I sink into a personal one, and while the pronoun I may not amount to much at times, it is best, perhaps, to use it when some may think one is speaking for an association or others when he is only speaking for himself.

I do not believe in a national prohibition party, but I do believe that if people become like savages, who in their indulgences do not care how they behave, a prohibition measure can be held as a club over them.

I am, sir,

CHARLES M. ORR.

FROM A READER WHO HAS VIEWS

QUEQUECHAN CLUB,
FALL RIVER, MASS., *April 21, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I am an old-fashioned Yankee Republican and am not in full sympathy with your political views. I cannot share in your ecstatic admiration of the supernal wisdom and almost Godlike qualities of President Wilson, although I hope that he, the academic dreamer and newly fledged statesman, will ring true to all your gorgeous anticipations. He is still a statesman in the making. The era of strutting and posing must soon end or it will become nauseating. Vanity is not a quality which often ripens into real statesmanship. The President must not overdo the histrionic part he is playing, else the American people, who are endowed with a great fund of common sense and who in the end can distinguish sham from realities, will turn to some more commonplace and pedestrian administrator of the Taft order. Politics is a business of stern realities. It is the results which tell, not embroidered rhetoric or honeyed words. As the Chinese maxim says: "Fine words do not butter parsnips."

However, I did not intend to make this brief letter one of criticism, but of warm commendation. As a constant reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY I am delighted with the series of editorial articles on serious and profound themes which you publish from week to week. I have just read that article in the current issue on "The Godless Good and Real Religion." Such an article and several which have preceded it are worthy of the highest praise. Whoever the writer may be, he is an honor to literature both in the range of his thought and the admirable form of his utterance. He has the genetic power of teaching his readers to think. Keep him at work; we need such a teacher.

By the way, you might suggest to your London correspondent, Mr. Sydney Brooks, that he is too fine a writer to fall into such gross grammatical errors as the expressions, "That sort of *a* thing," "That sort of *an* undertaking." Yet Englishmen accuse us Americans of misusing the mother tongue.

I am, sir,

MILTON REED.

IN THE LINE OF PROGRESS

KEMPER BOCOCK MEMORIAL,
GEORGETOWN, D.C., *April 19, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. George T. Winston, of Asheville, North Carolina, wishes for you the following happiness: "May you outlive the woman-suffrage lunacy and look back upon it with serenest humor."

Let me say that he asks the impossible. Woman suffrage is in the line of progress, and *progress* has never been stopped.

I am, sir,

MARGUERITE DU PONT LEE.

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PLAYING WITH DYNAMITE

Why California's Behavior Toward the Japanese is in Danger of Involving Us in War with a Hyper-Sensitive People

BY WILLIAM INGLIS

THE legislature of California seems to be determined to enact an anti-alien land law to keep Japanese from taking title to land in their state. The President of the United States and his Secretary of State have begged the legislature to desist; have pointed out to them that such a law, aimed directly at the Japanese, is a violation of treaty rights and a downright insult to the entire Japanese nation, and have urged that the statute be made general in its provisions—against *all* aliens—and thus avoid the resentment of the nation that has won only yesterday a place among the first-class powers of the world.

The reply of the California legislature has been to propose an anti-alien land law still more pointedly aimed to exclude Japanese subjects and to declare loudly that they will enact it, in defiance of the wishes of the government of the United States and with utter contempt for the protests of the Japanese government as expressed by its ambassador at Washington and the indignation of the Japanese people manifested by great mass-meetings in Tokio and throughout the empire, and in indignant comments by scores of influential Japanese newspapers—patronizingly referred to by the English as "the vernacular press," but powerful, nevertheless, in their influence upon the minds of a proud and exceedingly sensitive people.

As an American citizen with some knowledge of the Japanese spirit and of the persistence with which Californians have irritated it, I feel it my duty to call attention to the facts in the case, so that if we Americans really must go ahead and nag the Japanese into a bloody war we shall at least do it with our eyes open. It would be criminal on the part of any one who realizes how very delicate and dangerous the present situation is to keep silent about it.

California, of course, as every native or adopted son will admit, is the grandest state in the Union, has the most glorious climate, the finest fruits, the sweetest flowers, the noblest men, and the most beautiful women in the world. True, all true, every word of it. California also possesses a splendid, breezy contempt, slightly tinged with pity, for the entire region on this side of the Sierras, which it slightingly characterizes as "Back East," just as it has a lofty hatred and despite of the teeming millions on the opposite shores of the Pacific Ocean, whom it describes as "Damned Chinks and Japs." Hence the present situation.

But while all the rest of the United States (some ninety-odd per cent. of its people and power, by the way) have long endured California's contempt in patient tolerance rather than hurt the feelings of the dear, precocious child, and while the Chinese have silently submitted to flouting, abuse, batterings, and even death because they have no home government to stand up for their rights and redress their wrongs, the Japanese are not restrained by either of these considerations. They have no kinship with the superb Californians, and they have a home government, mighty, far-reaching, and quick to avenge insult to its humblest subject. And both the government and the individual Japanese, no matter how humble, are as proud and irritable as Sir Walter's Hieland laird walking the streets of Edinboro, hand on basket-hilt, and "sniffing the air for an affront."

A most un-Christian attitude of mind, perhaps, and one that no native son of golden California will for one moment tolerate; yet one which all the rest of us Americans, including our government at Washington, must recognize as the fact and as the prime condition governing our relations with Japan. And it is my belief that if the American people continue to permit the splendid, noble, superb, etc., Californians to go on nagging the Japanese as they have nagged them during the last seven years nothing short of a miracle can save us from war with Japan.

Let us look at the root of the trouble and see if it is possible to settle the difficulty in the right way, to guard the interests of the people of California from Japanese aggression and without giving offense to Japanese pride. Basically the question is an economic one: the California laborer, whom we may designate as the two-dollar-a-day man, refuses to compete with the Japanese laborer, whom we may call the half-dollar-a-day man. Whether the rivalry be between mere laborers or between farmers, artisans, mechanics, or whatever, that is about the difference between the Japanese scale of living and our own. That the high-priced American should exclude the low-priced Japanese is inevitable: it is simply the manifestation of a basic economic law. And in all the present turmoil we must remember that the Japanese government has never resented the exclusion of its people from these shores; it has resented only the slurs with which that exclusion has been accomplished.

At the conclusion of the war with Russia in 1905 thousands of young Japanese emigrated from their native land. Many went to the Philippines—where the tropical climate soon proved too much for them—a great many more went to the Hawaiian Islands and thrived there, and still other thousands migrated to the American Pacific coast, especially to California. There are in that state now some 60,000 Japanese, according to latest reports. In California these immigrants engaged as laborers, small shop-keepers, laundrymen, fruit-growers, and farm-hands. They were clever, industrious, sober, and cheap—far too cheap. That was their prime fault. Their competition was hurtful. They cut prices. I have heard many complaints of their unreliability and failure to live up to contracts. Possibly the complaints were well grounded. But their chief fault was their cheapness. They underlived and undermined all competition. This, of course, was an intolerable condition.

Trouble began in San Francisco in the autumn of 1906. The School Board of that city, dominated by the labor unions, adopted a rule excluding "Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, and other Mongolians" from the general public schools and segregating them in schools by themselves. Not a word of complaint from the humble Chinese or the still more lowly Koreans. They were grateful that no kicks or cuffs went with the edict. But among the Japanese that was, as Mr. Perlmutter says, "something else again." Something very different. They hated the Chinese, who for thousands of years have snarled and sneered at them as "little brown monkeys," and whom, moreover, they recently conquered in a famous war, and they despised the Koreans, who for ages had aided China and Russia against Japan. Above all, the Japanese scorned to be classed as "other Mongolians." They vehemently declared that the hairy Ainus, the original or root race of Japan, were of as pure Aryan stock as we Caucasians, and they claimed as high a position in the social scale as any other race in the world.

The shouting and the tumult over the California school incident were heard around the world. Viscount Aoki, His Imperial Japanese Majesty's ambassador at Washington, formally protested in the name of his Emperor. President Roosevelt deplored that, as California was a sovereign state, the national government had no power to forbid the anti-Japanese rule. The protests were renewed. Our President sent for Mayor Rudolph Schmitz, then under indictment for misfeasance in office, and when Schmitz and a committee of representative San Franciscans came to the White House Mr. Roosevelt explained the situation to them and had the objectionable rule modified so that the Japanese were soothed.

Officially the incident was closed: as matter of fact, it still rankled, has rankled ever since in the breasts of the Japanese, who never forgive or forget a slight. The gentle art of turning the other cheek has never been practised in Japan—except perhaps to coax the enemy to take another smite and so crush him with a counter-blow.

What amazed me in this incident was the feeling I found among the people of San Francisco in December, 1906, when the excitement was at its height. There were only thirty-odd Japanese pupils in the entire San Francisco public-school system, while the Americans in Hawaii, with thousands of Japanese pupils to deal with, had eliminated them from all the higher schools without a bit of friction—had, indeed, handled the situation to the satisfaction and gratitude of the Japanese Consul-General. When I spoke of this to various prominent citizens of San Francisco their answers, taken together, came to this: "Oh, what the dickens do we care! We've got to fight the Japs sooner or later, anyhow, and it might as well be about this as anything else."

This incident was hardly out of the way when an urgent effort was made to check the flow of Japanese immigrants into California. They were coming by hundreds on every ship that left Yokohama. For a while it looked as if the two nations would clash over this, but the Emperor of Japan declared that if the United States would honorably refrain from forbidding his subjects to land on their shores he would forbid them to come here. Our government refrained: he forbade. Another irritating incident had been closed—but the sting remained. Learned economists, in Japan as well as in the United States, demonstrated in public print and on the forum that the question was purely an economic one; but the bitter fact remained in the minds of the implacable Japanese people that we had twice slammed our door in their faces. And the Japanese never forgive or forget.

The hubbub that recently arose in the Congress of the United States over the alleged attempt of Japan to obtain a naval coaling-station at Magdalena Bay in the Gulf of California is still fresh in the public memory. That, too, is wormwood on the Japanese tongue. And with that hardly settled, the brave, wise, intelligent California legislature is distinguishing itself by proposing to enact the following law:

> 1. No alien who is ineligible to citizenship shall be permitted to acquire and hold land in California for a period of more than one year after the date of such acquisition.
> 2. No corporation the majority stock of which is held by aliens who are ineligible to citizenship shall be permitted to acquire and hold land except for one year.

That is aimed directly at Asiatics—"the damned Chinks and Japs"—who cannot become American citizens. If the reference to ineligibility were removed, as it was from the first bill introduced in the California Senate, the law would still exclude the Asiatics, who are the principal alien seekers of land in the state, and there would not be one word of complaint from Japan. But the moment the project became noised about and Secretary of State Bryan begged the Californians to tread softly, they replied by framing the statute quoted above. And Governor Hiram Johnson, that stalwart young Progressive, that enlightened and tactful statesman and friend of the "peepul," came out with a pronunciamento to all mankind, beginning as follows:



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The Governor of California

"Californians are unable to understand why an act admittedly within the jurisdiction of the California legislature, like the passage of an alien land bill, creates tumult, confusion, and criticism, and why this local act of undoubted right becomes an international question. Of course, the California legislature would not attempt to contravene any treaty of the nation nor to do more than has been done by the federal government itself and many other states. . . ."

There were many more words in the pronunciamento, but none of them controverted the facts above set forth, and they need not be quoted here. To a mere American who will have to pay his share of the bill, whether in blood or dollars, it looks as if the spirit of 1906 is still rife in California: "We've got to fight the Japs sooner or later, anyhow, and it might as well be about this as anything else."

Yet, in spite of the brave and noisy demeanor of the superb Californians, it is practically certain that they will not enact the bill into law. They are soon going to have a World's Fair in celebration of the opening of the Panama Canal (really the most stupendous, beautiful, marvelous, and entrancing World's Fair ever known among men), and they know that if they continue in their present course they will have no exhibits or exhibitors from Asia. And, much as they despise the Far East and "Back East," the superb ones are canny enough to angle for their dollars.

Even if the ill-advised bill should become law it would probably be set aside by the United States courts because it is in conflict with a treaty of the United States with Japan. So the amount of damage possible by the statute as law of the land is practically *nil*. And, for that matter, the amount of damage done by the very limited Japanese invasion of California is so small as to be almost negligible. The Japanese to-day own a little less than 13,000 acres of land—which is one-tenth of one per cent. of the agricultural area of the state and is an increase of less than 2,000 acres in the last three years. The Japanese lease 17,600 acres, a decrease of 2,700 acres in the last three years. In short, the Japanese are now cultivating nearly 1,000 acres less of California soil than they were three years ago, and their holdings amount to less than one-three-hundredth of the tillable land of the state. Truly the Californians are confronted by a frightful Yellow Peril! It may be true, as a desperate California editor informs us, that "The entire strawberry district of Florin, Sacramento, is now in the hands of the Japanese." Yet to the minds of sane and sober men even this frightful fact would hardly seem to justify legislation that might imperil the friendly relations of two great nations. Moreover, the number of Japanese in California decreased by nearly 5,000 during the three years ending in March, 1912. The Japanese population of California is on the decline. There seems to be merit in the suggestion that all the present hullabaloo is being made by California politicians to put the Democratic administration in a "hole."

But consider the endless and cumulative harm done by California's constant nagging of the Japanese. There lies the seed of possible great trouble. In the great and glorious golden days of '49 it was considered good form to pull a Chink's pigtail, to bu'st his windows, to cuff his ears, to kick him off the wooden sidewalk of the camp, or by some other humorous act to call attention to his loathsome inferiority. Later Dennis Kearney of the sand lots, orator and people's friend Kearney, proclaimed that "the Chinese must go!" and that war-cry became part of the law of the land.

And on the heels of that a little error crept in. The splendid Californians knew that the Chinese had slant eyes and that the Chinese could be kicked and spat upon at will. Therefore they have inferred that, as the Japanese have slant eyes, they too can be kicked and spat upon at will. Specious but false syllogism. Italian does not differ half so much from Englishman, nor Spaniard from Yankee, nor Eskimo from Samoan, as Chinese from Japanese. In China the merchant is supreme: the soldier a worm of the dust. In Japan the soldier is supreme; the merchant a "heinin"—a nobody. Thus has it been for twenty-five centuries and more. As for the Japanese sensitiveness to affront, it is something about which an American might read many books and still have but a faint idea. The heroes of the Japanese people today, whose tombs at Sengakuji are shrines ever fragrant with the incense and the prayers of the multitude, are the Forty-seven Ronins.

Who were the Forty-seven Ronins? No, rather, who *are* they, for their names and their deeds are revered now as they were two hundred years ago, when they all devoted themselves to certain death in order to avenge their lord, the Count of Takumi, who had been insulted by the domineering lord Kira. Asano, the Count of Takumi, struck Kira with his sword, and for this he was condemned to *hara-kiri* because Kira was

(Continued on page 26)

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TRYING TO MAKE THEM BALANCE

DRAWN BY C J. BUDD

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CASTING THE HOROSCOPE

Washington, Engaged in its Favorite Occupation, Makes Many Doleful Political Predictions

BY A. MAURICE LOW

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

WASHINGTON has firmly made up its mind to three things. The statesman, the politician who aspires to be reckoned a statesman while still in the flesh and not to be accorded posthumous honors—it was Speaker Reed who declared that a statesman was a dead politician—and the ordinary person who is neither statesman nor politician, but is interested in both and must speculate as to what they will do—all are agreed that they will be witness to three momentous events sometime in the next four years. They are:

1. A break between the President and Secretary of State Bryan that will result in the latter retiring from the Cabinet.

2. A regular Donnybrook Fair of a time between the President and his party in Congress.

3. A divided, demoralized, disorganized Democratic party when the country is appealed to four years hence.

Having set the stage and arranged the players, Washington calmly awaits the dénouement.

Nothing is quite so enticing as prediction. It is a priceless luxury, but, like all luxuries, it must be paid for in some way or other. Far be it from a humble chronicler of his times to indulge in such a reckless extravagance as prediction. This is no prophecy; it is merely an attempt to explain.

It is the unexpected that always happens; the expected seldom. So the very reason that nine men out of ten, and women too, are firmly convinced that Secretary Bryan will not serve out his normal term of four years and that when he shakes the dust of Washington off his feet it will be in an angry mood is, perhaps, the best of all reasons for believing that the vaticinators will be disappointed. What everybody says must of course be true, but what everybody guesses is usually wrong. The story of Secretary Blaine and President Harrison is to be repeated, but none of the forecasters of events see history repeating itself with scrupulous fidelity. Mr. Blaine's break with his chief was delayed until the very eve of nomination, when Mr. Blaine either had to acquiesce in Mr. Harrison's renomination or attempt to seize the nomination for himself. Mr. Bryan's tenure of official life is to be much briefer. Its shortest span is six months, its longest does not run over two years. At dinner-tables and elsewhere one hears judgment delivered with the calm assurance of predestination. It is written in the book of fate. Mr. Bryan and the President cannot get along together; the end is inevitable. Their union may last a few months, even perhaps until after the Congressional election of next year—then the *débâcle*.

Apart from temperamental differences, in the ambition of both the President and the Secretary of State Washington has a ready explanation for the incompatibility that will culminate in a separation. The favorite occupation of Washington is to forecast the future. It delights in omens, portents, signs, and auguries; there is always an oracle or a sibyl to interpret the stars or to tell a fortune with a pack of cards. The necromancers, the seers, and the wizards have been busy; all is properly arranged. Mr. Wilson, it is assumed, will want a second term, the legitimate ambition of every President. Mr. Bryan has not abandoned his ambition to be President, which he cannot gratify so long as he remains Secretary of State to a President who is a candidate to succeed himself. The time must come when the Secretary of State will say to the President bluntly—bluntly is the word Washington uses; it is a neat touch and indicates intimate knowledge. Bluntly, then, we have Mr. Bryan going to the President and demanding to know his intentions. The answer may have a keener edge than the blunt question, but the effect will be the same. A large and handsome portfolio worth $12,000 a year to its possessor will be at the disposal of the President.

Assuming that the soothsayers are correct in their knowledge that Mr. Bryan would like to be President—which is not at all an unreasonable supposition—how will it advantage him to break with the President? No party man, and least of all a member of the Cabinet, can gain anything by quarreling with the President, for, no matter what happens, the President retains his power and control, while the former member of the Cabinet has no power, and whatever control he exercises is personal. The experiment has been repeatedly tried and the result has always been the same. The time for a man to quarrel or to antagonize the President—if that seems to him wise—is before and not after he enters the Cabinet.

Mr. Bryan is too shrewd and has had too long an experience in politics to do anything so foolish, one would be inclined to say, if one were indulging in prediction, but, leaving prediction aside, one may take the common-sense view of the matter. President Wilson may tire of his job four years hence or Mr. Bryan, for the first time given an opportunity to see the workings of the Presidency from the inside, may find that it is Dead Sea fruit. But assuming that the President is quite willing to serve for another four years after 1916 and Mr. Bryan sees in the Presidency the opportunity for still larger service, what may reasonably be expected to be the state of affairs when the time comes for the new nomination to be made?

Either the country will be ready for a change—but a change of parties rather than of men—or else it will be content with an extension of Democratic control. If the Democrats go out, if the country swings back again to the Republicans, Mr. Bryan can hope for nothing. If the Democrats still retain confidence, but there is dissatisfaction with Mr. Wilson, Mr. Bryan is of all men the least likely to profit by the reversion in sentiment. If Mr. Wilson is too progressive to satisfy the country, Mr. Bryan could not hope to find favor as a conservative. If progressivism is what the country wants, Mr. Wilson is better placed to give it than Mr. Bryan. Despite the croakers, especially those to whom nothing would be more welcome than a disagreement between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan, and who see in everything done or not done the confirmation of their wishes, Mr. Bryan may be expected to attend to his State Department knitting and allow some one else to do the worrying. The State Department is Mr. Bryan's opportunity. Great questions will press for settlement: the United States will have to play its part in international affairs of the first order. If the foreign policy of the United States is conducted on broad, conservative lines the credit will be Mr. Bryan's and his reputation and standing in his own country as well as in Europe will be immensely increased. Hitherto it has been denied Mr. Bryan to prove his constructive statesmanship, but the State Department now makes that possible. In the first years of the Republic the State Department was looked upon as the stepping-stone to the Presidency, then it lost its appeal to imagination and other Cabinet posts were considered better able to advance the fortunes of an ambitious man, but during the last few years it has regained its former preeminence. Since the United States has cast off its isolation and has ceased to be merely a detached and, as so often happened in the past, disinterested observer of *Weltpolitik*, but has become actively interested in it, the State Department is again one of the most important of the agencies of government and the Secretary of State looms very large before the public. It would be remarkable if Mr. Bryan did not see this and make the most of his opportunity.

One of the things most curious to explain is the reputation pinned to public men and the origin of the myth which the public accepts as the truth about its historical characters. Washington the austere, Jefferson the inventor of the simple life, Lincoln the story-teller, were the fables long believed in, and now comes Mr. Wilson to join this goodly company. A man so overtrained intellectually that humanity had been crushed out of him, without emotion and so remote from life that its little joys made no appeal, domineering, intolerant of advice, and scornful of suggestion—this was the introduction that heralded the President to Washington and made men fear for what was to follow. The few weeks that have passed since the 4th of March have dissipated those fears. I am reminded of a little story that was told about Thomas B. Reed.

It was when he was ruling the House with an iron hand and being daily denounced as a Czar and tyrant and trampling upon the liberties of a free people that he found himself one night at dinner next to a well-known Democratic woman, who rather pointedly showed how much of a worm she considered the Speaker and the absorbing interest she had in the conversation of her neighbor. But few persons, male or female, could resist the charm of Mr. Reed's conversation, and toward the end of the dinner she frankly said to him:

"I'm a Democrat and I thought I never wanted to meet you, and certainly I never had any desire to speak to you, but now—"

"And now," said Reed, in his most drawlingest drawl, "that you've discovered I haven't got horns and I've managed to conceal my tail and my hoofs have escaped notice, you find—"

"I find you are perfectly delightful," she interrupted, with the enthusiasm of a school-girl.

Members of Congress who went to the White House in the early days dubiously and feared a glacial reception came away in a very different frame of mind. Mr. Wilson does not gush, neither does he chill. He can talk as well as listen—a surprise to Washington, which had been told that while he was the most receptive man in the United States, he was also the most reticent. What has amazed Washington more than anything else has been his frankness. He has wrapped himself in less mystery and affected less concealment than any of his predecessors, certainly any of contemporary memory. And another surprise equally as great has been his frank search for information and suggestion. It was expected that his intercourse with Congress would be mostly in the form of ultimatums; that he would issue fiats and ukases, and whoever disobeyed would do so at his peril; that being a literary man, and every literary man having a fondness for certain forms of expression, his would be the imperative. Whereas it has been discovered that he takes counsel and, having profited by the information, is ready to act. No matter how much advice may be tendered to him, it is not likely that Mr. Wilson can be induced to change his mind, once he has determined upon a course of action, but he is conscious of the opposition he will have to meet and the reasons for it. Neither pride of opinion nor stubbornness nor the foolish desire for mastery governs his actions, but the conviction that what he knows to be right is right; and expediency or policy does not weigh in the scale as against the right. He did not, as some of the newspapers have said, write the tariff bill or any part of it, but he discussed its details with the men who were charged with framing it and insisted that certain things must be done because they were proper and honest; that, having made a contract with the people, the Democratic party must observe the covenant not only in spirit, but to the very letter. Instead of having weakened his leadership Mr. Wilson has strengthened it.

Presidents are rarely so strong with their party in Congress after inauguration as they are after election and before inauguration, when their lightest wish is law. Members of Congress know the President better now than they did, and with that knowledge has come a personal liking that before did not exist. They have found that he is human, that he has a sense of humor, that he enjoys a joke. His aloofness is a beautiful creation of the imagination, but it has no existence in fact. He has no desire to be a lonely man or to surround himself with a wall of reserve that the common mortal cannot scale. He does not crave publicity, but he is no hermit. He went to the Senate and talked with members of the Finance Committee about the tariff bill because that was the sensible, the convenient, the labor-saving thing to do. It was easier to ask men to cross the hall than to drag them a mile down Pennsylvania Avenue. Mr. Wilson is sorry if he offended delicate Senatorial susceptibilities by violating precedent, but he is not disturbed. He has not paid his last visit to the Capitol. He will go there whenever he thinks a useful purpose is to be served. He will deliver more addresses to Congress. For that profound thanks. No more will the public have to wade through columns of stodgy rehash of departmental reports. A Presidential address will be read.

To predicate the future four years hence on the events of the past four weeks may be easy for the professional prophet, but is denied the ordinary mortal. Persons who profess apprehension, especially those who would like to see their fears justified, are able to conjure the vision of disaster because they say the President's insistence upon Congress doing what he wants will inevitably lead to a party smash. At the present time there is nothing to indicate that Congress will place itself in opposition to the President, but if it should the contest will be not between the President and Congress, but between the President and the country or Congress and the country, and the support of the country will insure victory. If the anticipated is realized, if the predictions of the prophets of evil come true, and the President finds it necessary to put Congress on the defensive as against the country, the country will rally to the President. It is in the air. The signs of the times all point to that end. But why should that conflict be regarded as predetermined? In his dealings with public men so far the President has shown tact; he has been conciliatory when conciliation was necessary; he has ridden rough-shod over nobody. Still, let no one imagine that because the glove is velvet the hand is not steel. The tariff bill will become a law, and it will be a law that Mr. Wilson will sign with satisfaction because, in his belief, it will carry out the pledges of the Democratic party. Mr. Cleveland allowed a tariff bill to become law without his signature—a bill whose "perfidy and dishonor" he emphasized. A bill that is perfidious or dishonorable Mr. Wilson will veto. This is not prediction; it is a statement of fact.



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EUROPE'S ABLEST DIPLOMAT

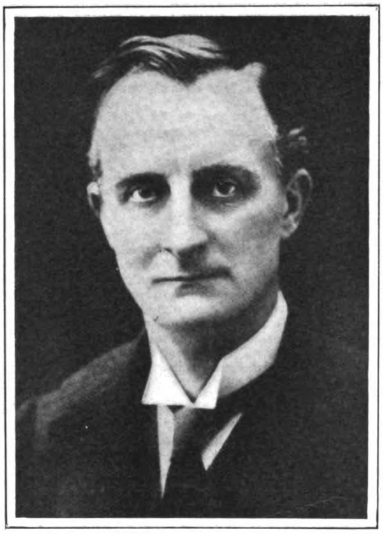
Great Britain's Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, and His Remarkable Influence in Preserving International Peace

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

THE outstanding figure of European diplomacy at this moment is unquestionably the British Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey; and when it comes time to look back on the Balkan conflict of 1912 and on the multitudinous issues that have since sprung from it, the world will award to Sir Edward the chief credit for the preservation of the major peace. Four or five times at least within the last half-year Europe has stood on the very brink of a struggle that would have hurled the Teuton against the Slav in a terrible and decisive embrace. The Servian question, the Rumanian question, the Albanian question, and now, as I write, the Montenegrin question have all in turn proved crucially provocative. I remember remarking in this journal when the war first broke out that, whatever its outcome, it would raise more issues than it would solve. The event has not shown the prediction to be altogether wrong. We may perhaps have to wait another half-century before learning the inner history of the diplomacy of the past six months. But nobody with even the smallest acquaintance with the politics of southeastern Europe, with the aims and feelings of Austria-Hungary, with the passionate flood of Pan-Slavism in Russia, and with the ineradicable hatred that animates the Teuton and the Slav, can doubt that Armageddon time and again has been a possibility of the next few hours and that all the great Continental Powers were prepared for it. Yet the peace has never once been broken, and the expectation grows a little stronger and a little more confident every day that it will not be broken. It is true that even now almost any one of a dozen conceivable incidents might upset all calculations and precipitate a European war. But so many crises have been weathered since the Allies first took the field, so many contentious questions have been disposed of or at any rate smoothed over, that those which still remain to be dealt with are faced not, indeed, without apprehension, but certainly with a diminishing anxiety. Diplomacy may fairly be said to have justified itself as a profession since last autumn, and none of its practitioners has shown himself so fertile in resource, so pertinent in suggestion, and so persuasively calm and moderate in his choice of language as Sir Edward Grey. He has spoken but rarely since the war began, but on each occasion his words have been direct, conciliatory, and stamped with the spirit and authority of real statesmanship. The latest instance was when in a brief statement to the House of Commons he explained and justified the naval demonstration against Montenegro. What he said was described by the Vienna correspondent of the London *Times*, one of the soundest observers of Continental politics, as having "rendered a veritable service to Europe." Its effect in Vienna has been "to strengthen the hands of responsible statesmen, to calm the irritation somewhat artificially worked up of late, and to check the influences that were, and doubtless still are, pressing to make of the naval demonstration a pretext for drastic military action against Montenegro and Servia." The mingled frankness and caution of Sir Edward Grey's speech (went on the same correspondent), its freedom from controversial or comminatory turns of phrase, and its steady confidence in the power of Europe to enforce her will without impatient violence, are recognized to make it a model of statesmanlike expression. And from every other capital in Europe came similar tributes of grateful and admiring appreciation.

Throughout the whole Balkan convulsion Sir Edward Grey has, in fact, taken the lead in keeping Europe together. His handling of the crisis has been considerably happier than was his handling of the much smaller crisis in the same regions five years ago. In 1908 when Bulgaria proclaimed her independence and Austria-Hungary annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, the British Foreign Secretary risked and sustained the diplomatic defeat that must always lie in wait for the statesman who advocates a policy he has no means of enforcing. When Germany sprang to the side of her ally "in shining armor" and Russia gave way beneath their joint pressure, it became clear that there had been on the part of Sir Edward some miscalculation of the forces with which he was dealing, and that the conference for which he had pressed as the fittest means of regulating the new state of affairs was destined never to come into being. One of the marks, however, of ability is to avoid making the same mistake twice. When the storm broke in 1912 Sir Edward was not long in showing that he had profited by his experiences of 1908. He was the first to deprecate last autumn the premature and isolated raising of questions that could only engender a needless heat and confusion discussed too soon and incompletely, and that might, on the other hand, be disposed of with comparative ease if held over for consideration as parts of a wider settlement; and he was the first to suggest the novel and flexible machinery of an ambassadorial conference for keeping the Powers in touch, and therefore to some extent in line, with one another. These were wise, timely, and fruitful contributions to a general understanding, and the acceptance they met with among the Powers was a tribute both to Sir Edward's initiative and personality, and to the peculiarly disinterested position that Great Britain has occupied throughout the crisis. The almost absolute detachment of Great Britain from the imminent contentions that engaged the thoughts of St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Vienna, her palpable and acknowledged disinterestedness, and the reputation which Sir Edward Grey had deservedly won as a statesman of candor and straightforward dealings, were of enormous assistance to Downing Street in playing the honest broker between the rival Powers. It is very likely, too, that the general uncertainty as to the British course of action if a European conflict were to supervene has also lent to Sir Edward's diplomacy an added persuasiveness. Everybody recognized that London occupied a position apart and that in no other capital could the belligerents assemble under circumstances more propitious to a peaceful issue or could the conference of ambassadors do its work so effectively and with so few distractions and in so favorable and impartial an atmosphere. Making the preservation of peace its supreme objective, friendly with Russia and yet able and willing to co-operate with the Teutonic Powers, the passionate partisan of no single nation or group, no government has been better placed than the British to induce the spirit of reasonableness and to indicate the diplomatic stepping-stones that might save Europe from sliding into the morass. Of all these advantages Sir Edward Grey has made the fullest possible use. He has worked early and late; his moderation and good sense and the implicit confidence he always inspires in his integrity and veracity have been an invaluable asset in the cause of peace; and I have heard from more than one ambassador that his skill as president of the conferences which have so materially helped to harmonize the differences between the great Powers, the modesty of his bearing, and the practical character of the expedients he has put forward have revealed him to his brother-diplomats for the first time as a really big man.



Sir Edward Grey
GREAT BRITAIN'S FOREIGN SECRETARY

One of the reasons for the influence he now exercises in every chancellery in Europe is that Sir Edward Grey has held the post of Foreign Secretary without interruption for the past seven years, and will apparently continue to hold it so long as the Liberals remain in power. No Continental politician who is now in office has guided the external affairs of his country for so long, nor does one of them enjoy such an assurance of tenure as Sir Edward Grey. That is a great advantage in his favor. Not only are the men he is called upon to deal with newer to the game than he is, but there is every probability that he will be playing it after they have given it up. Moreover, the seven and a quarter years during which Sir Edward Grey has been charged with the conduct of British foreign policy have been years of almost constant crisis and commotion. They have pretty thoroughly tested him and by the universal judgment of friend and foe he has stood the test well. He entered Downing Street just when the Franco-German feud over Morocco was in its opening stages. He took at once a definite line and unhesitatingly backed France for all he was worth. It was a course of action that on at least three separate occasions involved the risk of war with Germany, but Sir Edward did not shrink from it; he held that Great Britain was bound to support the Third Republic with all the diplomatic, and if necessary all the material, power at her command, and after some anxious moments the issue abundantly justified his prescience and pluck. The triple *entente* that now unites Great Britain, France, and Russia is very largely his work. He is the first British Foreign Minister who has sought and concluded an accommodation with Russia, and so ended the insensate antagonism that separated the two Powers. The value of the Anglo-Russian agreement was abundantly proved when Persia lapsed into anarchy and when but for the understanding between London and St. Petersburg, and the demarcation of British and Russian "spheres of influence" in the realm of the Shah, all the old enmities would have revived and a war could with difficulty have been averted. It is true that many Liberals have strongly objected to the virtual partition of Persia, just as they were objecting a few weeks ago to the coercion of Montenegro, and that the continuance of the Anglo-German quarrel has been regarded by many of them as a proof of Sir Edward Grey's failure. Many others, too, have taken vehement exception to the veil of silence behind which he has preferred to work; and it is an undoubted fact that the country has rarely known less about the various moves and developments of its foreign policy than during the past seven years. Sir Edward has spoken as little as possible in Parliament; he has time and again presented the House of Commons with an accomplished fact which it might, indeed, discuss but was virtually powerless to reverse. The country, however, has been well satisfied to let Sir Edward go his own gait. He has completely redeemed the old reputation of Liberal governments for a vacillating sentimentalism in the conduct of foreign affairs; and by the firmness and constancy with which he stood by France, by the understanding he has effected with Russia, and by his handling of the great political upheaval in southeastern Europe, his fame and authority are unassailably established.

The motives that make people trust or distrust statesmen, like the motives that make them like or dislike sovereigns, are often obscure, irrational, and the product rather of instinct than of knowledge. Sir Edward Grey is a case in point. His acceptance, after a good deal of hesitation, of the Foreign Secretaryship in the Liberal Cabinet that was formed in December, 1905, was a greater relief to the nation than even to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman himself. Abroad among the friends of England it had an instantaneous and reassuring effect. Among the enemies of England or among those who stood to profit by a change in British policy, and who would have welcomed the presence in Downing Street of a minister governed by the Gladstonian tradition, its effect was not less immediate and, in a different way, not less complimentary. If Great Britain and her allies felt that a danger had been avoided, other Powers were no less conscious of an opportunity snatched away. And yet to the world at large Sir Edward Grey at that time was almost altogether an unknown quantity, and even among his own countrymen he could not be called a familiar figure. Nor can he be so described even today. There is perhaps no English statesmen in whom the people have a more general confidence or of whom they know so little. It is one of the saving clauses of their system that the British are still able to reconcile the theory of unmitigated democracy with the practical rulership of such men as Sir Edward Grey—of men, that is to say, who are the antitheses of demogogues and whose influence upon the public mind is above everything else the psychological influence of character.

For many thousands of quiet Englishmen Sir Edward's voice is the weightiest in British politics today, and his action on any doubtful issue counts for more than the decision of any other man that I know of. He has that sort of power over the mind of Parliament and the country which comes from absolute honesty of mind and character, combined with a balanced judgment and an air of being detached from the petty party exigencies of the moment. When he speaks men instinctively feel that he is saying what he believes, that his opinions have been formed only after serious reflection, that they are altogether his own, and that he means to abide by them. He is one of the least theatrical of men. He never talks to a brief or essays any of the smaller arts of attracting attention. He is always and simply himself, just as the late Duke of Devonshire was; and his political triumphs are the triumphs of sheer personality. There is a more spacious atmosphere about him than about any of his colleagues, a note of authority, a distant remoteness from the everyday worries of politics, and something that seems to recall a bigger and more leisurely age. Yet Sir Edward has his passions. He is an ardent Radical and a convinced supporter of woman suffrage, and the speech in which he welcomed President Taft's suggestion of an Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty surprised the House and the country by the fervor of its idealism. As becomes a lover of Wordsworth and a disciple of Walton, Sir Edward has in him something of the philosopher. In the ordinary sense of the words he never seems to be quite "in politics," so completely is his participation devoid of all personal aims. One can easily imagine him withdrawing altogether from Westminster without one sigh of regret and spending the remainder of his life in entire contentment among the beloved hills and streams of his Northumberland home. He loves the open air and the outdoor life far more than protocols and despatches and parliamentary debates, and probably neither he nor Mr. Roosevelt ever spent a pleasanter day in their lives than when they tramped together through the New Forest and noted the song of every bird they heard.

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THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT

The Secret of the Value of the Modern Automobile lies in Standardization

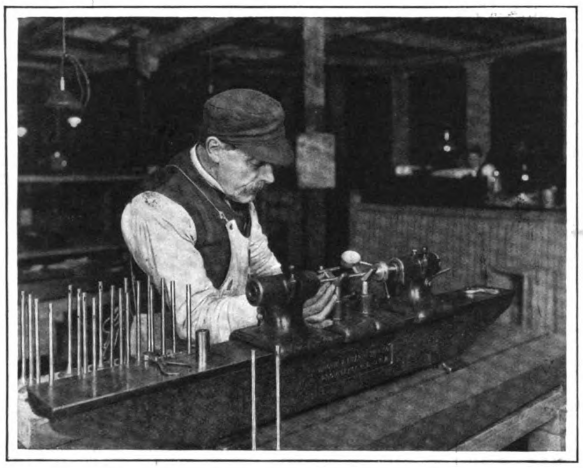
BY HAROLD WHITING SLAUSON, M.E.

STANDARDIZATION plays an important part in our every-day life, whether we ride in automobiles or not, but its application to the motor-car has made smooth the way of every man who has ever sat behind the wheel of touring-car or runabout.

Standardization merely means the adoption by various manufacturers of certain sizes and shapes for parts that are common to all machines or devices of the same nature. Suppose the electric-light bulb in the library burns out; one does not need to know the name of the contractor who wired the house, in order to obtain another light. If there are no extra bulbs on hand the householder goes to the cellar or attic and takes one from a light that is seldom used. He knows it will fit in its new location, that the threads will be the same, and that it can be operated by the same key, and takes this as a matter of course. This is an example of interchangeability, and may be applied to the motor-car by saying that the tendency of modern manufacture is so to make all similar parts for cars of the same model that new pieces can be obtained without the necessity of refitting.

But suppose the householder wished to lay in a new stock of electric-light bulbs, and did not happen to be in the vicinity of the company that installed the fixtures. He goes to the first electrical-supply store that he sees and asks for bulbs of the required voltage in whatever size he may desire. It may happen that these lights are made by deadly rivals of the manufacturers of the bulbs that he uses at home, and yet he knows, without asking, that the new ones will fit his fixtures, and that, when he returns home, he may have "light to burn" with no more trouble than screwing the fresh lamps into the sockets. Any lamp will fit any fixture; he does not have to go around trying this and discarding that until, by a process of elimination, he has found the only bulb that is suited to that particular socket. For the electric-light-and-fixture manufacturers have "got together" and have adopted a certain size of screw and thread as standard, and have agreed that all of their products shall conform to these specifications.

By virtue of its more complicated mechanism and latitude of allowable and generally accepted design, the motor-car cannot be as thoroughly standardized as are electric-light bulbs. Were this the case, there could be no more originality or distinctiveness of design in an automobile than one would find in a basket of Leghorn eggs—which differ only in age, and consequently in performance. But standardization of motor-cars extends far deeper than mere outward appearance and similarity of control; every motorist will have this forced home to him whenever he has occasion to change a spark plug. He knows that, if his car is provided with half-inch openings in the cylinders to accommodate the spark plugs, the least pretentious garage or cross-roads supply shop will be able to fill his needs so far as spark plugs are concerned. The name of the car or the brand of the plug makes no difference; practically all of the one hundred and fifty automobile manufacturers in this country have adopted the same size of opening and shape and pitch of threads for the accommodation of the spark plugs, and consequently the one hundred spark-plug manufacturers conform to these standards. Even the spark plug itself has been dissected, and certain specifications agreed upon as to size and shape of some of its component parts. But these are of interest only to the manufacturers of spark plugs, and the average driver cares not how his plug is made so long as it does its work well and fits the opening provided for it in the cylinder. But if each brand of plug was made with a thread of different size or shape, and if each motor-car manufacturer carried out his own ideas as to size of spark-plug opening, so that there would be but one kind suitable to that particular motor, many a touring-car that is now able to satisfy its needs and be placed in running order on payment of a dollar to the first cross-roads blacksmith shop encountered would be ignominiously towed home.



The inspector must be able to detect variation in measurement of one-thousandth of an inch

This is a feature of standardization with which every motorist is familiar—so familiar, in fact, that he does not realize that it is standardization. But it surrounds him on every side, and now, in 1913, it represents the principal feature of advanced motor-car construction, though it may be that the car-owner will never appreciate the full advantage of some of these features until his car breaks down many miles from home.

Of course every automobilist owns the best car built—one that never breaks down; and so let us consider the possible case of his friend Jones, who has not been so wise as himself in the selection of a machine and has chosen one that, through misuse or other neglect, breaks an important part while Jones has been taking a Saturday afternoon spin fifty miles out into the country. Jones hires a farmer to tow his machine to the cross-roads blacksmith shop, run by a veteran in the business who is half smith, half machinist. He examines the broken part, measures it carefully with calipers and rule, looks through his stock of bar steel or tubing, and announces—

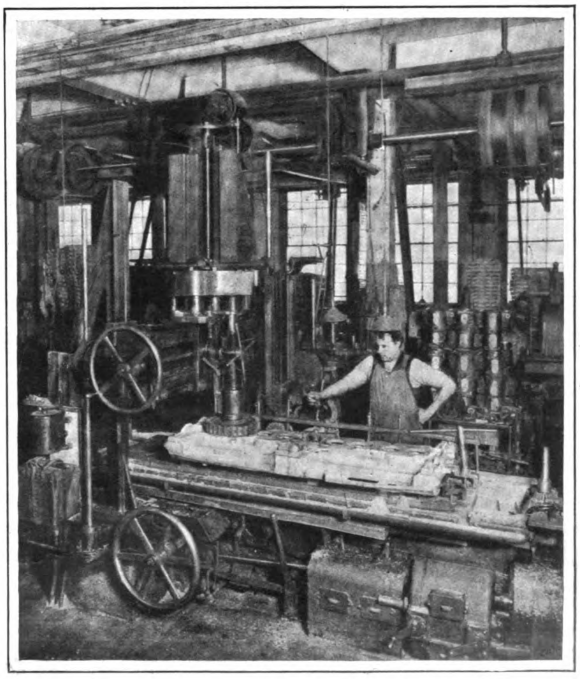
What he announces may depend entirely upon whether Jones's car has been fully standardized or not. If the designing force of Jones's car has issued its dimensions and specifications without regard to the practices of other manufacturers, they may call for special sizes of steel tubing to be used in the construction of the machine. In order to meet this requirement the tubing-mills will have to make a special size that may differ less than one-sixty-fourth of an inch in diameter from a size that is already carried in stock. If other motor-car makers follow this same procedure there may be hundreds of special sizes of steel tubing in the mills, each size suitable for use in but one car. Steel tubing is taken as an illustration because there are both an inside diameter and an outside diameter that must be considered. The combinations of these two diameters, in terms of sixty-fourths of an inch, form almost an unlimited number of sizes of steel tubing. In fact, a few years ago it was found that the various automobile manufacturers, all told, used some sixteen hundred different sizes of steel tubing in the construction of their cars, and that some of these sizes varied by only infinitesimal amounts. In hundreds of instances a design calling for a special size of tubing could have substituted the nearest stock size, with the result that it would have required a delicate caliper to have detected the change in diameter.

Therefore, if Jones's car had been designed under these conditions, the chances are ten to one that the announcement of the blacksmith would have been to the effect that, while he carried over a hundred regular sizes in stock, the part in question was made from a piece one-sixty-fourth of an inch thicker than his nearest size. The result would be that Jones must needs have his car towed fifty or a hundred miles to the city, where the agent might have the part in question already on hand, or Jones would leave his car at the local shop and telegraph to the factory for a new piece. In any event, several days' delay and a considerable expenditure of money would be entailed.

But the car manufacturers have "got together"; they have compared notes; they have adopted uniform sizes; deadly rivals have met and have discussed experiences with this and that size and material—and the results have been nothing short of astonishing. The sixteen hundred different sizes of steel tubing that were called for by the various automobile manufacturers have been reduced to one hundred and fifty—and all without the slightest loss in effectiveness of design. The steel-tube mills can turn these out ahead of time, knowing that the demand will be restricted to these sizes. The automobile manufacturer can know that a rush order for raw material will be filled at short notice, for the stock is probably on hand—or if not, there are no special adjustments of machines to be made, and the mills can produce the desired size almost as soon as the order is received. But most important of all is the knowledge that an emergency repair can be made at almost any well-equipped machine shop from the material that is usually carried in stock.

Therefore, if Jones's car has been made under these conditions, the blacksmith will draw the desired size of tubing from his limited stock, will cut it off to the proper length, and before Jones could make arrangements with the nearest farmer for a tow home the new part will be finished and in place—and Jones will be on his way rejoicing, under his own power, with the motor singing a pæan of praise to that body of men who "got together" to standardize all parts common to cars of different makes.

Take this instance of "hidden" standardization, and apply it to many of the rods, bars, and plates that enter into the construction of the parts of a motor-car. Extend it to crank-case and transmission-case bolts, nuts, and screws, to washers, brake-rod ends, spring clips and eyes, and all of the hundred and one small parts that may unexpectedly need to be replaced, and you may begin to realize to what an extent standardization makes easy the way of the modern motorist. A broken bolt on a transmission case need cause no terrors for the motor-car tourist, for there is scarcely a country hardware-store that cannot supply one of the desired size with the required shape and pitch of thread. To be sure, the new bolt may not be of the same finish or quality of workmanship as the broken piece, but it will serve to take you home and to carry you around until one of the proper material can be sent from the agent or the factory.



By means of the milling machine all crank cases are planed down to exactly the same size

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The wonderful endurance of the modern motor-car has only been made possible through the use of special alloys and heat-treated metals that represent a maximum of strength, hardness, or toughness with a minimum of weight. Many of the formulæ by which these alloys are obtained are secret, closely guarded in the laboratory that forms one of the most important parts of every great automobile-building plant. And yet even the standardization of materials has fallen within the scope of the body of manufacturers who are endeavoring to bring all parts of automobile production to a common basis. It can well be said that the standardization of the composition of certain materials does not directly benefit the user—and perhaps this is true to a certain extent. But is it not of advantage to know that the vital parts of the car, the aluminum and copper alloys, meet with certain high-standard requirements demanded by the automobile-manufacturers as a body? It may sometimes be a matter of life and death whether the aluminum crank case of the engine is "up to standard," or is deficient in some element on which the strength and endurance of the part is vitally dependent. And if automobile manufacturers unite in demanding alloys that have been proved to be the best-suited for the purposes they are called upon to fill, it is practically certain that all material so purchased will be of uniform high quality.

But does not this wholesale standardization of motor-car parts and materials have a tendency to suppress originality of design, and thus prevent progress and invention? No more than the standardization of the electric-light bulb prevented the perfection of the light bulb. In fact, intelligent standardization aids invention and progress, for it eliminates the useless and places the subject on a substantial basis. It is not going to crush inventive genius in the bud to request that, whenever one uses half-inch nuts, those have a certain number of threads per inch.

It may seem a far cry from a wooden wheel of standard dimensions to an actual saving in tire cost and upkeep, but this is one of the results to be derived from the "get-together" spirit exhibited by the manufacturers of automobile parts. The wooden wheels on many cars are made in one factory, the steel rims in another, and the tires, of course, in a third. If all wheels of a certain diameter are made with a given width of felloe, the rim-manufacturer may know of what dimensions to make his product. But suppose there is a lack of uniform measurements; suppose the rim-manufacturer must vary the width of the rims to fit every different kind of a wheel that is made. The tire-manufacturer will then be "up against it," for he has worked out the side pressures and corresponding shape and thickness of rubber required to a nicety, and any deflections from these measurements may either force him to construct a new tire or to run the risk of unsatisfactory service from the one of stock size that he may apply. The tires are the most overworked portions of the car, anyhow, and they must be treated with every consideration. An almost unnoticeable difference in the shape of the flange of a rim may create undue wear at that portion of the tire and cut almost in half what should be, under favorable conditions, a 5,000-mile service. But, fortunately for the owner's pocketbook and the good of the motor-car industry in general, wheel, rim, and tire manufacturers have come to a sort of understanding that has resulted in uniform sizes.

And so it is with every trade—and there are near a score of them—that has anything to do with the manufacture of your car. Each is dependent on the activities of the other, and the results of the work of the first may be felt in the problems of the twentieth. This interlacing and overlapping makes absolutely necessary a certain uniformity and standardization of design in order that the thousands of different parts will fit perfectly into the complete puzzle picture and result in that modern wonder—the present-day automobile.

It is possible, of course, to carry standardization and interchangeability too far, but that day has not yet been reached, and probably never will be. The case of the unskilled repair man in the garage a few years ago, who, in reassembling a dissected automobile, placed the two halves of the rear axle end for end, so that the completed car was provided with three speeds reverse and one forward, was not so much an example of interchangeability carried too far as it was of a warning to those repair men who think that standardization can replace brains and that one part belongs in a certain place merely because it "fits" there.

It is this feature of automobile construction, unnoticed by nine-tenths of the owners and attendants at the motor-car exhibitions, on which we must rely for any future reductions in the prices of these all-but-necessities. Each year it seems that the lowest price consistent with a fair profit has been reached; each succeeding year finds "more automobile for less money"; and the coming years will progressively lower prices only just so long as intelligent standardization of materials and parts common to all cars is on the increase; when that limit has been reached, the rock-bottom price will also have been reached. It is in this manner that standization is of vital interest to every present and would-be motor-car owner—and that means practically every citizen of this country.

The TRUTH About NEW YORK SINGING TEACHERS

By PIERRE V. R. KEY

PICTURES BY ALBERT LEVERING



SHE lives with her husband in an old-fashioned New York "flat" on the Upper West Side. They are foreigners and the greater number of their days lie behind them. Signor Manzo was a tenor—a good tenor—until the trouble in his throat came. Ever since then he has not been able to sing.

But some one in the family had to make money, for while the public could afford to forget Signor Manzo's thrilling voice, the tenor and his wife had to remember certain items connected with the grocer and the landlord. This required money in gradually larger amounts, because the cost of living at that time had taken one of its spurts.

So Madame Manzo decided to teach singing.

Many another person, under necessity's proddings, has reached the same decision; some with justification, others without it. In the case of Madame Manzo there was a reason for her choice, at the age of fifty, of this vocation. Not, however, because she is of the race which is erroneously supposed to give us our best voice-teachers, but because she had mastered and practised a difficult craft in more prosperous times.

If this were a fanciful instead of a "fact" story, it would be eminently fitting to carry this deserving woman through a series of adventures that would end in her finding among New York's eligible thousands all the pupils she could teach.

Unfortunately for the Manzos, the courageous wife did not find nor has she found them. You see, she is on in years and her flat is—well, it is shabby. Singers came to Madame and went away. Only a few of the discerning ones, recognizing in her an instructor such as they needed, came back. These Madame Manzo taught at sums much under the prices paid by other pupils to less competent but more commercially fortunate colleagues.

Neighbors of the Manzos, if you asked them, could tell of singers developed in the cheerless cramped room called "studio." And talking, they would grow enthusiastic over a particular young tenor, a markedly intelligent contralto, and a soprano with both talent and brains, all of whom blossomed under Madame's direction from buds into full bloom.

One day a Manzo pupil or two may get the coveted chance at public singing of the right sort. Then if they have in them the qualities that make for professional success—if, in other words, they sing before critical audiences as well as in the upper West Side studio where there is less at stake—Madame Manzo's reputation as a teacher should be established.

Possibly, with the shifting winds of fortune, Madame Manzo may obtain those material adjuncts to her triumph as a singing-teacher which thus far have been denied her. She is toiling patiently without complaint and she deserves recognition; but will it come?

Farther downtown, near the heart of New York's voice-teaching colony, is another guide to the ambitious singer. This instructor is of masculine sex and to all purposes an American.

His coat is of brown velveteen modeled on ultra-artistic lines. It is bound at the edges with narrow braid. His cravat, which falls over his turned-down collar, is tied in a loose bow, the flowing ends hanging below the top button of his waistcoat. His hair is very long and very rumply. A smooth, smug face held in studied seriousness, and a fat body propelled in a sort of rhythmic roll, are further characteristics.

This individual is outwardly successful. His secretary takes from a score of pupils who comprise his following five dollars for every half-hour they consume of Professor Foolem's time. During a season of forty weeks' teaching he nets seven thousand dollars, as against Madame's little nine hundred, acquired laboriously at an average of two dollars an hour.

Professor Foolem is shrewd. His studio is luxurious. It has the "musical atmosphere" that helps to snare inexperienced, uninitiated vocalists susceptible to the wiles of the teaching fakers with whom New York is so well supplied and of whom Foolem is a conspicuous member.

This man's pupils come and go, like the seasons, and almost as regularly. Some he is able to delude longer than others. But eventually—in a day, a month, or a quarter—the majority find him out and go on their way wiser—and poorer.

They typify opposite extremes, this man and this woman. She represents the legitimate singing instructor who has ears sensitive to little differences in tones, who is able to recognize what is good and bad in a voice, and who knows how to develop singers into acceptable or exceptional artists, directing them into those professional channels for which their individual abilities best fit them.

We shall not say that Madame Manzo is a great teacher, for there are few anywhere, nor that each of New York's legitimate singing instructors is equally successful with all pupils, according to the respective possibilities of those pupils. But of this class the chief city of the United States has quite a number. Quite naturally some are better than others.

Professor Foolem and his unscrupulous brethren belong to another ilk. They are human vultures feeding on ignorance, cupidity, and inexperience. And not only do they take money under false pretenses, giving nothing in return, but they grow financially fat by the easiest route known, falsely assuming a knowledge not theirs, tearing promising voices to unredeemable shreds, and casting a blight upon future possible careers of talented singers.

The average man and most women who go to the opera and to concerts frequently exclaim over the achievement of some star and see in their minds' eyes an imaginary rose-path that has been traveled to the summit of musical fame. Successful singers are seemingly living a life of such comparative ease that few who do not know ever seriously think of the element of luck which has helped place them in their positions.

"Luck!" exclaims some one. "Where does luck figure in singing?"

In finding the teacher.

That is the chief problem that young persons with good singing voices and other singing essentials have to solve, for there is no rule that permits the majority of our vocal youth to know the competent teacher at the first or second meeting. The only exception is found in those instructors who have acquired distinction through the public victories of their pupils. However, as their number is only a tiny percentage of the whole and their teaching capacity limited to a proportionate few, this factor virtually eliminates itself.

What, then, is the situation in which most of the



Signor Spaghetti promptly threw a fit

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thousands of young Americans find themselves when they reach New York, bent on studying singing for professional purposes?

For a pitifully large number of them it is a gamble pure and simple, a chance that they may have received sound recommendations to patronize efficient, painstaking instructors or that voluntary or aided selection has led them to the right studio doors.

Assuming that out of New York's two thousand who claim to teach singing there are two hundred qualified to guide students who wish to become professionals, one can appreciate the pupil's task of singling out one in this class. A certain musician, a singer of considerable experience who had studied for years and sung in church and concert, recently set out to find some. He had his troubles.

This man visited, in the course of two weeks, twenty-two teachers of singing. Five were women, the rest men. They were chosen at random, very much as various singers of varying degrees of experience and intelligence would naturally make their choices. The prices they asked for half-hour and full-hour lessons ranged from ten dollars each down to the lone dollar. So far as could be discovered, only six of the twenty-two possessed the moral right to ply their adopted profession.

Visit number one began in a certain well-known building where musical instructors of every sort congregate. Mr. Curious scanned the bulletin board announcing the names of studio occupants, checked off half a dozen, and entered a waiting elevator. A minute later he rang a bell communicating from the outer corridor with the teacher's sanctum and stepped inside.

It just happened that Mr. Soacum wasn't busy. He turned as the door opened, pinched the fire from his cigarette, and flung it through the open window out of which he had been blowing smoke. He seemed relieved to find his visitor not of the sex feminine, though his plumage was pre-eminently calculated to impress the ladies.

This specimen was looking for a fly to walk into his parlor when Mr. Curious approached. He sized up the prospect and grinned, for no musical sucker swallows the hook, line, and sinker with more despatch than the business man of thirty-five or thereabouts who is seized with the desire to sing—and Mr. Curious looked the part.

Unfortunately for this angler for new and unsuspecting pupils, he "didn't know it was loaded." Both men looked at each other, each with ulterior motives. Soacum was masking his ignorance of the splendid profession he assumed to be able to teach; Mr. Curious was pretending to know as little about singing as his teacher actually did. It wasn't a bad situation.

Mr. Curious smiled. Professor Soacum, concluding that this was an indication that his prospective services were being regarded with favor, went his visitor one better. He laughed quite loudly.

"La, la," said the fake teacher, repeating the phrase many times, as if to show his intimacy with French customs, and rubbing the back of one fat hand with the itching palm of his other. "A baritone, eh?"

Now it happened that Mr. Curious *did* have a baritone voice. He confessed to the accusation with assumed surprise and made some remark about Professor Soacum's marvelous powers in voice classification without ever hearing the victim sing.

Impression number one having been made by Soacum's fetching get-up, his near-artistic studio, and a correct guess of Mr. Curious's voice, he commenced on impression number two—kindly assisted by the piano. He was one of those "flip" pianists who have a certain natural facility which, though uncertain, serves a purpose. The professor didn't waste any Beethoven or Mozart on his caller—the chances are he couldn't have played them if he had wished. But he did undertake to implant in the supposedly tender brain of Mr. Curious the idea that Paderewski had been a former pupil of his.

It was only for half a minute that Professor Soacum went through his "flip" piano act, but he omitted nothing. He sent his two hands walking with each other up and down the keyboard, put them through various *chassez* steps, started them on even terms at the middle of the keys to be waltzed to remote ends of the instrument, and finally commenced a game of digital chase-one. In the course of his exhibition he probably played two hundred and sixty-six wrong notes out of four hundred actually touched, which gave him a low batting average.

"Now," commanded the professor, assuming his weightiest air, "we will try your voice."

He motioned that Mr. Curious was to stand near the grand piano, facing him. Then he played a scale slowly. The masquerading voice pupil intentionally sang notes that were faulty in pitch and in all other respects. His tones shook and sagged like a bit of the family wash hanging from the line on a windy day. They were awful.

An honest teacher would have instantly informed Mr. Curious that at his evident age a voice with so many seeming shortcomings was not worth spending money on. Not a few instructors of the better grade would have instantly detected indications of vocal skill in the very manner the voice was made to misbehave.

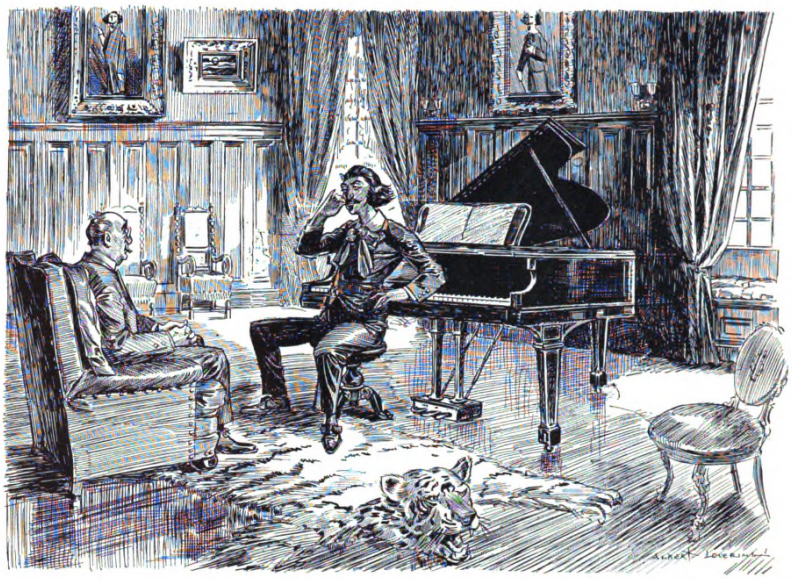
But this professor didn't know and didn't care. His musical and vocal intelligence were on a par with his unscrupulous methods. He had a superficial familiarity with various methods of vocal teaching, a ready enough vocabulary common to most studios, and a degree of plausibility sufficient to fool all but discerning musicians of superior intelligence—though some of these four-flushers even succeed in concealing their exact status from real experts—for a brief time.

Well, Professor Soacum, instead of falling off the piano stool and laughing himself to his feet over the attempt of his pupil to sing a simple scale, merely raised his nicely penciled eyebrows.

"You—ah—you seem to have some slight difficulty with the voice-box. I will show you the secret of breathing, then we shall try again."

The professor left his seat at the piano, stepped close to the investigator, and spoke in the confidential manner. He was getting in his deadly work and it took a minute or two. After a while the curtain went up on act two.

"Grip the breath here," said Soacum, placing one



"Now," commanded the professor, assuming his weightiest air, "we will try your voice"

hand in the small of the prospective pupil's back, "and also here," poking Mr. Curious somewhat forcibly in the solar plexus. "Now sing another scale."

This one was delivered slightly better than the first.

"See? You already show improvement under my teaching. It is the breath; you must sing on it."

"Sit on it?"

"No, no; *sing* on it. Let me tell you." Soacum tried to in his glibest speech; but he wound up in a muddle, though he didn't know that his acquaintance knew. The baritone sang another scale and gave to the upper note a slight kick, so to speak. Soacum straightened up, surprised, but not aware that Mr. Curious was playing with him.

"La, la, you have a voice. I knew it when I heard you speak. I knew I could bring it out in one lesson—this lesson. In a month I can put you in a church choir. You have a future. Oh yes, I strongly advise you to study. Just come over here while we arrange for your lessons. I shall make you a reduction to four dollars for each one and you can get on splendidly with one every day. Later we will reduce the number."

Mr. Straight, a teacher who was not the sort that can be called "professor," was the next one to hear from the business-like baritone. His studio was in the same building with Soacum's, but very different. A young woman secretary received the visitor, asked intelligent questions, and presently returned from the inner room. In five minutes a pupil went out and Mr. Curious was meeting a real man.

This teacher, who wore his hair close cropped and an ordinary masculine suit of clothes, walked slowly along one wall of the studio while Mr. Curious loosed his tones. He is one of those instructors who know that one person cannot satisfactorily teach and at the same time play accompaniments.

"What's the idea?" said he, when the singer stopped. Mr. Curious didn't understand.

"What is your idea in coming to me when you know that you now sing as well as you probably ever can? We both know that you do not intend to make a profession of singing."

"What causes you to assume that I am not in the profession?"

"A number of things. First, you have shown to me a voice that is not at its best. It is like a good horse that needs exercise. If you were a professional now you would not be out of condition. Then I noticed that your memory slipped for an instant in a few places in some of your songs. Isn't it plain? You are one of the very best amateur singers I have ever heard, a good musician. I don't think, for your own pleasure, that you need instruction. I am puzzled that you should come to me."

That was another type of singing-teacher. If all were like him there would be no singing-teacher evil which now centers in the weakness of the vocal science system, due to the intangible factors surrounding it and the havoc caused by partial and full-fledged "fakers." When it is borne in mind that a pupil cannot see the vocal apparatus the difficulty confronting the teacher—who must create a mental picture of the kind of tone sought for and how it should be produced—is at once apparent.

Teacher number three—who was a woman—proved to be an odd sort of mixture. She manifested unquestioned knowledge of some vocal essentials, complete ignorance of others, and a musical ear that could not be depended on. Her influence on any pupil cannot be other than ruinous, yet she teaches—and she showed names—seventeen would-be professionals.

Teachers four to eight were men and all of a kind. They made a royal flush of four-flushers. One was an advocate of singing by "scientific control." He made his baritone visitor sing with the handle of a spoon poked half-way down his throat, then deplored the muscular constriction that ensued.

"Once you acquire 'control,'" he explained, "there is no more difficulty."

Undoubtedly he was right, but he wanted his visitor to control so many sets of muscles located in such amazing places that it was embarrassing to discuss the matter, to say nothing of developing a dexterity requiring one to leap nimbly upon one's own Adam's apple and off again without so much as bruising the skin.

The climax came one morning toward the close of the "hunt." Mr. Curious had taken cold, but, though it took the "edge" from the voice, there was no visible evidence that the baritone was vocally indisposed. Signor Spaghetti listened to a few phrases from an operatic aria and promptly threw a fit. The extent of his admiration for the American's voice was beyond the signor's powers to convey. There was no doubt that he was the equal, in natural endowments, of the greatest baritones ever heard at the Metropolitan Opera House.

"But how about the resonance?" asked Mr. Curious.

"Hah! you know. That is right; you must have the resonance and I bring heem. With my method I make of you a—a—a—Ruffo." He waved his arms wildly in an excess of enthusiasm.

"What would you say," demanded Mr. Curious, with slow impressiveness, "if I were to tell you that I have a cold right here in my throat and that I naturally have several times the resonance you have heard?"

The Italian stammered, fiddled his fingers, and then coughed. His rosy face became rosier until it resembled an overgrown beet. He had blundered; his finesse had played him false.

"Never mind," said the investigator, sympathetically, placing a bit of pasteboard in the singing faker's hand, "that is my real name. If you don't remember it, call up the Opera House, where your memory can be refreshed."

So ended the singing-teacher quest. Others with serious intentions of making a career in the profession are now busy on the same mission in which many hundreds will fail. But how, under existing conditions, can it be otherwise? For the average applicant the cards are all stacked.

PRICELESS

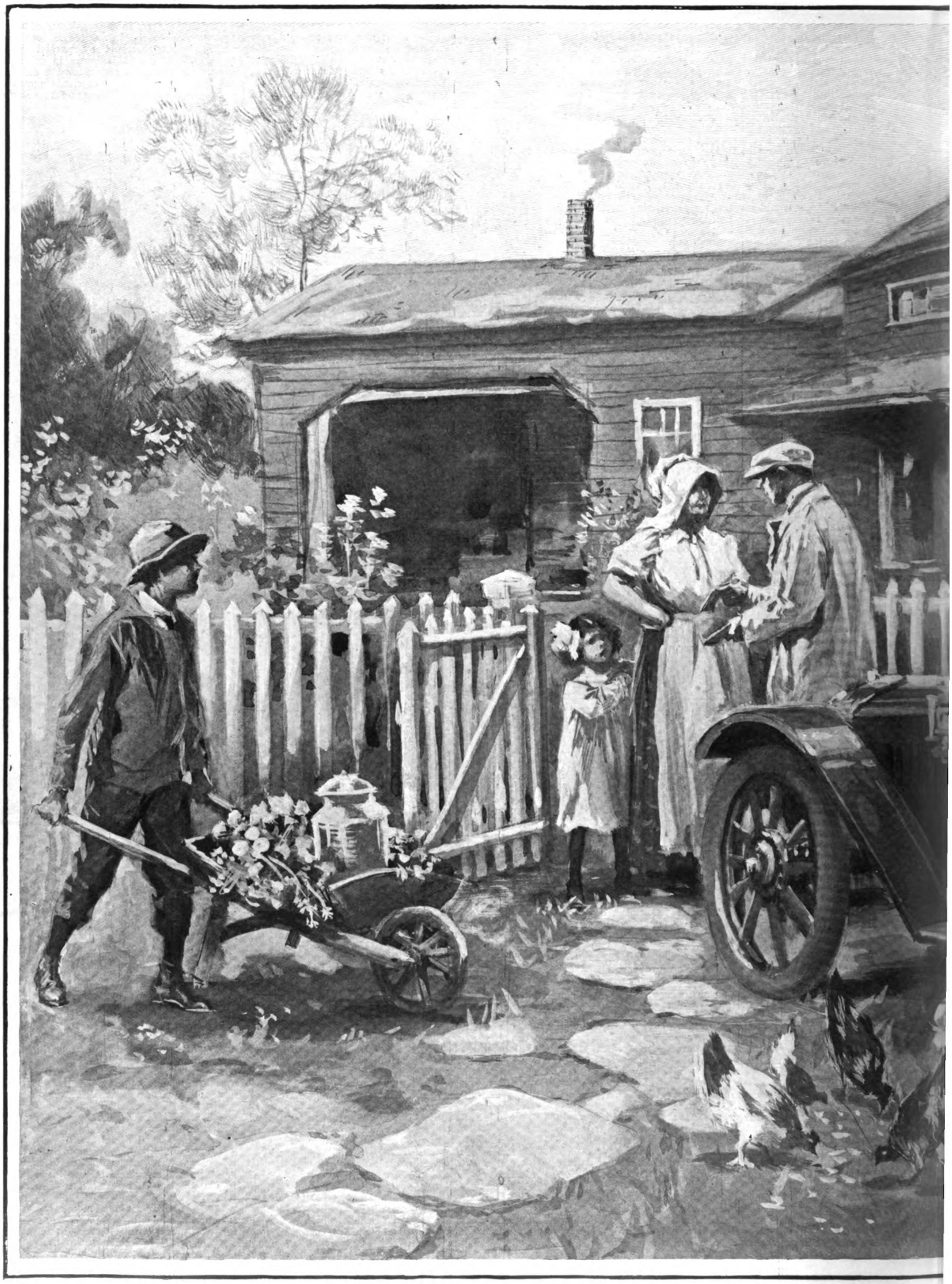
BY H. D. LOWRY

In the dark of the night while I slumbered
Thieves crept on my house by stealth;
They robbed me of gold and of silver,
And all that they took was wealth.

So your gown shall no more be silken,
Scant bread can I give you to eat,
And your feet, that are whiter than lilies,
Shall be bare to the dust of the street.

Poor fools! Had they dreamed of my treasure,
I had faced them forlorn and afraid,
Who am richer than ever a miser
In the love of a maid.

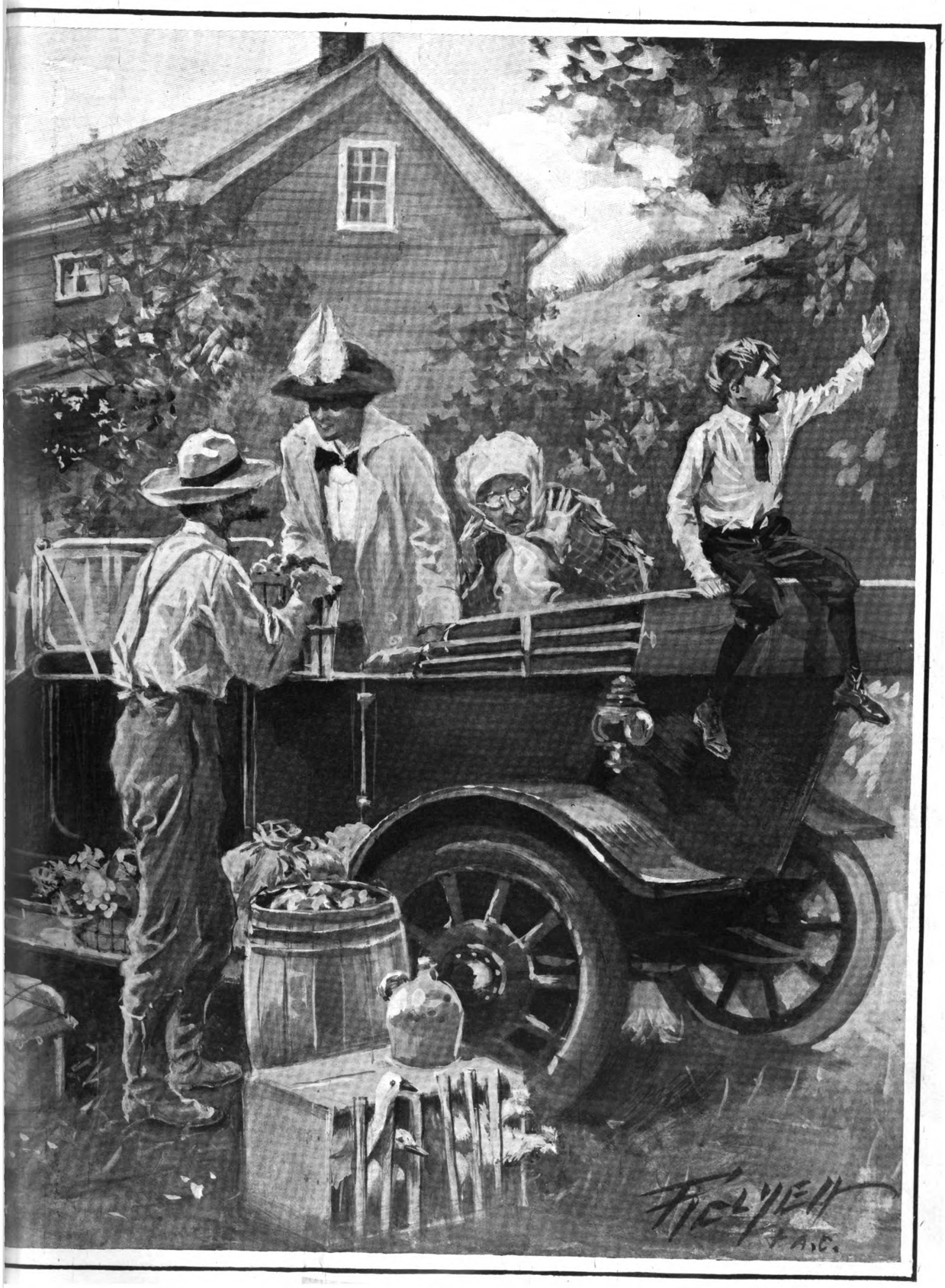
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TO CONSUMER

M. RELYEA

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BACK TO NATURE

UNEXPECTED RETURN FROM HIS VACATION OF THE NOUVEAUX RICHE'S BUTLER



Interludes

YE HINTS

BE careful of the number of clean collars and shirts you wear during the month. There are only four wash-days in the May calendar this year.

There will be a brand-new moon on the evening of May 6th, and if you are careful to catch your first glimpse of it over your left shoulder you may count on getting what is coming to you.

All the birds should have returned before the middle of the month save the seven broilers that disappeared from your coop shortly after Uncle Rastus departed from his visit last October.

Because your dog will not eat dog-biscuits these spring days, do not give them up altogether. They may come in handy to throw at crows or tramps that are likely to appear in the offing now at any minute.

If winter has ceased lingering in the lap of May in your vicinity, now is a good time to paint sunflowers on your snow-shovel, and hang the latter on the parlor wall as an ornament for the edification of your expected summer boarders.

To get the odor of camphor out of your spring clothes, lately released from the chest in the attic, hang them on the line in the drying-yard and sprinkle them with your garden watering-pot with a solution of cod-liver oil and creosote.

The moon will be full even in Prohibition States at 6.30 P.M. on Tuesday, May 20th, possibly as the inevitable result of having spent its first quarter after nine o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, May 13th. It may be distinguished under these sad conditions from the village clock by the fact that it will have no hands in front of its face.



ST. PETER TOLD HIM

NEW ARRIVAL: MISTER ST. PETER, WHERE MUST I GO TO GET SOUVENIR POST-CARDS?

AN EXTREME CASE

"SEEMS to me Miss Wrigley has gone daft on the subject of that little gasolene runabout of hers," said Miss Bumpus.

"Yes," said Miss Jiggles. "It has even affected her spelling. She now writes her name Natbalie as if it were Naphthalic."

THE MOTOR-CHURCH

"HAVE you seen anything of that motor-church they are sending around the country, Babbles?" asked Winkles.

"Yes," said Winkles. "Saw it this morning stuck in a ditch down by the golf links. When I left the minister was sitting on a fence-rail watching a lot of unregenerate sinners trying to pull it out, and nodding his approval of the language they used in doing it, too."

THE QUEEN OF THE MAY

AN IDYL OF MODERN BRITAIN

I've got me a hodful of nice solid bricks, a sledge-hammer hard and a couple of picks; a crow-bar or two and a jimmy of steel as straight and as true as a battle-ship's keel. I've got me a bagful of cobbles and coal, and paving-stones hard as a petrified roll, all ready prepared for the glorious day when I'm to be Queen of the May, Mother,
The Suffragette Queen of the May!

I've got me a bottle of acid so strong 'twould eat up a pitchfork from handle to prong to drop in the mail-box to show brutal man what woman will do when she finds that she can. I've kerosene, gasolene, paraffine too, all ready for tasks that a woman must do to show that she's here and determined to stay, a Militant Queen of the May, Mother,
A Suffragette Queen of the May!

I've practised at throwing by day and by night at any old target that happened in sight, and got to a point where my aim is so fine I hit what I aim at three times out of nine; and windows of palaces, dwellings, and shops go crashing before me in spite of the cops, wherever I wander, wherever I stray, enthroned as the Queen of the May, Mother,
The Suffragette Queen of the May!

You need not expect me to dinner or tea. It's nineteen to one it's the cooler for me, and forth to the battle as leader I go to lead on my troops 'gainst the tyrannous foe; to work up Britannia, and compel her to note there'll never be peace till the women shall vote; my place at the fore, in the heat of the fray, as Queen of the Beautiful May, Mother,
The Suffragette Queen of the May!

WILBERFORCE JENKINS.



BIRD *(who has been building nest, to cow who is eating hay)*: HI, THERE, YOU'RE EATING ALL OUR BUILDING MATERIAL.

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DOINGS IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

EVERY vigorous soul responds to the idea that there may be a deeper kind of being than the world we daily move in; that we may be surrounded by great caverns of possibility which our eyes do not yet behold, profundities of being that would make "miracles" easy and natural. This is, perhaps, why the fourth dimension has such an undying fascination for us, haunting our imaginations, drawing our thoughts, almost commanding our assent, though we may not be able to give any connected account or it or to explain at all what we mean by it.

Yet it is not at all difficult to illustrate the possibilities of the fourth dimension. While you are reading this you are, I suppose, sitting in a chair in a room; a comfortable chair, let us hope; look up, take in your surroundings, the other people in the room if there are any, the furniture, the walls. Now think of the next room; call up vividly before you from memory the picture of its walls and furniture, the people in it as they would look if you were standing or sitting in the middle of it; let your mind and imagination dwell on the details till the whole stands out before you. You see, then, that while comfortably seated in the first room you can quite easily imagine yourself in the second, looking about you, talking to the people in it, handling things on the table there. And in order to think yourself into the middle of the second room you did not need to think of yourself as rising from your chair, walking across the floor, opening the door, passing through it and along the corridor to the next door, opening it and entering the second room, going to the middle of it, and seating yourself in the chair there. You went directly from the center of the one room to the center of the other, and you went without passing through the doors or even the walls. More than that, you went without going. You both went and stayed behind. You were in both rooms at the same time.

This is a faithful illustration of one of the powers of the fourth dimension, for if you were a four-dimensional being you could do in fact just what you have so easily done in fancy: you could pass directly from the center of one room to the center of another; not only the next room, but a room at any distance. You would, in fact, have exactly the power attributed to apparitions and which gives them their name—the power of "appearing" suddenly without coming in by the door like ordinary three-dimensional mortals. And there would be no miracle about it; simply an every-day four-dimensional possibility.

Now let us try to see what relation these strange doings have to the dimensions of space. Space of one dimension is, of course, simply a straight line. Imagine, if you can, that you are a living and moving point on a straight line; something like a man in a long, straight tunnel whose sides exactly fit his body as he stands up. If you were the man in the tunnel or the point on the line you could go backward and forward as much as you wished, but you could never go in any other direction, to the right or to the left, upward or downward. And if you met another one-dimensional person, another dot on the line, another man in the tunnel, you would have to come to a standstill or go backward. You could no more pass each other than can two locomotives that meet on a single track.

But suppose you did want to pass each other: the natural thing to do would be to step aside and let each other pass. But this you could only do by adding a new dimension; by adding sideways extension or breadth to the backward and forward extension, or length, of your first line. You would have to widen the tunnel. Therefore, by adding a new dimension what was before impossible has become quite simple and easy.

Now go back for a moment to yourself, the living and moving dot on a straight line. Imagine another straight line crossing your line at an angle, and imagine another living dot going backward and forward on this line and in his goings and comings every now and then crossing your line. As you looked along your line, having a view in only one direction, he would seem to you to appear and vanish, to reappear and vanish again, a veritable apparition. Yet there would be nothing ghostly or uncanny about his performance; it would be the simple result of his one-dimensional space crossing your one-dimensional space at a certain point; and this crossing would be possible in virtue of an added dimension—namely, the surface of the paper on which the two lines cross, a surface having length and breadth, two dimensions.

So much for people of one dimension. Let us carry it a step further. Suppose yourself to progress in evolution until you become a two-dimensional person, flat, like a figure drawn on paper. If you think of it this is really an infinite extension of your life, since no number of dots would ever make a surface. Now as a flat, two-dimensional person you are no longer confined to a single direction, back and forward; you can move anywhere in your kind of space which is represented by the flat surface of the paper. But you cannot rise above it or go beneath it. You cannot add height, the third dimension, to length and breadth. Actually draw a little figure of a man or woman on the paper to represent your supposed two-dimensional self. It need not be a very good likeness. Now draw a square outside the figure not quite closed at one corner. That will represent a two-dimensional room with a door. The little figure, supposed to be yourself, can only leave this room by sliding along the surface of the paper to the open corner; in fact, going along the door to the door. Now draw another square beside the first, also open at one corner. Your little figure can get into this second room only by moving along the paper to the open corner and then moving in, still sticking close to the surface of the paper. Only in this way can he go from the center of one room to the center of the other.

Now consider what happens if you are allowed to add a new dimension, height, the free space above the paper. Stand the end of your pencil in one square. It is in the one room. Now raise it and stand it in the center of the other square. It is now in the second room, and it has got there without going through the intervening doors. It has, in fact, done quite easily what would have been impossible and miraculous for the little flat figure; and it has done this simply by adding a new dimension without any miracle at all. Now perhaps you begin to see the bearing of this on our first illustration, where you supposed yourself seated in the center of one room and transported thence directly to the center of the other without going through the doors. You have done exactly what the pencil did and you have done it in the same way by adding a new dimension. And just as you can make the two squares drawn on the paper coincide by the simple folding of the paper as a sheet of note-paper is folded, so, by using the fourth dimension, you could make one room coincide with the other and so be in both at the same time.

Now let us take another four-dimensional illustration. There is probably a large mirror on the wall of one of your rooms. Stand in front of it and look through at the looking-glass room on the other side of the plate glass. You are looking into another room which looks exactly the same; the chairs and tables are there, the people, including yourself; the pictures on the walls, the same pattern and color of wall-paper. The whole room that you see through the looking-glass seems exactly the same. Really it is quite different. Everything in it has been reversed right and left. Make yourself realize this by taking up a book, opening it, and holding the open pages up before the mirror. In the mirror the printing goes the opposite way, from right to left, like Arabic, no longer from left to right. And everything in the room has suffered exactly the same change; look at them, first the pictures—a landscape, for instance—in which the left and right sides are different; you will see that in the mirror they are reversed. The same with the chairs and tables, though it is not so conspicuous. The same with yourself, the observer of these things. In the mirror your right and left hand are reversed. This is what makes it so difficult to do certain things before the looking-glass—for example, tying a dress tie, as in the first act of "Peter Pan."

Now to come back to the question of dimensions. Forfeit your former progress and once more imagine yourself a living dot on a straight line, a one-dimensional person, as before. Move forward an inch along the line, marking out a straight piece an inch long, and imagine, if you will, that this is a one-dimensional walking-stick. Do you realize that so long as you are limited to the one dimension you can never turn the stick round, as the hand of a watch goes round, till its direction is reversed. You can move the stick backward and forward as much as you please, but you can never move it sideways. Such a movement would seem to your one-dimensional mind an impossibility, a miracle, absurd. But add one dimension, changing your line to a surface, and it becomes quite easy to turn the stick, as the watch-hand moves from twelve to six, until its direction is exactly reversed. The impossible miracle of a moment before has become simple matter of fact.

Now carry the illustration a step further. Allow yourself the liberties of two-dimensional space. You have the sheet of paper before you, with the little two-dimensional man and his two rooms drawn on it. While still keeping it flat on the table you can turn it round and round, as a compass card turns, so that the bottom of the paper is now where the top was before. But so long as you keep it flat you cannot turn the paper over, so that the little man and his rooms are face downward on the table.

If you wish to turn the paper over you must add a new dimension, raising it above the flat surface. Then it is quite easy; you do it whenever you turn your letter face downward on the blotting-paper or when you turn the page of your book. You can reverse the surfaces, just as before you reversed the ends of the stick. But do you realize that the simple turning of the page would be for the two-dimensional person an impossibility, a miracle, something quite imaginary and fantastical, to be flatly denied?

So we have first reversed the ends of a stick by adding a second dimension to the first. Then we have reversed the surfaces of the paper by adding a third dimension to the two. What kind of reversal, at present impossible, would become possible if we added a fourth dimension to the three we now know? Exactly the kind of right-and-left reversal that happens in a looking-glass. Try to make this real. Take your book and try without the mirror to turn it so that the lines read from right to left instead of from left to right; so that the words go, in fact, as type goes when the printer sets it up. Turn as you will, you cannot do it unless you turn the page upside down at the same time. This, by the way, is just the reverse of what the printer does when he wishes to read his set type. He makes it read from left to right by turning it upside down. But he cannot do the first without doing the second. For him and for us that is an impossibility, a miracle, just as turning the stick round is a miracle for the one-dimensional person and turning the page over is a miracle for the two dimensional person. Both become quite easy when you add a new dimension. So if you could use the fourth dimension it would be quite easy for you to turn your book looking-glass fashion, so that the reading went from right to left without turning it upside down. It is curious that automatic writing often reads looking-glass way.

Now this kind of four-dimensional twist, which reverses right and left, exists in nature even without the looking-glass. There are certain snails—those of Tahiti, for example—whose shells are curled in whorls up to a point, like the conch-shells the Tritons blow. But the curling does not always go the same way. Some of the family are curled to the right and are called right-handed, or dextral, while some are curled to the left and are called sinistral. It is exactly the effect of putting one of them before a looking-glass; or it is exactly as if some one had taken them and given them a four-dimensional twist.

Still more interesting is the fact that the twist seems to go right through to the molecules the snails are built up of. The polariscope shows this. Ordinary light, like sunlight, is transmitted by ether-waves that cross in every direction, boxing the compass, so to speak. A beam of ordinary light is like a round stick. The polariscope strains off all the vibration motions except those that go in one direction, so that the beam of light which has passed through the polariscope is flat, like a ribbon. Now, if this flat beam of polarized light passes through certain kinds of sugar dissolved in water, the flat ribbon of light gets a slight twist either to the right or to the left. Sugar that twists the beam to the right is called dextrose, and sugar that twists it to the left is called levulose, from the Latin words for right and left hand. And it has been found that the juices of the right-handed snails twist the ribbon of light to the right, while the juices of the left-handed snails twist it to the left, showing that the right-and-left twist, which you see in the whorls of the shell, expresscs an earlier right-and-left twist in the molecules. So that nature is able to give to the snails a looking-glass twist, a four-dimensional reversal. Is it absurd to suppose that nature uses a fourth dimension to do it?

One more illustration. Take a cone, such as is used as a model for beginners in a drawing-school. Take also a bucket of water. Hold the cone point downward over the water and lower it till the point just touches the surface of the water. Now suppose the flat person of the former illustration lived on the flat surface of the water. What impression would he get of the cone? Nothing but a point, a dot, with no cone to be seen. Now push the cone down a little into the water. Your flat observer will see his point disappear and its place being taken by a little circle. Keep pushing the cone down and he will see a whole series of circles, each bigger than the preceding, but only one at a time. Now push the cone underwater. His last circle, the biggest of all, will have appeared for a moment and then disappeared, vanished out of his sight. So he will be able to realize the cone only as a long series of figures, beginning with a point, followed by ever so many circles, and ending with a big circle which disappears. But you can think of the cone all at once; you can realize that what seems to him a succession is really simultaneous. And your deep view prevails over his quite literally superficial view just because you can add a third dimension to his two.

In this illustration there are really depths of significance. Thus for him the cone is born from a germ, grows, increases, reaches maturity, suddenly dies. For you it persists immortal. Consider whether your birth, your growth, the succession of your days, your death, may not be the superficial apparition of a life which persists immortal. But without pressing this, it is clear that just as the single simultaneous shape of the cone translates itself to the superficial two-dimensional consciousness as a succession of separate shapes, so what appears to us a succession of separate forms succeeding one another in our three-dimensional space, may be seen, by the four-dimensional person, as a single simultaneous reality. And the said four-dimensional person would be able to do simultaneously a long series of acts which we can only do successively. But, like the cone in the bucket, we are getting into deep and even deeper water.

To the one-dimensional person the second dimension would be unthinkable. If you asked him to imagine a new direction at right angles to his line he could not—unless in his one-dimensional body he had the spark of a two-dimensional soul. Then he might have glimmerings. Again, the two-dimensional person, knowing only flat surfaces, could never imagine height. If you told him there was a new direction at right angles to his paper marked by simply standing the pencil upright, he would stare in blank dismay—unless, as before, he had the beginnings of a three-dimensional soul. So you and I, three-dimensional people, if we are told that there is a fourth dimension, neither breadth nor length nor height, but at right angles to all these three, are likely to stare and rub our eyes and ask where the new direction can possibly be, seeing that all space is already there. We shall be as blankly incredulous as our predecessors unless we, in our turn, have in us the beginning of a four-dimensional soul. Then we may have blank misgivings, inklings, glimmerings; we may feel the power of the new idea; we may even realize that our minds, our thoughts, our imaginations, already have four-dimensional powers, as when, sitting in one room, we imagine ourselves in another without passing through doors. What would result, were this deeper consciousness more fully possessed, is part of a larger question which our space limitation does not permit us to enter.

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THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

Henry James's "A Small Boy and Others"

BY F. M. COLBY

THE relatively coarse-fibered and matter-of-fact, to which class of persons unhapily the present reviewer belongs, will be exposed, on reading this volume, to their usual temptations. It is not strange that we wish to accuse Henry James of obscurity. Otherwise we should have to confess to sad personal disabilities of our own. Nevertheless, some of us do see that this charge of obscurity rather begs the question. Nor is the pleasure of reading the persistent parody quite what it used to be. Parody of the Henry James manner seems too easy for good sport. And as to that vast body of commentary, sometimes facetious, sometimes gravely reproachful, but always pointing to the not very noteworthy fact that the minds of reviewer and author somehow did not meet—what is the use of adding to it? It would seem best that we of the outer circle should henceforth proclaim those glad occasions on which we do catch a glimpse of what is going on inside Henry James rather than so steadily describe our intervals of blankness.

There are many glimpses to be had of him in the present volume, and they are so wonderful that it is worth while peering into the dark passages on the chance of getting more. First of all, the book brings the stout conviction that Henry James was never anything so concrete, tangible, and elementary as a boy. He reversed the usual process and began life as a ghost. To be sure, he says that he was a boy and that he sometimes ate peaches, and he shows us, in the frontispiece, the portrait of a small boy who bears his name. There are also many details of an apparently actual life wonderfully remembered—details of little houses in Albany, and of dame schools, and of the house on Fourteenth Street in New York, and of the large Russian governess who "towered above him too heroically" and left, and of the small brown French governess with "the step of levity," involving "a whisk of her short skirts," who represented, to "his first personal perception, France." But nobody will believe it was a boy that saw them. It was the spirit of Henry James, already by some strange anticipation cultured and Europeanized, hovering over them and looking down, vastly amused, on the quaintness of the early New York "social scene."

Not that he directly imputes to his boyhood all the delicate social perceptions of his later life. On the contrary, he often refers to himself at this period as an "infant" or as a "mere mite of observation," and he speaks slightingly of this young creature's mental range. Yet any one may see that the author of *The Sacred Fount* was already there and virtually complete—inarticulate, perhaps, but vigilant, storing up literary material against the day when infancy should pass. Already at the age of six he had closely studied several uncles, knowing how quaint they would seem in after-years. In short, this is no record of a human being, starting in a small way and gradually enlarging. There was no boyhood. There was merely a period of postponement for the European point of view. He said nothing while in his New York baby-carriage, for what was there to say? He lay there quietly, suspending judgment till he should travel in a London cab.

It was a "small and compact and ingenuous" society that he looked out on from his crib, and even then he could not have taken it seriously. Quite delightfully naïve, he must have remarked to his several nurses. He observed the passing of the little provincial literary and artistic fashions of the time.

"Dimly queer and 'pathetic' to me were to remain through much of the after time, indeed, most of these early indigenous vogues and literary flurries: so few of those that brushed by my childhood had been other than a tinkling that suddenly stopped."

There was small chance in that community of doing in life anything worth while.

"The bright and empty air was as void of 'careers' for a choice as of cathedral towers for a sketcher, and I passed my younger time till within a year or two of the Civil War with an absolute vagueness of impression as to how the political life of the country was carried on. The field was strictly covered, to my young eyes, by three classes—the busy, the tipsy, and Daniel Webster."

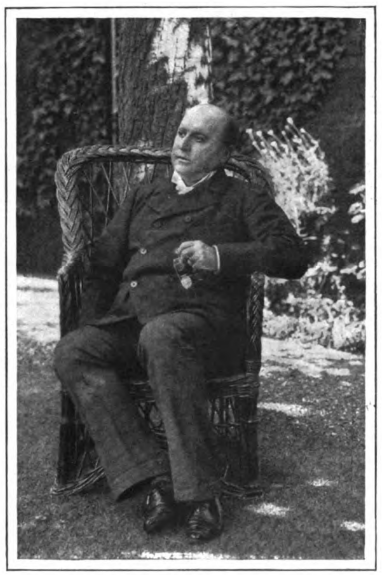
The class to which he himself belonged was, outside his own immediate circle, composed mainly of the tipsy. His family had inherited property which, though not large enough when divided to make any of them rich, provided amply for their leisure. His own household, stamped by his father's remarkable personality, led intensely the inner life. But there was a fringe of light uncles, aunts, and cousins, and beyond it stretched the host of gay, careless, good-natured folk who were for the most part tipsy.

There seemed, he said, no diversion known to society but dancing and no dissipation but getting tipsy; and among the earliest and most familiar sounds of his infancy were fiddling and the popping of corks. At the age of five he seems to have felt that the people about him were, after all, rather limited. At seven he was apparently aware how grossly the American "social scene" was lacking both in background and in finished details. Soon after that he was studying the "respectable but quite negligible husband" of his cousin Helen. He found him of an "excellent and consistent shade of nullity." No one ever gave a thought to what this "dim little gentleman" might perchance be thinking or feeling.

"He was blank from whatever view remaining so under application of whatever acid or exposure to whatever heat; the one identity he could have was to be part of the consensus."

He found him interesting because so "rare." "Such a case is rare—that of being no case at all." How as a child he reveled in that cousin's emptiness! The splendid vacuity of "this spectral spouse"! Never, thought the infant Henry, shall I find a case like this again. It was so much the real thing. The "dim little gentleman" did not merely pretend to be empty. He actually and gloriously *was* empty. He had a "natural platitude" that never rose to the "level of sensibility." He was "Mr." even to his wife, who sometimes called him "dear," but never by any chance let slip his Christian name. Nobody even asked his Christian name. Nobody could keep the dim little gentleman sufficiently in mind to do so.

And so the infant Henry noted the dim little gentleman's "rounded back," and his bald head with the hair "bristling up almost in short-horn fashion at the sides," and the "so limited play from side to side of his very protrusive head," and noted also his quaint



Henry James at his ease

courtesies of speech, and he wondered if here might not be a really valuable type. He put to himself this natural childish question: Is not this poor, anonymous "dear," with its intensity of type, to be considered, after all, a highly finished figure? Americans are typeless and lack the forms and adjusted settled things of an older civilization. In the dim little gentleman's voice and speech the child Henry fancied he heard echoes of something old and precious, something no longer to be found in our so new society.

"Mayn't we accordingly have been, the rest of us, all wrong, and the dim little gentleman the only one among us who was right? May not his truth to type have been a matter that as mostly typeless ourselves we neither perceived nor appreciated?"

But in the dim little gentleman's faint career there stood out one fact plain and undeniable—one thing he did that could be definitely mentioned. It was indeed an act that "escaped all ambiguity." In short, the dim little gentleman died.

Always and everywhere people and things have composed themselves for Henry James into a social picture. From the first there was this intense artistic preoccupation. He could not as a boy have entered heartily and forgetfully into the spirit of anything. He must have been too bent on explaining to himself just what that spirit was. No doubt he has read into his infant mind a good deal of elderly cogitation; but it is plain to the reader of the present volume that as a boy he was actually under this artistic spell, possessed by this passion for mental delineation. He felt it as a limitation, regarding himself as overbalanced on the side of sensibility, and deficient in the capacity for hard thinking. He admired his father vastly, and as for his brother William he regarded him as a higher order of being. He never even hoped to overtake "W. J." intellectually. He writes of himself with humility, and here as elsewhere he appears quite as aware of his defects as are any of his critics. He once privately remarked that he could criticize his own work with less mercy and more truth than any of his critics, and I believe that this is true.

He thus describes himself as a small boy "dawdling and gaping," and rubbing his "contemplative nose" against the iron rails of the Eighteenth Street corner:

"He is a convenient little image or warning of all that was to be for him, and he might well have been even happier than he was. For there was the very pattern and measure of all he was to demand: just to *be* somewhere—almost anywhere would do—and somehow receive an impression or an accession, feel a relation or vibration. He was to go without many things—ever so many—as all persons do in whom contemplation takes so much the place of action; but everywhere, in the years that came soon after and that in fact continued long, in the streets of great towns, in New York still for some time, and then for a while in London, in Paris, in Geneva, wherever it might be, he was to enjoy the so far from showy practice of wondering and dawdling and gaping: he was really, I think, much to profit by it."

He frequently expresses surprise at the richness of his memories. From the "blankest and tenderest state" of his infant mind he is able to recover complete pictures. The variety and detail of his recollections are indeed astonishing. Apparently he can recall every play he saw as a child and his impressions of all the players. People more than anything else have always appealed to his mind, he tells us; and about scores of people whom he met only in childhood he has something vivid and intimate to say. They are mainly unimportant people, like, for example, the lean, nimble, and choreographic Bob James who "led the cotillion on from generation to generation, his skull-like smile, with its accent from the stiff points of his long mustache and brightly hollow orbits of his eyes, helping to make of him an immemorial elegant skeleton."

Great folk appear occasionally. Thackeray while in the library of the elder James once hailed him, "Come here, little boy, and show me your extraordinary jacket!" and then told him if he wore such a jacket in England he would be known as "Buttons." Again, in Paris, Thackeray fell in with the Jameses. This time he remarked on the costume of Henry's little sister. "Crinoline!" he said. "I was suspecting it. So young and so depraved." But the book is not in the least like those fearful volumes of British reminiscences now rapidly accumulating, wherein some lesser worthy records his handshakes with the greater ones.

It is a rash man who in this day attempts an appraisement of Henry James. All conclusions concerning Henry James are rash. He is the *pons asinorum* of current criticism, and almost every one who writes about him seems to come to grief. Mr. G. K. Chesterton has recently despatched him in about two hundred words. But there speaks your cocksure Britisher who is, besides, a man of pointed sayings. More words than that are needed to despatch even so light a matter as Mr. G. K. Chesterton. Nothing so dulls the edge of journalistic epigram as the perception of the complexity of the truth. In this country there seems to have been but one man who has written adequately of Henry James. I refer to the essay of Mr. W. C. Brownell, which, so far as I have read, is the only one at all worthy of the subject.

If Carlyle could say of Thackeray that he had "mass without strength," what would he have said of Henry James? No character, in the Carlyle sense, at all, just a jelly of sensibilities. The most striking thing about this wonderful last book of his is his perfect content with life. It seems as if no one else could ever have known so well what he wanted and so completely attained it. There was no sign of any sort of struggle. Apparently he never did anything unwillingly. Just to see men and women and speculate upon their relations and group them beautifully in his mind and bring them out in books, devoid of all tiresome actuality—that was enough for him. Hence those strange and alluring creatures in his novels. They are not people. They are rarefied social beings who have found new forms of intercourse. They are his ideals of an impossibly civilized communication, in which sympathy and discernment are so quick that sheer presences address each other almost without the need of words. People stripped of their dull habits, their needless explicitness, properly bred, trained, polished and sharpened, would, he thinks, talk like this. Half a word would do for a dozen sentences.

For many years we have all been tediously complaining that these beings are not of flesh and blood, never pausing to ask why that of itself should condemn them. What, after all, does it matter? There are many beautiful creatures in literature that are not of flesh and blood. The question is whether these phantoms of Henry James are good, companionable phantoms. It can scarcely be denied that they often are. Even to us of the outer circle the charm of many a James latter-day phantom will penetrate. But in this beautiful civilization, after he has got rid of all the hamperings of the flesh, how much of the spirit has he given us? Little, it seems to me, beyond the spirit of rather secondary social observances. Type set off against type, class against class—that is all there is to it. Nowhere does he set off a man or woman against an ultimate reality. He sets them off merely against some higher social propriety. Nowhere does he burst out like Meredith upon the absurdity of social distinctions as seen against the sky. His sense of fun is limited to the perception that one man is socially less highly qualified than another. There is no broad laughter in him—or God or devil or faith or atheism or philosophy to be found in his books. Nobody in his writings really cares. He does not care. Things are referred to a secondary standard and he is satisfied. That is why he is not a great writer and why, perhaps, he has always been a happy one. The present volume deepens our impression of the amazing wealth of his mind, and if there are minds of greater strength none has surpassed it in receptiveness.

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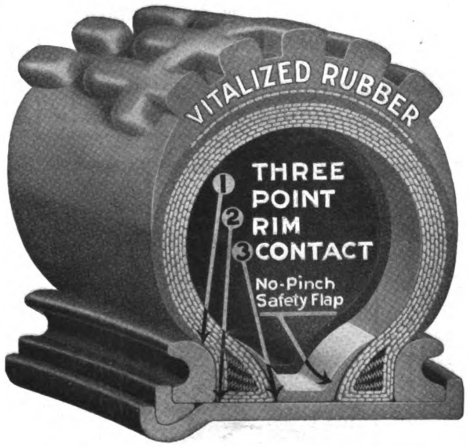
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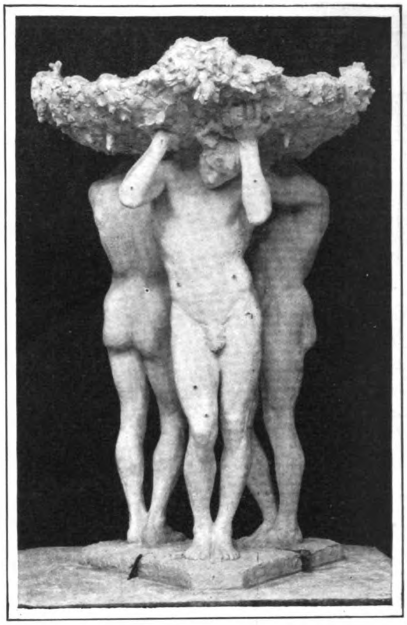
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"A Vender of Statuettes," by Murray Bewley



"The Gold Fish," by Miss M. Baynon Copeland

AMERICAN ARTISTS AT THE PARIS SALON

SOME EXAMPLES OF THE WORK OF OUR PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS TO BE SHOWN IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL

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"The Last Cartridges"

A famous French battle painting, called "The Last Cartridges," the work of Alphonse de Neuville, represents the desperate defense of an old house at Bazeilles by a handful of French marines against great odds. Doubt having been cast upon the authenticity of this episode, the French government has published the official report made by Commandant Lambert, who commanded the detachment at Bazeilles.

It is a plain and straightforward report, without any dwelling upon thrilling details. Lambert had been wounded by a ball in the leg, and was unable to walk more than a few steps. With a few officers and a detachment of his soldiers, cut off from the main body of the French army, he took refuge in an isolated house at the highest point in Bazeilles, and defended it against the Germans. Firing from the windows and any other openings that they could find, the soldiers inflicted heavy loss upon the enemy, who swarmed through the streets of the town. They believed that they would soon be rescued by their own troops. They still heard the sound of their mitrailleuses and the detonations of the French chassepots, which they could distinguish perfectly well from the sounds of the guns of the Bavarians about them. They did not know that these sounds came from a French force as hopelessly walled in as they themselves were, and that the main body of their countrymen had deserted them.

At one time, seeing a chance for their escape, Lambert tried to send his comrades away while he and a few soldiers were to remain and fall into the hands of the enemy; but they refused to go. Meantime projectiles of all sorts were raining into the old house. Bullets perforated the doors and windows until but little remained of them. The building was entirely surrounded by the Fifteenth Bavarian Regiment.

A bombshell crashed through the roof, bearing down with it several men. Others were cut down by Bavarian bullets. But the fight went on for a long time, and the Frenchmen were able to keep their assailants at bay.

At last, however, the ammunition gave out. As the last cartridges were being fired, the men, having heard the Bavarians demand that no quarter should be given those Frenchmen because of the heavy losses they had inflicted, proposed to issue from the building with charged bayonets, and sell their lives dearly in a hand-to-hand conflict.

But their commander, the wounded Lambert, waited until the last cartridge was fired; then he limped through the door and confronted the swarming Bavarians alone. He declared that if they killed him it would be time for his soldiers to die, and it was possible that he, their commander, could make some terms for them.

As soon as he limped out and stood with folded arms, a dozen bayonets were at his breast. He would have been killed in another instant if the Bavarian captain had not, at the risk of his own life, precipitated himself upon the French officer and beaten back his own men. Infuriated by the frightful loss which the defenders had inflicted upon their own regiment, they would have put the whole detachment to death.

The Bavarian captain prevailed, and the Frenchmen were made prisoners of war. The Bavarian officer congratulated the French commander warmly upon the desperate and heroic stand they had made.

The Charcoal Burner

The men who make charcoal—"coalers," as they call themselves—are not all directly employed in charring the wood. Many of them are merely choppers who fell the trees and cut them into cordwood lengths. The "coalers" about the middle of April build their "pits," these being, not holes in the earth, but simply large mounds closely resembling great ant-hills.

The first step in the construction of a pit is the building of the chimney. This is formed by laying sticks of wood in a square with the ends crossed, and so placing tier after tier until the chimney is about twelve feet high. All around this chimney is placed the wood. "It leans slanting," as the coalers say, and, placed in layer after layer, the whole is about twenty-five feet in diameter at the base. About thirty cords of wood are usually placed in one pit.

The wood is then covered with a layer of dead leaves and afterward with earth, the object being to prevent the entrance of air, or fire showing at any point except such as the coalers may choose. When covered with earth the pit is ready to be fired.

This operation is accomplished by dropping coals from the top of the chimney upon a little tinder laid at the bottom. As soon as the fire has "taken hold" the top of the chimney is covered with earth and no draught of air allowed except such as flows slowly through the covering of leaves and earth.

Great care must be exercised by the coaler to see that the wood, which he wishes to keep smoldering, does not burn instead, yielding, not charcoal, but ashes. If the coaler perceives too much smoke issuing from any part of the pit he climbs up on a rude ladder and uses a kind of wooden hoe to increase the thickness and solidity of the earth covering there. Sometimes it happens that a crater appears at some point where the earth has fallen in or crumbled away. Then the coaler must stop the hole with more earth.

In rainy weather he need not be so constantly on the watch. If the wind be high he must be on guard day and night.

A period of two weeks is commonly required to coal such a pit as that described. But if the wood be light and the weather windy a pit may be opened at the end of a week. If a man be industrious he may coal two pits a month and earn from forty to fifty dollars, according to the quantity of charcoal, for which he is paid by the bushel.

Late in October the wagons make their last rounds of the camp and haul away any charcoal remaining at the pits. The coalers gather up their camp effects and move on five or six miles, again to build, chop, and coal.

How "Marbles" Are Made

Most of the "marbles" so beloved of the small boy are made of clay; the "glass alleys," of course, made of glass; while agate, to some extent, enters into the manufacture of special and finer "marbles."

The clay is cast into a "pug-mill," or "chaser," and, as the heavy wheels revolve over the clay, it drops, in pulverized form, into a bin beneath the mill. Thence it is lifted, by an endless elevator, to storage bins.

The next step is to force the stiff clay through the perforated base of the pug-mill, from which it emerges in the form of clay strings, the diameter of which is regulated by the round holes in the base of the mill. These rolls or strings of clay are pulled from the pug-mill when they have attained a length of about eighteen inches. They are placed on flat boards and conveyed to the clay shops, where the "marbles" are made.

First the rolls of clay are deposited evenly in a trough, and a workman cuts them into cubes, according to the order. The cutting is accomplished by means of a saw. Seven rolls of clay will, generally speaking, form over two hundred little cubes; and it is from these cubes that the "marbles" are rolled.

When the cubes have been cut, they are placed in an ordinary tin pan and turned over to the workers, generally girls. A handful of cubes is picked up and these are placed, one at a time, in a grooved plaster-of-Paris mold. The size of the groove also depends upon the size of the "marble" to be made. When there is one clay cube in each groove a plaster oblong block is adjusted in position on top of the cubes and pushed forward and backward until the clay cubes become round and rolled true. This operation is one that consumes but little time. The top block is lifted and the clay "marble," in its "green" state, is placed in a tray.

A worker who has acquired skill in her work can, it is said, make from 25,000 to 30,000 a day. "Marbles" are counted by weight; also by the cubic foot. The small clay "marble," measuring nine-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, weighs six and one-half pounds to the thousand, and is colored at the rate of 200,000 every eight minutes.

Elephants Made Heavy Swells

A British mariner, formerly in the Eastern trade, tells a queer elephant yarn. While captain of a trading steamer he had as cargo forty elephants. The vessel was anchored in a perfectly calm sea off the coast of Zanzibar. When, therefore, the steamer began to roll, every one on board was greatly surprised.

At first they supposed the motion to be due to the ground swell, but when this motion continued to increase, general alarm ensued. Then it was revealed that the elephants had, in some way, discovered that by swaying to and fro in unison they might produce a rocking motion that pleased them immensely. So the great heads and bodies rolled and swung together until the steamer, which had no other cargo and rode lightly, was in imminent danger of rolling clean over. The attendants hurried down into the hold, and, after a great deal of shouting and thumping, managed to stop the dangerous amusement.



The Power of Silent Service

If the crowd on the stock exchange kept quiet and let one man talk, that man could be heard in every corner of the room. But the shouting members produce a composite of sound, so that no one trader is understood except by a small group around a particular trading post.

If everyone were able to shout twice as loud, the result would be only a greater noise, and less intelligible.

For communication to be universal there must be silent transmission. In a noisy stock exchange where the voice, unaided, cannot be understood across the room, there are hundreds of telephones which carry speech half way across the continent.

The telephone converts the spoken words into silent electrical impulses.

In a single Bell telephone cable, a hundred conversations can be carried side by side without interference, and then distributed to as many different cities and towns throughout the land. Each conversation is led through a system of wire pathways to its proper destination, and whispers its message into a waiting ear.

Silent transmission and the interconnecting lines of the Bell System are indispensable for universal telephone service.

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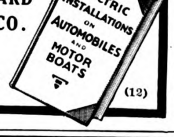
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Why Capillary Attraction Saves Your Fingers *from* Ink Stains



WHEN you remove the cap of a Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen, why are there no ink drops lurking around the writing end of the pen to smear your fingers?

Answer: *Capillary Attraction.*

What is Capillary Attraction? It's that curious force in nature that makes sponges absorb water, lamp wicks draw oil, blotters take up ink, etc.

In the Parker Fountain Pen Capillary Attraction keeps the feed tube *free of ink drops* after you're through writing.

Now ink drops in a feed tube cause ink-smeared fingers. Because they get forced up and out around the writing end of the pen by *air* in the pen (see X-Ray) which your body heat—98 degrees—causes to expand.

Briefly: Body heats air; air expands, pushes up through feed tube; pushes out lurking ink drops. Result: inky fingers.

Note in the X-Ray that the Parker Lucky Curve *curved feed tube* touches the barrel wall. Now that touch is what causes Capillary Attraction, and Capillary Attraction draws all ink down out of the Parker feed tube before your body's heat sends the air up.

Thus do Capillary Attraction and the Lucky Curve save your fingers from ink stains.

You want smooth, easy writing? The Parker 14K gold nibs pointed with hardest Iridium give you that. You want a hitchless, skip-less ink-flow? The Parker Spear Head Ink Controller regulates ink-flow scientifically. You want a clip that slips out of your way when you write? The new Parker *Disappearing* Clip does this—yet grips like glue when in use. 25c extra on any standard Parker.

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X-Ray view of Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen

PARKER LUCKY CURVE FOUNTAIN PEN

Making the Moon Work

By Ward Muir

THERE is really no reason why the inhabitants of the earth should do any work at all. The moon would do all the jobs which mankind demands—if we could only harness her. Scientists are already engaged on the solution of this problem—the great, the final economic problem of turning the moon to the task of making herself useful to her terrestrial admirers.

Day after day and night after night uncountable units of power are wasted because the brain of man has not yet devised a scheme for utilizing the terrific motive activity of the moon's "pull" on the tides. Incredible quantities of sea-water are piled up and withdrawn twice every lunar day, a lunar day is about twenty-four hours and fifty minutes), and if the lift and fall of this water could be caught and translated into energy, all the mills in the world could be driven without our burning an ounce of coal, all the electric light could be produced, all the railroads run, all the trolleys, all the subways, all the electric automobiles, all the factories, housewives' sewing-machines, and other things of the sort, could be operated, with nothing but a little attention from mechanics.

Plans have been mooted for the utilization of the tides in England. The idea is to build enormous docks or basins, off the Bristol Channel, where the sea is compressed into narrow confines and the tides are consequently high. The tide would flow up into these basins twice a day—billions of tons of water—but it could only escape through tunnels containing turbines similar to those at Niagara. There is no reason why, in time, the tide at the mouth of the Bristol Channel should not thus work the street-cars of London.

Technical difficulties still stand in the way, but Mr. William Snee, an inventor, has built a model machine to prove that these are surmountable. In his model, paddles give to the water in a tank a movement imitating, exactly, that of the ocean's tides, the water passing through a series of receptacles and round a horizontal water-wheel. In Italy another inventor, Captain Pirandello, is working on similar lines, but his machine is designed to utilize and store up only the power of the waves and not that of the tide. Captain Pirandello is now experimenting at Rimini. The motive power is supplied by a buoy which rests on the surface of the water, and, as that surface undulates, the buoy works machinery which creates electricity. But obviously the machine is dependent on the presence of waves. On a calm day it would cease to act.

The Mediterranean peoples would be somewhat "out of it" if the tides were being utilized for driving machinery. The greater part of the Mediterranean is tideless, being landlocked. On the Adriatic, however, there are big tides; and, this being so, Venice would become one of the chief power-producing centers of the future if the tides were harnessed, and its old glory would return to it if it made a "corner" in tide-power and sold it to the surrounding districts of Europe.

England would be specially well situated, of course, with regard to tide-power, and some of the narrow sea-locks in Scotland could be made use of even now, provided some one with capital laid down suitable turbines. A vast fortune awaits the genius who first shows the way in this matter. Interesting legal questions will also be raised, inevitably. Does the tide belong to the man who owns the land between which it flows? Does the tide belong to the man who owns the fishing rights in it? There is a good time coming for the lawyers; but it will precede an even better time for the public generally—a time when the moon will do our work for us.

Curiosities of Chess

THE origin of chess is the subject of an extensive literature. The game was known in exceedingly ancient times both in China and India. The *Cyclopædia of the Arts and Sciences,* published in 1786, quaintly says of chess: "In China it makes a considerable part of the education of their females, and seems to take the place of dancing among us. The Hindu game, chaturanga, was played by four persons, two being allied against two, as in whist or bridge. The derivation of the word is from chatur, "four," and anga, "a member." The word chaturanga became modified, on its journey westward, and subsequently by progressive changes turned to: thus giving us the English "check," leading to the important and quite different word "exchequer."

It may come as a surprise to many earnest chess-players to hear that the ancient four-handed version of the game is still alive and flourishing. The Four-Handed Chess Club, of London, is now its chief home, though there are coteries of players at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The Four-Handed Chess Club numbers upward of seventy members, and never a Tuesday evening passes without an attendance sufficient to make several sets. Each set plays at a board of huge size, laid out in the form of a Maltese cross. The board has one hundred and sixty squares, and on these squares are ranged the sixty-four chessmen (white, black, yellow, and red) which are to be engaged in battle. At the tables sit quartettes of players—partners opposite each other, as in a card game—and over all, under the soft light of the overhanging glow-lamps, reigns a solemn silence, among both players and spectators, for, needless to say, the game is an excessively intricate one.

A number of distinguished mathematicians have been players of four-handed chess. Stranger forms of chess, however, are known to the dilettanti of the game. Colonel Lloyd-Verney, who wrote an exhaustive treatise on "Chess Eccentricities," describes chess for three persons, for six, and for eight; "round chess" (played on a circular board) for two, three, or four players; and different modes of playing two-handed chess on square, oblong, and cruciform boards.

All over the world there are countless variants of the game of chess. In a great many games the board has 100 squares, 10 by 10. In the so-called Prussian national game the board has 120 squares. In the Duke of Rutland's game, played in the eighteenth century, the board was 14 squares in breadth and 10 in height. In Alfonso the Tenth's game, played at Seville in the thirteenth century, the board had 144 squares, 12 each way. In the older Turkish game the board had 169 squares, 13 by 13. Three-handed chess is described by a Neapolitan author writing in 1722. A Mr. Cox, who traveled in Russia about the end of the eighteenth century, saw four-handed chess universally played there then. But four-handed chess would appear to date still further back, if we are to believe *Les Œuvres de Sarasin* (1683), which states that it was invented by Palamedes "to prevent the Grecians from being tired of themselves during the siege of Troy."

Roman Tenements

THE tenement-house is no new thing. So great was the number of such houses and so badly were they put up in ancient Rome that in 69 A.D. the Emperor Otho, who was then marching against Vitellius, found his way barred for twenty miles by the ruins of buildings that had been undermined by an inundation. The spontaneous collapse of tenement-houses was so common an occurrence that little attention was paid to it.

The tenants of these houses have been described by a writer of the time as fearing to be buried or burned alive. Companies existed for the purpose of propping and sustaining houses.

In comparison with the tenements of most modern cities, those of Rome were excessively high. Martial alludes to a poor man, a neighbor, who had to mount two hundred steps to reach his garret. That garret must have been perched nearly one hundred feet above the level of the street.

It is possible that Martial exaggerated, but it is certain that Augustus, to make less frequent the occurrence of disasters, limited the height of new houses that opened upon the streets to about sixty-eight feet. As this was a remedial regulation, and referred only to new houses fronting on the street, it follows that some houses must have exceeded that height.

This, moreover, was irrespective of the breadth of the street. In Berlin the medium width of the streets is twenty-two meters, and in Paris the narrowest streets are nearly eight meters wide, while the streets of Rome extended only five or six meters, and on these narrow streets the tall houses were built. Light and air must have had some difficulty in penetrating those narrow, walled-in passages.

A Locomotive as Fire-engine

IT is not often that one hears of such novel use being made of a railway locomotive as to extinguish a fire in a burning building, but a locomotive was not long ago so employed on the outskirts of a Western town.

About thirty-five feet from the railway tracks stood a structure constructed principally of wood. This caught fire, and, as it would have been impracticable to await the coming of the town fire company, a considerable distance off, the engineer of a train, then standing idle on the track, conceived it to be his duty to put out the fire. Accordingly he steamed up to a point opposite the burning building, turned on all his steam, and blew out the fire in a few minutes. Steam will in many cases smother fire.

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Unstable Chinese Currency

Of the many strange things in China not the least strange is its currency. To the foreigner it seems a miracle that any business can be transacted successfully with such a medium of exchange. It has been described as chaotic. Nevertheless, business and trade flourish in China, which speaks volumes for the business acumen of the Chinese. Perhaps the fact that trade flourished in China long before such a thing as currency was known accounts for the fact that the Chinese, with such a lax system as they now possess, still stand in the front rank of commercial nations.

In China all forms of exchange, from barter up, are in use. A very large part of the country's business is done against the actual delivery of weighed silver. For convenience silver is melted into rough ingots having the shape of the Chinese shoe. These silver shoes have stamped upon them their fineness and weight. The unit of weight is the tael, which is equal to a quantity of silver weighing 580 grains, troy, and is worth about sixty cents in our money.

The tael is not an ingot nor a coin, but simply an abstract term signifying a unit of weight, such as a "pound" of butter, or an "ounce" of gold. Though an abstract term, it is the measure of wealth and the unit of value throughout the length and breadth of China. A man buys a business for so many taels of silver. His profits are computed in taels. When he makes payment, he weighs out the silver according to this unit.

The silver shoes vary in weight from one to seventy-five taels. All silver shops and banks have forges, where the silver is melted in iron ladles and poured into molds. The smelters, with their ladles and molds, remind one of cooks. They stir the silver with a pair of metal chopsticks. To one not aware of what they were doing, it would be natural to suppose that they were engaged in concocting something good to eat. In the process of recasting the ingots their fineness is often changed, being either improved or debased, whichever best suits the interests of the shop. Bankers and money-changers are able to determine the quality of the silver by the sense of touch. The sellers or depositors are always at their mercy and must often submit to the operation of having their silver discounted on account of "bad touch."

In the interior of China small purchases are made with copper coins with square holes in the center. These are called "cash" and are threaded on strings so that they may be carried across one's shoulder or on a pole. A string of one thousand of these cash is worth about fifty cents in our money. Sometimes bits of silver are chipped from the silver shoes and used for small purchases. When traveling in the interior one must take with him a large amount of silver shoes, exchanging them for strings of cash at the various shops. The money-changers have two sets of scales, one to be used in the purchase of silver and the other in the selling of it.

In an attempt some years ago to introduce a currency based on Western models, the Chinese government purchased and put into circulation several million Mexican dollars. The people took to the new coins and called for more. The provincial governments then set up mints and began to coin Chinese dollars of approximately the same weight and fineness as the Mexican dollars. They also coined an enormous amount of subsidiary items in the shape of small silver coins and copper pennies.

Soon it was discovered that the new currency was as unstable as the old. The value of the dollar in relation to the subsidiary coinage varied from day to day. The cent was never worth the hundredth part of a dollar. Some days one hundred and ten cents were required to make up one dollar, and on other days it took one hundred and thirty cents. Similarly the value of the dollar as compared with the tael was continually fluctuating. Sometimes $100 would bring seventy taels, and at other times only sixty-five. It was sickening to the people, but very profitable to the money-changers.



VACUUM-CLEANING LONDON'S ROADS

DEMONSTRATING A NEW AUTOMOBILE ROAD-CLEANING MACHINE IN LONDON

Old Roman Cement

TWENTY square feet of the Roman wall at Caerwent was demolished recently by a natural movement of the soil. An accident of this kind seems to be the only thing that in the natural course of events can really damage a Roman wall, of which there are several hundred miles still standing in England. The secret of their permanence is the cement. We do not know the method of its composition, but it is far sounder than any modern cement. Indeed, when some part of such a wall as that mentioned has to be dislodged it is necessary to use dynamite.

All that we know of Roman cement is that pounded tile forms a considerable element in it. For the rest, Roman walls were built with stone and tile from a cement bottom.

The finest specimen in England is the wall that crosses Northumberland from about Newcastle to Carlisle, keeping along the ridges of a series of small hills that fall sheer to the north. The facing of this wall is still in admirable preservation in most parts, and where the hewn stone has broken away one can see the interior mass of rubble and cement.

The Caerwent fall seems to have been the breaking away of a length of the facing. One may practically say that Roman walls are absolutely enduring, except for the slipping of the subsoil. Nothing touches the cement; it is harder than the stone itself, as a rule. But when the subsoil becomes moist and loosens, disasters to the walls are natural accidents.

The Force of a Jet of Water

A FACTORY in Grenoble, France, utilizes the water of a reservoir situated in the mountains at a height of 200 yards. The water reaches the factory through a vertical tube of the same length, with a diameter of considerably less than an inch, the jet being used to move a turbine. Experiments have showed that the strongest men cannot cut the jet with the best tempered sword; and in some instances the blade has been broken into fragments without deflecting a drop of the water, and with as much violence as a pane of glass may be shattered by a blow from an iron bar. It has been calculated that a jet of water a small fraction of an inch in thickness, moving with sufficient velocity, could not be cut by a rifle bullet.

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Stop and consider how and why Goodyear tires are dominating Tiredom.

Sales for 1912, over a million tires. Larger by far than the combined sales of our previous 12 years put together.

This year's demand from users is running now twice last year's demand.

And motor car makers alone have contracted for 890,680 Goodyear tires to go on their new cars this year.

This is Why

We control the No-Rim-Cut tire. And that new type, wherever used, has completely ended rim-cutting.

With the old-type tire—the clincher tire—23 per cent met ruin by rim-cutting. That's one big waste which this invention saved.

Then these tires are 10 per cent over the rated size. And that, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

Those two features alone have saved millions of dollars. And legions of tire users know it.

We Don't Skimp

Another reason lies in the fact that we don't skimp these tires.

One double-cure process, which others don't use, adds to our cost about a million dollars this year.

In seeking ways to better tires we spend $100,000 yearly.

To every new idea, material or method we employ the mileage tests. Hundreds of tires are thus worn out on a metered machine in our factory.

About 240 formulas and fabrics have been compared on that machine.

After years and years of this ceaseless advancement, we have brought these tires close to perfection.

About Price

How we give such tires at the Goodyear price is one of the wonders of tire-making.

It is partly due to the fact that we make more tires than any other plant in the world.

Our factory is new, our equipment is modern. We employ the latest machinery, much of our own invention.

Our capital cost is exceedingly low, because of small capitalization.

Probably no other plant in existence can build an equal tire for so little.

Our Profit

Then our profit is always kept at minimum. In times past it has averaged 8½ per cent, and we do not expect to exceed that.

Out of that profit must come the interest on millions of capital invested.

That is why oversize tires, No-Rim-Cut tires—tires of Goodyear quality—can be sold at Goodyear prices.

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Hundreds of thousands have tried these tires, and our figures on sales show the result of their tests.

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Finance

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

A Waste of Millions

Ten million dollars is a conservative estimate of the amount of commissions we pay London each year for financing mercantile business we ought to be able to finance ourselves

A WELL-KNOWN Front Street coffee importer and the treasurer of a firm which annually ships several million dollars' worth of miscellaneous manufactured goods to South-American ports were talking shop the other day at one of the downtown lunch clubs. Comparing notes, they found that for the banking facilities in London required in connection with their business they were between them paying the New York agent of one of the big British banks commissions amounting to something like $50,000 a year. "And that's only what *we* pay," the coffee importer remarked. "I'll wager that for doing this business, which we might just as well be doing for ourselves, London annually takes at least $10,000,000 out of the United States."

The coffee man's estimate, if anything, was low. Fifteen million dollars probably is nearer the amount American merchants pay the foreign bankers each year for services in connection with exporting and importing goods. On pretty nearly all the merchandise that comes into the United States and on the greater part of what goes out the London banks get their little "rake-off." Not very much—just a matter of a half or three-eighths of one per cent.—but enough, on a turnover of such size, to amount to ten or fifteen million dollars a year.

If you tell that to the ordinary business man not familiar with the ins and outs of trade overseas he looks at you and asks you why we don't do our own banking business instead of paying the foreigners such an amount as that. *Can't* we do it? Don't we know how? Haven't we got the facilities? What has London got to do with a shipment of coffee put on board at Santos and bound for the United States? Why should there be any "rake-off" or commission or anything else in it for London when a Japanese house ships ten bales of raw silk across the Pacific to San Francisco?

There shouldn't be; there is no reason on earth why there has to be; but as the system is now—there is.

No, it isn't because London is the "world's financial center." That sounds pretty well as an explanation and has been freely handed out whenever the reason was asked, but, as a matter of fact, explains nothing. London *is* the world's financial center, of course; nobody disputes that. But what has that got to do with London being able to exact a toll on most of the business passing into and out of the United States? If that is the reason, why is not London able to exact the same toll on merchandise passing into and out of Germany, for instance, or France? Ask a Berlin or a Paris importer, how much of a commission he has to pay London on the coffee he brings in from Brazil, and the chances are he will look at you in astonishment and ask you why you think it should be necessary for him to pay anything.

Just where does the difference from our own position come in? Simply in this: Berlin and Paris and the other big money centers are equipped to finance foreign business—business with any part of the world. New York is not. Your Berlin or Paris importer desiring to bring in human hair from Tartary or egrets from Australia is in a position in five minutes to make the necessary banking arrangements. Your American firm desiring to ship out or bring in even cotton or coffee or any other staple article in which its business may run into big figures, has got to make a deal with the agent of some London bank and pay both him and his principal a substantial commission for handling the business.

Take the case of a shipment of miscellaneous merchandise from New York, say, to Buenos Aires. Without bringing London into the transaction, how is the shipper to get his money? Can he draw a draft on the buyer? Yes, he can, but if he did of what use would the draft be to him?—there being no direct banking business between New York and Buenos Aires to amount to anything, nobody would want to take it off his hands and pay him American dollars for it. Well, then, can't the importer of the goods down there buy a draft on some New York bank and send that up in payment? Surely he could if there were anybody to sell it to him. But, unfortunately, Buenos Aires banks, not keeping deposit accounts in New York, cannot sell drafts on New York. No, in the ordinary way, by having the seller here draw on the buyer there or by having the buyer send a draft to the seller, payment for the goods cannot be effected. Some other way has got to be arranged, some way in which the payment can be made to a third party with whom both buyer and seller have close financial relationships.

That is where London comes in. New York doesn't do any exchange business with Buenos Aires worth speaking of, but does a big business with London. Buenos Aires banks don't keep deposit accounts in New York, but are in the closest kind of touch with their correspondents in the British capital. So, it is arranged, in London the payment shall be made. Some New York bank (acting as agent for a bank in London) will agree to take over the bills of lading and other papers and see to it that the merchandise, when it gets to South America, is accepted and paid for. Payment having been received, the money will then be forwarded to London, from which point it can easily enough be withdrawn to New York.

Full description of one of these transactions would only result in obscuring the main point at issue, which is that a third party has to be brought in and well paid for its services simply because the other two parties cannot do business direct. *Cannot* do business direct?—is that an exact statement? Yes, unfortunately, it is. Buenos Aires can do business direct with London or Paris or any one of a half a dozen European cities; does do business with them and on a big scale. But not with New York. To that there is at present an insuperable obstacle. The credit of our banks? It ranks with the best in the world. The fluctuations of our money market? They are no worse than those of the money-market in Berlin. What, then, is the "insuperable obstacle"? Simply this, that as long as our banks are prohibited by law from "accepting" time-drafts drawn upon them, banks in foreign countries will never keep any considerable amount of money on deposit with banks here.

Again steering carefully away from confusing details, it may merely be stated that the ability or the inability on the part of the banks of any given market to "accept" time-drafts drawn on themselves means all the difference between the existence and the non-existence of a discount market. If, as is the case here in New York, the banks are prohibited by law from "accepting" drafts, obviously there can be no discounting or rediscounting of accepted paper. And if there is no discounting and rediscounting of bills possible here, then surely no bank in a foreign country is going to tie up funds by leaving them on deposit in New York. Some little deposits, of course, they may elect to keep here just for convenience sake, but accounts of any considerable size, no. For the conduct of any kind of business in exchange between two points, it is vital that on each end the market should be "free"—that is to say, that there should exist the facilities at any moment quickly to convert time-paper into ready cash through the process of discount.

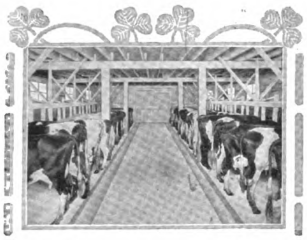
But why, if the "accepting," by banks, of time-drafts drawn upon them is so important, and if the whole difference between having and not having a discount market depends upon the banks being allowed to "accept" such drafts, *why* are they prohibited from doing it? Answer to that is simply that the prohibition was put on a long time ago when the banks were too weak to be allowed so to tie up their funds and that it has never been taken off. Back at the time the present bank act (1863) was passed, such a provision was undoubtedly necessary. But certainly it isn't necessary now; hasn't been for years and years. A bank prohibited from "accepting" sixty and ninety day drafts drawn upon it?—in no part of the world outside of the United States does there exist such a law. In every other civilized country but our own, as a matter of fact, the bank-acceptance is one of the main foundations on which the monetary system is built.

That is why it is that a third party has to be called in to help us out with the money end of a large part of our exports, and, incidentally, paid half a dozen millions or so a year for doing it. How is it with our imports? Take the case of a lot of coffee that is to be shipped from some Brazilian port direct to the United States or of a consignment of raw silk put on board at Yokohama and billed direct to New York. Where does London figure in a transaction like that?

Exactly where she figures in the export transaction previously described—that is to say, as the place where the money is to be paid. In the case of imports it is just the other way 'round, and *we* are the ones who have to do the paying; but so far as the need of a third party is concerned, it is just the same. Silk, we will

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In the PATH of PROGRESS



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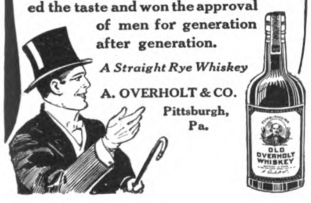
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say, has been purchased in Japan. How is it going to be paid for? To buy a draft on some point in Japan and send it out is impossible—just as much out of the question as it was for the Buenos Aires importer of merchandise to send up a draft to New York in payment for his purchases. Nor can the exporter out in the Far East draw on the buyer here in New York for the value of the silk which is being shipped; no bank would be willing to take the draft off his hands, and give him yen for it.

That is how it comes about that we make payment for the greater part of our imports not at the various points from which the goods come, but in London. How is that arranged? Usually about as follows. The importer here who has bought the silk goes to the New York agent of some London bank and gets what is known as an "import letter of credit." This is simply a document, signed by the London bank, which states that it authorizes the shipper of the silk out in Japan to draw a draft on London for the value of the silk shipped. This "letter of credit" the importer here sends out to the firm in Japan which is going to ship him the silk. That document once received, the Japanese exporter is at once in a position to ship the goods and draw on London for their value. Able to show his authorization for drawing, he will have not the slightest difficulty in selling this draft to his local banker at the current rate of exchange. On the New York end, the importer, of course, agrees to send funds to the London bank with which to pay the drafts as they are presented.

All this, of course, is very well, and a satisfactory way of arranging things, but, withal, an expensive one. The London bank, naturally, is not going to allow itself to be drawn on for nothing, nor is the bank in New York which acts as its agent in business for its health. Both the New York bank and the London bank have got to be paid and paid well. In the case of coffee imports from South America the commission is usually one-half of one per cent. In the case of shipments from the East it averages about double that.

Now who pays these commissions? The importing and exporting firms which need London accommodation, of course. Very true so far as turning over the actual cash to the bankers is concerned, but not at all true with regard to who eventually puts up the money. The import and export firms pay the banker, but what they pay him they simply add to the price at which they sell the goods to the public. The banker's commission is regarded exactly as in the charge for freight or insurance or anything else incidental to the handling of the business. Every cent of it in the long run comes out of the people who buy the goods. Take pretty much any imported article you can think of, and the fact that some London banker got a commission out of it at the time it was brought in makes it cost you a little more.

That brings it right down to a matter of dollars and cents. For us not to be able to handle our own banking business is too bad, but, from the viewpoint of the great majority of people, not a matter of any particular moment. Considered, however, in the light of the fact that our having to call in somebody to help us out makes things cost more to the consumer, it becomes a question of real and practical interest. Things cost enough as it is. Anything that tends to make them cost more is certainly worth looking into with a view to seeing whether it can't be changed.

As the situation stands at present, we are bound to go on calling upon London to help us out with our exporting and importing—and to pay the necessary millions in commissions. It isn't, as has been pointed out, because London is the "world's financial center" or for any reason like that, but simply because we are not equipped to do the business ourselves and so must hand it over to somebody who is. As long as the only banks outside the country with which our banks do business on any considerable scale are those located in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe, we shall naturally not be able ourselves to finance commercial operations with South America and the East.

Would very much of a change in our banking system be required to make possible these closer relations? By no means. Establishment of a central bank or of some sort of a "Reserve Association" corresponding to a central bank would develop the foreign financial relationships of our banks quicker than anything else, but is absolutely not necessary to the development of such relations. Let the present law be changed in only one particular, namely, in its present prohibition of the "acceptance" of time-drafts by the national banks, and quickly enough banks all over the world would begin to carry substantial amounts on deposit here, and we with them. That would, of course, allow direct financing of export and import business and cut the third party out of the transaction altogether.



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PLAYING WITH DYNAMITE

(*Continued from page 7*)

of kin to the throne. Asano had one hundred samurai in his retinue, and under the law of the Empire his death set them free to seek service with their swords under other masters. But fifty-five loyal ones disregarded that law and chose to obey the higher precept of Confucius: "Thou shalt not live under the same sky with the slayer of thy father or thy lord."

The fifty-five dissembled. They scattered far and wide. They became farmers, fishermen, gamblers, and some even sank so low as to become merchants. But always their leader, Oishi Kuranosoke, knew where they could be found. He sought to allay the apprehension of the suspicious Kira by becoming the town drunkard of Kyoto, but even so he had to wait nearly two years before Kira's watchfulness was for one instant relaxed. Then the secret call sped to the faithful and they met in Yeddo. Only forty-seven were living. They took their arms and armor which had long lain hidden. They ate a farewell supper decently and in order. The air was thick with snow, and the cry of wild geese in flight could be heard as they marched to the *yashigi* of the insulting Kira. Two warriors crept like spiders over the wall, silently killed the watchman, and opened the gate. Oishi attacked the castle at front and postern. There was a great battle—one hundred and fifty samurai against the Forty-seven—but in the end the loyal ones prevailed. Oishi humbly offered Kira the sword of insulted Asano, that he might use its keen blade to commit *seppuku*, and when Kira had thrice refused Oishi politely whipped off his head with the same blade.

All Yeddo thronged the streets to see the Forty-seven pass, bearing the head of the insulter to the tomb of Asano. Only fifteen of the Ronin were able to walk. The remaining thirty-two were so grievously wounded that they had to be carried in litters. Yet they all knelt at their lord's grave and offered him the head, newly washed, on a sacrificial table of white pine, with incense and prayers that their lord would pardon them for so long delaying his honorable revenge, since the enemy was mighty and they were like ants among the grass. And at the end every one of the Forty-seven, the oldest seventy-one years old and the youngest seventeen, was condemned to die by *hara kiri*. And each one died with a cheerful smile of satisfaction on his face and reciting a graceful rhymed couplet he had composed for the occasion. Kira's insult had been thoroughly wiped out at last.

And what has all this ancient history to do with the nagging of Japan by the superb Californians? Simply this: at the time of the war with Russia the authorities of Sengakuji had to put guards around the tombs of Oishi, the leader of the Forty-seven, and of Oishi Chikara, his son, and they had to cover the tombstones with woodwork. Every Japanese soldier who could get to Sengakuji, three miles outside of Tokio, chipped off the sandstone monument a bit no bigger than a mustard seed and wrapped it in a prayer-paper and sewed it inside his coat. As an amulet, a charm against death? No. With the prayer that he, the soldier of to-day, might die as gloriously in avenging Russia's insult to his Emperor as Oishi had died in avenging the insult to his lord, Asano.

That is the spirit of the Japanese people at this moment. Much of the old religion is gone. Christianity has been but imperfectly assimilated. Perhaps much of the ancient veneration for the person of His Majesty the Emperor has departed. Socialism is springing up where feudalism has been abated. One thing has not faded, but has rather increased and become more sensitive by reason of Japan's success in war and access to the rank of a first-rate world power, and that is the national racial pride and susceptibility to affront. Is it wise for the Californians to keep on wantonly irritating that pride and susceptibility? Will the people of the United States permit them to continue in that course?

Jade

MOST poetic is the Chinese conception of jade—"the liquid essence of the rainbow." Jade is deemed a precious stone partly by reason of its scarcity and partly on account of the tremendous difficulty in working it. Many pieces of intricate carving represent the work of years over the lapidary's wheel.

The crude stone is derived from Chinese Turkestan, the little-known region adjoining mysterious Tibet. Sometimes the dealers in the rough stone must make journeys covering a period of from three to four months to arrive at the quarries; and the labor of taking out the jade blocks is peculiarly onerous. The jade is as hard as quartz, and the only way whereby it can be made to yield to the lapidary's tools is by the use of powdered stone of a superior hardness. Ruby dust is sprinkled on the drill for the more delicate work of carving, and a diamond-pointed drill must gouge out the stone from the interstices of the more intricate patterns. The foot-tread is the only motive power, and a steady hand and tireless eye are the guarantees of perfect work.

Most Occidentals are under the impression that jade is invariably green, but this idea is erroneous. Green jade is the commonest form, the one most readily procured by visitors and strangers in China. As a matter of fact jade exists in every color of the spectrum: deep red, amethyst, pure white, amber-colored, and jet black. The most highly prized is the pure white, a wonderful semi-translucent, glowing white. The yellow jade is peculiarly the royal color. Most of the red jade now procurable is red only by accident. Jade ornaments which have lain for centuries in tombs as votive offerings to the spirits of the dead acquire a blood color by slow oxidation, and these relics of the tomb are almost priceless in China.

A peculiar standard of excellence has been set in the jade-cutter's art—his curves must all give the effect of fat just losing its shape at the melting-point! No sharp angles or clear bas-reliefs are permissible. The peculiar luster of the jade lends itself best to this indefiniteness of outline. The Chinese art-lover is wont to fondle and caress his jade ornaments; he feels a certain joy in having his fingers playing over the softly modulated outlines of the carvings.

The tinkle of jade is sweet to the ears of the Chinese. Emperors and sages have set it down in their writings that there is no music like that of the jade when struck. It is crystal pure. Furthermore, one who wears a jade ornament which will give out its tinkling as he walks takes joy in the sense of distinction which the noise emphasizes.

Jade has been eulogized by philosophers and sung by poets because of the perfection of human virtues which it typifies. By its hardness it represents inflexibility of virtue; its durability is emblematical of immortality; its luster, acquired only after diligent polishing, indicates the perfection of human wisdom which comes with laborious study.

There is not a line in the carved jade that does not have its significance. The stone is made a vehicle for the expression of thought no less dignified than the rigid form of the classical verse. Every conventionalized plant or animal appearing under the lapidary's tool is a metaphor in stone. Some of the symbols in the carvings spring from the very sources of Chinese literature. These are the swastika, that universal emblem of good luck; the phœnix bird, the bat, and the bursting pomegranate. Each preserves in the imperishable tracery of the jade some message of wisdom or some fancy of poetry.



"Sure, it was not worth me while a-getting off the thrack, she wint by so quick."

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The Elephant and His Driver

THOSE in a position to speak authoritatively on the subject assure us that, as a worker, the elephant never volunteers his services, although he can be trained to perform all manner of work. He will not, however, proceed to any task unless he be so ordered by his driver or mahout, to whose guidance he submits for the simple reason that he is aware that disobedience brings punishment.

Sitting on the elephant's neck, the mahout governs the big beast by an iron hook and spike, which resembles a boat-hook and weighs from four to six pounds. The mahout drives the elephant forward by digging the point of the spike into its head, and pulls him back by inserting the hook in the tender base of the ears.

An elephant whose mahout rules him responds readily to the secret signs of his driver. The pressure of the mahout's toe, the compression of his knee, the tap of his heel, or the slightest swaying of his body to one side, all constitute a driving system whereby the powerful beast is guided in very much the same way in which a ship responds to the rudder.

The Five Pauls

HERE is a good example of what frequently happens in the polyglot Balkans. A man named Pavel—that is, Paul—had five sons: one settled in Athens, called himself Pavlopoulo, the Greek form of Paulson; the second went to Belgrade and called himself Pavlovich; the third to Sofia, called himself Pavloff; the fourth made his home in Bucharest under the name Pavlescu; while the youngest settled in business in Constantinople, assuming the Turkish form of Pavloglu.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

VOL. LVII No. 2942 | WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1913 | 10 Cents a Copy $4.00 a Year

The President in an Obdurate State

"A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country and in his own house." ST. MATTHEW XIII, 57.

NEW JERSEY has always been a pernickety state. At the very beginning of the great convention which created the Union she rebuffed the famous Virginia resolutions and brought forward a set of her own. She alone of the sisterhood of Northern states gave her electoral vote to MCCLELLAN in 1868. And to this day she is the only one of the whole number who maintains in full vigor the old English chancery courts. A most obdurate commonwealth, as any one can see. Instinctively she sticks to her sheriffs.

That is why President WILSON, who mistakenly supposed that he had been living in New Jersey while he was really living in Princeton, returned discomfited from his recent visit to the state which he had come to regard as his own. Whatever may be the ultimate outcome of his mission, his discovery of the clearly evidenced fact that his former constituents no longer regard his dicta as gospels must have brought disheartenment to his zealous and confident spirit. We doubt if he is as fond of New Jersey as he was. Lack of reciprocation is apt to produce a reactionary influence upon the affections.

It was an ill-advised visit, of course. To begin with, New Jersey isn't paying Mr. WILSON for his services now. She used to do so, to be sure, and, to her credit be it said, she made little complaint when he felt upon occasion that duty called him elsewhere. But at the moment he is drawing his salary from the country as a whole and Arizona feels rightfully as much entitled to special attention as New Jersey or any other member of the Union. And however spry a President may be, one never lived who could make the rounds satisfactorily.

Then again, New Jersey has another Governor in consequence of Mr. WILSON'S resignation during the term for which he was elected. A very good man, too, everybody says, and wholly in accord with his predecessor's advanced views. So why should one removed to a higher sphere by the will of the people, seemingly in conformity with his own inclination, persist in rebutting into local concerns? The notion, we grant, is provincial, but, as we have noted, New Jersey herself is provincial—and pernickety.

We know little of the merits of the case in issue. That is to say, we suppose we know more than most people, but not enough to warrant expression of definite judgment. From such understanding as we do possess, however, we infer that President WILSON is wholly in the right as to the main point. Conformably to the old English practice, the sheriff of a county in New Jersey from time immemorial has exercised the privilege of "drawing" or naming grand jurors. Inevitably this prerogative is of peculiar significance, especially to those who may, in an unguarded moment, engage in nefarious pursuits. Since proverbially a stream cannot comfortably rise higher than its source, so a grand jury is not likely to transcend its creator. It follows that in these circumstances the friendship of a sheriff may readily spell favoritism, or even immunity, in case of stress. True, the citizens of a county elect their own sheriff and are free, of course, to choose whom they will, but it is argued that in practice the bosses really pick the candidate and continue to dominate his acts after his election. That this has been the case quite generally in New Jersey is vouched by the Newark *Sunday Call*, which seldom errs in a matter of fact.

The desirability of a change, then, we may safely take for granted. But a change to what? That has been and still seems to be the question. Mr. WILSON, while Governor, urged the transference of power of appointment of grand jurors from sheriffs to Supreme Court judges, making it "a judicial process from top to bottom." But, as the Jacksonian Democrat said of the doctrine of eternal damnation, the people wouldn't stand for it. They of each county knew one another and preferred their own choice to any one designated by an outsider, even though he was a judge of the Supreme Court. The spirit of home rule was evoked inevitably, and upon that principle New Jersey has always been adamant. The meetin'-house, as the Puritan saying is, "couldn't be no sotter."

Then it was suggested that the Governor might be empowered to name jury commissions. But here again arose the doubt and prejudice against the exercise of authority from without. With a perfectly good Governor like JOEL PARKER or WOODROW WILSON in the Executive office, that would be all right. But what would happen if so great power were centered in a pawky or incompetent Governor? That surely would be dangerous to liberty, life, and pursuit of happiness. Anybody in Trenton was too far away from home, anyway.

So the battle raged, to no effect, throughout the legislative session. The various candidates for Gubernatorial honors, including the present incumbent, naturally flocked to the forward-moving heels of President WILSON, and the sheriffs and their bosses of both parties and a large proportion of old-line Democrats mixed those children up till nobody seemed to know quite where he was at. Finally, the opposition proposed a referendum —and grinned. They knew, or thought they knew, that the people would vote down the whole scheme. Apparently President WILSON suspected as much himself, because, somewhat inconsistently with his frequently reiterated determination to let the people rule, he rejected this proposal with some show of irritation. Had not both platforms pledged jury reform? What were pledges made for if not to be kept? Were not the bosses against it, anyway? What further evidence of the need was required? etc., etc.

That was about the situation as we get it when the President put aside routine duties and ordered his car hitched to a train bound for Elizabeth, Newark, and Jersey City. Whether he anticipated an easy triumphal tour, enlivened by enthusiastic meetings and followed by a peaceful evening with Assistant President HOUSE in this great city, we have no means of knowing. It made no difference. He had promised—almost threatened, in fact—to keep one eye on New Jersey, and had sworn to go to her rescue if he detected any sign of her blowing out to sea and getting drowned. So he went, as in duty bound, and did his best.

The net results were varied. Most gratifying, perhaps, was the peaceful evening during which it must have seemed like old times to see the Assistant President roll up his sleeves and hold candidates at arm's-length and inspect them with judicial scrutiny. It must have been a great comfort, too, auguring well for the future, to be able to join the horny hands of the Secretary of the Treasury and the possible ambassador to France, commonly known as the two McGregors, and bid both to sit at the head of the table.

But over in Jersey joy was somewhat confined. The public meetings were satisfactory enough. No admission was charged and everybody felt that he got the worth of his money. Not a boss got a cheer and one would have been hissed if Mr. WILSON had been sure who was meant. Even the hypercritical *Sunday Call* went home enchanted with the music of the orator's voice. All this was to the good and eminently satisfying.

But dear! dear! did ointment ever contain so many flies? To begin with, the newspapers were bothersome. Over the utterances of Brother JAMES SMITH'S public journals we, naturally, draw a veil. But even the tried-and-true *Jersey Journal*, edited and owned by Brother DEAR, the President's old college chum, was nearly as bad. Listen to this:

> President WILSON'S speech in Newark last night was provokingly evasive, not only as regards jury reform, but equally so as regards the constitutional convention. He did not come within a mile of hitting the nail on the head.
>
> What the people of New Jersey would like to know and what they expected he would tell them is the particular kind of a jury reform bill he demands and the particular kind of a constitutional convention bill he thinks should be passed. These are the only questions at issue. Mr. WILSON merely intimates that he is willing to accept a compromise in regard to both, but he does not even say what kind of compromises he would consider.
>
> President WILSON'S denunciation of bosses and the "Same Old Gang" is interesting, and in its way fine, but it does not touch the quick of the present situation. Why should not the bosses and the "Same Old Gang" consider themselves free to haggle and compromise on jury reform when the President himself does not seem to know, or at least does not say, exactly what he wants?

Others mingled indignation and levity in like manner. Several quite ordinary Assemblymen denied that they were bossed by bosses and intimated with no little emphasis that if anybody but a President should say they were there would be a smell of burning ears. Others asserted that they knew what their people wanted and didn't need to be told. One challenged the President to a joint debate. Another spoke so vehemently in favor of pitiless publicity in preference to a secret conference that Governor FIELDER had to call him down. Even the trolley-cars assumed a nonchalant air, one of them nearly upsetting the Presidential motor and fetching a most unbecoming oath from a secret-service man. And so it went until, to the relief of everybody, in the words of the *Evening Post*, the President returned to Washington "chagrined" and looking "tired and disappointed over the discouraging turn his fight had taken."

It is too bad. For the sake of manners, New Jersey ought to have behaved better, even though she doesn't and never did recognize Mr. WILSON as a Jerseyman, like plain old JOEL PARKER, for example, or the aristocratic CORTLANDT PARKER or Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN or JOHN P. STOCKTON or even Mr. STOKES of our present day and generation. Despite apparent evidences to the contrary, Mr. WILSON was and is held to be an alien. And when he left the State House at Trenton he took his authoritativeness with him. His appeal for jury reform may get a change of some sort and may get none. We doubt if the country cares much about it one way or the other. Folks out West and down South are apt to say that if the people of Salem County, New Jersey, want to elect their own sheriff in their own way and abide the attendant abuses, why, let them go their gait. When a sinner does not want to be saved, "what," asked the Hindu, "can do?"

Keep on trying, of course. But, however praiseworthy one's intent, perspective and method must be considered. And we frankly reiterate our own humble opinion, already expressed more than once in these columns, that there is no place in the world from which a President of the United States can exert so great an influence as his own little island at the far end of the wide avenue which leads from Capitol Hill.

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Why a "Competitive" Tariff?

The phrase "competitive tariff" is new. It will probably be credited, and justly, to Mr. UNDERWOOD and associated with the pending tariff bill. But the idea is not new. It is at least as old as the tariff policy of the Democratic party properly so called, and defines that policy very well indeed. It means, of course, a tariff made for fair competition with other countries as distinguished from a tariff made to protect certain industries from any competition.

It means, therefore, a tariff which will cease to give protection to industries that cannot stand fair competition—industries that can be kept going only if the mass of Americans are willing to be taxed to keep them going. Possibly there are industries which, under certain circumstances, it is worth while to favor in this way. For instance, when we were young and weak, JACKSON favored a general sacrifice in favor of industries necessary to defense in time of war. The argument for such a sacrifice in favor of infant industries, provided they are such as can maintain themselves when once established, is also quite sound. But we are no longer young and weak, and the UNDERWOOD bill deals with hardly a single industry that is really an infant. It deals with many that have proved their ability to stand fair competition, and will, on the whole, substantially aid them and make it possible for them to extend themselves into new fields, no longer hampered by taxes on their raw material or by unwise interference with the natural course of trade. It deals with other industries which confess and advertise their inability to stand fair competition and to their clamorous outcry for further sacrifice by the American people in their behalf—that is to say, in behalf of the wealthy gentlemen who own them, *not* of the men and women and children who work in them—it makes answer, with admirable candor and firmness: "Gentlemen, we will not do it; we will not longer tax the American consumer and weaken other industries for your sole benefit. The time is past when America could afford to play favorites and maintain parasites. The era of privilege is ended."

The View of a Scientist

The justice and righteousness of this stand seems too obvious to need arguing. But striking, because unconscious, approval of it comes from our highest authority on tariffs and on our own tariff history, Professor TAUSSIG of Harvard, in an *Atlantic* article that must have been written before the UNDERWOOD bill was given to the public.

Professor TAUSSIG discusses, quite generally and dispassionately, "What Industries are Worth Having," and arrives at very practical conclusions. Like every other intelligent student of American conditions, he takes due account of the disappearance of the frontier and our arrival at the point where we can no longer meet economic pressure merely by opening up fresh lands and other untouched resources. He recognizes, of course, that we still have a marked advantage over the really old and fully occupied countries, and does not in the least neglect our high standard of living and our high general rate of wages —real wages as well as money wages. But he finds that we must discriminate between the industries that we can and those that we cannot successfully prosecute in face of the precise kinds of competition which we now encounter.

It is highly interesting to note his cool judgment of the sources of efficiency in the really efficient American industries. One is, naturally, the superior efficiency and intelligence of our high-priced American labor. Another, equally to be expected, is our superiority both in the manufacture and the use of machinery. The third and the one he emphasizes, particularly in view of our vast importations of foreign and not very intelligent labor, is the superiority of American management and leadership in industrial enterprises. In general, the industries which best combine these points of superiority seem to him the ones we must rely on.

But the particularly pertinent thing is that he tests them by the practical test of importations. He finds slightly protected but really efficient American industry keeping out importations. He finds foreign goods coming in, notwithstanding the high wall erected around other American industries. "Labor," he says, "is applied with the greatest effectiveness only when it proves this effectiveness by sustained ability to hold the field constantly against rivals."

America is entering upon a new era in its industrial history. The Democratic tariff bill is essentially and substantially right because it candidly accepts that new era's conditions and demands.

The New York Collectorship

We don't know why, but collectorships have made a lot of trouble in American politics. On the whole, perhaps, postmasterships have made more trouble, but postmasters are much more numerous than collectors. We mean particularly collectors of ports, not the internal-revenue kind.

The classic instance, of course, is the one that occurred in GARFIELD'S administration, when a difference of opinion over the naming of a collector for the port of New York started a series of rows that undoubtedly affected the course of history. It ended CONKLING'S career, for one thing, and it may quite reasonably be said to have caused the defeat of BLAINE for the Presidency. In GRANT'S time there was the unsavory and still mysterious affair of the Boston collectorship, with BEN BUTLER playing a rôle which we may never understand. Then there is the still fresh remembrance of CRUM and the collectorship at Charleston.

Now it is this port that again comes into the limelight. We sincerely trust the matter may be satisfactorily arranged; the quicker the better, even if it is arranged so quickly as to destroy this paragraph's interest before it is read. All that most of us want is a good man on the job. Mr. POLK, who is Secretary MCADOO'S choice, is certainly a good man; so maybe are those indorsed by Senator O'GORMAN. As the *Times* correctly observes, the fitness of the man is the first consideration, not the political color of his backing.

Still, there *is* the other consideration, and the instances we have mentioned prove the danger of ignoring it. That was what occurred to us when we suggested that in referring all applicants for office to the Cabinet members the President might be acting a little thoughtlessly. Established political usage counts whether it ought to or not, and there is no doubt whatever that according to political usage Senator O'GORMAN had a stronger claim than Mr. MCADOO to be the President's adviser in this particular matter, though on other grounds it would seem more reasonable for the Secretary of the Treasury to select the man who has more to do than anybody else with the actual administration of the customs laws.

Fortunately, Senator O'GORMAN is quite as much a friend of the President as Mr. MCADOO; and the President does not confound unreasonableness with firmness. So we are confident the incident will not prove politically disastrous, and hopeful also that Mr. LOEB'S successor will stick to his high standards of honesty and efficiency.

Distinctly an Emergency Measure

The plan for the relief of our ambassadors and ministers which has been introduced by Representative HENRY, who attributes it to former Minister HANNIS TAYLOR, seems a fairly sensible one. It is certainly better than continuing to do nothing about the matter. As it is also a plan to relieve the President, who has confessed most candidly the embarrassment he suffers from the present state of affairs, Congress cannot act on it too quickly.

Roughly, it proposes to make things easier for our representatives abroad, not by an increase of salaries, but by renting and furnishing suitable residences for them until such time as Congress shall either buy or build them permanent quarters, following recommendations which the Secretary of State is to make.

The main thing is the renting and furnishing, which it is proposed to do at once. As the furnishing will subtract only $357,000 and the renting only $180,000 a year from the funds available for pork-barrel legislation, perhaps we may even hope that this much actually *will* be done at once. We are satisfied more public money than that has been spent to help a single Congressman secure re-election.

Even so, one hardly feels like venturing any criticism of the proposal, lest any imperfection in it be taken as an excuse for spending this money on post-offices where they are not needed and the dredging of rivers that will never be navigated. Moreover, some of the salaries ought to be doubled at least, free rent and furnishing notwithstanding. We wish the provisions for buying and building could be made more surely effective. But we welcome with gratitude what is offered now—if we can only get it now.

Are the Californians Soft?

Is it not time that our fellow-citizens in California should ask themselves if they are not a bit soft? The forty-niners were not soft. They were, or came to be, urgent, well-seasoned folk. But who have gone from the East in recent years to California? A great many excellent and valuable people, without doubt. But we take it the greatest gains in population have been made in the southern part of the state, and we have an impression that the accessions have been, very largely, people who were looking for an easier life. Southern California has been an asylum for people who were tired, or damaged in lungs or nerves or habits or fortune, for people who could not swim any longer in the strong currents of competition and wanted long days of rest, time to think, time for true recreation, a protected life in a gentle climate.

One recalls these facts in the effort to discover why the competition of about 3,000 Japanese agriculturists should so disturb the nerves of a state with a population of 2,400,000. It seems there are about 41,000 Japanese in California all told: less than two per cent. of the population. It appears that they are the hardest-working lot of people in the state and the most aggressive in industry and thrift. If we had them here in New York our industrial machinery would take care of them without being conscious of their presence. But that is partly an advantage of concentrated population. If the 40,000 were spread out thin enough over California, no doubt they would be comfortably lost. But being intelligent and able, they are team workers, and groups of them working at intensive agriculture in competition with white Californian neighbors seem to be able by superior activity, diligence, and knowledge to quite outmatch and outsell their rivals.

Back of all this flurry is another thing—the condition of agriculture in California. It is bad. The wheat-lands that used to give good crops to easy tillage are pretty well exhausted and need fertilizers and diversity of crops. And we hear that a majority of the old farmers are not at all up to the times and don't know how to make a living. There is a school of agriculture at Stanford University and another in the University of Oregon, and the agricultural hopes of California seem to center in these institutions and others like them. There is an urgent demand for knowledge of the new farming, and we hear that competent and instructed young men find sure employment at high wages and with excellent business prospects.

So, perhaps, after all, the worry about the Japanese is chiefly a symptom and may be useful in the end to put Californian agriculture in a better case. The agriculture of the whole country is bad. To bring it up to date is a work of the most urgent importance. The great cure for California's nightmare is to wake up her farmers and teach them to farm as well as the Japanese. If they have the hope that comes of knowledge and the confidence that comes of training, surely they will not find this insignificant and diminishing number of Japs such a bugbear.

The man to tackle the California problem seems rather to be Secretary HOUSTON than Secretary BRYAN. There is a great work to do in that state for the Department of Agriculture.

Marching On

The women paraders in New York had a beautiful day last Saturday, and a clean street and polite spectators, and made a handsome appearance.

A suffragette has been defined as a woman who wants something and thinks it is the vote. It is an interesting and fairly intelligent definition, to be especially commended to the attention of those of our friends who think that the vote is not really what the suffragists feel the need of and will not satisfy them if they get it.

But they do want something, don't they? The ten thousand who marched last Saturday afternoon were the expression of a need that was felt and that is real. Nowhere is woman's position better than in this country; nowhere are her rights and privileges better protected than in this state. But those ten thousand marchers last Saturday were evidence that there is something still coming to her and that she is out to get it.

Undoubtedly the condition of women is changing all over the world, and changing, we believe, very much for the better. The change has its extravagances and disorderly incidents, but it is a change toward a fuller and freer life and a more respected and advantageous position. The suffragists are very confident that women will get

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the vote wherever men have it. They may or may not, but they are constantly gaining in public influence, public power, opportunity, usefulness—all the details in which the vote is expected to help them. All the women suffragists and anti-suffragists breathe the same air and imbibe what is in it. All families, whatever their views, adjust their lives and methods to the same compelling influences. There is a great adjustment going on in response to a spirit of which last Saturday's parade was one of the outward signs.

The Minimum-wage Remedy and Others

Few tasks are more thankless than urging moderation or caution on reformers, particularly when the reformers are sincere and when one sympathizes with their object and even approves, to some extent, their method or methods. Yet can any kind of service to reforms be more plainly necessary? Is not that very ardor which makes men reformers admirable and indispensable as it is, sure to make most of them impatient and oversanguine, and is there any danger to any cause greater than that of over-dependence on untested means of promoting it?

Nobody surely can fail to sympathize with the growing and indignant movement to better the lot of working-girls in cities, and particularly to guard them against the worst disaster than can befall them. We wish O. HENRY were alive to see how his countrymen are awaking to the heart-breaking appeal of his little masterpiece, *An Unfinished Story*. Nevertheless, we think it was a needful as well as a wise word spoken by Professor SEAGER of Columbia, at the meeting of the Academy of Political and Social Science, when he warned enthusiasts not to expect too much from the device of a minimum-wage law. For if we expect too much from one remedy are we not likely to neglect others—such, for instance, as social insurance, which Professor SEAGER mentioned?

It is surely desirable to keep working-girls' wages high enough to support them decently, but are we sure this object can be attained by merely putting a law on the statute-books? Economic laws do not yield readily to statute laws. Are we sure that such an attempt will not actually result in throwing many girls out of employment entirely? Are we sure as yet that the rate of wages has quite the relation it is said to have to the terrible evil specially aimed at?

Let us consider all possible remedies, including this one, and do whatever we can rather than too hastily put our trust in a single remedy. We are dealing with a very great evil and abuse of modern industrial methods and conditions. Let us apply to it an adequate amount of patient study as well as of energy and generous indignation.

Distinction

Writing to the *Times* about Yale senior societies, Mr. OWEN JOHNSON says:

> Forty years ago the senior society membership was preponderatingly intellectual: the orators, scholars, writers—the intellectual leaders—were almost certain of election. To-day this element has dwindled, constantly yielding to a social note.

In an address in which he noted the changes he had seen in the House of Commons in the thirty-nine years since he entered it Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR said:

> Democracy seems incapable in many cases of creating an assembly representing itself to which it can pay the tribute of respect. . . . I do not think that a debate in the House of Commons is looked to with the same respect or interest or attention as it was when I was a younger politician. If that be so, it is a great tragedy.

Discussing this remark of Mr. BALFOUR, the *Evening Post* says:

> Any one familiar with it [the Senate], as it was at the beginning of President ROOSEVELT'S administration, could not fail to be startled by the change that it presents to-day. It is not merely that so many familiar old faces are gone. Time and the fortunes of politics will bring in their changes. But the complexion of the Senate is not simply different; it is altered. A composite photograph would show a variation in the type. In place of the good gray heads, like Senator HOAR'S, and of figures looking every inch a Senator, we see first of all a body of much younger men and then a prevalent bearing which is more commonplace than one used to observe from the Senate galleries, and which may be called without offense the business presence. More than one visitor in Washington has been heard to grieve at the transformation, which seems to many a clear indication of a decline.

Here is the same story in three different forms. The gist of it is that here and in England, and doubtless generally in the world, as prosperity has become common, distinction has grown scarce. Men of prominence, leaders of this generation, have less of it than they had forty years ago. They have more of what the *Post* calls "the business presence." Distinction is intellectual; a matter of mind and character. The promise of it is sometimes visible in the young, but not so much so, Mr. JOHNSON thinks, in young leaders of his day in Yale College as in their predecessors forty years ago.

If this is true, that the prominent and important men of our day lack distinction, the reason is not far to seek. It is because the predominant interest in life in the last forty years has been industrial and commercial. The head men have been the men of business and the bankers. Their ideals of life and of what is important in it have governed, and though they do not much appear in legislatures (being more profitably employed) their type is faintly reflected there.

Now if our great period of industrial expansion is over, as some observers think, another type of leading man will gradually come to the front, and the personality of legislatures and other selected bodies will change again and perhaps advance in distinction.

The Powers and Little Montenegro

Like most controversies, that between the Powers and Montenegro has had two sides to it. The Powers' side was put very impressively by Sir EDWARD GREY and Mr. ASQUITH in the House of Commons.

One is bound to respect Sir EDWARD'S view when he points out that the self-restraint of the Powers, and particularly those most directly interested, has so far saved Europe from the general war so long dreaded as a probable consequence of any war in the Balkans. One sees, too, the force of his contention that the allies themselves would have the most to fear if, the war being prolonged, one or more of the Powers should intervene, "not as mediators, but as interested parties."

And yet it was hard not to sympathize with little Montenegro when there came to her Premier from a British admiral, speaking for the fleet blockading her port of Antivari, such language as this:

> I desire to call your Excellency's attention to the presence of the fleet as a proof that the great Powers are acting in concert and request that their wishes be fulfilled without further delay. Please inform me immediately that your government is ready to carry out the wishes of the great Powers.

It is hard not to feel a thrill of admiration for Montenegro and her king, because the assurance thus demanded was *not* forthcoming, "immediately" or otherwise; because they flatly refused to abandon the nearly captured Scutari: because they kept on till they took Scutari.

After all, are the Powers quite sure they are wise to insist on making an independent country of Albania, with its turbulent and untrained population? Are they sure that in thus hastening the end of a present menace to the peace of Europe they will not be insuring turmoil and danger for the future? Can they feel that the settlement they command is thorough, or that it will be permanent? Unless they are sure, then it is certainly a question whether it is yet time for them to abandon mediation for coercion. It is now said that Montenegro will probably get "territorial compensation" for abandoning Scutari. She should get something for taking it. In any event, we trust she will have proved again that the gods help those who help themselves.

Dr. Friedman and His Friends

Senator HUGHES of New Jersey and Governor POTHIER of Rhode Island are unwise friends of the sufferers from tuberculosis. So are all others who have tried to make it easy for Dr. FRIEDMAN to practise on consumptives or to sell them his vaccine without submitting to a thorough scientific test of its value or revealing the secret of its derivation.

The true interest of the vast number of people suffering from this disease lies in ascertaining, scientifically and precisely, what, if anything, Dr. FRIEDMAN'S alleged cure will do for them. It does not lie in the putting on the market of an extraordinarily advertised patent medicine, of which they and their physicians really know little or nothing. There are already plenty of people who get money from consumptives by precisely the same claims Dr. FRIEDMAN has made, but no other has ever had such help from the press and from public officials. It is a shame that our laws do not compel such people to submit to every possible test of their claims. It is to the last degree exasperating when public men of presumed intelligence, posing as friends of "God's unfortunates," weaken instead of strengthening the few defenses they have against such human beings as seek only or chiefly to make money out of their helplessness and desperation.

We are not passing judgment on Dr. FRIEDMAN'S cure. We know nothing authoritatively about it. Neither does Senator HUGHES or Governor POTHIER. So far as we can see, nobody does. That is precisely the point of our remarks. Yet thousands of consumptives all over the country are neglecting ordinary methods of improvement because of Dr. FRIEDMAN and his claims. Apparently the gentleman made no mistake in coming to this country. We can only trust that eventually, our laws relating to health, and to medicine and the medical profession, will be improved by the incident of his visit.

Cooks in Chicago

The United Cooks' Societies of Chicago want a six-day week and are working for the passage of a law to establish it. A bill has been introduced in the state legislature which provides for fines ranging from twenty-five to one hundred dollars for employers who exact more than six days' work in a week from cooks.

Oh, well, it might not work so ill! Anything that would bring joy to the kitchen would better life. To cook for themselves one day in the week might be very instructive to families; to come down to a very simple and restricted diet one day in the week would probably improve the public appetite and benefit the public health. The present condition of domestic service is not satisfactory. To improve it is difficult because it depends so much on the intelligence, judgment, and kindness of individuals. The manager of a large number of employees is usually selected because he seems to be fit for the work, but the manager of a household is not selected at all. Her work is thrust upon her, and she has to make the best try she can at it whether she is fit or not. She goes a good deal by tradition, and we suspect that some of the traditions of domestic service are out of date and need revision. There are those indeed who hold that domestic service is the last refuge of the feudal system.

Anyhow, it is a matter of vast importance, and legislative experiments with a view to improving it will be watched with great interest, especially if they are made in Illinois and the watchers remain safely in New York.

A Situation Misconceived

G. F. SMITH writes from Boston to the Springfield *Republican* to say:

> When Mr. BRYAN as Secretary of State gives a dinner to the embassy from the king of the Cannibal Islands he should kill a young fat boy and have him served roasted at the dinner. The fact that Mr. BRYAN abhors murder has nothing to do with the matter. It is provincial to carry such personal prejudices into dealings with foreign diplomats, and he would, very properly, be pooh-poohed and paragraphed should he allow his personal convictions to influence his actions.

Mr. SMITH'S suggestion is interesting, but it seems to us he goes too far. The embassy of the Cannibal Islands must expect when in Washington to do as the Washingtonians do, and it is a long time since they served a fat boy for dinner. No more can properly be expected of Mr. BRYAN than to observe the ordinary usages of Washington and other polite capitals. And yet if his private sentiments refuse to let him little fault will be found. His position will be understood even where it is not approved.

Pending Improvements

There are times and cases where the modern political improvements come in very handy. "Women voters," says the *Evening Post*, "were chiefly responsible for recalling the San Francisco police judge, CHARLES L. WELLER, and electing WILEY F. CRIST, a lawyer, in his place." It seems that WELLER had a propensity to accept low bail bonds in criminal cases and had several times reduced bonds fixed by other judges in cases of crimes against women. HENDRICKS, accused of white slavery, got his bond so reduced by WELLER and fled. And then WELLER was recalled.

There being no recall as yet in this state and as yet no women voters, Justice GAVEGAN was probably safe last week for rebuking a woman suitor in his court in this city for "indecent exposure" because he considered that too much of her leg showed as she sat.

There was an indecent exposure, to be sure, but it seems not to have been physical, and the woman suitor seems not to have been the culprit.

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The Day's Work

YOUTH is master of the event. Youth feels an inexhaustible power of doing the impossible, of doing anything that he likes. Youth gets up in the morning and goes about his business, jingling the small change of Hamlet in his pocket. He knows that if he put his mind to it, after a few seasons of good hard work he could match DANTE on his own ground, or BALZAC or TOLSTOI; make TITIAN'S superb conceptions burn again up through depths of color, and make WATTEAU'S jeweled and flickering iridescence play over a magical world of fine manners once more. There is nothing he could not do with will and labor. He would like to write the philosophy of SPINOZA with the style of SWINBURNE, and he is not sure but he may come to it year after next. Meanwhile he is engaging, to such as are keen-eyed, by his touching modesty, not thinking of himself more highly than he ought to think. His tinkling rhymes and flecks of paint he judges by comparison not with what lies all about him, but with *Paradise Lost* and the Sistine Chapel. He finishes them carefully for love and for conscience' sake, but he never takes them seriously. Knowing what good art is, how should he? Moreover, they came so easily, like cherry blossoms to the brown bough, like pink-and-silver spotted fish to the brown brook. The source of his ideas is inexhaustible: they alight in flocks like the small white butterflies, and he can afford to treat them prodigally, to neglect them with princely indifference, to give them away with more than imperial magnificence.

Youth is sure of himself and of life. He expects everything, and frequently gets it. He stays in the straight road, he pushes on fast, not for lack of enchantments alluring to the right hand and to the left, but for a wilder and a dearer charm calling from beyond. Always he hears bird-notes, always he sees blue horizons lifting in the distance, always the pipe echoes "Over the hills and far away!" Wild-rose leaves, pink and curled about the edges, sail down the frothing brook in sign that somebody has passed, and a startled bird flies up wildly from the willow thicket ahead. Life is all compact of possible splendors, and the best, belike, are at the last. "Grow old along with me," youth quotes sagely, "the best is yet to be!" However much alike the days and the months and finally the years may succeed one another, always he feels that something amazing is just around the corner. By that token you will know youth, the confident reliance on the unknown and untried. To meet it he steps out, high of head, swift of foot, great of heart. Wonder outlasts the morning dew, and the joy of living outlasts daylight. Strength shall never flag, desire shall never fail. Whatever life proves to be like, it will be unlike the past. Something new is waiting just beyond the bend of the road.

Desire was so the assurance of possession youth hardly knew what he wanted. One day he finds that he wants no longer; that he no longer expects a surprise every time he turns a corner; that, in short, success and fame and love and art are not jacks-in-boxes carried around in his pocket to jump up in his face whenever he shall choose to undo the catch of the lid. He dreams less, he prays more. His need is simple and clearly defined: "If I may finish the day's work before I go to bed!"

Man grown, he regrets neither downy lip nor forelock tipped with gold. He has other matter to think upon. He has, mayhap, a wife to keep, and is thrilling with the mighty joy of it. No ecstasy of love or song or color can match that fierce pride. A steady hand goes to the plow now, a sturdy shoulder to the wheel, a strong back to the oar. Fooling's done, work's begun. Whether it is a girl and a boy to educate, or a germ and a serum to isolate, or an hypothesis to prove and then to verify and then to sustain against all objections and again resift the evidence, the work is there. It can't be shirked, it can't be neglected, it won't wait. A man's life is not his own, it is owed. It is not something to enjoy, it is something to use. Woe to him if he wastes one hour that shall not come again, if he does one cruelty when all his days cannot make up the allotted sum of tenderness, if he follows one dancing, illusory marsh-fire when the stony road runs so far and climbs so high before it dips to the end! Of all he is and all he has, he is only the steward—nay, he is only the servant. "My work!" he says; of a truth, he is the work's. It must be done, no matter at what cost to him. If he cannot finish the eight hours' tale in the day, at least he must finish the week's before Monday comes around again. The rhythm of the great machinery throbs in his blood; an impetus not his own carries him forward. The pleasant and the possible have alike ceased to be categories of daily use; the work is to be done. Comfort and rest are gone down the wind and forgotten; ease and amusement are hull-down on the horizon. With a great swing life moves. The work is stronger than the man, and it sustains him, and he walks in austere triumph though he may only be walking uptown tired from the office.

"*C'est plus fort que moi*": he knows that well. The whirl of the great machinery is all about him, and he must look warily or he will be caught in it, and then were he lost indeed and worse than dead, set forever to stepping, stepping, stepping at the treadmill which uses men for motive power to grind up man, employs thinking and feeling creatures to pulverize brains and hearts. That machine the devil built and started the huge fly-wheel's revolution, and the product is only fuel for the fires of the Pit. Still there is a good work to be done in the world, waiting for the best a man has to give; and he must give wisely, intelligently, without stint and without pride. The job he wanted may be a better man's; he learns to set about life more humbly, "nor pray for aught save in our little space," as he has learned at last "to warm good seed to greet the fair earth's face." If he can't be bandmaster he can play the fife. If he can never be K. C. B., he must still polish up the handle of the big front door, and polish hard. Life does not ask if he wants to do one thing, life sends him to do another and do it double-quick. Life keeps him on the run, blindly, for a bit. Then he gets his second wind, suddenly, and wonders why he had lost his head.

The pride of his strength smolders law in his veins; his footmarks are set in the powdery dust unevenly; he shifts the pack-straps, runs the edge of his hand across his forehead, and moves on. The miles past he measures by his muscles, the miles ahead by his eye. He is not afraid: if he cannot make the inn by nightfall he will keep on in the dark. If energy fails, resolution must supply it; if the body flags, the spirit must carry it; if the heart is sick, the will must supplant it. Life is neither tolerable nor interesting. He does not want to go on, but he goes. He sulks, he swears, he bolts, he lies down, he weeps, but he goes. There is only one form of the verb, and that is the imperative. Life is not only cruel, but wanton; he did not ask it and he does not like it, but out of it he sees only one way—straight ahead. First he must finish the day's work. Even failure is no exemption; he must gather up and go on. He remembers some one who fell three times on the sorry way before ever he came to the supreme agony, and in the recollection he finds a kind of comfort, he finds an unaccountable strength, he finds an abiding certainty that he shall hold out to the end. That is all he asks. The whole cloud of witnesses are about him, testifying to that, and he lifts up his heart. Vega burns blue in the dusty gold of the powdered stars, ruddy Aldebaran is set for a witness to endurance, Sirius hangs steadfast, past comparison, greater than all magnitudes. He calls the men of old by their names, and they respond. They did not break or cringe or recant, and they are with him; their blood is in his body; they are in the ancient sea, in the holy fire, in the clean winds, in the travailing earth; in their footprints his feet are set. Thenceforward he goes in peace, silently, in happiness. It will be good to get to bed, but meanwhile there is the day's work.

Correspondence

CHAPMAN ON SHAW

"THE GLOBE"
NEW YORK, *April 24, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Disagreeing totally and most fervently with most of the things that Mr. Chapman says about Shaw's plays and everything he says about the modern drama in general, permit me to congratulate you sincerely on his article. It is the first really interesting and intelligent essay from that side of the fence that I have read in America, and in glaring contrast with most of the idiotic blatherings written on this subject and from that point of view.

I am, sir, LOUIS SHERWIN.

FLOUR, WHEAT, AND THE TARIFF

PHILADELPHIA, PA., *April 17, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—For some years I have been a reader of the editorials of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and have appreciated your skill, adroitness, and fairness in handling tariff arguments. Not until just recently has my own business been affected by tariff legislation.

I am a miller, and am largely interested in two milling concerns in the East. Schedule "G" provides that flour and wheat products shall be admitted into the United States free of duty from all countries who charge no duty upon American flour. The schedule also provides a ten cents per bushel duty on wheat.

Canada raises upward of 216,000,000 bushels of wheat. The Argentine 146,000,000 bushels. The greater part of both of these crops is exported, seeking the foreign markets of the world.

Undoubtedly after the passage of such a provision as Schedule "G," Canada would remove her duty on flour, thereby enabling her to turn her wheat into flour in her own mills and export it as flour and products into the United States. While at the same time, by virtue of the same tariff, the American mills would be unable to draw upon Canadian wheat.

By figures, it can be further shown that a miller at Liverpool could to-day, working under the proposed schedule, buy Argentine wheat, which would be barred to the American mill, manufacture it and lay it down upon the American seaboard at about thirty-five cents per bushel less than the American manufacturer.

The schedule, in fact, charges a duty upon the raw material and admits the manufactured product free.

The miller wants an equal duty placed upon wheat and flour and mill products or no duty upon either. I would like to have an expression of your opinion in reply to the following queries.

Is the tax of ten cents a bushel duty on wheat a protection measure for the farmer? Is the primary object of the schedule to lower the cost of one of the necessities of life?

Is it policy, first to protect the farmer for a little while, then ruin the milling, the fifth largest industry in the United States, and finally, after destroying or crippling the miller, the farmers' best customer, force the farmer to sell his wheat at an export price?

Will not such a policy only result in confusion and loss to the farmer, the wage-earner, and the miller?

What logical reason is there for treating wheat and flour and mill products in any other way than upon an equal basis, both to pay the same tariff or both to be free? I am, sir,

QUAKER CITY FLOUR MILLS CO.,
C. H. BELL, *Treas.*

Our correspondent attributes too much to Schedule "G." It does put a ten-per-cent duty on wheat, but the provisions in regard to wheat flour are in the free list. We fear, too, that he has discovered a mare's nest; Canada's recent legislation on tariff questions hardly indicates sense enough to profit by the opportunity he points out. However, we think he is entirely right in arguing that if flour is to be put on the free list, wheat ought to be there too.—EDITOR.

"LITTLE TRUSTS"

COLUMBUS, OHIO, *March 2, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your editorial comment on "Little Trusts" in current number hits the real *raw* spot as to the main cause for high prices; and I noted the letter from your Selma, Alabama, man, at the time it was printed in your paper. Of course conditions he mentions exist no doubt in about all towns and cities. Sure they do here; for, two years ago, a State Senate (of Ohio) Investigating Committee, sitting here, was appointed to ascertain the cause for abnormally high prices of foods, and from abundant evidence learned that retail grocers had an organization, and an agreement to sell goods at not less than fixed prices; and that those prices were *dictated* by wholesalers, jobbers. One retail grocer testified that he was forced to quit business because he would not enter into the agreement, but wanted to sell at his own prices; and that owing to his stand taken wholesale grocers refused to sell him goods—so he quit; had to. It was elicited that hucksters on our public markets (there are four) had the prices they were to charge consumers fixed by the commission houses of whom they bought their produce, usually in small lots, by bushel or barrel. The commission men exact high prices from hucksters and grocers too, and the latter in turn hit the consumer. Butchers have also an *understanding*, and prices for meats are, as a rule, about alike at all butchers' stalls. All this was clearly shown to the committee, and what was done about it?—Nix.

The prices charged consumers for furniture, household utensils, wearing apparel, dry goods, fuel, are all too uniform to warrant any claim to an open, fair, or decent competition; for there is none. "Business" men have developed such craft that they, while not incorporated legally, have easily succeeded in fixing prices, and, by comparison, the big trusts—Sugar, Oil, Tobacco, and others—are real benefactors to consumers; for the latter may crush some competitors, but the former hit the millions of poor consumers hardest. Yes, it's the "Little Trusts" (call them that as well as any name) that bite worst; but public attention has all along been centered on the big trusts. Why? Because the daily press is silent on the robberies committed by, and at behest of, concerns who advertise big, and who expect to and do recoup their outlay for "ads" from the poor-devil consumer. The *dollar* sways the daily press, hence the dense silence as to the cause for the difference in exorbitant cost to consumers and the cost to manufacturers and wholesalers of all necessaries. The derby hat costs to make about thirty-five cents: you pay from $3 to $4 for one. Ladies' fine kid shoes that retail for $3.50 to $4 cost about fifty-four cents to make; same percentage holds good in all lines of men's garments, shoes, etc., according to the Thirteenth Annual Report of the United States Commissioner of Labor, Volume II., pages 560 and 1191. And still, Mr. Editor, people howl about high costs, while they don't kick at all on paying five cents for a glass of beer that does not cost a cent to make, and ten cents for a drink of liquor that costs about two cents.

And the *tariff* (big fuss over) like "the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la," has nothing, or at least very little, to do with the case.

I am, sir, L. H.

THE ILLITERACY TEST

April 23, 1913.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In reply to Mr. R. E. S.'s approval of the late immigration bill in your edition of April 12th, I wish to be permitted to state the following:

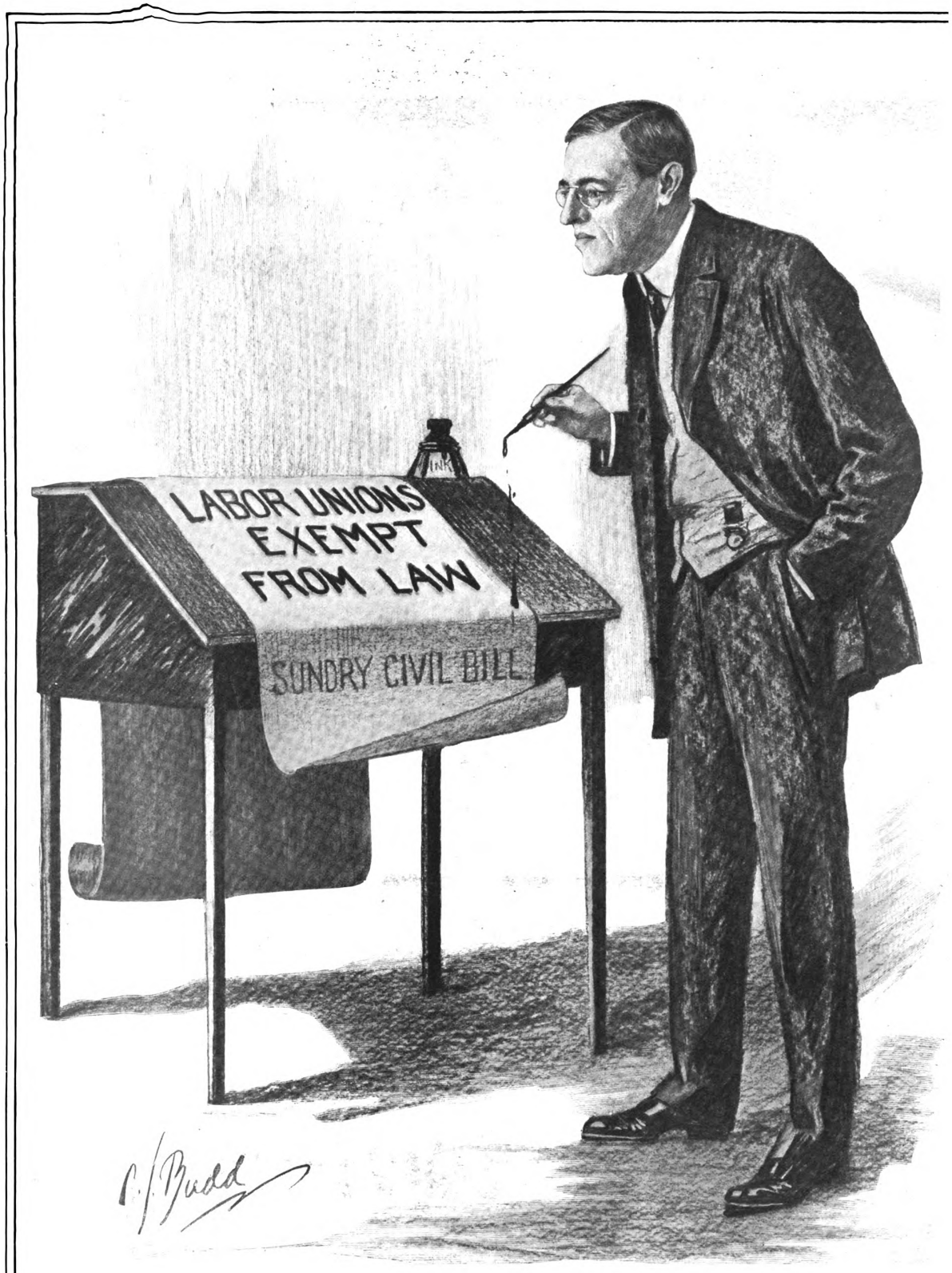
The illiteracy test is undesirable, because it defeats its own purpose. It is only too obvious that this said test does not aim to accomplish restriction in general, when we bear in mind that only twenty-six per cent. of the 1912 immigrants were illiterates. Besides, the warmest advocates of this defeated measure time and again emphasized that this illiteracy test is aimed at the undesirable element of immigration, because they agree with our commission on immigration that this country needs sturdy and moral immigrants.

What is an undesirable immigrant? Desirability must be based on tests of character and morality. Just because an immigrant cannot read forty words in his tongue, it does not signify lack of character, deformity, or even lack of good common sense or ambition to learn in a free country with plenty of night schools.

An illiteracy test shutting out sturdy, moral, ambitious peasants, will never touch the "black-hand" and "check-forging" type of immigrants, because these simply must know how to read and write for the sake of their "noble business." Thus, I take my hat off to Reason, which defeated this unreasonable bill.

I am, sir, ISIDORE SPERLING.

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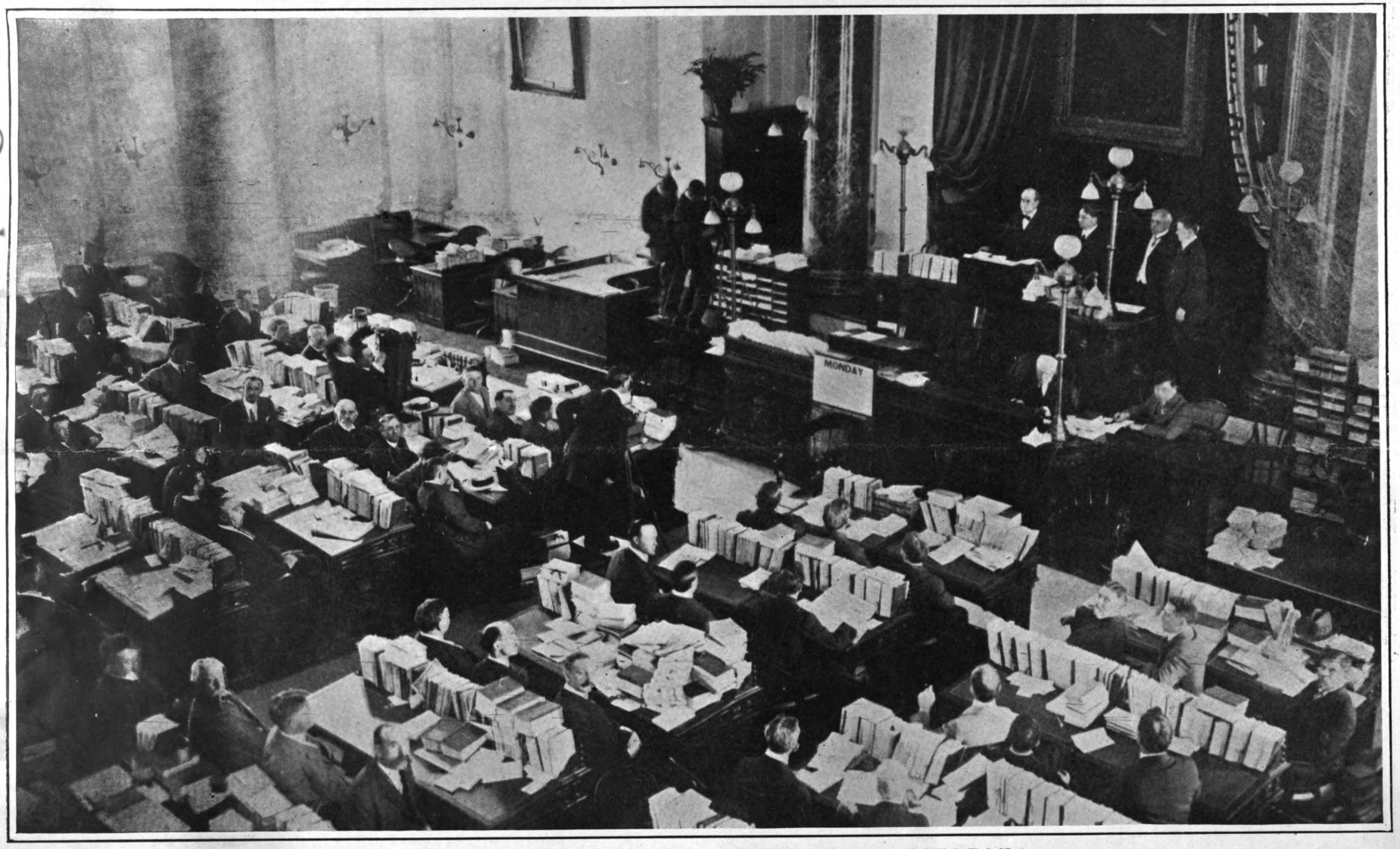
TO THE PRESIDENT! WE BEG OF YOU DON'T SIGN!

DRAWN BY C. J. BUDD

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TEMPERING THE JINGO SPIRIT IN CALIFORNIA

Secretary of State William J. Bryan, as the Administration's emissary, addressing the state Senate of California, at Sacramento, on April 28th, urging the legislators not to violate the treaty of the United States with Japan and inflame Japanese resentment by passing a bill prohibiting Japanese from owning land in California. As a result of Mr. Bryan's intervention an anti-alien land law, less offensive to the Japanese, was passed

Original from PENN STATE

The Tenth of Muharram

BY GEORGE MARVIN

DRAWINGS BY H. M. PAGET



The Valideh Khan is an ancient rectangular stone barrack surrounding an open court

WHAT the Passion Play at Oberammergau is to some Christians the Muharram festival is to the Shiah sect of Mohammedans. But that is a very rough and inaccurate definition and needs qualifying. The Muharram is observed annually, instead of every four years. Like the Christian spectacle, it commemorates a supreme tragedy of religious history, but the difference in the event commemorated is exceedingly typical of the difference in the character of the two faiths. The expiatory sacrifice of the Crucifixion stirs emotions of sorrow and compassion which are transformed, in religious souls, by the joy and benediction of the Resurrection and Ascension. But the martyrdom of Hussein arouses annually in the breasts of some thirty millions of Mohammedans, in Turkey, in India, and in Persia, a grief which is passionately resentful.

Hussein was the grandson of Mohammed, and in his death the Shiahs believe the true succession of the Prophet perished, since Ali, his father, and Hassan the Beautiful, his brother, were murdered before him, and his sons were slain with him on the bloody plain of Kerbela.

The "Sunnis," who form the great majority of Mohammedans to-day, acknowledge the authority of the "Sunna" body of traditions, and uphold the succession after Mohammed of Omar, Othman, and Yezid, by whom Hussein and his family were exterminated. When on Friday at Stamboul the Khatib ascends the high pulpit in Santa Sofia to preach his weekly *khutbe*, he carries in his hand an unsheathed sword. Truly it is the religion of the sword.

Primed with all the information I could get on the subject, I set forth with my dragoman on the afternoon of the Tenth of Muharram, the first month of the Mohammedan year, for the Valideh Khan in the heart of the Persian quarter. To take that walk from Galata across the Golden Horn and up through the labyrinthine streets of Stamboul is to pass from this year of our Lord 1913, over the waters of forgetfulness, into the fifteenth-century times of Murad and Mohammed the Conqueror. Toward nightfall this impression is stronger, and generally the Muharram religious festival takes place after sunset by the light of flaring torches. But this time, because of martial law, it was held in banal daylight, so that the Faithful who came to pray, and the Giaour who paid bakshish to see, might both get home again without the anti-climax of a Turkish jail.

The Valideh Khan is alone worth many times the bakshish we paid to see the sanguinary performance going on inside it. Khan, pronounced "Han," is a combination of inn and bazar, and, in Constantinople, consists generally of an ancient rectangular stone barrack surrounding an open court. The Valideh Khan, in the center of the Persian quarter, is one of the largest and much the most picturesque in all Stamboul. Any section of its interior court would make a first-rate back scene for some such play as "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." As we climbed up the steep street to get to it we could see its high gray sides, tufted here and there with green growing things, looming over the house-tops like the walls of an old fort. The street was full of people of all nationalities hurrying in the same direction, but when we arrived opposite the cavernous black gateway we found this was an occasion for which many were called, but few chosen. Three or four very hot gendarmes in the middle of a small riot were busy chucking some people out and passing others in. Luckily my dragoman had brought a pass, written out in Turkish and bearing a seal, and in his wake, as he waved his credentials overhead, I went sailing through the gate, as though through a roaring rapid, into the quiet waters of a Rembrandt passageway which slanted up steeply and crookedly into the open, central court.

Once inside, we found ourselves with Haroun-al-Rashid, Ali, and probably many more than forty thieves, part of a great and silent company. Persians, recognizable by their black fezes, predominated, but there were many red fezes on the heads of Armenians, Greeks, and Turks. For the rest it was the comprehensive anthropological exhibit which a Stamboul crowd is sure to be. Several gendarmes were there on duty, and a few soldiers off duty. Here and there, as jarring notes, stood groups of Europeans.

The center of the court was occupied by a twisted kind of pavilion whose lower story had started true with the rectangular sides of the Khan, but something had then happened to turn its head, or an earthquake came, or perhaps its unlieving architect had looked upon the vintages of Lebanon which are to be had hard by. Around this accidental structure trees and shrubs grew, and from its sides branched out wooden trellises from which still hung the tendrils of last summer's vines. A few trees here and there softened the outlines of the back scenes: facades high and dark, and full of strange openings—half window, half door; covered balconies where rugs hung; black archways—the whole composition crowned on top with small domes like the *turbehs* round a mosque.

In all the crowd spread fantastically around this stage the only women were three ladies from the diplomatic regions of Pera. But up in the windows and on the balconies of the Khan I saw many Greek and Turkish women, several of the latter with their yashmaks pulled away from their faces the better to see, and necessarily to be seen.



They beat upon their breasts and cried aloud

Across the hush of the courtyard we heard at once a monotonous chant coming from the far end where the crowd was thickest, and, making our way over there, found a circle of thirty or forty men beating their breasts. In the Bible you read that So-and-so beat upon his breast and cried aloud, but for some unknown reason the idea never struck me literally until I saw that group of Medes and Persians. To see things actually done gives more value to familiar language. These men were beating their beasts sincerely, robustly, with the fervor and the lack of self-consciousness which a Mohammedan brings into all his ritual. The method varied somewhat with the man, but all were keeping time to the chant.

Each devotee held back his coat with his left hand, baring his left breast. Pivoting back on his right hip and at the same time bending his knees, he swung up his right arm like a flail, landing on himself with the force of a blow from another man. Notwithstanding their somewhat feeble general appearance, nearly every one of the mourners bared a very creditable muscular chest, olive-skinned but reddened under the repeated blows. Merely as a matter of endurance, the ordeal must have been trying to an ordinary man. We watched them more than half an hour and they had been at it some time before we arrived. Toward the end a few of them, who grew a little weary in well-doing, were only inflicting short-arm penance, but the rest kept at it hammer and tongs.

By all odds the finest lamentation was being done down at one end of the elongated circle by two bearded worthies who stood facing each other in what appeared to be a penitential competition. From time to time, stirred by a heart-rending cry from some one, generally a priest who walked with uplifted face in the center of the circle, additional paroxysms would grip the rite, and then these two old chaps would hit up their stroke like a crew "giving her ten" in the last drive of a close race. The older of the two was gasping in his song and his head rolled from side to side drunkenly, but he was game. The other, though past middle age, was a splendid, big, healthy burgher. He simply couldn't hurt himself. Clear-eyed and rosy-cheeked, he kept on belaboring away, all the time gazing fixedly, with a kind of wistful envy, upon his more exhausted brother.

The priest in the middle led the chant, referring occasionally to a missal he held in his hand. The only reason I could see why the lament did not continue indefinitely was because this man came at last to the end of the book, whereupon all finished by shouting three times together: "Hussein—oh, Hussein—oh, Hussein—Ah," tapering off at the end in a despairing wail.

The cessation of this performance was evidently the signal for the principal ceremony to begin. Unobserved by us, a crowd had been gathering at the gate through which we had come, and now as the mournful shouts died away there advanced upon us as strange a procession as ever a disordered imagination could conjure up. Drums were banging with a hollow, flat sound, and to their accompaniment we could hear flutes wailing the strange, broken, endless music of the East, and rough voices raised in a louder and more strident chant.

First came a great gloom of black banners born in a double line on high poles and written over in tarnished gold or yellow thread in Persion characters, with now and then the strange Masonic symbol of a white hand. The end of one banner was held by the man carrying the next staff behind, so all together they formed a waving, funereal stockade. In the middle of this, mounted on a white horse with two shining swords crossed in front of him, came riding by a little, sweet-faced boy. He could not have been more than five or six years old, but he sat up gravely in



A little, sweet-faced boy led them like a commander

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his black clothes, looking over the heads of the crowd like a commander. Behind him another white horse was led whose trappings and empty saddle, to which a white dove was tied, as he came nearer, we saw were splashed with red paint or blood. Then followed the drums and flutes, and back of them a double line of flagellants scourging themselves with whips of heavy chains. But we hardly noticed the flagellants because, on beyond the swinging chains, came a massacre. The Russian painter, Verestchagin, once drew those horrible figures; I was partially prepared for them by having seen a photograph of his drawing in one of the shops in Pera. We stepped back involuntarily as a crowd of fanatics in white robes came by yelling discordantly and hacking at their heads with swords.



A double line of flagellants scourging themselves with whips of heavy chains

Three times that procession passed slowly round the court. By the third time the sacrificial fanatics were literally covered with blood, blood which streamed down over their faces, blinding them, and disfiguring them beyond recognition, blood which vividly soaked their white robes until they became more red than white. We were heartily sick of it by the third revolution, but morbidly fascinated by the music and the sight. The men with the chains had raised red welts on their bare backs and broken the skin on their shoulders. Some of the martyrs, whether from loss of blood or sheer exhaustion, emotion, and blindness, staggered and had to be supported. Others had had their swords taken away to prevent them from inflicting serious injuries, and two or three of the weakest, whose friends tried to drag them away, struggled very much as an injured man in a college football game will blindly fight to stay on the field.

But, worst of all, some one had slashed the boy commander who led the procession on his white horse. As the poor little fellow rode by for the last time, a splash of red stained his forehead and trickled down over his brave, white face.

In years of peace, when martial law does not affect the goings and comings of citizens, the darkness of night must greatly help that ceremony. Those who have seen it in other years by the light of flaring torches describe it as inexpressibly weird and magnificently barbaric. But in the unsparing gray daylight of a late winter afternoon it seemed far more an offensive spectacle than a weird and mystic ceremony. No chiaroscuro shrouded details; there was more of sacrilege than of sacrament. Dirty old clothes, sweat, blood, the crudities of toiling efforts seen too vividly at close range, the incongruity of European spectators standing coldly and critically about as if at a moving-picture show—all produced an impression much more desirable to forget than to remember.

Right in the middle of the picture, and as if on purpose to emphasize its incongruity, a singular event occurred. There came an insistent buzzing noise across the house-tops, and, looking up, we saw a monoplane, less than 500 feet overhead, flying eastward in the quiet blue sky. Possibly it was a Bulgarian from beyond Tchataldja, for we were told afterward that none of the Turkish aeroplanes were in fit condition to fly, but whatever kind of bird he was, his flight produced no impression at all on the Oriental part of the crowd in the Valideh Khan. And that was the surest proof to me of the different effect upon us Occidentals of all that we saw and heard in an observance which to the Mohammedans taking part in it or watching it was a matter of poignant personal sorrow. The Christians looked up, the Mohammedans, sunk in their grief, did not notice what must have been an exceedingly rare sign in the heavens.

Shaking with sobs, shrieking and wailing, as if calling on the names of lost parents or children, the procession at the end of the third round stopped and, gathering with many of the spectators round the chief priest, all seemed to spend their last efforts, led antiphonally by him, in a despairing, frenzied, finale of their chant.



A crowd of fanatics in white robes came by yelling and hacking at their heads with swords

As the crowd streamed away toward the gate we walked up the left side of the khan, beyond the twisted kiosk to the neat shop of old Costelli, the Persian rug merchant. After the bloody confusion and outcry of the court, it was a grateful change to settle back in the warm peace and comfort of his rooms. Even the clicking of his typewriters in the outer office was an agreeable sound after the din of the Old Testament. Noiseless Persian servants brought us tea in glasses and lit our cigarettes, and old Costelli himself, gentle-voiced, white-haired, and white-bearded, made us gravely welcome as a sheikh would to his tent in the desert.

"In Tabriz, now," he said, in answer to our questions, "or Teheran—in India, too, they have a play all the ten days of Muharram. Fifty-two acts. They tell the story of Hussein. All the Shiahs go then, all of the people. Here this is not much, only the common people. The priests do not ask for this, but the people, you understand, they believe that they get credit, that it makes them better."

He stopped for a moment to take from its scabbard a long, murderous-looking *khantcheh*, one of the sacrificial weapons, which a servant had brought him.

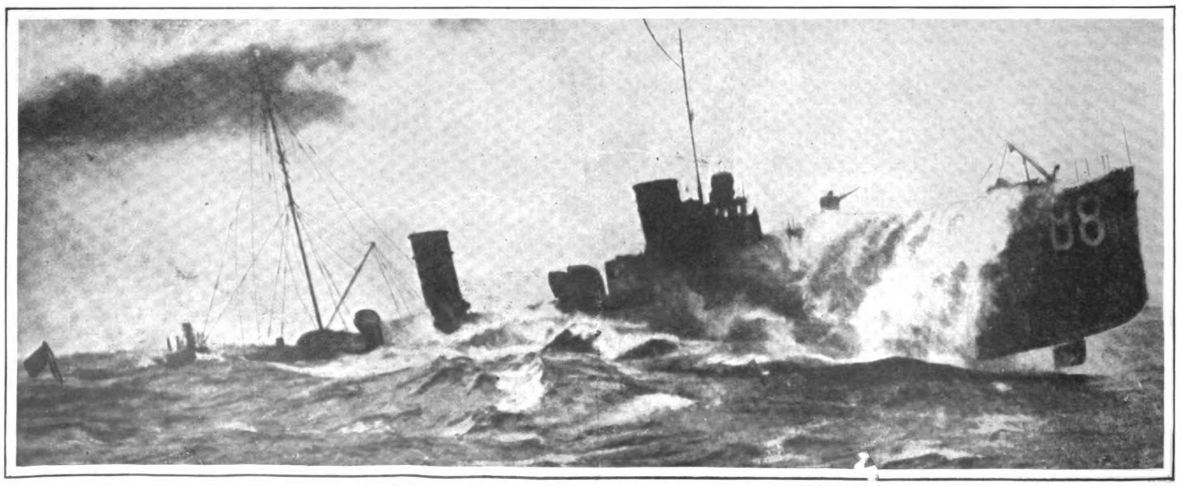
"But this is nothing," he went on, holding the sword in his hand. "You see it is very sharp like the razor. They do this because Hussein had a sword cut first on his head at Kerbela. One little cut with this makes much blood. They are not hurt, these men. Many small cuts that heal up to-morrow. It is nothing.

"The boy on the horse? Ah, that is Abdullah, the little son of Hussein. Before they killed the father he held in his arms to say good-by this Abdullah, and an arrow came and killed the little boy. That is why. And the other horse is of Hussein himself. From him he fell at the river Euphrates."

"But what does the hand mean?" I asked, "the white hand on those black banners?"

"That is the Shiah belief," Costelli answered. "They believe the five holy ones are of the family of Mohammed. The five fingers show that, you understand. One is for the prophet, one for Fatima, his daughter, the wife of Ali, and then the two sons of Ali, Hassan, and Hussein.

"And the dove," he said, after a moment's pause—"you have seen the dove which is tied to the bloody saddle? That is for the white soul of Hussein."



ROUGH GOING ON NEPTUNE'S HIGHROADS

A GERMAN TORPEDO-BOAT MANŒUVRING IN THE NORTH SEA IN HEAVY WEATHER. IT MAY BE REMEMBERED THAT A BRITISH CRAFT OF THIS CHARACTER BROKE HER BACK ON A WAVE AND SANK IN THE SAME WATERS A FEW YEARS AGO

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WHERE DO WE STAND ABOUT DEATH?

An Impartial Setting-forth of the Present Attitude of the most Enlightened Observers regarding the Greatest of all Questions. What Assurances, if any, have the Researches of the Psychical Investigators Yielded as to the Fact of Personal Immortality? Mr. Johnston, Examining the Evidence, Offers an Answer

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

WE have all been aware for some years that a group of men, highly distinguished for their scientific attainments and generally esteemed for character and judgment, have been giving their best energies to the investigation of the great question of personal survival after death: men like the late Professor James in this country, Sir Oliver Lodge in England, Camille Flammarion in France, and Cesare Lombroso in Italy, to mention only a few past and present investigators. How do we stand at present? What is the position of this inquiry to-day? Are we gaining or losing ground in the battle for immortality?

This whole inquiry has an air of newness; it is even revolutionary from one point of view. In the heyday of Darwin's great investigations, to go no further back, such a general inquiry into the state of consciousness after death would have seemed monstrous and impossible. Even so broad-minded a man as Tyndall said some almost unquotable things about spiritualism and everything that savored of it. Yet from another point of view this is really no new matter. It has engaged some of the best minds in times past, and to-day has a profound interest for the vast majority of mankind. There is a deceptive air of novelty about all so-called "spiritualistic" experiments; the news of communications from the dead is sent by cable across the ocean as some startling novelty. But as a matter of fact there is no real novelty in these things, any more than in hypnotic suggestion, where nothing is new but the word. It has all been going on for ages. For no part of human thought is so universal, both in time and space, as the belief in the unseen world and in immortality.

A Quest Without Novelty

I am a lover of the ancient scriptures of India. Not long ago there was a cablegram in my paper recording a message from one of the distinguished dead which Sir Oliver Lodge had received through a lady of psychic temperament. I read it with extreme interest. After breakfast I was looking over the *Brihad-aranyaka Upanishad*, three or four thousand years old, perhaps older. I came on a passage in which a certain ancient Aryan, Bhujyur by name, tells how, in the country of the Madras, he and certain friends visited the house of Patanjala and through his daughter, who was a psychic, got into communication with a certain Dhanvan and asked him questions about the mysterious regions of the world. The situation is exactly the same, and I doubt not that ancient Aryan was in his day as eminent as Sir Oliver Lodge is in his. Has not his name survived three thousand years? The whole of Vedic worship is pervaded with the idea of relation to the *pitris*. Who are the *pitris*? The spirits of departed fathers and grandfathers, who remain in close touch with their children and descendants and are ready with help and counsel in all emergencies. What we call "ancestor worship" is the ceremony of calling reverently on the departed fathers for their help, or sharing with them our felicity. All India, China, and Japan do this perpetually. After the battle of Tsushima, Admiral Togo formally laid before the ancestors the news of the victory with details, I suppose, of the effectiveness of quick-firing guns and torpedoes. So there is no novelty in communion with the dead.

The real novelty, I think, is this: that our own experiments are made by the foremost men in the foremost nations of the world; by men as eminent, in their respective lands, as Sir Oliver Lodge, Camille Flammarion, Cesare Lombroso, William James—physicist, astronomer, pathologist, psychologist; they cover the whole range of modern science, and they are acknowledged masters world-famous in their departments.

Three Periods of Liberation

And this brings us to another general thought. Consider at what period, at what stage in our scientific progress this great question of survival of personal consciousness and communication with the personalities of those who have died has come to the front. It is important to realize that it is no mere detached wonder, but a part of an orderly whole.

In the last few centuries there have been three great periods of liberation of the spirit of knowledge. First, Copernicus and Galileo released the earth from its moorings and sent us spinning through infinite space, reviving, by the way, the teaching that Pythagoras brought from the temples of most ancient Egypt. It is to be deplored that ecclesiastical powers, not understanding the spirit of knowledge and therefore afraid of it, set Galileo on his knees to recant and apologize for God's glory in the heavens. From that time the spirit of knowledge was exiled; science grew, but not within the realm of religion; always a misfortune, and the cause, I think, of much later materialism. But the real materialism was the first distrust and fear of the spirit of truth.

Darwin was the next great liberator, breaking the barriers of form and setting life flowing forward through infinite growth in splendid spaces of time: a teaching, again, not strange to ancient India, which thought of humanity in millions of years, and was soundly berated for it and gravely corrected by our first Orientalists a century ago.

Discovering the Invisible World

We live in the midst of the third great liberation which is revealing the invisible worlds. For I think we should consider together the breaking of physics and chemistry into the unseen world, and the forward movement of psychical research. Is there not a close analogy between telepathy and wireless telegraphy, between clairvoyance and Roentgen rays by which we can see through a brick wall, between the teaching that matter has its source and goal in the invisible ether, and the teaching that persons have their source in the unseen and at death return to the unseen? Note, by the way, that the psychical teaching in each case precedes the physical.

Just one consideration more and we are ready to come to the experiments. It is this: There are still people, happy in their ignorance, who scorn Galileo and will maintain that the earth is flat; there were at least not very long ago, for I remember certain experiments on the long canals of the English fen country that were to demonstrate, and did demonstrate it, to minds that were constituted in that way.

But the flat-earth men are dwindling. More numerous are those who, following the bad example of certain men very distinguished in their day, hold Darwin up to obloquy and reprehend the whole evolutionary idea. They are numerous, they are even aggressive; yet we should be able, in a way, to sympathize with them. We need not try to convince them; they will not be convinced; they will simply be left behind. So with those whose minds resist the revelation of our own time, the revelation of the unseen world, whether through physics or through psychical research. There are people so constituted that they feel compelled to reject the whole thing; or they accept the physics and reject the psychics, finding irrefutable proofs of their position, as did my flat-earth man on the Norfolk broads and as do the people who tell you that "evolution is exploded." These people are in the same class; they are entitled to their opinion and to our kindly understanding.

So the tendency of our age is driving us over the borderland into the unseen, enriched with the ample spaces of Galileo and the splendid progression of Darwin. Our age will be memorable for this among the ages of the world. It found us half materialist. It will leave us, I think, firmly established in immortality.

Early Experiments in Psychical Research

So we come, after much circling, not, I hope, unfruitful, to the experiments themselves. They are part of a sequence, an ordered progression, whose stages are well established and can at any time be verified. The particular psychical experiments which concern themselves with communications from the dead are closely woven in the fabric of general psychical research, which is a veritable science quite as sound and rigid in its methods as physics or chemistry or astronomy.

Let me try to make this clear, for it has real value. I first heard of psychical research, a good many years ago, from Professor W. F. Barrett, a distinguished Fellow of the Royal Society who had been a pupil of Tyndall's and thus belonged to the great line of Sir Humphry Davy and Faraday. He has since been knighted, I believe, for his distinguished scientific work. Professor Barrett was one of the first to experiment seriously, methodically, scientifically, with thought transference. He was soon joined in this by F. W. H. Myers, Frank Podmore, Henry Sidgwick, and Edmund Gurney, all very able and distinguished men. They made tens of thousands of experiments, purposely so multiplied as to exclude chance or coincidence, and they conclusively proved the reality of thought transference. No one who really knows the evidence ever dreams of questioning it. Thoughts, pictures, words, colors, feelings, were transferred from one mind to another directly, all ordinary channels of communication being barred.

What is "Thought Transference"?

They carried a new name for this very old faculty, "telepathy," or "perception at a distance." But in reality distance has nothing to do with it. The transfer is direct, from mind to mind, whether a yard or a thousand miles intervene. The result is not weakened by distance. An image conveyed from mind to mind does not become smaller as the distance grows greater, but remains exactly the same size. It is as though some one standing beside us were to walk away to a point a mile or two miles off, continuing to appear to us exactly the same height and breadth. We should be somewhat startled, as this would contradict our universal experience of space. That is exactly what thought transference does. It pays no attention to space. It is evidently independent of space, not within physical space as we know it. If the passage of an image from mind to mind is not subject to space, not within space, we are justified in supposing that the mind, or at least that part of it concerned in this experience, is also not within space as we know it; or, to be concrete, not within or a part of the physical brain.

This is vitally important, and it is of equal importance to remember that exactly the same conclusion has been reached along completely independent lines; for example, by the physiological and psychological method of Bergson in *Matter and Memory*. It may, therefore, be taken for granted that the old materialistic hypothesis which saw in the mind nothing but a function, a phosphorescence, of the matter of the brain, has fallen of its own weight. With it, indeed, is going, or has already gone, the independent reality of matter itself in which the modern view sees only a system of electrical corpuscles; "matter is thus *explained away* as being electricity and nothing but electricity."

Thought transference, therefore, is not only a fact, but a very illuminating fact, confirming the view reached quite independently along other lines, that mind is not within physical space; that mind is not a function of the brain, though it may use the brain to command the body. This conclusion is, of course, quite independent of the experiments in communicating with the dead, though we can at once see that it lends a strong *a priori* probability to these.

Apparitions of the Dying

From thought transference in general the experimenters turned to a particular form of thought transference: that in which the image of one person is transferred from his mind to the mind of another person at a distance. The experimenters took a census of apparitions of the living. They found very many of these, some fifteen being selected in their report as peculiarly well authenticated. Several of these cases were the result of deliberate attempts to appear to some person at a distance. From apparitions of the living to apparitions of the dying, which appear to be far more numerous, the step is entirely natural and obvious. It was found by the same census that supernormal experiences of this kind which coincided with a death were 440 times the number that chance alone might account for, and that 95 cases were reported to have been shared by a second person or by more than two.

Before we take the next step, from apparitions of the dying to apparitions of the dead and communications from the dead, it may be wise to consider the curious phenomenon called "automatic writing," which plays so large a part in these communications. The most conspicuous possessor of this faculty was Mr. W. T. Stead, one of the *Titanic* dead, a man of almost universal information and of unquestioned intelligence and integrity. "I can," wrote Mr. Stead, "after making my mind passive, place my pen on paper and my hand will write messages from friends at a distance." In his very convincing account of this faculty Mr. Stead gives scores of instances of its use. He also gives illuminating examples of its extension to a new region, communication with friends no longer in the body. At an early period of his investigations Mr. Stead had two friends, one of whom, named Julia, made a promise that, should she die first, she would try to appear to the other. Not long after making this promise she died in Boston. Within a few weeks, Mr. Stead tells us, she appeared radiantly happy, to her friend, who was then in Chicago. Later on Mr. Stead and the surviving friend were staying at Eastnor Castle in the west of England; there Julia appeared to her friend a second time. This friend asked Mr. Stead whether he could get a message from Julia written "automatically" in the way he has described, and he promised to try. They began the celebrated correspondence which Mr. Stead has published.

Have we anything here beyond mental suggestion? I believe we have, since Julia proved that she possessed knowledge which Mr. Stead could not possibly have under normal law; knowledge, in fact, which no ordinary living being could have. A crucial instance is the prophecy of the death of a certain friend of Mr. Stead's, with the date, an even year before it took place. This death was not due to lingering illness, but to an accident. The warning, first given by Julia a year ahead, was repeated month by month until the time first predicated had almost come. Julia then wrote, using Mr. Stead's hand: "You are going to see E. M. to-morrow. Bid her farewell. Make all necessary arrangements. You will never see her again on earth." The prophecy was literally fulfilled.

Where Distance Does Not Count

The great mass of "automatic writing" comes from persons still living and so can be easily and certainly verified. As with the more direct form of thought transference, messages received in this way are not diminished by distance. They are not conditioned by physical space. It is well to have this clearly in mind, when we consider communications received by this means from the dead, and to realize that the means of communication is already in the invisible world.

Much valuable experiment in this kind of communication was made year after year. The whole subject entered a new and dramatic phase when the leading psychical experimenters themselves died, full of the thought of communication, conscious of the difficulties, eager to communicate. In this way began what we

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may call the epoch of systematic psychical research "from the other side." One might make a striking volume of the post-mortem communications from Richard Hodgson, Edmund Gurney, Henry Sidgwick, F. W. H. Myers, and, more recently, William James. At present they are scattered through many hundreds of pages of very technical periodicals. I shall take a few, here and there, to illustrate certain interesting points. Among these you will not find those whose chief value is evidential, those depending on "cross-correspondence," and the like. For one thing, they have already had a great deal of publicity; for another, they have their full weight only when hedged by explanatory detail which requires too much space.

I must content myself with saying that I believe the evidence is conclusive and pass on to the questions indicated: the quality of consciousness, the powers, the faculties, the limitations of those who have recently died, with communications which illustrate these. We have, as our point of departure, the mind, already shown to be not within space, not material, and possessing, at the moment of death, a complete memory of all the past experiences of that personality. We have also a method of communication, well authenticated by frequent use between living persons, by which impressions and thoughts can be conveyed, and are conveyed, from one mind to another wholly without regard to the limitations of matter or physical space. Consider the mind at the moment of death, charged with its burden of memories, ready to depart. Through what experiences does it pass?

The Mind at the Moment of Death

We get very illuminating answers from the communications which surround the death of Mr. F. W. H. Myers. Mr. Myers died on January 17, 1901. A letter written three weeks later, on February 7th, by "automatic writing" through the hand of Miss Rowson, and signed "Edmund Gurney," should be quoted first. Mr. Gurney died, I believe, in 1888, thirteen years earlier. This letter says: "I have come to warn you for my friend, to implore you not to let them call him. He gets no rest day or night. At every sitting, 'Call Myers! Bring Myers!' There's not a place in England where they don't ask for him; it disturbs him, it takes away his rest. For God's sake don't call him. It is all right for him to come of his own accord. . . . What we want for him now is to rise and to forget earthly things. He can't help any more. His life was given to it and that must be the help. He was allowed just to say that he continued. That was his great desire, but it will help nobody that he should be called back and made to hover near the earth."

Two things are specially worth noting in this letter. First, that immediately after death there appears to be a state of gestation, of extreme sensitiveness, where much harm is likely to be done by intrusive jarring, just as is the case with physical gestation. We shall return to this. The second point is that of intercommunication between the dead. If we accept the letter as genuine, as I for one do, it shows that Edmund Gurney, who died in 1888, was in communication with F. W. H. Myers within a few days after the latter's death and keenly apprehensive for his welfare. Had Myers been a living invalid, critically ill, Gurney could not have been more solicitous.

It seems that after a time Myers completed this period of gestation and began himself to communicate by "automatic writing" through the hand of Mrs. Verrall, who was living in India. Writing on November 20, 1903, he said:

"I know it will soon be three years since I passed over, passed on, but I feel still in the early stages of development, as it were. The obscuration of consciousness was prolonged in my case to an abnormal period. Nearly the whole of the first year was hidden from me. I was entranced, as it were. That accounts for some failure of compact, does it not? It is all so far more difficult than one imagines. Even granting the strength requisite to reach the threshold, one can but fall helplessly upon it, spent and one's message stilled."

Myers, the poet, is still fond of poetry in the Great Beyond. This is a reminiscence of Tennyson's "Persephone." In other letters he quotes poetry often; in one letter of high evidential value he refers to two unpublished poems of his own based on Odes of Horace. It is part of a long chain of evidence, unfortunately too long to quote. Another letter of his, six days later, sheds still more light on what I have ventured to call the period of gestation, and also on the condition of consciousness not within space.

Consciousness Beyond Space

"The period of oblivion was unusually long with me. There was no link between my utter unconsciousness of the things of earth—the last thing I felt was the touch that closed my eyes—and the passage to the plane I now occupy. The transit was absolutely unknown to me, and I am not conscious of a return journey, as it were, when I communicate in this way. At least I am conscious of strain and effort, but I cannot note the stages of the way. The nearest simile I can find to the difficulties of sending a message is that I appear to be standing behind a sheet of frosted glass, which blurs sight and deadens sound, dictating feebly to a reluctant and somewhat obtuse secretary."

The state of being not within space is graphically illustrated by another fact. Myers, in his dictation, as he calls it, was quite unhampered by the whereabouts of his secretary. He could and did dictate letters through "automatic writers" in America, England, Algeria, and India at about the same time, and some of the best "cross-correspondences" were obtained in this way. But something of the sort is quite within our own experience, as it should be, if our own minds are, as I believe, in part not within space. We can think of a friend, let us say, in Boston, another in New York, another in Chicago, and another in San Francisco all within a few seconds; all are equally close to us in thought, and all, be it remembered, are equally near to us for transference of thought if they happen to have the faculty to receive it. This illustration, thinking of places at different distances, is used in the Buddhist scriptures to indicate that the post-mortem states are not within space; in fact, just as I have used it. Another proof that we are not really dealing with startling novelties.

What is a Ghost?

In a letter written a few weeks later, on January 7, 1904, Myers brings out a very important point: that apparitions of the dead are, what we have already suggested apparitions of the living to be, thought forms transferred from one mind to another; in this case from the mind of the dead to the mind of the living:

"I want to make it thoroughly clear to you that the eidolon [apparition] is not the *spirit*, only the simulacrum. If M—— were to see me sitting at my table, or if any one of you became conscious of any semblance standing near my chair, that would not be *I*. My spirit would be there, invisible but perceptive, but the appearance would be merely to call your attention to identify me. It fades and grows less easily recognized as the years pass, and my remembrance of my earthly appearance grows weaker. If you saw me as I am now you would not recognize me in the least.

'All I could never be, all men refused in me,
This was I worth to God whose wheel the pitcher shaped.'

I appear now as I would fain have been, as I desired to be in the very vain dreams of youth, and the timelined, pain-lined, suffering face that some of you remember with tenderness is a mere mask now that I strive to conjure up for you to know me by. But my power is weak and you are not really receptive. . . . Remember once again that the phantom, the so-called ghost, is a counterfeit presentment *projected by the spirit*."

The Mistake of Lamentation

This is the point I wished to bring out: the invisible but perceptive consciousness of the departed makes a mind image of the former body and then sends it, by thought transference, to the mind of the person who "sees the apparition." This shows, I think, how direct is the bearing of the early experiments in thought transference on these later experiments in communication with the dead. In the first case there are two minds with two bodies; in the second there are two minds and only one body; that is the only difference. The forces employed are identical. The same letter contains a sentence of profound human interest: "There is no sadder mistake than to imagine that by mourning for the dead their state of happiness is increased. Love they desire, but not lamentation."

On the following day Myers wrote, looking forward to the third anniversary of his death:

"The appearance of the simulacre does not necessarily imply that the spirit is consciously present. It may project the phantasm from a great distance. More usually, however, it is present. On two occasions only have I myself been able to perceive the surroundings I so desired to see; once at a meeting, and you all appeared to me as flat cardboard figures seen through a gray mist. The next time was a few weeks ago at home. I would try so hard on the anniversary that is only nine days away now if I could be sure you really wished and desired my eidolon without any fear or reluctance. Any terror would distress me unspeakably. In my present state thoughts pain me more than wounds or burns could do while I lived. It is a part of the stage through which I pass, an evolutionary stage."

Besides perceptive power and memory, the surviving consciousness possesses will and desire and an affectionate regard for friends. This comes out in a letter which Myers wrote on the third anniversary of his death, but only a few lines of which, addressed to Sir Oliver Lodge, I have space to quote:

"Dear old chap, you have done so much in past three years. I am cognizant of a great deal of it, but with strange gaps in my knowledge. If I could only talk with you. If I could only help you with some advice. I tried more than once. Did it ever come? There is so much to be learned by the Diamond Island experiment."

Can We Send Our Thoughts to the Dead?

This shows, by the way, what is amply demonstrated in a hundred other instances, that thoughts can be transferred from the minds of the living to the minds of the dead as well as the reverse. The allusion in the last sentence is to certain experiments in wireless telegraphy between Diamond Island in Lower Burma and the Andaman Islands. Probably the need of attuning the receiver to the transmitter was what he had in mind.

Myers, according to this testimony, was in a trance, almost completely unconscious, for nearly a year after his death. This, it would seem, is not always the case. Here is a letter from another eminent seeker after psychical knowledge which bears on the same point. Professor William James died on August 26, 1910. Two months later, on October 29th, the following communication was received as from him by Professor J. H. Hyslop through the "automatic writing" of Mrs. Chenoweth:

". . . My memory is clear on past events, but the recollection does not embrace each detail any more than yours does. In other words, my memory is not intensified or clarified by death, but neither is my memory dimmed. That is a point you and I discussed, I believe. . . . Never before was the interest so sane in these matters. I talked with Henry about these things, but now it seems to me that I did not make it very strong. We agreed to come to each other in case of death, but we little thought that I would be the one. . . . It is all experiment and experiment. I intended to give you another lot of work like that you last had, but my notes were not quite complete; but Harry will give it to you later. Some of the proceedings of the English society I had, and they were not complete, either. I wonder if you know of this. I saw Lodge. His work—it is more sure than mine, more unequivocal, and his mind must have been clear about some of the doubtful things in mine. He has wonderful faith and patience and is a thoughtful and careful investigator."

What I find most striking in this is the tone of entire serenity. But two months dead and quite contentedly discussing incompleted manuscripts and the work of a colleague. Certainly death did not seem either horrible or sensational or momentous to him; rather it was a serene necessity, like the sunrise.

How William James Identified Himself

Professor James, if these communications are, as I think, really from him, sets very deliberately about the work of identifying himself. Using the hand of Mrs. Chenoweth, the "automatist," he writes carefully and legibly, declaring that he would rather stand up to a mistake than take refuge behind bad writing. He finds this process of writing with the hand of another rather like using a strange typewriter, and this leads to a reminiscence which he evidently gives for its value in identifying him on the theory that the trivial things may be the best evidence:

"It is a part of the problem, but I fancy one might grow so accustomed to the use of the machine that the difficulty would disappear. I never could use a typewriter to do my work, and I remember speaking to Harry about typewriting at one time, and he said many good writers—good machine writers, I mean—could not compose and write at the same time. Henry, my brother, Harry, my son, and I each had much typewriting done for our several kinds of work, and we each had different methods. My manuscripts were carefully prepared for the one who should copy. Harry often dictates to the one at the machine direct, not always; and Henry does both ways, sometimes prepares, sometimes dictates to a stenographer who afterward writes it on the machine. I am explicit because I want no loopholes, and I trust I have made it plain."

Then comes a passage of a good deal of pathos, for all its serenity, showing that the living may be quite visible to the dead, though the dead are wholly hidden from the living:

"I have sat at table at home so many times since I came here. This is one of the hardest places my wife has to pass. The settled and definite tone of being alone is ever present there. If she might know my near and close proximity she would be at peace."

Elsewhere he speaks with equal pathos of visits to his son, who, I believe, has been quite unable to perceive any signs of identity, any proofs of survival, in these letters.

We must recognize that it is very much a matter of temperament. "The settled and definite tone" of incredulity will yield to no amount of evidence, however flawless. But with the years this will become rarer; and just as happened with the discoveries of Galileo and Darwin, we shall wake up some day to find the belief in immortality dominant once more.

In Conclusion

Let me say one word in conclusion. My own conviction of immortality rests on a basis quite apart from these psychical experiments or any like them, and would remain entirely uninfluenced and unperturbed if the psychical experiments were all swept away like cobwebs to-morrow morning.

They are in no sense essential to my conviction. Yet I believe them to be genuine and authentic, quite as completely, I imagine, as does, let us say, Sir Oliver Lodge. Authentic, yes; but wise and profitable? That is another question. Apart from the possible harm to those engaged in these experiments on both sides, I believe that the true way of learning, the things of our immortality is not this way of psychical experiment, but the far different, far harder, far more enduring way of interior self-conquest and purification. The promise of vision was made to the pure in heart, and this curious prying into the hidden things of death is not far from necromancy. Yet we need not be wiser than Providence. If these things are allowed to happen it is because they ought to happen, and, rightly taken, they may be of real use in breaking down initial incredulity, curing paralysis of the will, and setting our spirits free to seek the real immortality by the higher way.

AGAINST THE SUNSET GLOW

BY ELLA M. SMITH

My garden is brave in the delicate greens of spring,
With border of jonquils and edging of plum-blossom lace,
And purple-parked lilacs where black-and-gold orioles sing.
Below lies the road that leads to the burial-place!

And I know that my garden is only a vanishing dream:
For even in Maytime the hearse passes, solemn and slow;
And through the young leaves of the trees the white gravestones gleam.
Beyond them all, the hills in the sunset glow.

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DANGER AHEAD



Interludes

THE READY REPLYER

BEING A TREASURY OF REPARTEE IN EMBARRASSING MOMENTS FOR THE OTHERWISE UNPREPARED

(For a Gentleman Burglar Caught in the Bedroom of a Billionaire about to Start for the Opera, holding a Pearl Necklace in his Right Hand.)

BILLIONAIRE *(suddenly entering the room, which is only dimly lighted)*: What the Dickens are you doing here?

BURGLAR *(suavely, with a polite bow)*: Ah, sir, with what singular prevision you use that noble name of Dickens! True, you have used it in an ejaculatory fashion, and in a purely colloquial sense, but how aptly it fits at a moment when ineptitude would have been most pardonable! In this dim light, and with this mask upon my face, you of course do not recognize me, but, now that you have surprised me in so equivocal a position, it is only proper that I should confess to you that to the world at large I am known as Harrison Wintergreaves Bumbleton, author of those popular novels *Squidge, The Third Wife of Wallabout Watkins*, and *Kismet the Sultan's Bride*, all of them favorably known to the trade as best sellers, alongside of which the works of Shakespeare, Milton, and Moses sink into the insignificant realms of the arrant Plug. My whole life, sir, from my happy boyhood days until this dramatic moment has been devoted to the limning of life, the delineation of character, and the analysis of perplexing problems of high social import. My quest is truth. Never have I stooped to pen a line that was not based upon the results of my own observation. By day, by night, even as did Dickens, to whom you have so impulsively referred, I have sought the real and the true, and every human experience that you find narrated in my novels you may rest assured has been an actual experience of my own along the precise lines therein indicated. Do I wish to depict an heroic rescue of a drowning maiden from the treacherous waters of the sea? I employ a lady to jump into the seething waters, myself plunge in after her, save her from her fate, and on the emotions derived from that perilous act base the psychological conclusions which my romance is designed to set forth. Do I wish to portray the sufferings of a man overwhelmed by debt and pursued by duns? I never rely on my imagination in setting forth the details of his stress of mind. I plunge myself deep into debt with tailors, jewelers, and restaurateurs, and from the consequent agitation of my own soul with all the fidelity of my pen I draw my picture of that style of human misery. Analogous to this method was that of Dickens—as you have suggested. He drew his marvelous stories from those unfailing well-springs of romance the hearts and sufferings of men. He went himself into the purlieus. Sounded the depths of misery. With his keen eye he—"

BILLIONAIRE *(impatiently)*: What in thunder has all this got to do with your presence here?

BURGLAR: I am writing a series of stories, sir, with a gentleman burglar as the central figure, and in my effort to keep myself true to the highest standards of realism I have temporarily embarked upon a profession which I abhor, but which—

(At this point spring upon the billionaire and, after gagging him and shoving him under the bed, swallow the pearls, put on his fur overcoat and silk hat, and walk quietly downstairs. Leave by the front door and, jumping into his waiting automobile, tell the chauffeur to take you to the Grand Central Station as fast as he can; take the first train to Chicago, disembark at Albany, and return by the night boat, thereby successfully doubling upon and covering your trail.)



"SUCH A LOVELY DAY, ARTHUR! WHY NOT TRY PAINTING OUTDOORS?"
"CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND, ANGELINE, I'M TRYING TO GET AWAY FROM NATURE?"



"'LO, JIM! FISHIN'?"
"NAW; DROWNIN' WORMS."

THE EVIDENCE

"You think old man Watson was angry, do you?" said Wiggles.

"You'd have thought so if you'd seen the profane look he gave me," said Walloper.

"Profane look? What on earth is a profane look?" asked Wiggles.

"Why—a sort of cursory glance," said Walloper.

THE PEACE-LOVER

"You believe in peace at any cost, do you, Jimpson?" said Binks.

"I do," said Jimpson. "I never cherish wrath. If I have a hatchet of any kind to bury I bury it, even though the only place I can find for its interment is the neck of mine adversary."

THE ILL WIND

"Hooray!" cried Bilkins, joyously. "Hooray for the suffragettes."

"What now?" asked Smithers.

"Why," chortled Bilkins, "they've just dropped a lot of acid into the mail-box and destroyed two notes of mine payable at sight to-morrow."

HE KNEW

"When these suffragettes really get the ear of England, I wonder what they will do with it," said Mr. Henpeck.

"I know," said little Tommy Henpeck. "If they're all like ma they'll wash it."

NEARING THE FINISH

She had just said yes.

"Heigho," he sighed, wearily, as she snuggled up with her head on his manly chest. "It has been a long and a hard race."

"Yes," she replied, "and you don't know what a comfort it is to me, Henry, to find myself on my last lap."

CLASSIFIED

"Do you consider old Slithers a humorist, Binks?" asked Dubbleigh.

"Not exactly," said Binks. "I should call him an exhumerist. Most of his merry quips have been exhumed from the forgotten reservoirs of the defunct hitherto."

READY FOR THE FRAY

"Who do you suppose that man was who just went up the street in the taxicab, dressed in a suit of medieval armor?" asked the visitor to London. "Some advertising agent for a costume company?"

"No," said the policeman. "That was the Prime Minister going to address a suffragette meeting, sir. He has to wear scissor-proof clothes."

AN EFFECTIVE PRESIDENT

"Bosh!" said Mr. Nervepop, after Mrs. Nervepop had expressed the wish that a woman might be President of the United States for just one week. "What could she do?"

"What could she do?" retorted the lady. "I tell you this, James, that if I could get into the White House with a couple of good Swedes to help me I'd do more in a minute than any President we've had in twenty years with both Houses of Congress and his Cabinet behind him!"

HER BALLOT

"Well, my love," said Mr. Dubbkins, after her return from the polls, "did you get your vote at last?"

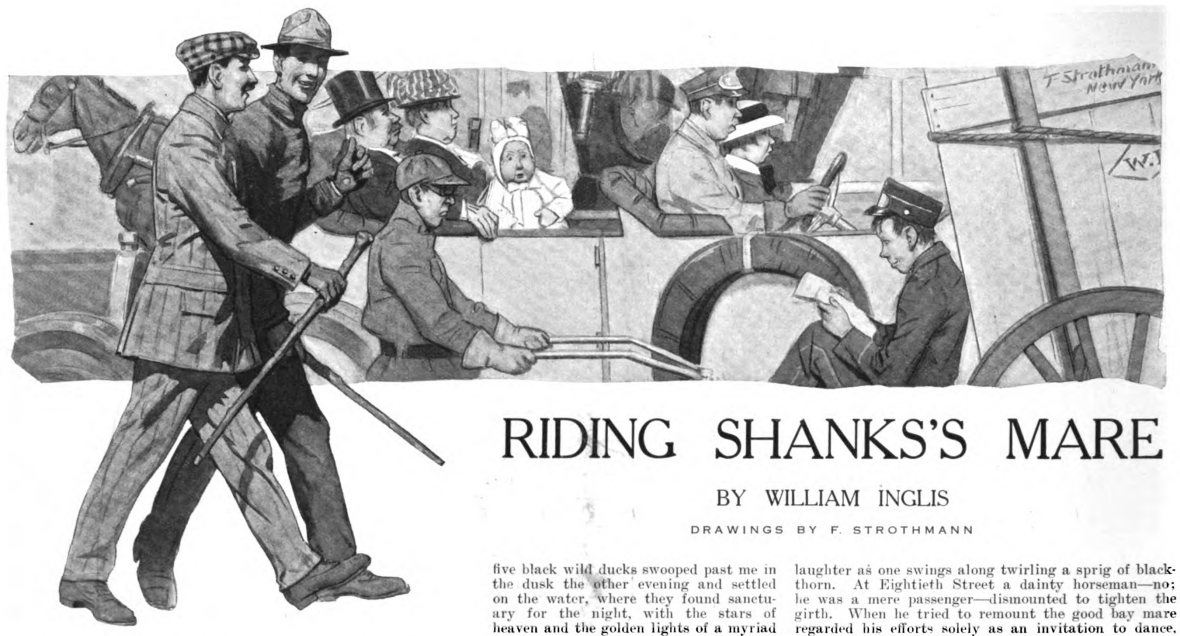
"Yes," said Mrs. Dubbkins, with a happy smile. "There it is!"

She threw the ballot upon his desk.

"Why," said Mr. Dubbkins, "didn't you cast it?"

"Cast it?" retorted Mrs. Dubbkins. "Cast it? You don't suppose for a moment that now that I've got it I'm going to let go of it, do you? Not if I know myself—I'm going to have it framed."

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PENN STATE



RIDING SHANKS'S MARE

BY WILLIAM INGLIS

DRAWINGS BY F. STROTHMANN

I SPEAK for the revival of an ancient art, an art unknown to Americans to-day. Primeval man lived by it. Rome conquered the world with it. Ancient peoples, whose very names are long since swallowed in the black pit of oblivion, found great profit in it. The art is still practised by all wild tribes, and it survives to a great degree among the people of Great Britain.

The lost art is the art of walking. We Americans do not walk. We take the railway train, the trolley-car, the elevated road, the subway, the automobile, the elevator, the escalator, the moving sidewalk—or, rather, these things take us—and we cheat our legs of their rightful exercise. At this point I seem to hear an interruption. "Exercise again! Dang exercise! I *won't* take exercise!" exclaims the tired American. Very well, sir; then you shall take pills or a trip to Carlsbad or the deadly peril of a surgical operation—probably all three—if you won't take exercise. . . . Away he goes in a rage, shuffling off to his car. Peace be unto him, poor devil; he won't be with us long.

Now that we are rid of the peevish interrupter, let us take a calm survey of this walking proposition. Do we really need to walk? Reader, if you will but have the patience to stay to the end of this screed and then can truly declare that you need no walk, I will humbly promise to do all your walking for you as long as grass grows and water runs. Let me make the pace of the nation, and I care not who makes its laws.

But, you may say, here is one who is quite daft about walking: I have no time to waste on such a bedlamite. Haven't you, though? You'd better read on, wisely employ your time. Suppose I can not only prove that walking is a splendid exercise (I would say the best except that each faddist swears his own fad is the best), but that it is a spirited game, that it is far more entertaining than flying through dust-clouds in an automobile, that it is an everlasting source of delight, of fascination, of joy, fair day or foul, from bounding youth to shuffling age—then will you not give heed? And when I add that it will make you eat like Gargantua and sleep like a night-watchman, will you not attend? It is really a great game; the first we learn and the last we lose: let us go to it.

Most of us refuse to acknowledge in our daily habit what we owe to the animal man. Though we be wise as Solomon, or mighty as Napoleon, or as full of oversoul as Shelley, we are still animals; omnivorous two-legged animals that need most solicitous care. Though the ego be the ego of a superman, yet while it abides in this world it must remain encased in and riding upon its animal part. Treat the animal with justice, and he carries the ego bravely to think high thoughts and do great deeds; neglect or abuse the animal man and he stumbles and pitches his ego with more or less torture out of this world. There is no escape. Feed the horse in idleness; he spoils. Do the same with the higher animal; the result is worse.

What has this to do with walking? Everything, sir. Walking is the safest, surest, best, cheapest, and most excellent way of exercising the human animal. Whether he live in the most congested city or in the most desolate wilderness, the means is always at hand.

. . . . . .

There, I've done it! I am no sophisticated rhetorician, but I became inebriated with my own reasoning, and my legs ran away with me at the end of the last paragraph. It was a lowering, gray, early spring morning. I did four miles along Riverside Drive in fifty-five minutes—a pleasant jog on the wet, slippery ground. What a joy it was to throw down the tyrant pen, with the perpetual challenge of a drop of ink on the point, and go for a brisk ride on Shanks's mare! Time there was very little or I also should have circled the big reservoir in Central Park, where five black wild ducks swooped past me in the dusk the other evening and settled on the water, where they found sanctuary for the night, with the stars of heaven and the golden lights of a myriad of apartment-houses winking back at them from the inky depths.

Yet in the meager four miles along the Drive there was far more entertainment and fun than the tired business man finds in his stuffy theater. From the hilltop at Grant's Tomb I looked north along the Hudson, past the misty gateway between the Palisades and Inwood, and far off into infinity. Wise babies by the score had brought their nurses out to take the air and have a few thousand words with the guardian police. The buses and motor-cars rolled north and south full of fat and foolish folks, fine food for silent laughter as one swings along twirling a sprig of blackthorn. At Eightieth Street a dainty horseman—no; he was a mere passenger—dismounted to tighten the girth. When he tried to remount the good bay mare regarded his efforts solely as an invitation to dance, and, like Willie in the song, she waltzed him around again—rou-ound and rou-ound and round. He threw me an appealing look, but I remembered doing a similar dance with a depraved gray mule under the rifles of eight of Pino Guerra's sentinels in Cuba, while black buzzards hovered near and hoped for the best. That memory settled the dainty passenger's fate. Let him stop his own horse. He was better off.

Half-way home I became aware of a greater light in the sky and turned and looked where the sun ought to be—a little past the meridian. The cloud-bank was dissolving, and little by little the sun himself



The pictures that vaunt themselves in sky and woods and water

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appeared; first as a pale silver ghost in the deep mist, then with more and more strength and the silver slowly growing into gold, and at last a great fiery golden ball blazing through the mist upon the noble river and the schooners moored along the shore—all as if the spirit of Turner had kindly come to paint me a picture.

But let us return to the sober discussion of the walking proposition. Few readers of this page need any introduction to Dr. Dudley A. Sargent, who for many years has directed the physical culture of the students at Harvard University. I quote from a newspaper despatch from Cambridge:

"'Walk and get well. Walk regularly and keep well,' said Dr. Sargent.

"Dr. Sargent has seen many thousands of men in his day; has tested their lungs, hearts, and muscles; has taken measurements of their biceps and every portion of their bodies; has seen men grow in stature and strength from gymnasium work; has followed the physical development of members of the various athletic teams in Harvard for more than a generation; has trained women to become teachers of physical culture; and has applied the tape and stethoscope to all the pugilistic champions and strong men of modern times, and yet, standing in the presence of a great collection of gymnastic apparatus he announces that the greatest health producer and preserver is within the grasp of every living person who can walk."

The reason for this high praise of walking is not hard to understand. Perfect assimilation of food and elimination of waste by the body go on only when proper physical exercise burns out the right amount of tissue each day. The best exercise, not only because it is the most natural, but because it is least apt to be overdone, is walking. There is no temptation for the tired man to "play just one more set," as in tennis, or go a few rounds more, as in boxing.

How should the walk be directed? Very simply—start from any point you like and walk home. Always let the walk end at home, where bath and dry clothes await you. Some men boast that they walk down to business every day.

Ugh!

Besides, there is the danger of catching cold as one sits around in moist clothes. And if the clothes are not all moist the man is no walker, but a mere mincing dawdler, beneath the notice of honest folk. Also one should never stray so far as to need car or train or boat to fetch him home. Riding in any conveyance while hot, damp, and tired is a strong bid for pneumonia or lumbago.

Put on old clothes. Carry a jagged blackthorn to dissuade strange dogs from your calves. Wear a flannel shirt and a sweater and an old cap or soft wool hat; also loose, old gloves. Of course, you may wear, if you like, dainty tucked shirts of madras or percale; but these lines are addressed to men. Thick socks of natural gray wool that has never been dyed are the best, Edward Payson Weston tells me.

"I can't tell you who makes them," says Mr. Weston, "but I always recognize them at sight, and I've bought them all over the country. They never cost more than fifty cents a pair."

Mr. Weston ought to know what's best. He is *the* Weston who walked recently from Portland, Maine, to Chicago, when he was seventy years old, twenty-four hours faster than he had done the feat when he was only forty. He also says the shoes should be laced, of medium weight of sole, broad and comfortable, with broad, flat heels. Shoes that are too loose let the foot slide to and fro and raise blisters.

It is well to have the front of the shoe loose, the part over the instep snug and bracing, and the part around the ankle loose enough to allow free play. That is the advice of Mr. Weston, who is probably the most illustrious walker in the world; also the advice of Dan O'Leary, whom Wild Jack O'Marra used to call "the grandest pedestheralian that man ever saw."

Are we, then, to become Westons and O'Learys? Far from it. That would tax our meager powers too heavily. But we shall do well to borrow from these masters who have learned by experience over thousands of miles just what is the best equipment for the game. And, by the way, shoes can be kept snug over the instep and free elsewhere by a very simple expedient: lace them very closely half-way; there tie a firm square knot, then lace rather loosely up to the top.

Now to the walk, always remembering that whether in town or country the journey's end must be at home, or at least at a place where a bath and fresh clothing are to be had.

The important question now arises—shall the walker go single or in company? The answer, as Sam Weller would say, depends upon the taste and fancy of the walker. One might cite a score of authorities on either side, and each would carry conviction—if the reader happened to be already of his mind. What says Robert Louis Stevenson, the Master of Outdoors? Here is his rule:



Shall the walker go single or in company?

"A walking tour should be gone upon alone, because freedom is of the essence; because you should be able to stop and go on, and follow this way or that, as the freak takes you; and because you must have your own pace and neither trot alongside a champion walker nor mince in time with a girl. . . . There should be no cackle of voices at your elbow to jar on the meditative silence of the morning. And as long as a man is reasoning he cannot surrender himself to that fine intoxication that comes of much motion in the open air, that begins in a sort of dazzle and sluggishness of the brain and ends in a peace that passes comprehension."

True; all true; every word truth. And yet who would deny himself the pleasure of companionship even for the sake of that fine intoxication that comes of much motion in the open air? Indeed, he need not be alone to feel that; and I am sure that all who practice fairly long walks, or rows, or rides, or skating journeys will easily recall instances of the delightful intoxication R. L. S. describes that have been shared with friends. It seems to me that Stevenson was one who loved solitude for its own sake. Rightly, too, if one reflects how infinitely more entertaining must have been the play of his magic fancy than the cackle or drone of voices at his elbow, though his gentle and kingly mind would be the last to think such a thing. He really states his case in The Pavilion on the Links (I think it is) when he says, "I was a great solitary when I was young." The vast open world spoke to him, entertained him. Yet (although I have gone so far as to walk myself almost into collapse in order to scare off a bore) I must record my humble opinion that good company enhances the delight of a walk as it does the delight of a swim or of a good meal. Nothing pleasant, it seems to me, can be done well alone. Even reading, which some might think a single-handed pastime, is vastly improved if one has at hand a loyal and patient friend to whom he may exclaim, "Oh, listen to this!" and then proceed to the twofold joy of the savor of the author's thought and the never-failing fascination of his own voice.

But, to return to our path, do we really need to reason as we go? Friendly chat, or a little bantering, or mutual joy in the humors of the road, are wonderfully entertaining on a walk. If one must perforce go alone—which happens far too often in these days of flat-footed drones, and their Capuan automobiles—then the mind will devise a thousand amusing pleasantries to while away the hours. The first mile is always a matter of keen speculation. The walker asks himself, "How am I going to-day?" and, being mindful that the heart must not be rushed and that a slow pace at the beginning is the best, is happy to find that the first mile is done in fourteen minutes. No speed in that. Champions wouldn't waste a sniff on it. Very well, then. Let them save their sniffs. You and I, friend reader, find it comfortable going; neither a crawl nor an amble, but a fine, exhilarating pace that warms the legs like wine and makes the upper chest heave high over the deep luxury of full breaths.

It is good fun to loaf along the next mile or two, and then, after a few moments' rest, to try a little bit of pace. The gravelly path around the big reservoir in Central Park is not bad for this. It measures an even mile and three-quarters, and is broken in only two places, by the falling and rising steps and plazas of stone, at the gate-houses. The air of the region is especially bracing, for, as the learned Dr. Girdner points out, it is re-enforced by great quantities of ozone brought down from the Croton uplands in the aqueduct and first set free as the water comes bubbling and swirling into the reservoir.

Moreover, the scene is inspiring. Mike Donovan and Charley Mitchell and Tom Sharkey and many another good man have trained for battle by often running its length. Here the rich Andrew Carnegie walks his prescribed distance in the season, and Finley Peter Dunne, the genial philosopher, hammers out ideas to the crunching notes of his heels. I like to do the distance on the watch—21 minutes; 20 minutes; 19 m. 20 s., etc.—as the luck of the day may have it. There is no more amusing business than to do a few miles here and there "on the watch," as the athletes say. As for the pictures that vaunt themselves in sky and woods and water as one goes, I forbear to speak lest I should be thought a mad enthusiast. In a word, any man who is not a slave to money or his senses can derive infinite entertainment as well as great health from walking.

And after the journey and the shower, a half-hour's rest and a good meal, what autocrat would not envy the walker? Let us take our last look at him through the eyes of Stevenson:

"If the day be fine and warm there is nothing better in life than to lounge before the inn door in the sunset, or lean over the parapet of the bridge to watch the weeds and the quick fishes. It is then, if ever, that you taste Joviality to the full significance of that audacious word. Your muscles are so agreeably slack, you feel so clean and so strong and so idle, that whether you move or sit still, whatever you do is done with pride and a kingly sort of pleasure."

LIFE'S HERITAGE

BY BLAKENEY GRAY

When so a heavy rod shall rise to smite me,
And sore afflictions come to sear my soul,
And complications round about affright me,
And clouds of sorrow from all sides uproll;
When trial waits my gaze at every turning,
And chill misunderstanding greets my deed,
And spite of all the thirst for good that's burning
Within my heart finds no responsive heed;

When sturdy friends I've counted on are wanting;
When enemies rejoice to see me fall;
And in my troubled spirit gray the haunting
Fears of a ruin imminent appal;
When all my days are days of gloom and sadness,
And where was light no hint of light appears,
And every hope I hold to seems but madness,
And they who used to praise now turn to jeers;

Still in my breast, despite its load of sorrow,
Despite the pressure of o'erwhelming care,
I sense the thrilling joy of a to-morrow
Whose dawn shall lighten up the darkness there.
I sense a moment nigh when, woe abating,
I'll tread the path that leads on to release,
And find a cure for troubles dire awaiting
Safe in the everlasting arms of Peace.

For Life and Love so close are interweaving
That none can live and yet be portionless;
And days must come with hours all retrieving
The dreary years of unfound happiness;
And he whose share of Love is not yet ready,
Whose measure of its joy is yet unknown,
Need only keep his Faith both sure and steady
To come sometime, somewhere, into his own!

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SCIENCE AND POLAR EXPLORATION

BY WILLIAM HALLOCK

THE recent professional explorer of the arctic or antarctic regions has generally contributed little or nothing to the serious advantage of science in any proportion to the sacrifice.

There are many things to be discovered on or about this globe on which we live. Men may differ as to what is important and what is not in these discoveries, but the most valuable result to be hoped for from any expedition of danger to human life is what it may contribute to science in its broadest sense. The lives themselves of the men who undertake these expeditions are not so important to the cause of science. No one can deny that the fate of Scott and his companions was very terrible, and there is no doubt that these men were brave and went through great physical privation, but just what the success of the Scott expedition would have meant to science, to the information of the scientific world, if he had succeeded is questionable. It would have meant comparatively little. Scott followed the exact tracks that Shackleton had made in a previous expedition to the south pole. He was merely pursuing the plans of conservatism in his intention to go a few miles beyond Shackleton's record. There are so many things in the Scott expedition that are inexplicable from the standpoint of what should have been done that we must not attempt to judge anything about it until we get the final facts. However, aside from the human element of disaster in the history of the Scott expedition, little has been contributed to science by its work. Nor, if Scott had been successful, would anything of great importance have been contributed to the information we already have.

Scott's Journey Partly Justified

Of course the journey to the south pole was to verify our suspicion that there was land there. That discovery will give us geographical information which will add to geological science by justifying a scientific theory that the south pole or the antarctic region was at some time joined to the South American and South African continents. By examining the strata and the fauna of this land at the south pole we should be able to decide the question. In this respect both Shackleton's and Scott's expeditions to the south pole were more easily justifiable than any dash to the north pole.

Most of the men whose names have been glorified by the world for their discoveries in the great ice regions that lie north and south on the world have been professionally engaged in their unselfish work. Some of them, if not all of them, I am sure were perfectly aware that they would make no great discovery for the benefit of scientific men. They were quite sure also that their fame would be established and that their records in the popular history of their time would make history for themselves. The explorer is a peculiar type of man. He is ambitious for the limelight. The contributions which are always at hand for him who performs heroic deeds have a material bearing upon his choice of a career. The man who jumps off the Brooklyn Bridge becomes an explorer to the great herd of humanity from which he leaps. Every one wants to know how he felt when he jumped, how he suffered, how nearly he died, and how he was rescued. All this makes excellent reading-matter and is eagerly read. No one cares very much whether, by jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge, the man has done anything for humanity or for science, or for himself, for that matter. Now your polar explorer, your mountain-climber, are seldom accomplishing more for science than the man who jumps off the Brooklyn Bridge.

Peary Taught Science Nothing New

Take Peary's discovery of the north pole, for instance. Scientifically it was not at all necessary for Peary to discover the pole, which it is assumed he did. It had been discovered by science long before he began his first series of dashes. We knew exactly where the north pole was and we knew that there was an ocean there. Peary, of course, verified the fact that we were correct. He discovered the water at the north pole, and he thrilled us with somewhat unverified information that it was an "unfathomable" sea. But he had lost his sounding instruments before he got a chance to use them in this water. Without desiring to criticize any individual explorer, so far as the records are concerned upon which an explorer's veracity is established, they can be manufactured in New York City with perfect accuracy. I can submit a set of figures representing the records of an expedition to the north pole right here in my office which will be absolutely correct, though I have never been there. This fact alone proves that science has a very thorough knowledge of the surface of this earth, and that, in fact, there is very little left on it to discover. Poor Cook, discredited upon the ground that his figures could not have been so accurate if he had obtained them by observation in actual proximity to the north pole, may have been there, after all. There is no such thing as an actual correct barometric measurement of the height of a mountain, for instance, because of the changes which affect the delicate measuring instrument. And yet we find men coming back from mountains they have climbed, telling us the exact number of feet of its height. This question of the right and wrong information supplied by explorers themselves is very confusing to the simple scientific mind. Peary, for instance, described having discovered on his approach to the north pole some animal tracks, possibly a fox's, which would indicate land near by, because these animals never venture very far away from land, where they must find food. At the same time, Cook describes seeing land, for which he was afterward accused of being a faker. Now I do not know but what Cook may have seen the land which Peary suspected was near by, in which event Cook's claim to have reached the north pole might be reconsidered. As neither of them determined the exact geographical location of this unknown land, however, they contributed little to science. We knew that the north pole was open water; we were sufficiently sure of that from scientific information already at hand. There was no great excitement among scientists to get out there and actually look at the ice. But the scientific temperament is not "dashing."

I have often listened at lectures by men who have climbed dangerous mountains. Their experiences, as they tell them picturesquely, have been hair-raising; they have thrilled me as they went up and up and up, arriving at the top of the mountain, say, about five o'clock in the afternoon. And there they left me. Nothing was said about how they got down that night in the dark. The return trip of an explorer seems to have no significance. Necessarily the chief concern of the world at large about the explorer is anxiety to know whether he has reached the point he started to explore, which is very often of no interest at all to science.

Amundsen the Ideal Explorer

The man whom I consider an explorer with the quiet, scientific temperament best adapted to the service of his work is Captain Amundsen, who located the north magnetic pole, an invaluable contribution to science. While it was generally known about where the magnetic pole should be, Captain Amundsen's determination of its exact location will enable us to find out whether the variations of the magnetic lines of the earth move in unison with the magnetic pole, or whether the magnetic pole is stationary when these variations occur. Captain Amundsen did this very quietly, without any previous announcements of what he was going to do or how he was going to do it. He just fitted out his expedition quietly and went at his work and said nothing till he had finished.

Now Amundsen also discovered the south pole, which has recently been verified by the finding of his records by members of the Scott expedition. The manner in which he made this "dash" to the south pole described exactly his private opinion of the scientific unimportance of the trip. He made no preliminary promises to contribute anything to science by making this expedition, because he knew there would be nothing to contribute. Nor did he announce to the world the forthcoming heroism of his proposition. He desired no advance glory for himself and little after glory. He just made up his mind that he would like to make a little side trip by a short cut to the south pole, and in a sportsman-like state of mind he made the trip. This was in the nature of a little recreation after the long concentrative work he had accomplished in his location of the magnetic pole. Among the men who have seen extensive service in the arctic and antarctic regions, Captain Amundsen has had less to say about the privation and human risks of that life than any of his contemporaries. His schooling with one of the most sincere of arctic explorers, Nansen, seems to have stood him in good stead. Doubtless his personal sufferings or risks have been of indifferent importance to him compared to the pleasure of a successful scientific observation.

Another case where the return was fortunately considerable in comparison with the outlay was that of Stefánsson. But in proportion as it was not near the pole, it was fraught with human interest and was of real value. In proportion as it was not spectacular, it was really scientific. The addition of a little coast-line in a region where neither man nor animal can live is quite different from a systematic study of a branch of the human race.

Amundsen's plan to float over the north polar sea will be far more important to the scientific knowledge of the world than anything that has been done recently in north polar discoveries. If I were a younger man and felt free to make the journey, nothing would please me more than to apply for the position of a scientist with Captain Amundsen's proposed expedition, but I must admit it would be chiefly a junket to me.

The Youth of the Race

The student of geology realizes by his studies that the human race practically only arrived on the earth yesterday. The destiny of human life in the evolution of the earth itself is rarely imperilled by convulsions of nature. For instance, if the north pole were to take a notion to change its geographical position and occupy Manhattan Island, there would be a great immigration of people from New York and Canada and the eastern states to the south. This shift of positions, however, would probably take thousands of years, so that human life would not be endangered, but would have plenty of time in which to migrate gradually. I mention this to emphasize my earlier statement that there is no reason to become terribly excited when a few men and dogs reach an uninhabited part of the world, because their discovery will consist principally of their own courage and endurance or perhaps of some prehistoric skeleton or some alien offspring of the ages.

The work that men like Stanley or Livingstone have done is peculiarly interesting to the human race because they have discovered something about ourselves. But to go to the farthermost end of the world where people do not live and where animals cannot live is merely a test of human endurance, with very often shocking revelations of the dangers and sufferings encountered. When men undertake to create of themselves a separate community from all the world, such as these polar expeditions amount to, it seems necessary to establish a severe military law among themselves. The shocking revelations of the Greely expedition are a case in point. The shooting of a member of a party for the ultimate relief of the rest becomes necessary if, through physical incompetence, he becomes a burden upon the rest of the party. The fitness of a man for human endurance in the crisis of exposure or hunger or sickness is the only requirement of these exploring expeditions. They contribute much to the glory of those men who aspire to scientific distinction perhaps, but the scientific temperament is not inclined to spectacular heroism.

Adventure a New Form of Mania

When I read about the Duke of the Abruzzi climbing the Himalaya Mountains, I wonder if adventure is not becoming a new form of luxurious mania. No one seems to care very much to examine the trackless miles upon miles of water in the Pacific Ocean, for instance, and yet there are some interesting mysteries to be solved there for science. But the professional explorer prefers a far-off place, a trip with all expenses paid for several years, if possible, all in the cause of science. The amount of money that has been spent and the number of lives sacrificed in these polar expeditions would have been much better devoted to more normal channels of scientific research. Everything that concerns the magnetic currents of the earth, in which there is much yet to discover, would be of invaluable service to science. There is reason to believe that the axis of the earth changes or that it is subject to change, and we have yet made little discovery by which we might foretell these phenomena. Of course the human race has become so merged into one great family by the elbow touch which the telegraph and telephone have made that the report which comes to us of the disaster to the Scott expedition makes us very pitiful and sad, for the lives of those who have gone and for those who are left behind. If, however, we are going to consider the deeds of explorers who persist in discovering places for quasi-scientific reason, we must be reasonable. We must ask whether the pittance of scientific contribution is sufficient justification for the toll of human life.

THE ROSE

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

I AM the Rose, the promise of the spring
That winter's frosty chains, so withering,
Cannot avail, whate'er their power be,
To hold the soul for aye in slavery.

A messenger to spirits bowed in care,
The hopeless and oppressed, am I, and rare
The message that I spread throughout the land—
Hold fast thy faith! Release is at hand!

A messenger of love, likewise, am I.
I hold the kiss of sun the zephyr's sigh;
The loving whisper of the breeze that fills
The lonely heart with life's divinest thrills!

And they that pass along the thorny way,
Their fortunes fall in an evil day,
Despite my flaunt of color, they call me good
Because my friendship speaks brotherhood.

The glowing colors of the dawn are mine.
The gloried hues of sunset all combine
To clothe me in a vestiture all blent
With peace and joy and rapture and content.

And when the fragrance of my presence seeks
The spring and summer air, it but bespeaks
The need of all, in sorrow or in mirth,
The everlasting sweetness of the earth!

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THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

Mr. James Huneker's "Pathos of Distance"

BY F. M. COLBY

AS a gormandizer of books and a Sindbad of emotional adventure, Mr. James Huneker is, I suppose, peerless, and any criticism that I may direct against him will very probably have its source in envy. To have gone through all that and to remember so much of it—it is more than any man's fair share. George Moore once told him that he did not believe in books, that it was better to sit on a fence in the sunshine than bury oneself in reading, and that a half-dozen books read and reread sufficed for a lifetime. George Moore must have said this in self-defense after a glimpse at Mr. Huneker's table of contents. And it is absurd to think of Mr. Huneker's burial in books. He never goes down under them as do the learned Thebans whose minds seem wholly flattened by the weight. He is, rather, a sort of book-furnace of excellent draught. Stoke him with almost any book, and there is combustion. And it is the same way with music, painting, the drama, architecture, religion, philosophy, and many other things, for there seems no limit to his capacity for getting steam up—with too much rattle in the radiators, say his enemies, but that seems a rather captious criticism.

In this book, as in its predecessors, he ranges over all creation. He is the same eager, restless, beauty-gorging person, with infinite hospitality of mind. He begins with a tale of Villiers de l'Isle Adam, and ends with the philosophy of Bergson. He lingers during several chapters over George Moore, of whom apparently he has read every word, and whom he vastly admires for many reasons, and not least because he thumped the public and the critics and his fellow-writers, and was pagan enough to live his life—"as the odious phrase goes"—and wrote things that shock "that 'refined' New England school in whose veins slowly courses ink and ice-water." And having packed more of George Moore into a few pages than most people could get into a volume—including biography, anecdote, swift and very skilful summaries of several novels, comparisons, analysis, and appreciation—he dashes into the tale of his meeting with Helena von Doenniges in New York, which brings him to the story of Lassalle and Meredith's *Tragi-Comedians;* and thence he embarks on a long, intimate, and most vivacious discourse of Wagner, including things that are in the *Autobiography* and many others that are too wicked to be there, and developing the very shocking thesis that without sexual promiscuity there can be but little true art and hardly any music—whose makers, it would seem, are in that respect closer of kin to cats than to canary-birds. Here Mr. Huneker is almost too rigorous. One would gather that almost every time a composer has strayed from the hearth, beautiful music has resulted.

"To write a music drama like 'Tristan und Isolde,' to paint in its tones its swirling undertow of passion and guilt, demands a poet-composer who must feel first, subjectively at least, a tithe of the sensations he attempts to depict. The greatest love-story in the world—for it is more complete and vaster in its consequences than the unhappy loves of Paolo und Francesca—set to the musical-dramatic score, is what Richard Wagner accomplished in 'Tristan und Isolde'—and to achieve the gigantic task he underwent the tortures of an unhappy love second only in intensity to his music. . . . It may have been the lesser Wagner who almost disrupted the Wesendonck household; but why should we complain! We are the gainers. Have we not a precious possession in 'Tristan und Isolde'? That is the pagan view, not the ethical one."

It is not an especially pagan view; it is quite civilized and common; and I am not complaining of Wagner in the least. I complain only of Mr. Huneker for laying down the law to men of genius. What is a genius but one who can in imagination far transcend his own experience? He must not be expected to participate in all that he describes. To require him to commit adultery every time he writes about it is, I think, tyrannical. How good "Tristan und Isolde" would have been had Wagner not disturbed the piety of any hearthstone, no man will ever know.

Moreover, in the chapter on "The Artist and His Wife," Mr. Huneker is even more emphatic on the opposite side. As to sexual irregularities, he argues, there are more "comets and shooting-stars" among the second-rate artists than among the best. If one fellow with a "spongy, viscous soul," with nerves "made rotten" by his own conceit, treats his wife badly, or if one "feather-headed female, who has a singing voice, elopes with the coachman, the world shakes its head and waggishly smiles. Ah, this "artistic temperament!" And he adds "Life is not all beer and skittles even for the favored artist-soul, nor is art a voluptuous hothouse," and presents a long array of "artistic temperaments" that have been quite tame and virtuous under the marriage bond. That term "artistic temperament," by the way, throws him into one of his rages.

"Hawked about the market-place, instead of reposing in the holy of holies, this temperament has become a by-word. Every cony-catcher, pugilist, or cocotte takes refuge behind his or her 'art.' It is a name accursed. When the tripe-sellers of literature wish to rivet upon their wares public attention, they call aloud: 'Oh, my artistic temperament!' If an unfortunate is arrested, she is generally put down on the police-blotter as an 'actress.' If a fellow and his wife tire of too much bliss, their 'temperaments' are aired in the courts. Worse still, 'affinities' are dragged in. Shades of Goethe! who wrote the first modern novel and called it Elective Affinities. All decent people shudder at the word, and your genuine artist does not boast of his 'artistic temperament.' It has become gutter-slang. It is a synonym for 'nerves.' A true artist can get along without it, keeping within the sanctuary of his soul the ideal that is the mainspring of his work."

After vigorous chapters on American painters and foreign post-impressionists, he rambles again through the European art galleries in "New Promenades of an Impressionist," and ends with a very exciting survey of New York architecture.

"The master-builders! They are of our city, building not only homes for humans, but dizzy hives for supermen—the American businessman is your true superman nowadays."

He flouts the "futile intensity" of New York life and says the city can boast no dilettanti, and if you wish to catch a glimpse of your submerged soul you must go into a church, "where you can overhear yourself." "Do I exaggerate?" he asks. "But then every one does in New York." And every one must be in a terrible hurry; that is part of the game. The temper of the city is "ironically gay rather than cheerfully



James Huneker
CRITIC, NOVELIST, MUSICIAN

cynical." There are no old women to be seen. "All the women have grown young; all except the young women."

His account of the rearings and plungings of the New-Yorker's intellect makes one a bit nervous, and I wonder if the picture is not a little overdrawn. Even as to merely physical rapidity a number of foreign observers have recently declared their disappointment. They have said the people did not rush about nearly so wildly as in London, Vienna, and several other foreign capitals. Some have gone so far as to say that the proverbial New York "hustle" is a myth. As to any disturbing activity of mind, Mr. Huneker has but to look inside the great majority of leading citizens or almost any member of a respectable club, and he will be greatly reassured. They may be buzzing outwardly, but inside hardly anything is going on. I have this from many people who have penetrated into the interior of our most active citizens. No speed laws are required for their intellects. Neither politically nor artistically is the pace at all dangerous. We are deeply absorbed in the "timely topic," which is generally a safe preventive of our thoughts; our memories run back only to last week, and to-morrow's newspapers will surely reinforce our inner calm. Unwrap a New-Yorker's mind from the many sheets of newspaper that infold it and you will often find it an object quite familiar and unchanged; it often seems a domestic utensil, no more exciting than a flatiron. It is not true that "we bolt new ideas and invent new religions every season." We merely put them on, and, besides, they are not in the least new, but seem so just because we have forgotten the old ones. It may be, as Mr. Huneker says, that "you can't lounge in a treeless city," but you can go to sleep on the intellect of almost any well-dressed fellow-citizen as on a feather-bed. I do not believe the accusation that the intellectual and artistic life of us New-Yorkers is impetuous.

In his chapter on "Browsing Among My Books" he ranges as usual far and wide, and says much that is keen and stimulating. He picks up many amusing out-of-the-way things, among others this bit from Chivers:

"Chivers asserted that he, Chivers, was the 'first poet to make the trochaic rhythm express an elegiac theme, and the first to use the euphonic alliteration'—we quote Benton—and gives an extract of his own to prove his statement. It is magnificently humorous, though seriously meant by the poet:

"'As an egg when broken never can be mended, but must ever
Be the same crushed egg forever, so shall this dark heart of mine,
Which though broken is still breaking, and shall nevermore cease aching,
For the sleep which has no waking—for the sleep which now is thine.'"

As a critic he is the most thorough-going of impressionists. Along with Lillian Russell, Anatole France, and many others whom one might strangely group, he believes that criticism is after all only a one-man affair.

"Every one criticizes. Never forget that fact. The only difference between your criticism and mine is that I am paid for mine. That doesn't necessarily make it better. But the statement is well to keep in mind. If you disagree with me, you are only criticizing my criticism. But by the same token I may challenge yours."

He discusses William James under the title of "A Philosophy for Philistines," and Bergson as "The Playboy of Western Philosophy," and he smites them both with many flashing sentences. The pragmatist is an apostle of indifference compared with whom the agnostic is a mugwump.

"The agnostic hopelessly dropped his hands before the riddles of life, but the pragmatist does not indulge in such a useless gesture. . . . He is too sweet to be true. It tickles the vanity of the man of the multitude who thus believes that he can think without thinking. . . . See, says the pragmatist, such is truth. A chameleon ever changing. My truth may not be your truth. As there are so many humans on the globe, so are there as many truths. Comforted, the anxious one may go on dry land to rob, kill, or outrage if his conscience says him yea. But he is then an extreme case. He has criminal instincts. With such rude souls Professor James does not deal. Why should he? But—it may be pragmatism in the end."

Like many others, Mr. Huneker resents the notion of James that "the true is only the expedient in our way of thinking, just as the right is only the expedient in the way of our behaving." He picks out this and other passages of James, and very cleverly argues that they may mean too little or too much, and that judged by the pragmatist test itself they are of no utility. Pragmatism, he says, is "a species of sophistical picklock that is to open up all the metaphysical banks and reveal their bankruptcy." He does not, however, advance any serious objections that James himself has not foreseen. James, for example, declares his idea very ancient. Mr. Huneker says it dates back to the hills. James declares that it is derived from many sources. Mr. Huneker says that it bears on it the "deadly trail of eclecticism." A large part of his essay consists in developing picturesquely admissions which James has already made without taking note of James's further defensive arguments. The more valuable part is that in which Mr. Huneker propounds vigorously and under various forms the question, What is the use of pragmatism?

"What special call is there to tell those who seek the truth that it doesn't much matter for practical purposes what the truth is? Here is your invertebrate attitude, notwithstanding its lack of 'reality.'"

Philosophy, he says, merely sums the physiologic states of the particular philosopher, and quotes the definition of Mr. Thomas, "the hazards of my digestion." So far as results go, one philosophy is as good as another, and

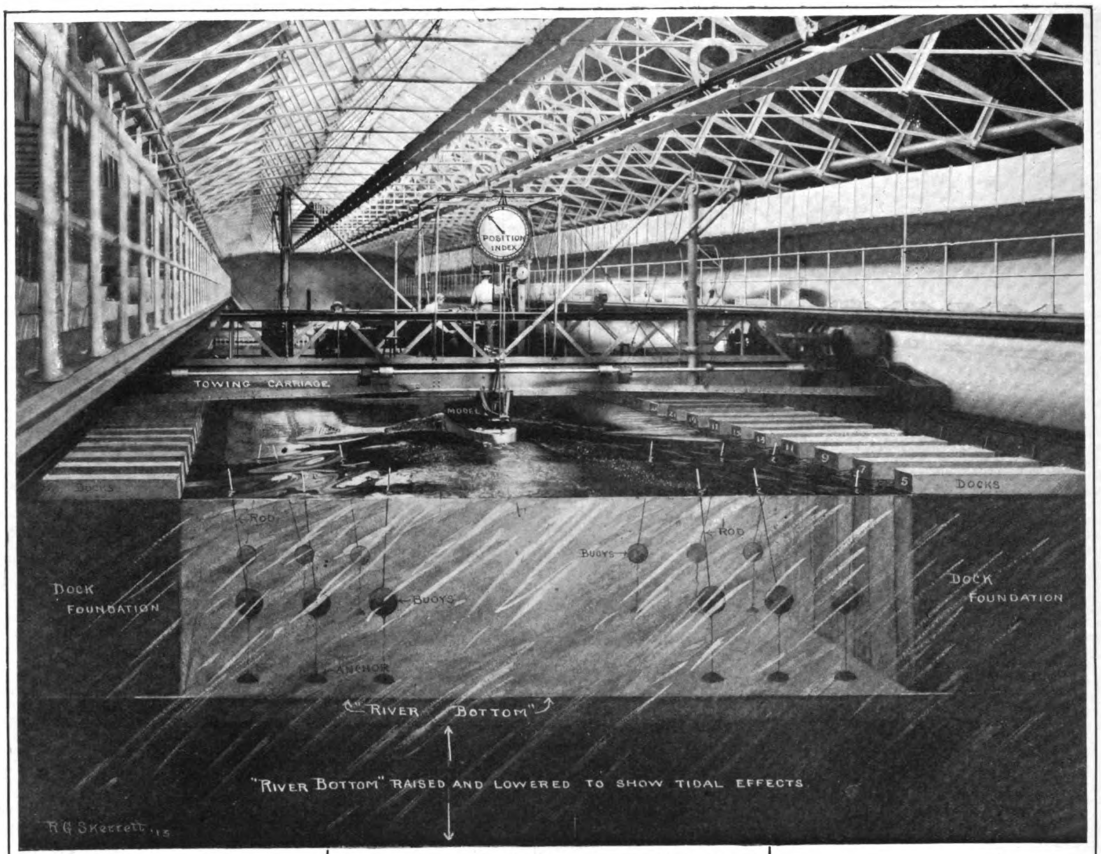
"Pragmatism is just one more example of metaphysical virtuosity in a world already overburdened with metaphysics and the common plague of mental gymnastics."

In a "Belated Preface to Egoists" he answers certain critics who took him to task for his lack of "general ideas." He says he doubts the value of "general ideas," and believes, rather, in their "dissociation." He gibes at the demand for neat classification of writers into "transition periods" or according to their definitely named ingredients. He declares for the philosophic egoists and the mystics. Healthy-minded men are not spiritual path-finders. Nietzsche saw "terrible" truths that he would not have seen had his brain remained normal. He was "mortally wounded" in spirit, and he "registered with rectitude his symptoms." The mystics, he says, are to him "the sanest folk in a world full of futile sounds." They have vision, and for that reason write with more precision than the rationalists. Nearly all the men whom he described in his book *Egoists* were unhappy. Those who returned to religion seemed happy. He does not press this argument. He does urge, however, that it is a wholesome thing "to retire to the 'seven solitudes' of your ivory tower."

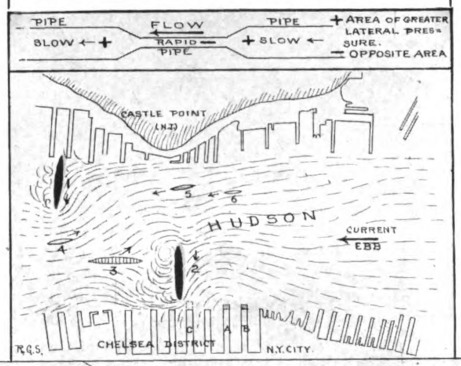
"But for those to whom the world is a place to collect bric-a-brac, stale 'truths,' reputations, respectability, other people's money, and earth-worms, the aphorism of Nietzsche must suffice for an epitaph: 'Some souls will never be discovered unless they be first invented.'"

With these somewhat threatening words he closes his variegated and very entertaining volume.

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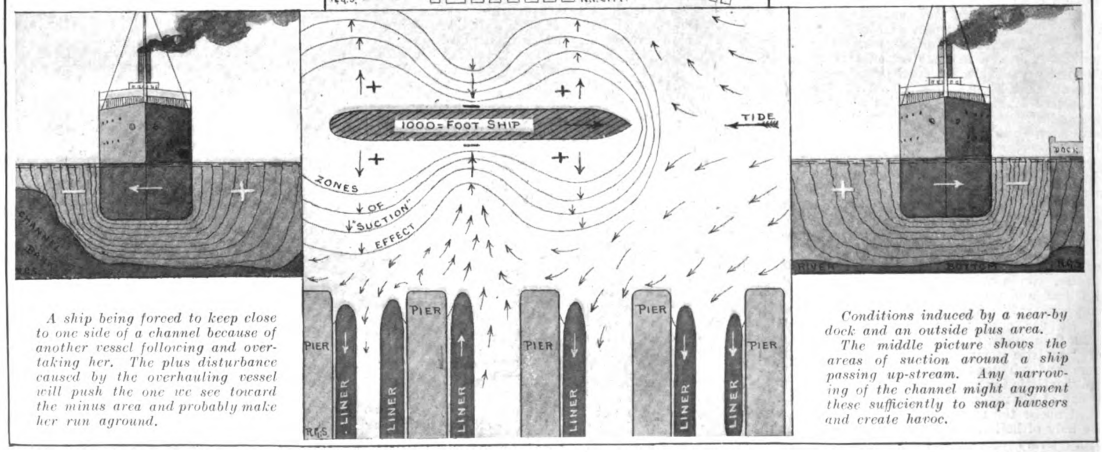


The United States Model Experimental Basin, showing the general scheme under which the New York pier problem of the Hudson River was investigated.



Illustrating the effect upon speed of a tidal current when the width of the channel varies. Plus and minus areas may be produced by a vessel anchored in a strong current, or a ship moving at corresponding speed when the tideway is slight. These areas of different lateral pressures are the prime influences which create what is now termed "suction between ships." The relative positions in these areas of neighboring craft either draw them together or repel them.

The section of the Hudson River that is narrowest, and where most of the big liners are docked on the New York side. Ship No. 1 is leaving her slip and ship No. 2 is entering hers. Each of these vessels is 1,000 feet long. A and B are piers that have already been temporarily extended beyond the Government line; C, a pier as it would be if lengthened for a ship 1,000 feet long. This is the portion of the river that was reproduced on a small scale in the U. S. Model Experiment Basin.



A ship being forced to keep close to one side of a channel because of another vessel following and overtaking her. The plus disturbance caused by the overhauling vessel will push the one we see toward the minus area and probably make her run aground.

Conditions induced by a near-by dock and an outside plus area. The middle picture shows the areas of suction around a ship passing up-stream. Any narrowing of the channel might augment these sufficiently to snap hawsers and create havoc.

TESTING THE TIDAL PULL OF NEW YORK'S RIVER CHANNEL

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SOLVING NEW YORK'S PIER PROBLEM

BY ROBERT G. SKERRETT

See illustrations and diagrams on opposite page.

THE problem of accommodating our busy river traffic, which has been agitating the New York Harbor authorities for some time, has been ingeniously tackled by the engineers of the United States Army.

Most of the big steamers engaged in the transatlantic trade which dock on the New York side of the Hudson River have their piers at a point where the stream is narrowest. The dock authorities of the metropolis had no sooner finished the building of especially long piers for existing steamships than the *Olympic* and the *Titanic* were laid down. In order to make proper provision for the berthing of these seagoing giants it became necessary to extend two of the piers each a hundred feet further toward the middle of the river. The Secretary of War specifically stipulated that these extensions should be merely temporary—the understanding being that suitable docks of the required lengths should be provided for permanently at some other points along the river front. Such has not been done, however, and bigger ships and longer ones must soon be furnished with berths within the harbor. Again the steamship lines asked that piers be ready, and the municipal dock officials proposed extensions to the existing piers facing Castle Point.

The army engineers declined to agree to this, and their reasons were cogent. These governmental experts knew that various encroachments upon the river and tidal sweep in the past years have astonishingly increased the speed of the current passing between Castle Point on the New Jersey side and the Chelsea docks of New York City. They reasonably believed that any further choking of the river's right of way would augment tidal velocities and add both to the difficulty of docking big liners and to the hazards of navigation for the numerous craft passing hourly up and down there. You must know that when the ocean sends the flood tide inland up a river it arbitrarily fixes the volume of the water that must be received. This quantity must reach its equilibrium of distribution within the hours set for the flood-tide movement, and, again, when the sea recedes, the ebb flow, plus increments from streams, springs, and rainfall, must move oceanward to the point of low tide within the number of hours established by nature's forces. Accordingly, the volume of water flowing through a restricted pathway must travel at a higher speed than where the right of way is wider and the progress more leisurely. Whatever man does to interfere with the normal movement of tidal waters invites consequences for which he must pay.

In New York the recent increase in the dimensions of ocean liners has reflexively made the usual channels shrink by comparison, and to build piers of requisite length would aggravate these circumstances. The 1,000-foot steamship is probably the next development, and we have shown just what would happen if the piers were lengthened at the narrow part of the river. We also picture some of the dangerous conditions that might arise when one or more of these great ships are entering or leaving their docks. Drawing a great deal of water, they constitute temporary obstructions to the normal current flow which would set up serious disturbances, and one of the momentary effects would be a sudden augmenting of the tidal velocities. Where scores of lesser craft are moving in the same waters these abnormal conditions might easily endanger both life and property afloat.

In Job, speaking of the leviathan, it is said, "He maketh the deep to boil like a pot"; and such, in truth, is what these modern steel monsters of the sea also do. These agitations beneath the surface of the water are far more powerful and of wider influence than was realized until of late; and it is only recently that these phenomena have been investigated scientifically. One of our diagrams illustrates a 1,000-foot liner passing across the entrances to piers at which other steamships are moored. The arrows indicate graphically the alternate repulsive and attractive forces created by the moving vessel. Two actual occurrences will serve to give a better conception of the magnitude of the energy at play. When the *Titanic* got slowly under way from her dock at Southampton, the waters following after her induced a current strong enough to pull the 15,000-ton steamship *New York* away from her moorings—snapping the heavy hempen hawsers as if they were twine. Moving on a little further, the *Titanic* passed a dock at which wreckers were working upon a sunken barge. The salvors had the barge gripped in big loops of chain and were ready to lift her. After the *Titanic* passed the wreckers started their hoisting, only to discover that the barge had mysteriously disappeared. Divers, some days later, discovered the lost lighter eight hundred yards off and directly in the path which the *Titanic* had taken. The suction induced by that mighty outward-bound liner was responsible.

The army engineers were familiar with these incidents and were, therefore, particularly anxious that the interrelation between incoming and departing liners and near-by piers and passing shipping should be clearly demonstrated in the case of the port of New York before deciding finally what was to be done. Accordingly, Naval Constructor David W. Taylor, collaborating with the military officials, began a series of experiments at the Model Basin in Washington—the tank, *pro tem*, being converted upon a reduced scale into a veritable double of the vexed portion of the Hudson River with its flanking piers. A movable bottom was installed which could be raised or lowered to suit tidal conditions or to represent the different draughts of water at various points of the channelway. Between the piers models of vessels were placed and left free to move under any disturbing influence.

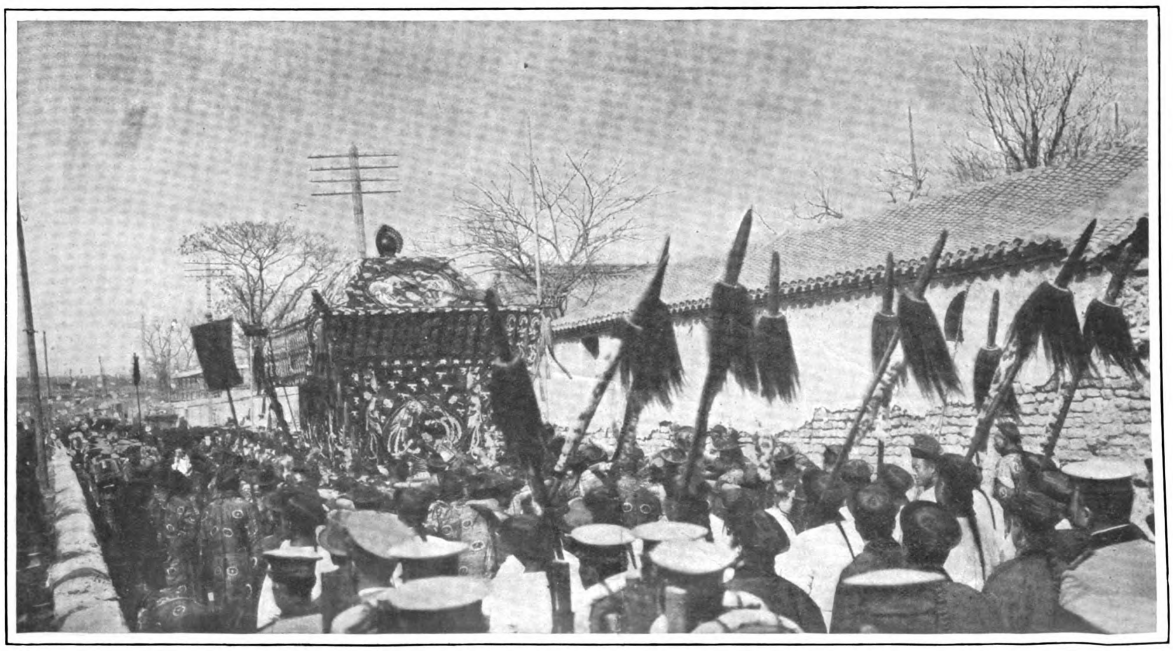
As we have seen in the case of the *Titanic*, the force of these reactions is largely exerted below the surface of the water. In order that a visible indication of these perturbations might be had, Naval-Constructor Taylor moored in rows little buoys to which were attached thin rods reaching above the surface of the Basin. As the towed model approached these, their movements clearly showed the direction and the zones of subsurface agitations, and the whole history of these actions could be successively traced with striking realism.

Moving-picture cameras were placed at convenient points, and records were made of each run of the model up or down the basin. In order to indicate exactly where the carriage was at every instant of its travel, a great dial was arranged showing in proportionate parts the total length of the run, and the moving hand traced the progress. This register guarded against any deceptive perspective on the part of the cameras. The imaginary or model liner advanced down the tank, following the middle of the basin, and then in succeeding runs was made to pass nearer and nearer to the ends of the piers. All the while the cameras were taking records of every movement, not only of the subsurface buoys, but of the other models lying between the docks.

In this way the whole story of every one of the runs was graphically caught, and what would otherwise have been far too complex to follow was perpetuated so that every detail could afterward be studied and analyzed at leisure. These runs were again made with the simulated river bottom at different depths, so that it might be learned whether or not the zones of disturbances below water were dangerously or seriously increased at low tide. Further, the models were towed at a variety of speeds representing the double effects of speed on the ship's part opposing increased tidal velocities. Of course the water in the tank was still—the rate at which the model was towed answering for the twofold purpose of moving liner and the tide flowing oppositely.

In order to make these comparisons a guide for the future, one of the experimental models towed was a reduced representation of a liner a thousand feet in length. This miniature craft was put through all of the manœuvers which she would naturally have to make in approaching and in leaving her dock, and her influence upon other models in the fairway of the river, and the degree to which these smaller craft were affected, were carefully observed.

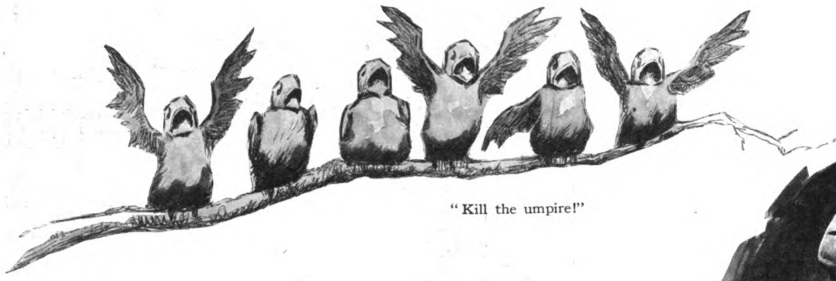
The net result of the series of tests has been the disposal of a thoroughly vexed question in which the harbor authorities of New York and the army engineers held opposing views. The growing size of the ocean liner has emphasized the need of greater precautions in navigating ships in confined waters and in guarding against an increase of the hazards within those waters by further narrowing of the tidal paths. The wealth of data obtained will have its value in solving the port problems of other seacoast cities.



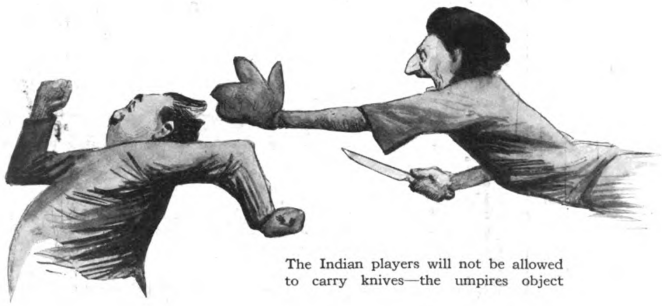
THE PASSING OF AN EMPRESS

THE BIER CONTAINING THE BODY OF THE LATE EMPRESS OF CHINA, BORNE BY 128 BEARERS, ON ITS WAY TO THE HANKOW RAILROAD STATION, TO BE SHIPPED TO THE IMPERIAL TOMBS NEAR HSI LING

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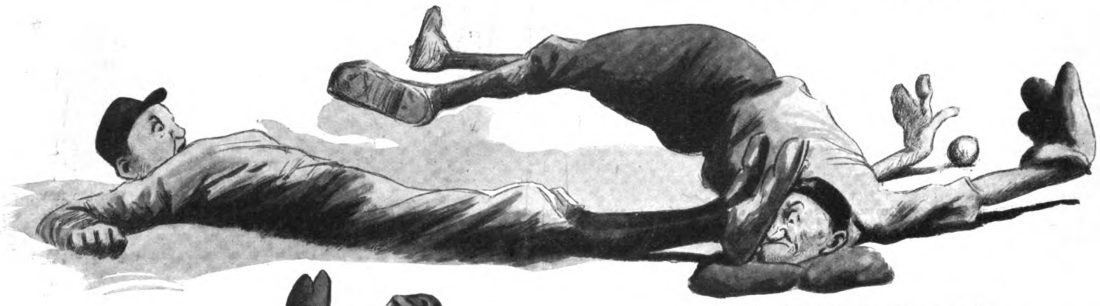
"Kill the umpire!"



The Indian players will not be allowed to carry knives—the umpires object



The new member, just ready to do a little "sassin" at a punk decision



The title of this picture is "Safe"



A few grand-stand plays

THE GAME IS ON

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

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PARIS'S "HAM FAIR"

A Singular and Amusing Institution of the French Capital

By J. M. MAGIE

IMAGINE a street in the heart of Paris twice as wide as Fifth Avenue and as long as the distance between Twenty-third and Forty-second streets. Imagine, also, that in the center of the street there is a park with trees. On each side of each tree is posted a number, which marks a booth, and this succession of booths is the Fête du Jambon of Paris, or, as the American says, the Ham Fair.

It is the place which makes one understand why Fourth Avenue exists, and why the dealers in second-hand articles in New York are able to own motor-cars. More articles of no use to any one are sold here than in any other fair which has come within the range of my experience, and in no place can be found greater bargains.

Go to the Place de la Bastille some morning in the week preceding Easter, and walk up the Boulevard Richard Lenoir as far as the Place de la République. You will find near the monument which marks the spot where the Bastille stood many fakirs selling mouth-washes, dental pastes, remedies guaranteed to cure all diseases; roulette wheels which benefit only the proprietors; and then a long avenue of booths, from which the owners rush out with long knives, holding on the end a mouthful of sausage, ham, or goose-liver. "*Goutez, monsieur, c'est très fin.*" Blutwurst, head-cheese, cervelat, some of them in tinfoil cases, are hanging or laid on plates, and descriptions of the wares are unrolled on large wheels. Grotesque figures are often used for display.

Though called the Fête du Jambon, the name belies the fair. It is possible to buy anything from a Louis Quinze toothbrush (second-hand) to priests' vestments, miniatures, nails, a rusty file without a handle, old silver snuff-boxes, colored engravings, false teeth (showing signs of hard wear), silver and silver plate, oil paintings, furniture of every description—all are for sale. The only things which I did not see were glass eyes, but I have no doubt that they were there. Tobacco, of course, was missing, the sale of an article which goes by that name being a monopoly of the French government.

There are three French terms which the American needs to make purchases. One is "*Combien pour celà?*" another, "*C'est trop cher,*" and the third is the shrug, which is a matter of years. These are for the fair only. The reply to the first question is usually about twice the real value; the second remark brings the response, "*Combien pour vous, monsieur? Combien vous donneriez?*" and the third means that the matter is finished. It frequently happened that my French of Stratford-atte-Bowe was detected, or the English which my friends used was overheard, and then the reply would be: "*Ce n'est pas trop cher pour vous, monsieur.*"

Six rows of booths, each usually about fourteen feet long and six feet deep, stretch along the boulevard, and between these canvas-sheltered huts a crowd as large as that in the department-shop section of Sixth Avenue wanders from morning until nightfall. It is an annoying crowd unless one treats it as a joke, and then it laughs with you, because it likes to laugh. It will not get out of your way; it will push you out of its way without a "Pardon, monsieur"; but it does so because it has been brought up that way, and because it would seem strange to do anything else. No one seems to take offense, and a smile in Paris goes miles farther than a frown.

An old man, wan, eager-eyed, and shabby, bends over a tray filled with coins and medals, examining each piece—an expert, perhaps, seeking something for a wealthy collector. Near by sits the dealer, a fat, phlegmatic Frenchwoman, a drum before her. On it lies her *déjuener*, and in an open trunk beside her a dog shivers, partly from cold and partly from expectation of a share in the meal.

During the three days which I spent in wandering up and down between the tents my purchases were as follows: a remarkably well-designed Sheffield-plate candlestick, which cost seventy cents; a pewter coffee-pot and tea-pot, both hall-marked and of fine shape, though showing signs of war, for which I paid a dollar; and a cashmere shawl of very old pattern, about sixteen feet by eight, torn in several places, but beautiful in color-effect and design. For this I paid three dollars. To obtain such pieces in New York I would have paid about $150, and at an antique shop in Paris about half that amount. One of my friends bought an old Sheffield-plate warming-dish for forty cents and an antique French warming-pan for fifteen francs. Another member of our party picked up a half-dozen old pewter spoons for six cents each, and two brass sconces with cut-glass pendants, which looked as if they had come from an old château of some French noble. These cost $1.80.

Let no one go to the Ham Fair, however, who either does not know the difference between the real pieces and their imitations, or who has not a connoisseur to guide him. He will be, as the Americans say, "unmercifully stuck." I would venture to say that one out of a hundred thousand articles might attract one's attention, and that the chances were either that this particular article would be an imitation, or that it would be damaged so as to make it useless.

The real bargains are to be found in the most unexpected places. Out of a box of iron scraps I picked a button three inches in diameter, which, after being washed, proved to be silver of beautiful design. An artist here a year ago found among a heap of atrocious paintings one which he bought for a few francs. It was a Rousseau and a good one.

It is always wise for Americans who can afford to wear Paquin gowns to take old clothes to the Ham Fair, and to speak the language which Paragot says every Englishwoman uses and nobody understands. One ought never to pay the price asked. The dealers take delight in bargaining. A studio-hanging, for which thirty-five francs was demanded, was bought by a member of our party for fifteen.

Where do all these articles come from, and why are they so cheap? One of my acquaintances tells me that many of them have been stolen, that many are the result of forced sales of country estates and have found their way to Paris by natural attraction, and that the others are things which no one wants.

There is a pathos over it all. Noble old warming-pans, with escutcheons worn and dim; rare snuff-boxes that seem to breathe silent regret of better days; stately sconces with crystal gently reflecting the sunshine of to-day—all mingled with the riffraff of the gutter. It may make one think of the France of long ago, with its proud aristocracy, and the scenes of bloodshed which marked the downfall of the empire. Each long Moorish gun, Malayan kris, or Spanish stiletto could doubtless tell a story of sudden death. It is a thing to start one's dreams and to make one wish that some of these hidden stories might be known. They are gone now—lost to us, who can only faintly catch the gleam of an unknown past and ponder over the things that are.

Gems from the Tombs

OF the making of curious epitaphs there is no end. A recent traveler in the Forest of Dean, in England, Mr. Arthur O. Cooke, has discovered this one to the memory of a young man named Yem:

As I was riding on the road,
Not knowing what was coming,
A Bull that was loggered and pressed,
After me came a-running.
He with his logger did me strike,
He being sore offended,
I from my horse was forced to fall,
And thus my days were ended.

"Logger," it may be noted, is a block of wood attached to an animal to prevent it breaking through hedges; such may be often seen worn round the neck of an old ewe. There seems a fairly obvious connection with "loggerhead."

In the old Norman churchyard at Harrow-on-the-Hill, England, a stone has been erected to the memory of William Port, who was fatally injured in a railway accident, in 1847. He seems to have been a commuter, as witness these lines:

Bright rose the morn, and vigorous rose poor Port.
Gay on the train he used his wonted sport.
Ere noon arrived a mangled form they bore,
With pain distracted and o'erwhelmed with gore.
Ere evening came to close the fatal day
A mutilated corpse the sufferer lay.

How Fish Are Drowned

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, fish have been drowned, just as human beings have been smothered by a too great pressure of air. One experiment consisted in putting fish into seltzer water, which brought about death by suffocation. If a living and healthy fish be put into water recently boiled, from which have been driven all the gases ordinarily present in distilled water, the fish dies in the same way.



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FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

Awaiting Investment

CONTRARY TO THE GENERAL IDEA, ACCUMULATED CAPITAL IN LARGE AMOUNT *IS* AVAILABLE FOR THE PURCHASE OF SECURITIES

THE price of a thing is its value expressed in terms of money. How much money there is to buy it with has a big bearing on the price of anything. A copper mine discovered by a castaway on a desert island, for instance, would have just as much value as a copper mine anywhere else, but would have no price at all. What largely determines the price of a thing, in other words, is the supply of money applicable to its purchase. A handsome ostrich plume in a little village on the South-African veldt might be worth so-and-so-much. The same feather in a Fifth Avenue show window, with the potential buying-power of a large number of wealthy persons focused upon it, would command a price perhaps ten times as great.

The foregoing reflection is inspired by the current discussion as to the amount of capital available for investment. A question for theoreticians? Hardly that, when you come to consider how important an influence on price is the available money supply. Is there a large amount of money awaiting what its owners consider a favorable opportunity for investment in stocks and bonds, or is the country's surplus tied up so that it cannot be used? Answer that and you go a long way toward answering the question as to whether the present is a time to buy securities or to leave the market alone.

That the opinion that there is an out-and-out shortage of investment capital has gained wide currency is anything but surprising. Day after day the bond-market has been registering the lowest prices in years, offering the most attractive investment opportunities without arousing the slightest interest among buyers of bonds. Day after day the stock-market has been declining to new low levels, unchecked by the slightest disposition on the part of investors to take stocks out of the market and lock them away. Is it any wonder, under the circumstances, that a good many people have come to believe that the real trouble is that there simply isn't any investment capital available for the purchase of securities?

First and foremost of the arguments advanced in support of this contention is that the extravagance of the past few years has prevented the accumulation of any considerable amount of money in investors' hands. The automobile alone, it is pointed out, has during the past few years absorbed hundreds of millions of dollars which would otherwise not have been spent but invested. The whole standard of living has been raised, things which only a few years ago were considered luxuries now being accounted necessities and being bought by everybody. Look at the things advertised in the low-priced magazines, runs the argument, the things being bought by the great rank and file of people, and then try to figure how there can be anything saved out of the average income. We are going through a period of national extravagance. The whole spirit of the times is to spend and not to save. How under the circumstances, it is asked, *can* there be any very considerable fund of accumulated capital available for investment?

On the indictment of extravagance the nation stands convicted. More money has been spent for luxuries during the past couple of years than during any similar period in our history. Granted. But—and this with a capital B—does it follow that because we have been spending money for automobiles and talking machines and self-playing pianos and other luxuries, we have been saving nothing? Take the case of your friend Smith who recently bought a car. You knew he was doing pretty well, but his purchase of a car surprised you; very likely you have him down in your mind as one of those who have "spent their last cent" in this latest form of extravagance. But are you quite sure that your friend, in buying a car, has done something extravagant or even unconservative? Do you really know what Smith has been making out of his business during this past couple of good years? It is the right thing, of course, in discussing Smith's latest folly with his friends to offer to bet that he "had to mortgage his house to do it." But after all, may it not be that Smith knew what he was about when he bought his car?—that his income warranted it?—that even after its purchase he may have had a snug little sum to tuck away? Such things have been known to happen. After a couple of years of good business such as we have had since the middle of 1911 they do happen and in thousands of cases.

No, it is by no means said that because a lot of money is being spent on automobiles and other luxuries nothing is being saved. Quite the contrary. Such a spending power as this country has shown during the past two years reflects substantial business profits, and whenever business profits are substantial a large amount of money is bound to be saved. To say that the country as a whole has been extravagant during the past two years is by no means to say that everybody in it has been extravagant. Thousands and thousands of people who have made money out of their various businesses have spent not one cent more than if automobiles and the other luxuries had never been heard of.

Extravagance has cut into the surplus saved and available for investment—that seems to be a fair statement of the case. There has been less money accumulated in investors' hands than there would have been had this wave of extravagance not swept the country, but at that the amount is large. Business has been active and people have made money. Some of them have spent it and some of them have not. Making full allowance for the money so freely spent on all kinds of luxuries during the past couple of years, there has been accumulated a fund which runs into big figures.

Where has this money gone? Into securities? Certainly not there, any one in touch with the bond and share markets will testify. Into real estate? To some little extent, up to the middle of last year, but, since then, not on any considerable scale. How, then, about investment of these funds in fixed forms—have they been put back into the business, tied up, so to speak, in "bricks and mortar"? Probably not, to any very great extent, though that necessarily must be a matter of opinion. In the Middle West, perhaps, where business prospects have been so favorably regarded, merchants and manufacturers have to a certain degree been using accumulated profits to enlarge their plants and increase their capacity. But by no means can such a movement be said to have been general. As a matter of fact, while business pretty much the country over has been good for the past two years, during the first half of that period we were entering the penumbra of tariff revision and, during its second half, radical revision was a certainty. What was the consequence? That manufacturers as a whole, thankful though they were for the good business they were enjoying, went very cautiously in the matter of extending capacity. In plenty of cases small plants have been enlarged, but the last annual reports of most of the big industrial companies show rather a disposition to let free working-capital increase than to enlarge property investment. Taking it all in all, the past year or two have not seen any very great amount of accumulated business profits put back into "bricks and mortar."

For several years past the country has made money—a good deal more money than it has spent, even with all the extravagance that has been going on. Where is this surplus? In the banks. Take the Comptroller's statements of national-bank condition since the middle of 1911 and note the tremendous increase in deposits. With the same degree of plausibility with which it can be argued that the chicken came before the egg it can be argued that deposits are created by loans; but to most people who look at things in a straightforward way it is evident that if there are several hundred million dollars of deposits in the banks which weren't there two years ago, they must have been put there from the outside. By whom? By the people, of course, who have been making more money than they have been spending. They haven't been putting the money into securities. They haven't been putting it into real estate. They haven't been putting it back into their various businesses. What they *have* been doing is simply to throw the money into the bank, awaiting what they consider a more favorable opportunity for investment.

Is there any doubt that this is so? Go down into Wall Street and ask any investment dealer you happen to know whether his clients are in a position to buy securities if they cared to do so. In nine cases out of ten he will tell you that they are; that the uninvested balances they are carrying with him are larger than they have been for a long time past. People don't want to buy bonds and are afraid to buy stocks, you will be told, but by no means is that because they haven't got the money. They have the money, all right, but they don't want to invest it. What they want is to have it available in the bank, where, when the opportunity they are waiting for comes along, they can get it at a moment's notice.

The money is there; there is no doubt about that. The next question is as to whether it is being held by the banks in such shape that when its owners want it back for the purpose of investing it in securities, it will be quickly available.

Call money—that is to say, money of which the lender can demand repayment at any time—is loaning at present at less than three per cent. If a merchant wants to borrow money on his "paper"—that is to say, if he asks the bank to tie up funds for three or four months—he has to pay six per cent. This contrast is simply one of the many things which show how anxious are the banks to keep their deposits in liquid shape. No one knows better than the bankers themselves that the big deposits they at present hold are merely temporary, and that almost at any time they may be asked to pay them back.

A further indication of the same thing is in the exceedingly high rates which the corporations are having to pay for money. Just recently the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad sold three million dollars' worth of its general lien bonds in order to raise necessary cash. How much was paid for the money? No less than seven and a half per cent. But that, it is perhaps objected, was for money running over a term of years. Very true, but if the money had been borrowed, say, for a period of only a year, at how much lower a rate could it have been secured? New York Central not long ago borrowed ten million dollars on its one-year notes and was forced to pay close to six per cent. for the money. Missouri, Kansas & Texas has just sold to its bankers an issue of two-year secured notes at such a price as makes it possible for the bankers to offer the notes to the public on better than a six-per-cent. basis. Long-term money or short-term money, it is all the same thing; however strong the borrower may be, to get the banks to tie up their money to accommodate him he has got to tempt them with a high rate of interest.

Were the banks willing freely to use the deposits they hold, would it be possible for prime corporation notes to be selling on a six-per-cent. basis? One thing and one thing only makes that possible, namely, that the banks do not want to tie themselves up in any kind of security, however good. They are merely temporary custodians, they realize, of a fund of accumulated investment capital which at any time its owners may want to withdraw in order to invest it. Their duty, therefore, is to hold this money liquid, so that at any time, and without causing disturbance in other directions, it can be repaid to those to whom it belongs.

But if there exists such a great fund of accumulated capital, the question naturally is asked, why is not its presence made felt when the market declines to a new low level or when one of their new issues yielding the buyer a high rate of income is brought out? Complete lack of confidence in securities on the part of investors—that is the answer. How much money there is available for investment has nothing to do with it as long as the potential security-buyer feels as he does. To the accompaniment of a chorus of doleful prediction as to the effect of gold production and permanently higher interest rates, he has seen the price of the best bonds decline a matter of fully ten points. The standard railroad dividend-payers, the stocks which he has been accustomed all his life to regard as safe and conservative investments—these he has seen driven steadily downward as a result of the growing belief on the part of so many persons that the railways will not be allowed to earn enough money to maintain their present dividend rates. And as to the industrials, these he has seen shattered in price, first by the attempt to apply to them the Sherman anti-trust law, and then by the attack on the tariff wall behind which they have been built up. What has been the result? Simply that the investor has been put into a frame of mind where he is afraid to buy anything. New York City bonds are offered him and he points to the big decline in price which has taken place and asks what assurance he has that it won't run further. You suggest stocks of the class of New York Central and Pennsylvania, and he replies that every one wants to "soak" the railroads and that they haven't a chance to make any money. As an objection to the best industrial stocks that can be named there is, first, this question of the enforcement of the Sherman law and, second, the possible effects of tariff revision. No, from the investor's standpoint there is no reason why he should rush in and buy. There is far more reason why he should do just what he is doing—keep out of the market altogether and let his money accumulate in the bank.

That is the situation at present—a very considerable fund of investment capital accumulated, but for the time being, at least, not available for the purchase of securities. Well, then, you hear it said, Of what use, from a market standpoint, is this money? Of not the slightest use, it is true, as long as it remains where it is and its owners remain afraid to invest it. But is that a condition likely long to continue? Has such a condition ever continued long in the past? The only thing which keeps this money from flowing into the market, it must be borne in mind, is that subtle thing known as "sentiment." Let there be a change in "sentiment," in what the investor thinks the market outlook to be, and quickly enough will all this money, from a market point of view at present non-existent, become available for the purchase of stocks and bonds.

What is needed to bring about the change? Three things. Realization, in the first place, that commodity prices and interest rates are not going to keep on rising indefinitely—that, as a matter of fact, they have already gone about as far as it is reasonable to expect they will go. Recognition of the fact, in the second place, that even such an anti-corporation movement as has been sweeping the country during the past few years has its limits—that it reaches a point after a while where there is a revulsion of feeling, the great mass of people coming to see that so to pound the corporations is only to pound themselves. And, then, in the third place, realization of the fact that while revision of the tariff must necessarily exert something of a restraining influence on business, to imagine that it is something which is going to turn present prosperity into lasting depression is very much of a mistake.

Of these three things the first two, at any rate, appear to be somewhere near fulfilment. You still hear it said, here and there, that the income-yield on high-grade bonds will have to go on an even higher basis than at present, but in conservative quarters it is very generally agreed that bond-prices are not far from bottom. There is still a good deal of loose talk against the "trusts" and the railroads, but evidence is to be seen on every hand of a popular realization that the thing has been carried too far and that it is reacting seriously on business. The third bar to improvement in investment sentiment alone remains serious. Rightly or wrongly, people are afraid of the possible effects of tariff revision. They see business in their own line slow down, and, without any way of gauging how long the restraining influence is likely to remain operative, they fear the approach of a period of real depression. It is a natural enough feeling, perhaps, and one which can only be overcome by actual demonstration that the country can do business under the new tariff as well as under the old. The sooner that is proved the better.

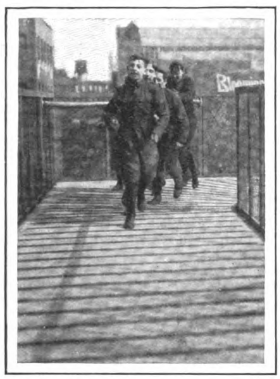
There is no lack of investment capital. There is plenty of it accumulated in the banks. With its owners feeling as they do at present it isn't available, but after a while this feeling will change—and then it will be available.

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An Aerial Playground for the Blind

By W. L. Beasley

A GROUP of blind Boy Scouts enjoy an aerial playground in New York. This novel recreation space has been built on the roof of the new five-story lighthouse just finished by the New York Association for the Blind at East Fifty-ninth Street and Park Avenue. This modern structure is utilized as an industrial training-school and social-club house. Especial facilities have been provided for the physical welfare of the sightless, such as a bowling-alley, swimming-pool, gymnasium, etc. The most novel feature, however, is the innovation of a fine running-track and athletic-grounds for sports in general on top of the building. This affords the blind a splendid opportunity for outdoor exercise, playing games, dancing, roller-skating, running races — in fact, doing practically everything that their seeing comrades can do.



Blind Boy Scouts on the running track

This new departure in educational plants was suggested by Miss Winifred Holt, the secretary of the New York Association for the Blind. The Lighthouse Scouts have made her honorary colonel of their association and presented her with a medal. The troop of blind scouts numbers about thirty-five and was selected by Sir Robert Baden-Powell to be his guard of honor at the great rally given to him by the Boy Scouts of America. They enjoy drill, all kinds of exercise, are experts in camp cooking, and clever in tying the knots required to be known by every scout. They are proficient in the knowledge of first aid to the injured. One of the accompanying illustrations shows a picturesque group of blind scouts practising first aid in the gymnasium. The other illustration shows a band of the blind boys taking a run around the wide running-track.



First aid to the injured. All the boys in the photograph are blind

The East-Indiamen

IN the early years of the eighteenth century the largest ships owned by the East India Company were under 500 tons. By the year 1770 the size of these ships had increased and in 1788 the *Warley* and others of over 1,100 tons were built. Commands of these vessels were very valuable and were often bought. A master, through pay, commissions, tonnage space allowed for trade, and so forth, might make as much as $50,000 on a single voyage. In 1814 the company's monopoly of the Indian trade was taken away and in 1833, by the terms of the charter, the China trade was also taken from it and the ships were sold. Many private firms sprang up and built new ships and these modern Indiamen did nearly all the "trooping." Before the opening of the Suez Canal, when the Peninsular and Occidental was the only steam passenger line to India, all but the rich and those in a hurry went around the Cape of Good Hope.

Passengers engaged a stateroom or part of one, provided their own bedding, washing arrangements, and furniture. Seamen slept in hammocks which were piped up into the nettings, thus giving more air space in the forecastles.

The midshipmen also slept in hammocks, the third mate bunking with them and being in charge. The second mate and surgeon shared a stateroom, and the first mate and commander had individual rooms. All ships were built of wood in those days, and for merchantmen they were heavily armed.

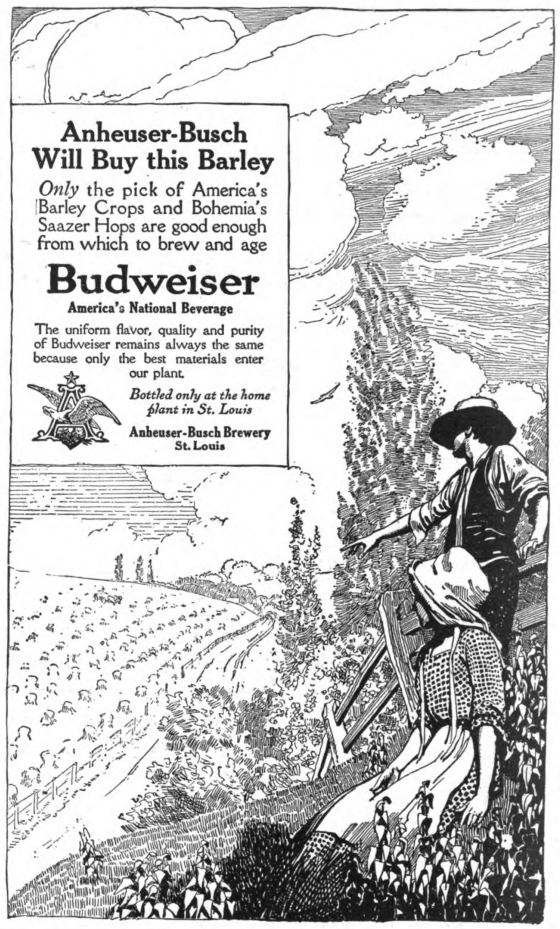
A one-thousand-ton ship would have a crew of seventy all told, including, besides the sailors and butchers, cooks and cuddy servants. The watch on deck would number twenty-five seamen, besides midshipmen and the officers. The midshipmen were of a better class socially than the general run of merchant officers, and it was from these that the mates were as a rule chosen.

These ships were frigate built, copper fastened throughout, and a vessel of 1,100 tons in 1860 cost about $200,000. They made wonderful passages, as with their large crews they could make and shorten sail quickly, so that sail was never reduced until necessary, although it was considered bad seamanship to lose a sail or spar, other than a studding-sail boom, through "carrying on" too long. An average passage was ninety days, but often such runs as seventy to eighty days "from pilot to pilot" were made. The opening of the Suez Canal sounded the knell of the East-Indiamen.

Fooled by a Bird

SINCE birds frequenting flowers for honey or insects are apt to get their heads covered with pollen, and since the pollen of different flowers varies in color, a bird may become yellow-headed, red-headed, blue-headed, etc., according to season. This circumstance led to a curious mistake in the case of a New Zealand bird, a honeysucker and a haunter of flowers. In the early summer it visited most frequently the flowers of the native flax, and later in the year fed chiefly on the fuchsia. The pollen of the former is red, and of the latter blue. Hence in the early summer the bird appeared with a red head and was named the red-headed honeyseeker. But when, later in the year, it went to the fuchsia, its head was stained blue, and it was called the blue-headed honeyseeker.

Thus for a long time this bird was thought to be of two distinct species, and only a year or two ago was it found that the "red-headed" and the "blue-headed" were one and the same, and that the real color of the head was blackish brown.











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(EVERY MORNING AND SUNDAY)

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It is newsy, clean, complete and reliable; gives the best market and financial reports and all the world's happenings hot from the wires.

During 1912 the Post (daily and Sunday) gained 916,566 agate lines of paid advertising over the previous year, including marked increase of circulation, which comes from the substantial class who want what they want and have the price to pay for it.

Any Advertiser who is seeking the most economical and best channel through which the largest returns in dollars can be counted upon, as against the Advertising cost, will find this an ideal combination investment.

The big field covered by these two newspapers is distinguished for its financial position, industrial strength, productive power, density of population and distributing facilities.

This whole territory is simply alive and teeming with multitudes of money-makers and money-spenders and quite naturally is one of the most attractive advertising fields in America.



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This valued combination serves a vast multitude of buyers who read advertisements because they believe they can serve themselves best by taking advantage of the many commodities offered through newspaper advertising.

Here, then, is Concentrated Combination Circulation that is as practical as it is powerful for its efficiency in reaching buyers for goods through economy advertising. Let us give you more details about this combination.

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(EVERY AFTERNOON EXCEPT SUNDAY)

is the favorite Afternoon Newspaper of all classes in Pittsburgh and the well-populated zone it serves. Over a million and a half dollars are paid out in wages and salaries every day in the district covered by the Pittsburgh Sun. Hence "there's a reason" why local advertisers are liberal users of the Sun's Advertising Columns, which resulted in a gain of 665,868 agate lines of paid advertising during 1912.



It's Clean

The progressive record of notable achievement in advertising and circulation gains of the Sun during the year past tells the story of its value and efficiency as the best afternoon medium in this territory.

EMIL M. SCHOLZ, *General Manager.*

CONE, LORENZEN & WOODMAN, Foreign Advertising Representatives.

NEW YORK, Brunswick Bldg. KANSAS CITY, Gumbel Bldg. DETROIT, Free Press Bldg. Mallers Bldg., CHICAGO.

In Commemoration of the "Titanic" Dead

THE lighthouse tower shown in the accompanying illustration forms a corner of the new Seamen's Institute, on South Street, New York. It rises all the way from the street, and is surmounted by a regulation lighthouse with a keeper and lantern-gallery, in which a fixed green light will shine, visible far out at sea. An oval tablet of bronze at the base of the tower will bear the following inscription:

THIS LIGHTHOUSE TOWER IS A MEMORIAL TO THE PASSENGERS, OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE STEAMSHIP "TITANIC"
Who died as Heroes when that Vessel Sank after Collision with an Iceberg
Latitude 41 deg. 46 min. North
Longitude 50 deg. 14 min. West
April 15, 1912.
Erected by Public Subscription 1913.

The total cost of the Institute was more than a million dollars, of which sum $230,000 has yet to be raised. The Seamen's Benefit Society and the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society were responsible for the obtaining of the contributions, toward which the late J. P. Morgan gave $100,000 and John D. Rockefeller $50,000. The Institute can shelter 50,000 men yearly, with lodging for sailors and officers at twenty-five to sixty cents a night. There are also a chapel, savings-bank, nautical school, employment bureau, relief society, and lyceum.



The lighthouse tower of the new Seamen's Institute, raised in commemoration of the "Titanic" victims

A Map for the Blind

IT is reported from the British capital that the most remarkable map of London yet conceived is now contemplated for the use of the blind. It is a map that will convey to the sightless, through the sensitive tips of their fingers, a true mental impression of the position of the main thoroughfares, the principal places of interest along these thoroughfares, and the means of access to them. This map will be "drawn" in relief and will consist of a combination of dots and dashes, a medium that has already provided for the sightless what had before been denied to them.

Already the blind of London are in possession of the most complete series of plans of London's underground railways that are available for public use. They are able, by the aid of eleven embossed charts, to study in detail the routes of each tube system, the Metropolitan and the district railways, and can follow without any possibility of error the complete inner circle or the whole network of underground services. There are even diagrams demonstrating the construction of the tubes, and the fact, not always realized by normally sighted passengers, that a tube station is itself a tube, only of much greater diameter than that provided for the passage of the cars between the stations.

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The Chemistry of Toadstools

THE exceptionally large number of cases of toadstool poisoning which have occurred in France lately have led chemists to analyze these fungi and publish their findings. The moral of these researches is the advice that all fungi, except the cultivated mushrooms, had better be let alone. It is difficult to say which are unwholesome and which are not, for they may affect one person injuriously and others not so. The character of the soil, its degree of moisture, the temperature at the time of growth, and other factors affect the chemical quality of the fungus, making serious variations even in the same locality. Some species are poisonous when young, but not later. Cholin, a comparatively harmless alkaloid, which has been isolated from several species of toadstool, changes on decay to the deadly neurin, which resembles in its action muscarin, the poisonous principle of the scarlet fly-cap *(Amanita muscaria)*. This amanita takes its specific name from the fact that insects die that feed upon it; and it used to be made a mixture for killing flies by soaking it in milk, which dissolved out the poison. Yet even this "deadly" toadstool is said to be regularly eaten in certain parts of France and Russia; and in Siberia it is widely prepared for the purpose of intoxication. The toadstools are collected in the hottest months and hung up to dry. When required for use they are rolled up and swallowed whole. One large or two small will, in a couple of hours, produce an intoxication that lasts for twelve to twenty-four hours.

A very near relative of this is the death-cup *(Amanita phalloides)*, which, like the scarlet fly-cap, is widespread in the United States and Canada. This and other species contain poisonous and narcotic elements which cause a distressing death in at least half of the cases where they are eaten. The action of the poison on the system is chiefly to dissolve the red corpuscles and coagulate the blood. The alkaloid muscarin, and probably also phallin, acts in precisely an opposite way to atropin, the poison of the nightshade (belladonna), for it paralyzes the heart, while atropin stimulates it, so that the latter may be used as a remedy counteracting the former's effect. Curiously enough, the amanita contains a second alkaloid, pilz-atropin, which neutralizes the venom of the muscarin; and it has been suggested that in those places where the fly-cap is eaten this element in the toadstools must be relatively large, so that the antidote is swallowed with the poison.

In cases of true toadstool poisoning, which can be distinguished by the fact that the symptoms do not appear for several hours after eating, the only remedy of any value is sulphate of atropin, one-sixtieth part of a grain to be given hypodermically every two hours.

The Automatic Lighthouse

THE lighthouse-keeper, about whom has gathered so much interest and romance, is to be driven from his post and replaced by an automatic device which lights the lamp and extinguishes it without the aid of human hands. The inventor is a distinguished Swedish physician named Gustaf Dalen, and he has received the Nobel Prize. It seems tragic that one who has worked to give light to the world should now be in darkness. Since perfecting his great invention, Dalen has become blind.

Both the lighting and extinguishing power are operated by the action of the sun. The light may be from one hundred to several thousand candle-power, and will work for months without any attention.

Acetylene plays an important part in this invention. Had it not been for the discovery of two French chemists the Dalen light would not have been possible. Raw acetylene is dangerous to handle, and not easily controlled. The new process renders it comparatively harmless in working, and without risk in transportation. The acetylene is stored in large welded steel cylinders, such as are used for compressed oxygen and other gases.

Dalen first invented a flashing apparatus, whereby the light, instead of burning steadily through the twenty-four hours, was given a characteristic similar to that of an occulting apparatus in which a revolving shutter periodically eclipses the light every fraction of a second, the mechanism being driven by a supply of gas from a reservoir. Then he perfected what is called the "sun valve."

With the lowering of the sun in the west, gradually the beacon light burns out, shining steadily through the dark hours, and waning with the breaking of the dawn. During the day it is entirely extinguished. This wizard-like performance is due to a blackened bar constructed of a material peculiarly sensitive to light. This rod presses against a lever which closes a valve through which the gas passes into the flashing apparatus. Light causes this sensitive bar to expand longitudinally, and as the day breaks it gradually closes the valve till it entirely shuts off the supply of gas. The waning sun, causing the bar to shrink, gradually opens the valve and liberates the gas, so that it can again pass on to the flasher.

It will be readily seen that this light adapts itself perfectly to different seasons, and it has been proved that not one foot of gas is wasted.

The Breadfruit Tree

ONE of the gifts of the Eastern tropics to the Western is the breadfruit, which is now extensively planted in the West Indies. This can be done only by cuttings, as the cultivated variety develops no seeds; in the wild form the chestnut-like seeds are eaten, but the pulp is disregarded. The tree is of moderate height, but spreads a broad crown of large, ragged-edged, glossy leaves, making an excellent shade. The fruit, which is a compound of the massive clusters of blossoms, is about the size of a cocoanut, and is incased in a rough rind. This, when baked in hot embers, or in an oven, broken open and scooped out with a spoon, tastes like mashed potatoes and milk, or like sweet bread, which it also resembles in appearance. It is a little fibrous toward the center, but elsewhere is quite smooth and "puddingy." Sometimes a curry or stew is made of it; and it goes well as a vegetable with meat or gravy. "With sugar, milk, butter or treacle," Wallace wrote, "it is a delicious pudding, having a very slight but delicate and characteristic flavor, which, like that of good bread and potatoes, one never gets tired of." It is also highly nutritious. The genus *(artocarpus)* contains several species, one of which, the jackfruit, is also cultivated for eating. The timber of the tree is also useful, the bark can be prepared for a sort of cloth, and the sap forms, when boiled with oil, a mucilaginous liquid very useful for making the seams of wooden pails, canoes, and the like, watertight.

Caviar

FRESH caviar, or sturgeon roe, is of a light color and is contained in a membrane. The caviar is cut out and placed on an iron sieve, through which it is rubbed carefully without breaking the grain, in order that it may be rid of any refuse. It falls into a preparation of brine, and after remaining therein for three or four hours is emptied into a sack, when the brine gradually drains off, leaving the caviar ready for consumption. For local consumption, or when it can be kept continually on ice for a few days, the slight salting is omitted.

Salted caviar is prepared in the same way as fresh, except that the brine is stronger and the caviar remains one day in the sack to drain, after which it is pressed to get rid of the brine. For the production of good caviar the brine must be boiled and cooled.

Red caviar is produced from the taran fish. The roe is cut out and thrown into a preparation of brine made of nine pounds of salt and twelve drams of saltpeter. It is then carefully mixed and all the refuse is cleaned off, when it is ready for packing.

For about a month this caviar is soft, but it gradually becomes solid. For good results cold weather is required and the roe must be taken out of the fish the day it is caught. This caviar is more perishable than the black. Whole roe red caviar is prepared from the fish soudak. It is strongly salted and carefully packed to keep it whole.

Most of the caviar comes from Russia.

A Wooden Orchestra

THERE has been found in Brianza, in Lombardy, a unique orchestra, or, more properly speaking, a band, the instruments of which are all made of wood.

The pipes are made of reeds, and are fastened together side by side after the fashion of those seen in pictures of the god Pan. Each man plays pipes of a different size and length, the bass pipes often being several feet long. Besides the pipes are other instruments, such as drums, flutes, French horns, and even a rude attempt at a trombone, but all are made of wood.

The members of this odd band are all quite ignorant of music—that is, they have no knowledge of the written score. But they must have a quick and sensitive ear for harmony, since their entire répertoire is learned from hearing. Strangely enough these most primitive of musicians often learn their selections from that most modern of inventions, the gramophone. The music produced by this strange band has a curious, weird sort of effect, but is not unpleasant.

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of the
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These summer playgrounds of the American people are made easily accessible from all parts of the country by the comprehensive and convenient train service of the Pennsylvania System.

They are all described in the Pennsylvania Railroad **Summer Excursion Book**, copies of which may be obtained free of Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agents, or they will be sent postpaid on application by Jas. P. Anderson, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.



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Light-measuring Bacteria

In the world of bacteria there exist many wonderful and curious features and processes. For instance, there is phototaxis—the influence of light upon the movements of these simple living organisms. There is a kind of bacterium, shaped like a very minute rod and of a purple color, which exhibits this influence of light in a wonderful way, so wonderful, indeed, that men of science have termed it "the light-measuring bacterium." Should a drop of water containing bacteria of this family be placed under a microscope, and a narrow beam of light be thrown upon any part of the field of view, the organisms immediately flock to the illuminated spot until, by their presence in great numbers, they impart to that part of the water a color like that of wine.

Moreover, these bacteria discriminate between colors, for when there is thrown, instead of a beam of white light, a microscopic spectrum into such a drop, the bacteria avoid the purple and crowd into light of that color that is absorbed in passing through their bodies.

Another bacterium, the *eulena*, of a red or orange color at the forward end, invariably advances toward blue light when a choice is afforded it among the colors of the spectrum.

Still another phenomenon in the world of bacteria is that which scientists know as "chemiotaxis." This depends, not upon light, but upon the presence of chemical agents. An instance of this is furnished by the behavior of the common bacterium *termo* when a little oxygen is disengaged in the water drop containing it. Immediately the organisms flock to that part of the water where the oxygen is being liberated. In similar fashion other organisms are attracted by sugar or by acid.

A most wonderful case is that of a kind of plasmodium called Badhamia, an organism that consists of transparent, structureless, living material that spreads itself along a wet surface. When a bit of fungus is placed near the edge of this flat, shapeless, yet living thing that part of the Badhamia that is nearest becomes greatly excited, and streams of living material begin to flow through the mass toward that point. Then the organism begins to grow out toward the fungus and gradually envelops it, and the operation ends with the absorption of the fungus.

These curious phenomena convey to us a new interest, when it is learned that what we call "inflammation" is a result of chemiotaxis. Whatever disintegration takes place through injury inflicted upon any of the living tissues of the body, certain organic cells that exist in the blood and other fluids congregate at the inflammatory center and feed upon the products of disintegration. It has, therefore, been suggested that these "chemiotactic cells" are like scavengers in the blood, which tend to free it from infection.

Swords of the Orient

The manufacture of the exquisite swords of Japan is attended by curious religious ceremonials. On the walls of the houses in which the work is done are representations of the god of the sword-makers and the chief goddess, Ame Terasu. There are also rectangular bits of prayer paper and ropes of straw—charms to keep away evil spirits. No woman is allowed to enter the place, since the presence of women is supposed to be conducive to the appearance of demons, who would certainly bring disaster to the honorable sword. Prayer is offered before the work begins, and various religious rites must be performed before any one of the swords can be declared well and truly made.

Just before the final polishing and sharpening of the swords they are offered, one by one, for the blessing of the sword god. The weapon is placed in front of the kakemona on the wall, with an offering of sake, rice, and sweetmeats, after which prayer scrolls are read and a blessing on the work is invoked.

Wherever the making of metal swords may have originated, the chief fame belongs, of course, to Damascus, where these weapons have been made from time immemorial. But almost equally famous are the swords of Khorassan. The best Eastern blades are, however, at least equaled to-day by those of European manufacture, which is evident when we note that European swords are often met with in Asiatic hands, though in most cases they have been remounted in Eastern style to suit the fancy of their owners.

The particular treatment of the steel used for the manufacture of Asiatic swords had not a little to do with the reputation for the latter, for the damascening, or "watering," of choice Persian and Indian arms gives a most attractive appearance to the work. Much the same was in evidence in the making of "Damascus" gun-barrels until it was discovered that fluid steel was preferable for the latter, at least from the manufacturer's point of view.

In the case of sword steel the "watered" effect is produced by a process of crystallization, so that when the metal is forged out a more or less regular pattern is seen running through it. The effect is pleasing to the eye, though it is said that the quality of the metal is neither better nor worse for being treated in this fancy manner.



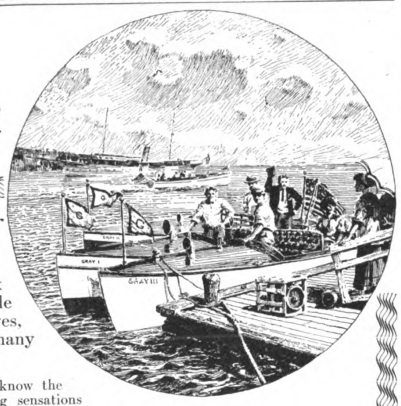
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The Horseshoe

It is not particularly difficult to guess why lovers of horses came to adopt the horseshoe as a talisman against misfortune. Horses were held to be especially susceptible to the machinations of witches. If precautions were not taken these mischievous creatures would ride the horses at dead of night over the hills, and when the owner came to the stables in the morning he would find his animals in a lather and utterly exhausted. A horseshoe placed over the stable door was believed to ward off such evil.

There is no superstition more deeply ingrained in all classes of society than that which pertains to the horseshoe. As an emblem of good fortune it holds pride of place. Nelson did not disdain to nail a horseshoe to the mast of the *Victory*. In the early part of the nineteenth century the horseshoe was highly prized, and there were few mansions where it was not displayed, while humbler folks were at great pains to fasten it over their doors.

In Greece and Rome horses were not shod. The ancients were content with wrapping fiber cloth round the feet of their horses in cold weather, or when it was necessary to pass through miry districts. Instead of devising horseshoes, they turned their attention to hardening the hoofs of their mounts. Nero, however, who ever strode to outdistance his contemporaries, caused his horses to be shod with silver, but no nails were driven into the hoofs. The practice of shoeing horses by driving nails into the hoofs was introduced into England by William the Conqueror, but for centuries the practice did not gain much headway.

The Indians, who had no superiors as horsemen, never thought of shoeing their mounts in any way, and yet they were capable of performing remarkable journeys over the most difficult country. Even at the present day in Japan the modern horseshoe finds a strong competitor in the old-fashioned sandals made of straw, which are fastened to the horse's hoofs very much as they might be to a man's feet.

Freezing a Mine Shaft

Recently, at a colliery in England, there was presented an engineering problem of considerable difficulty. In sinking a shaft water had been encountered. It was being pumped out at the rate of seven thousand gallons a minute, and it looked as though the engineers would be beaten. But, luckily for the colliery, certain Germans came to the rescue with their freezing process. They bored holes around the shaft to a depth of four hundred feet. These holes were then lined with steel tubes and an inner tube was inserted down which brine was pumped from the freezing-point. The result was that the intensely cold brine converted all the water, sand, and bad ground into a frozen mass. The sinking was then continued through the ice wall. When the bottom of the ice had been reached, iron tubing plates were fixed and the water thus held back permanently.

When the work had been completed warm water was pumped down the tubes to thaw the ground gradually. The frost wall was of such strength that to thaw it required a period of about three months.

Electricity in the Preparation of Peat

For a long time peat was made into coal, or coke, for fuel by a slow and tedious process based upon air drying. But the steadily increasing demand for peat led to the invention of retort ovens for drying peat, which ordinarily contains eighty per cent. of water. The ovens are heated by the burning of the gases given off by the peat itself. Not long ago measures were adopted in England to combine mechanical and electrical processes of drying and carbonizing. The fresh peat is placed in rotating cylinders, where the centrifugal force, aided by an interior heating device, expels nearly all the water. Electrodes connected with a dynamo are then inserted in the cylinders, and the current carbonizes the material, which is afterward pressed into briquets.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

VOL. LVII] No. 2943 | WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1913 | [10 Cents a Copy $4.00 a Year

An Appeal to the President

"Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political. . . ."—FROM THE FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

"We reaffirm the principles of Democratic government formulated by Thomas Jefferson."—FROM THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM OF 1912.

"Equal rights for all, special privileges for none!"—THE DEMOCRATIC CREED.

To the President:

WE set up no claim of special or tacit right to address you directly. Neither do we concede that our doing so at this critical moment can be fairly regarded as a presumptuous act. It is from a very deep sense of duty that we feel impelled to speak out frankly and earnestly in a time of greatest peril, not to yourself alone, nor merely to your party, but to your country and to the fundamental principles of democratic government. We may be speaking too late. You may have chosen the road you propose to travel before these words shall appear upon the printed page. And our appeal may be in vain. In any case, we cannot remain silent while you stand at the parting of the ways.

The most vicious bill ever enacted by a Congress of the United States now awaits your approval or your dissent. There is and can be no question of its intent or its certain effect. It divides the American people into two great classes. It provides the means for the prosecution of one set of citizens who may violate the law. It explicitly withholds means for prosecuting another set of citizens for breaking the same law. No amount of specious reasoning can obscure that one vital fact. It stands out as luminous as day. Punishment for some; exemption for others. That is the measure which awaits your signature or your veto.

You know it. You proved that you do when, as Governor of New Jersey, you killed a precisely similar provision.

The thirty-eight Democratic and the three Progressive Senators who passed the bill know it. Their pitiful attempts to excuse themselves betray only too plainly their perfect understanding of the iniquity of their performance.

The thirty Republican and the two Democratic Senators—POMERENE of Ohio and THOMAS of Colorado: honor to their names!—know it. Their arguments were conclusive and irrefutable.

The country knows it. If any doubt on this score lingers in your mind, we beg of you to study the public journals. From Maine to California has arisen a universal chorus of protest. But one other note has been struck. It is that of incredibility that you, WOODROW WILSON, of the keenest intelligence, of profound knowledge, of dauntless spirit, should be even suspected of intent to betray your country and belie your conscience. Does not that make for a serious situation? Is it not in truth crucial?

We shall make no extended analysis of this infamous measure now. That duty, if it must needs be performed at all, is for the future. It suffices for the present to quote the fateful words from the Appropriation bill:

> For the enforcement of anti-trust laws, $300,000: *Provided, however*, That no part of this money shall be spent in the prosecution of any organization or individual for entering into any combination or agreement having in view the increasing of wages, shortening of hours, or bettering the conditions of labor, or for any act done in furtherance thereof not in itself unlawful: *Provided further*, That no part of this appropriation shall be expended for the prosecution of producers of farm products and associations of farmers who co-operate and organize in an effort to and for the purpose to obtain and maintain a fair and reasonable price for their products.

The plea was made in the Senate that the exemption applies only to any act "not in itself unlawful." It is asserted in news despatches from Washington, bearing a semblance of authority, that this claim will constitute the basis of your own defense if, at this early and most unpropitious period in your administration, you should wittingly assume the defensive upon an utterly indefensible proposition. One need not be a lawyer to perceive the falsity of this contention. Nothing could be plainer than that the portion of the proviso ending with the words "or bettering the conditions of labor" is complete in itself. There is the crux of the whole business. The succeeding words were added craftily to distract attention from the real prohibition, for no reason conceivable under heaven but to deceive. Upon their face they are meaningless and futile. What nonsense to forbid prosecution for "an act not in itself unlawful"! What sense in saying that men entering into a *lawful* combination shall not be prosecuted! More obvious chicanery was never written into a statute.

There is absolutely no limitation in the first portion of the proviso—the portion that has teeth in it. The Attorney-General is flatly and unqualifiedly forbidden to prosecute any combination or agreement, criminal or not, which may *have in view* the increasing of wages or the shortening of hours or vaguely "bettering the condition of labor." President TAFT struck the quick of the matter with the surety of judicial analysis when he wrote in his veto of this very measure:

> The proviso is subtly worded so as in a measure to conceal its full effect by providing that no part of the money appropriated shall be spent in the prosecution of any organization or individual "for entering into any combination or agreement *having in view* the increasing of wages, shortening of hours, or bettering the condition of labor, . . . etc." So that any organization formed with the beneficent purpose described in the proviso might later engage in a conspiracy to destroy by force, violence, or unfair means any employer or employees who failed to conform with its requirements, and yet because of its originally avowed lawful purpose it would be exempt from prosecution so far as prosecution depended upon the moneys appropriated by this act, no matter how wicked, how cruel, how deliberate the acts of which it was guilty. So, too, by the following sentence in the act, such an organization would be protected from prosecution "for any act done in furtherance" of "the increasing of wages, shortening of hours, or bettering the condition of labor," not in itself unlawful. But under the law of criminal conspiracy acts lawful in themselves may become the weapons whereby an unlawful purpose is carried out and accomplished.

It follows necessarily and indisputably that, under this iniquitous statute, men who openly and deliberately break the law for these ostensible and indeterminate objects are made immune to punishment. They can do what they like in any way they like without incurring the slightest danger from the Department of Justice. That is the plain English of it, clear and unmistakable.

"The real meaning of these provisos," quoting the succinct statement of Senator ROOT, "is that the Congress of the United States gives notice to the Executive that a labor man who commits the crimes described in the SHERMAN Act, or an agriculturist equally criminal, shall not be punished."

What can such action mean? What involve? Consider the broader aspect.

"Let me ask you, sir," continued Senator ROOT in words that DANIEL WEBSTER might have spoken, "how will this present itself to the multitude of our citizens not included in these exempted classes? Where will be the willingness to abide by the law; where will be the confidence in the justice of the law; where will be the sense of obligation to the law because it is law on the part of these multitudes of American citizens who find themselves constrained against doing what is necessary for the protection of their livelihood and other classes permitted to violate the law for the same purpose? How can we fail to create a sense of injustice; how can we fail to create opposition to the law, to create a feeling that it is right for men themselves to assert and to exercise the same freedom that is given to their neighbors?"

And let us ask you, sir, if this exemption were granted to employers instead of to employees, what would be your verdict? Is there so much as a shadow of doubt? Does not that simple question effectually dispose of any specious insistence that this is not class legislation—that it does not, as we have declared it does, divide the people into two great parts, one of which must keep while the other may break the law?

We shall not dwell upon the evasion and craven method adopted to achieve this purpose. That is all too plain. Even those Senators who tried to make excuse admitted that it would be more natural, more proper, and more rightful to amend the SHERMAN law itself. Why, then, did they not do it? Because confessedly an amendment relieving a designated class of citizens from the consequences of criminal acts would be unconstitutional. The Fourteenth Amendment stands as an insurmountable barrier. It was so held by the Supreme Court in a precisely similar case. What, then, is this but an attempt, avowed and brazen, to subvert the Constitution by indirection—by withholding from the legal officer of the people the means to prosecute, by striking down the arm of Justice, by rendering law itself impotent?

Can you, Mr. President, stand for that—you whose chief merit in the eyes of the people is your love of straightforwardness and your detestation of deceitful practices?

In answer to those who urge you to accept responsibility for this legislation as shrewd politics we say beware! You were not elected by the ragtag-and-bobtail. That element in the Democratic party went to Mr. ROOSEVELT. Your plurality came from five millions of conservative Democrats and approximately one million of Republicans. You won through their faith in your sagacity, your integrity, your conscience, and your fidelity to constitutional government. Surely you would not wittingly destroy or impair that. What could take its place? The support of the working-men and the farmers? Believe it not.

The farmers do not want this law. Study the facts elicited by the Senate debates and you will discover, as Senator CUMMINS declared, that "no farmer's organization presented such a request to the committee." Assuredly the great number of working-men who are not members of unions do

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PENN STATE

not favor it. Nor is it at all certain that thoughtful union men are for it. They are wise enough to perceive the danger of reaction from flagrant class legislation. So far as outward indications afford basis for judgment, it is only Mr. GOMPERS who, in characteristic excess of zeal, insists upon overreaching. As against that urgency, rendered none too reputable by Mr. GOMPERS's present position before the courts of law, weigh the proverbial sense of American fair play, the protests filed by merchants' associations, and the universal abhorrence manifested by the press, and note how the scales balance.

Don't do it, Mr. President. Don't disappoint your friends who have declared your sincerity. Don't justify the enemies who have pronounced you a demagogue. Don't cast aside precious loyalty. Don't crush out the faith in you that has put you where you are. Don't think to make adequate excuse by saying other appropriations may be employed in the face of this mandate of Congress. Above all, don't let yourself be convinced that you can put upon or even share with Congress the responsibility. Unless you can show conclusively that this bill was forced upon you against your will, that you had no part in resuscitating it when there was no need, the credit or the blame must be yours and yours alone.

Can you do that? We fear not. It stands today before the public as an administration measure. But you can and should, and pray God you may, disregard any implication of commitment in courageous performance, after full and complete understanding of the truth, of your public duty.

Two facts are certain: The fate of this infamous measure, involving your own and your party's political fortunes, is in your own hands. And you stand, as we have said, at the parting of the ways.

So in all hope and friendliness and with no small confidence we say in conclusion:

Remember the "equal and exact justice to all men" promised by JEFFERSON!

Remember the "equal protection of the laws" guaranteed by the Constitution which you have promised "to preserve, protect, and defend"!

Remember the creed of your own party and the pledge of your own platform!

This above all: to thine own self be true!

A Prediction

We predict to-day—May 17, 1913—that the next Republican candidate for President of the United States will be WILLIAM E. BORAH, of Idaho.

The House Has Done Its Part

Honor to CHAMP CLARK and OSCAR UNDERWOOD! And we needn't worry over the question of the precise share of honor each of them is to have. Neither of them is disturbed on that score and there is honor enough and glory enough for both. When they sent the tariff bill practically unchanged to the Senate, it was plain that not only their own following, but the Republicans as well, recognized in them both the fine quality of loyalty—loyalty both in principle and to party. They had both done their duty as they saw it and had never for a moment obeyed an impulse of pique or jealousy, whether directed at each other or anybody else. Their behavior looks to us extremely like plain statesmanship and old-fashioned patriotism.

Not that the bill is perfect or nearly perfect. There are details in the tariff schedules we should like to see changed, and we hope to get space to mention them before the bill is law. We have freely expressed our doubt about the wisdom of resorting so eagerly, at this time, to the income tax as a source of revenue. But it is incomparably the best and soundest and the most honest tariff bill since 1857.

Here is the human test of its honesty. It was framed mainly by Southern men, every one of them politicians and thoroughly alive to the importance of pleasing their constituents. Yet whence come the strongest protests against it? Indisputably from the South. Of all the manufacturers whose products it deals with, the Southern cotton-mill men have made the loudest outcry. The one state in the Union most bitterly opposed to it is Louisiana. Even the cotton-planters have got a notion it is going to hurt them—as indeed it may for a month or two while American cotton-mills delay buying—and from Texas comes an appeal from one hundred thousand farmers to Assistant President HOUSE to impress on President WILSON that he mustn't go so fast. There are nearly as many wool-growers, too, out that way as any other way and more Southern than Western timber—much of it really owned by Western lumber kings, experts in working Congress—stretches out appealing branches to Congressmen with confused ideas about economics and very clear ideas as to the value of campaign contributions. Yet the bill goes to the Senate unimpeachably Democratic, unsectional, national, sincere.

The fact is—and it has been a fact for some time—that the South is the one section of the country where arguments for high protection are most plausible. New England, on the other hand, is the section most in need of freer trade. Nevertheless, most of the Southern Democrats in the House have stood firm for the right national policy. We respectfully call this remarkable circumstance to the attention of our direct-government friends, who insist that it is impossible to secure honesty in representatives unless they are subjected slavishly to constant instructions from their constituents on pain of immediate recall. As to our other friends, the readable muckrakers of the cheap magazines, we have no doubt they can supply thrillingly perfidious reasons for the straightforwardness of CLARK and UNDERWOOD and the mass of their following.

The Senate

Of course, however, the real fight against the bill will be, as has always been foreseen, in the Senate. That is understood by the forces of privilege now gathering as of old for the fray. Fortunately, however, it is equally well understood by the administration and by every intelligent American who wants to make an end of high protection.

It is going to be a hard fight, make no mistake about that. There will be, as always, plenty of money to be used, if it can be used, in behalf of the men who for so many years have been making money out of high-protection tariffs. They will have skilled representatives in the debates and parliamentary maneuvering; a majority of the old hands will be on their side. The nominal Democratic majority is slight and there are men in it whose records show, only too clearly, that they are individually none too hot for the Democratic cause.

On the other hand, however, everything has been done that could be done to keep the line firm, to hold every Democrat to his duty. There has been unprecedented preliminary consultation between the House and Senate leaders, and the President is entirely alert. Senator SIMMONS, chairman of the Finance Committee, troublesome as is his record on Republican tariff-making, is the equal in political shrewdness of his shrewdest Republican opponent, and there is no fair ground to question his sincere adherence to his duty in the matter of this Democratic tariff.

We repeat that we do not expect a fiasco like that which befell the WILSON bill. Nevertheless, every low-tariff paper and every low-tariff man should keep right on helping in every way it is possible to help.

While We Wait

The Executive Council of the American Bankers' Association, in session last week, while insisting on the urgent need of banking and currency legislation, declined to take any action on the vague indications so far received of what the party in power wants to do or may do in that line. These gentlemen were quite right. When a definite plan or policy is put before the country in plain language, they are ready to give their opinion of it, solicited or unsolicited. Until then they can only wait, like the rest of us, and perhaps put in a word here and there for such a policy as they know ought to be adopted.

This is the biggest task of the administration and the party behind it. It is also the most difficult, in view of the party's recent history and leadership. It is permissible and right, therefore, for us all to be reasonably patient and considerate with the administration. We should all give due weight to the report of the chairman of the bankers' committee on legislation to the effect that those having the bill in charge showed an "earnest desire" for practical suggestions—albeit he and his committee associates could not praise the bill in its inchoate state.

Nevertheless, this is a matter in which good will should not count for much and partisanship must not be allowed to count at all. We will be wrong if we accept from the administration and the party in power anything less than a thoroughly sound measure, scientific and up to date, framed with an eye single to the needs of the country's business and with no concessions to the real or imagined demands of political expediency.

It is merely incidental, but true, that to pass such a measure would be the best politics the administration and the party could conceivably play.

All Americans Must Be—Americans

A number of gentlemen representing the United Kingdom have crossed the ocean to confer with a similar company of American gentlemen concerning the proper celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Ghent in 1814, since which time there has been unbroken peace between Great Britain and the United States. Such a celebration will be timely and appropriate and ought not to be interfered with. There is no excuse for interference with it by Americans of other than British descent. Such interference is certainly in very bad taste; it is also decidedly unpatriotic. The idea of the celebration did not have its origin in the kinship of the American and British peoples. Everybody knows that America is no longer English. It has had accessions from practically every nation under the sun. But America and Great Britain are the two great English-speaking powers. They are, everything considered, the two great powers of the earth. Does any *American,* of whatever origin, object to their celebrating the end of one hundred years of peace and at the same time doing what they can to insure peace in the future? We trow not. The measure of any man's opposition to the idea is simply the measure of his inclination not to be an American, but something else.

Is Professor MUNSTERBERG of Harvard an American? We have no idea whether or not he has gone through the process of naturalization. If he has not, then this matter is one he ought not to have meddled with; it was none of his business. If he has, then he ought to have treated it as an American, not as a German. His notion that the celebration is an affront to Germany is absurd. Germany, if she is wise, will promptly repudiate it.

Germany, if she is wise, will repudiate all similar attempts to persuade Americans, even Americans of German birth or descent, that friendliness toward Germany means, for Americans, unfriendliness toward any other power. Real Americans, whether derived from Germany or not, will promptly and vigorously reject all such teaching. America is America. It is made up of many races, each with a natural and entirely respectable partiality for its motherland. But it demands of each and all precisely the same loyalty—single and undivided—that other nations demand of their subjects or citizens.

Professor MUNSTERBERG is in this country vowedly as a psychologist. His speech before the American members of the Peace Conference was not good practical psychology. If he is still a German, then it was also very bad diplomacy and ought not to commend him to the German department of foreign affairs. It is this gentleman's own fault if, in his various conspicuous activities in this country, he has inspired a suspicion—not confined to Cambridge, Massachusetts—that he particularly desires that department's approval.

Over-stimulated Industry

Auburn, New York, has been having an epidemic of strikes. The ailment started in a twine-factory, and affected a good many other pursuits. The twine-factory employed about four thousand hands. An enterprising citizen started it, and it was manned for the most part by cheap and not very rational work-people from Europe (Poles, mostly) whose earnings were not large, and their manner of life not up to the standard of the city. They struck for more pay and other improvements, and, being unusually ignorant, were unusually turbulent, and the militia had to be called out, and some of the strikers were shot, and the town has had a good deal of advertisement that it could well have spared.

The question suggests itself: Is it good for an American city to start in it a cheap-labor factory, and fill it with a lot of cheap and excitable workers direct from Europe?

Under the stimulation of the high tariff, that has been done over and over again in American cities, and has usually been regarded as a contribution to the welfare and prosperity of the city concerned. Lawrence, in Massachusetts, is a striking example, where ninety-five per cent. of the population is foreign-born. Auburn has a population of 35,000 of which about 6,000 are new-comers of the sort that the militia has been lately called out to keep in order. Now to provide good employment for the working-people of

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a city and promote its natural growth is a valuable service, but this kind of stimulation by sudden attraction of a small army of low-class Europeans to work in factories seems a very doubtful blessing indeed.

At any rate, it has its embarrassments, as Auburn can testify.

Brother Wallace Is With Us

The newest muck-raker is the venerable ALFRED WALLACE RUSSELL, co-discoverer with DARWIN of the theory of evolution, who is out with a book in which he inspects the conditions and processes of modern life, and reaches the conclusion that the current system of society is "rotten from top to bottom." There has been so much fuss lately about one thing or another that many people have suspected that something radical was wrong, and it will be almost a relief to them to have so eminent a scientist as Dr. RUSSELL confirm their fears. He reviews in his book the details of human misbehavior with which our attentive newspapers and magazines have made us all so familiar, including especially the industrial drawbacks that have come with vast increase of machinery. The trouble he finds to be due to our living under a system of universal competition for the means of existence. The remedy he points out is universal co-operation. He says:

> Our system is also one of monopoly by a few of all the means of existence—the land, without access to which no life is possible, and capital, or the results of stored-up labor, which is now in the possession of a limited number of capitalists and therefore is also a monopoly. The remedy is freedom of access to land and capital for all.
>
> Also, it may be defined as social injustice, inasmuch as the few in each generation are allowed to inherit the stored-up wealth of all preceding generations, while the many inherit nothing. The remedy is to adopt the principle of equality of opportunity for all, or of universal inheritance by the state in trust for the whole community.

We believe that if Brother WALLACE should come over here and go into politics he would score a success that would make all its former triumphs seem insignificant. Brother EUGENE DEBS stands ready to embrace him; Brother HAYWOOD would reach him the glad hand; the Colonel and Miss JANE ADDAMS and all the lesser Moose would want to make him theirs, and he might supplant Brother Vice-President MARSHALL in the regards of the whiskered Democrats.

Come on, Brother WALLACE! We will all be with you. What you say is a good deal so, and nothing but the habits of mankind stand between our present forlorn state and the improvements that you suggest. But what you say, dear sir, is not news, and you cannot copyright it in this country.

A Story of the Full-crew Bill

One of the complaints made about the full-crew bill which our New York legislature passed and Governor SULZER signed was that it was an assumption by the legislature of duties that had been delegated to a commission. Similar bills were vetoed by both Governor HUGHES and Governor DIX for that reason. It is a fact that we have not noticed in print that this question of the number of men required on trains did go to the up-state Public Service Commission and was passed upon. After the railroads in New York had laid off a good many men, in 1908, a test case was prepared and put before the commission. One of the commissioners looked into it, rode on the train said to be undermanned, and concluded that beyond a doubt that train did need another man. When the question came before the commission a majority of the commissioners voted to direct the road to put on another man. But the road asked for a rehearing; it was granted; the chairman of the commission allowed it to go unheard, and the opinion on which was based the action of a majority of the commission ordering a full crew was never printed with the other opinions.

It seems to be a fact, therefore, that the full-crew bill did not become a law until the Public Service Commission had attempted to deal with the matter and had been partially frustrated in their efforts. In the case concerned the railroad did, we believe, put on an extra man pending the rehearing, but, the rehearing being dropped and the protested opinion being left unprinted, it was not made clear that the commission was ready to force the employment of extra men where needed. There followed from that default this law which compels the employment of the extra men whether needed or not, and which seems to be a pretty wasteful statute.

Schools of Agriculture on the West Coast

There is a school of agriculture at Stanford University, and another at the University of Oregon.—HARPER'S WEEKLY *last week.*

The Oregon Agricultural College is at Corvallis and had more pupils last year (1,300) than the University of Oregon (1,200) at Eugene. A friend who writes to put us right about it says the college and the university are not connected. He also says:

> The leading agricultural school in California is a department of the University of California at Berkeley. That school is said to be very much alive to the agricultural situation in the state, and is about to spend a large amount of money in the southern part of the state along the lines followed by the Federal Department of Agriculture in co-operation with the General Education Board in the Southern states.

A California farmer with whom we talked two months ago operates on a considerable scale in the Sacramento Valley and spoke of the difficulty in bringing the publications of the Department of Agriculture into the hands of the farmers who needed them. It takes some enterprise to get the catalogue of the department's publications and send for the pamphlets that the California farmer ought to have. Our friend had tried to arrange for the distribution of these publications through the country post-offices, which might supply the lists of publications, but had not succeeded. We suppose that co-operative agriculture, such as Sir HORACE PLUNKETT has introduced in Ireland, would help California considerably. It is the co-operative activities of the Japanese that seem to make the most trouble for their Caucasian competitors. A hair of the dog might cure that. If the American Californians could learn to work together and also get proper direction about their crops, the Japanese competition might turn out in the end to be to their advantage.

A Century is a Good Interval

Memorial Day follows the spring north. In the South they take their's early when the early flowers are out. Texas remembers San Jacinto on April 21st. In Alabama, Florida, Georgia, and Mississippi Memorial Day falls on April 26th; in the Carolinas on May 10th; and in Tennessee on the second Friday in May.

It was three weeks ago, therefore, that Dr. GEORGE PETRIE, of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, in his Memorial Day address at Opelika, made the suggestion to which attention is called by the Montgomery *Advertiser*. He said:

> In two more years it will be half a century since our great war ended. Shall we let that date go by unnoticed? The trials and the perils of reconstruction are now over. We are one country at last, not only in name, but in spirit; and no section welcomes this coming of real peace and fraternal feeling more genuinely than we do. Would it not, then, be a fine thing if this semi-centennial could be made the occasion of a national celebration of the present good feeling between all sections of our country, and of the genuine reunion which has at last come?

Of course! And the time being only two years off, the *Advertiser* calls for specific suggestions for the celebration.

As we see it, the main difficulty about celebrating the reunion of the states is that they are so united. A very great majority of our citizens, North and South, have never known any but a united country. The end of the Civil War seems perhaps a little too near to need to be recalled, and not far enough off to have a suitable historical perspective. We are preparing to celebrate the close, one hundred years ago, of our last war with Great Britain. Perhaps the hundred-year period is better for these exercises. Local celebrations of the close of the Civil War there can, and doubtless will, be two years hence; but for a national celebration, to revive historical memories, we incline to think that the more favorable date will be 1965.

A Good Sign

Even the *Tribune* concedes the rightfulness of President WILSON'S order subjecting to competitive examination the fourth-class postmasters whom President TAFT just before election dumped into the classified service. "Many of those transferred," it says, "may give way to better appointees after competitive examinations are held. The public doesn't care very much about the individuals who may qualify for the post-offices. But it is greatly interested in erecting a bar against the use of these offices as party patronage." It continues truly and wisely:

> It is highly gratifying to learn that the President will also try to get second and third class postmasterships transferred to the classified service. It is foolish to burden the President with the responsibility of filling these minor posts. The time he is obliged to spend considering such appointments is absolutely wasted. There are enough really important things for him to wrestle with without being handicapped by refereeing petty wrangles over political spoils. If Mr. WILSON refuses to submit any longer to an intolerable executive burden he will have contributed materially toward increasing the efficiency and enlarging the independence of the Presidential office.

Other Republican journals will do well to emulate the somewhat belated but none the less gratifying access of broad-mindedness to the columns of their famous leader.

Public Hearings

Why should a tariff bill be framed in the secrecy of a star chamber? Why should not public hearings be given on a matter which so concerns the public? The five Democratic Senators who may desert their leaders and vote with the Republicans for open consideration of the UNDERWOOD bill would seem to be acting on the true principles of Democracy and on the principles declared by WOODROW WILSON.—*Waterbury American.*

Logically, Brother CHAPIN is in the right. Publicity cannot be pitiless behind closed doors. But it is all a question of degree. If the real purpose of public hearings is to delay matters it calls for little heeding. The country wants prompt action. Nevertheless, we candidly admit that the matter is one requiring delicate adjustment if consistency is to be considered.

Time for the Hook

The Chicago City Council is considering an ordinance imposing a fine for singing indecent songs in public. Such a law may not be effective; opinions of what constitutes indecency differ with respect to lyrics as well as in matters of art. But if its passage would tend to arouse public opinion on the subject we hope it will pass. Some of the "songs" that are drooled in public places nowadays are positively abominable.

Brother Abbott's Case

When it comes to being all things to all men, as the Scripture recommends, Grand-brother LYMAN ABBOTT makes a performance that is not excelled. It was a mistake for the American Peace Society to remove him from its list of vice-presidents. The reason for doing so was that Brother ABBOTT indorsed the Navy League's appeal for suitable appropriations for battle-ships. But surely Brother ABBOTT shows himself a friend of peace when he favors expenditure for battleships.

What is the weightiest argument nowadays for peace?

Is it not the immense cost of armament?

People don't greatly mind being killed. Those who are dead make no complaint, and those who survive derive some advantage from survival.

But people dislike exceedingly to be taxed, and there is nothing they hate worse to be taxed for than armies and navies. Nothing puts them more out of conceit with war than to feel the cost of perpetual preparation for it. Nothing is working harder for peace to-day than the navies of the world. They cost so much that in Europe they are an almost intolerable burden; they are too valuable to use for fighting purposes, and are good for nothing else, and are the swiftest of all vessels on the course to the junk-heap. Navies work all the time for peace, and the more they cost the more effectual their efforts are. Dr. ABBOTT is for our navy and for peace; two perfectly consistent emotions. The American Peace Society had better put him back on their list. Their policy seems to be to stop the dose just as it is doing the patient good. Brother ABBOTT knows better.

Parlous Times

The centenary of the Treaty of Ghent, for the celebration of which arrangements are now being made, falls on December 24, 1914.

It calls for some confidence on the part of our friends, the British delegates, to plan for a peace celebration a year and half ahead, with their country full of militant suffragists lighting back-fires on them, their government testing all manner of strange expedients to produce contentment among the people, and all Europe staggering under an immense armament.

A lot may happen in a year and a half. A vast deal happened in that space of time a century ago, winding up with Waterloo in 1815. It is a fair question what our descendants will be arranging to celebrate a hundred years from now, whether the two-hundredth anniversary of Ghent and Waterloo or the centenary of some great explosion not yet touched off.

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HARPER & BROTHERS
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N.Y.
LONDON: 45 ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

George Harvey, President, Franklin Square, New York, N. Y.
Frederick A. Duneka, Secretary, Franklin Square, New York, N. Y.
Frederick T. Leigh, Treasurer, Franklin Square, New York, N. Y.

Entered at the New York Post-office as second-class matter

The Contemplative Essayist

THE very words of the title call to mind a play in which an elderly comedy character was constantly being jeered at by his sons as "miles behind the procession." The poor, contemplative essayist is so many miles behind the procession to-day that he can only vaguely distinguish its tail in the blue and hazy distance, while he turns from side to side to see the road by which the procession passed, to examine the traces it has left behind, and to gaze at the meadows and the far horizon slopes on every side.

One publisher goes so far as to say that the whole book-business is now being pushed out of commission by the automobile. In place of the old-time quiet hours when the leisurely classes spent their time reading before the open fire, or in the hammock on the green-shuttered veranda, the world is now whizzing over the earth sampling scenery and taking the air. Pictures are suffering no less than books, and the art-galleries of Europe forego much of the patronage of rich foreigners who now scoff at the idea of stopping to look at the old things when they might be on the roads instead. Reading must, in this new zest for motion, go somewhat by the board. If one conscientiously study the publishers' lists, however—lists that the contemplative drop into the waste-basket with spiteful emphasis—one realizes that certain books are still printed; books about automobiles, aeroplanes, and detectives; books about railroads, banking, finance, social economics, politics.

The great truth for the contemplative essayist to learn, wherever he exists, is that the world is in far too great a hurry to think about what it is doing. It is immersed in swift and unpremeditated action and is leaving the thoughtful processes for some other century. Even the most leisurely reader, one who still sits among his flower-beds with a book when the others are whizzing about, reads in a less leisurely fashion than of old and finds it difficult to recapture the fine indifference to time of a generation or so ago. Even such a reader feels a little aggrieved when that most exquisite of contemplative essayists, HENRY JAMES, announces the death of a personage in his volume by saying: "The extremity of personal absence had just overtaken him." Why take time from the rush of life to decide what "an extremity of personal absence" might hypothetically mean.

A visitor recently invited to speak on literature for children to public-school teachers, visiting afterward one of the most excellent public schools, was overwhelmed to find that despite the affluence of modern paraphernalia, decorations, ventilation, heating and cooling apparatus, pictures, victrolas, records, gymnasiums (everything, indeed, in the way of modern improvements, except motor-cars for the children to experiment with), there was not a single book for the children to read in the great public school that harbored nearly nine hundred children. Nine hundred children being educated without acquiring the reading habit or the passion for absorbing thought from the printed page! Could anything more definitely proclaim the passing of literature?

And in the course of literary history the essayist has usually lagged in the rear of the mere popular dramatist, poet, and novelist. How changed are the times since the first great English essayist dared set down in essays his ideas on Truth, Delays, Abstract Ideas, Cunning, Anger, Studies, Usury, Fortune, Gardens, Buildings, Custom, Education, etc., and all this without apology and without introducing any of the alleviating adornment of timely or local allusion; offering, indeed, nothing but bald and unashamed reflection and contemplation.

The humorous essayist still has opportunities, as even the busiest of men can afford to stop and smile at a jest and repeat it. BACON notes, now even in his time, some men are remarked for "pleasantness in raillery, others for apologues and apposite stories," and he shows how this talent may be increased by use and practice. We still have humorous essayists who have an adequate audience and who can therefore publish their books. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, alas! too long silent! E. V. LUCAS and G. K. CHESTERTON; and in this land we had CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER who left some successors. But one may question, if EMERSON came back to-day, would any publisher print his contemplative essays?

PATER, the last supreme and wonderful contemplative essayist, appealed only to a select few, and, like PLATO (of whom EMERSON said probably only twenty men in each generation ever really read him), only a few leisurely minds, here and there, revert to him and rest in him. ARNOLD doubtless increased his vogue by his irritating scorn and chaff; like a schoolmaster, says CHESTERTON, teaching "with a heart-broken smile in an idiot school." People read ARNOLD to answer back.

That mankind-at-large no longer likes reading is proved, asserts the Apostolic Protonotary, by their reading. "I am sure," he says, "that one way to dislike books is to like newspapers," just as he proves also that to like ragtime is to dislike music. But after all is said, there is a grain of comfort hidden in all this chaff of lamentation. As reading becomes a less general and popular diversion and confines itself once more to what may be called the "reading public," patient, quiet people who like to sit still and hold another man's printed thoughts in hand, books will be more directly addressed to, and printed for, the intelligent, the literature may once more be seen emerging for its lovers from the floods of print.

The drama is undoubtedly looking up and taking serious note of life. We have had SYNGE and ST. JOHN HANKIN; we still have GALSWORTHY, BESIER, GRANVILLE BARKER, and an occasional spark from SHAW. Novels, especially in England, thanks to this lesser public, are growing longer and less artificial and unreal. Poets, at any rate in England, are printing their works, and the humorous essayist has his little field.

There is no telling but that the time may come when even the contemplative essayist may find some leisurely hearers again and publish his familiar talks on men and books, as did MONTAIGNE; or his adventures in the realms of quaint and crabbed lore like Sir THOMAS BROWNE. He may teach like ARNOLD or give play to all his æsthetic perceptions and sensations like PATER. He may evolve theories of human relations and doctrines of justice like VERNON LEE; or make pleas for rationality in thought like SANTAYANA; or do real book notices without reference to sales, or publishers, or friendship with the authors.

But perhaps, too, the contemplative essayist must conquer new realms. Perhaps only when the aeroplane is in full flight and new data for abstraction is given can he sit down again and write with impunity of the untracked paths of lonely reflection. There will then be new and less hackneyed vistas to describe, and perhaps in that altitude new truths may emerge to startle the preoccupied into attention. And once again the contemplative essayist will dare to hail men to him for a little slow discussion of life and urge his listeners, as aforetime, not to set their houses on fire to boil an egg.

Correspondence

THE STATUS OF RESERVISTS

MANILA, P. I., *March 24, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I inclose herewith a little printed matter that may be of interest to a large body of your readers. It is Bulletin 1, 1913, issued by the War Department. On page 5 is published, in response to queries, a statement on the status of the men of the newly formed Army Reserve. The Judge-Advocate General, a mighty authority in army circles, gives an opinion that will in a few years disfranchise every man that enlists and obtains his discharge after serving his time in the army. After the end of three years there will be a constantly renewed body of men (80,000 each year) who will be unable to cast a vote or take part in an election. This body of men will finally reach the enormous number of nearly 300,000, as it will be a four-year term of service in the Reserve after the three-year service with the colors.

I hardly think the men who voted to pass that bill in Congress and the Senate realized what a great injustice they were doing a large number of their constituents. Do the men themselves, who enlist, realize that for a period of four years after they leave the army, while they are in the Reserve, they are liable to court-martial for any one of the many little causes a soldier is now tried in the army.

That they are at the beck and call of any little cadet who is aware that they are members of the Reserve. That, according to army law, they are forbidden to marry during the Reserve term, and can be punished by court-martial for doing so. Just as a private is punished to-day if he marries without his commanding officer's consent. I am sending you herewith the copy of the Bulletin, and trust that you can find space in the columns of your journal to show the young men of America what they are up against when they enlist under the seven-year law.

I am, sir,

AN OLD SOLDIER.

An opinion of the Judge-Advocate General cannot disfranchise any one. That officer holds that Reserve soldiers cannot vote in those states which disfranchise soldiers and sailors. He is probably right. The fault lies with the states and not with the opinion.

As the army contains only about 80,000 men, most of whom serve four years with the colors, it is hard to see how this number can be turned into the Reserve every year.

If the Reservist keeps out of the hands of the local police, we cannot conceive of any purely military offense for which he might be tried by court-martial. As to getting married, it is customary for a soldier to get his company commander's permission before marrying so as to get the privileges usually accorded to married soldiers. But he is not required to get this permission and cannot be punished for marrying without it?

It would seem that all the old soldier's statements are either untrue or grossly exaggerated, as, for instance, that the Reservist is subject to the "beck and call of any little cadet" and to trial by court-martial for trivial offenses. The Reservist is free to go where he pleases and he has no drill or duty of any kind to perform; so it would be hard for him to commit a military offense if he tried.—EDITOR.

WOODROW WILSON—NEW JERSEY'S VOICE

BUFFALO, N. Y., *May 2, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The President of the United States divesting himself of his Washington responsibilities for a few days and donning plain citizen's attire, that choicest ermine of all apparel, going back to the people of his state to plead for enactment of better laws, free from all possible corruption by unprincipled bosses and their undesirable following, is a healthy and refreshing spectacle fit for approval by all self-respecting citizens.

We all listen with reverent awe to the man who tells his party that at best it is only the temporary trusted guardian of the people's affairs, their administrator and executor, their business agent. Everywhere there is an awakening to the fact that our jury system too frequently becomes the fundamental source of corruption.

The sheriff's responsibility is too great and he should gladly relinquish it.

Commissioners of juries are surely more competent to do the work, and they should be intrusted with it in every state as the statutes of New York prescribe.

Sheriffs, no more than constables or police officers, all keepers of the "unfortunate menagerie of example" and graduates from the underworld, for whose existence we of the upperworld are ninety-five per cent. responsible, should not be intrusted with the duty of selecting jurors, and the abolishment of all such statutes will be hailed with unfeigned gladness by all well-ordered, freedom-loving, politically independent (nevertheless good partisan?) American citizens.

I am, sir,

L. A. WARNER.

FROM A COLLEGE PRESIDENT

STORER COLLEGE, HARPER'S FERRY, W. VA., *March 10, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—Did the faithful selection and arrangement of clippings from other newspapers which appeared last week in your publication so intoxicate your pride as to unbalance your judgment? "Congress and Prohibition" as treated in that number would so indicate. Of all the drivel which has recently appeared in your editorial columns, and enough has appeared, that article is the *n*th degree.

Why spend a half-column discussing a thing that is a "joke" or that "amounts to nothing"? Can you find no more important idea to engage your attention? Who do you imagine thinks that the Webb bill was intended to prevent shipment of liquor into dry territory? What idiot would think that any state would pass a law preventing one from consuming liquor if one so wished to do? You say, "It merely prohibits the shipment into prohibition states of liquors to be used in violation of the laws of such states." Why "merely"? Is this damning with small praise, or a confession that you do not believe in the right of states to order their own affairs? For you, a supposed-to-be Democrat, to plainly indicate in such language a disbelief in the ability of a commonwealth to manage its own business shows the irony of supposing that the editor of a noted WEEKLY is necessarily possessed of a belief in the people and a desire to lead. Your smug disposal of the whole thing must bring a feeling of great relief. That the people of the United States, as shown by the overwhelming vote of the Senate and House, desire this sort of thing seems in no way to disturb your "damn-the-people" attitude in the matter. Granted that more liquor was consumed last year than the year before. Was that due to the increase of prohibition territory or a strengthening of prohibition sentiment? It would be very interesting once in a while to see in your columns some statements respecting the relative number of insane, poverty-stricken people in the state institutions of, say, Kansas as compared to a wet state of equal size and population, as well as similar statements on the dry side of the question. "Sincere and honest legislation can do a good deal, etc., but it cannot stop drunkenness." Pray what in reason has the Webb bill to do with that?

Readers of the WEEKLY rather expect you to be reasonable even if consistency does not occupy your sanctum.

I am, sir,

HENRY T. MCDONALD.

The paragraph referred to is in the March 8th number of the WEEKLY. We invite temperance people to compare it with this thoughtful and sweetly reasonable communication. By temperance people we mean people who try to promote temperance, not prohibitionists of the class to which our learned correspondent apparently belongs. There are, however, thoroughgoing believers in prohibition whom we respect and prohibitory laws which we think sincere and wise.—EDITOR.

WE ARE NOT ALL ANGLO-SAXONS

TACOMA, WASH., *March 29, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

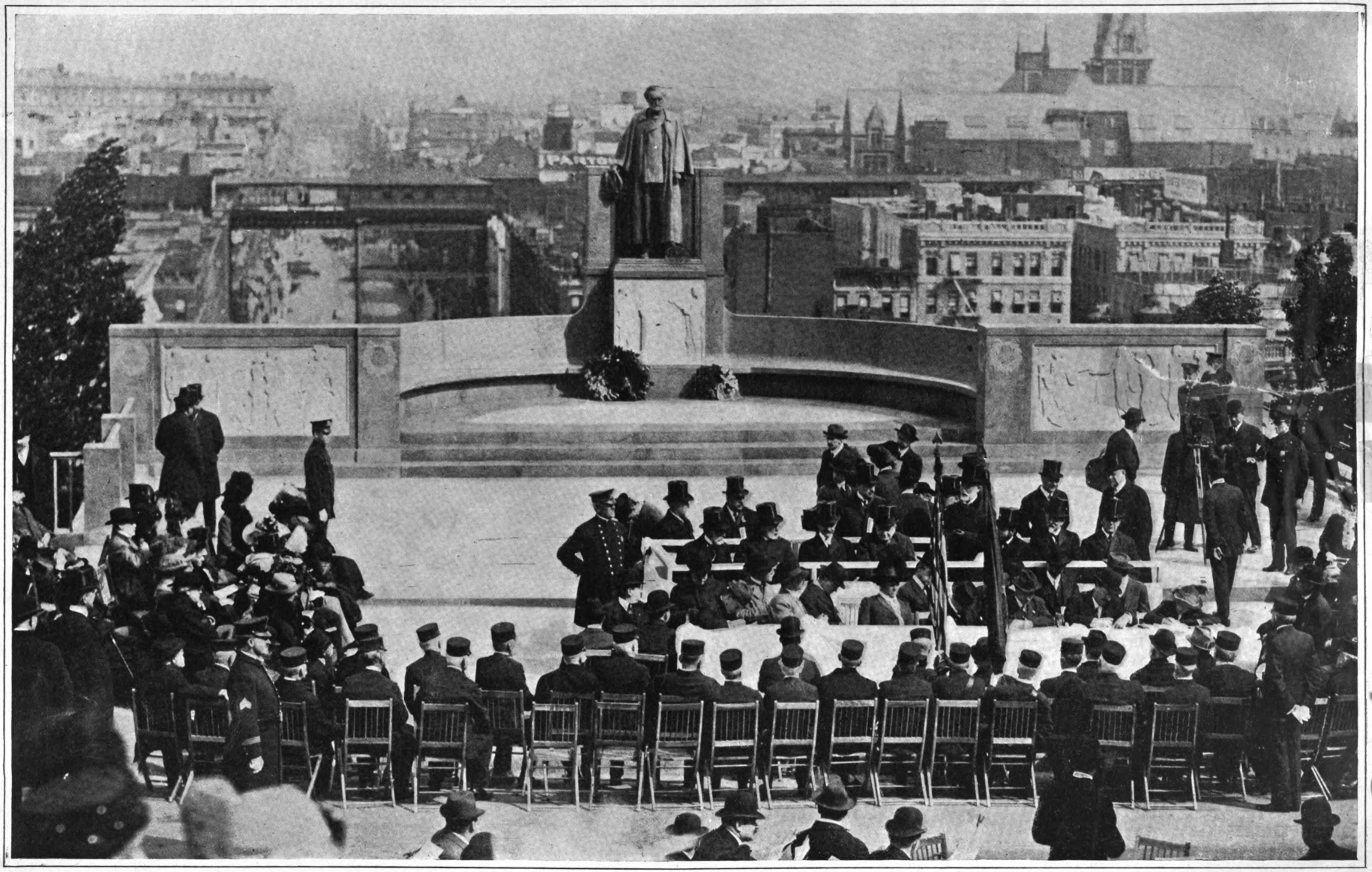
SIR.—In "Democracy at its Best," in the current HARPER'S WEEKLY, the author, Mr. LOW, speaks of the population of the United States as a branch of the "Anglo-Saxon family." Now it is, no doubt, presumptuous in an obscure citizen to criticize anything appearing in your publications, but, being an American, I am constrained to do so.

I wish to say that Americans are not Anglo-Saxons and many of us do not wish to be so designated. Mr. Paine in his day declared that "Europe, not England, was our mother country." Is it not time that this rubbish of Anglo-Saxonism was put one side? It is a silly and cheap convention and does no credit to our intelligence and dignity as a national people.

I am, sir,

JAMES HOYE.

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"DEFENDER OF LIBERTY AND FRIEND OF HUMAN RIGHT"

THE UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT TO CARL SCHURZ ON MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS, NEW YORK, ON MARCH 10TH. THE STATUE IS BY KARL BITTER, AND IS NINE FEET HIGH. UPON THE PEDESTAL ARE THE WORDS "DEFENDER OF LIBERTY AND FRIEND OF HUMAN RIGHT." SCHURZ WAS DISTINGUISHED EQUALLY IN WAR AND PEACE, AS MAJOR-GENERAL (LEADING THE ELEVENTH CORPS AT CHANCELLORSVILLE), SENATOR, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR UNDER HAYES, AND PUBLICIST. HE WAS AN EMINENT CONTRIBUTOR TO "HARPER'S WEEKLY" AND ITS CHIEF EDITORIAL-WRITER TWENTY YEARS AGO

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TRANSATLANTIC MATING



BY ANGLO-AMERICAN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. STROTHMANN

A FEW days ago there appeared in the *Outlook*—the London *Outlook*, of course; the American *Outlook* would never stain its pages with such frivolity—an article by Mrs. George Crichton Miln on "Anglo-American and American-Anglo Marriages." That is a very fascinating theme, and Mrs. Miln handles it with the right amount of provocation. Her general conclusions seem to be (1) that an Englishman who marries an American and settles down in England has the best that either country can offer; (2) that he is not irrevocably doomed to unhappiness even if he lives with his American wife in America; (3) that the American husband of an English wife had better, for the peace and contentment of his household, make England his home; and (4) that the English wife of an American husband is almost invariably out of her element in the United States, can scarcely ever assimilate her new environment, and is not only uncomfortable herself, but the cause of discomfort in others. In the hope that it will help to precipitate a first-rate international feud I propose to set forth and to comment on the grounds on which Mrs. Miln justifies these conclusions.

But first it should be said that she has a mind and a standpoint of her own. Take, for instance, her treatment of the always interesting case of the American woman married to an Englishman and living in England. Acres of printing-paper have been devoted to this absorbing topic. An English novelist who writes under the pseudonym of "Rita" made it a year or two ago a peg for a furious tirade against the lives and influence of American women in London. In "Rita's" opinion the American woman is responsible for pretty nearly all the inanities of the "Smart Set." She has brought, it seems, "her slang, her free and easy manners, her vulgar modes of eating and drinking and speaking, into halls made sacred by a long race of noble ancestors. She began by 'smartening up' society. She has ended by vulgarizing it. She has hosts of imitators instead of critics. She has floored all opposition in her own breezy, determined manner, and she has grafted her own insolent, airy graces upon the once-famed 'manners' of the great lady. Dignity, repose, and culture are not things that appeal to this alien 'smart' woman. . . . She it was who introduced 'notions' which were too idiotic for the nursery, but eagerly welcomed in the drawing-room. Who set society prancing and fooling over the ecstatic delights of the gymkhana contest in which women were blindfolded and driven in ribbon harness by men over a lawn outlined with champagne bottles? . . . To the American 'smart' woman society owes other exciting pranks. Her 'hen luncheons,' her surprise parties, her appendicitis dinners, her bathing-dress picnics, her floral teas, her 'color' suppers, and her novelties in cotillon figures have been largely imitated. She has an inventive brain and a mania for organization. She has shown us how charity can be made a playground for riotous display and social functions turned into a wild orgy or an undignified romp. To fancy-dress a charity, to flaunt a bazar, to self-advertise a hospital—these are the things we have learned from our transatlantic neighbors. With them advertisement is an absolute craze, the first law of *their* nature; and wisely and well have they engrafted it on their 'smart' sisterhood. They sent the 'Washington Post' capering through our ballrooms, and when we got tired of that they introduced us to the supremely delectable cake-walk."

How much truth is there in all this? Just as much, in my opinion, as can be expected from any one who tries to look at a continent through a microscope. There has been a "Smart Set" in all capitals of all countries in all ages, and to pretend that there is anything new about the frivolities of the "Smart Set" in London is to part with history, reason, and even common experience. Things are pretty much as they always have been, and there is scarcely a folly of to-day that one could not parallel from the past—and a past antedating the American invasion. Perhaps the "Smart Set" is more paragraphed and preached at, and therefore slightly more public, than it used to be. Perhaps it pays its debts by a slightly more indiscriminate hospitality than was common thirty or forty years ago. But fundamentally it is just the same as ever and just as really insignificant. As for the responsibility of Americans for its extravagances, the truth is that a few American women have joined it, and have led it, as they lead everything else, by virtue of a superior cleverness, ingenuity, and liveliness. Given a set where amusement is the thing most sought after, and you may be sure that an American will be more fertile in devising ways and means than her English sister. Given a *milieu* where freedom of speech and conduct is the mode, her audacities will take on a bolder sweep. If the pace is naturally fast, she will increase it by the intrusion of her keener, more thoroughgoing, and more expansive personality. She cannot help herself. Her natural capacities, her vim and buoyancy, drive her inevitably to the front, and if she prefers to enroll herself in the "Smart Set," nothing can prevent her from being a little "smarter" than her English friends. But she did not create the "Smart Set." All that she has done, or rather, all that the very few Americans who have joined it have done, is to make it more inventive, more amusing, more daringly grotesque. London, after all, was not precisely the home of a bucolic society even before the American invasion. They did not go to bed at ten o'clock or faint at the sight of a pack of cards. Even if no Americans had ever landed in London, the "Smart Set" would have been just as foolish, but considerably more humdrum and lacking that dash of piquancy which Americans cannot help throwing even into their wildest pleasurings. That seems to me about the facts of the case. But another and weightier critic than "Rita" came forward not long ago in the pages of an English monthly review to denounce the American wives of titled Englishmen under the pseudonym of "Colonial." He disliked their conspicuousness, their passion for display, their delight in "risky plays which are brought over from Paris in defiance of the Lord Chamberlain, elaborate suppers, lavish decorations, and naked luxury generally," their restless frivolity, and the fact that seventy-four of them have only one hundred and seven children. He thought their influence a bad one. They are irresponsible cosmopolitans. They do not come from "the real American aristocracy of intellect and public service." Anglo-American marriages "have no sound basis whatever." They are an alliance "between a title and dollars." "Take away their millions from Americans and how much would one hear of them in the great world?" They might have made London society brighter, but they have also made it "shallower, more extravagant, and more vulgar than it was before." All this the writer contrasted with the influence of the colonial wives of titled Englishmen, who are "wooed and won in their native land," who do not advertise themselves, who are not married for their money, who are born into great traditions and a sober social ideal, who never join the "Smart Set," who merge themselves with all that is best in English life, and ninety-five of whom have borne two hundred and sixty-six children. "To put it shortly," he summed up, "colonial influence in England is masculine, vigorous, and wholesome; American influence is feminine, frivolous, and fleeting." But if it is fleeting, why worry about it? Some Englishwomen, indeed, profess to see no hope ahead for themselves and their countrywomen until the whole of the aristocracy has made at least one wealthy American mar-



Deeply ashamed of having an American father

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riage. When that is done, when all the peerage has successfully called in the New World to redress the bankers' balance of the Old, there will then, it is hoped, be a chance for the English girl. On this hypothesis every Anglo-American marriage is to be welcomed. It is a step nearer to that beautiful consummation when, with the financial question settled for good and all, and a comfortable entail established, the sons or grandsons of reigning American duchesses will have no need to seek their wives beyond the borders of the United Kingdom, and when the dominion of the American woman will have automatically ceased. That is a consideration which supports "Colonial's" argument that the influence of Americans on English society is likely to prove evanescent; and it is, of course, obvious that the money which American women bring over with them remains when they are gone, and must either obviate Anglo-American marriages among the aristocracy of the future or put them on a wholly new basis.

Here, then, are two views of the multitudinous aspects of the great Anglo-American question. Mrs. Miln supplies a third. She recognizes that "women's unanimous love of titular adornments" amounts to little less than an obsession among all femininity of republican birth and training; but she is not inclined to attribute the steady onflow of Anglo-American marriages solely, or even chiefly, to this characteristic. What she puts it down to is principally "the grip of England upon the susceptible, responsive, plastic, selective nature of the American woman." Only those, she argues, who have spent the formative years of youth is less satisfying, less finished, and rawer countries can quite realize the claim, the appeal, the charm, the somewhat regal, somewhat gracious poise, of England. "Whatever the American woman is or is not, she is rarely dull—and a woman of gentle leanings and womanly tastes who, as a stranger given welcome within the British gates, did not instinctively, involuntarily (and perhaps often unconsciously) reach out with eager hands to catch and to hold for her own some intimate part of British social and home life, would be a very dull woman indeed." This is quite a new theory of Anglo-American marriages. They are really due, apparently, not to a preference on the part of the American woman for an individual Englishman over an individual American, but for England over America. According to Mrs. Miln an American woman is irresistibly urged to run after an Englishman in order to be saved from sinking back into the bleakness and chaotic immaturity of American life. After coming to England she cannot endure the thought of settling down as the wife of a New Jersey commuter. Rather than that she is prepared to marry even the eldest son of a peer of the British realm. But if she flings herself away thus wildly, it is not from any vulgar social ambition or any commonplace emotion of affection. It is that she has heard the Old World a-calling and can give heed to nothing else. She is not marrying an Englishman; she is marrying England. It is Mrs. Miln's opinion that the American woman gets a good deal out of her adventure. She succumbs at once to her new environment. In an incredibly short time the process of assimilation is complete. Every one, of course, has seen this miracle at work—has seen the American woman in England learning how to talk sport and politics, playing Lady Bountiful, mastering the art of keeping her emotions in unwonted check, of taking things for granted, of stopping asking questions, of performing her hospitality in spirit and detail with a wholly non-American but wholly British "matter-of-courseness," and of wearing the famous English society mask—the only English thing she will consent to wear. Most of the members of the American colony become, I fancy, more English than the English themselves. London liberalizes and broadens them, puts them in the way of a social experience incomparably more brilliant than any that lies open to them in their own land and teaches them —what London, beyond all other capitals, is qualified to teach—the art of life. They on their part supply a certain freshness and vivacity to the social round, new ways of doing things, and whole stacks of money —the last by far the most substantial and permanent of their contributions. On the whole it seems to be a fair, and it is certainly a very pleasant, exchange. But Mrs. Miln sees something in it far deeper than that. She appears even to hold that an English marriage and an English home are necessary to bring out the full richness and capacities of an American woman's nature, and that it is only in these conditions that she expands to an adequate measure of self-realization. "Bathed in the Gothic silences of really good English society—she grows to like them, to dip more and more into their waters; until she herself grows, if not exactly tongue-tied or statuesque, still comparatively quiet and reposed, and no longer more disturbant of the dignified and deliberate gray English social intercourse than is the soft but sibilant winging of a jeweled humming-bird disturbant of the blinking majesty of a colony of owls.

The American woman (of the right type) learns her England and comes to adorn it almost as much, and about half as quickly, as she comes to love it. . . . The American man is best at home. The American woman, too, so far as journeyings few and brief are concerned. But she is at her very best, contradictory creature that she is, when she has accepted at the hands of some British husband his people, his country, and his temples, and has made them hers." With that damnatory extract I hand Mrs. Miln over to the mercies of the really patriotic section of the American public.

But the case of the American woman married to an Englishman and living in England is only one of several possibilities to which Anglo-American marriages lend themselves. There is the case of the American husband and the English wife. Mrs. Miln cannot find it in her to postulate much happiness for the couple whether they make their home in England or in America. If in England the difficulties come from the husband's side; if in America, from the wife's.

The average American man, says Mrs. Miln, feels the appeal of England far less than the average American woman; he has not her adaptability; he is conscious of being somewhat of a failure and an awkward one at that; "he has vision, but he lacks manners; he is assertive, but even more he is sensitive and resents and writhes under criticism where an Englishman either ignores or despises it." He is, therefore, as a rule "wretchedly uncomfortable" in England. "He is not admired here, and admiration, strong, thick, and articulate is tenfold more necessary to the American man than it is to the American woman—and she, like all other women, craves admiration. But she holds love dearer than admiration. He prefers applause to affection. And in England he is neither applauded nor loved. And he knows it. Enormously assertive, he is still more sensitive than assertive. Pathetically resentful of English indifference and disallowance, and awkward with the gruesome awkwardness and acute diffidence of gross and baseless vanity, he struts or sulks, employs noise to cover social diffidence, assumes a shield of icy contempt to defend a social distaste, the taste of which he himself secretly doubts."

It must be owned that this seems a poor enough foundation for a contented married life in England. But the situation is worse when the American husband transplants his English wife to America. "The English woman," proclaims Mrs. Miln, "is not adaptable. Nor is she, out of her native environment, sympathetic. . . . She lives twenty years in Shanghai or in Bombay, and never once gets into touch with any one or with anything there outside of the sharply defined, thickly walled miniature England that she makes for herself and carries with her wherever she goes. Yet what might not that stiffly canonical, mulishly insular English lady accomplish for Empire and for humanity would only she allow (if she could, which, as a rule, she could not) the milk of human kindness to flow with a little less ignorant, a little less vulgar exclusiveness? . . . Individually the American woman amuses, and often entertains in a graver sense, the English woman, but rarely wins her deep liking—in England. In America the English woman—to put it frankly—revolts from the American women *en masse*. And the English woman almost always (and more especially the patrician English woman) abhors the American *milieu*, the conditions and exhibitions of American life. And the longer she stays the less she likes it. There is something so excessive about the conditions and characteristics of American life that the most loyal American woman (whose loyalty is better than abortive, vain and prejudiced) can but feel and respond to the refreshment of the more leisurely conditions, the worthier characteristics of English life. On the other hand, a gently reared English woman (as deeply in love as you like with her American husband) is affected by the overplus and the undertone of American society ('smart' or ordinary) very much as one who has dined delicately but amply might be if confronted with a table groaning and reeking with a Gargantuan meal of boiled beef, carrots, cabbage, and jam tart. Unless transplanted almost in infancy, the English woman is uncomfortable in America, and makes others almost as much so. The English woman stopping in the United States is even less apt, less capable, to become spiritually acclimatized than she is when stopping in Constantinople or Teheran." Here, again, the outlook seems squally.

There remains to be considered the case of the Englishman with an American wife and a home in the United States. Mrs. Miln is much more hopeful of his chances of happiness. "The Englishman who marries in America and stays there," she says, "gets along infinitely better as a rule than does the English wife in the American home, and considerably better than does the American husband in the English home. This is so for these reasons among others: first, the Englishman who unalterably dislikes America does not like the American woman in America, however gaily he might lash himself to her chariot-wheel in Europe. Secondly, he does not often stay in America, he turns and runs, even into the sea. And thirdly (interesting, eloquent, and odd, this) the child American born and reared is almost always proud of having an English parent—of whichever sex. A child born and brought up in England is almost always a little ashamed of having an American mother, deeply ashamed of having an American father. The boy at Eton may laugh—but fondly—at his American mother. But he cringes at an American father. Not everything was lost at Bunker Hill! The surrender at Yorktown was not entire!" With that I leave Mrs. Miln to her fate.

PERSONAL

JAMES JEFFRIES, once the fistic superman, the monarch of the physical world who was toppled off his throne by the negro, JOHNSON, has announced that he may take up fighting again, not for the money, but—"to bring the championship back where it belongs." Anomalous as it may seem, the whole matter is a question of moral courage. Despite all the ink that has been squandered in lamenting his decay, the rugged Californian has very nearly as much physical strength as ever—quite enough to regain his premiership—and he is only thirty-eight years old. But has he the moral courage to endure with unabated zeal the flings and jeers of men while undergoing the long, dull ordeal of training and minor fights which he must first go through? That is the question.

There are compliments that startle the ears of a judge almost as much as contempt might. Of that sort was the grateful exclamation of a young and pretty lady in one of the parts of the Supreme Court in New York City when Justice LEONARD A. GIEGERICH decided that she was entitled to a divorce. Then with hands ecstatically clasped she cried, "O-o-oh, Judge, what a darling you *are!*"—just like that. His Honor turned scarlet and instinctively dodged; clerks, counsel, jurors, and spectators tittered; the lady blushed and humbly apologized; and counsel laughed that afternoon as he hummed in court an old love tune.

FRANK L. CHANCE, the eminent player-manager of the New York American baseball team, has suffered more than the usual number of accidents to which all players of the game are subject. Last year he was "beaned" (struck on the head by a pitched ball) so hard that for days his life was despaired of, and he began this season with an ankle badly sprained in practice. Yet he feels happy in the sense of protection afforded by the magic number thirteen. He always takes lower berth thirteen in a sleeping-car; or, if he can't get that, hires a stateroom and chalks "13" on the door. Thanks to this precaution, he declares, he has never been hurt in a train wreck.

New Zealand has been described over and over again as the model country, the realization of the dream of Utopia, the land where the government more than anywhere else in the world does all in its power to make the lives of its people one grand, sweet song. But it has one defect, a vital failing—there are not enough women. Sir JOSEPH WARD, formerly Premier of New Zealand, admitted this fact at a recent meeting of the British Women's Emigration Society, in London, and declared that New Zealand would be glad to accept ten thousand of England's superfluous women. The society is helping as many girls as possible to go to New Zealand, and its activities and Sir JOSEPH'S speech have given rise to many pleasant, synchronous, and mutual antipodean cardiac flutterings.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S intrepidity does not extend to flighty deeds of derring-do. Miss RUTH LAW, a young New-Yorker teaching aviation at Palm Beach, offered to take him up in an aeroplane; but, "No," said MR. ROCKEFELLER; "I'll wait until my wings grow." Dr. BIGGAR, his physician, flew in his stead and soared eighteen hundred feet, a little more than one-third of a mile above ground.

Announcement is made that after his next season in America JOHNSTON FORBES ROBERTSON will retire from the stage to his beautiful home in Hertfordshire, England. There he will follow his original vocation, painting. To those familiar only with his triumphs as an actor it will be news that Mr. ROBERTSON was admitted to the Royal Academy in 1870 and that, after study in Paris and a fair amount of success with the brush, he took to the stage in 1874. A scene from "Much Ado About Nothing," which he painted for IRVING, now hangs in the Players' Club in New York.

LLOYD GEORGE need not fear the dungeons or cellar pits or any other malices that the militants may contrive for him. Destiny has long ago taken him under her favoring wing. Recently, after a meeting at Cardiff, an aged doctor congratulated the young Chancellor of the Exchequer and said, "When you were one year old you were seized late at night with a severe attack of croup, and your mother hurried through the snow at Haverfordwest to find a doctor. you were almost at your last gasp when I arrived. As I plodded home through the snow I wondered whether it was really worth while to have saved the baby's life, since I could see no prospect before him but the hard drudgery of an agricultural laborer."

GUSTAVE F. TOUCHARD, who lately won the national championship at indoor tennis, is short and slight, fair and pale. But in the tennis court—indoors or out—he is a fiery athlete who thrills the spectators with alternations of indifference that seem lackadaisical and furious rallies, skilful placing, and a courage and sagacity that nothing can daunt.

W. A. HASELDEN, noted British caricaturist, declares that the English suffragette movement is developing a hard type of woman from which man flees. "Women," he says, "are becoming more manlike in brain, face, and figure. The pretty, tender face will soon be of the past, but as it grows scarcer men will admire and value it more than ever."

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PENN STATE

TRYING TO LEND CHINA $125,000,000

A Glimpse Behind the Scenes in Peking, where the International Money Tournament was Fought

By
ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE



Yuan Shih Kai
PRESIDENT OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC

THE idea of a Chinese Republic was so bewildering, incredible, and incomprehensible, that only seeing could be believing, to one who had known the old imperial Peking before and after Boxer time. "Liberty, equality, and fraternity" looks queerer than queer when written in Chinese sealed characters. Such a shibboleth as "of the people, by the people, for the people," sounds stranger still uttered in the shadow of the yellow roofs and rose-red walls of the Forbidden City, and the rôle of looker-on in Peking was never so diverting as in this last winter.

Peking has not changed face by merely changing from the old to the new form of despotic government. None of its wonderful local color and unique savor, none of its bewitching street life, is lost because the five-barred flag of the republic flies from the railway station steeple that impudently aspires beside the great Chinese tower on the Tartar City wall. The same great stream of carts, carriages, jinrikishas, horses, ponies, mules and donkeys, camels, and the men who take the place of beasts of burden streams through that arch. All the five peoples pass there, jostle and fall into line as the soldiers in gray uniform command. Not one quarter of the men in these crowds have lost their queues, and no one makes any pretense of concealing a queue. All China has not had its hair cut, by any means, not even all the soldiers or police, nor half the clerks and servants in foreign employ. "Better wait awhile." "More better wait *until*," for everything is "until" in Peking now. Every one foretells and feels that some other crash is coming soon, some other mighty convulsion before things settle down. American sentimentalism and imagination conjure the picture of an ideal republic, of a political Arcadia, a situation far from reality. The name republic goes to the American head and suggests Washington, Adams, Hamilton, and Jefferson, in their exact Chinese counterparts, sitting in solemn council and doing things. But the young republic has done nothing but drift and wait and tide over on the same old Manchu pattern.

There have been loans, and loans on top of loans, in these last six years; and their progress and making and the discussion of their terms have been of absorbing interest to the whole community, but nothing like the reorganization loan, this last loan, has ever held all Peking breathless as throughout this last January and the days of the dying Chinese year. For a year and a half the reorganization loan of the sextuple group of bankers had been off and on, up and down, and time and again had reached the very point of being signed, when everything went to pieces and began all over again. The infant republic must have money to conduct and reorganize its government, pay off the troops, and the overdue interest and instalments on other loans, and money in such great sums that only a combination of all the great bankers of Europe can furnish it. England and France hold the purse-strings of Europe, and, unless listed with the French government's approval on the Paris Bourse, bonds have no value for investors on the Continent. Germany ranks as the next money power, and the syndicate of English, French, and German bankers who had first undertaken to finance the Canton-Hankow and the Hankow-Szechuen railways, were on the point of signing their loan and contracts in 1909, when the United States stepped in and demanded its share as a world power too. Backed up by the American government to a degree never wildly dreamed of before—for President Taft even sent a personal telegram to the Prince Regent of China in 1910, although that only prodded him on to make haste a little more slowly than ever—that loan finally went through, and also a currency-reform loan, but in the face of such opposition and popular clamor in the Chinese provinces as was also never known before. The people knew that it was easy for the princes and mandarins to squeeze and squander the borrowed money, but the repayment would be ground out of them, and the provinces have a sense of state rights stronger than South Carolina or California. Ministers rose and fell, and princes profited by grace of these great foreign loans as they had in the merry seasons known as the time of "The Battle of the Concessions."

Hot-brained students and hungry literati came up to Peking to protest against foreigners taking the means of profit away from the Chinese officials and gentry of the provinces. They sat down on their bits of straw matting before princes' and ministers' yamens and none dared to drive them away. They declaimed night and day against bartering provincial rights and revenues, and even cut off a finger now and then to write protests in their blood, or sat still in a more alarming silence, ready to "dare and die" for their ideas. Then princes and ministers quailed and backed out of the negotiations, and the people began slowly to feel their power and the power of public opinion.

The quadruple syndicate, in the exuberance of its success, with that "Hukuang" or railway loan and the currency loan, had put in a "Clause XVI." providing that all future loans for the development of Manchuria should be made only with the quadruple group. There a "joker" lay concealed, and in their greed they overreached themselves. Immediately there was protest against this monopolistic clause, so contrary to the solemn policy of the "open door" in Manchuria. The real friends of China deprecated the whole sordid thing—the close monopoly, the handsome percentages on making and floating and repaying the loan, on every interest payment, and on all purchases of railway material from these four countries only. There never was a neater and a tighter bargain. The two powers having "preponderating interests in Manchuria" spoke a word or two, however, the one to its good ally, France, the other to its great ally, England. Russia and Japan, although neither has any money to lend, were asked into the game at the Quadruple Conference in Paris; and then, when the Quadruple had become the Sextuple Syndicate, even a blind man could see the fun that was coming.

With absolute and icy neutrality all the six bankers watched the empire struggle and die, when a loan would have saved it and set the Manchus on their feet again. The dynasty actually fell for want of ready cash, for the imperial nine millions from the private hoard, sent down to pay the troops, shrank to three millions before it reached the front.

When Yuan Shih Kai had made a republic by imperial command and had digged his own grave nearly, by having to put the words "provisional" and "temporary" before that word in order to conciliate the Nanking crowd, the Sextuple Syndicate bobbed up again, and negotiations went merrily on for this last, the reorganization loan. Advances were made from month to month early in 1912 to keep the republic going, all such loans to be a first charge upon the future great loan of the lump sum of $125,000,000 at 5½ per cent. Suddenly it was found that the Premier, the brilliant, western-educated Tang Shao Yi, had been negotiating aside with some Belgian bankers and had already received some millions in hand. He had given as security the Peking-Kalgan Railway, the Chinese-built and Chinese-owned line which extends northwestward from Peking into Mongolia, and toward which the Russians insist upon surveying an extension from the Trans-Siberian line.

In the crash that followed, the wily Tang Shao Yi petulantly flounced himself out of office, and after some by-play the Belgians were bought off with a fat profit and sextuple negotiations began again on harder terms. In September it was found that the young republic had negotiated a loan in London directly with the Birch-Crisp Syndicate of Bankers, all outside the fold shepherded by the Foreign Office, and their bonds were even offered at a lesser price than sextuple bonds were to be offered. After that hubbub had subsided and the Birch-Crisp people had been included in the English bankers' group and an inopportune lawsuit had disclosed the percentages the Birch-Crisp people had cleared on the transaction, to the fury of Chinese officialdom, the pretty play began again. Again began the dicker and delay, the hum and haw of bankers and diplomats in separate councils. They talked by day, they figured over whole sheets of paper by night, they fixed the rates, the percentages, the offering price, the selling price, the collaterals, and the guarantees of close foreign supervision so that the loan would be applied to the purposes specified. And they all kept straight faces as they sat at this farcical play.

Having no assets, no single remaining unpledged source of revenue but the salt tax, the battle raged for weeks over the reorganization of the Salt Gabelle under foreign advisers and auditors. Three foreigners of high standing and experience—a German, a Swede, and a Dane—all acceptable to the bankers, were suggested for those places, and it was understood that, when the Chinese did come to their senses and yielded to the inevitable hard terms, these men would be appointed. As the meetings dragged through January the end seemed actually in sight; and, moreover, unless the immediate advance of ten millions should be available before the Chinese New-Year (February 6th) to pay off the police and troops, there would surely be an uprising and all the looting and burning of the last February repeated in the streets of Peking.

For a fortnight every one ate and drank loan, walked, talked, and dreamed loan, and that word was always in the air. The servants in the hotel talked loan from boots and early tea in the morning to the slam-banging of the baggage of travelers who came by the midnight train. "S'pose Yuan Shih Kai no catch that money, then what?" propounded one "boy" when he brought his master the morning paper.

Again and again pens had almost been taken in hand to sign the loan, but on the afternoon of February 4th they had been dipped in ink and fairly touched the paper, when everything went to smash at the French minister's objection to the nationality of the foreign advisers suggested by the Chinese—another joker that lay in hiding in another preambled and many sectioned and articled loan contract. Bankers and Chinese might propose, but it was for the ministers to dispose of this question of the foreign advisers, by referring it all back to their home government and waiting for instructions. Diplomacy had its great innings then, and the French minister, objecting to experts from neutral nations, from nations who are not putting up the cash, demanded a job for a Frenchman. Great Britain stood for equal opportunity for a Briton. Russia demanded specifically the auditorship for a Russian! Only Japan and America refrained from this sordid game, this grab for vulgar "pie," and sought to pour oil on the troubled waters. And it was rank ingratitude on the part of France, too, for Yuan Shih Kai had just ordered a full set of French balloons and aeroplanes and hydroplanes, and a Frenchman to teach the army how to use them—probably in the campaign against the rebellious Mongols.

Fear, rage, and despair seized upon all immediately concerned, and faster than the news could run around Peking guards were doubled throughout the Tartar City, until, as we rode back from the Lung Fu Ssu fair, the street was lined with soldiers and police in alternating groups of ten all the mile to the legation glacis. Language wholly unfit to print hurtled through the air and the native press vented its wrath in indiscretions still less fit that made one gasp.

Thus beaten to their knees, after weeks and months of vain wriggling and evasion and protesting, the Chinese were left high in air at the eleventh hour, and the indiscreet speeches of the officials and the outburst in the native press made a very pretty bedlam.

Soon the bankers' rubber-tired broughams clanged their way through the streets to the Minister of Finance, and actually they were talking of beginning negotiations again, but the Chinese were too angry through and through and would not listen. They could get the money elsewhere—plenty of it. But they could not. The Balkan War was going on, and Germany—even Germany, was talking about a patriotic loan for itself, and sitting tight on all its gold.

Then out of the sky, where every one who read the American election returns in November, 1912, might have known it was lurking, came the bolt, in clean-cut academic phrases, and the American bankers were told that their government did not "request" them to participate in any more sextuple loans in China. The American bankers, who would probably never have sold a bond in America, but turned their share over to English banks, anyhow, were let down easily; the government saved their faces for them, doing what one other foreign office profoundly wishes it had done long ago. Congratulations were in order all round—and have poured in upon the government in unceasing stream since March 19th. No measure in years has brought such a crop of letters and telegrams of approval to Washington as the death blow to Dollar Diplomacy and our withdrawal from the vulture business in China before we were embroiled in some mess of intervention and occupation.

It is tragic to see a great empire die and a new republic struggle to live, but America cannot move troops or fleets to stay or help these processes; and the mere guarantee of 5½ per cent. to a group of bankers on another strangle-hold loan cannot entirely stave off the crack of doom. We cannot uphold two Monroe doctrines, nor run two continents, no matter how capable we are; and if we would try our hand at intervention and occupation or benevolent bracing-up of faction-torn republics, there is work enough for us between here and Panama, all on one continent, in our own hemisphere, where we belong.

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IS MODERN DANCING INDECENT?

A Calm and Unbiased Consideration of a Remarkable Phase of Contemporary Life

BY WILLIAM INGLIS

MANY able critics say that it is and would gladly go to the stake for their belief. Is the outcry against modern dancing hypercritical if not hypocritical? So say thousands of devotees of the lively art, quite as ready to sacrifice, if need be, their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor in its defense. The issue has been joined, and the contest is raging throughout this land. We find the Mayor of the city of New York writing in an official letter, "The lascivious orgies going on in so-called 'respectable' dance-halls in this city . . . have grown to be intolerable." Hundreds of similar protests by officials, clergy, and teachers throughout the nation could be quoted by the page.

It is, then, with the utmost diffidence that I, a mere observer, dare to set down on paper the things I heard and saw recently on several evenings of dancing at a fashionable American resort. When battle rages the innocent bystander usually gets the worst of it; so that I add trepidation to the diffidence with which I began this task. Nevertheless, nine-tenths of the American people are innocent bystanders so far as the tango, the one-step, the turkey-trot, and similar modern dances are concerned, and it is as their representative that I venture to relate my observations. It is only fair to state that when I visited the resort it was without a thought of writing a word about dancing or anything else. Two of us had gone to spend a fortnight at a great Southern playground where there were golf-links and tennis-grounds and a score of other health-giving diversions on every hand. It had been a hard and wearing winter, spring was at hand, and we felt that a few games of golf would send us home fit to work harder than ever. So for several days we golfed industriously, dined early and moderately, and, after reading for an hour or two, went early to bed for long and refreshing sleep.

It was on the fourth or fifth evening of this simple routine that a sudden change was precipitated by a chance remark.

"Judge," said young Channingsby to my host, "you're missing a lot of fun in the evening. Haven't seen you around at the turkey-trotting and the one-step stunts."

"No," replied the Judge; "I've looked in at the ballroom and it's hotter than a Russian bath—couldn't breathe in it."

"Oh, that isn't what I mean," said young Channingsby. "The ballroom is only for the infant class. When the orchestra stops playing in there, at half past nine, and the darkies pipe up in the Oriental room, you'll see the real thing in dancing. Better come in."

"Thanks. I'll have to see it," the Judge agreed.

So that evening, instead of going to our apartment to read before a crackling wood fire, we sat among the multitude in the great drawing-room, or, rather, the series of drawing-rooms, card-rooms, writing-rooms, promenades, etc., in which five hundred representative American people were taking their ease after dinner. There were many, many beautiful women and many more who believed themselves beautiful; there were scores of débutantes, a sprinkling of little brothers and sisters, a great many slender, downy youths who were identified as college "men," several dozens of preoccupied and gray-headed fathers who looked as if they could be happier anywhere out of this moiling throng that worked so relentlessly at their play; also, flitting languidly here and there, various tall, slim, languid-eyed, hollow-cheeked fellows of anywhere from twenty-five to forty years, who bowed with a certain appearance of grave condescension to the débutantes who effusively greeted them. These happy personages were the "dancing men" as I was to learn later—the heroes of the hug, the trot, and the tango. In spite of their languid air one could not fail to be impressed by the grace and ease of their carriage, the exquisite balance of their lithe bodies, though in their pale faces and thick-lidded eyes there was the inescapable suggestion of life spent unwholesomely withindoors, of late hours, and sleep by day.

I am purposely vague in the description of the hotel, because various accurate and truthful idlers who spend most of the year in luxurious search of entertainment have assured me that the dancing, etc., visible at this place are characteristic of the very best people and resorts in all America from Canada to the Gulf and from ocean to ocean. He who has seen one has seen all, so far as the conduct of the dance is concerned.

When the people emerged from the beautiful but torrid ballroom and began bidding one another good night and departing for the elevators, a slender stream of promenaders began to drift down the long drawing-room, past the billiard-room and café, and into the Oriental room near at hand. We drifted with them. The long, spacious room was decorated with panels and hangings intended to represent Siam—let us call it—but, unhappily, the effect was really no more Siamese than a beer-garden is like the Acropolis.

Tables round and square were scattered throughout the great inclosure. Here and there were nooks inclosed among palms and draperies in which two or four persons might enjoy a pleasant isolation from the throng. Quick-eyed and nimble-footed waiters roved ceaselessly among the tables eager for orders, and the ladies and gentlemen who sat there ordered ginger ale, mineral water, high balls, lemonade, champagne, or beer, as they chose. The young girls sipped lemonade or the waters, the matrons the same, with the exception of perhaps one-half, who preferred something stronger, while the men, as a rule, took high-balls of various whiskeys, according to fancy. It was encouraging to see that the high-ball, with its profuse admixture of water, had quite supplanted the ruinous old fashion of drinking whiskey with little water or none. This was true temperance.

Just within the vine-draped screen that separated the Oriental room from the rest of the hotel sat eight negroes who during the daytime had served as waiters, bell-boys, etc. They were now thrumming mandolins, banjos, and guitars, and the music they made had the booming rhythm of African tom-toms, or of a Havanese orchestra, or of ragtime down on the levee—the swaying, sensuous syncopation that is characteristic of the music of the black man everywhere. A tall, heavy-shouldered darky, his grinning face shining like a polished ebony frame for his splendid white teeth, was half-prancing, half-shuffling to and fro as he chanted the chorus of his song:

'Way down in Miss-issippi! 'Way down in Miss-issippi!
Wheah dem boats goes whizzin' along;
'Way down in Miss-issippi! 'Way down in Miss-issippi!
Da's wheah I wuz bawn!

The seven others loudly chanted the chorus with him, twanging the instruments with great resonance and enthusiasm and affording a fine picture of the old-time jolly darky life. Then they changed to another song descriptive of the emotions they experienced while "Waitin' fo' de Robert E. Lee," a Mississippi River steamboat idyl which probably most of the readers of this page have heard. There was a roll and swing and abandon in the performance which carried the hearer deep into the heart of the black country, where negro emotions, negro music, and negro customs prevailed.

Another song was begun and here and there men and women arose from their drinks and began to dance in couples. Some of them were middle-aged, carrying weight in proportion to their years, and they labored diligently at the dance.

It was serious and distant business for them. The greater part of the dancers were slim girls of from eighteen years to the early twenties. They seemed to float away on the flood of melody as slim girls of that age have always floated away since time began and human beings felt joy that could be expressed only in music and motion. Could anything be more beautiful and charming? No!

And yet—there was something so clutchingly familiar in the manners of the girl's partners—most of the partners, that is—that one could not help feeling that he was intruding on a scene that should have no witness. The scheme of the dance was not startling. The man took the girl's right hand in his left, and they held their arms up, down, or curved, as fancy prompted them. The man half encircled the girl's waist with his right arm and drew her as near to him—or as hard pressed against him—as he wished or she permitted. They ambled or shuffled alternately forward or backward and then spun around together half a dozen times. In the ambling or shuffling progress (I don't know its technical name) there was a certain resemblance to the waddling trot of the red-wattled turkey-gobbler as he struts among his hens in the spicy days of spring. This, I suppose, gives the dance its name. At various intervals in the music there came an accented beat, at which the dancers bent their knees halfway to the floor, sprang erect again, and resumed their rhythmic whirling. The music to which these young and middle-aged people were dancing was a ragtime song depicting the courtship of a pair of bees, not at all in the Maeterlinckian manner. Here is the chorus:

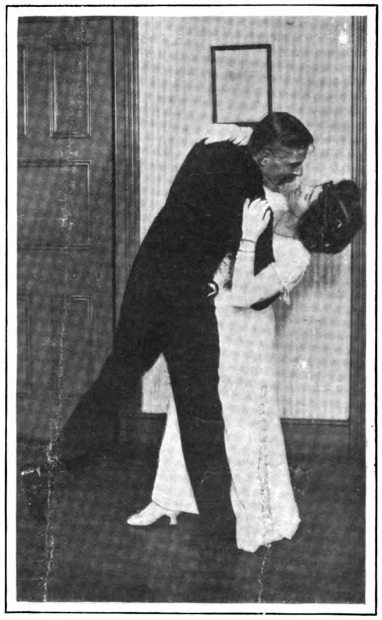
Be my little baby bumblebee—buzz around, buzz around, keep a-buzzin' 'round!
Bring home all the honey, love, to me—little bee, little bee, little bee!
Let me spend the happy hours



Turkey-trotting—the "approach"



Turkey-trotting—the "clutch"



Turkey-trotting—the "wriggle"

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Roving with you 'mongst the flowers,
And when we get where no one else can see—cuddle up, cuddle up, cuddle up!
Be my little baby bumblebee—buzz around, buzz around, keep a-buzzin' 'round!
We'll be just as happy as can be—you and me, you and me, you and me!
Honey keep a-buzzin', please; I've got a dozen cousin bees;
But I want you to be my baby bumblebee.

The song, I may add, relates that, in the courtship of Queenie Bee, "Billy Bumble used to rumble round the rosemary, where she would meet him, greet him, and then treat him to some honey sprees." All quite right for purposes of dancing, it seems to me. Why not? Who would be a prude? A fig for all prudes!

A charming girl of nineteen years came to rest at our table. There were some nine or ten in our party now, for the Channingsbys were popular hosts. The girl beside me came back flushed and smiling from her baby-bumblebee dance. Her eyes were like stars, her hair a heavy silken veil of black that seemed almost blue where it coiled above the exquisite ivory of her neck. Her sweet lips were still slightly parted with the excitement of the dance. She was radiant.

"Tell me what this dance was," I asked her. "I've never seen this sort of thing before. Was this a turkey-trot or a tango or a one-step?"

"Why, it's neither one nor the other, but a mixture of all of them," she replied. "I call it just dancing. Don't you think it's heavenly?"

"Mm—well, yes; I suppose so," was my answer.

"And quite American, don't you think?" she continued, earnestly. "The syncopation is characteristically American, and the dance, too. A young Frenchman I met at —— Beach last winter just raved over it. He was dancing every moment he could find a girl to dance with. He said we Americans were so charming, so ingenuous; that in France no one would dare to suggest such a dance among nice people; yet over here it was quite all right. . . . What *are* you laughing at?"

"Nothing at all," I hastened to explain. "Really nothing—a mere picture in my mind of a Frenchman seeing his wife or his daughter dancing like this and then—pouf! his furious gestures, his denunciations, his dramatic slap of the glove on monsieur the partner's cheek, the challenge, the duel. Of course it would be all right at the Bal Bullier or the Rat Mort or that sort of place; but among nice people—whew!"

"Just what the Frenchman said," the charming girl continued, enthusiastically. "They're not fully educated up to it yet, not civilized up to it. It all depends upon the point of view. . . . Yes, Mr. Sowerby; with pleasure."

She was off, whirled away in the arms of young Sowerby, and as they shuffled and bobbed and rose and spun together it was hard to guess where the outlines of one ended and the other began. A grinning yellow negro sang for them this song:

Oh, it acts just like a tonic to my love-sick heart—
I cannot wait till evening till that thing will start.
Do I love it? Sure I love it! Of my life it is a part;
Like the voice of Cupid sending me his little dart.
Say, ain't that music weird? Strangest you ever heered?
Say, don't you be a-skeered! Listen—

Then the entire eight negroes, eyes gleaming at the dancing girls, fingers plucking the plangent strings, their bodies swaying to the rhythm of the song, and their mouths stretched in eager grins, sang the chorus:

O-o-o-oh! ev'ry evening hear him sing—
It's the cutest little thing;
Got the cutest little swing—Hitchy Koo, Hitchy Koo, Hitchy Koo!
O-o-o-oh! simply meant for kings and queens:
Don't you ask me what it means:
I just love that Hitchy Koo, Hitchy Koo, Hitchy Koo!
Say, he does it just like no one could.
When he does it—say! he does it good!
O-o-o-oh! ev'ry evening hear him sing—
It's the cutest little thing;
Got the cutest little swing—Hitchy Koo, Hitchy Koo, Hitchy Koo!

When the radiant girl returned to my side I asked her, casually, "Do you happen to know the words of that song?"

"No, I don't," she answered, frankly. "What odd questions you ask! What difference does it make about the rigmarole of words? Why don't you dance? Aren't you a dancing man?"

"No, thanks!" I declared. Great Scott! dance in that fashion? I had seen drunken sailors cavorting in various ports of the world, and wild-eyed students in their riotous dances on the left bank of the Seine; but never anything like this in the presence of fathers, mothers, and daughters. Times certainly have changed wonderfully in the last few seasons—but, then, who would be a prude? A fig for all prudes!

Have I mentioned that at least one-third of the young girls displayed artificial complexions? No? Well, they did: the whiteness of the skin made whiter than the dead white of lilies, the rose of the cheeks boldly laid on as if with a spatula—in the fashion made familiar in Futurist paintings—the eyebrows and the eyelashes blackened with some cosmetic. Somehow there was nothing incongruous in the spectacle: it seemed to belong with the throbbing music, the lascivious-eyed and grinning negroes, the merged outlines of the partners clutching and whirling in the dance. There was no essential variation in the songs. The theme was always the same, always the accentuation of one function. Here is the chorus of the next song that caught my attention:

When I git you alone to-night! When I git you alone to-night!
You know we'll sit by the window, pull down the shade—
Oh, oh, oh, oh! Don't be afraid!
There'll be no one around to hear; there'll be no one around to fear:
We'll be lovin', billin', cooin', just like everybody's doin'—
When I git you alone to-night!

In close succession came the syncopated ballad of Johnny Jones, who "had a cute little boat," "was a rowing Romeo" "with girlies by the score"; "he knew an island where the trees were so grand—he knew just where to land."

I have verified the text of these songs by referring to the printed record; so let no one dispute the accuracy of it as it is quoted here. And here is the chorus of the "Johnny Jones" song as it was shouted by the negroes and danced by the girls and boys in the presence of their admiring parents:

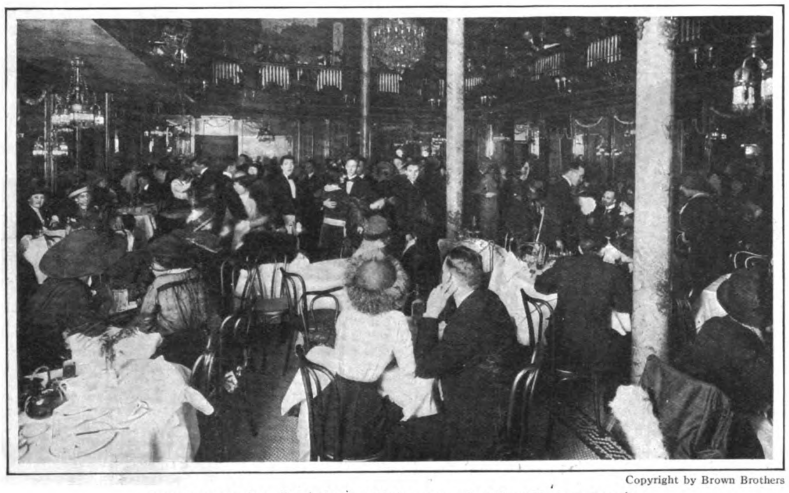
And then he'd row, row, row;
'Way up the river he would ro-ow, ro-ow, row!
A hug he'd give her, then,
He'd kiss her now and then: she would tell him when.
He'd fool around and fool around, and then they'd kiss again.
And then he'd row, row, row;
A little further he would row, oh-oh-oh-oh!
With her head on his breast—
Then there's twenty bars rest—
And then he'd row, row, row, and then he'd row!

Quite so! And whoever questions the propriety of it is a prude. A fig for all prudes! say I. No one in that assemblage of some two hundred enlightened American men and women, boys and girls, seemed to question by so much as a stare or the lifting of an eyebrow the propriety of the performance. Young Channingsby and his wife got up and danced with the best of them; and so did half a dozen of their friends, all without the least suggestion of any offense. And yet side by side with them, or colliding with them now and then, were couples so interlaced and interlocked that one vertical sweep of a sword between them must inevitably kill both. One girl of nineteen in a clinging gown of white, by reason of her tall, gliding slimness, her tiny head with its low brow, her ophidian way of flicking her parted lips with her narrow tongue, and the sinuous grace of her movement, I remember as the White Snake, was so completely merged with her partner that one felt sorry for the agony her thrusting knee was causing him. He was perhaps twenty-six years old, prematurely bald, with protrusive, heavy-lidded eyes and a face clammy white, like the belly of a dead fish. His dancing was truly the poetry of motion. He and the White Snake occasionally spun so fast that it made the beholder dizzy to watch them. Then she would spin away out of his arms like a whirling cloud of moon-lit spray, only to float back again to a closer embrace.

And as they swung and eddied round and round near the eight negroes, the leader of them, gazing eagerly at her, was singing hoarsely:

Ev'rybody loves a chicken—everybody wants a girl that's cute and neat.
All the boys they love the small ones; they don't care for old or tall ones;
They love them thin and sweet.
Ev'rybody loves to love a chicken—
And that is why, when girls pass by, you'll hear the boys all cry:
Chick! Chick! Chick! Chick! Chick! Chick! Chi-i-ick!
Chick! Chick! Chick! Chick! Chi-i-ick!
O-oh, what I'd do for a chicken like you!
Ev'rybody loves a chick-en.

The slim girl's eyelids fluttered down ecstatically—whether in joy at the negro's hearty compliment or from her pleasure in the dance I cannot pretend to say. After all, what's the harm if we only have the right point of view? If we only have the right point of view we can thoroughly enjoy seeing our girls going through this sort of performance night after night to the music of rapturous negroes, as years ago the girls of the pavement used to dance with their masters at the Sans Souci or in the back room of Honest Jim's black-and-tan joint in the Tenderloin.



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A turkey-trotting "thé dansant" in a popular New York restaurant

THE AWAKENED WARRIOR

A Slavonic Vision

BY ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

Thou that art grayer than the pestilence
And thy heart redder than the dawn is red,
Who art thou, ashen warrior, and whence?
"Out from the habitation of the dead.

"Out from the darkness where the tempest is,
Like a strong man in pain perpetually
Groaning for old forgotten miseries,
I heard the old war-thunders calling me.

"Laughter I loved and wine, laughter and love,
Good feasting and the little death of sleep,
And battles and the tumbled midst thereof;
But they that have the keys of life to keep

"Loosed me in one stark hour from all these things,
Dissolved my great strength in a misty foam,
And brought me to the plain where no bird sings,
And love is not, and laughter cannot come.

"This is my bitter pain, that I go hence
And hear not the good wars clash overhead—
I that am grayer than the pestilence,
And my heart redder than the dawn is red."

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FAMILIAR FACES IN NEW UNIFORMS

BY EDWARD BAYARD MOSS



Roger Bresnahan, who has dropped the manager's scepter for the catcher's mit



Manager Frank LeRoy Chance of the New York Americans, the highest salaried team-leader in baseball

THAT Noah Webster was not a baseball "fan" is certain. Neither was he a prophet. If there is any disposition to dispute this statement it is only necessary to refer to his "best seller." In Chapter P you will find the word "Pennant" defined as: "A small flag; a banner." Even after giving Noah the benefit of the doubt on a technicality, it can be seen that he had but a vague idea of what "Pennant" really means. The fact that he dismissed the subject with a five-word explanation fixes his status in baseball. A page at least should have been devoted to "pennant." To-day millions of words and dollars too are devoted to pennants and the end is not yet.

Pennant winners are, after all, but finely balanced baseball machines. Victory one year does not mean a repetition in the following campaign. The wear and tear on muscle and nerve of the player is a factor that must be considered. The star of to-day wears out quickly, and the clever and foresighted manager is always training a younger recruit for the time when the diamond hero shall be called "out" for the last time in fast company. His problems are as nothing compared with those of the club leader who would bring his team from the second division into the first and thus become a real factor in the race for the pennant. Baseball-players of championship caliber are surprisingly scarce in view of the thousands playing the game in major and minor leagues. To gather a winning combination is often the work of years. Trades, purchases, and the slower method of gradual development are all used as circumstances may dictate. The last system is, in the opinion of many baseball experts, the only satisfactory one in the long run, but it never leads to the spectacular. Connie Mack of the Athletics, and John J. McGraw of the Giants, are both great managers and developers of latent baseball talent. It is seldom, however, that they figure in sensational trades. When they do it is a safe prediction that the other club to the deal will discover, later, that it was not Mack or McGraw who was outwitted. Other managers and magnates are always willing to try the short cut to a possible pennant, and in this respect the interim between the 1912 and 1913 seasons stands out as a most remarkable period in professional baseball history. It is doubtful if the annals of the game can show such a series of sensational deals as marked the six months between October and April.

When the umpire's call of "Play ball" sent the sixteen clubs of the National and American leagues away on their long race for 1913 pennants, there were more familiar faces in strange uniforms than have confronted the "fans" in several generations. Not only were famous players involved, but managers as well. Frank LeRoy Chance, winner of four pennants and two World's Championships, while manager of the Chicago Cubs, not only quit the Chicago Club, but the National League as well. His escape from the senior to the junior league was one of the greatest pieces of baseball strategy ever engineered by rival league presidents and magnates. In his new rôle as manager of the New York Americans he is drawing the largest salary ever paid a baseball field leader and attracting thousands of "fans" to the parks where his team appears.

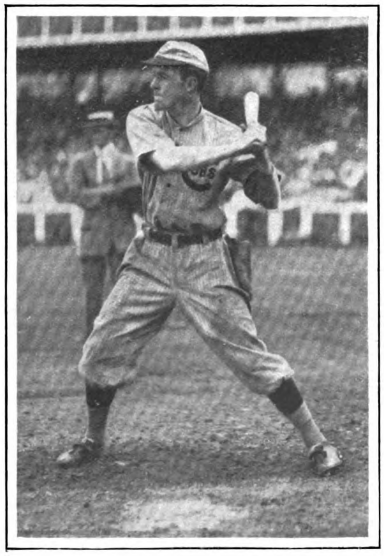


George Stallings, who returns to the big leagues as leader of the Boston Nationals

It is doubtful if more than five or six of the men who were prominent in what in many respects was the greatest deal in the history of professional baseball know the real sum that Chance will receive. It has been variously exploited in the press as ranging from twenty-five to forty thousand dollars annually. Owner Frank Farrell, of the New York Club, and Chance were closeted for a whole day in a Chicago hotel before the deal was completed. Chance finally signed a three-year contract at a salary close to $18,000 per annum and a percentage of the net profits. A successful season will undoubtedly net the so-called "Peerless Leader" $25,000. For this neat sum he can thank in part the foolishness of Charley Murphy, of the Cubs, the generous dealing of Garry Herrmann of the Cincinnati Reds, and Farrell's ready bank roll.

Chance was not the only one of the old-line Cubs to break away from the Murphy corral after the explosion of last autumn. Joe Tinker, whose brilliant play at shortstop made possible the famous line which appeared so frequently in the heyday of the Cubs, "Tinker to Evers to Chance," assumed the managerial reins of the Cincinnati Club, leaving Johnny Evers, the peppery second-baseman, to step into Chance's shoes. Between them, Evers and Murphy effected a sweeping reorganization of the Chicago Club. In the series of trades Chance, Tinker, Pitcher Laudermilk, and Catcher Chapman went to Cincinnati, and the Reds turned over to the Cubs outfielders Mitchell and Kinsley, infielders Phelan and "Red" Corridon, and Pitcher Humphries. Herrmann had first to secure Corridon from the Detroit Club by purchase at $7,500. Another new Cub is Bridwell, who is playing in Tinker's old position, after years of service with the New York and Boston clubs of the National League.

Still, the Chicago "fans" could not see that Murphy had clinched a pennant by the deals which released Chance and Tinker, and when Chicago "fans" have an idea they talk right out loud about it. So Murphy proceeded to sign up Roger Bresnahan, erstwhile star catcher of the Giants, who was released to manage the St. Louis Cardinals. Roger and the lady president of the club did not agree, and Bresnahan was ordered out. He showed his contract, but was told that it was no good. Still Roger collected about $20,000 before he departed. Cincinnati also secured a former Cub star in the person of "Three-finger" Brown, whom Murphy turned adrift. Consequently, the National League "fan" will have to look thrice when the Cubs and Reds invade his particular town before he can tell one club from the other.



Johnny Evers, who succeeded Chance as manager of the Chicago Cubs

The baseball merry-go-round continues to revolve. Chance, Tinker, and Evers are not the only ones to wrap strange managerial togas about themselves. George Stallings re-enters the big leagues again this time as field general of the Boston Nationals. After Bresnahan had mulcted the St. Louis Cardinals' treasury, President Helen Hathaway Britton decided that Miller Huggins should rise from the ranks. Two other clubs continue to experiment with managers selected during the closing months of the 1912 season. Joe Birmingham will direct the Cleveland Blues campaign, and George Stovall still heads the St. Louis Browns. Other club-owners have decided to let well-enough alone. There is no disposition to oust John McGraw of the Giants, John Stahl of the World's Champion Red Sox, Fred Clarke of the Pirates, Connie Mack of the Athletics, Hughey Jennings of the Tigers, Clarke Griffith of the Senators, or Jimmy Callhan of the White Sox, which is perhaps wise, since their equals are not picked up every day.

Still, it must not be understood that the magnates are passing up any free advertising. If not with a new manager, there are still other ways of attracting attention. For instance, the Giants, aided and abetted by McGraw, prepared a new contract for the little Napoleon of baseball, which it was announced contained terms calling for a salary larger than that paid Chance. In addition the Giants beat the other clubs in the scramble for the services of James Thorpe, the famous Indian athlete winner of the World's Olympic all-round championship. To date Thorpe has not proved a world's wonder as a ball-player, but he has proved good advertising. If he can cling to the big league train he will make the fifth real redman who will wear a major uniform this year. His more experienced brethren are "Chief" Myers of the same club, and "Chief" Bender, leading pitcher for the Athletics, George Johnson of the White Sox, and Mike Balenti of the St. Louis Browns.

All this shifting back and forth on the checkerboard of big-league baseball adds a spice and uncertainty to the 1913 season which is clearly reflected in the enormous outpourings of "fans" during the exhibition and early-schedule games. The sight of Mike Donlin in a Quaker uniform, Hank O'Day again calling balls and strikes, Beals Becker playing for the Reds, Larry McLean with the Cardinals, and Harry Davis again in the Athletic fold only accentuate the great and sensational plays made by the magnates while dust gathered on bat and glove. What the outcome of this upheaval will be cannot be accurately forecasted at this time. The impression is growing that the American League has the edge on their older rival so far as high-class, clever managers are concerned. The playing strength of the various clubs is a matter of opinion and varies according to the situation and sympathies of the prophet. A consensus of the leading baseball experts leads to the belief that the pennant-winner in the National League will be found in the trio of clubs composed of the Pirates, Giants, and Cubs. The leading candidates for Ban Johnson's flag are the Athletics, Senators, and Red Sox. Beyond this point deponent sayeth not.



"Hank" O'Day, who decided that umpiring was easier than managing the Cincinnati Reds

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THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

Professor Hugo Münsterberg's "Psychology and Industrial Efficiency"

BY F. M. COLBY

IT would be hard to imagine a more seasonable occurrence than the appearance of Professor Hugo Münsterberg on this subject just at this time, and it is not at all surprising that the heads of large business enterprises throughout the land are buying the book by the car-load and distributing it among their employees. Professor Münsterberg is so manifestly the right man for the job. In his instinct for the "timely topic," he is surpassed by no journalist and equaled by few college professors; and for the treatment of the "timely topic" he has exceptional advantages. Nobody can forget that Harvard chair. And no matter what he says, there is behind it the impressive, if austere, authority of psychological research. Even when he says something that to you or me sounds rather ordinary, it may be, for aught we laymen know, the very last word of experimental psychology. More than that, he has a rich faculty for exposition. He can, in introductions and early chapters, so gradually approach a subject that the awful moment of meeting it seems indefinitely postponed. That greatly endears him to educators.

He begins the present volume with a chapter on "Applied Psychology" which shows that it is desirable that psychology should be applied.

"It is well known that the modern psychologists only slowly and reluctantly approached the natural task of rendering useful service to practical life. . . . The students of mental life evidently had the feeling that quiet, undisturbed research was needed for the new science of psychology in order that a certain maturity might be reached before a contact with the turmoil of practical life would be advisable. The sciences themselves cannot escape injury if their results are forced into the rush of the day before the fundamental ideas have been cleared up, the methods of investigation really tried, and an ample supply of facts collected. But this very justified reluctance becomes a real danger if it grows into an instinctive fear of coming into contact at all with practical life."

Until recently the new science sought only fundamental laws common to all human beings, laws of ideas, attention, will, emotion. These have been elaborated, but they do not apply to practical life, because they leave out of view differences of individuals, race, sex, vocation, age, etc. But within the last ten years experiments have been made in this field, and "to-day we have a psychology of individual variations from the point of view of the psychological laboratory." Gradually the methods of laboratory psychology were applied to practical ends, as in education and medicine. An experimental pedagogy was built up on a psychological foundation. Psychiatrists, neurologists, and even the general physician began to draw upon the new science. The need of it was also perceived in problems of the law and in problems of artistic creation, scientific observation, and social reform. Now the question arises how far the methods of the psychological laboratory can be applied also to economic life.

Psychology, being a technical science, can decide only whether the means are such as will secure the ends, and not whether the ends themselves are desirable. Thus the psychologist may devise means for securing the involuntary confession of a defendant in a law court, but it is not for him to decide whether it is right or expedient to force a man to reveal his hidden ideas. So he may develop in his laboratory the means of selecting the most efficient laborers for particular industries, but he cannot decide whether in a given industry the most efficient labor or the cheapest possible labor is the end that should be sought. At present the choice of vocations is left largely to chance. "Society relies instinctively on the hope that the natural wishes and interests will push every one to the place for which his dispositions, talents, and psychological gifts prepare him." Of course nothing of the sort occurs. The mistakes are numberless and the waste is enormous. The problem has been attacked from two sides. In the first place, there is the movement toward vocational guidance for pupils on leaving school. Now it is evident that a boy ought "to turn to those forms of work to which his psychological traits are adjusted." Accordingly, it is for the experimental psychologists to determine what those traits are. This problem has been handed over to them. In the second place, there is the systematic effort toward scientific management. This problem also should be assigned to the psychologist.

Thus in more than fifty pages does Professor Münsterberg spread out his subject, and it must be admitted that he spreads it very thin. Any employer of labor or general reader will be safe in skipping to page 54, whereon will be found this definite instance:

"The only modest effort to try a step in this direction toward the psychological laboratory is recorded by Taylor, who tells of Mr. S. E. Thompson's work in a bicycle-ball factory, where a hundred and twenty girls were inspecting the balls. They had to place a row of small polished steel balls on the back of the left hand, and while they were rolled over and over in the crease between two of the fingers placed together, they were minutely examined in a strong light and the defective balls were picked out with the aid of a magnet held in the right hand. The work required the closest attention and concentration. The girls were working ten and a half hours a day. Mr. Thompson soon recognized that the quality most needed, besides endurance and industry, was a quick power of perception accompanied by quick responsive action. He knew that the psychological laboratory has developed methods for a very exact measurement of the time needed to react on an impression with the quickest possible movement; it is called the reaction-time, and is usually measured in thousandths of a second. He, therefore, considered it advisable to measure the reaction-time of the girls, and to eliminate from service all those who showed a relatively long time between the stimulus and the reaction. This involved the laying off of many of the most intelligent, hardest-working, and most trustworthy girls. Yet the effect was the possibility of shortening the hours and of reducing more and more the number of workers, with the final outcome that thirty-five girls did the work formerly done by a hundred and twenty, and that the accuracy of the work at the higher speed was two-thirds greater than at the former slow speed. This allowed almost a doubling of the wages of the girls in spite of their shorter working-day, and at the same time a considerable reduction in the cost of the work for the factory. This excursion of an efficiency engineer into the psychological laboratory remained, however, an entirely exceptional case."

Then follows a most interesting account of various experiments in testing the fitness of workers. An electric street railway company sent him a number of motormen, some of whom bore a good record for the avoidance of accidents, while the record of others was bad or indifferent. He contrived an ingenious apparatus the manipulation of which involved much the same sort of mental activity required of the motorman in driving his car through the streets. Two lines on a long card represented the track, and on either side were figures representing vehicles and pedestrians so marked as to indicate whether they were moving parallel to the track or headed toward it, and in the latter case the time they would require to reach the track was also indicated. Through an aperture in a movable screen a section of the track and these surrounding figures could be seen. The motorman was required to move the screen by turning a crank and thus to carry the aperture along the track as fast as possible while allowing the necessary time for the crossing figures to pass. The experimenter registered the time and the number of mistakes and worked out a mathematical expression of efficiency. The results corresponded closely to the actual efficiency of the men as shown by the company's records.

The director of a large ship company asked him if it were not possible to find some psychological method for determining a man's capacity for prompt and appropriate action when suddenly faced by some unexpected danger or difficulty. The company had found from experience that the real danger for the ships lies in the mental dispositions of the officers. Here Professor Münsterberg met with a difficulty. Naturally, he could not gather the officers who had done the wrong thing in time of danger and subject them to psychological tests, for they had either scattered or were drowned. Nevertheless, he devised a card-sorting puzzle which called for several acts of attention and a quick decision upon a somewhat involved problem. The time spent and mistakes made were carefully tabulated as before. But the results could be compared only with the subject's own view of his probable course in times of stress or with what his friends had to say about his character—hardly an adequate confirmation. Nevertheless, Professor Münsterberg seemed fairly satisfied. Stronger corroboration followed a series of simple mental tests applied to telephone girls. They were tested by the usual psychological methods for memory, attention, intelligence, and rapidity, with special emphasis on attention. They were graded according to the results. Again the grading corresponded almost exactly to the company's rating of the girls' several abilities. Being rather incredulous, the company had, without the professor's knowledge, included among the girls whom he supposed to be beginners several of its best and most experienced operatives. These also ranked the highest in Professor Münsterberg's results.

The central problem is that of attention. It is a man's peculiar form of attention which more than any other mental trait should decide his economic occupation. It is not a question between good and bad attention. Diverse kinds of attention may be equally good. One workingman may have a strong power of concentration which excludes everything that lies on the "mental periphery." Another may be able to distribute his attention over a wide field, though unable to fix it long on a single point.

"If one industrial activity demands the attentive observation of one little lever or wheel at one point, while the other demands that half a dozen large machines be simultaneously supervised, all that is necessary is to find the man with the right type of attention for each place."

The study of these individual differences in the kind of attention and of memory has in his opinion been neglected, and he believes the time has come when this "blank in the consciousness of the nation" must be filled.

The spirit of his discussion is broad and humane. Efficiency as a factor in the increase of production is not his chief concern. The main point is that people will do best and most cheerfully what they are fitted to do. Those who sneer at the present movement for "efficiency" with its monotonous harping on the word and its rather empty generalities seem to forget this side of the matter. Efficiency for what? they ask, triumphantly, and lecture the age on its commercialism. But the aim of Professor Münsterberg is the same as that of the wildest social dreamer. It is to relieve men from the unnecessary burdens of their work. The haphazard selection with the resulting maladjustments and waste of life affect him just as they affect Mr. H. G. Wells, and he would be up and doing. He is not mad like Mr. H. G. Wells and he is not so interesting, but he is quite as much of a social idealist. Like Mr. Wells he is a hater of fatalism and confusion, that is to say of the inner and the outer state of your truly "conservative" community. Mr. Wells will carry his heroes into picturesque furies over the "muddle of our modern life," then calm them perhaps with the single thought of the "Endowment of Motherhood." Professor Münsterberg has no panacea. He merely knows that while one set of men are in their laboratories studying problems of mental defect or aptitude, of attention, memory, endurance, and fatigue, a host of others are out in the workshops and offices deciding these same questions by rule of thumb. He thinks it not unreasonable to propose means for placing the knowledge of the men at the service of the other. He argues patiently with the psychologists that they will not "lose caste" if they aim at results that shall be of value to industry. He apparently finds among them the spirit of the mathematician who proposed the famous toast, "Here's to Mathematics; may she never be prostituted to any human use." As to the wisdom of making the attempt, he believes that society is more apt to do a thing if it aims at it than if it aims at nothing at all. He is not over-sanguine about the early results and he regards the experiments made as the merest beginnings.

Some of the psychological experiments recorded in this volume and elsewhere seem to the lay mind strangely unnecessary. The psychologist toils so painfully to ascertain things that any of us would be glad to tell him. Professor Münsterberg, for example, while studying the interference of habits, tormented himself during a long period by putting his watch in a new pocket and taking note every time his hand fumbled involuntarily in the old one. He learned thereby that after a while the hand went directly to the right pocket, whichever it was. Thus did the two habits destroy each other. Surely a few words with any person of domestic experience would have saved him all that trouble. One does not need to place the match-box thirty times at one end of the mantelpiece and then thirty times at the other and repeat the process, reducing the intervals till the last grain of confidence as to the whereabouts of the match-box is destroyed. Other people do it for him. Shift the accustomed places of a bottle of ink and a bottle of water and any of us will learn in time not to try and drink the ink.

"And so," says Professor Münsterberg, "I alternated for a long while, changing only after reaching complete automatism." But any husband of a good housewife could have told him about it. There is, as is well known, some primal instinct of adventure in women which requires that at intervals the furniture shall be changed about. The chair and the table will of a sudden change places, and then after six months, when the husband has regained his "complete automatism," they will of a sudden be put back again. There are bumpings and fallings at first, but as the years roll by under this stern discipline the paths of habit disappear. "With each new change," says Professor Münsterberg, "the number of wrong movements become smaller and smaller." Of course they do. Otherwise a very large number of us would not be alive to-day. We should be in the same grave danger of broken bones after the twentieth household revolution as after the first. Hence an indefinite multiplication of the hazards of life.

THE WILD GEESE

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

WHEN stars grow pale, and crystal clear
The dark athwart the morning star,
Half in a dream I seem to hear
A mighty music from afar.

The dream dissolves, yet swells and falls
Clangor from some aerial height,
And echoes and wild clarion calls
Follow along the arrowy flight.

But late, among the southern sedge,
Came longings for the wide ice-floes
And the dark north—a flying wedge
Parting the sky, unbounding rose.

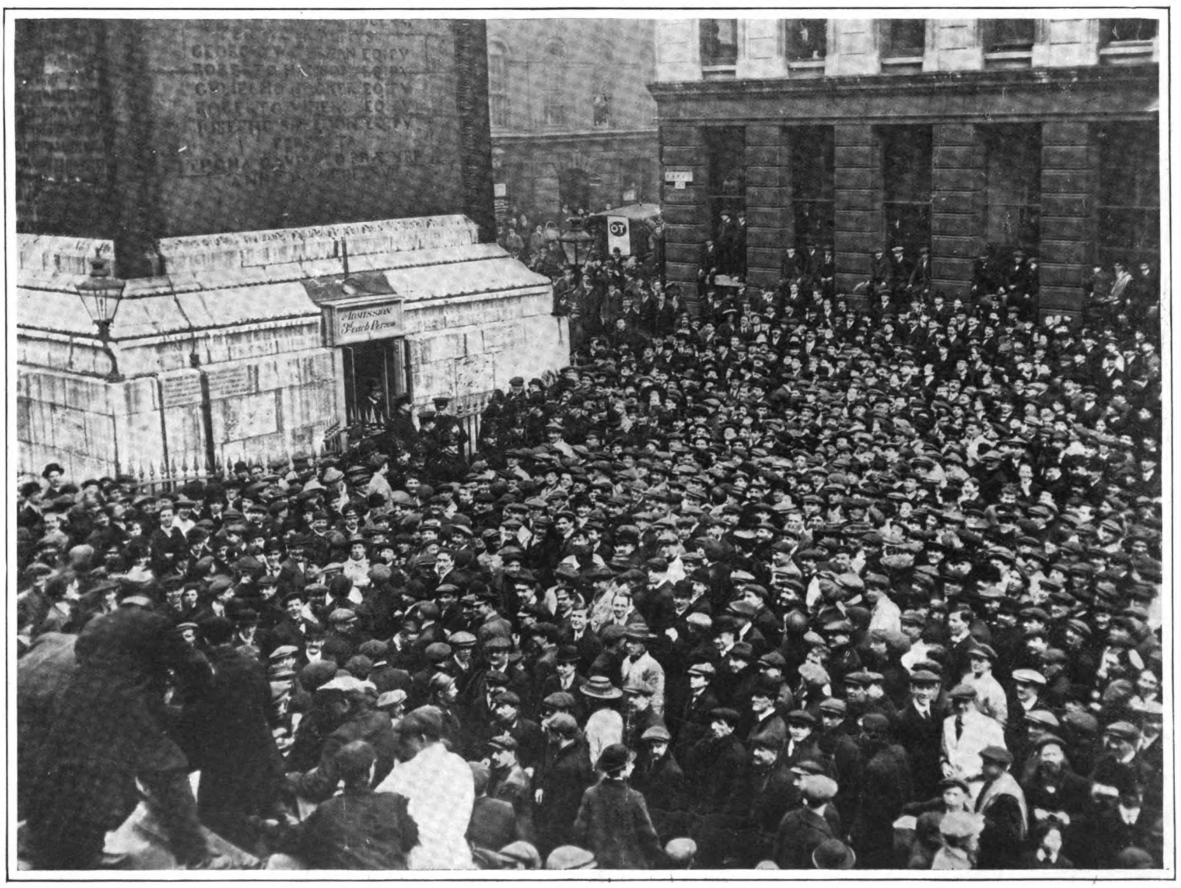
Great spirits they that tempt the flight,
That lead, that follow, that inspire,
That keep the ancient shores in sight.
Nor midnight fear, nor day's white fire.

Still may the drift encrust the lawn,
But warm winds blow and suns ride high
With those high voices of the dawn
When the wild geese go clanging by!

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The great parade for woman suffrage on May 3, in which 10,000 women participated, passing up Fifth Avenue, New York. In contrast with earlier parades, this was distinguished by a total absence of disapproval on the part of the spectators



London police awaiting the return of a raiding party from the top of the famous Monument in the heart of the City (built to commemorate the Great Fire of 1666), in which two militant women suffragists had barricaded themselves, after capturing the edifice and flying their flag

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Q. E. D.

"Mein Gott! Dot leedle plangk vill neffer a man of t'ree hunderdt pounds bear."

"Wan minnit; Oi weigh a hundred an' fifty; now jist stay where yez are, an' Oill cross over an' back again; thot'll be twoice, an' twoice a hundred an' fifty's three hundred—so ye'll be safe."



Interludes

"THE BRAVEST THING I EVER DID"

THE world is full of heroes, whether the public is aware of the fact or not, and the undersigned, feeling that perhaps there have been many brave deeds perpetrated by men and women that have never been recorded, addressed a circular letter to a dozen eminent men and women asking the question: "What is the bravest thing you ever did?" The following are the replies received to date.

Wilberforce Jenkins.

(From Reodore Toothfelt)

"Among the bravest things I ever did was last year at Chicago when in the presence of thirty of my most ardent admirers I admitted that, while I didn't think I was, I might be wrong. It took all my courage to meet that moment, and I don't know to-day how I ever came through it. This incident has never hitherto been recorded, and I send it on to you for whatever use you may choose to put it to."

(From an Ex-President of Recent Vintage)

"I skated on thin ice for four solid years in spite of a redundant avoirdupois which no adversity was ever able to reduce."

(From Dr. Frederick A. Crook)

"As I reflect upon your question it seems to me that I never did anything braver than when, meeting Admiral Squeary in Washington last winter, I stopped him, and, after giving him a cordial greeting, asked him what he had been doing with himself all these years. It was a tense moment, and to be quite frank I was glad when it was over."

(From the Editor of London P–nch)

"I am too busy reading manuscripts to undertake acts of great hardihood, but once in my life I read aloud before a large company of ladies and gentlemen one full page of the current issue of my Journal of Mirth. It was a severe test of my nerve, and I honestly think that if I had thought what I was doing I should never have undertaken it."

(From the Premier of Great Britain)

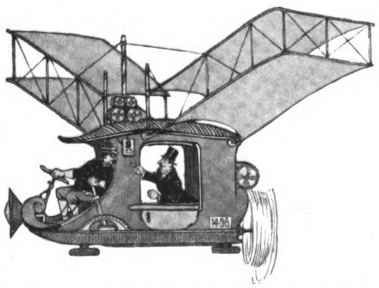
"In running over the events of my life in order to find in my career some act of bravery which I might properly record in answer to your interesting question, the only thing that occurs to me is my somewhat courageous act last winter when I stood behind Mrs. Crankhurst while she was throwing a brick. It missed my head by just half an inch."

(From George Bernard Pshaw)

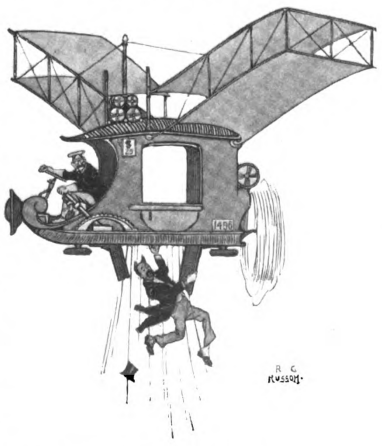
"I never did anything brave in my life. Bravery is the last bluff of a craven spirit, urged into a semblance of courage by the fear of public criticism of a cowardly act."

(From Mrs. Crankhurst)

"I once ate one of my own mince-pies. What man would ever dare do that?"



"Your charge is exorbitant. I won't pay it. I'll get out and walk first."



"All right, sir. suit yourself."

FAMILY AMENITIES

"Well, my dear," said Bildad, "you've got the ballot at last. Now what are you going to do with it?"

"Why, my love," replied the lady, sweetly, "I'm going to wrap it up in tar-paper, and put in the camphor-chest to keep the moths out. What did you suppose?"

"I don't know," said Bildad. "I had an idea you might make jam out of it, or cut it up into curl-papers, or—"

It was at this point that the coffee-pot struck the wall, and Bildad sought the seclusion of the club.

THE INFLUENCE OF LEARNING

"I wonder if it is true that the more a man knows the less conceited he becomes," said Dawson, as he settled himself comfortably in the old farmer's sitting-room.

"I reckon it is," said the old man, sadly. "Ive noticed thet sence my boy Bill went to collidge he don't seem to be at all proud o' me an' the rest o' the fambly."

A COMING HUMORIST

"Pa," said Little Willie in London, "what do those initials G. R. on all the public places mean?"

"Georgius Rex, my son," said the learned father. "That means King George."

"I suppose if Mrs. Pankhurst came to the throne they'd be changed to P. W., wouldn't they, Pa?"

"P. W.?" queried the learned man, innocently. "Why what would that mean, Public Works?"

"Why no, father," said Little Willie. "It would mean Pankhurst Wrecks."

NEVER LONESOME

"You really like country life, do you, Dobby?" asked Petlow.

"You bet I do," said Dobson.

"What do you do with yourself nights?" asked Petlow.

"Oh, I come to town," said Dobson.

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

"What did Dubbleigh give his wife for her wooden-wedding present, I wonder," mused Jimpson.

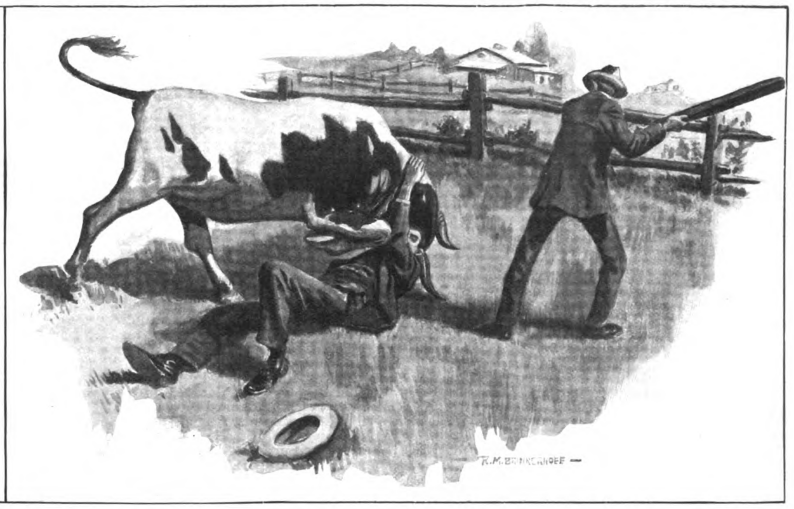
"He bought her one of those Cubist paintings," said Dobbins.

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Awards to the Brave

A Record of Courageous Deeds Whose Authors Have Been Honored by the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission

DRAWINGS BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF



He clung to the bull's neck while it tried to toss and gore him

SEVEN hundred and twenty-three heroes, male and female, have been identified, proved, and glorified by the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission in the nine years of its existence. The latest report of the Commission, just issued, devotes one hundred and forty-two pages to the brief recapitulation of the deeds of the heroes who have received awards. The ages of these worthies range from tenderest childhood to venerable years, and in every instance the animating principle has been the same—instant forgetfulness of self in the effort to save a fellow human being in danger of death.

No man can read these pages without feeling a glow of pride that he belongs to the great family whose members are capable of such sublime unselfishness. They come from nearly all the races into which humanity has been divided, and every one of them seems to have acted without one moment's delay, often in the face of frightful odds. Most of the deeds of heroism were in the rescue of drowning swimmers, skaters, flood victims, or shipwrecked mariners; many were at fires, others in saving miners from crumbling earth and rock and fire-damp explosions. There were many cases of men fallen unconscious upon electric wires carrying high current. Some of these were saved alive, but in many cases the injured and their would-be rescuers perished together. Perhaps the most remarkable instance in the record was the death of Lincoln J. Partridge at Bristol, Maine, on November 23, 1907. George D. Tarr, a fisherman sixty-two years old, cried for help when his clothing had caught in a belt wheel. Partridge reached over a circular saw making fifteen hundred revolutions a minute, slipped, fell, and was cut in twain. Twenty-five dollars a month was awarded to his widow, with five dollars a month to each of his children. A silver medal was given also.

It is the rule to award a medal, whether of gold, silver, or bronze, to deserving heroes, and to give money when money is needed for the support of the hero's family—if he has died of his heroic act—or for educational purposes or to purchase a home. There is no thought of mere reward in the giving of the money. As Mr. Carnegie phrases the idea: "I do not expect to stimulate or create heroism by this fund, knowing well that heroic action is impulsive; but I do believe that if the hero is injured in his bold attempt to serve or save his fellows he and those dependent upon him should not suffer pecuniarily thereby."

In every case reported to the Commission a searching investigation is made into all the facts, so that we may be sure that every one included in the Commission's list of heroes is genuine. Here is a typical case:

W. Roy Stokes, aged twelve, school-boy, died attempting to save Lorena J., Sarah G., and Charlotte Kenly, aged twelve, thirteen, and eight, respectively, from drowning, at Corol, Pennsylvania, January 18, 1908. The girls, none of whom could swim, were together on the ice on a reservoir, when the ice broke and they fell into water nine feet deep. Stokes, who could not swim well and who knew that the ice in the vicinity of the hole was not safe, skated to the hole from a point four hundred feet distant. Lying face downward, he pulled Lorena up on the ice and then one of them, or Stokes and Lorena together, attempted to pull one of the other girls out, when they fell into the water. All were drowned.



Forced her to the floor and smothered the fire with a rug

A silver medal was given in honor of the boy, and $1,000 was bestowed to help his father and mother. In the strange case that follows a silver medal only was awarded:

Austin M. Morgan, aged fifty-five, real-estate dealer, saved William E. Mason, aged thirty-two, minister, from assassination, at Cleburne, Texas, December 7, 1907. In the dark Mason was attacked in his yard by a man with a revolver, who fired twice at him, one shot plowing through his scalp. The man then shot Mason's mother and his wife. Mason, calling for help, ran toward Morgan's home, pursued by the assassin. Morgan heard the shots and calls for help and ran from his home to the street, with his revolver in his hand. When Mason was within six feet of Morgan the assassin fired again, the bullet striking Mason, who fell at Morgan's feet. With their revolvers but two feet apart Morgan and the assassin exchanged shots, neither being hit, and the latter then turned and ran from the scene. The wounds of the injured were of a serious nature, but all recovered.

Cecil R. Karberg, a reporter, nineteen years old, who could swim very little, tried to save Dorothy McGrew, who was being swept away into the Pacific Ocean off La Jolla, California, on August 6, 1911. Karberg died of heart disease as he swam. A bronze medal and $500 were awarded to his mother.

Ernest E. Boggess, aged thirty-two, machinist, attempted to save Ray S. Utter, aged twenty, machinist, from burning, at Hood River, Oregon, May 18, 1910. Utter was working at a gasolene brazing-machine in a machine-shop, when a stream of burning gasolene spurted from the tank. His clothing was ignited, and the building was set on fire. With his arms across his face, Utter backed into a corner and crouched to get out of the flame. Boggess ran to Utter from an adjoining room, passing through the stream of gasolene flame, which was then six inches in diameter. Utter was somewhat bewildered, and Boggess put his arm around him and assisted him toward a place of safety. They passed through the stream of fire and through flames which rose from the floor, but before Boggess could get Utter from the building Utter expired. Boggess escaped, but he was so severely burned that he was disabled forty-four days. He received a bronze medal, $425 disablement benefits, and $1,000 for a worthy purpose.

True courage recks nothing of the weakness of age, as witness this incident taken from page 149 of the Commission's report:

Richard S. Stokes, aged seventy-four, retired, saved Lillie B. Evetts, aged fifteen, R. Ashley Greaves, aged twenty-one, assistant bank cashier, and Eva Foster, aged fourteen, from drowning, at Lometa, Texas, July 19, 1911. Greaves and Miss Foster, who could not swim, stepped into swift, deep water, in the Colorado River, thirty feet from the bank, and went down. When they came up they clutched each other and called for help, and Stokes, not heeding the calls of his wife and daughter not to do so, swam toward them. Miss Evetts, who could not swim, stepped into the deep water shortly after Greaves and Miss Foster. When Stokes was near Miss Evetts she grasped his collar with one hand. He continued to the others. Greaves threw one arm around Stokes's neck from the side opposite Miss Evetts, and Miss Foster clung to Greaves. Stokes swam fifteen feet diagonally across the current to a narrow ledge, where he stood in water reaching to his chin. Miss Foster became unconscious just as they reached the ledge, but help arrived almost simultaneously, and the rescued were taken to shore. Stokes was very tired. He received a silver medal and $1,000.

Here is another dauntless old man, whose achievement appears on page 147:

Michael O'Loughlin, aged sixty-eight, laborer, attempted to save Patrick McMahon, aged sixty-two, laborer, from suffocation, at Stoneham, Massachusetts, October 11, 1909. O'Loughlin descended into a sewer manhole to McMahon, who had been overcome by gas at the bottom, over eight feet below the surface of the ground. O'Loughlin was overcome before he could render McMahon any assistance. Both men were gotten out and were revived. O'Loughlin lost his life a year later in another sewer accident. A bronze medal and $1,200 were bestowed upon his widow.

Slightly younger and of a wonderful agility was the hero of the following:

Biddle Hiles, aged fifty-six, bank cashier, saved Walenty Szymkowski from an enraged bull at Salem, New Jersey, June 11, 1910. Szymkowski entered a pasture and was attacked by the bull and knocked



Moran held her about twenty minutes

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to the ground. He clung to the bull's neck, while it tried to toss and gore him. Hiles entered the pasture from a road and went to Szymkowski's aid with a four-foot length of a fence-rail, with which he struck the bull on the nose. Szymkowski let go of the bull when Hiles shouted to him to do so and staggered to a fence and left the pasture. The bull charged at Hiles, and he struck it again. Backing toward the fence, Hiles continually struck the bull with the rail as the animal made short charges toward him. When he reached the fence, Hiles struck the bull three rapid blows, and while it was somewhat dazed he vaulted the fence. Szymkowski had been gored in the thigh, his clothes had been ripped open, and he had a number of flesh wounds and bruises.

Toreador-cashier Hiles did not care to take any money, but he did accept a bronze medal.

Here is the story of an aged authoress whom all the world should honor:

Sarah H. Killikelly, aged seventy, author and educator, saved Mary E. Kilgallon, aged twenty-six, from burning, at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, September 26, 1908. With her clothing a mass of flames, the maid ran through several rooms calling for help. Miss Killikelly forced her to the floor and smothered the fire with a rug, her tongue and hands being burned. The maid sustained very serious burns of the body generally. Miss Killikelly received a silver medal and a life pension of $75 a month.

There are in the record many instances of the heroism of negroes. Here is one:

Martha Generals (colored), aged fifty-seven, housewife, rescued Peter M. Malkemes, aged nine, from electric shock, at Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, July 29, 1906. Unable to release his hold of an electric-light wire carrying twenty-two hundred volts, the boy was being jerked about when Mrs. Generals grasped him by the neck and received a shock which temporarily paralyzed her arm. She appealed to bystanders to aid him, but none responded, and then she grasped the boy again and succeeded in pulling him free from the wire. Her hand was disabled for a week. The boy's hand was badly burned. A bronze medal and a life pension of $20 a month were awarded to Martha.

One of the most thrilling cases reported is this, on page 97:

Thomas W. Moran, aged forty-two, contractor, saved Anna Z. Eggers, aged twenty-eight, from an impending fatal fall, at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, September 4, 1910. Moran, by sticking his fingers and the toes of his shoes into the meshes of a wire lattice screen inclosing the porches of a hospital, climbed to the woman, who was insane and was trying to escape on the outside of the screen. He reached her as she stood on a two-inch ledge of the screen, forty-two feet above the ground, threw his arm around her waist, and got behind her to keep her from falling. Moran held her about twenty minutes, during which time she struggled to free herself. He felt himself growing weak and shouted for help. Firemen dropped a noosed rope from the roof, and Moran and another man who had climbed the screen fastened the rope around the woman, and she was hoisted and taken into the building. The rope was lowered again, and Moran tied it about himself and was lowered to the ground. He received a bronze medal and $1,000.

William H. Edwards, Commissioner of Street Cleaning for New York, knocked down and captured the powerful lunatic Gallagher who shot Mayor William J. Gaynor on the steamship *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* at Hoboken, on August 9, 1910. A silver medal was awarded to Mr. Edwards. One observes with regret that the report does not include a mention of Mr. Edwards's rescue of Gallagher from the angry crowd that was going to drown him.

A silver medal was the award to the heroine of this tragedy:

Marie V. B. Langdon, aged twenty, housewife, saved Sophie, Henry L., and Estella M., and attempted to save Gertrude S. Jacques, aged twenty-one, four, one, and two, respectively, from freezing, at Telma, Washington, January 11, 1907. With the thermometer fourteen degrees below zero, and the snow six feet deep, Mrs. Langdon, without snow-shoes, went six hundred feet from her home, on hearing cries for help, and met Mrs. Jacques and two of her children, only partly dressed, who had fled from their burning home. She relieved the woman of her baby and carried it to her home, followed by the mother; returned and got Henry; and then struggled through the snow about three-quarters of a mile, where Gertrude was found, the mother having been compelled to abandon her, after having removed the only skirt she wore and wrapped it around the child. When Mrs. Langdon had carried Gertrude half-way back to the house, she discovered that the girl was dead, and, as her own strength was fast failing, she was compelled to abandon the child and was barely able to reach home herself.

Men of all walks of life are among the heroes, as witness the following from page 121:

William McSweeney, aged thirty-six, bartender, died attempting to save Charlotte J. O'Brien, aged twenty-eight, from drowning, at Utica, New York, November 4, 1911. McSweeney dived and swam about seventy feet toward Mrs. O'Brien, who, unable to swim, was drifting downstream in the Erie Canal, at night, in water eight feet deep. When within six feet of Mrs. O'Brien, McSweeney sank beneath the surface and drowned. Mrs. O'Brien was rescued by men who extended a pole to her. Fifty-five dollars a month was given for the support of McSweeney's widow and children, with a bronze medal in honor of his brave effort.

Every page of the report of the Commission is worth reading and rereading. Its pages make the work of the imaginings of the most fervid novelists seem pale and dull.

AN EARLY AMERICAN INDUSTRY

The Navajo Weavers and Two Specimens of their Remarkable Rugs now in the Museum of Natural History, New York

BY WALTER L. BEASLEY



Spinning yarn for weaving

AMONG the last gifts of the late J. Pierpont Morgan to the Museum of Natural History, New York, were some magnificent Navajo Indian rugs, considered the finest specimens of aboriginal weaving to be seen in this country. These are especially noteworthy and valuable as they represent some of the most remarkable of the early examples of Navajo work, brilliant in colors and with designs and patterns which cannot be imitated in modern productions. The majority of the rugs produced to-day are not so skilfully woven, and are colored with aniline dyes, which are not permanent. Two of the most beautiful of these Navajo textiles, splendidly decorated in diamond and other geometrical patterns, are here pictured. Also of interest is the picture of the primitive loom on which these rugs are made.

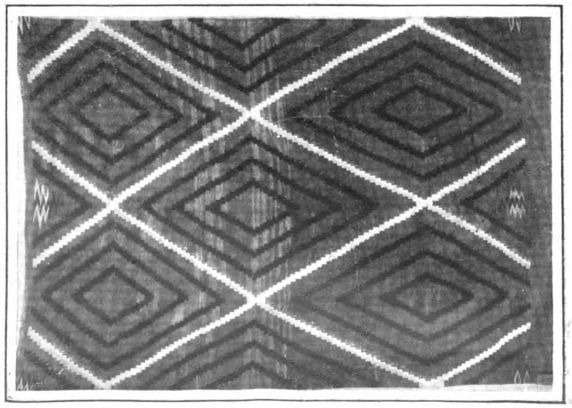
It is believed that the Navajo did not weave before the coming of the Spanish in 1540. They seem not to have raised or used cotton as did their Hopi neighbors. Since the Spanish occupation they have acquired large flocks of sheep. They have learned how to shear their sheep, to wash the wool, to spin it into yarn, and to dye it.

The wool, after it is sorted, is washed by pouring over it hot water containing an extract of yucca root. The carding is done with a pair of ordinary European hand-cards. The spindle, a small stick at the base of which is a wooden disk, is similar to that found in the prehistoric cliff ruins. It is twirled by the right hand while the wool is held by the left.

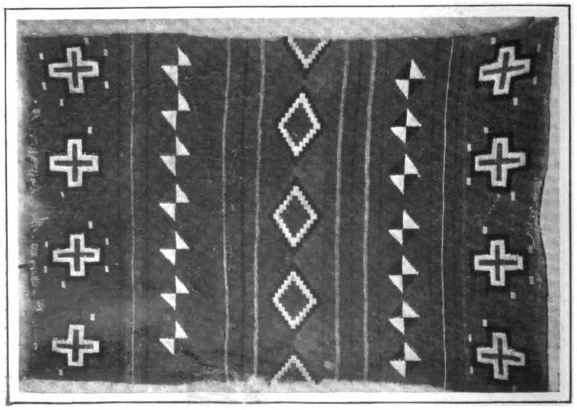
The loom is a simple frame in which the warp is placed vertically. The weaving is begun at the bottom, the blanket being lowered as the work progresses. The woof is inserted by the fingers without the aid of a shuttle, continuing only so far across the web as that particular color is needed. The next color is then taken up. Such a rug has both sides alike in pattern and color. The woof strands are pressed down with a fork of wood and then firmly beaten down with a batten.



Weaving on a native hand-loom



A diamond pattern in blue and white on a red background



Geometrical designs upon a Navajo rug valued at more than $1,000

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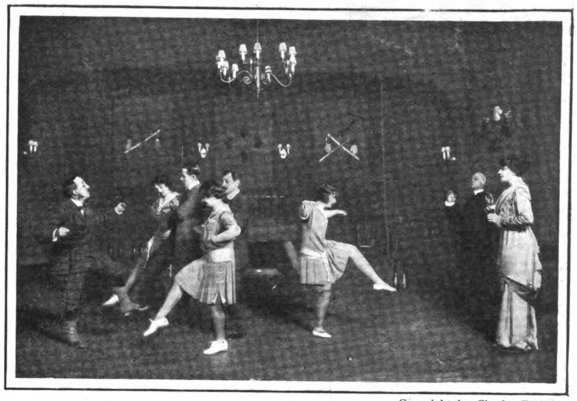
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Billie Burke in male attire—as "Tommy Belturbet" in Pinero's "The Amazons" at the Empire

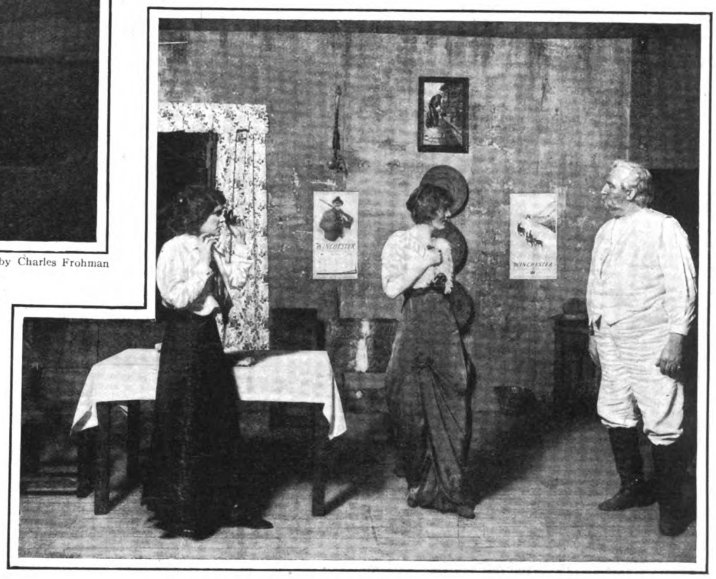


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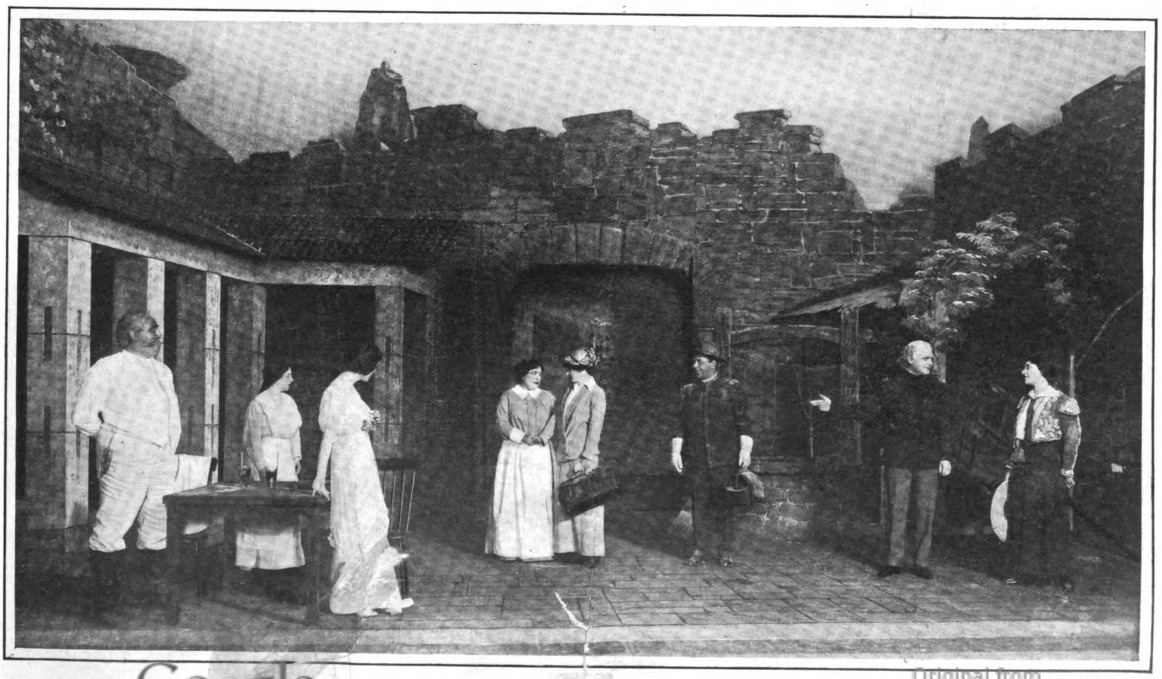
The gymnasium scene in "The Amazons." Miss Burke is the young person facing the clergyman

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Scenes from Two Spring Revivals at the New York Theaters



A scene from "Arizona," at the Lyric. From left to right—Elsie Ferguson, Chrystal Herne, Rapley Holmes



From the first act of Augustus Thomas's famous play, "Arizona," as revived at the Lyric

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The FIRST JESTER in CALIFORNIA

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

Drawings by F. Strothmann

THE first notable book in our literature dealing with California is, I suppose, Dana's admirable *Two Years Before the Mast*. But I do not remember anything in it that is markedly humorous. The first jester on the Pacific coast is that Lieutenant Derby who rejoiced in innumerable pseudonyms, such as Squibob and John Phœnix, the latter generally appearing on the editions of his book. By the way, I have a quarrel with his editors. Not only have they not put the earliest papers first, and this for my plan of topical and historical humoresque is already a grievance, but, what is more inexcusable, they have not put the best thing first, but a rather long-drawn, overwrought yarn of the genus "stretcher." Whereas George Derby is at his best when he is just tingeing fact with fancy, mingling the lower and the higher truth.

For Dana California was still a land not of gold, but of hides and old Spanish missions still in active sway. Derby comes after the "forty-nine," and the first breath of the "flush times" is already upon him.

So far as I know, Derby began his literary career of crime with the papers entitled "Squibob in Benicia," which fall at the close of 1850. Benicia, be it known unto those who are keen after geographical niceties, is on the upper part of San Francisco Bay where the Sacramento River enters it. Let me quote the first part of this as giving the flavor of Derby's style and also a touch of a bygone day:

"Leaving the metropolis last evening," says "Squibob," "by the gradually-increasing-in-popularity steamer *West Point*, I 'skeeted' up Pablo Bay with the intention of spending a few days at the world-renowned seaport of Benicia. Our captain (a very pleasant and gentlemanly little fellow, by the way) was named Swift, our passengers were emphatically a fast set, the wind blew like well-watered rose-bushes, and the tide was strong in our favor. All these circumstances tended to impress me with the idea that we were to make a wonderfully quick passage, but, alas! 'the race is not always to the Swift'; the *Senator* passed us ten miles from the wharf, and it was nine o'clock, and very dark at that, when we were roped in by the side of the 'ancient and fish-like' smelling hulk that forms the broad wharf of Benicia. As I shouldered my carpet-bag and stepped upon the wharf among the dense crowd of four individuals that were there assembled, and gazing upon the mighty city whose glimmering lights, feebly discernible through the Benician darkness, extended, over an area of five acres, an overpowering sense of the grandeur and majesty of the great rival of San Francisco affected me. I felt my own extreme insignificance and was fain to lean upon a pile of watermelons for support. 'Boy,' said I, addressing an intelligent specimen of humanity who formed an integral portion of the above-mentioned crowd—'boy, can you direct me to the best hotel in this city?' 'Ain't but one,' responded the youth; 'Winn keeps it; right up the hill thar.' Decidedly, thought I, I will go to Winn, and, reshouldering my carpet-bag, I blundered down the ladder, upon a plank footpath leading over an extensive morass in the direction indicated, not noticing, in my abstraction, that I had inadvertently retained within my grasp the melon upon which my hand had rested. 'Sawyer!' resounded from the wharf as I retired. 'Sawyer!' repeated several individuals upon the footpath. For an instant my heart beat with violence at the idea of being seen accidentally appropriating so contemptible an affair as a watermelon; but hearing a man with a small white hat and large white mustache shout, 'Hello!' and immediately rush with frantic violence up the ladder, I comprehended that Sawyer was his proper name and by no means alluded to me or my proceedings, so slipping the melon in my carpet-bag I tranquilly resumed my journey. . . . Seeking my couch, I essayed to sleep. But, oh, the fleas skipping, hopping, crawling, biting! 'Won't some one establish an agency for the sale of D. L. Charles & Co.'s Fleabane in Benicia?' I agonizingly shouted, and echo answered through the reverberating halls, 'Yes, they won't!' What a night! But everything must have an end (circles and California gold excepted), and day at last broke over Benicia. Magnificent place! I gazed upon it from the attic window of the 'Solano Hotel' with feelings too deep for utterance. The sun was rising in its majesty, gilding the redwood shingles of the United States storehouses in the distance; seven deserted hulks were riding majestically at anchor in the bay; clothes-lines, with their burdens, were flapping in the morning breeze; a man with a wheelbarrow was coming down the street. Everything, in short, spoke of the life, activity, business, and bustle of a great city. But in the midst of the excitement of this scene an odoriferous smell of beefsteak came, like a holy calm, across my olfactories, and hastily drawing in my cabeza I descended to breakfast."

This for a taste of Squibob; a vivid water-color sketch of a scene of sixty years ago on San Francisco Bay, true enough genuinely to enrich our historical sense, and at the same time with a flavor of genuine humor, delicate rather than strong. It is the first of those true journeys, "mainly true, but with stretchers," which Artemus Ward and Mark Twain were later to immortalize.

From Benicia Squibob went to Sonoma, and thence, by way of San Francisco, to San Diego, where reckless fate put him in temporary charge of the *Herald*—so, at least, he pretends for our entertainment. Exercising a free eclecticism, he managed to tangle up considerably the politics and candidates which the *Herald* was backing, with the result that on the sudden and hasty return of the editor a somewhat strained relation was found to exist which Squibob thus delicately approaches:

"The *Thomas Hunt* had arrived; she lay at the wharf at New Town, and a rumor had reached our ears that 'the judge' was on board. Public anxiety had been excited to the highest pitch to witness the result of the meeting between us. It had been stated publicly that 'the judge' would whip us the moment he arrived; but though we thought a conflict probable, we had never been very sanguine as to its terminating in this manner. Coolly we gazed from the window of the office upon the New Town road; we descried a cloud of dust in the distance; high above it waved a whip-lash, and we said, 'The judge cometh, and his driving is like that of Jehu the son of Nimshi, for he driveth furiously.'

"Calmly we seated ourselves in the 'arm-chair' and continued our labors upon our magnificent Pictorial. Anon, a step, a heavy step, was heard upon the stairs, and 'the judge' stood before us.

"'In shape and gesture proudly eminent stood like a tower, . . . but his face deep scars of thunder had intrenched and care sat on his faded cheek; but under brows of dauntless courage and considerate pride waiting revenge.'

"We rose and with an unfaltering voice said, 'Well, Judge, how do you do?' He made no reply, but commenced taking off his coat.

"We removed ours, also our cravat. . . .

"The sixth and last round is described by the pressman and compositors as having been fearfully scientific. We held 'the judge' down over the press by our nose (which we had inserted between his teeth for that purpose), and while our hair was employed in holding one of his hands we held the other in our left and with the sheep's-foot brandished above our head shouted to him, 'Say Waldo!' 'Never!' he gasped.

"'Oh! my Bigler,' he would have muttered,
But that he "dried up" ere the word was uttered.'

"At this moment we discovered that we had been laboring under a 'misunderstanding,' and through the amicable intervention of the pressman, who thrust a roller between our faces (which gave the whole affair a very different complexion), the matter was finally settled on the most friendly terms—'and without prejudice to the honor of either party.' We write this while sitting without any clothing, except our left stocking and the rim of our hat encircling our neck like a 'ruff' of the Elizabethan period—that article of dress having been knocked over our head at an early stage of the proceedings and the crown subsequently torn off, while 'the judge' is sopping his eye with cold water in the next room, a small boy standing beside the sufferer with a basin, and glancing with interest over the advertisements on the second page of the San Diego *Herald*, a fair copy of which was struck off upon the back of his shirt at the time we held him over the press. Thus ends our description of this the anticipated personal collision, of which the public can believe precisely as much as they please. If they disbelieve the whole of it we shall not be at all offended, but can simply quote as much to the point what might have been the commencement of our epitaph had we fallen in the conflict,

"'HERE LIES PHŒNIX.'"

So far Squibob's battle with his editor. It is interesting in many ways. First, because this celebrated duel, and especially the "holding-him-down-with-my-nose" episode, is generally attributed to Artemus Ward, whereas it really belongs to Lieutenant Derby and the year 1853. Again, the epitaph part of the story did duty, with a certain added point, in later years for the editor of *Truth*, "Here lies Labouchere!" Finally it occurs to me to wonder whether a stray copy of this old yarn, finding its way to India, may not have given the suggestion in a celebrated "cribbing case" in the Calcutta University, where an enterprising Babu got an advance copy of a difficult exam. paper by the simple expedient of sitting on the printer's form in spotless white clothes. Later he found the copy where Gammer Gurton found the needle in the earliest English comedy.

But the best thing in Derby's book is a musical criticism which wonderfully anticipates a metropolitan style elaborated and perfected only in our own days. Conceive, then, of the consummate genius of the man who had attained to the essence of the thing already in the early fifties of last century, while Wagner's name was still almost unknown. Here, then, is the great antetype:

"'The Plains,' says Squibob, 'we consider the greatest musical achievement that has been presented to an enraptured public. Like Waterloo among battles, Napoleon among warriors, Niagara among falls, and Peck among Senators, this magnificent composition stands among oratorios, operas, musical melodramas, and performances of Ethiopian serenaders peerless and unrivaled. *Il trappé toute chose parfaitement froid.*

"It does not depend for its success upon its plot, its theme, its school, or its master, for it has very little, if any, of them, but upon its soul-subduing, all-absorbing, highfalutin effect upon the audience, every member of which it causes to experience the most singular and exquisite sensations. Its strains at times remind us of those of the old master of the steamer *McKim*, who never went to sea without being unpleasantly affected; a straining after effect, he used to term it.

"The symphony opens upon the wide and boundless plains in longitude 115° 21′ 03″ N. and about sixty miles from the west bank of Pitt River. These data are beautifully and clearly expressed by a long-(topographically)—drawn note from an E-flat clarinet. The sandy nature of the soil sparsely dotted with bunches of cactus and artemisia, the extended view, flat and unbroken to the horizon save by the rising smoke in the extreme verge, denoting the vicinity of a Pi Utah village, are represented by the bass drum. A few notes on the piccolo call attention to a solitary antelope picking up mescal beans in the foreground. The sun, having an altitude of 36° 27′, blazes down upon the scene in indescribable majesty. 'Gradually the sounds roll forth in a song' of rejoicing to the God of day:

"'Of thy intensity
And great immensity
Now then we sing;
Beholding in gratitude
Thee in this latitude,
Curious thing.'

Which swells out into 'Hey Jim along, Jim along Josey,' then dies away and dries up.

"Suddenly we hear approaching a train from Pike County, consisting of seven families with forty-six wagons, each drawn by thirteen oxen; each family consists of a man in butternut-colored clothing driving the oxen, a wife in butternut-colored clothing riding in the wagon holding a butternut baby, and seventeen butternut children running promiscuously about the establishment; all are barefooted, dusty, and smell unpleasantly. (All these circumstances are expressed by pretty rapid fiddling for some minutes, winding up with a puff from the ophicleide played by an intoxicated Teuton with an atrocious breath; it is impossible to misunderstand the description.)

"The trains now encamp. The unpacking of the kettles and mess-pans, the unyoking of the oxen, the gathering about the various camp-fires, the frizzling of the pork, are so clearly expressed by the music that the most untutored savage could readily comprehend it. Indeed, so vivid and lifelike was the representation that a lady sitting near us involuntarily exclaimed aloud at a certain passage, 'Thar, that pork's burning!' and it was truly interesting to watch the gratified expression of her face when, by a few notes of the guitar, the pan was removed from the fire and the blazing pork extinguished."

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Engraver vs. Counterfeiter

It has been claimed that not only do American engravers of bank-notes excel all others in the artistic quality of their designs, but that they likewise excel in the ingenuity of their provisions against counterfeiting.

It was Jacob Perkins of Newburyport, Massachusetts, who invented the method of transferring designs from hardened steel plates to steel cylinders and of retransferring to flat plates, thus enabling the engraver to devote the time necessary to accomplish his best work in the original and reproduce it at will. It was Asa Spencer, another Yankee, who contributed another instrument, the geometric lathe, which renders difficult the successful counterfeiting of paper money.

For the most part the European governments depend, in the protection of their paper money, upon color-work. Several of the large banks of issue employ civil engineers in their bureaus of engraving and printing, a circumstance that is always a mystery to American experts, who cannot see the connection between engineering and engraving. Many Italian bank-notes are easy to counterfeit. A couple of years ago the Bank of Spain was obliged to abandon its own plant, since its notes were imitated so successfully that the counterfeits were without question accepted by the bank itself. A private concern now does the work.

The Bank of Greece employs the American method, having suffered a sad experience with notes of Austrian, German, and English make.

American experts have time and again denominated as a "myth" the firmly held belief that the notes of the Bank of England cannot be counterfeited. As a matter of fact, these experts aver, these notes can be imitated readily enough, for little attempt is made to protect the notes beyond the use of a water-marked paper; and this water mark can be easily copied. A sensitized gelatine film soaked in cold water, after contact with an original water mark, will show every detail in clear relief. A thin film of copper deposited upon this forms the basis upon which a matrix in celluloid is made. If a sheet of paper be pasted upon this matrix and rubbed with glass paper the exact water mark is reproduced. Nevertheless, the English law seems to deter counterfeiters. One practical safeguard of great effectiveness is the custom of the Bank of England of canceling every note that is returned to the bank and issue another in its place. This and the practice of keeping a record of the numbers of all bank-notes used in every business establishment keep alive a keen sense of responsibility which adds to security.

The American style of bank-note has become the standard in the countries of Central and South America. The experience of the Brazilian government led the way in this. First that government tried the Austrian system, the notes being engraved and printed in England. They proved a failure. Counterfeiters flourished. The Brazilians then tried bank-notes made in France, and these were promptly and extensively imitated as soon as the counterfeiters could get their plates and paper ready. Brazil then tried German and British establishments, but still without securing adequate protection to its bank-note circulation. At last it turned to the United States and found a type of bill practically impossible to counterfeit successfully.

Soldiers of Fortune

Many famous soldiers and adventurers served under flags not their own. Henry Hudson, an Englishman, who sailed under the Dutch standard; Christopher Columbus, a Genoese, who discovered a continent in the name of Spain; Kosciusko and Pulaski, Polish patriots, who fought for American independence; and Gordon, who gained distinction in the service of China—are conspicuous examples.

Disregarding the obscure periods of the Middle Ages, when adventurers scurried to and fro over all Europe, one has only to study the bureaucracy of Russia to find a potent example of the highest type of soldier of fortune. Russia, at her regeneration, needed leaders of every kind —soldiers, statesmen, bankers, organizers; and all were brought in from the outside. At the helm of state their descendants remain to-day.

In somewhat similar manner, when America was fighting for her independence, there were needed foreigners to aid in military organization. Baron Steuben, the Prussian, Pulaski and Kosciusko, the Poles, and Lafayette, the Frenchman, were the most notable figures. Of all these it can be said that they were fighting for the cause of freedom, which was also their own; but they were soldiers of fortune, nevertheless.

There were many adventurers in the Italian war for freedom, and Garibaldi had been one himself, serving in the French navy and in the army of the "Republic of Rio Grande," the present Uruguay. Even when he had attained the height of his fame he, with his sons, served in the French army during the Franco-Prussian War.

In the wars of Servia and Bulgaria there were Austrians, Russians, and many other foreigners, while in Spain one has but to consider the names of certain statesmen of recent years to see how many adventurers have served to make the history of that country. The wars in Africa were won by O'Donnell, who was born in Spain, but whose ancestry is well betrayed. He became the Duke of Tetuan.

A warrior named O'Higgins played a chief part in the wars of Chile. In China the leaders have time and again been men of Western race, and it would be interesting to learn how many graduates of Annapolis have served in the Chinese navy. In Morocco but a short while ago it was Kaid McLean who was the moving agent in affairs.

There are now many things that combine to render the trade of the soldier of fortune less picturesque than it formerly was. War to-day is a much more highly organized affair than it was years ago. Before they fight nations are apt to sum up carefully the forces with which they have to contend, and every step that is taken in organization means one less place for the soldier of fortune.

New York's New Collector of Customs

John Purroy Mitchel, president of the Board of Aldermen of New York, has been named by President Wilson to succeed William Loeb, Jr., as Collector of Customs for the Port of New York. The new Collector was born in New York City, on July 19, 1879. His ancestry is Scotch-Irish, as is that of President Wilson. His father, Captain James Mitchel, served as an officer in the Confederate army. Mr. Mitchel attended St. John's College, Fordham, and the Columbia Law School, from which he received his degree in 1901. In spite of the fact that he is not yet thirty-four, he has been active in public life for the last six years, serving in turn as Special Corporation Counsel for the Commissioners of Accounts, and Commissioner of Accounts before becoming president of the Board of Aldermen. At the time when Mayor Gaynor was shot he became acting-Mayor of New York. He has also given much time to the inquiry into the public-school system of New York, and was a prominent figure in the recent subway controversy.



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John Purroy Mitchel

Aside from a place in the cabinet, and possibly one or two of the foreign ambassadorships, the office of Collector of Customs for the Port of New York is one of the most highly prized gifts that the President can bestow, and one that requires great executive ability. The customs revenues at that port amount to nearly five million dollars a week.

Bock Beer

Bock beer as a beverage is just seventy-five years old this year. It might be called an international institution, for in most civilized lands its annual appearance is as much a harbinger of spring and summer as any of the seasonal phenomena of nature.

Bock beer was first brewed in Bavaria, May 8, 1838. This is one of Germany's historic dates. The fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of bock beer was the occasion of a jubilee celebration throughout the Kaiser's empire twenty-five years ago. The commemoration this year will be even more elaborately observed in the cities which are the great brewing centers of Germany.

Strictly speaking, bock beer should not be set forth for sale before May 8th of each year. This rule is generally observed in Germany. But in America the appearance of bock beer is a movable festival. The earlier the spring, the earlier the advent of the bock-beer signs and the drink they advertise.

That May 8th in the long ago became the birthday of bock was because its original producer evolved it to make merrier an annual spring festival that begins on that date. In the Rhine Valley the snow never has been known to fall later than May 7th; therefore the day following has come to be popularly accepted as the first day of spring. It is quite natural, therefore, that this beer of double strength should have been thought particularly adapted to this date, when the air still has a keen chilliness that marks the expiring breath of winter.

While bock is, properly speaking, a spring beer, nevertheless the name is used, especially in Paris, to designate a beer that is drunk from year's end to year's end. In America it may be had almost everywhere until the end of summer.

When properly made there should be twice as much malt and hops in bock beer as in the ordinary kind. Also there is an additional fermentative process. A great many persons are still ignorant of this fact, and wonder why it seems stronger than their favorite beer of the ordinary brew, and why they feel its potency so quickly. It is the strength of bock that gives its name. According to the old German story, when this beer first was produced it caused so many persons to "lock horns" after drinking it, that some wag gave it the name it bears. "Bock" is German for billy-goat.

Electric Barber Poles

It is within the last few years that electricity has been applied to the barber pole. The electric or revolving barber pole has for a middle section a glass cylinder that is two feet or more in height by about eight inches in diameter, this section being supported on an ornamental base or on a stout brass rod rising from the sidewalk. The glass section of the pole is surmounted by an ornamental cap.

Within the glass section of the pole is another cylinder made of a thin, lightweight, translucent material upon which are painted the traditional spiral stripes of red, white, and blue, the familiar sign of the barber. This inner cylinder is pivoted top and bottom and made to revolve by means of a tiny electric motor attached at the top. Current is carried to this motor on a wire leading from an electric-light fixture within the building and up out of sight inside the pole's base. Within the inner cylinder of the electric revolving barber pole are two incandescent electric lights by which the pole can be illuminated at night.

The electric barber pole, without a base support, is also made in the form of a bracket pole which can be attached to the front of a building. Both these styles of revolving barber poles are also made to be wind driven.

Will Musical Voices Disappear?

The scarcity of musical voices which are at the same time sweet and of good range and pitch is already notorious in musical schools and constitutes a veritable danger in the music world. The question should be studied attentively by those whose business it is to improve conditions. Without fear of error it may be said that, among a thousand persons, hardly one is found with even a fairly good singing voice. Among cities of five and six thousand inhabitants canvassed by one musical director in the West and in New England about half a dozen persons were found to answer his requirements as members of a symphony company; these, with one exception, were women.

The scarcity of musical voices in men is really startling. Certain Italian scores and selections from Mozart are largely impossible of execution.

It is clear that various causes have intervened to bring about this condition. Men who smoke get into habits of breathing which are fatal to their voices. It has been widely observed, and experience tends to confirm the fact, that male voices are being steadily lowered in range. This, of course, means only that unless a halt is called it is a question of time when the tenor shall disappear. If the descent of the voices is definite the multiplication of them in practically one register is the obvious result. Tenor voices and the baritone are losing considerably in volume and, above all, in timbre, being reduced to opaque voices with very limited range. For each million of inhabitants it is not easy to find more than twenty-five truly bass voices which are at the same time powerful and sweet.

Time was when the baritone had no place in the choir, while to-day his importance is conceded.

If this is the case with men's voices, it is also true almost equally with reference to the female high soprano.

How Asbestos Is Spun

When it leaves the cobbing-sheds asbestos is sent to the spinning-mills in bags containing about one hundred pounds. It is then first carded by a machine somewhat resembling the saw-tooth gin seen in cotton-mills. This machine separates the tangled fibers, upon the completion of which operation there occurs a final carding on a regular carding-machine. Leaving this carding-machine, the asbestos is combed smoothly and the fibers are laid parallel in a uniform mass.

The next step is to treat this mass in a rotary spinning-machine. First the mass is spun into a coarse yarn. Then it is drawn and spun until it becomes fine and quite strong. In case a hard, strong thread is required for certain fabrics the asbestos yarn is placed in a doubling and twisting machine, where two or more of the yarn threads are combined. If the asbestos is to be impregnated with rubber a smooth, hard-finished thread is not desirable.

For a long time the problem of spinning asbestos presented many difficulties by reason of the manner in which the threads persisted in slipping past one another. Eventually it was found that, under the microscope, a thread of asbestos displayed a notched surface and that by means of special twisting the spinning could be successfully accomplished. The result is that, after many years of experiment, manufacturers nowadays are able to turn out a single asbestos thread one hundred yards in length and not exceeding an ounce in weight.

The Searchlight and Fog

It will be noticed on a foggy night that the beam of a searchlight seems abruptly to come to an end if the light be pointed upward. On the other hand, if the beam be directed horizontally it will gradually fade away into nothing. Why should the vertical beam behave in this curious way? The reason is not far to seek.

Where the end of the beam seems to be at just that point does the fog end, for the beam cannot be visible to us unless there are small particles in its path. This circumstance is of great assistance to sailors in judging the state of the weather, since they can determine the thickness or depth of the fog. They can also tell, by throwing the beam horizontally, whether the fog is of great extent or whether it exists only in patches. If the fog extends a great distance, then the beam will become gradually more and more dim. If the fog exists only in patches, then the beam is lighter in patches; and if it proceeds through a place where there is no fog at all that part of the beam will be black or invisible.

CLEARED AWAY

Proper Food Put the Troubles Away

Our own troubles always seem more severe than any others. But when a man is unable to eat even a light breakfast, for years, without severe distress, he has trouble enough.

It is small wonder he likes to tell of food which cleared away the troubles.

"I am glad of the opportunity to tell of the good Grape-Nuts has done for me," writes a N. H. man. "For many years I was unable to eat even a light breakfast without great suffering.

"After eating I would suddenly be seized with an attack of colic and vomiting. This would be followed by headache and misery that would sometimes last a week or more, leaving me so weak I could hardly sit up or walk.

"Since I began to eat Grape-Nuts I have been free from the old troubles. I usually eat Grape-Nuts one or more times a day, taking it at the beginning of the meal. Now I can eat almost anything I want without trouble.

"When I began to use Grape-Nuts I was way under my usual weight, now I weigh 30 pounds more than I ever weighed in my life, and I am glad to speak of the food that has worked the change." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

Railway Freight-Rates and Railway Dividends

RATES HAVE GOT TO BE RAISED OR DIVIDENDS HAVE GOT TO COME DOWN

"We do not say that the railroads may not increase their incomes," stated the Interstate Commerce Commission two years ago when it denied the railways' petition for an increase in freight-rates. "We trust they may, and confidently believe they will. But if the time does come when through changed conditions it may be shown that their fears are realized, or are approaching realization . . . this Commission will not hesitate to give its sanction to freight-rate increases which will be reasonable."

The foregoing statement is the basis of the present plea for an increase in rates. Conditions at present do not warrant an advance, said the 1911 decision in effect, but—and then follow the words quoted above. Let conditions change so that the fears of the railroads are realized, or even "approach realization," stated the opinion, and the commission will not hesitate about giving its sanction to rate increases.

Conditions *have* so changed—that is the claim of the railroad men. Operating expenses, largely as a result of the increased cost of labor, have risen beyond all bounds and converted gains in gross earnings into serious losses in net. On top of the $34,000,000 increase in wages granted by the railroads in 1910, substantial wage-increases have since been made to the engineers and to the firemen, while demands for $17,000,000 of additional pay annually have just been put in by the trainmen and conductors. By the development of such conditions, the railway men point out, investors have been made so absolutely unwilling to purchase railway securities, that capital which it is imperative they should have it is impossible for them to get—on any terms. Reduction in earning power and impairment of credit have gone together. Whatever may have been the right or wrong of the Commerce Commission's action of two years ago in prohibiting the proposed freight-rate increases, changed conditions since then, the railway men claim, demand that the case be reopened and decided according to its present merits.

At the very outset it may as well be stated in black and white that continuance of present conditions—that is to say, constantly rising labor costs without any compensating increase in freight-rates—inevitably means wholesale reduction of railway dividends. There are some roads, perhaps, so under-capitalized and so rich in accumulated resources that they could go on paying their present dividends for a long time even though their revenues were further greatly reduced, but these are the exception and not the rule. Most of the railroads, even among those conservatively capitalized and efficiently officered, are not making any very great amount of money or earning their dividends by any very great margin. To them, any further reduction in net revenue means just one thing—that dividends will have to come down.

Cannot economies be effected to offset increased expenditures? the objection is made. Cannot the railroads be more efficiently run? Ask that question of any railroad executive. If his answer is of a "fit to print" character, the chances are that it will be to the effect that American railroads are operated on as high a level of efficiency as any in the world. Then how about all this talk of the million dollars a day that could be saved if the railroads were run as they should be? Pure lack of understanding of conditions as they actually are. As a field for the introduction of "scientific management" (by the way, you don't seem to hear so much of that of late) the railroads are under a great handicap. By no means are they free to make such changes as they see fit—the rigid rules of the powerful railroad brotherhoods have got to be taken into account. That is one thing. Another is that a railroad, unlike an industrial plant, is spread over a lot of territory, making detailed superintendence impossible. And then, finally, greatly hindering the introduction of plans for more economical operation in the constant demand on the part of the public for more and better service, regardless of cost. By no means perfect is the administration of the railroads, but to imagine that there is possible any sudden gain in efficiency whereby earnings can be largely increased is simply not to understand the case as it is.

Well, then, how about increase in tonnage as an offset to rising costs—may that not be expected to remedy the existing trouble? Five years ago, as W. Z. Ripley pointed out the other night in a speech at the Economic Club dinner, that might have been expected, but not now. "It is established by clear demonstration" is the way this authority put it, "that after a certain point of traffic congestion has been reached, immediate, general, and extraordinary outlay of capital is necessary in order to handle further increments of tonnage. Unless earnings, therefore, are sufficiently ample to permit of large annual improvements out of income, the demand for new capital seems bound to outrun earning power." The truth of the matter is that right now the railroads are not in a position to handle any increase in traffic in such a way as to make money out of it.

There is comfort in the idea that there exists some sort of a magic process by which, even though railway expenses go on increasing, net earnings can be maintained at a point allowing of the maintenance of current dividend rates, and so a good many people stick to it. But to stick to an idea merely because there is comfort in it is a risky thing to do. The matter of railroad earnings and of the ability of the railroads to go on paying their present dividends is one of pure arithmetic. There is no mysterious way in which they can save themselves or be saved. The truth of the thing is that in the case of most roads the margin by which dividends are being earned is a narrow one, and that, unless freight-rates are raised, any further appreciable increase in expenses is going to result in dividends generally having to come down.

From the standpoint of the investor in railway securities, therefore, what the Commerce Commission rules in the case of the present application by the railroads for a horizontal 5-per-cent. increase in freight-rates is a matter of the very greatest importance. Any number of the standard dividend-payers are at present, it is true, selling well down toward an "application denied" basis, but, without doubt, would go lower on actual refusal by the commission to allow freight-rates to be put up. In the event of the petition being allowed, on the other hand, there is every reason to expect that a market level for the standard dividend-paying railroad stocks well above the present level would be speedily established. For the fact that any number of these shares can be bought to net the purchaser over 6 per cent. there is just one reason, and that is that a very large number of people believe that present dividend-rates cannot be maintained. Are they right about it? Answer the question as to whether the railroads' application for rate-increases will be allowed or denied, and you have the answer to the question about dividends.

Back in 1911, when the Interstate Commerce Commission refused to let the railways raise their rates, some very definite statements as to what in the commission's opinion a railroad ought to be allowed to earn were put into the decision. Three great roads, moreover—New York Central, Pennsylvania, and Baltimore & Ohio—were taken and their earnings measured by this standard to show that they were making enough money and should not be allowed to raise rates. The relation of these roads' earnings during the past two or three years to the standard set up at the time by the commission, it may thus reasonably be expected, will have a strong influence on the commission's decision in the present case.

Without comment, this is the standard set up in the 1911 decision: A railroad ought to be allowed to earn a sufficient amount to pay the interest on its bonds, dividends on its preferred stock if it has any, a fair dividend on its common stock, and a substantial amount into surplus. What is a "fair" dividend on the common and a "substantial" amount for surplus? Here is the exact language of the decision: "We are of the opinion that the sum remaining after the payment of fixed charges (including as a fixed charge the dividend on the preferred) should be between 7 and 8 per cent. upon the common stock. It should have sufficient earnings so that it may pay a dividend of 5 per cent. upon its common stock and carry 2½ per cent. to surplus, or pay 6 per cent. and carry 1½ per cent. to surplus." Seven and one-half per cent. on the common is, thus, what the commission considers it reasonable that a railroad should earn.

Let us take the three roads the commission took at the time of its last decision and see how their earnings since then measure up to the standard.

Baltimore & Ohio during the fiscal year ending June, 1911, earned 6.87 per cent. on its common stock, or, in terms of dollars, slightly over a million dollars less than the amount which the Interstate Commerce Commission declared reasonable. The next year earnings worked out at 7.58 per cent. on the common, slightly more than the commission's standard, but not enough to make up for the loss suffered in 1911. During the elapsed nine months of the current fiscal year gross earnings increased $7,568,652, but augmented expenses consumed $6,586,973 of the amount, leaving a net gain of less than a million. This, it must be remembered, carries us only to the end of March, after which necessary repairs to the flood damage have, very probably, resulted in entirely wiping out the gain in net. If the full year ending July 1st makes as good a showing in net earnings as last year, it is all that can be expected.

The facts, then, with regard to the earnings of the first of the three properties on which the commission will largely base its decision are these: One year of earnings at a rate well below that set as a standard. Two years of earnings (resulting from a very large total of business done) at just about the rate declared reasonable.

Pennsylvania in 1911 earned enough to pay 6 per cent. on its stock and carry $2,521,210 (about one-half of one per cent.) to surplus account. In 1912, after the payment of the 6-per-cent. dividend, the amount carried to surplus was even less—$1,661,104. By the commission the surplus over dividends during these two years will, however, be reckoned at considerably higher figures, that body refusing to give credit for what the road calls "extra expenses." The fact remains, nevertheless, that during these two years, a time when neither the Pennsylvania nor any other big road was spending money with any real degree of freedom, these disbursements were made—and reduced the amount carried to surplus by just that much.

According to the standard set up by the Commerce Commission, Pennsylvania ought to be able to pay 6-per-cent. dividends and each year carry 1½ per cent. (about $6,800,000) to surplus account. During the past two years, after making what it considered necessary expenditures, Pennsylvania has added to its surplus account a *total* of only a little over four million dollars.

New York Central in 1911 paid 5 per cent. in dividends and carried $1,668,000 (about three-quarters of one per cent.) to surplus. Here again there is the same dispute as in the case of the Pennsylvania as to whether $2,500,000 appropriated for betterments should not be counted in. Need Central have spent that two and one-half millions? Can there be any question of that when it is considered that the dividend had to be reduced to do it? In 1912, 6.23 per cent. was earned on the stock, 5 per cent. being paid in dividends, and the balance being carried to surplus.

According to the standard set up by the commission, New York Central ought to have been able to pay 5 per cent. in 1911 and in 1912 and to have added to its surplus somewhat over $11,000,000. Even counting in the $2,500,000 spent as having been added to surplus, the total actually credited to that account works out at $6,910,000. Central, in other words, since the time of the last decision on freight-rates, has been able to add to surplus just a little more than half of what the Interstate Commerce Commission itself has stated would be a reasonable addition. And that, in spite of a reduction in the dividend rate!

Taking the earnings of these three roads as a criterion, will the Commerce Commission decide that the railways are entitled to increase their freight-rates? Certainly it seems hard to see how any other conclusion can be reached. Baltimore & Ohio, it is true, last year earned an amount slightly in excess of the standard set up by the commission, and this year will probably earn about the same; but these earnings, it must be borne in mind, are the fruit of constant gains in gross which cannot be expected to continue. Pennsylvania's additions to surplus are in line with the standard only if expenditures which that conservatively managed system has always considered necessary are regarded as extravagance. New York Central, from any angle, is not earning the money which the commission itself admits it might reasonably be earning. How that body, then, in view of the overwhelming proof of rising costs of operation which the railway men can put before it can refuse their petition for a moderate increase in freight-rates, it is hard to see.

Greatly strengthening the case of the railroads, too, is the impairment in credit they have suffered, and which, in the case of each of the three roads mentioned, has been concretely manifested since the beginning of the year. Baltimore & Ohio in January offered to its shareholders at 95½ $63,250,000 of 4½-per-cent. bonds which pretty nearly everybody agreed were a most attractive security. Just $16,000,000 of the bonds were subscribed for, the syndicate being compelled to take the other $47,250,000. New York Central, in need of funds, recently sold $20,000,000 of one-year notes—and had to pay nearly 6 per cent. for the money. Pennsylvania offers its shareholders the right to subscribe to new stock at par, and at once the price of the shares breaks badly and falls to the lowest level in years. These are manifestations of the state of railway credit which it is impossible to get away from. It is not here a matter of whether the railways are earning a little more or a little less than some theoretical amount which it is figured they aught to be allowed to earn. It is a plain case of the great market for credit saying to the railroads, *Whatever* your earnings, the state of your business isn't such that you ought to be lent money except at rates mighty attractive to the lender.

"If the time does come . . . when from a survey of the whole field of operations there is evidence of a movement which makes against the security and lasting value of legitimate investment, and an adequate return upon the value of these properties, this commission will not hesitate to give its sanction to freight-rate increases which will be reasonable." So ran the decision of two years ago. Is there any questioning the fact that the continuous increase in the cost of labor and the impairment in the railways' credit which it has brought about, constitutes such a "movement"? Steadily the cost of operation has gone up, the demand for more pay by one class of railway labor after another having been followed in every case by wage-increases of greater or less consequence. More and more unwilling, under the circumstances, have investors become to let the railroads have the capital they need. Earnings have been seriously cut down—credit seriously impaired. Surely these would seem to be "evidences" sufficient to make the Interstate Commerce Commission come forward and make good its promise of two years ago.

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Ye Ancient Bargee

UNTIL their strike last year, which threatened to paralyze the whole business of the port of London, thus affecting in turn every port in the United Kingdom, it is said that few Londoners knew anything about the Thames lightermen. The English then found out that the Thames bargee is an important person, a monopolist protected by acts of Parliament for the last four hundred years!

The first act of Parliament defining the constitution and powers of the Watermen's Company was passed in 1514. In 1555 another act was passed that the Court of Watermen's Company should consist of eight watermen, to be called overseers and rulers, their appointment by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen being annual. In 1700 the lightermen were incorporated with the watermen, and the title of the company was changed to the Watermen's and Lightermen's Company, three lightermen being appointed as additional overseers and rulers.

Many other acts of Parliament have been passed concerning the company. One of the most important is that of 1859, which provides that no person except a freeman of the company or a duly qualified apprentice is allowed to act as a waterman or lighterman, or to navigate any wherry or pleasure boat, lighter, or other craft. In 1796 there were 12,283 of these Thames monopolists; to-day the men holding licenses number only 5,413. The reduction in their number is due to the introduction of steam. In the days of Queen Elizabeth the watermen between Windsor and Gravesend numbered 40,000. It was their boast that they could furnish 20,000 men for the navy, and at one time 8,000 of them were in the service.

The linguistic powers of the Thames bargee have been famous for centuries. Boswell relates that Dr. Johnson was very pleased with himself at having silenced some of them who tried their satire on him. By 1761 the watermen's wit had become so generally offensive that an order was made by the rulers and auditors of the company forbidding this form of amusement, and a penalty of half a crown for each offense was imposed on any waterman or apprentice convicted of using improper language.

Spider Silk

FROM time to time the ingenuity of the scientists has been exercised with a view to devising some substitute for the silkworm's product, to find some other insect that will produce something very similar at a lower cost.

It is an old idea that the spider might be employed in this way in substitution for the silkworm. The problem has ever been how to obtain a sufficient quantity of the spider thread and how to wind it without breaking or tangling. A Frenchman named Cachot harnessed a spider to a machine of his invention. This machine contained tiny bobbins that revolved constantly. The thread was wound as the spider spun it, not after it had been made. The end of the web, which was attached to the body of the spider, was caught and fastened firmly to a bobbin. Then the machine was gently put in motion. The spider, finding that its web reeled away, apparently of its own volition, naturally pulled in the opposite direction to get away. But, it is said, Cachot found, to his great delight, that the spider did not pull with sufficient force to break the thread, but actually seemed to enjoy the process, maintaining just sufficient tension to keep the web in continual motion. Many spiders, it is said, were tried in this way, and at last a sufficient quantity of their product was obtained to be woven into a fabric. This, it is alleged, was superior to natural silk in tenuity, elasticity, and tenacity.

It were superfluous to add that dresses of spider web are still beyond the reach of any save the very rich. A species of Madagascan spider is the only one that supplies the right sort of thread. Size for size, this spider's thread is tougher than bar iron.

The Frenchman who conducted these interesting experiments states that another advantage of the spider as a producer of silk is that, having been emptied of its web, it can be fed and petted back to condition, when it will submit to another reeling without showing ill effects.

The Song of the Mosquito

DR. L. O. HOWARD, of the Department of Agriculture, an eminent authority upon the mosquito, has not neglected to gather for us some interesting data with reference to that creature's song.

The mosquito's hum, it appears, is produced not, as in the case of flies, by a rapid vibration of the wings, but by a movement of the air within the body during the act of respiration. Dragonflies and bees also sing in this way.

It is related that an electrical engineer, who was making some experiments in harmonious telegraphy, producing notes of a certain pitch by electrical means, found that when a note was raised to a certain number of vibrations all the mosquitoes in the room and even from a wide radius outside would congregate near the apparatus and precipitate themselves against it with great force.

Then the experimenter devised a deadly machine. He covered a large surface with sticky fly-paper and, sounding the note for a few seconds, captured all the mosquitoes in the room. He then made an apparatus to kill them by electricity. A section of window screen from which the paint was removed was mounted on a board and small pins were driven between the meshes, the heads coming flush with the surface of the screen. All the pins were connected electrically, and the whole formed one electrode of the secondary coil of an induction coil, while the wire screen formed the other electrode. A high-power alternating current was then passed, the note was sounded, the insects precipitated themselves against the screen and were immediately killed.

Hearing One's Own Voice

LALOY, who appears to have scientifically investigated the matter, assures us that not only does one not see himself as others see him, but that he does not hear himself as others hear him. Some interesting experiments were made by the French savant in this connection.

In order to ascertain whether a man really knew the sound of his own voice, Laloy has been at some pains to determine the facts. His experiments show that if a person record on a phonograph disk a few sentences pronounced by himself, together with other recorded by friends, and causes the machine to reproduce these, it most frequently happens that the man more easily recognizes the voices of his friends than he does his own.

It appears that the differences lies in the quality of the tone. One hears his own voice not only through the air, as do his auditors, but across the solid parts between the organs of speech and those of hearing. The sound thus produced has a different timbre from that conducted to the ear by the air above.

If one entertain any doubt as to this let him try the following experiments: Take the end of a wooden rod between the teeth and pronounce a vowel continuously. Let the other end be taken alternately between the teeth and released by another person who at the same time stops his ears. The latter will find that every time he seizes the rod in his teeth the sound will be stronger than when it reaches the ear through the air above and that it has a different quality. The passage of sound through a solid body augments its intensity and modifies its quality.

Wind and Fish

IT is reported that a singular correspondence exists between the prevailing direction of the wind on the coast of New South Wales and the average catch of fish.

It appears that the winds which influence the ocean currents influence, in turn, the course of the fish. These influences have periods of three or four years. Thus, in 1899, there was a general scarcity of fish, but afterward they became more and more abundant up to the year 1902. In 1906 there was another scarcity of fish, but the next year they began to return in increasing numbers.

The cause of these variations was regarded as a mystery until the coincidence with the prevailing direction of the coastal winds was noticed. Now, it is thought, by the study of the winds the prospects of the fishermen may be predicted two or three years in advance.

Aluminum for Power Transmission

ONE of the uses of aluminum is as a substitute for copper wire in the transmission of electric power over long distances. Alloyed with one and one-half per cent. of copper, it is thus used in transmitting 12,000 horse-power from the Snoqualmie Falls to the cities of Tacoma and Seattle, a distance of more than forty miles. This alloy is at the same time so light and so strong that spans of 150 feet are safely made, thereby effecting a great saving in the number of poles needed on the line. But this applies only to bare conductors. Where insulated cables are required the increased diameter of the aluminum conductor involves increased cost, and where lead is used for insulation the gain of weight obtained in bare aluminum cables is canceled.

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Tours by Automobile, Four-Horse Stage, Launch, Horseback or Afoot — $1 to $5 Per Day

One of the finest as well as the most novel hotels in America has just been completed at Glacier Park Station, the eastern gateway to the Park. It is built entirely of huge logs, four feet in diameter and forty feet long. It offers accommodations for 200 guests—every room is electrically lighted and heated. Has every modern feature including plunge pool, shower baths, sun parlor, huge fireplaces and open campfire in lounging room. Cuisine and service of the highest order. Rates—American plan—$2 to $5 per day.

Tours by automobile, four-horse stage, launch and horseback, also camping and walking tours with competent guides—$1 to $5 per day. The famous chain of Swiss Chalet Camps throughout the Park provides unrivalled accommodations at the end of each day's journey. Rates, $3 per day—American Plan.

The Blackfeet Indians, whose reservation adjoins the Park, are a feature of unusual interest. Visitors to the Park will be afforded frequent opportunities to be present at their tribal ceremonies and dances.

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Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, 1915

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THE MOTOR-CYCLE OF TO-DAY

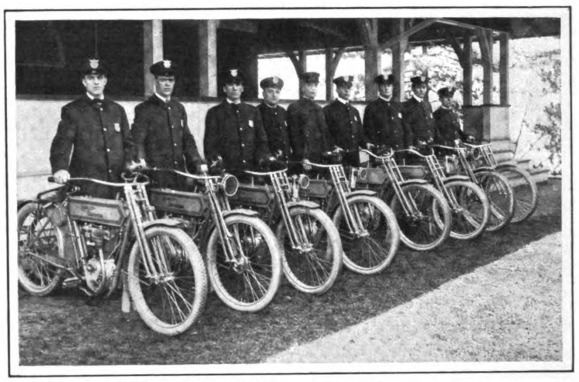
Some of the Peculiar Advantages it Offers

BY HAROLD WHITING SLAUSON

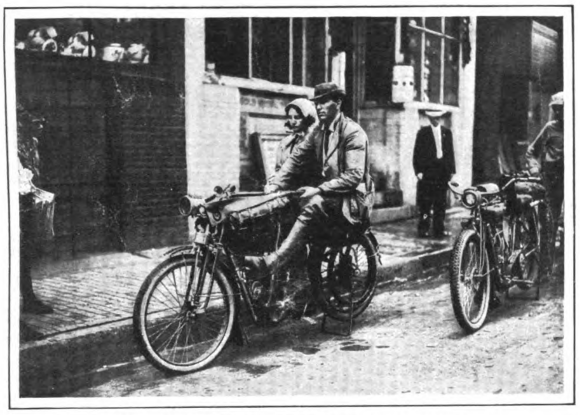
IT is told of an Indian that when he first saw a man on a bicycle, about twenty years ago, he grunted: "Ugh! Heap lazy paleface—walk sitting down." What, then, would the same Indian think to-day could he sees thousands of "palefaces" flying over the country on these two-wheeled vehicles at a mile-a-minute clip without even so much as moving their feet—a sort of "skating sitting down," as it were. He would be forced to admit that, in this instance at least, "laziness" had wrought wonders and that the calmly seated white man can cover more ground in a day than could the most fleet-footed and strenuously inclined Indian runner in five.

It was possibly somewhat the same attitude, on the part of the "palefaces" twelve or fourteen years ago, that prevented the motor-cycle from jumping into the immediate popularity that has since been accorded it. The motor-cycle was introduced during the height of the bicycle craze, and to substitute a small gasoline motor for foot power seemed the epitome of indolence. The bicycle was used as much as a means of exercise as of locomotion, and to make it self-propelling was defeating one of its chief ends. About this time, however, the first automobiles began to prove themselves to be the rich man's conveyance of the future, and these started the demand for self-propelled vehicles that has resulted in the production of over a quarter of a million motor-cycles and motor-cars a year for several seasons.

The motor-cycle does not require the whole road, and is consequently able to rush along where many a hardy automobile may fear to tread. Many a motorist knows, to his sorrow, that after a heavy rain he must drive through rather than over the average country road. Pedestrians may have worn a hard, smooth pathway along the roadside, but that is closed to the fifty-six-inch wide tread of the automobile. Not so to the motor-cycle, however; that can travel along a pathway a foot wide, and by seeking out these byways and by following a smooth, broad "rut" on one side or the other practically all roads are made passable to this sturdy two-wheeled vehicle.



The motor-cycle squad of Cleveland's police department



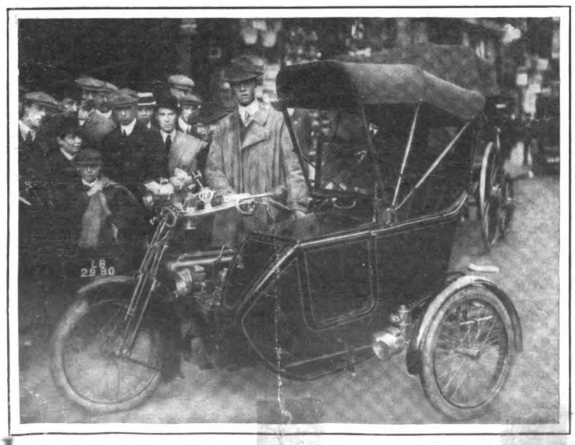
One machine for two, useful for honeymoon journeys

It may be said that these advantages of the motor-cycle are obtained at the sacrifice of carrying capacity and comfort. At the expense of carrying capacity certainly, for it is not to be expected that a two-wheeled vehicle of but one-twentieth the weight of an average automobile would possess the room for the passengers and equipment provided in a touring-car. Space for a suit-case, together with accommodations for tools and the necessary spare parts, will be found on every motor-cycle, however, and consequently the vehicle is adapted for extended touring.

But so far as the comfort of the rider is concerned appearances are deceptive. The seats are large, well shaped, and provided with springs that absorb the shocks and jars of road travel. The frames themselves, on which the weight of the rider and power plant is carried, are designed with springs at both the front and rear portions, and rough roads may be traversed with no more inconvenience or discomfort than attends a ride over the same course in a large touring-car. The pedals of the motor-cycle form far more comfortable rests for the rider's feet than might be apparent at first thought, for they may be turned to any position as the muscles become tired of inactivity. Some motor-cycles are provided with running-boards or a sort of platform below the motor. These serve as a supplementary foot-rest on which the driver may place his feet when they tire of the pedals. On some designs the running-boards replace the pedals entirely, the motor being started by a small hand-crank and the brake applied from the handle-bars. These features of motor-cycle design and construction, together with many others which would not be noticed by the casual observer of such a vehicle, unite to make motor-cycling an exceedingly comfortable recreation.

While the motor-cycle may be considered a "one-man" affair, it is not without its social possibilities. Two machines may travel side by side, or, if the center of the road be smooth as well as the sides, three abreast will not occupy more space than that required by the ordinary four-wheeled vehicle. The riders will then be closer together than are the occupants of the front seat and tonneau of a touring-car, and they possess the further advantage in that a turn of the accelerator handle will enable one to draw away from the rest if the conversation becomes monotonous.

But the motor-cycle can also be converted into a two-passenger conveyance by the addition of a seat and foot-rests at the rear. This pillion effect is much more comfortable than its appearance or the position of its occupants would lead one to expect. In fact, several couples have toured for hundreds of miles in this manner. But for those who desire more comfort and luxury than it is possible for this rear saddle to afford an extra wheel may be attached to the rear of the motor-cycle, and on the axle connecting the two a comfortably upholstered wicker seat having a back and arms may be placed. This seat is similar in appearance to the wheel-chairs that are to be found at seaside and health resorts, and because of the fact that it is a side extension of the motor-cycle the attachment is known as a "side car." The extra passenger is thus brought by the side of the rider and a conversation may be carried on as easily as though both were seated in a runabout. The use of this attachment is limited, of course, to good roads, but as the seat and wheel are easily removed or set in place the utility of the motor-cycle for touring is not interfered with. The speed of the motor-cycle also is reduced by the added weight, but as the maximum rate of travel that can be attained by one of these machines is ordinarily considerably above the limit of safety the rider and companion can cover ground "plenty fast."



The motor-cycle bath chair—a London innovation

It might well be assumed by those unfamiliar with the subject that the speed, capability, and power possessed by the average motor-cycle would render travel by this means more dangerous than bicycle-riding. With the exercise of due care, however, a motor-cycle at thirty or forty miles an hour is no more dangerous to ride than is a bicycle at half that speed. In fact, it is probable that there are fewer "spills," on the part of motor-cyclists, than ever occurred to an equal number of bicycle-riders. In the first place, the motor-cycle is made exceedingly strong to withstand the added strain due to the increased weight and speed. Secondly, it is provided with increased braking surface and extra safety equipment to compensate for the effect of the added momentum caused by the heavy mass moving at high speed. The engine control of most motor-cycles is located in the grips of the handle-bars, while the brake is applied by a downward pressure of the foot on the rear pedal. Thus to start or to stop almost instantly neither the hands nor feet need be removed, and the machine is at all times under perfect control.

The third reason for the comparative safety attendant upon high-speed motor-cycling is one that might not at first glance appear important, and yet it is in reality far-reaching in its effects. Every one who has ever ridden a bicycle realizes how much more easily he could retain his balance when he was pedaling fast than was the case when he was traveling at a slow rate of speed. At high speeds the balance becomes automatic, and the machine naturally maintains its equilibrium without any effort in this direction on the part of the driver. On a motor-cycle this effect is even more noticeable, due probably to the greater weight or mass in motion. Furthermore, the engine, magneto or batteries, muffler, and other parts are placed in the lower portion of the frame, thus giving a low center of gravity to the machine, which is conducive to stability. Then, too, the tendency of the heavy motor-cycle, moving at a rapid rate, is to continue in a straight line and to ignore small obstructions that would deflect the lighter bicycle from its arrow-like course. This means that the motor-cycle can safely traverse rough roads filled with ruts that would throw the rider of a bicycle.

A motor-cycle will cost from $150 to $300, depending upon the size of the motor and the number of its cylinders, and other equipment; an automobile capable of attaining the same speed as the $150 motor-cycle cannot be bought for less than $800 or $1,000. A high-powered automobile will travel on an average ten or twelve miles on a gallon of gasoline; a motor-cycle can cover as much as one hundred miles of ordinary road on the same amount of fuel.

Because of the low initial cost of the motor-cycle, its great economy of gasoline and lubricating oil, and the small expense for tires, the operating and "overhead" charges per mile are brought down to so small a fraction of a cent that this becomes the cheapest form of transportation yet known.

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Freaks of the Tornado

By George E. Walsh

THE Weather Bureau at Washington has been collecting statistics and facts about cyclones and tornadoes for many years, and the experts have succeeded in securing considerable valuable data about the big winds; but, after all, the freaks of the storm are the things that give it special interest, and if all these were properly classified some remarkable reading would be furnished. Every visitation of a tornado adds to this valuable storehouse of queer freaks.

It is not uncommon for the whirling wind to cut a house in half, demolishing one side and leaving the other undisturbed. This happened in an Iowa tornado, and the part that was left intact was so little disturbed that the clock on the mantel continued ticking as if nothing had happened. In the Texas town of Sherman, which was visited by a tornado in 1896, two houses were picked up and carried into the air, where they exploded. Every one in them was severely injured except a baby, which did not receive so much as a scratch. A man milking a cow in a shed saw the cow and shed carried up in the air, but he was not so much as touched. Not a drop of the milk in his pail was spilled or disturbed.

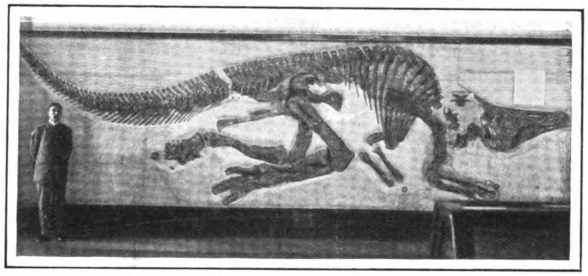
In the St. Louis tornado of the same year a carpet in the parlor of one house was pulled up by the twister and carried away a few hundred yards without so much as a rent being torn in it. The tacks had been pulled up as neatly as if extracted by a careful carpet-layer. In another house the bed-clothing and mattress were lifted from the bed, and the bedstead was left intact. A resident was carried through the roof of another house with the bed and dropped a quarter of a mile away without injury. The mattress saved him in the fall, and he picked himself up in a vacant lot to dress without knowing exactly what had happened to him.

The "twisters" have been known to pull nails out of shingles and then go on to pick up a chimney bodily and carry it through the air. In Kansas one picked up a buggy and landed it in the branches of a tree. At another time it ripped the harness completely off a horse and left horse, buggy, and man uninjured. In Louisville, in 1890, a tornado carried the roof off a house and pulled a child from the mother's arms and carried it safely to another house six blocks away.

But these are merely among the harmless freaks of the big wind. There are others more heartrending. It has dismembered human beings, tearing arms and legs from the body, and twisted the hair of women into ropes. In Kansas it drove a piece of scantling six inches square through the body of a hog. At another time it blew in the door of a farmer's house and carried the owner away on the door, to drop him in the branches of a tree. The tornado did not hurt him, but he broke his neck falling from the tree to the ground. No one has succeeded in measuring the full force of a tornado, but it is known to travel at the rate of two hundred miles and more an hour.

Tornadoes are exciting more general attention than formely because of the greater number of towns and villages located in the tornado belt. Each successive one is more dangerous than its predecessors because it is apt to find more human material to destroy. Formerly it might travel half the length of a continent without finding anything in its path to destroy except grass, trees, and occasionally the crops of a solitary farmer. To-day, if it followed the same route, it might pass over a dozen villages and towns.

The only thing that can possibly break the force of a tornado is a range of mountains. It may create wild havoc among the trees and boulders of a mountain, but it cannot carry the mountain itself away. It will uproot giant forest trees, suck the water from wells and streams, twist and demonish iron bridges, and carry up houses, but the mountains are proof against the mighty force of the wind. Until we know how to control the tornado or find some means of baffling it, its menacing danger must always be a source of considerable uneasiness in the great plain sections of the country. But, like earthquakes, the tornado and cyclone do not come every year, and sometimes they defer their visit for a decade or so, for which we may be thankful.



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Army Eagles

EAGLES lasted only from 1805 to Waterloo. Before then it had been the custom in armies to carry huge unwieldy flags mounted on poles, which, while they afforded a rallying-point for their corps, also drew the enemy's fire. It remained for Napoleon to revive the ancient symbol of the Cæsars. At first an eagle was presented to every battalion of infantry and every squadron of horse. But owing to the number of eagles captured this allowance was cut down. All battalion eagles were withdrawn and one eagle was carried by each regiment of foot and cavalry. In 1812 a still further reduction was made and in some cases line regiments were ordered to leave their eagles in their arsenal. These standards were also taken from all regiments of light cavalry and one eagle sufficed occasionally for an infantry brigade.

The eagle itself was eight inches in height and nine inches across the wings. It stood on a brass block three inches square and weighed three and a half pounds.

Modern colors, cumbrous as they are, are as nothing compared to the old ones, which were as difficult to hide as the big drum. Thus there existed a regular system for saving eagles. Sometimes, when the tide of war ran adversely, they were unscrewed and put into haversacks or great-coat pockets. At other times they were buried, thrown into ponds or rivers, broken up, hidden in hollow trees, and, most humiliating of all, stuffed into some dead horse, to be hauled out subsequently.

Hens as Barometers

A POULTRY-RAISER in Bohemia has produced curious results by altering and alternating the food given to his flocks.

It is known to many who have raised canaries for the market that Cayenne pepper, put into their food, results in a notable difference in the character and shade of their plumage, giving the feathers a smoothness and reddish tinge which adds very much to the sum for which the birds may ordinarily be sold. If the same ingredient be added to the diet, especially of white hens which have been hatched from carefully selected eggs, their feathers become pale rose, and they flush to a brilliant red when the weather is damp and a storm approaching. These hens thus become veritable barometers, and the progression of color from pale to brilliant is so exact that a scarlet hen strutting about the barnyard is regarded as certain prophecy of a storm which may be as much as twelve hours distant.

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The Elephant Plant

WHEN the school-boy has held up his right hand to indicate that he knows where ivory comes from he will boldly declare that the tusks of the elephant and the walrus supply this valuable product. The answer is correct in the main—less correct nowadays than formerly. The manufacturer of numerous small articles of ivory could add to the child's fund of information.

There is the *Phytelephas macrocarpa*. That is not an elephant, but a tree—a peculiar genus of palm. The word "phytelephas" is Greek for "plant elephant" and "macrocarpa" means "large fruit." The seeds of this palm harden sufficiently to be a substitute for the elephant's tusks; hence the compliment implied by the title, elephant plant.

This palm grows in the northern part of South America and along the Isthmus of Panama. In Panama it is known as the *anta*. The Indians along the Magdalena call it *tagua*. *Pullipunta* is the Peruvian term.

The fruit grows in a cluster of six or seven drupes, each of which may contain from six to nine seeds. The whole is incased in a woody substance and is larger than a cocoanut. At first the seeds contain a colorless, tasteless fluid, which soon changes to the milkiness of cocoanut milk and is just as pleasant to drink. It is albuminous and in the course of the season hardens. Whereupon it is ivory.

Buttons, decorative tack-heads, handles for manicure sets, pegs for card scoring-boards, and other small articles of turnery are well made from this vegetable ivory, and there is now a vast quantity of it on the market. Even England, with India at her back and herds of those magnificent beasts that move in the Durbars, has recourse to the palm seeds of Ecuador to replace one of the most beautiful materials known to the artisanship of man. England uses vegetable ivory in quantity more than three times that of the elephant tusk. The United States has not been slow to take advantage of the product. The total yield of a season amounts, at the present time, to millions of pounds. The United States, England, and Germany are the greatest consumers.

Formerly the manufacturers of Germany bought most of the crop. The tariff of 1897 made a direct thrust at this German industry by heavily taxing the buttons. So now the raw material comes direct to this country. In 1901 the importation here amounted to less than $180,000. The present annual value is over a million dollars.

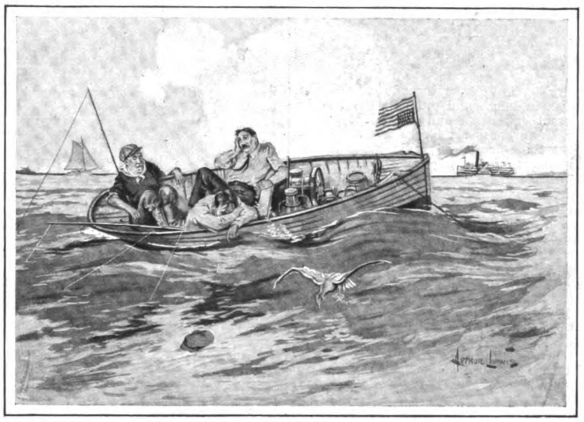
The elephant is a valuable animal. He requires too much room, though, for the encroachments of modern civilization. Vegetable ivory can be used only for small articles and is good enough for such purpose. At that the elephant could not undertake to supply the population of the world with ivory buttons and pegs. Therefore, welcome the elephant plant.

Causes of Mine Catastrophes

MANY mine catastrophes are directly due to the movement of the earth, shown in the tendency of the ground around the pit to sink, and internally by the droop in the vault and in the sides of the mine, such dislocations are due not only to the pressure of the weight of the ground, but to latent pressure resulting from internal motion still in progress, though dating from the early stages of the earth.

As a consequence of its cooling after the incandescent state, the outer crust of the earth was subjected to pressure which is still existent, as is shown by spontaneous movements of the rock masses. In some quarries where the gneiss is very hard, even, and of the same quality throughout, the ground swells in long ridges and is rent asunder with prodigious noise. All the rocks are in a state of compression due to the mechanical actions to which they have been subjected. Such action is peculiarly intense in coal-mines and it takes effect not only upon the galleries, where it bends the pillars and the steel and crushes the masonry, but on the coal also, which it softens and so works as to release the gas contained in it under pressure of perhaps several atmospheres. In view of taking precautions against such action, engineers advise an allowance of suppleness or "give" in the supports of the mine.

The ground pressure is responsible, at least in part, for explosions of fire damp. Continually recurring strong ground pressure modifies the permeability of the strata, creates numerous channels in the coal masses, and makes issues for the gas. In some cases the gas "blows out" of the coal at the extreme limits of the mine and abnormal and repeated escapes of gas crush the rock.



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The Electric Eel

THERE are some fish that have electricity stored up in their muscular fibers. There are several species of electric fish, and they have effective storage batteries. Foremost among these is the electric eel.

Shocking its companions with the mysterious fluid is not, with this creature, merely an occasional performance or playful feat. The current is turned on whenever necessary to kill for food and often beyond that necessity. The electric eel is very fond of exercising its powers and when at its best has sufficient of the fluid to stun a cow. Fortunately, the eel does not live where our cows are plentiful.

There are three sorts of fish that have this power and generally they can use it at will. The above-mentioned electric eel of Brazil is the most proficient. There is a genus of American catfish that also does the trick. The torpedo ray is likewise a performer, though not with so much strength.

The electric eel of Brazil, somewhat different from its namesake of commerce, attains a length of from five to six feet. When going about in search of food this eel, big as it is, does not seek to overpower its prey with brute force, but merely touches the unsuspecting victim, and electrocution or a stunning effect ensues. Being somewhat a gormandizer and six feet long, this fishy electrician requires a hearty meal; so it writhes about, using a large number of ampères before completing its repast. But the eel does not stop there. Even after having partaken of an elegant sufficiency it continues its way in pure excess of animal spirits and the sheer joy of killing, disabling more fish than it can eat.

The electric catfish and the torpedo ray are also large and voracious. The catfish grows to be more than four feet long. The torpedo that sometimes gets into the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico weighs from sixty to seventy-five pounds. It has not as much voltage as the eel, frequently having to cease its batteries for rest and replenishment.

The apparatus in all these three works on the principle of practical electricity. There are a positive and a negative current. The point of contact is negative at the time of the discharge. The organs of electricity are modified muscular fibers and nerve connections. The motor plates of the muscles overlay one another in so-called end plates to which the nervous filaments join. The opposite sides of the branching nerves become positive when the end plates are negative with a discharge. The electric organs of the eel are in the lower surface of the tail. The torpedo's batteries are in the gill section. The fleshy dorsal fin of the catfish contains the mechanism. How the mechanism becomes charged is not known. The torpedo sends its current from below upward: the catfish from head to tail, the eel from tail to head.

The Decay of Window Glass

IT is generally supposed that glass is practically immortal. But it has been demonstrated that glass exposed to the elements will decay and in time become so rotten that it is worthless.

Window glass exposed to the heat and cold and varying winds will, after a number of years, become so brittle that it can be cut with a pair of shears. It is said that light and darkness have different effects on glass and this alternation alone will cause it to become fragile and in time worthless.

It is almost impossible to remove old windows from a building without breaking many of the panes of glass. New glass can be handled with much more carelessness.

There is a certain elasticity to new glass that leaves glass which has faced the weather for a number of years.

Street fakers who travel throughout the country selling scissors will secure a lot of old window glass and show the crowds how wonderfully their shears will cut by clipping off strips of the glass just as a person would cut paper, when in fact the feat is due to the fact the glass is actually rotten.

Remembrance

I WENT back to a place I knew
When I was very, very small.
The same pale-yellow roses grew
Along the same old wall.

Each thing I knew was in its place—
The well, the white stones by the road,
The box hedge with its cobweb lace,
And a small spotted toad.

But yet it all seemed small and still.
The house itself had shrunk, I know.
And then my eyes began to fill,
For I had always loved it so.

ALINE KILMER.

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PENN STATE

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

VOL. LVII] No. 2944 | WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1913 | [10 Cents a Copy $4.00 a Year

Our Peripatetic Secretary of State

O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird
Or but a wandering voice?
—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ONCE upon a time, not so very long ago, the Honorable JAMES E. MARTINE was delivering an impassioned oration in the Fourth Ward of Jersey City. We forget what it was about, but that doesn't matter any more now than it did then. The point is that, while speaking, the orator strode up and down the platform, flapping his coat-tails, until an auditor of Celtic extraction rose and said with peculiar positiveness, "JIM, if you're going to talk, don't walk; if you're going to walk, don't talk." The audience applauded the suggestion so heartily that the orator, after giving thanks, subsided entirely, somewhat to the relief of Governor WOODROW WILSON, who was awaiting his turn to arouse the masses against the bosses.

But it was all a mistake justly attributable to ignorance. Mr. MARTINE'S method of delivery was fully warranted by the highest classical authority. He was stamping in the footsteps of ARISTOTLE himself. He was trying to be a Peripatetic.

To those unfamiliar with words derived from the Greek this simple designation may seem accusatory or even suggestive of some unpleasant malady, but in truth of course it is highly complimentary. Few there be of the present day who could pass examination for admission to the famous School of Peripatetics established by the great teacher of ethics and exotics, and taught by him while pacing to and fro. A boob assuredly would have no chance at all. But there is one luminous American, we are happy to record, who would stand easily at the head of the class. That man is "the Honorable, the Secretary of State," as he was designated on the menu of Director-General JOHN BARRETT'S Pan-American feast, given the other evening with much eclat in this wicked city.

We can only approximate the measure of Brother BRYAN'S familiarity with the lore of the ancient philosophers. There have been times when it seemed as if he would have talked less if he had studied more, but you never can tell. The effect might have been quite the contrary. Genius of the tongue is like a babbling brook—unrestrained and unrestrainable, now a mere gurgle and then suddenly become a rushing torrent. But when PLATO likened ARISTOTLE to a colt that needs the bit more than the spur, how accurately he depicted what Brother BRYAN needs and, incidentally, what he seems to be getting!

Is it not a fair presumption, moreover, that the *Organum* was a mere precursor of the *Commoner*? And do not the *Categories* of the Greek master bear a striking similarity to the *Interrogatories* of the American disciple, especially when some one he doesn't like promises to become a candidate? How recently, too, has Brother BRYAN exemplified the Aristotelian doctrines that "virtue lies between the extremes of self-indulgence and asceticism," and that "every change from potentiality to actuality is accomplished by an efficient cause which is working toward an end, the Final Cause"! A true, a qualified Peripatetic, indeed, is the Honorable, the Secretary of State.

Nevertheless, it is not in that sense that we use the adjective in the title of this dissertation. The accepted modern meaning of the word is far more pertinent to the case in point, signifying as it does, according to Mr. MURRAY, one "going about or from place to place in connection with some occupation or calling." That is Brother BRYAN'S real job. In view of the constant references in the papers to "Acting Secretary" This or That, no less than of his generally submissive attitude, it would be correct enough, we suppose, to speak of Mr. BRYAN as Passive Secretary, but on the whole we like Peripatetic better, and will let it stand at that.

Some people thought it strange that Brother BRYAN should accept an appointment which implied the manipulation of a second violin. Others were surprised when the leader of the orchestra offered him the position. But these were uncomprehending folk. The President, be assured, had



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(From the "New York American")

We reprint this picture by Mr. T. E. Powers solely as a happy illustration of the accompanying discourse. Although intrinsically a work of high art, it is not a good likeness. The authorized portrait of Mr. Bryan is the one of him in a high hat drawn by Mr. Budd and published recently in this journal.

his reasons for keeping the great commoner close to his elbow, and who can doubt that the photograph which the Assistant President studied judicially from the far end of his right arm was of the type commonly known as enlarged? As to Brother BRYAN himself, speculation respecting his emotions resolves readily into credible surmise. The withering effect of office-seeking had engendered a desire for officeholding. And the place itself was alluring. It had been filled, or at least occupied, by men who had loomed large in their day and generation. If he became Secretary of State, he could count as his predecessors THOMAS JEFFERSON, JOHN MARSHALL, JAMES MADISON, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, HENRY CLAY, MARTIN VAN BUREN, JOHN C. CALHOUN, DANIEL WEBSTER, WILLIAM L. MARCY, LEWIS CASS, JEREMIAH BLACK, WILLIAM H. SEWARD, WILLIAM M. EVARTS, THOMAS F. BAYARD, JOHN SHERMAN, JOHN HAY, ELIHU ROOT, and so forth and so on, down to PHILANDER C. KNOX, who could have done as well as most of the others but for a temperamental disaffection with application. A very good line indeed for WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN to join!

Then, too, tradition had accorded much authority, no less than marked distinction, to the high office. Suffice it to remark as an indication, without recalling the achievements of JEFFERSON, MADISON, CLAY, CALHOUN, and ROOT, that it was SEWARD, not LINCOLN, who purchased Alaska; BLAINE, not HARRISON, who averted a war; and OLNEY, not CLEVELAND, who instigated the Venezuelan message

True, this condition could hardly maintain under a chief accustomed to confer only after having decided. Even though, as Ambassador PAGE with shrewd and subsequently demonstrated foresight remarked, "The state portfolio the President himself must hold whenever important foreign questions come up," there would still exist a vacuum of no mean size to be filled. The simple fact, moreover, that lack of authority necessarily implies absence of responsibility was not to be overlooked by a mind accustomed to penetrate to last consequences.

So it all came about naturally and politely, and, after having won official recognition of the inalienable right of his stomach to perform the delicate function of fermentation, Brother BRYAN bought a high hat and began to make personal acquaintance with red tags. Inevitably much fussing ensued. Our neighbor, the *Sun*, prophesied the direct calamities. Marse HENRY threw up his hands and said divorce proceedings would be begun before the honeymoon was over. Jealous Republicans pretended to put their tongues in their cheeks while really only biting them. We alone foresaw the perfect harmony, the congenial team play, which has ensued. Like the famous ship upon the sea, Brother BRYAN soon found himself in the place to which he was shown with tactful solicitude. He went to sleep a Democrat and awoke a Peripatetic.

Since then, in the accurate words of Mr. MURRAY, he has had the time of his life "going about or from place to place in connection with some occupation or calling." First he went home to lend his presence to a celebration of his birthday, a full report of which appeared in these columns. Then he made a speech or two about the advantage of home rule to the Irish. Feeling no particular need of rest, he was at liberty to regard the fourth commandment as an unessential part of the platform and took a class in Sunday-school. He made his famous trip to California by official direction and with full authority—to telegraph freely to Washington. Then he let the Japanese ambassador cool his heels while he went to Harrisburg and discoursed at some length and with great fervor upon the inviolability of party platforms which declare rigidly for a single term for Presidents.

Last week he came over to this city, which once he considered as belonging to his enemies, and found it occupied by a multitude of friends. Never in his life has Brother BRYAN received in New York so cordial and genuine a greeting as that which cheered his heart at the big Pan-

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American dinner party. And he made good. His speech was a masterpiece of diplomatic utterance. One could not fail to mark the pleasing contrast of his true and tolerant humor with the barbed wit and dire threats uttered but a short time ago in the same hall by his officially superior public servant.

We have no need to signify the value which we attach to the President's high intelligence. That it cannot be overestimated has been demonstrated over and over again since he took up his duties at the White House and the Capitol. But in no instance has he shown keener intuition than by constituting Brother BRYAN his medium of personal communication with the people. JOHN BASSETT MOORE can struggle with law-books and hunt up precedents as well as anybody; nobody can beat Assistant-President HOUSE at putting candidates into their proper pens, and of course there is but one fully qualified to scold an obdurate state; but when it comes to popularizing the administration, in part if not in whole, commend us to the Honorable, the Secretary of State.

He is the matchless minute-man of the government, ready at any time to drop his grapefruit or jump out of bed to answer the call of duty. He has traveled twelve thousand miles already and is fresher than when he started. We shouldn't be surprised any morning to read that he was off to England to help out our new ambassador in addressing labor unions and other peace societies.

Meanwhile, make no mistake, Brother BRYAN is growing in the estimation of his countrymen. He is getting to be more careful every day of what he says, and he is doing what he is told with extraordinary skill and tactfulness. If anything should happen to go wrong—which Heaven forbid!—he will still be able to present a saddened face with a smiling heart, and show hands clean as a whistle of responsibility.

A far-sighted man is Brother BRYAN, far and clear, with one eye glued by direction of ARISTOTLE upon the Final Cause. WORDSWORTH, if now living, would never mistake him for a mere cuckoo or "but a wandering voice." He is in truth, in the classical language of the poet, a bird.

Mr. Bryan's New York Defenders

Our distinguished neighbors, the *Sun* and the *World*, so seldom agree that when they do the happening demands attention. Some suspicious people thought they detected peculiar significance in what Mr. BRYAN said at Harrisburg—to wit:

> A man who violates a party platfrom and betrays his party and the people is a criminal worse than the man who embezzles money. It is a settled principle of this country that a platform is binding upon every man that runs on that platform. Some men violate platforms because they say they cannot violate their conscience. Far be it from me to have a man violate his conscience. No man should violate his conscience, but that does not mean that he should violate his party platform. It means that his conscience should begin to work before he is elected, and not afterward. If after election he cannot violate his conscience to keep his party pledges, he should resign and not put his conscience above the conscience of his constituents.

Whereupon the *Sun* declared with characteristic succinctness:

> It is unfair to poison Mr. BRYAN'S rare presences in Washington by malicious or ignorant misinterpretations of his remarks on the oratorical circuit. Because he insists in a Pennsylvania speech on the sacred and indefeasible obligation of a candidate to stick to the platform, the swallowers of flies and the utterers of calumny are sure he is booming himself for the 1916 campaign, girding at Mr. WILSON and reminding him of the single-term pledge in the Baltimore platform.
>
> Whatever Mr. BRYAN'S hopes and ambitions, it is unjust to attribute to him so gross a misunderstanding of the plain language and purpose of the Baltimore declaration about the President's term as to imply that it refers or can refer to a second term as the Constitution now stands, and binds Mr. WILSON to a single term.
>
> A constitutional amendment for a single, and presumably a longer, term is what Mr. WILSON is pledged to. Is it the indiscreet fanatical friends or the equally indiscreet fanatical enemies of Mr. BRYAN that are always trying to make trouble between him and Mr. WILSON?

The *World*, because of its stronger predisposition in favor of Mr. BRYAN, approached the interesting subject from another angle, but reached the same conclusion.

Nevertheless, the mischief-makers keep on hinting. It may not be amiss, therefore, to suggest that, while recognizing the earnest efforts of our neighbors in his behalf, Mr. BRYAN consider the propriety of making his position quite clear. A very few words would suffice. Doubtless we shall hear them soon or perhaps even sooner. What!

Doing Their Duty

Says the crabbed old *Inter-Ocean* of Chicago:

> When last heard from the demand for the free-trade experiment, so far as the administration branch is concerned, stood:
>
> WILSON (for free trade).....6,292,599
> ROOSEVELT (against free trade)...4,190,101
> TAFT (against free trade).....3,481,632
> 7,671,733
>
> Majority against free trade.....1,379,134
>
> Nor is this all. Mr. WILSON'S vote was swelled by hundreds of thousands of Republicans driven to his support by what they regarded as the worse evil impending in the third-term candidacy of Mr. ROOSEVELT. So out of a total vote of over 15,000,000, less than six million demanded both WILSON and free trade.

Fudge! Neither Mr. WILSON nor the Democratic party advocated free trade or anything approaching it. They stood for reduction of tariff duties and won, and are now fulfilling their pledge. That is all there is of it.

Mr. Redfield's Bugaboo

It has been the immemorial privilege of losers at law to go down to the tavern and curse out the court. Secretary REDFIELD seems minded to deny this venerable relief to manufacturers who think themselves injured by the new tariff law. If they complain that the new law has so reduced their profits that they must reduce wages the government is ready, Mr. REDFIELD says, to investigate their complaints and find out whether the trouble in their business is due to the new tariff or to other causes, such as bad equipment, antiquated methods, poor location, or lack of capital. Mr. REDFIELD says the Department of Commerce has the machinery for making these investigations and does a good job when it undertakes one.

A howl has arisen from the organs of the employing class at this suggestion. It is dreadful, to be sure. We suppose not even Mr. REDFIELD has the hardihood to hint that the government will compel manufacturers to keep up wages. But he says something that comes pretty near it—to wit:

> If I grasp the public mind at all clearly it holds unfavorable views toward reduction of wages except under direct necessity. It would not approve them for the sake of maintaining profits, least of all as a means of political menace. Furthermore, there is a belief that the reduction of wages is the easy resort of the inefficient and the hall-mark of poor management.
>
> I believe this to be so. As therefore the reduction of wages has direct social effects, and as the public has the right to efficiency in its factory servants, the department has undertaken to find out whether the facts do or do not justify the threatened reductions.

Some of this is rather gay talk. How clearly does Mr. REDFIELD grasp the public mind? Will it insist in maintenance of wages where there are no profits? Would it not consider that the maintenance of wages by intervention of the Department of Commerce would be as much the easy resort of inefficient workers as the high tariff has been the easy resort of inefficient employers? But never mind the answer. All Mr. REDFIELD'S department undertakes to do is to find out whether facts warrant reductions.

That may not be a bad thing. Nobody but an expert can bring a complaining manufacturer (of woolens, say) to book and find out if he is really hurt or not, or how much, and by what. And meanwhile the tariff bill is not passed yet, and we can afford to wait till Mr. REDFIELD'S activities are subject of complaint by some one who is actually pinched before we take them seriously.

The Means of Republican Revival

It will not do to dismiss as in any wise negligible the renewal of the effort to reorganize the Republican party. So far as we have observed, the attempts to belittle the recent Chicago conference to that end have come from men thoroughly committed to the Bull Moose movement and were therefore to be expected. Even if we grant to these gentlemen entire sincerity in the conviction that their own party has come to stay and that it is the only really hopeful rival of the Democratic party, we must credit them with the sense to perceive that any strengthening or reuniting of the Republican party will decidedly impair their prospects.

Indeed, the vigorous ridicule from Bull Moose sources is one of the reasons for taking quite seriously the enterprise of Governor HADLEY and Senators BORAH and CUMMINS and their associates; if it were really laughable, the laughing wouldn't be so strenuous.

But there are other reasons to take it seriously. The men themselves, for the most part, have weight with the country, and they are the kind of Republicans to take the lead in this matter, because they have most in common with those who went the length of actual rebellion. They have also, we think, taken a correct view of the general course to be followed, which is, roughly, the elimination by a national convention, to be specially called, of those practices which have been a real source of offense. The chief of these, they declare, have been the rotten-borough system in the South, the method of handling contests before national conventions, and the manipulation of caucuses and conventions in the states in the choice of delegates. They further show their wisdom by insisting that these reforms must be made so openly and candidly as to convince the people that they have been made thoroughly and sincerely.

The Japanese and the World

It is easy to be positive on the question California has raised about the ownership of her lands by aliens. We ourselves, for instance, are positive that California ought not to be precipitate; that she has nothing to gain by hurry, and nothing to lose—certainly not the question itself—by going reasonably slow.

President ELIOT and others are quite as easily positive that there is no hostile animus in Japan, and no colonizing purpose, and that therefore the Californians have discovered a mare's nest. Most Californians, on the other hand, seem to be equally positive that they are up against something very serious, and must take immediate and drastic action.

We defend our notion by agreeing with President ELIOT and the peacemakers, on the one hand, and the Californians, on the other. That is to say, we agree that Japan doesn't want trouble, and we also agree that the ownership of land by Japanese in California is in one aspect a very serious matter.

It is a serious matter because the *relations* of the Japanese with Occidental peoples — not the relations of Japan with Occidental nations—are a serious matter, and a puzzling one. The main thing is that the individual Japanese, in his relations with Americans and other Europeans, has not yet been "placed." Some of us are too ready to treat him merely as an Asiatic—which he resents. Many of us distinguish him among Asiatics, but vaguely, and not to his satisfaction. The truth is, we haven't made up our minds how to treat him, and he on his part has fully made up his mind to be treated as an equal, if not as a superior.

The London *Times* shows surprising cognizance of this wider aspect of the trouble in California. It sees in the controversy a world question, and wishes it might be avoided altogether. We hardly see how that is possible. All real questions must be met sooner or later. But why sooner rather than later? Why, above all, *this year rather than next year?* That is the ground of our disapproval of the Californians' course. They can give interesting reasons for taking the stand they have taken, but we can see no practical reason—only a political reason, from the Bull Moose point of view—for forcing the issue immediately.

The incident has given to the THEODORE ROOSEVELT of to-day an opportunity of service which we still like to think that a younger THEODORE ROOSEVELT would have risen to. Publicly, he hasn't risen to it. If he hasn't done something or other privately, then we are sorry for his biographer.

We Think Well of Dr. Abbott

It is a pleasure to find ourselves for once in sympathy with Dr. LYMAN ABBOTT. He has been turned down by the American Peace Society because he signed the appeal of the Navy League for measures looking to an increase of efficiency in the American navy.

Dr. ABBOTT'S speech at the Lake Mohonk Conference is not the source or explanation of our sympathy. It sounds too much like certain many times iterated utterances of the Contributing Editor. We should have liked it better if the venerable doctor had stood more squarely on his own feet.

For Dr. ABBOTT is playing the man in this matter, all past gibes to the contrary notwithstanding. The navy is assailed from two quarters. It is assailed by such Congressmen as are willing to weaken it in order to pose as economists and to divert the moneys spent on it to "improvements" in their own districts. It is also assailed by a number of excellent people who apparently believe that it will promote the cause of peace if this country, although it maintains a navy and expects to maintain one indefinitely, sets an example of naval inefficiency.

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That is what it comes down to. Nobody, so far as we know, proposes to dismantle the navy. Nobody even proposes the up-to-date equivalent of JEFFERSON'S gunboat policy, which would be, we take it, a reliance on shore batteries and submarines. We are to go on having a navy, therefore, but friends of peace will continue to object to every measure and every appropriation designed to make it a strong navy.

This attitude is so fatuous that it is hard to treat it one bit more respectfully than the merely political and selfish behavior of Congressmen who vote against the navy appropriation bill and vote for such grab bills as they think will help them in their own districts. Dr. ABBOTT is right in opposing both these insincerities.

He is also right in maintaining that in the present state of human nature and of international relations the United States should have a strong navy, and that our having it will be conducive to the world's peace as well as to our own security.

The German Emperor

Emperor WILLIAM of Germany has reigned twenty-five years. He has worn a military costume almost constantly. Under him Germany has become the first military power in the world and has also built up a fleet second only to Great Britain's. From the beginning he has been a source of rumors of wars. He was long regarded as an embodied threat to the peace of Europe. Some of us can still vividly remember our own and the world's apprehensions when he dismissed BISMARCK and *Punch* printed its great cartoon, "Dropping the Pilot."

Yet here is an address to the Emperor, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession, congratulating him on his work as a peacemaker and a peace-keeper, and it is signed by the heads of practically all the learned and benevolent societies of America! ANDREW CARNEGIE'S name is there, of course; but so is WILLIAM A. DUNNING'S, of the American Historical Association, and others as well that are never signed without reflection and discrimination.

On the whole, it is a just tribute. There are still two opinions about the Emperor in Germany as well as in other countries. Whether near or far, one can hear quite contradictory accounts of him. But does anybody anywhere feel about him as nearly everybody did when he came, a stripling, to the throne? He succeeded a much-loved Emperor, his father, whose reign had been so brief that men were still thinking of a still better loved Emperor, his grandfather. The qualities of that grandfather — patience, kindliness, mild good-nature—were almost the opposite of his own; for the young man was self-assertive, positive, restless, audacious.

Yet look at the record! The old, kind-hearted WILLIAM fought in rapid succession three wars that changed the face of Europe. His name is forever associated with the humiliating of Denmark, with the overcoming of Austria, with the complete and awful overwhelming of France. The young WILLIAM has never actually fought at all. He has aggrandized Germany and largely in military fashion, but his hands are quite bloodless.

Of course, it has not all been a matter of his choice and decision. Mightier forces than any one personality have made for the keeping of the peace of Europe. But it is impossible to deny that here has been a mighty personality, imperially unleashed, and that it has made, on the whole, for peace. It has made for more than that. It has made for every form of culture: for music and the other arts; for learning; for all manner of civilized intercourse.

WILLIAM II. is a great emperor and a great German. Extraordinary as it sounds, he is probably the greatest German of our time.

Humors of Theology

The Southern Presbyterian Church has been considering once more the infant clause in the Presbyterian confession of faith with a view to such a change in it as to improve the prospects after death of infants who die in infancy. We believe the "confession" at present takes a gloomy view of the future of some infants, and a good many of the Presbyterians would like to brighten it. But it takes a three-fourths vote of the presbyteries to make a change, and this latest attempt has failed.

The right way to amend this clause about infants is to run a blue pencil through the whole of it. No doubt that has been already done in the minds of all modern people. There are a good many details that are much better left to the Almighty to deal with without suggestions from mundane theologians. This detail about infants is one of them. If anybody is safe in the Lord's hands it must be the infants who die in infancy. There must surely be a ripple of chuckling in the Blessed Beyond over the labors of the Southern Presbyterian brethren about infant damnation.

The Prisons of New York

Mr. GEORGE W. BLAKE, the special commissioner appointed by Governor SULZER to investigate the prisons, has not the gift of making a report that carries entire conviction. He is sensational in his use of language, and writes too much like a muck-raker appealing to the popular ear. When he says that "stories of torture of prisoners in the Middle Ages sound like descriptions of luxuries in comparison to the tales told me of the lives of some prisoners at Sing Sing," we take his declarations with a grain of salt.

But Mr. BLAKE'S defects as a reporter should not be suffered to nullify his useful labors as an investigator. He was sent to investigate, and has reported that shocking conditions exist both at Auburn and Sing Sing; that unfit men are in charge of those prisons; that gross inhumanity occurs there; and that, especially at Sing Sing, the prison buildings are unfit and inadequate for their purpose, and convicts are crowded into cells unfit for human habitation and disastrous to health.

These last are not new accusations. They are familiar. Several years ago Sing Sing was condemned as a prison, and land was bought and work begun to make a new prison elsewhere. That effort entirely broke down. The prison site first chosen was given up because it interfered with a park, the site substituted was found to be unfit after a great deal of money had been spent on it. The new prison has not been built, and Mr. BLAKE'S report of men confined in dark, filthy cells dripping with moisture and leaving them crippled and rheumatic is simply what was to be expected after the disgraceful failure of the state of New York to do its manifest duty to its prisoners. The commissioner says:

> The worst feature of the prison management cannot be discussed in any public document, but the subject is of such vital importance to the welfare of the state that no time should be lost in submitting it to the attention of men competent to present a method of bettering a condition that breeds disease of the mind and body and that should touch the hearts of every man with human instincts.

That is true and well said. Whatever may be the defects of Mr. BLAKE'S reports, we believe that there are facts behind them that fairly scream for attention. There is other testimony besides his of the unsatisfactory management of the Auburn prison. Prison management is difficult. It should be in the hands of wise, merciful, and very able men; experts chosen for their humanity and intelligence and willing to spend themselves in the service of humanity. Such men can be had if the conditions of their service are such as to give them a fair chance to do their work. The prisons should be entirely separated from politics; quite as much so, indeed, as the hospitals. The management of them offers one of the most difficult problems in government. Governor SULZER seems to be in earnest in this work of prison reform, and we hope his commissioner's report may have due effect.

Make Good Goods Again

If any manufacturers are driven out of their present business by tariff changes, may there not be an opening for some of them in making better lines of goods than the market now affords?

For example, the plumbers say that all current plumbing pipes are bad; that whereas they used to be made of iron and last in use for twenty or thirty years, now they are made of steel and rust out much sooner. We merely repeat about them what we hear, but that is that there are no good steel or iron plumbing pipes in the market and that house-builders who want good pipes are advised to use brass.

Does it not seem as though there was a living for somebody in making honest old-fashioned iron plumbing pipes?

And consider nails. Anybody that has shingled a house within ten years knows that wire shingle nails don't last as well by a great deal as the old iron cut shingle nails. The bright wire nails rust out with lamentable speed and the shingles get loose and roofs leak. But it seems that there are no old-fashioned iron shingle nails to be had. They are no longer made. Won't somebody make some?

So as to tin. They tell us there is no good tin made in this country; that the MCKINLEY-bill tin that we get is made on thin sheets of steel (not iron) and not tinned thick enough, and the whole product is flimsy and has no wear in it.

Won't somebody who is out of a job please make some good old-fashioned tin? Also some good old-fashioned bicycle tires. Also various other articles, of which we can get a list from various experienced croakers and *laudatores temporis acti*.

Newspapers as Public Utilities

There is, or very lately was, before the legislature of Colorado a resolution for an amendment of the constitution of the state, which runs as follows:

> Every newspaper printed, published, and circulated in the state of Colorado is hereby declared to be a public utility. The business of printing, publishing, or circulating such newspaper in the state of Colorado is hereby declared to be a public service and affected with a public interest. All persons, associations of persons, co-partnerships, joint stock companies, and corporations engaged in printing, publishing, or circulating such newspaper or newspapers are hereby declared to be engaged in a public service and affected with a public interest.

The amendment proceeds to declare that newspapers, thus certified to be public utilities, shall "be subject to all the laws of the state of Colorado relating to the regulation or control of public utilities."

This is an interesting amendment. We take it that our brethren of the press will not approve it. One of them, the Syracuse *Herald*, denounces it as a naked attempt to muzzle the press, and asserts that the newspaper business is no more a public utility than a department store or an iron foundry. Perhaps not, but how long will department stores and iron foundries escape classification as public utilities? Our brethren of the press may as well make up their minds that if business in general is to be conducted under close governmental supervision; if, for example, as Secretary REDFIELD says, "the public has the right to efficiency in its factory servants," their business will not long escape the common lot. If there are to be laws to regulate the hours of labor in all employments, and the wages paid, and the age and sex of employees, and the proper proportion of profits that may be paid as dividends, make sure that the newspapers and also the magazines will also have governmental medicine offered them, and will have to take it.

Even now they do not give entire satisfaction. There is Candidate BIRD, of Massachusetts, appealing from time to time for something to compel the papers to print the political truth as he sees it, and there is pretty much everybody else of opinion that they could improve the papers mightily if they had a chance.

The liberties of all of us are a common property. The freedom of the press will be preserved only so long as the general freedom of the individual is preserved. If government is going to assume the responsibility for the right management of general business, it will manage the newspapers and all the periodicals, too. It will; sure pop!

Women Never So Interesting

Representative J. THOMAS HEFLIN, of Alabama, announces that "thinking men are beginning to realize that the agitation in behalf of votes for women is one of the gravest perils menacing the welfare of the country to-day."

He thinks so, does he? But at least he will admit that it has set men to thinking more than ever about women, and their part in life, and the conditions of their activity.

Whatever any one thinks about the expediency or inexpediency of votes for women, he must admit the great gain of women as a subject of thought. And that is an excellent thing and due to the prevailing agitation.

Women were never so interesting as they are to-day. Every woman has come to be a social problem to every thinking man. He keeps asking himself what is the matter with her; what should and what can be done for her; which kind of woman is the right kind, whether the industrial life for women has been overdone of late, or needs further development; whether marriage as it stands is a fair deal, and if not how to improve it.

That is a good result of disturbance. Perhaps Mr. HEFLIN and other flabbergasted statesmen will come to the conclusion after a while that the matter with women is that the men have neglected their job, and are not good enough nor wise nor able enough to appease the contemporary women. And then maybe Mr. HEFLIN and his friends will try to brace up and be better men. If enough of them should succeed, that might cure all the disturbance.

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HARPER & BROTHERS

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

LONDON: 45 ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

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Entered at the New York Post-office as second-class matter

The Craft of the Artist

THERE is a threatening divergence of opinion afloat in these days as to the mission of the artist. It is charged that editors and publishers have altered their positions in the last half-century from that of the middleman to that of the dictator, and that they are sufficiently in league with the wider circles of the reading public to believe that merit is measured by sales. The creed of the artist diverges entirely from that of the dictator. JOHN JAY CHAPMAN has stated it thus: "One of the psychological secrets of art is for a man to write to please himself—only so can he please the world." JOHN GALSWORTHY says: "It is not cant to say that the only things vital in drama, as in every art, are achieved when the maker has fixed his soul on the making of a thing that shall seem fine to himself"; and again: "The plays which tickle the great public hardly ever last a decade, and the plays which do not tickle them occasionally last for centuries." A volume of miscellaneous poems was published in this country within the year, which was an attempt to gather together the best product of American verse-makers of the day. "Poems fired with the Time-spirit," said the editor, were chosen in preference to technical perfection. And indeed the "Time-spirit" was conspicuous in the most modern and fashionable bad English. Words such as "yearnful" (*sic!*), "mechanized," "uplift," "civilization" (oddly enough an intrinsically unpoetic word; while "multitudinous," which is of the same length owing to stress and consonant sounds, is a most poetic word!), "heaven made by hand," "glimpsed," etc. (oh, the unpardonable vulgarity of glimpsing and sensing!), abounded.

Now it is quite safe to say that no human being who can tell a poem from an elephant will ever refer to that volume twice unless the poets therein included do so. The spirit of it is inartistic. They are verses made to suit an editor with a theory, and they are as ugly a collection of verses as could well be found. As against this there was published in Oxford in 1881 a small volume of verses called *Love-in-Idleness*, by three friends. The book was published anonymously and the verses were many of them occasional. One poem was written to accompany a basket of forget-me-not plants, gathered at Bablock-Hythe, to be planted in the garden of a girl on her nineteenth birthday. Some of the poems were farewell verses to friends; some commemorated the authors' adventures among the Greek lyrists and modern composers. No "Time-spirit" was considered. The first edition was hardly too large for the friends of the authors and such copies of that edition as are still extant are profoundly treasured. Ten years later the demand for the volume was so insistent that the authors were obliged to bring out a new edition called *Love's Looking-Glass*, signed by JOHN MACKAIL, Canon H. C. BEECHING, and J. B. B. NICHOLS. The volume is alive to-day in new editions, in continual quotation, and the demand for it does not decrease. It serves no Time-spirit; it was not made to order, nor fashioned to suit anything but the spirits of the three young gentlemen who made the poems for their own delight. The same truth is, in a measure, proven by a tiny volume published twenty years ago and called *Vagabondia* by RICHARD HOVEY and BLISS CARMEN. Never was a volume of verse more the spontaneous ebullition of young spirits and less directed at a public. We doubt if either poet has ever produced more lasting work.

Even in writing that is reminiscent there is the difference between the joyous and natural choice of a model and the constrained and forced aping of another's popularity. MICHAEL ANGELO said long ago: "One who walks after another man will never go before him; and one who is not able to do well by his own wit will not be able to profit by the wits of others." And yet we are interested and delighted when we find the tracks of Sir THOMAS BROWNE in PATER, and of JEFFRIES in ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. It is the echo of adulation, sent back out of the sheer joy of discovery. How greatly different from certain labored modern imitations of POE and BROWNING.

"Art," said RODIN to his recent interviewer, "is contemplation. It is the joy the spirit takes in penetrating Nature and divining again the spirit which animates her. It is the joy of the intelligence that has a clear vision of the universe; recreating it and illuminating it with consciousness. Art is the most sublime mission of man." And all artists agree that art is joy and is undictated personal choice of production, and that as soon as art is made to meet a popular demand, or is fashioned after the dictates of any arbiter whatsoever, it ceases to be art and becomes a mere perishable article of commerce. Fancy what would have emerged if RODIN had made his "Penseur" to fit the orders of a town council!

"You will please, sir, do us a figure of the thinker. Said figure shall be somewhat above natural size and shall be in modern garb to suit the Time-spirit. It shall represent an up-to-date gentleman in a frock-coat, with a fashionable cut of trousers. Thought may be indicated by a furrowed brow and grave expression, and kindly see that the left hand is slightly extended as in expostulation."

Would we ever have had the bent, nude, muscular figure, rude and primitive, with toes strongly grasping the rock from which he is hewn; the mouth and chin half covered by the huge hand; the upper lip protruding; the eyes lost under the beetling brows; the whole body absorbed in gazed wonderment at the strange and harrowing work of consciousness? But the value of art is that it is life-communicating. It differs from the machine-made product which eases us from thought and diverts us from fact and reality, deadening our living energies. The test of a work of art is: does it heighten consciousness? Art is not clever, not suave, not timely, not immediate in its appeal, except to the great initiates.

There used to be in Paris in a private collection a canvas of a young, nude girl by PICASSO. She is caught in profile, standing up and looking straight before her. The drawing bends to no conventions of beautiful form, and yet the figure has in it life, motion, tenderness, wistfulness, youth. It sets one in tune with the spring and the dawn of life. It is a picture to set one singing or rhyming, and yet we are quite sure that precisians in art would have none of it.

No one can read the letters of VAN GOGH without realizing at least that he was obeying the first instinct of the artist. He was expressing himself, and that with passionate joy. He was enduring poverty, loneliness, isolation, and the final madness which was the punishment of his audacity, to embody his personal vision. "Emphasize the personal note," urged HENRY JAMES in his youth, and did it, and took poverty and delayed appreciation as his portion, along with GEORGE MEREDITH and SWINBURNE and other great writers.

There are various approaches to life; the way of religion; of action; of commerce; of art. No one of these can dictate the path of the other. Not only can religion not undertake to show the artist which way to turn, or art tell commerce of the main chance, but the artist in one kind cannot dictate to the artist in another. BUONARROTI could not add to the wistful grace of a RAPHAEL Madonna, nor could the Urbinite teach ANGELO aught of demonic strength or *terribilita!* ANGELO'S marbles could not have fitted into the smiling landscapes or open sky spaces of PERUGINO. They belonged as they were set against rough, bare rocks, like the Carrara quarries.

A great man when he sees an art that surpasses comprehension, because it is wide of tradition, puts his finger to his lips and keeps silence. The empty-headed are the glib dictators of ready judgments. Very many years ago when Dr. WILLIAM JAMES saw for the first time a collection of futurist paintings in Paris, he said: "I have never seen anything like this before! It is strange and inimical to me. But these are serious men. They would not waste their time. They must mean something, though I can't understand." His utterance was that of the wise man.

But the artist with a new thing to say or a new and faithful mode of saying it must be of an independence unthinkable! He must be able to live alone gaily; to live on a crust and water; to take only such rewards as are thrust at him, for he cannot afford to seek. He must be celibate and drag no others into his dilemma. And he must work for the joy of the working.

When some one reproached MICHAEL ANGELO for having no wife and no children, he said: "I have too much of a wife already in this Art of mine. She has always kept me struggling. My children will be the works I have left behind me. Even though they be worth naught, I shall live awhile in them. Woe to LORENZO GHIBERTI if he had not made the gates of San Giovanni! His children have sold the substances that he left. The gates are still in their places."

It was before these gates that he used to stand in Florence, calling them the "Gates of Paradise." For the artist has his rewards, though they are not the rewards of commerce, or religion, or average material life. His rewards are spiritual, and his joy in contemplating beauty is perhaps one of the keenest joys of living, excelled only by the joy of creative effort. Nor is the artist, even when poor, despised and rejected of men, to be pitied, having joys the average cannot know. For art—as the greatest artist living says, "is the smile of the soul playing upon its surroundings."

L. C. W.

Correspondence

MR. HEARST'S DISAFFECTION

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your leader of April 26th is certainly most timely. Many of its statements must win general assent. That Mr. Hearst's "declaration of war" on the administration was "inevitable" is one of them; that he is a "mighty force" in the country is perhaps another.

But you know what happens when a mighty force meets an irresistible obstacle! Some types of force, and men, are irreconcilable, and their antagonism inevitable. Is it necessary here to specify a prominent official whose ideals and methods are entirely at variance with those of the distinguished journalist alluded to?

And when such variance exists can said official be expected to pay much heed to "fair" suggestions of the journalist? I emphasize *fair* because this question of fairness is the second one I wish to make, or at least suggest, in this slight analysis of two conflicting characters and sets of motives.

Of course it may be politic for a President to pay heed to *every* "influential man," but, again, it may not. It proves best sometimes to ignore certain influential men, sometimes even to defy them.

To repeat, and sum up, we have under consideration opposite types of character, very fair and open methods and yellow-journal methods. *Can* we expect these to have much in common, or much real use for one another?

I am, sir,

C. J. WOOD.

THE ILLITERACY TEST

UNITED STATES SENATE,
WASHINGTON, D.C., *May 10, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In to-day's issue is a letter opposed to the illiteracy test. The writer says the test is "undesirable," and, admitting that additional restrictive legislation is needed, concludes that the test needed is rather one of "character" than of ignorance and lack of intelligence.

When this same criticism and suggestion was made in the United States Senate, Senator John Sharp Williams replied: "My friend says there ought to be 'a qualification of character but not of intelligence. Oh, would to God there was some way whereby qualification for character could be defined and established! But, how in the name of common sense could anybody write into a statute a qualification of character? This bill (the Dillingham Immigration Commission bill) does not, because it cannot; but this bill does assume, everything else being equal, that a man's capacity for good is increased by information and knowledge, out of which may grow wisdom, and that his capacity for evil is not lessened by his ignorance. You can approximate a qualification of character by making a qualification of information, but you cannot reach it. The wisest man in the world may be the meanest, and some of the best men in the world may be very ignorant, but, as a rule, everything else being equal, a man is a better man for every ounce of additional information and knowledge he possesses.

"I have heard much about this thing of admitting or refusing to admit men 'on their character' and not on their information. If any man is wise enough to tell me how to prescribe a character test, then, in my opinion, he is a wiser man—mere man—than ever lived on the surface of this earth. 'The outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace' or of character is a thing I defy any legislator to write into a statute, and when you go beyond that and want to write 'the inward and spiritual grace' or character itself, there is nobody in the world who can write it except God, and He has been too merciful to mankind thus far to do it."

The Congressional Immigration Commission specially created in 1907 to determine the feasibility of the illiteracy test reported recently recommending the test as "the most feasible single method." Eight of the nine distinguished members of that investigating body, which reported forty-two volumes of five hundred pages each, came to the conclusion that the illiteracy test would cut down the number of undesirables, improve the quality, promote the assimilation of immigrants by excluding the less assimilable and assimilative, and otherwise better immigration conditions. It must be true that a rudimentary education better fits for earning a living and participating in our affairs, else our whole public-school system is all wrong. We compel our own native-born to attend school, and why should we not expect as much of adult aliens coming here? It is not proposed as a test to exclude criminals, for there ought to be other tests that would debar the educated criminals, but that it would be effective in that direction is shown by the fact that over one-fifth of all the foreign-born inmates of our prisons are illiterate. We have enough of our own ignorant and illiterate for the irresponsible agitators, now performing in New Jersey, New York, and elsewhere, and the corrupt bosses to work upon and that are such a fertile field for such, without importing more.

I am, sir,

JOHN D. MASON.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN

ADRIAN, MICH.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your issue of April 26th I note that President Wilson appeared before Congress *in persona grata*. Judging by some of the criticisms of the President, I was led to think that statement was at least open to question. On second thought, wasn't it *propria persona* that he appeared in?

I am, sir,

STUART H. PERRY.

SENATOR LEWIS

GALESBURG, ILL., *April 12, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your last issue, in the editorial entitled "Senator Lewis," you say: "He was Democratic candidate for Governor of Illinois in 1908."

The Hon. Adlai Ewing Stevenson was Democratic candidate in 1908. He beat Colonel Davis in the primaries.

When Colonel Lewis was Corporate Counsel of Chicago he won for the city in the United States Supreme Court suits terminating the "ninety-nine-year street-car franchise" and other long-term franchises.

I am, sir,

WILLIAM ADCOCK.

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OUR ANGEL OF PEACE

DRAWN BY C. J. BUDD

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"A PUBLIC SOUL"

Speech Delivered to Members of the Trust Company Section of the American Bankers Association at the Waldorf-Astoria, May 8, 1913

May 14, 1913.

COLONEL GEORGE HARVEY,
Franklin Square,
New York City.

DEAR COLONEL HARVEY,—I had hoped to have the pleasure of calling upon you at your office before this, to express my thanks, as well as my sincere congratulations, upon the remarkable address you delivered at the Trust Company banquet last Thursday evening. On all sides, both that evening and since, I have heard universal commendation of your address, and particularly of that portion which referred to the late John Pierpoint Morgan, and although part of your speech appeared in the public press on the morning following the banquet, I have had so many requests for printed copies of your address in full, from bankers residing in many different parts of the United States who were not present at the dinner, as well as from many of those who were there, that I strongly urge you to print your address in full in the next issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY, in order that these requests may be supplied through this medium.

I desire to take this opportunity to express the sincere appreciation of my associates and myself as having been favored by you as our principal speaker on the occasion of our annual banquet, and remain, with kindest regards,

Yours very cordially,
WM. C. POILLON,
President.

IT would be unbecoming in me as your guest to pass criticism upon the Committee which arranged the speech-making for this occasion. Nor could I do so in good faith in view of the quite obvious excellence of the judgment manifested at least in part. But I do feel impelled by a sense of duty to inform those of you who haven't been in New York long that the triumvirate chosen to address you to-night is neither typical nor adequate. It has become our custom upon occasions like this to expect and to accept with due humility general admonition from afar.

Every statesman who comes to this town nowadays from as far west as Rahway feels it to be not only his privilege, but his most distinct obligation, to "warn" New York. He calls it bearding the lion in his den. That is the way he invariably begins. It is a good way, too, because he thus avoids wounding the sensibilities of our traditional tiger and at the same time conveys to the folks at home a sense of his own dauntless spirit. He really has no need to manifest either courage or defiance. We never think of hurting such an one. We never even indicate disapproval of our own chastisement. We simply sit and listen, and when it is over we return placidly to our homes and yawn ourselves to sleep. In other words, we here have become so used to being reprimanded that scolding has become noticeable only by its absence.

And we never complain. What's the use? We know we are bad and we know that those who chide us and the communities from which they hail are good. Else, of course, they would not be so presumptuous as to mark the distinction to our faces. So we take our medicine in halls like this about twice a week, on the average, during the speaking season, and we ask no questions that we may hear no lies.

But what does the statesman from west of Rahway warn us about? Ah, gentlemen, that we never know. He never tells. Mind you, he never threatens. Always he speaks in sorrow rather than in anger. Usually, being himself broad-minded and worldly-wise, he disavows personal responsibility for his utterances. He merely reflects the opinions of others—the "great mass" of others who live at a distance and think loudly. He deprecates the tendency among his fellows. It gives him a pain. But there it is. It exists. And what can he as a patriot and a statesman do except to admonish us who are of the inferior flesh and not of the superior spirit?

Our latest monitory visitor was our worthy Vice-President. He had come almost directly from his place of nativity, Columbia City, Indiana, which rests upon the banks of the river Eel. His purpose was to inaugurate a four-year period of perfect silence. He did it admirably. The aching void was filled to overflowing. As a Democrat, I was proud. I had to be. We are in power. At least, some of us are. And the occurrence is sufficiently rare to make gratification obligatory. So it was some occasion. We were all from Missouri that night. We wanted to know. And we found out.

True, some of the things we learned were not entirely new. The fact, for example, that inheritances can be regulated by law was not startling as a discovery. We knew that, before the Wabash was christened, to say nothing of the river Eel. Why, it is not necessary to wait till a man dies to take his property. That can be done while he is living, with full sanction of law, too. There may be some question of principle or perhaps of morals involved, but there is no legal difficulty under our form of government. It is simply a matter of votes. So if we are going to inaugurate a policy of confiscation at all, or suggest one in the guise of a warning, why not, in the trenchant language of the prairies, go the whole hog? Surely the proposal would be no less popular than Mr. Marshall declares his to be. And if there be nothing in usage sanctioned since the days of Solon the proceeding would be equally unobjectionable. When you once admit that might makes right there is no end of opportunity.

Obviously to Mr. Marshall's mind there are but two distinct classes of humankind. One he depicts as the "thoughtless rich." The other presumably is the thoughtful poor. Patiently one inquires, What is the basis of the assumption that the successful are incapable of reason and that the unprosperous are full of wisdom? Whence spring tangible evidences? From intelligence and thrift or from obtuseness and sloth? Do attained results possess no meaning? Is achievement barren of credit? Does failure evolve philosophy? Are those whom Mr. Marshall describes as the "have nots" necessarily imbued by an inexorable law of Nature with a sagacity withheld from those who have that which they have earned or inherited? Mr. Marshall does not say. Possibly he has not thought.

What he does know is that the number of those who have large fortunes is much smaller than of those who have small fortunes or none at all. But there is nothing new in that. It always has been. It probably always will be. The question he raises is, how much ought one to be permitted to possess, or, rather, to bestow upon his descendants? All he can earn in the one case, all he has in the other, has been and still is the answer of ages of experiment and experience. But Mr. Marshall finds that this idea is now held only by backward or inward looking men. The great mass of those who wish to go forward, presumably into affluence, feel differently. Precisely where the line should be drawn he finds uncertain. But seven men, not of the East, surely, but nevertheless men "of judgment," with whom Mr. Marshall has conversed, are convinced that $100,000 is the proper amount and Mr. Marshall seems to coincide, reluctantly, of course, but firmly.

But why $100,000? Why not $10,000? The number of those who are not able to bequeath $10,000 is infinitely larger than of those who have more? Why, if we are willing to embark upon confiscation at all, should we restrict our activities? And would we, if once started upon the road? Did this point, I wonder, arise in the minds of the seven men of judgment? And if so, could their opinion possibly have been made to conform to their means? Even Mr. Marshall will have to admit that, so long as natures continue to be human, there almost invariably comes a time of limit when one feels that the Golden Rule does not apply to his particular case. And it is then that he resorts to what Mr. Marshall designates as the reprehensible practice of employing a lawyer.

But what does Mr. Marshall want us six millions of thoughtless rich in New York to do? Wherein have we so erred of late as to deserve rebuke or require a warning? Were we in his view looking backward when we gave to him as a candidate a plurality of two hundred thousand? Was our legislature at fault when it approved a constitutional amendment providing for a federal income tax? Did that action, which imposes one-tenth of the entire burden directly upon the residents of the Empire State, evidence churlishness or avarice? Was New York out of step with what Mr. Marshall regards as progress when it declared for the election of United States Senators by popular vote? Surely in none of these things can he find occasion for rebuke.

Why, then, the warning? What is the iniquitous attitude or proceeding which Mr. Marshall views with such apprehension that he perceived the need and duty of official admonition? Unfortunately, we are obliged to make our own deductions because he submits no specifications. In a general way he seems to have concluded that the people of this community are opposing or are preparing to antagonize the policies of the Democratic dispensation. But how can that be when the representatives whom they sent to Congress are acting in perfect accord with the leaders of their party? Perhaps it is the tariff. Truly this is the greatest manufacturing city in the Union, and surely if any industries are imperiled by reduction in duties they are those of this vicinity. But where are the signs of opposition? Public journals are commonly recognized as the spokesmen of their communities. Can Mr. Marshall point to a single New York newspaper, independent, Democratic, Progressive, or Republican, that is denouncing the Underwood bill? On the contrary, each and every one has insisted steadfastly since the day of election that the policy decreed by the people must be made effectual, and practically no adverse criticism has been passed upon the measure now pending. The sole comment has been the natural one, "If 'twere done, 'twere well done quickly." Surely no exception can be taken to that.

You must admit, gentlemen, that even to those of us who pretend we should like to do what is right it is all very bewildering. But I think I have the solution. That is why I take care to refer to our recent guest as Mr. Marshall and not as the Vice-President. I doubt if he quite realizes yet that he has been elected. So, naturally, he keeps on campaigning. Then, too, I know Mr. Marshall and value the record he made as a level-headed, courageous Governor. The trouble with him seems to be that, like Mr. Bryan in former days, he must needs talk occasionally through a cocked hat. He is like what we used to call in New England a fine door-yard horse—one that prances up to the stoop in the greatest style imaginable and starts off with the highest of steps, but as soon as he turns the corner drops head and tail and settles down to a good steady gait.

So there is no need to worry. Experience, gentlemen, is quite as good a schoolmaster as a—well, as a Vice-President, anyway. And I am confident that it is only a question of time when Mr. Marshall will discover that the chief menace to our country to-day lies not so much in the activities of the predatory rich as in incitement of the predatory poor.

Do not suspect, gentlemen, that I am venturing to chide or even to reply to Mr. Marshall. I am only trying to indicate the causes which impelled somewhat injudicious remarks from a truly worthy man. We cherish no resentments here. We haven't the time. But we cannot accept his suggestion that we wear masks when we visit the East Side. That may be advisable on the part of a resident of Columbia City when he goes down to the banks of the river Eel after dark, but there is no such need in this vicinity. And instead of rebuking Mr. Marshall I would apologize to him. I fear he took away the impression that we did not catch the humor of his remark that the chief occupation of a Vice-President is to keep a sharp watch over the health of the President. But we did. We are not so dull as all that. We saw the joke. We didn't laugh because we could not feel certain, in view of Mr. Marshall's self-revelation, that it was a laughing matter. Indeed, I may go so far as to admit that, if somebody had proposed the health of Mr. Wilson at the conclusion of Mr. Marshall's speech, the toast would have been drunk with rare enthusiasm.

But I should not like those of you who come from a distance to infer that, because we six millions of people happen all to be rich and, consequently, thoughtless, we are wholly destitute of public spirit. That is not quite the fact. New York is not a boastful city. She puts on no airs. But she has pride, nevertheless—a very distinct pride in some of her citizens. And it may not be inappropriate on this occasion to say a few words about the one whom she regarded as her first citizen and who recently passed away. Indeed, to my mind, it seems peculiarly fitting to do so, in speaking to you of the Trust Companies of America, because Mr. Morgan, like yourselves, was in truth a trustee rather than a banker. He was not a mere manufacturer of securities. He was a constructor of properties, and when he had builded a property and placed the evidences of ownership in the possession of the people, he did not count his work as finished. His was a continuing responsibility. He recognized a direct personal obligation to those who had evinced faith in his judgment. He considered it to be his duty to watch over and to safeguard the interests of his clients. In this way he became a trustee of billions of money for millions of people—the greatest trustee probably the world has ever known. How did it happen? Why did so many not only voluntarily, but eagerly, place in the keeping of this one man their inheritances and their savings? Was it because of exceptional financial resources of his own? No. In this respect he held no special advantage. His own inheritance in money was comparatively small. His chief asset at the time of beginning business was the reputation bequeathed to him by his father. He knew this and he valued that legacy accordingly. But he knew more. None appreciated or could appreciate more keenly than he that, to be truly precious and serviceable, a reputation must be a just reputation, that it must rest upon a foundation of truth.

It was not money that constituted the basis of Mr. Morgan's achievements in finance and that stands to-day as the cornerstone of a business whose good-will is valued by the state for taxing purposes at millions of dollars. Nor was it the friendship of those having large sums at their disposal. It was not even public

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confidence inspired by straightforward dealings. It was and is integrity, and back of that integrity was character—the character of the man.

We hear much in these days of evolution and revolution. Each undeniably possesses great power. Science pronounces the one irresistible. History declares the other to be occasionally necessary. There is yet another force more potent than both combined. That is involution—the building of the individual from *within*, the making of the man.

Upon this all depends. We may and should urge the common good, but it is contrary to all our beliefs, *theological*, political, personal, to assume that we can achieve the common good except through the exertions of the individual unit primarily for individual ends. It was not the mass, but the man, whom God created in His image. It was not collective, but personal responsibility, that was imposed upon the people by the Pilgrim fathers. Not numbers, but brains, have triumphed in recent wars. It has been said, and is probably true, that any existing nation would be atrophied by the withdrawal of ten thousand of its its best minds. Why? Because the great majority of men still lead automatic lives and contribute only force, which serves no better than an idle engine unless directed. The notion of all members of the human race participating share and share alike in its total products is pleasing, no doubt, but it is the theory of mediocrity which instinctively hates ability and invariably seeks undue advantage. That is why Socialism is not an ideal state, but a morass of congealed inferiority, a resting-place for sloth, a burial-place for aspiration.

It was not to the machines of destruction that Nelson sent his famous message, that Lawrence cried out in the agony of death, that Dewey gave his quiet order; it was to the man behind the gun. And so it is always. When we have done with formulating admirable theories, done with contemplating blissful visions of common service for common good, we can but awake—awake sometimes with a start—to realization that the one force we have to reckon with and the only force we have to rely upon is groping and imperfect, yet noble and divinely human man.

And when this great American died among the seven hills he loved, well might the voice of Antony, speaking of the noblest of the Romans, have echoed through the Forum:

> "And the elements
> So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

I shall not attempt to depict even the most salient characteristics of Mr. Morgan. It is not necessary. Happily, it fell to his lot toward the last, by his own testimony given under great stress, to stand revealed before the eyes of his countrymen for what he really was. I say happily because I chance to know that he himself was happy in the consciousness of that belief. Although mentally as strong as ever, physically he was sadly broken when summoned to Washington. At his age and in his condition it was the severest ordeal of his life; but it was for the best, as he himself came to realize.

"I hated to go," he said to me, with characteristic simplicity the day before he sailed away—"I hated to go, but I am glad I went. I think I did some good."

It was a comprehensive utterance in his usual few words—a revelation, too, of his innermost thought and aspiration. I had spoken of the favorable impression that had been created by his testimony and he had evinced the keenest appreciation.

"Yes," he had said, "I am convinced that what you say is true. I think they know me better now. I hope so."

No sensitive man, no human man—and Mr. Morgan was most sensitive and most human—could have failed to be touched by the multitude of friendly expressions which had come to him from all sections of the country. But back of all and chief among the causes of his gratification was the feeling voiced in those simple words, "I am glad I went. I think I did some good." There sounded the dominant note of his nature and his life, because to a larger degree than is given to most men he possessed what Carlyle pronounced the greatest need of the world—a public soul.

It has been said by those best conditioned to know that Mr. Morgan was deeply religious. And so, no doubt, he was. But he was more. If I may make the distinction, he was also a Christian. If many another man had begun his last testament as he began his the utterance would have counted for naught as a mere manifestation of piety. From him it rang out to all Christendom with the power of undoubted sincerity. Many and priceless things he left, but his two great legacies, the finest ever bequeathed by mortal, were his unquenchable faith in God and his unquestioning confidence in man.

But it is as a citizen and as a patriot that I best like to think of Mr. Morgan. And it was as a citizen that at the end he was most generally recognized. Not as a citizen of New York, not even of America, but as a citizen—the first citizen—of the world. To what else can be ascribed the unexampled tributes paid ungrudgingly and with evident sincerity by the official heads of all the great nations of the earth—of all, that is, except his own? Not since the making of history began has the passing of a figure, however notable, in private life evoked expressions of bereavement so obviously genuine and so nearly universal. Greater glory surely could be the expectation or the hope of no man.

Perhaps I may give an indication of the depth and the breadth of Mr. Morgan's patriotism. It is no secret, of course, that in common with many others he never considered the Democratic party fully capable of governing this nation. It is also well known, as Mr. Roosevelt freely remarked in his manly and generous tribute, that he heartily disapproved of Mr. Roosevelt as an administrative officer and that he subsequently regarded the political views advanced by Mr. Wilson with honest apprehension. Because of contrary proclivities of my own as to Mr. Wilson, not as to Mr. Roosevelt, I frankly did not seek opportunities to discuss public affairs with Mr. Morgan during the past few years. As you all know, when he thought he was right in his judgment he was unaccustomed to betray any lack of positiveness, and there were times when his didactic faculty so closely approached the dynamic in operation that one of prudent disposition was inclined to be wary.

But the election had taken place, the inevitable had happened, and, using Speaker Cannon's phrase, Mr. Wilson had become *his* President as much as mine—perhaps, in fact, a little more. Anyhow, there was no constraint upon our conversation when I saw him for the last time in his library on the day before he went away. He was optimistic as ever regarding the country, and I naturally spoke hopefully of the prospects of the incoming administration.

Then followed this curious episode. Suddenly turning those piercing eyes upon me, Mr. Morgan said: "Do you remember that American speech you made in London?" I remembered very well. It was not a speech—only a few succinct remarks at the close of a private dinner in reply to an Anglicized sycophant who had mistakenly thought to curry favor with Mr. Morgan by speaking contemptuously of Mr. Bryan, whom on the preceding day, as it happened, I had introduced to him at a reception.

"And do you recall," he asked, "those lines from Scott that you quoted when *that man*—I can hear now the emphasis upon those two words—when *that man* had left the room?"

I did, of course, and began to repeat:

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said—"

I hesitated for an instant and the succeeding words came from the big arm-chair with odd distinctness:

> "This is my own, my native land!"

Then very quietly Mr. Morgan asked if I could recall the remaining lines, and I quoted imperfectly:

> "Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
> As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
> From wandering on a foreign strand?
> If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
> For him no minstrel raptures swell;
> High though his title, proud his name,
> Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—
> Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
> The wretch, concent'red all in self,
> Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
> And, doubly dying, shall go down
> To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
> Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung."

Half a minute, gentlemen, is a long time, but for fully that period I should say Mr. Morgan sat perfectly still. Then, unconsciously, beating time upon the arm of his chair as he used to do in church, he repeated as if soliloquizing,

> "Who never to himself hath said
> This is my own, my native land—"

and rising with difficulty from his chair, for he was then quite feeble, he said, with the emphasis that only quietude can give:

"When you see Mr. Wilson tell him for me that if there should ever come a time when he thinks any influence or resources that I have can be used for the country they are wholly at his disposal."

Barring the usual leave-taking, those were the last words I heard from the lips of Mr. Morgan. They were the words of a true patriot, of a great, a very great American, spoken from the depths of a passionately loyal heart. Surely I can do no better than to leave them with you to remember, to cherish, and to feel so long as you all shall live in "this, our native land."

PERSONAL

How ardently and how long must burn the left ear of the Rev. NEVILLE FIGGIS if the thought-waves of half his angry critics surge upon the shore of his consciousness! Mr. FIGGIS is from England. Local newspapers report that at a reception at the home of Bishop RHINELANDER, in Philadelphia, Mr. FIGGIS blandly remarked to a group of leaders of society: "I take it for granted that you are all of the upper middle classs." Doubtless he did take it for granted—just that once, but never again. By the time he is thoroughly enlightened, Mr. FIGGIS will know that in Philadelphia, above all other places in America, "one man is as good as another—yes, and a —— sight better"; also that we are the sovereign people and therefore every man's a king. "Upper middle class!" Still, that is a trifle better than the visiting British baronet who quite innocently asked, "What the dooce *is* a biddle?"

We find in London *Truth* the following announcement: "The death of Mr. EDWARD BRIGHT last week removes one more of the few survivors of our telegraph pioneers. He was the elder brother of the better-known Sir CHARLES BRIGHT, to whom the world owes the Atlantic cable." Well, well, we live and learn. After reading this authoritative announcement we must forget that our own CYRUS FIELD laid the cable. We should have known better, really, than to imagine that a mere American could do so great a thing.

The Hon. OSCAR BRANCH COLQUITT, Governor of Texas, who will have peace with Mexico if he has to fight for it, is a true baseball fan. He visited the training camp of the New York Giants at Marlin in early spring, and the Hon. JOHN MCGRAW divided his players into two nines and treated him to a spirited contest. The Governor showed his approbation by posing for the staff photographer and half promising to journey to the Polo Grounds this summer and watch the Giants fighting for the pennant.

Happiness has at last crowned JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER. Fortune has blessed him beyond his dearest, most daring hopes. He has achieved a new golf record: Hotel Clarendon course, Florida; out, 36; in, 34; total for eighteen holes, 70 strokes. N. B.—The length of the course is not given.

Captain THOMAS F. GOODE, of the Boston police force, has been officially certified as a comely person. When the coy, sensitive, etc., LINA CAVALIERI visited Boston lately she felt so ner-er-ervous that she begged to have "a good-looking policeman" detailed to protect her and her collection of gems valued at $2,000,000—count 'em, $2,000,000! They gave the job to GOODE. Good.

BOB FITZSIMMONS, once champion pugilist of the world, now instructor in morals and physical culture, thinks he can sing. No one has yet ventured to undeceive him. He is wonderfully strong and active for one of his years.

Mr. Justice BAYLES, of His Imperial British Majesty's bench, has been long noted for his devotion to outdoor exercise. When he was at the bar he managed to take a ride in Regent's Park every day. As a concession to popular prejudice, however, he named his horse Business; so that if any one called while he was away on the ride his clerk could truly answer, "He is out on Business." Good business.

The Duke of Marlborough, the despatches from London tell, has announced that he is going to plow Blenheim Park "to produce food for the national food-supply." The park, some twelve miles in circumference and well stocked with deer, is one of the show places of England. Historians may yet dispute as to who did the more for England—the Iron Duke, who saved her from NAPOLEON, or his descendant, who is to save her from Hunger.

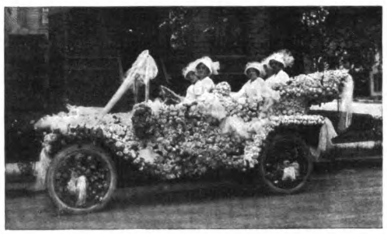
Five hundred men of Southampton, England, died in the wreck of the *Titanic*, and on the recent anniversary of the catastrophe the local newspaper columns were crowded with "In Memoriam" notices. The finest of these commemorated the passing of NORMAN HARRISON, the second engineer of the ship. A friend wrote of him:

> Steel true and blade straight.
> The Great Artificer made my mate.

His Imperial Majesty the Emperor WILLIAM now carries at night on any automobile in which he happens to ride an illuminated royal standard with the words *Gott mit uns*—"God with us." To the ordinary wayfarer, whether on foot or awheel, this announcement seems unwarrantably exclusive, if not preposterously selfish.

The arts do sometimes pay. JOHN M. CARRERE, architect of the New York Public Library and many other noted buildings, left an estate valued at $331,020.

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Portland the Optimistic

The Vigorous and Thriving City of the Pacific Coast

BY

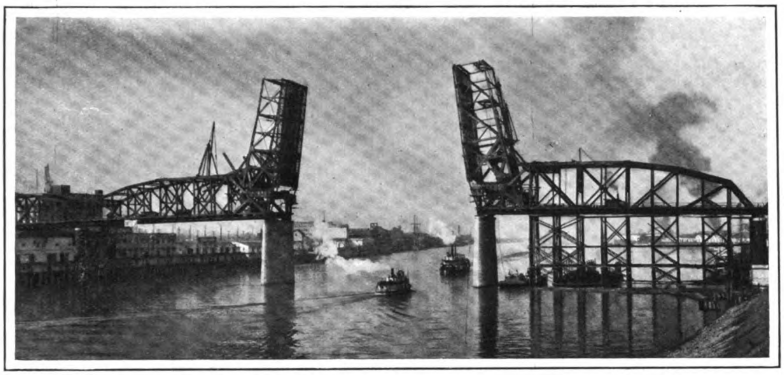
GEORGE HINTON



PORTLAND, always a substantial city, is now a modern one as well. Its entry into the really big city class is a matter of the past half-decade. It now boasts a population of 265,000, although its history covers only fifty-two years.

Its streets, buildings, public utilities, and general appearance are suggestive of the best type of American municipalities. The pioneer era is over, and never before in its history did Portland build so rapidly or so permanently as now.

The year 1905, when the Lewis and Clark fair was held at Portland, celebrating the centennial of the year when the first white man explored the Oregon country, marked the close of an old epoch and the beginning of a new for Portland. Before that time the city was built on the most solid foundations, but its people were conservative to a marked degree and the population appeared satisfied with its slow growth. Exposition year brought in new blood and the possibilities of the future were realized. It was during the fair that James J. Hill announced the proposed construction of the Spokane, Portland & Seattle Railway, a new line down the north bank of the Columbia River that gave the allied Hill lines an entrance into this city on their own rails and also a new direct route to the East. It was not until then that Portland realized fully the importance of its geographic position and what the Columbia River gateway was to mean to it in the future.



Broadway Bridge, Portland, erected at a cost of $1,600,000

For this is the chief secret of Portland's vigorous growth. In addition to the tremendous trade territory of 250,000 square miles over which Portland is dominant, the Columbia River offers a low-water-grade route from the far interior to tide-water at this city's docks. Fortunately for Portland, this is the only city on the Pacific Coast so singularly favored. Mountain ranges shut off other coast ports from the inland country, forming substantial barriers to traffic. Here the crest of the Cascade range of mountains is passed by the railroads at an elevation of only one hundred feet above sea-level. So skilfully is the Columbia River used by the railroad-builders, that from far away Montana and the slopes of the Rocky Mountains long freight-trains roll down to tide-water at Portland with hardly the tug of a locomotive, while on the return trip the grades are so slight that the operating cost of the railroads is reduced to the minimum.

These facts account for Portland's supremacy in wheat shipments over other coast ports, this city having been, for a number of years, first in wheat exports among all the cities of the United States. Portland's geographic location was primarily responsible for the location here of the largest packing plant west of the Rocky Mountains. With such ideal transportation facilities, there is a minimum of shrinkage in live-stock weights from the cattle ranches of the interior, while the delay from the ranch to the stockyards is reduced to the utmost. The Columbia River gorge through the Cascade Mountains is virtually a traffic tunnel. Both banks are closely followed by the railroads, which, as traffic grows, can be double or triple tracked.

This, then, is the basic fact that accounts for Portland's position as the chief marketing center in the Pacific Northwest. Coupled with this great advantage is its inland, fresh-water harbor, the only one on this coast, where the biggest cargoes of raw products shipped from any coast port are set afloat. The biggest cargo of lumber ever floated on any sea is claimed for Portland, consisting of 5,300,000 feet of fir lumber, while vessels drawing twenty-seven feet of water are given quick despatch, meeting no difficulties either in entering or in leaving port. Portland ranks as the first lumber manufacturing and shipping city in the world. Visitors to this port last summer, right in the heart of the city, were the battle-ship *Oregon* and the cruiser *Maryland*, war-vessels of sufficient size to demonstrate Portland's advantages for shipping.

The constant improvement of the Willamette and Columbia rivers, and of the entrance to the latter, is going forward. The government is lending substantial aid to this work, building jetties on either side of the mouth of the Columbia River and dredging the channel. The route between Portland and the ocean is found to be susceptible to constant deepening, the thirty-foot channel aimed at four years ago having become practically an accomplished fact. Engineers see no particular difficulty in securing a depth, ultimately, of forty feet between Portland and the sea.

Portland, for the past two seasons, has led every other port in the United States in the exportation of wheat. For the past seven months of the present cereal year this city ranks fourth, being surpassed so far by New York, Galveston, and New Orleans. This business, now large in volume, grew from a small beginning. The first cargo of wheat ever exported from this place sailed in 1869 to Liverpool. In 1874 two ships carried the whole crop grown east of the Cascade Mountains to foreign lands. In those days the bulk of the wheat was raised in the Willamette Valley. Conditions are now reversed, and practically all of the export wheat comes from the Inland Empire.

As already indicated, Portland's distributive advantages are immense. Railways not only follow the Columbia River far into the interior, but two new lines have been built up the canyon of the Deschutes River from its mouth to the great plateau of central Oregon, and are preparing to extend south and east, while another line is building from the eastern border of the state westward from Vale straight across to a connection with the Southern Pacific line now being built from Natron to Klamath Falls on the east slope of the Cascade Mountains. The state is now in the midst of a great railroad development, and every mile of new road brings a greater extent of territory into Portland's trade zone. Of the greatest importance to the city, also, is the activity in interurban railway construction going forward throughout western Oregon. The Willamette Valley is being gridironed by two trolley systems.

Portland contains one-third of the inhabitants of the State of Oregon. Portland holds commercial sway over the major portion of the Columbia River Valley from its mouth to the Canadian border, a territory greater in extent than Germany. Considerable portions of Washington, Idaho, and Montana find that Portland is their commercial center and market town.

The opening of the Panama Canal is looked forward to with confidence as likely to widen still further Portland's zone of influence, since the new waterway will afford a cheaper route to market for the great staple products of the Pacific Northwest. Besides, it is believed that thousands of immigrants will come by way of the new waterway to settle on the vacant lands remaining here, and every new acre tilled, every additional orchard tree planted, means an increase in Portland's trade and wealth.

The year 1912 was a notable one for Portland, and 1913 has begun under such favorable conditions that it will undoubtedly surpass the past year in all lines. Portland's bank clearings for 1912 amounted to $597,000,000, a gain of over $34,000,000 as compared with 1911. Postal receipts the past year were well over $1,000,000. During the year nearly $4,500,000 was spent for street and sewer improvements, and the total length of hard-surfaced streets was increased to 272 miles. Extensions of the city water system cost nearly $800,000, and the city plans for eighty miles of new water mains for 1913. During the past year the city spent nearly $1,000,000 for new school buildings and grounds.

Lumber mills of Portland cut 623,794,000 feet of lumber in 1912, which is 85,000,000 feet more than the quantity for the previous year. This lumber would build a plank road thirty feet wide from Portland to Chicago. Building permits issued last year amounted to nearly $15,000,000.

Portland has now taken on a real metropolitan appearance; it is building a new $1,500,000 court-house, and a central library to cost $450,000 is being erected. Reed College, a new university, is being established in permanent buildings. Four remarkable steel bridges span the Willamette River in Portland. One immense steel structure was completed last year, which provides for railroad traffic on a lower deck and for general traffic on a higher level. This bridge has the largest draw of its type, the double-deck telescope lift span, in the world. The lower deck of the span is operated independently of the upper, allowing the smaller river craft to pass through without in any way interfering with street car and team traffic. The new Broadway Bridge, just being completed, cost $1,600,000, and is the largest draw of this type ever built, the distance between the center piers being 270 feet. This structure



A school-children's parade at Portland during the Rose Festival

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rises from Seventh Street, on the west side of the river, crossing the terminal tracks by a steel and concrete viaduct, and drops into Broadway Street on the east side of the Willamette. Another huge steel bridge below the city has the longest swing span of any bridge known. A new steel bridge on Hawthorne Avenue crosses the river near the City Hall. This bridge has a draw of the lift type, the weight of the span being balanced by immense counterweights. Each of these bridges cost between $1,000,000 and $2,000,000. Two older steel bridges are in use in carrying traffic across the river.

Big public docks are to be built on the city's water-front, a large amount in bonds having been voted by the people for that purpose. It is expected that this will greatly facilitate shipping coming to the city, thus affording the greatest possible benefit from the Panama Canal.

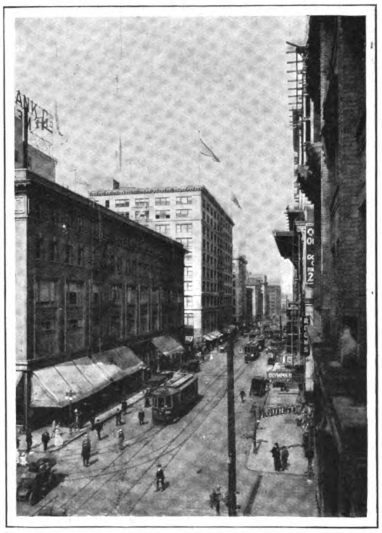
Bonds have also been voted by the people for a magnificent auditorium designed to house conventions and other public gatherings as well as to provide a place for popular amusements, such as concerts, etc. A site for this building has been selected in the block at Third and Market streets, and work will go ahead this year.

The Portland of to-day is vigorous, optimistic, and, having been established on the firmest foundations, is growing at a remarkable rate, and the future holds great possibilities. It is to meet the problems of the future that plans for a greater city have been outlined. A comprehensive scheme for city growth has been developed in the scientific laying out of municipal centers, railroad and water terminals, parks, boulevards, etc. The basic idea has been to organize the allied activities of the city along closely related channels, so that the future building of Portland shall not be by accident, but shall follow a definite plan for both utility and beauty.

Those who built the first log cabins on the location now covered by Portland never had the faintest inkling of the city's future. They could not hope that a trading-post on a far-Western frontier in the midst of the thinly settled Oregon country could ever be a city of over 265,000 people, but so persistent has been its development that it is realized that steps must be taken to provide for future growth along right lines.

A scheme for such future growth has been outlined by the Greater Portland Plans Association. This project contemplates the ultimate development of the city until it shall reach a population of 2,000,000. Portland's position at the head of deep-water navigation and its location in the center of a great potentially productive territory, connected with this city by water-grade transportation routes, is the basis for the belief that Portland will attain great size.

The manufacturing district of the future, it is expected, will be below the city bridges spanning the Willamette, and on the waterfront of both the Willamette and Columbia rivers. The manufacturing and industrial district in South Portland will, it is believed, eventually move down the river, being placed in close proximity to rail and water transportation.



A view of Fifth Street, Portland

The retail business district is already well defined, but future plans provide for a constant expansion in an ever-increasing circle. The hills to the west of the city will check this advance, but the close-in East Side offers plenty of room for a very considerable expansion of the retail business area, while the construction of bridges, and ultimately of tubes under the river, will link these two sections together very closely. The plans contemplate business centers on both sides of the river with perfect connections. It is not thought likely that the business development of the East Side will ever outgrow that of the West Side, although this is a possibility of the future. It is thought that the wholesale houses and the lighter industries will maintain their position on the west side of the Willamette River north of the business center.

Both sides of the Willamette River, below town, to its junction with the Columbia River, and the peninsula between the two rivers, are available for terminal yards, warehouses, factories, and similar purposes, and there seems to be no reason to doubt that here the traffic in and out of Portland will ultimately be handled. Docks for shipping grain and other products from the interior, together with great lumber mills, will unquestionably one day line the waterfront for miles below the city.

Nor does the plan overlook the other important problems a growing big city has to face. Diagonal streets, great traffic arteries, and means to provide circulation are included in the general scheme, as are the widening of some streets, elevated roadways to approach the river bridges, and greatly improved dockage facilities throughout the waterfront district.

Recreation features for the city must be provided for, and boulevards, parks, and playgrounds are outlined sufficiently to meet all future needs. The development of the Willamette River frontage and the acquirement of islands for parks provide for making this stream a great recreation factor throughout most of the year, while boulevards along the hillsides to the west of the city offer splendid scenic features.

Portland has grown into the big-city class from a trading-post, a mere group of log cabins, with no definite scheme for expansion. It has grown vigorously because the elements of growth were there, but it was a growth forced by conditions and not along lines consistent with its greatest possible future development. Since it has made such remarkable growth in the past fifty-two years, what may not be hoped for it in the next half-century if a consistent, logical scheme of building is followed, a plan intended to make a harmonious, well-balanced whole?

THE AMERICAN NORTHWEST

BY HOWARD ELLIOTT

THE American Northwest is known all over the world for the very large proportion of productive land, for the diversity, amount, and value of its natural resources, for its scenic grandeur, for the unexhausted opportunities that it still has to offer to the worker and to the investor. It is still as much the land of promise as it was when the hunter and trapper invaded its mountain fastnesses, and the prospector with pick and pan alone broke the silence of its vast solitudes.

Of the seven states of Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon, the area amounts, approximately, to 390,000,000 acres. This comprises some of the most magnificent scenery to be found in this or any land, including the Rocky Mountains, the Cascade Range, and the country of the Olympics at the extreme western edge of the continent. All of awe or of delight that can be conveyed by mighty forests, fertile river valleys and rolling prairies, snow-capped peaks, slow-moving glaciers, and the wonders of geyser, mountain lake, and cataract, is here found. For nearly half a generation, in fact, the scenic beauties of this northwestern country were far better known, popularly, than its material advantages; and for all time it will attract from every quarter of the world the lovers of natural beauty, and those who are seeking healthful sport and recreation in an invigorating climate.

The mightiest and most famous water systems enrich the land. On the east are the Great Lakes, and on the west the most beautiful inland water in the United States—Puget Sound. Four great rivers—the Mississippi on the east, the Columbia on the west, and the Yellowstone and Missouri between, give fertility to the soil. At the source of one of these rivers is our greatest national park—the Yellowstone, famed everywhere, unique and wonderful in what it offers to the searcher for health, pleasure, or scientific study of the wonders of nature.

This American Northwest is a land of beauty, and it is a land of great present wealth and of greater potential wealth. While the esthetic sense responds to the rare appeal of the beautiful and the sublime, the more prosaic side of life finds satisfaction in the amazing response which nearly every portion of this vast empire makes to the demands of man.

It is doubtful if anywhere else has there been an equal development in the same space of time. In the first and greatest of all possible directions of growth, the utilization of the soil, the showing is splendid. The settlers have not herded in cities, but have gone upon the ground and engaged in increasing the total of food production. The acreage of improved and unimproved farm land combined grew from 38,914,407 acres to 119,389,091 during the thirty years from 1880 to 1910. The yield of the principal products reflects this immense addition to the ranks of agriculture. Corn is supposed to be least adapted of all the cereals to northern latitudes; yet the corn crop of these states increased nearly ninety million bushels, or 153 per cent. Wheat and oats are fairly representative grains of the American Northwest, and its agricultural advance may be measured by what has happened to them. The crop of the former increased in the three decades by nearly 240,000,000 bushels, or 288 per cent.; and that of the latter by almost 294,000,000 bushels, or 385 per cent. The lumber product jumped eight billion feet, reaching a total considerably more than four times the figure for 1880, notwithstanding the slaughter of the forests of Wisconsin and Minnesota in the intervening time. If aggregated and reliable figures were available for the amount and value of the fruit crop of these states, they would make the most remarkable showing of all. Fruit grown in Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon is known all over the world, and is eagerly sought by the buyers for the great European markets. This industry has made marked progress during the last ten years, particularly through all the western portion, and it is one of its important sources of wealth.

Naturally, as the country was settled and a home market was built up, manufacturing followed. It is commonly assumed that manufacturers flourish only after a community has become adult, and that the more recently populated districts must always draw their supply of manufactured goods from the factories of older states. There is enough available water power in these states to perform all the work done in the United States, with a plentiful surplus for the needs of years yet to come. The workers in their factories increased in number 49 per cent. in the ten years between 1899 and 1909, and the value of their manufactured product rose over $700,000,000, or 99 per cent. This growth is healthily diversified. It covers many forms of manufacturing and lends to the future a universal stimulus and an impartial promise.

Not only are men busy in improving the opportunities and turning into available wealth the natural resources of this country, as appears from the varied records that tell a story so uniform, but both opportunity and resources are large enough to tempt and occupy millions of new people. Not within the lifetime of any man now living will the last chapters of this high-speed progress of the American Northwest be written. Not within this century will there cease to be plenty of openings for capital, for labor, for ingenuity, and for daring. It is truly a country of almost inexhaustible possibilities, a land where dreams come true.

By no means the least of the forces that have made possible the growth of the American Northwest is its first-class system of transportation. All these states are in direct touch with the markets of the world. They have their centers of distribution whose sudden rise to greatness tells the story. The history of Ashland and Superior in Wisconsin; of St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Brainerd, and Bemidji, in Minnesota; of Fargo, Grand Forks, Jamestown, Bismarck, Mandan, Dickinson, and Beach, in North Dakota; of Glendive, Miles City, Billings, Livingston, Butte, Helena, and Missoula in Montana; of Wallace, Lewiston, and Sand Point in Idaho; of Spokane, Walla Walla, North Yakima, Ellensburg, Seattle, Everett, Bellingham, Tacoma, Centralia, Chehalis, Aberdeen, Hoquiam, Cosmopolis, South Bend, and Vancouver in Washington; and of Portland, Astoria, Salem, and Eugene, in Oregon—reads almost like fable. Here are markets, both for sale and purchase, as good as any that the country knows. The Great Lakes, at the east, furnish a water outlet to the markets of Europe; at the western verge are the Columbia River, Puget Sound, and the Pacific Ocean, with cheap freights to every port in the world.

The great railway systems traversing the Northwest have been the most important factor in promoting its developing. They run agricultural instruction trains, maintain demonstration farms, co-operate in every way with those who are seeking to build up the land and its product. Train-service, both passenger and freight, will compare favorably with that given anywhere in the United States. The hundreds of millions of dollars that have been put into railways in the last twenty years have been spent to perfect high-grade transportation machines. That this is so is a matter of the first importance not only to the holders of its securities, but equally to every man who inhabits the territory that it serves and every man who may be looking about him for a home.

And with it all have come also those things that are essential to the making of good men and women. Among them are the best of schools and colleges; those supported by the states themselves, as well as by private individuals. Good churches and hospitals are in evidence in every city and sizable town. A spirit of helpfulness in making life better and pleasanter is abroad. Women and children are cared for and are as safe in the newer West as in any part of the country. The towns and cities are filled with beautiful homes and the finer side of life is considered as well as the material and utilitarian side.

The combination of so many attractions and advantages as are to be found in this zone of states is a rare one. With a climate which, while offering all the variety that health of comfort could desire, is everywhere wholesome and life-giving; with a soil as rich as can be found elsewhere in the world; with resources so great and so varied that they will not even be fully listed for a generation to come; with industry well-based and diversified and assured of the sympathy and material support of leaders in enterprise and investment; with all the tempting chances that led the pioneer into the wilderness, and all the comforts and conveniences of our civilization—it has something to offer to every man.

No portion of our country has given so many and secure hostages to fortune. With its four corners supported by the four pillars of the cultivated field, the forest, the mine, and the sea, the American Northwest stands firm and secure against all the winds that blow.

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THE SHAME OF THE UNIFORM

BY CAPTAIN M. B. STEWART, U. S. ARMY.

Illustrations by GORDON GRANT.



"If it's good enough to die in, why ain't it good enough to dance in?"

THERE is plenty of material in the subject for either a comedy or a tragedy — depending entirely upon the view you choose to take of life. If you are inclined to look good-naturedly upon your neighbor's little eccentricities it may amuse you; on the other hand, if you regard them as the outward, though remote, manifestations of national tendencies, it will surely give you food for thought.

It was Green who first directed my attention seriously to the subject. Green is what some people choose to call a thirteen-dollar man, meaning thereby that he is an enlisted man in the United States army and hence one who does not place a high valuation on his services. I have no means of knowing how highly Green may esteem either his services or himself. I only knew him as private in my old company, a sturdy, spick-and-span soldier who always did his duty well and cheerfully and who never saw the inside of the guard-house except when he was on guard, which is about as much as one may say of a good soldier without becoming effusive.

It happened on the target-range, one sweltering August day during a lull in the firing, while the men were lounging comfortably in rear of the firing-points. Green, with all of the maternal care of the true "dope-shooter," was puttering with his rifle, wiping off a microscopic particle of dust here, touching it up with an oiled rag there, testing the trigger pull for a drag that he knew did not exist, inspecting it generally from muzzle to butt, and petting it much after the manner of a mother with her babe.

"I heard you was at the ball last night, Green," one of the men remarked between puffs of a hand-made cigarette.

Green took his time about answering. He poked a corner of his handkerchief into the opened breech of the rifle and squinted down the muzzle in search of metal fouling. When he had satisfied himself on this point he replied, enigmatically:

"Well, I was, and then again I wasn't."

Half a dozen men about him became instantly curious.

"How's that?" they asked.

Again Green hesitated.

"Well, you see," he finally replied, "it was this way: The sergeant and I felt like shaking a leg a little, so we made up our minds to go to the ball down at Marble Hall. We took our "blues" over to the tailor and got 'em pressed, then we policed curselves up some. Honest, you'd thought that we was gettin' ready for an inspection by the Old Man, and when we hit the car for town we looked like a pair of orderly buckers on the way to guard-mounting. Yep," he added, grimly, "I guess we must 'a' been aiming to make some hit with the ladies."

Again he dropped the thread of his story and began fussing with his rifle.

"Ah, go on," his audience urged. "What's the answer?"

"Well," was the reply, "that's about all there was to it. We got there all right and the gazebo who's on post at the door looks us over and says, 'Gents and ladies only,' and that settles it. Our money wasn't any more use than bar checks. 'Gents!' Say, I wasn't nothing but a plumber's kick when I was on the outside, but you bet your life I didn't chase around with any 'gents' like I seen hiking around that hall, not for one little minute—I was always too scared of the police. And ladies! say—" He caught himself in time. "I wonder if there's going to be any more shootin' this morning?"

"Served you right," was the unsympathetic comment from a listener. "You'd ought to know better'n to go trying to butt in there in your uniform. Why'n't you dig up them hand-me-downs of yours?"

Green coddled his rifle across his knees and became reflective.

"I reckon you're right," he admitted. "In fact, I know you are as far as getting into that shindig was concerned, but what's a man got to disguise himself for, I want to know? What's the matter with this little old uniform? It's good enough to fight in and get killed in, and when a fellow gets himself killed in it he's a hero and they put up a marble slab for him back in the town hall. If it's good enough to die in, why ain't it good enough to dance in? Tell me that, heh?"

No one told him then and I have been trying to work out a satisfactory answer for myself ever since.

I have seen men dance in that uniform; I have seen them die in it. I have seen men, both dead and alive, in it acclaimed as heroes. I read constantly of men being humiliated for the wearing of it.

When the old Fifth Corps tottered back from Santiago to Montauk Point we were a begrimed, tattered, and generally sorry-looking lot. Any self-respecting housewife would have been perfectly justified in broom-handling any one of us off her premises as a suspicious character. Yet we were accorded the reception of heroes. A dirty, torn uniform was a badge of honor, the open sesame wherever the wearer chose to stray. The country flocked to Montauk Point to do us honor and to minister to our wants. We were nursed, fed, coddled, and petted, and kind, gentle women who found nothing else to do for us smoothed our pillows and washed our faces for us again and again, until the tan etched on by a tropical sun retired disheartened from the fray. When we traveled, committees haunted the railroad stations and swapped jobs with the red-hat boys whenever a soldier-man hove in sight. No questions were asked of the man in uniform—which, by the way, was a serious mistake, as it enabled fakers by the score to impose upon the generosity of a genuinely aroused public. No distinctions were drawn between the officer and the enlisted man. We were all treated alike, as honored servants of the people who had done our duty as best we could. All of which speaks highly for the potentialities of the American people, once their true feelings have been aroused, and is mentioned here merely to emphasize the fact that within the year enlisted men, perhaps some of the same men, in that same uniform, except that it was clean and whole and probably neatly brushed, were refused the privilege of purchasing admittance to places of public amusement and to hotels, and for the sole reason that they were in uniform! It may be added that incidents of this kind occurred within a radius of one hundred miles of Montauk Point.



Old or discarded uniforms are permitted to be worn by workmen

After the Spanish-American War a victorious fleet, commanded by a popular naval hero, sailed into one of the great ports of the Eastern coast and was received with open arms by the people. The men of the fleet were the privileged guests of the city from one end to the other and from Maine to Florida. Within the year two warrant officers, whose uniform indicated their rank and position in the navy, were barred from public places, one from a hotel and the other from a place of amusement. This within three hundred miles of the place of their triumphant reception.

In all of these cases public sentiment, by its apathy and silence, gave tacit approval to this humiliation of a public servant.

Hardly a month passes when some similar incident is not recorded and heralded from one end of the country to the other. On such occasions Green's question bobs up insistently, "If it's good enough to die in, why ain't it good enough to dance in?"

In seeking an answer to his question we are, first of all, brought face to face with the unpleasant admission that the uniform of Uncle Sam's professional fighting-man is not generally regarded with social favor. Those who are interested in the subject and who follow up the results of this attitude toward the individual soldier are able to quote one incident after another to prove that such is the case. What is worse, they will point out very convincingly the evil which results from such a condition—namely, that the soldier finds himself largely limited in his choice of entertainment and amusement to places of questionable character, where any man's money makes a welcome for him. This, in turn, naturally places the soldier in the light of choosing entertainment of this character and lends false color to the conclusion that he is, perhaps, fit only for such associations. The immediate result of such a condition concerns only the soldier's happiness; the ultimate result is of vital concern to the army as an institution. Once the soldier's pride in his uniform has been lowered or destroyed, it is only natural that his regard for the army, of which the uniform is merely an emblem, will suffer accordingly, and any man who is not proud of his occupation is of little value to his employer. Another phase of the question merits consideration. No one will dispute the value of the trained fighting-man in times of emergency; to have him ready for such emergencies he must be maintained in time of peace. If the character of the service be disparaged in any way, how may we reasonably expect men of the proper caliber to enter it voluntarily and prepare themselves to meet emergencies?

The effect of such an attitude on the part of the public is more easily traceable than is the cause. What is there about the soldier to which the public finds objection? Is it the uniform, is it the man who wears it, or is it the service which he represents?

It is hard to believe that it is the uniform itself to which objection is found, for if this be true we have only to glance at the multitudinous lists of uniformed societies and organizations throughout the United States to conclude that the uniform of the soldier is the only one for which the average American does not cherish a regard. It is true that the uniform of the soldier is, in a sense, a livery and that the idea of a livery is more or less repulsive to our average citizen. But, even considered as a livery, the uniform may reasonably be classed with the frock-coat and silk hat of the statesman. Both

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are liveries of the nation, differing only in style and texture. Both betoken the servitor of the people. One is the livery of the man who gives the product of his brain to the nation's service; the other of a man who stands ready to give his life if it be needed.

In this connection, it must be admitted, however, that the government is to some extent at fault. It has never given the uniform of the fighting-man proper protection. Semi-military and non-military organizations are permitted to copy it as closely as their fancies dictate. Old or discarded uniforms or parts of the uniform are permitted to be worn by workmen and others who have no connection with the military service. Institutions are permitted to clothe their employees in approximations to the uniform which at times deceive even the professional soldier.

The writer on one occasion introduced himself in the lobby of a prominent hotel to an individual whom he mistook for a captain of infantry in dress uniform, to discover later that he was conversing with the head hall-boy. Some years ago an officer of high rank refused to remain in a prominent hotel for the reason that a hall-man or waiter was clothed in the uniform of an officer of the army. To some extent, therefore, the public may be pardoned for not paying proper regard to the uniform of the soldier, and to the same extent the government is responsible for the humiliation of its fighting-men. Some states of the Union have passed laws prohibiting the use by non-military organizations or individuals of the uniform of the National Guard, but prosecutions under these laws are of rare occurrence. A prominent militiaman once told the writer that it would be mighty poor politics for any militiaman to attempt to enforce such a law.

When we consider the composition of the army, it is hard to believe that it is the man in uniform to which objection is made, for socially the army of the United States is perhaps as cosmopolitan as any aggregation of men to be found in the world. As an illustration which will throw light upon the qualification of some of the men who compose it, I will mention that in one regiment with which I have served the enlisted men at one time organized a University Club with a membership of something like half a hundred. Only graduates of recognized institutions were admitted to membership, and on the walls of their meeting-place they had chalked up the names of Oxford, Heidelberg, and a score of similar institutions from one end of the world to the other. Paradoxically, the man in uniform is the brother of the man with whom he is barred from association. In every regiment in the service are to be found men from every walk in life and from practically every social stratum. In the communities from which they come they doubtless enjoyed social privileges in accordance with their various stations. That these stations are at least respectable is insured by the investigation which recruiting officers are required to make of an applicant's history. Social strata do not vary widely in the different communities throughout the country, and it is reasonable to presume that the soldier may find social equality in any community in which he may be stationed. That he may attempt to intrude in circles where he is not welcome need not be feared, since he has his own well-defined ideas of what constitutes congeniality. Whatever may be his social qualifications, he would not, if attired in civilian dress, be barred from any place of public entertainment.

As to the character of the life which the soldier leads in the service the general public have little knowledge. Their opportunities for contact with soldiers are few and their interests in life are such that they give the soldier only passing thought. When brought in contact with the soldier the average man may at the time realize that he is a clean-limbed, clear-eyed, smart, alert individual, but does he ever ask himself what manner of life this man must lead to make him as he is? Has he any conception of the regulations and the routine which govern the soldier from reveille to taps—and in between? It would be a revelation to many to know some of the dozens of things a soldier may not do to which the civilian never gives a thought, and to learn from the records of the summary court of the fashion in which the soldier lives up to his requirements.

This should not be taken to mean that the soldier is in any sense a model—Kipling uses the expression, "a plaster saint"—for he is nothing of the sort. He has all of the instincts of a physically perfect and well-conditioned man. His life keeps him fresh and keen and trained to the feather edge of animal spirits. He breaks over at times and misbehaves in just the same manner as his brother in civil life. The difference is that, being in uniform, his misbehavior is always more or less conspicuous, and that, being a soldier, he faces a trial officer in the place of a possibly indignant family circle.

This attitude on the part of the public seems not to belong peculiarly to the United States. Kipling in "Tommy" voices Green's question in the complaint of the British soldier who asks nothing more than that the public by its attitude prove to him that "The widow's uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace."

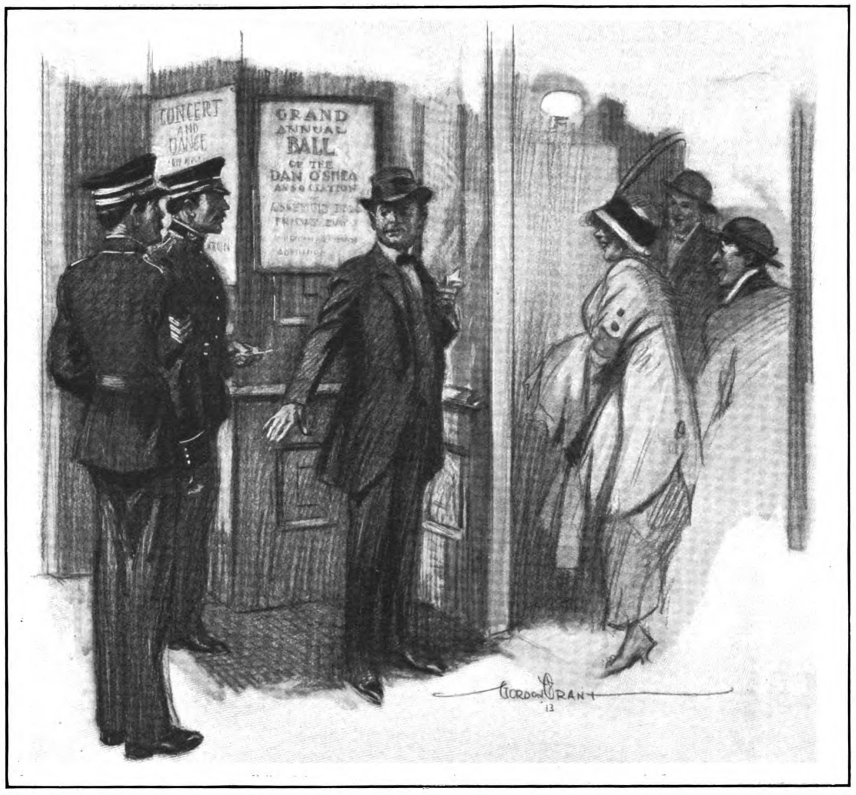
An eminent German authority some years ago concluded that the feeling, whatever it might be, is directed toward the military establishment as a class, not toward the individual. He says: "One class esteems another only in proportion to the advantages which it can derive from it, or only in so far as it recognizes in others similarity of character and immediate community in striving for one and the same end. . . . Personal interest, shaped according to various needs, is the measure of the value of the occupations and aims of one class in the eyes of another."

Continuing, he analyzes the general feeling by classes after this fashion: "The literary man loathes war because the Muses take flight on hearing the din of war." He apparently did not include war correspondents among the literati. "The statesman is appalled by the enormous expense caused by military preparedness. The civil bureaucracy is jealous of the power it is obliged to surrender into the hands of the military authorities and often treats soldiers like citizens belonging to another state. The moralist is vexed at the gay life of the officer, while the dandy envies him his fine dress and sword, and the agriculturist cannot pardon the soldier for enlisting his sons and servants."

He takes the subject seriously as well as analytically, more seriously than we of the United States army would be justified in viewing it. The United States is a comparatively new country teeming with wealth and life; its interests are as diverse as they are widely separated; its population is varied in its origin and scattered over areas which make the people of one state strangers to those of another. Under the circumstances, there can be little unity of thought or feeling on any subject of less than national importance.

The army is small and scattered over a goodly portion of the globe; its activities are such that they are not often brought to the serious attention of the people except at considerable intervals. The average man is absorbed in his own interests; he knows little of the soldier and he has little time or opportunity to learn more; in forming his opinion he is apt to be influenced by what he may have read or heard; generally there is no soldier of his acquaintance to whom he may turn to form an estimate of the military character. The result during peace is an apparent indifference toward the army and those who compose it. In time of war it is different, and the soldier certainly has no just cause for complaint when the public has once turned its mind to its military responsibilities.

However, it is not a stimulating thought to the soldier that the people whom he serves take thought of him only when disaster is hammering at the front door. The business of soldiering in time of peace is a monotonous one; its rewards are extremely modest; it requires a decided effort of the will to maintain the enthusiasm with which to meet successfully the drudgery of preparation. Appreciation goes a long way toward keeping enthusiasm up to the proper pitch. Conviviality is a sure indication of appreciation and dancing is a healthy, harmless form of conviviality. What the soldier apparently needs is an occasional pat on the back.



"Looks us over and says, 'Gents and ladies only'"

TWO FAIR WOMEN

BY ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

Her two great eyes were like blue porcelain;
  Love with his torch had found no caverns lit
With secret fire; the thoughts within her brain
  With rosy-colored silk had curtained it.

Round her white feet her jeweled anklets clung.
  And, when she moved, clanked with a subtle noise;
From her gold hair the heavy emeralds hung:
  Her clear laugh was untroubled, like a boy's.

A golden princess in a golden day,
  In a walled hold all pearl and ivory;
A thousand camels rode the desert way
  With silk and sandalwood from oversea

To please the princess whom all men would please,
  Who bade the war-sword in the scabbard rust,
And the world's worth of fighters take their ease—
  Beneath her eyes' light laughter they were dust:—

Dust of a trampled red rose underfoot
  Where she went carelessly when evening came,
To rob the wild vine of its bitter fruit.
  And the young poppies of their scarlet flame.

Behind her moved her silent tiring-maid,
  Whose look betrayed the woman: she was eyed
Like the sleek panther none shall make afraid.
  Like the black panther in his velvet pride.

But no man swept his hand through her dark hair.
To wake the amaranthine passion there.

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THE NORTHWEST'S NEED OF MEN

Where Farms and Homes Await the Thrifty Immigrant

BY JOHN SCOTT MILLS

THE growth of the Pacific Northwest has been continuous. Oregon, Washington, and Idaho have an area of over 250,000 square miles, with an accredited population at the last census of 2,140,349. The States of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Ohio with an area of 192,095 square miles, were given a population of 27,184,102. New York has a population per square mile of 126.0; Pennsylvania, 117.3; Illinois, 68.3, and Ohio 90.0. The population of the Northwest states per square mile is: Oregon, 3.3; Washington, 5.3; Idaho, 1.1.

In the twenty-four principal cities and towns of these Northwestern States there are 859,923 inhabitants, and 1,290,046 live in the smaller towns and in the country. In ten years the increase in urban population in Washington was 166.0 per cent.; in Oregon, 115.3; in Idaho, 216.2. For the same period the rural increase was, Washington, 84.7 per cent.; Oregon, 35.0; Idaho, 83.1.

Further analysis is not needed. A vast domain is sparsely populated. It has need of people. The country requires settlement and population. The cities are overcrowded. City building should come as the result of development of adjacent territory, and not as a prelude thereto.

The value of the immense mineral deposits and timber of these three states is immense. But the basic and perpetual wealth of the Pacific Northwest must come from her farms. The hope of this section lies in the small farm well tilled. There is here in this region a foundation upon which may be built an agricultural supremacy unparalleled in the history of the past, the magnitude and compelling excellence of which will make this the greatest of all productive regions of the globe.

This is a broad assertion, but one of unquestionable truth. The claim is based on the soil—the volcanic ash, which predominates. In this undying soil of the lava deluge there is a fertility of such fruitfulness that the yield is both constant and large. Ninety per cent. of the soil in these states is of the character mentioned. The hills of Eastern Oregon and Washington and Western Idaho are mounds of volcanic ash; the broad plains and rolling lands of the Inland Empire are covered to a cultivable depth with the same rich deposits. These possess an advantage over the silt and alluvial soils in that the soluble matter has not been washed out.



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Mt. Rainier viewed from the southwest slope



A leading industry of the Pacific Northwest—Scene at a Portland lumber mill

What a few years ago was barren land has become the home of settlers, where orchard and meadow, flock and herd are making men rich. The diversion of a mountain stream has transformed the barren valley of the Yakima into one of the most productive sections of the West. In the Lewiston-Grangeville districts in Idaho there is grown what is claimed by experts to be the finest timothy and clover seed grown in the United States. This is a non-irrigated district.

In the Touchet and Walla valleys of Washington, and in the Columbia River Basin in Oregon, are some of the finest orchards of the hemisphere. In the commercial orchards, where the growers have specialized, are produced the fruits which are in demand in every American metropolis, in the markets of London, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and other cities of the land beyond the sea. The strawberries have a national reputation, and the vegetables are as good as can be grown.

In the western counties, where the precipitation is greater, larger yields of celery, asparagus, kale, turnips, and other root crops are grown. Here the green of the fields is perennial, and it is here that the dairyman is at his best. This means a great deal, for the country east of the Cascades is a dairying country. There is no necessity for housing stock as a protection against the severe cold. All owners of milch cows provide for their animals, but this provision means only shelter from the rain, for the temperature rarely drops to the freezing-point, and where thirty-five degrees above zero is accounted cold weather. On these evergreen pastures the stock finds abundance of feed.

It is interesting to note how the land-owners of this section have responded to the call for diversification on the farm. The Pacific Northwest, ten years ago, was spending from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000 per annum for meat and poultry products, shipped from the East. The railways, the commercial organizations, and the press preached the gospel of diversified farming to the man on the land until he became a convert and is lending his efforts to meet the demand and endeavoring to keep the money at home.

Hogs and poultry thrive in this genial climate. Men and women are specializing in pigs and chickens, and the porcine family and the feathered tribe are paying the household expenses on hundreds of farms of varying size. The farmer is the only man who can solve the problem of the cost of living. If he undertakes it in earnest he will accomplish his end. From the vantage ground of the farm must come the aid to the helpless men and women of the cities of our land. Production regulates cost. Population has increased more rapidly than production in the East. High prices originate there. The West buys there. Increasing population on the lands of the Pacific Northwest means augmented production of the necessities of life. Therefore, the increased cost of living being due to paucity of production, the West must be looked to for a remedy for existing conditions.

To populate the West should be a simple matter. Multiplied thousands of good American citizens have gone to the Canadian Northwest in the past few years. They were led to change their place of residence and their allegiance to the republic by alluring statements concerning the land, its prices, and its products. The purpose of this article is not to reflect on other countries, but to call attention to this one. But it will not be taken amiss if those who contemplate going across the line will familiarize themselves with weather conditions in both countries and incidentally compare yields, markets, and general living conditions here and there.

There has been some attempt at publicity in connection with these lands of the Northwest, but their general character is little understood by the home-seeker.. There are no free lands here, but there are homestead locations to be had, land under Carey Act projects, land in irrigated districts, dry-farming, and logged-off lands. In some instances there is pioneer work to be done, as for instance on the logged-off tracts. But with some labor devoted to clearing the land of the small growth, it can be cultivated without removing the large stumps.

The land in the Carey Act projects and in the irrigated sections will have to be leveled, and the dry-farming tracts will need some preparation. The expenditure of labor in any instance, however, is trivial in comparison with returns—trivial to the man willing to work industriously for a few years, with the assurance that a competence awaits him as a reward. The Northwest is not a place for drones. There is no invitation sent to such. A little capital in cash and an abundant reserve of energy means home and comfort and independence to the man who will do things.

The field is inviting. The commercial organizations and the transportation companies are endeavoring to get settlers on the unoccupied lands, and are also trying to induce holders of large tracts to subdivide them and put them on the market. The men who are wanted are those who will engage in cultivating tracts of not more than one hundred and sixty acres. In this land of abundant yield ten acres constitutes a farm, so that a quarter section will give ample scope to any man.

Under present conditions, the farms are not cultivated as they should be. There is too much idle land. There is absence of crop rotation. There is lack of sufficient labor to produce enough for home needs.

The tide of immigration is flowing this way. The people of the Old World are looking for homes in the New. There are thousands of homeseekers in the United States who are undecided where to locate. They will be wise to give more thought to the Pacific Northwest, and to take advantage of the magnificent opportunities it affords for home-making and the enjoyment of life in a region possessing such advanages.

Legislation in the interest of the farmer has just been enacted in Oregon. The agricultural college is to take its work to the farm. Scientific farming is to be taught. Practical men will impart instruction, and there is anxiety for knowledge on the part of the land-owner. Demonstration trains, agriculturists in the employ of the railroads, literature treating of every occupation on the land are at the command of the farming communities.

The states of the Northwest offer exceptional advantages, and in telling of these the people now here ask nothing other than honest investigation as to the merits of what is to be had. The man who is in search of a location for a home will be wise if he devote some time to looking over the field and make thorough inquiry regarding the character of the soil, the extent of its productivity, the demand for what can be grown, the distance to market, the transportation facilities, the weather, the church, school, and fraternal privileges.

This country will stand inspection. Honest investigation will disclose the fact that it is not over-rated, but that its excellence is underestimated in the literature descriptive of it and the assertions made by those who speak of it.



Salmon fishing in the Columbia River, Oregon

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THE READY REPLYER

A Compendium of Conversation for Use in Embarrassing Moments

(For a Young Man Confronted by an Editor with the Fact That the Poem He Has Submitted Has Been Cribbed from Browning.)

The Editor *(scornfully)*: These lines are taken bodily from the poems of Robert Browning, sir.

Young Man *(with a great show of glee)*: Hooray! I win!

The Editor *(with beetling brows)*: Win, sir? Win? You win what?

Young Man *(with marked enthusiasm)*: Why, sir, I belong to a little club out at Lemonville, on Long Island, which was founded originally for the purpose of bringing together a lot of choice spirits interested in sport. We called ourselves The Ring and the Book Club, not because we were at all interested in that great poem, sir, but rather because our activities took shape chiefly in betting on events in the prize-ring and getting up books on the various horse-racing meets which in the old days were such a constant source of delight and, I may add, income, to many of us. Of late, however, so drastic have the laws become in respect to betting and gambling of all sorts, that we have had a hard time keeping our organization going. Every natural outlet for our sporting propensities was closed by the operations of the law, and, naturally, the *raison d'être* of the club having been thus seriously affected, our members drew away, and we were brought face to face with dissolution. However, there were some of us who realized that there were other things one could bet on than horse-races and prize-fights, and out of our club name, The Ring and the Book, there suddenly sprang one night a suggestion that has resulted in this fortunate eventuation for me. I was discussing the name, and incidentally the poem, with a number of our deepest plungers the other night, and one of my friends, who has no literary attainments whatsoever, made the remark that nobody had ever heard of the poem besides myself, to which I retorted that there were more admirers of Browning in the world than he had any idea of. His answer was that he didn't believe even the editor of so great a magazine as yours had ever heard of Browning, and I offered to bet any or all of them then and there that you'd spot a Browning poem the minute it was offered to you for publication. As you may readily imagine, the matter became more than interesting the minute money was placed on the result. We went at the matter with enthusiasm, and within a week had sent out not only that poem which you have so unerringly spotted, but a number of Dickens's short stories and Addison's essays have been sent to other editors in various parts of the country. We have some ten or fifteen thousand dollars up on the results. For myself I took the hopeful end. I bet a hundred dollars with each of seven men that it wouldn't take you five minutes to detect the deception, and I cannot tell you how delighted I am that my good opinion of your discernment has been so readily vindicated—and I know that you will excuse me if I hasten off without more ado to inform the club that I am a winner. Good morning, sir! You have done me a good turn, and I am grateful.

(At this point seize the Editor's right hand, shake it vigorously, and then move out as quickly as possible, not waiting for the elevator to take you down, but using the stairs, sliding down the banisters, if by chance there are any, lest you be overtaken.)

EXPERIENCE

"I tell you," said Bingle, wrathfully, "those women are right. This practice of forcible feeding is an outrage. I'd like to see 'em try that over here on American women!"

"They'll never have to," said Jimpson. "All they'll have to do with an American woman is to put the bill of fare before her, and she'll walk right through it. I married an American woman, and I know."



"Say, Caddie, which club do you use when a sheep swallows your ball?"

BRUTES

"It makes my blood boil," said Mrs. Uppanattit, "the sheer brutality with which these jailers treat us women. Oh! the tyranny of them!"

"What have they done now?" queried Mr. Uppanattit.

"They threw Mrs. Crankhurst into jail, and took little Fluffy, her inseparable companion, away from her," said the lady.

"Well, you wouldn't have a child spend her days in jail, would you?"

"Child?" retorted Mrs. Uppanattit. "Fluffy isn't a child—she's the cutest little Pomeranian you ever saw in your life."



WIFE: It says here that you can get a wife in Samoa for three dollars. Isn't that outrageous?

THE WEAKER VESSEL: Oh, I don't know. A good wife's worth that.

A CAUTIOUS DUELLIST

"They tell me you got mixed up in a duel over in Paris this year, Dubbleigh," said Jinks.

"Yes," laughed Dubbleigh. "I was challenged by M. Le Vicomte de Chateaunit because I sat on his hat at the opera."

"Well, how did it come out?" asked Jinks.

"Oh, I accepted, and as the challenged party had the right to select the weapons," said Dubbleigh, "I chose broadswords at a hundred paces, and since neither of us could reach the other there were no casualties."

NO EVIDENCE

"They tell me that fellow Whiggles is a man of letters," said Joram.

"I've heard so," said Snippe, the tailor, "but I can hardly believe it. I've written to him ten times about a little bill he owes me, and nary a letter can I get out of him."

NO EXAGGERATION

"You told me you were worth a million, and I find that you have only a paltry ten thousand dollars," said Blathers's partner.

"Well, ten thousand dollars is a million cents," said Blathers.

OVERHEARD ON THE CAMPUS

Freshleigh *(genially)*: Ah, Professor, good morning. Do you smoke?

Professor *(affably)*: Why—yes, Mr. Freshleigh.

Freshleigh: Good! I'll be glad to join you, if you happen to have a couple of perfectos in your pocket. Let me give you a light.

THE HORRID MAN

"Now, ladies," said the Practical Politician, "yez can't git annywhere be vi'lence. In the words o' wan o' th' graatest poluticians the worrld iver knew they do be some things yez can only git by kissin' 'em through!"

"Never!" cried the Associated Order of Free Spinsters, rising as one man in protest.

CAUTIOUS

"Now, Sambo," said the Judge, "this is a very serious offense you are charged with. Stealing chickens is bad enough, but breaking into a store and robbing the till of thirty dollars is worse. Do you want me to appoint a lawyer to defend you?"

"Dat depends on what de lawyer gwine charge foh his soyvices, Jedge," replied Sambo. "Ef he's gwine t' git de whole o' dat thutty dollahs ah don't see what's gwine t' be lef' foh me, suh."

AN ASTIGMATIC TRAGEDY

Now dearest Jane is a lovely maid
  Whom I love with a love that's true,
But if she proposed to me I'm afraid
  I'd hardly know what to do,
For though she's a maid for your lightest whim,
  She's cross-eyed as she can be.
I never can tell if she smiles on Jim,
  Or whether she smiles on me!

Why, I can recall a summer day
  Far back in the long ago,
She beamed and beamed in her roguish way
  That set every heart aglow,
And, "You are a perfect joy!" she said,
  And I was disposed to agree,
But I couldn't quite tell if she looked at Ted,
  Or whether she looked at me!

And once at a ball I overheard
  Her twittering voice remark
In accents sweet as that little bird
  That's known as the soaring lark,
"I'm much afraid he's a bit of a snob!"
  And I followed her glance to see—
And one of those optics looked on Bob,
  And t'other was fixed on me!

And so I fear if I wedded her
  In happiness I might fail.
E'en though at her touch my pulses stir
  And my heart thrashes round like a flail,
For it wouldn't be really a pleasant plan
  In the midst of our ecstasy
If she had one eye on some other man
  While t'other one beamed on me!

A. Sufferan Mann.



"Are you a suffragette?"
"No, a glazier."

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OUR GREATEST "WHITE POWER" REGION

BY B. S. JOSSELYN



A panoramic view from "Oak Grove Mountain," a rocky point of 5,100 feet elevation, situated near the Clackamas River, Oregon

IT has been stated that one-third of the available hydroelectric horse-power of the United States either lies in or is tributary to the Columbia River basin, of which the state of Oregon forms the most important part. Some idea of the extent of this important resource may be obtained when the fact is made known that this basin represents a greater area in land than is possessed by New England, with the states of Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North and South Carolina added. The basin drains 254,389 square miles. The state of Oregon alone has 95,607 square miles of water drainage, and within this area are located water-power possibilities rarely found upon the earth's surface. The government, in its estimate, has fixed upon the minimum amount of 3,300,000 horse-power of possible hydroelectric development for the state of Oregon. That is one-half of the entire amount now utilized in the United States. Regardless of this, engineers predict that the minimum given by the government experts for Oregon can be increased to more than double the amount through engineering ingenuity. From these figures Oregon's supremacy in the matter of potential hydroelectric power is easily discernible. The 6,000,000 possible horse-power should be a factor in developing here the largest manufacturing center upon the Pacific Ocean, and it may be in the United States; for with the raw product at command not only of the forest and fields in Oregon, but of the ports of the world, Oregon must come into her own.

With this wondrous amount of undeveloped power, coupled with the timber resources of the state—one-fifth of all that is to be found in the United States—it forms a combination that is bound to be productive of much wealth and gives Oregon a prominence in the markets of the world well to the forefront.

Equally rich is the state in its agricultural resources. It has 8,233,000 acres devoted to farm use with 19,323,482 deeded acres—two-thirds timbered—and 17,253,000 of public lands subject to entry. The farms produced last year $127,000,000, and that with a population of 672,000 in the state.

Thus Oregon, with its latent water-power, its four-billion-dollar forests, and its $127,000,000 yearly farm production, seeks the attention of the world of commerce. Situated as it is upon the Pacific Ocean, with its equitable and mild climate, it should necessarily win the attention it seeks and the favor of those desiring a broader sphere of action. Its chief aim at the present time is to secure the capital and population which will furnish the labor to develop these resources.

There are men of capacity who predict that the theater of action for the world of the future will be on the shores of the Pacific. Upon this vast shore line of 30,000 miles there are living to-day possibly 200,000,000 people. Each year shows an increase in the consumption of goods made by the Anglo-Saxon. In the years to come the development of this line of commerce will produce figures that, if suggested to-day, would cause the reader to doubt their correctness. Portland, Oregon's chief seaport, to-day exports more wheat and flour than any other port in the United States. Australia to-day seeks the Oregon firwood, China its flour, and Japan is continually buying lumber and other well-known products of the state. Back of the Cascade range and down the Willamette Valley are to be found herds of cattle and sheep which find a market in the packing-houses of Portland. The live-stock industry of the state is valued at $33,000,000. Thus with lumber, grain, and live-stock to further the cause of development, in this new and rapidly growing section, the very elements which have made cities in the east and created wealth of modern proportions are to be found in Oregon.

It is, indeed, a country singularly blessed in natural products, while the water-power necessary to transform these products into articles of commerce is wonderfully manifest in Oregon. With an ocean at the door of the factory to furnish transportation to the ports of the world, Oregon can claim the distinction of being thrice blessed, and the world must eventualy recognize this fact.



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A CENTURY OF PEACE WITH ENGLAND

MEMBERS OF THE COMMISSION WHICH HAS COME TO THIS COUNTRY FROM GREAT BRITAIN TO PLAN THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY OF GHENT, WHICH TERMINATED OUR SECOND WAR WITH ENGLAND. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ARE: H. S. PERRIS, C. DE BRUYNE, HENRY VIVIAN, MORETON FREWEN, SIR GEORGE HOUSTON REID, EARL STANHOPE, SIR ARTHUR LAWLEY (WITH THE CANE), SIR HERBERT EUSTACE MAXWELL (WITH THE YACHTING CAP), LORD WEARSDALE, ARTHUR SHIRLEY BENN, AND JAMES ALLEN BAKER

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You get more air-room in Diamond (No-Clinch) Tires -and it's the extra air-room that does the work

THE more air-room—the more resiliency, which in turn means more comfort for you and your passengers—*more service from your tires.*

The secret of building a tire that lasts means building a tire that does the work easily—a tire that does not strain under road usage.

This extra air-room is gained for you without lessening the thickness of the tread or weakening the side walls in any way.

To stand the pull of the engine—to absorb the shocks of the road—to travel farthest on the smallest quantity of gasoline—to make inner tubes last longer, were scientific tire problems.

Our engineers have solved these problems for you and all other tire bills payers by building Diamond (No-Clinch) Tires with extra air-room—in a word—the ideal, perfectly constructed tire you have been demanding.

Diamond {No Clinch} Tires

Vitalized Rubber calls a halt on "Short Mileage"

After countless laboratory tests and experiments, our chemists have discovered a process to scientifically toughen pure rubber so that it will give you the mileage you pay for.

Diamond (No-Clinch) Tires made of Vitalized Rubber are tough and flint-like enough to fight the road, elastic enough to absorb shocks, thus preventing rim troubles and breaking above the bead.

Add to this high grade workmanship, nothing inferior in construction or fabric—Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact—the No-Pinch Safety Flap for inner tube protection—and you have the best tire money can buy.



Cross Section Diamond Safety Tread Tire

Safety (Squeegee) Tread an additional Diamond advantage

Diamond Safety Tread Tires obey your will. No matter how slippery and treacherous the paving, they grip and hold. You drive with safety and you drive with pleasure with Diamond Safety (Squeegee) Tires on your cars.

And that's not all—there's real economy in Diamond Safety Tread Tires. The Safety Tread is added to the regular tread—the extra mileage makes the safety cost you nothing.

Diamond Safety (Squeegee) Tread for Automobiles, Motorcycles, Bicycles.

So this time buy Diamond Vitalized Rubber Tires —you can get them to fit your rims at any of the

75,000 Diamond Dealers always at your Service

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HELPING THE MAN ON THE LAND

IN the Pacific Northwest, the land of diversity of resources, diversified farming has received recognition and is growing in favor. The Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company, operating in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, began a campaign of education some four years ago. Co-operating with the agricultural colleges of the states named, the road sent out demonstration trains, accompanied by its own specialists, and taught the value of diversifying on the soil. Every phase of farm life was considered, every question intelligently answered, selected seeds distributed free.

Many land-owners were obsessed with the one-crop idea. Their forebears had prospered and they wanted nothing better. But these men made the serious mistake of taking from the soil every year, giving nothing in return. They learned through experience the truths expounded by the railroad workers. They were brought to a knowledge of the fact that no soil is indestructible and that they must replace by crop rotation the elements necessary to growth of which they robbed the soil by continuous cropping of one cereal.



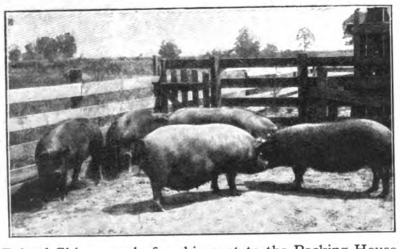
Field Corn, 16 feet high, well eared, growing in the Yakima Valley

The farmers and fruit-growers were taught another lesson. There are "off years" on the farm and in the orchard. Large yield is not to be counted on with each harvest. The man who planted one crop or who devoted his entire acreage to fruit met with disappointment when the harvest was garnered.

The Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company employed agriculturists and stockmen and writers to demonstrate the value and necessity of diversified farming. These men went out and told the farmer that he should grow alfalfa, field peas, corn, and root crops; that he should have dairy cows, hogs, and poultry, and that in this way he could bid defiance to crop failure, as his cream checks and his checks from the sale of his pork and poultry products would bring him steady and increasing revenue. The same story was told the orchardists. It mattered not the size of the land-holdings. The gospel of diversity was preached to the owner of the ten-acre tract as well as to the owner of the ten-section farm.

What has been the result?

Increase in volume and value of the yield everywhere along the lines of the Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company. In eastern Oregon, the great grain-growing section of the state, dairy farms, hog ranches, and poultry are valued assets. At the stations may be seen rows of cans filled with cream for the dealer in the city; in the loading pens are droves of hogs for the packing-houses; on the platform are coops of poultry and cases of eggs ready for shipment.

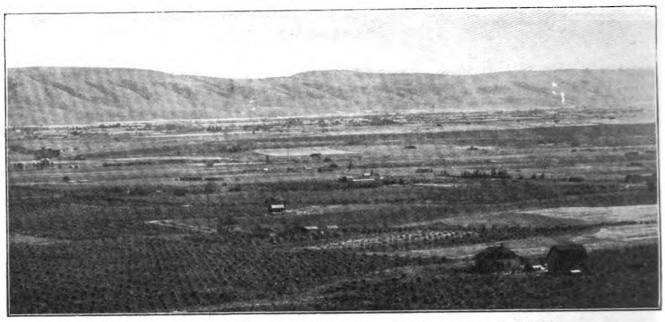


Poland-Chinas ready for shipment to the Packing House at Portland

What about other farm products?

There has been no falling off. The year 1912 was a year of bumper crops throughout the Northwest. The great warehouses were filled to overflowing. To the man who had dairy cows, hogs, and poultry the money received for the farm and orchard products was all clear gain. The sale of cream, pork, and poultry products had paid the running expenses and more. The land-owner had been enabled to pay cash for his supplies, and was not forced to sell his wheat crop instanter, in order to pay the grocer, the butcher, the clothier, and the implement dealer.

This campaign of education inaugurated by the Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company is still being prosecuted. A corps of trained men are kept busy twelve months in the year imparting instruction along practical lines. For 1913 a more vigorous campaign is under way. The Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company literature and the men who write it, the men who go out to talk to the land-owner, advocate methods which have been proven. The agricultural colleges and experiment farms are engaged in experiments, and the results of their labors are at the command of the man on the land. He does not have to experiment. By using selected seeds, following instructions as to preparation of ground, planting, and cultivating, he is assured of a yield.



Young Orchards and Alfalfa Ranches in the suburbs of North Yakima

Wheat has been the great farm product of the Inland Empire. It is the present purpose of the Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company to help the wheat-grower increase his yield by producing a large crop in conjunction with another crop which is to exceed in volume the wheat grown.



Pear Orchard

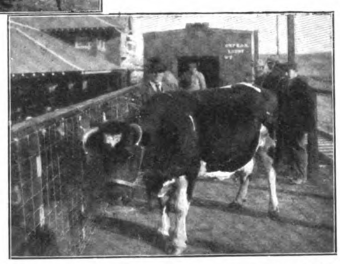
Corn is to be planted on greater areas. Corn and clover are to be grown in rotation with wheat. Corn will grow in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, and as good qualities may be produced, and the yield will equal that of the so-called corn states. The fallacy of the argument that the nights are too cold has been exploded. The same statement was made regarding Minnesota a few years ago, and yet the 85,000,000-bushel corn crop of that state in 1912 was much more valuable than its 45,000,000-bushel wheat crop. Growing corn in the Pacific Northwest resolves itself into a matter of seed selection and proper cultivation.



Spitzenburg Apple Orchard in Hood River District

In the Yakima Valley, Washington, on irrigated land, seventy-five to one hundred bushels of corn per acre is not an unusual yield. At Dufur, in Wasco County, Oregon, just east of the Cascade Mountains, as good corn was grown on what is termed dry-farming land as could be produced anywhere, and the yield was above average. There is but one reason why corn has not been grown in large quantities here. The land-owners did not plant the seed. They believed the stories told by men who had not even experimented with corn-growing, that the nights were too cold.

Corn and alfalfa, corn and clover, go to make the balanced ration which is needed for the dairy cow and the pig. To get the most milk and best cream, intelligence in feeding is necessary. To produce pork for the market, care in feeding is essential. The word pig is used advisedly. It is a simple and easy matter to fatten the young porker for the block, while it is a trying and expensive undertaking to put flesh on a hog. The pigs should be ready for the block at an early age. Advice as to the length of days of the marketable hog is given by word of mouth and in printed form by men who know and who are at the service of the people in Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company territory.



Holstein Cow, value $25,000, shown with O-W. R. N. Demonstration Train

In exploiting corn and hay products, field peas, root crops, etc., the company is not unmindful of the fruit industry. It has exploited the apples and pears, peaches, prunes, grapes, and other large and small fruits of the Pacific Northwest. The fame of Oregon and Washington fruits is world-wide. The sovereigns of the land beyond the seas are equally as enthusiastic as the American nobility over the excellence of the delicious fruits of the Northwest. But even the fruit-growers are becoming converts to the theory of diversified farming. There is no more celebrated apple-producing district in the Pacific Northwest than Hood River. Its Spitzenburgs and Newton Pippins are known wherever apples are eaten, and yet at the Pacific Northwest Land Products Show held in Portland, Oregon, in November, 1912, the Hood River apple exhibit shared honors with other soil products, the humbler potato, the golden-hued carrot, the plump cabbage, the cauliflower, and a variety of vegetables being in evidence. The apple-growers are free to confess that they realize the money to be made in hogs and they are going to raise pigs as well as pippins.

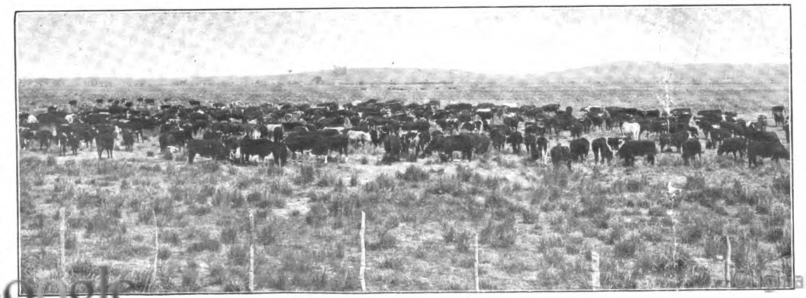
The productivity of the soil in the states of the Pacific Northwest is comparatively unknown. For instance, in the dairying sections of the Middle West two acres of land are necessary to provide food enough for a milch cow for a year. At the Land Products Show referred to there was an exhibit of eighty tons of kale grown on one acre of land, and sixty tons of turnips grown on an equal area. This is food enough for fourteen cows for one year. Not all the land will yield so great return. But there is not a single acre in western Oregon or Washington, in the Yakima Valley, or in the territory tributary to Lewiston and Grangeville, in Idaho, where the lines of the Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company are operated, that will not produce food enough for a cow for a year.

A little land and a good living. A home where climatic conditions are desirable. A region free from intense cold or excessive heat. Splendid transportation facilities to good markets. A choice of vocations on the land. A five-acre tract which one man can cultivate or a large holding where he may engage in more varied pursuits. These are some of the advantages to be had in the Pacific Northwest, in the territory tributary to the Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company.

It is undeniably true that conditions are different from those in the eastern states or even the Middle West, but the difference is in favor of the man who secures a holding in the Pacific Northwest. He may have to learn how to irrigate or how to raise crops by the dry-farming process, but he has the experience of the men who have made a success to direct him.

Failure to succeed on the farm here will be the fault of the man and not of the land. Intelligent cultivation is a necessity everywhere, and the Northwest is no exception. But the remuneration here is greater and the labor lighter.

There is no more interesting literature published than the pages which record man's success. Volumes might be printed, filled with statements of men who have made good in this favored land. There is not a single vocation on the farm that is not exalted in the story of how some one achieved success. It requires work. It necessitates industry. It compels intelligent toil. It provides recompense in bounteous harvest. It lightens labor in the assured knowledge of abundant reward. It compensates toil by providing means for social pleasures and enjoyment of the good things of life.



Beef Cattle Driven to the Yakima Valley for Winter Feeding

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PENN STATE

Finance

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

"By Their Fruits—"

The splendid dividend record of the seasoned industrial preferred shares

A VERY few months ago when you spoke of "industrial preferred stocks" you meant one thing and one thing only—*the* new shares in the manufacturing, merchandising, and other companies which were being put out in such quantity. *You* meant Woolworth and Rumely ("Rummy," the Street calls it now) and the others, not United States Steel and *Harv*ester and Car and Foundry preferred. In the rush of one new issue after the other, each with prospects more *brilli*ant than the one before, that there existed such another class of "industrial preferreds" was almost lost sight of.

Recently there has been a big change in that regard. With one or two conspicuous exceptions the preferred industrial shares sold last year have done well enough, considering. But with business conditions shaping themselves as they have, investors have become far more interested in equities than in prospects. With the prudent buyer just now it isn't a question so much of what a prospective investment is *going* to earn as what it *has* earned. The fact, for instance, that through thick and thin, bad times and good, one of these old-line industrial preferreds has paid its dividends ever since organization appeals to him far more than the fact that by buying one of the new issues he can get a little bit more income.

Stability of Earning Power

Among the preferred shares issued twelve or fifteen years ago when most of the big industrial consolidations were taking place there are some whose record since has been anything but enviable, but, glancing down the list, one is struck by the number of issues which have consistently earned their dividends by a fair margin and paid them without a break. That, after all, is the great test of the first of the three qualities which the investor looks for in making an investment of this kind—stability of earning power. We earned our dividend twice over last year, more than one of the companies recently issuing new stock are able to say, and the year before that we earned it three times over. Very well, as far as it goes, but how about the year before that and the year before *that?* Business has been good and a record of the preferred dividend earned several times over is nothing remarkable. Go back four years, eight years, ten years, to a time when business wasn't good. Suppose you had had this preferred stock outstanding at that time; would you have been able to pay the dividend on it regularly?

The past, after all, is the very best indicator of the future. However shrewd a business man you may be, to foretell the effect of changing trade conditions on the earnings of the company in whose shares you happen to be interested is impossible. But what you can do is this: you can acquaint yourself with what has happened in the past and from that get some sort of a line on what is apt to happen in the future. Through the semi-crisis of 1903, we will say, and the depression of 1908, the company earned enough regularly to pay its preferred dividend. But, it is objected, that doesn't prove that conditions cannot develop in 1913 or 1914 such as to force a suspension of such dividends. No, it doesn't prove it; nothing can prove it but the event itself. But what it does do is to furnish reasonable ground for the assumption that if the company went through those trying times without having to reduce its preferred dividend, it will be able to go through whatever lies ahead without reducing its preferred dividend.

Earnings and Yield

In the second of the qualities essential to an investment of this kind, liberal margin of earnings over dividend requirements, most of the old-line preferred industrials are exceedingly strong. However the capitalization of some of these companies may in the beginning have been "watered," the preferred shares, in the great majority of cases represent not merely good-will or even earning power, but actual value. If there was any "watering" done, it was done through the issue of common stock not preferred.

Run down the list of earnings on these preferred stocks for the past year or two, and it will be found surprising in how many cases earnings applicable to preferred dividends exceeded requirements from two to five times over. Nor is this because these issues of preferred shares, proportionate to total capitalization, are small. Most of them, on the contrary, are proportionately large. There is just one reason why earnings make the showing they do, and that is that these preferred shares represent real money hard at work.

In the third essential quality, a fair rate of income to the buyer, the old-line industrial preferreds make quite as favorable a showing as in the other two. In these days of a four-and-a-half-per-cent. yield on savings-bank bonds it is to be expected that industrial stocks should yield a liberal return, but whether investors in general quite realize the seven and eight per cent. income obtainable from some of the most seasoned of the industrial preferred shares is very much of a question.

Out of a list of an even dozen seven-per-cent. industrial preferred stocks actively traded in on the New York Stock Exchange and every one of which has an unbroken and unaltered dividend rate *since the organization of the company*, just half are at present selling within a few points of par. In some cases the price is a little above, in some a little below, the average yield working out at only a trifle less than seven per cent.

The Manufacturing Group

The industrial preferred shares actively traded in on the New York Stock Exchange and which have an unbroken dividend record divide themselves into six classes.

First and numerically, at least, most important is the miscellaneous manufacturing group. Under this head come National Biscuit, American Woolen, Central Leather, and International Harvester.

Among the preferred industrials "Biscuit" is an aristocrat, in price, in spite of everything that has happened, having held up to a point where the yield to the buyer is only about six per cent. At that the stock is lower than at any time since just after the panic, when it sold down to 102.

During each of the past three years (this in the face of strong and growing competition) the dividend on the preferred stock has been earned more than two and a half times over. During 1910 and 1909 it was earned more than twice over.

American Woolen is an entirely different proposition. Since the company was formed, it is true, Woolen preferred has never failed to pay its regular seven per cent., but since the company was formed, it is also true, it has never failed to enjoy the protection of a high tariff on wool. What will happen under the new order of things is problematical. That there is considerable doubt as to the continuance of the seven-per-cent. dividend is proved by the decline in the price of the stock to a point where it nets the buyer over nine per cent.

For the low price at which Central Leather preferred is at present selling the company's "spotty" earnings record is principally responsible. In 1909, for example, the preferred dividend was earned twice over. During the next two years it was only partly earned. Nineteen hundred and twelve saw it earned two and a half times. That is the way the company's earnings run. Ever since it was started earnings during good years have been enough to offset earnings during years when business was poor. From a preferred stockholder's standpoint that is not an ideal condition, but, so far, at least, it has resulted in the dividend being regularly paid.

International Harvester is a newer company than any of the others, but ever since the beginning earnings have been on such a scale as to leave not the slightest room for question as to the safety of the dividend on the preferred. During no year of the six in which the company has been in existence has the preferred dividend been earned less than twice over. In 1909 it was earned three times; in 1910 within a fraction of four times; in 1911 three and a half times. Certainly no greater assurance as to the safety of the preferred dividend could be asked. Yet the stock is selling at a price at which it nets the buyer almost six and one-quarter per cent.

The Steel and Sugar Groups

In the steel group about the only active issue that has an unbroken record is United States Steel preferred. Just why this stock, as an investment, enjoys such favor with the public can be seen from a glance at the record of its earnings. In 1912 and 1911 the preferred dividend was earned more than twice over; in 1910 and 1909 by considerably more than three times. Even back in 1908, when business in every direction was suffering severely from the effects of the panic, the corporation earned $45,000,000 available for dividends as against requirements of only $25,000,000 for the dividend on its preferred.

Whatever the outcome of the dissolution suit against the company and whatever the effect of tariff revision, the dividend on Steel preferred would seem to be as safe as anything could well be. At its present price the stock yields approximately six and one-half per cent.

Among the stocks in the sugar group, American Sugar Refining preferred has always held the same kind of an exalted position as that occupied by National Biscuit among the manufacturing shares. Earnings applicable to preferred dividends, in 1912, were two and a half times in excess of requirements. In 1911 they exceeded requirements almost four times. Until recently little publicity was given the earnings or affairs of the company; but in few investors' minds does there seem to be the slightest doubt that, come what may in the line of tariff changes, earnings will remain ample to take care of the dividend on the preferred.

By no means in so fortunate a position is American Beet Sugar. To a very great extent the company's business has been built up behind the protection of the high-tariff wall, and ever since it has been plain that the sugar duty would be among the first to go, its securities have been steadily losing favor. With regard to the preferred, however, it must be borne in mind that it is a very small issue and that it doesn't take much in the way of earnings to pay a six-per-cent. dividend on it.

The Tobacco Group and the "Equipments"

In the tobacco group American Snuff and American Tobacco both earn the dividends on their preferred shares so many times over that the price at which these securities sell is merely a matter of current income yield. The fire of government investigation and prosecution, moreover, having been passed through, and these companies being thus "immune," there is entirely lacking that disturbing element present in the case of so many of the big industrial companies. Snuff and Tobacco preferred, consequently, sell at the highest level of any of the preferred industrials.

Coming to the railway equipment manufacturing group, we find here four preferred stocks all of which have paid seven per cent. since organization, but of which only one earns its preferred dividend with anything much to spare. Even in the case of the exception, American Car and Foundry, the margin is not very great. In 1912 this company earned its preferred dividend one and a half times over; in 1911 and 1910 not quite twice over. Even that, however, is a much better showing than any of the other "equipments" are able to make. Pressed Steel Car, for instance, has only once during the past five years (1909) earned its preferred dividend twice over, the balance available last year and the year before having been just barely sufficient to meet requirements. American Locomotive in this regard made a good showing in 1911, but in 1912 and 1910 earned the amount needed for the preferred dividend by only a very narrow margin. Railway Steel Spring makes a better showing, with the preferred dividend earned almost twice over last year and in 1910; but not even the recent declaration of a dividend on the common makes it seem as though the dividend on the preferred were any too well secured.

The Fertilizer Group and the "Metals"

Surprising weakness, in view of the position into which they seemed to be working a year or so ago, has been shown in the shares of the chemical-fertilizer companies; but that the long-established dividend on either Virginia-Carolina Chemical or American Agricultural Chemical will have to be cut appears highly unlikely. For five years running American Agricultural's preferred dividend has been earned at least twice over. V.-C., it is true, has not been able to make quite so good a showing during the past two years, but has, nevertheless, earned its dividend by a substantial margin. Both of these stocks, particularly Virginia-Carolina Chemical, are selling at prices where they yield a liberal return.

In the so-called "metal group" American Smelting and Refining preferred is selling as low as it is for only one reason, and that is the fear of a government suit. Concerning the earnings of "Smelters," not much detailed information has been available, but from the figures given out for 1911 and 1912 it appears that the preferred dividend must have been earned close upon twice over in each of those years. In view of the substantial amounts being carried to surplus after payment of the four-per-cent. dividend on the common, the dividend on the preferred would be seen to be more than reasonably well assured.

Remarkable uniformity is shown in the earnings on National Lead preferred during the past five years, the margin above requirements in no year having been anything remarkable; but, on the other hand, there having been no time when the preferred dividend was not earned with enough to spare.



From Bronze in the private Galleries of C. W. Post.

Breaking the Bonds of Habit

Most of us cling to the things of life which please the senses, and continued indulgence leads to fixed habits—some good, others exacting a heavy penalty.

If any habit, such as coffee drinking, is found to interfere with one's welfare and comfort, it's time to break away.

Medical opinion and the research of pure food scientists agree that the coffee habit is extremely harmful to many persons.

It is hard to induce people to give up coffee, but if they are given the pure-food drink

POSTUM

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The ever-increasing demand for Postum amply proves its worth as a safe table beverage for those who seek the freedom and power which come with mental and physical poise.

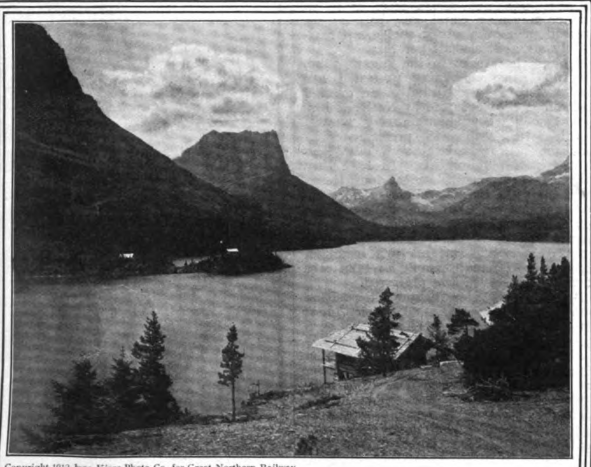
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Break your journey to or from the Pacific Coast by a stop-over at Glacier National Park. It will be a new and *wonderful* experience. A few days in this scenic wonderland will provide material for a life-time of vivid, pleasant recollections—and at a comparatively trifling cost.

For instance, $22 covers the total expense of a four-day tour to exquisite Lake St. Mary, in the very heart of the scenic region of the Park, by automobile, launch and stage, including a visit to the unique and cozy Chalets at Many-Glacier and Going-to-the-Sun Camps—the paradise of the mountain-trout fisherman. An almost unlimited number of other tours, covering one to twelve days or an entire season, may be arranged at a correspondingly low cost.

Vacations $1 to $5 per Day

The accommodations throughout the Park cannot be excelled. In addition to the famous chain of Swiss Chalet Camps, a magnificent new hotel has just been completed, offering every modern luxury and convenience. It is built of huge logs in perfect harmony with its natural setting. Every room is electrically lighted and heated, swimming pool and shower baths in basement. Enormous open fireplaces typify and crystallize the spirit of hospitality and generous welcome that is evident from the moment of your arrival. Low fares every day.

An excellent opportunity is afforded to observe the tribal dances and ceremonies of the Blackfeet Indians—one of the most interesting and picturesque of all surviving tribes. Stop off at Glacier Park Station.

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An ensemble from the performance of Gilbert & Sullivan's fantastic operetta



One of the pretty fairy scenes in "Iolanthe"



Left to right: Cecil Cunningham, George McFarlane, and De Wolf Hopper

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

A Noteworthy Revival of the Spring Theatrical Season—Scenes from Gilbert & Sullivan's "Iolanthe" as Presented at the Casino by the Gilbert & Sullivan Opera Company

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Portland's Street Railways

Pacific Coast cities were accorded the largest percentage of growth in population *in* the most recent census. They grew equally as fast in all conveniences requisite to modern development. The city of Port*land,* Oregon, recorded an increase of 129 per cent. for the ten years from 1900 to 1910. Coincident with this remarkable growth *there* was just as great an increase, if not more, in its street-car facilities and *in the* distribution of light and power through the use of electricity. Portland to-day has a street-car for every 320 of its popu*lation,* which represents a larger percentage than possessed by Minneapolis, *St.* Paul, Kansas City, Denver, Milwaukee, and of any city in the United States having 250,000 population. This condition tells the story of a highly developed and modern street-railway system.

Cities to-day only grow by means of rapid transportation. The suburban population that lives five and even ten miles out from the heart of the business district is just as good a patron of the retail merchant as the man who lives two blocks away, providing he can be delivered in front of the store within a reasonable time. The radius of city operation, from a retail standpoint, has grown in America only to the extent of the growth of rapid transportation. Forty years ago the city limits, so far as the down-town district was concerned, was confined within a circumscribed circle of two or three miles. To-day it reaches out ten miles and even beyond, all due to the trolley-car. In this particular Portland stands well to the front when compared with other cities of the country. The street-car lines radiate in all directions, going north to St. Johns, a distance of 10 miles; to the south to Lents, 8 miles; and to the east, 6 miles. Portland proper has 54 square miles of territory, and within this area is located nearly 200 miles of street-car track.

The city is possessed of but one street-car company, and transfers are issued in one continuous direction. During the year 1912, 90,000,000 passengers traveled upon the street-cars of Portland, a number equal to the population of the United States. It is the consensus of opinion that better operation and better service are obtainable from one company than if two or three are in the field producing duplication of investment and a duplication of fares in going from one line to another. The company which operates the street-car line in Portland is known as the Portland Railway, Light & Power Company. It is controlled by the Clark interests of Philadelphia, and under the direct management of B. S. Josselyn, its president. It not only handles the urban transportation, but is the owner of one of the largest electric light and power plants upon the Pacific Coast. It has dams and auxiliary steam plants which produce 80,000 horse-power of electrical energy—an enormous quantity — and stands third in this respect upon the coast.

Portland is one of the very marvelous cities in the country in its consumption of electrical energy. The company has 37,000 customers within its field of operation, the population of which is short of 300,000. When it is considered that Philadelphia, with a population of 1,500,000, has not a larger number of consumers of electrical energy than Portland, the remarkable development of this feature of modern service is discernible. The company is the owner of four large hydro-electric power plants located at Oregon City, Estacada, Cazadero, and Bull Run. The electrical energy from these points is brought to the city by means of high-tension transmission lines.

Through economical management, the company has been able to furnish manufacturers electrical energy at a very low rate, and thus the city has been enabled to grow much faster than if it depended upon other forms of power-producing fuel. Some idea of the rapid growth of this company might be inferred from the fact that in 1907 the company had 12,294 electric-light customers, and there were produced 72,849,141 kilowatt hours of electricity, while in 1911 the number of customers was 32,192, and the kilowatt hours of electricity totaled 152,244,267. In 1907 the gross earnings of the company were $3,982,657, and in 1911 $6,336,703.

The company has made a special effort to provide cheap power for manufacturing purposes. It has adopted a rather broad policy along these lines, believing that whatever develops the community from a commercial point of view would necessarily be reflected in the earning power of the company. It has maintained an equitable rate for its product and has taken a deeper interest in the natural growth of the community than has been the experience of other cities. ***

The Opal

Experts in such matters assure us that among jewels the opal alone defies the ingenuity of the imitator. This stone owes its charm not so much to its own intrinsic merits as to the splendor of the rays of light it reflects. It has been called "the chameleon of stones" and it has always been a great favorite with lovers of gems. Nearly two thousand years ago Pliny remarked that it "displays at once the piercing fire of carbuncles, the purple brilliancy of amethysts, and the sea green of emeralds, the whole blended together and refulgent with a brightness that is quite incredible."

The opal is a stone "with a temper." The diamond rises superior to climate, as does the ruby, the emerald, and the sapphire, but the opal is of such delicate organization that, when exposed to severe cold, it loses color, and under the influence of excessive moisture becomes dull. It is a curious fact, however, that the temperature of one's hand will cause it to resume its wonted fire and brilliancy, as will also be the case when it is exposed to the direct rays of the sun.

The opal has always been invested with much charm, mystery, and superstition. The Greeks believed that it possessed the power of bestowing second sight on those under its influence, provided the stone were not employed toward selfish ends. Misuse of the opal resulted in divers misfortunes. And so originated the notion that the opal was unlucky. Succeeding generations have kept alive this superstition, which has been utilized by many writers, among whom may be mentioned Sir Walter Scott, by whom, in "Anne of Geierstein," the opal is made to play an unfortunate part.

The Romans were so fond of the opal that they bestowed upon it the name of "lovely youth," but, curiously enough, they, sharing in most of the Greek superstitions with regard to gems, did not deem the opal unlucky.

During the Middle Ages there were not wanting those who shared the Roman weakness for the opal and it entered largely into the adornment of both sexes.

The Sanitary Laws of Moses

There have been gathered a collection of facts to prove that the sanitary laws of Moses were not only on a line with the modern rules of hygiene, but in some cases in advance of them.

The Jew thousands of years before Christ, settling in a semi-tropical country, was forbidden to eat pork or shell-fish, and milk was designated as a source of contagion. In the Talmud a method of slaughtering animals was prescribed which is acknowledged to-day in our markets as the most sanitary.

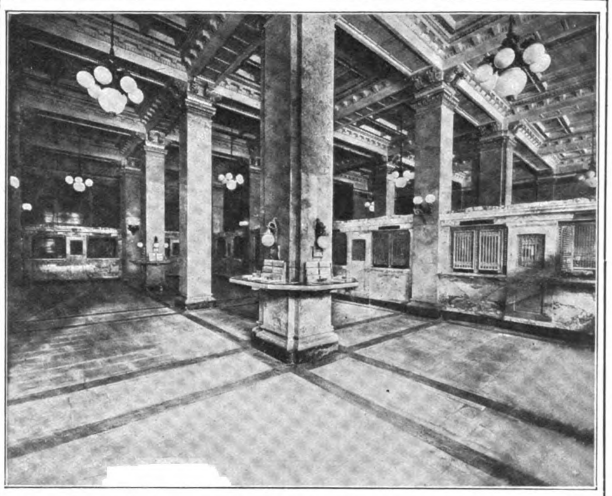
Five thousand years before Koch gave to the world the results of his researches in bacteriology the Mosaic law pointed out the danger to man from tuberculosis in cattle, but did not forbid infected poultry as food. It was only a few years ago that German specialists discovered that fowl tuberculosis was harmless to man.

The Mosaic law also enforced the isolation of patients with contagious diseases and the burial of the dead outside all cities. These hints the Gentile world did not fully accept until a century or two ago.

The wise lawgiver prescribed not only fasting at certain periods of the year, but the removal of whole families in summer out to camps, where for a time they could live close to nature. Many of the laws of Moses were prescriptions intended for the health of both mind and body.

A Methusaleh of the Sea

There was broken up lately at Teneriffe, the Canary Islands, what was undoubtedly the oldest ship in the world. It was the Italian ship *Anita*, built in Genoa in 1548, and almost an exact duplicate of the *Santa Maria*, the famous galleon in which Columbus made his voyage of discovery. The *Anita* was built for strength rather than for grace or speed. She was broad-beamed and clumsy, but she had weathered hurricanes and typhoons in all parts of the seas, and escaped unharmed from the perils of the deep, from Cape Horn to Hudson Bay. She had a world's record as the slowest ship afloat, averaging two two hundred and five days between Baltimore, Maryland, and Rio de Janeiro. As her lack of speed was losing money for her owner, and as she seemed destined to defy the elements and enrich Lloyds indefinitely as long as she remained afloat, it was decided to sell her for what she would bring for metal and employ the proceeds in the construction of a new vessel.



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PORTLAND, OREGON

:: *Established 1859* ::

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Surplus and Undivided Profits	1,000,000
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UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK

Portland, Ore.

U. S. DEPOSITORY

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Surplus	*1,000,000.00*
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An Unfortunate Inventor

IT is an interesting fact that the ancients knew the secret of malleable crystal. In the time of Tiberius an artisan invented malleable glass, and the shop in which he worked was wrecked for fear that his discovery would bring about a reduction in the price of bronze, gold, and silverware.

Pliny refers to this legend, and years after another author relates the same story with variations. According to him, the artisan, who was also an architect, restored from partial ruin one of the handsomest of Roman porches. Tiberius, having a notorious jealousy of any man who surpassed himself even in matters entirely outside his province, took a violent dislike to one who, he said, was trying to undermine the well-established order of things. Tiberius pointed out that, if the ancient porch had not been restored, hundreds of workmen might have been given labor in the construction of a new one. The man was, accordingly, banished. Naturally, the architect reasoned that if he could convince the head of the state of the good that might result from the numerous ideas he had evolved, the Emperor would modify his opinion and even assist him in the maturing of certain of his plans. So he went back to Rome and obtained an interview with Tiberius.

The Emperor is described as listening patiently to what he had to say and finally demanding proof. For answer the man flung to the floor a crystal goblet, which dented, and bent it back into shape with his own hands. He was thereupon condemned to death.

Still another version is that Tiberius, in a rage at the impudence of one who claimed to do what a Cæsar could not, smashed the crystal and sat spellbound when the artisan took a hammer and, twisting it as if it were copper, made a vase of it. The Emperor then calmly asked him what else he could do in the way of wonders, and, being told that this was all, had the man executed.

An Unpretentious Queen

New York is not a boastful city.—*Colonel* GEORGE HARVEY *at the American Bankers Association banquet.*

THE truth is mighty, Colonel:
New York boasts not at all,
Although she's got all others
Backed up against the wall,
And like a potent goddess,
As strong as she is fair,
She sticks to her position
And simply keeps them there.

New York's unquestioned prestige
In commerce and in art,
In finance and in science
And every other part
And parcel of our progress,
Is so obviously pat
It is not necessary
For her to boast of that.

The biggest and the richest
In all this big rich land,
So openly apparent
That all may understand,
New York would be reflecting
On common knowledge should
She make the slightest mention
Of how and where she stood.

The truth is mighty, Colonel:
New York, from coast to coast,
As matchless, is admitted;
She does not have to boast.
But if she did, say, Colonel,
The style of boast that she
Would hand out to the public
Would bulge infinity.

W. J. LAMPTON, *in the New York Times.*

Lights Under the Waves

THAT ships may reach their wharves by night some kind of apparatus for "tracking" harbors has long been desired. A Frenchman some time ago offered his government an invention of this kind and it is now being tested. It provides for a series of "stars" arranged according to the particular requirements of the harbor under consideration, these stars being reflections from submarine cylindrical tubes in the back of which electric bulbs are located. The lights are turned on from a switchboard aboveground and are designed to secure safe passage for incoming vessels.

Another subaquatic light has been invented for the use of biologists on scientific expeditions. By its means persons in a boat are able to observe the smallest details to a depth of twenty-one feet underwater and sometimes with clearness as far as twenty-seven feet. The light is suspended within the water and traverses a triangular prism in such a way as to illuminate a very large extent of submarine territory.

Pacific Power & Light Co.

THE Pacific Power & Light Company is one of the largest public-utility corporations in the Pacific Northwest. It was organized in 1910, and is controlled by the American Power & Light Company of 71 Broadway, New York. Isolated and disconnected electric light and power plants were acquired with the object in view of welding them together into one homogeneous and continuous system to effect the utmost economy and efficiency in operation and to make possible continuity of service. With these electric light and power plants, gas, water, and street and interurban railway properties were purchased.

The Company serves forty communities in eastern Washington and eastern Oregon along the Columbia River, as well as Astoria on the Oregon coast, and Lewiston, Idaho, with an estimated population of 102,000, inclusive of the rural communities served. The total generating capacity is 18,475 kw., of which 12,350 are hydro-electric and 6,125 steam power. At present 10,000 kw. are in process of development, making an ultimate total capacity of 28,475 kw. The plants are located at Naches, North Yakima, Prosser, Kennewick, Marengo, Waitsburg, Walla Walla, Priest Rapids, Tygh Valley, Husum, Goldendale, Hood River and Astoria, all of which, with the exception of Marengo, Tygh Valley, Hood River, Husum, Goldendale and Astoria, comprise one continuous system of high-tension transmission lines. There are 350 miles of 66,000 volt lines, which are fed by eight generating plants, 125 miles of 22,500 volt lines and 250 miles of 6,600 volt lines, exclusive of the distributing lines.

The Company's gas plants are located at Walla Walla and North Yakima, Washington, Pendleton, and Astoria, Oregon, and Lewiston, Idaho, and it serves gas to Clarkston, Washington, from the latter plant. It also supplies water to the cities of North Yakima, Prosser, Kennewick and Pasco, Washington. The street railway in Astoria, Oregon, is operated by this Company, and it owns the Walla Walla Valley Railway Company, operating a street railway of about 10 miles and an interurban line extending to Freewater and Milton, Oregon, of 15 miles.

One of the primary objects of the Company in making such a large investment in the Pacific Northwest was to develop irrigation power business. At present there are thousands of acres of arid land in the valley of the Columbia River and tributary valleys, having an annual precipitation of only five to fifteen inches; whereas, to produce vegetation, they need between twenty-seven and thirty-six inches per year. With this necessary amount of water the land can be made to produce luxuriant, varied and high-class products.

After only two years of irrigation activity this Company has secured 285 new customers, having a total of about 2,500 horsepower connected, making a total maximum irrigation load of 5,000 horse-power. These plants, owned by individual ranchers and irrigation companies, show conclusively the demand for such service.

Portland Gas & Coke Co.

THE Portland Gas & Coke Company is the second largest public-utility corporation in Oregon, was organized in 1910, and is controlled by the American Power & Light Company of New York, and is the only company supplying gas in the city of Portland.

Since acquired in 1910, extensive improvements, additions and extensions have been made to supply the ever-increasing demands due to the rapid growth of Portland, and it has been necessary to make enormous expenditures during the past few years, as will be noted from the following comparisons:

The total miles of mains were increased from 318 in 1910 to 518 in 1912, at a cost of $301,000.00 in 1910, $655,000.00 in 1911, and $626,000.00 in 1912, while the output has increased from 1,078,000,000 cu. ft. in 1910 to 1,470,000,000 cu. ft. in 1912. The total number of customers in 1910 was 24,000, and 34,600 in 1912. The population of the district served has increased from 207,000 in 1910 to 225,000 in 1912. To cope with this phenomenal increase necessitated a total expenditure for construction and improvements approximating $500,000.00 in 1910, $900,000.00 in 1911, $1,100,000.00 in 1912, and it is estimated that $1,500,000.00 will be required for 1913.

With a view of supplying the future demands of Portland, this Company is building an immense gas generating station six miles from Portland, which, when completed, will be the largest and represent the latest and most up-to-date plant of its kind ever erected on the Coast. Four hundred thousand dollars has been expended on the plant up to January 1, 1913, and it will require $600,000.00 [illegible] plete. The initial capacity will be 7,000,000 cu. ft. per day, and will consist of four units, which will be completed by the middle of 1913. The ultimate capacity will be 15,000,000 cu. ft. per day, with eight units, and will, probably, be completed by 1917.

The new plant is located on a street car line, a railroad and the Willamette River, giving it every transportation advantage.

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Willamette Iron and Steel Works

In the Pacific coast country the logging *conditions* are quite different from those found in any other locality in the world, in that the country is extremely rough and *broken* and the timber grows very thickly and to a large size. The result of these conditions is that logging operations are *carried on* with considerable difficulty and at very great expense. The most accessible timber which was located near water or *near a railroad* has been to a large extent logged. As the timber recedes from these locations the difficulty of placing the logs on the *market* cheaply becomes greater and greater. Various methods have been pursued in logging this timber, depending on local conditions, but it is practically universally conceded that the only feasible and economical method now possible is the use of some sort of steam equipment. The ox teams have been discarded entirely and horses are used only in the open timber districts of eastern Oregon and Idaho, but even here the steam-engine is gradually displacing the horses.

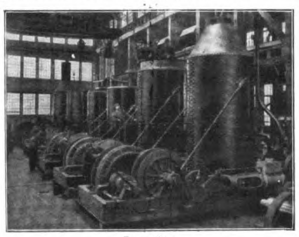


The Largest Logging Engine in the World

A variety of types of steam-"donkeys" are in use, but these machines are gradually becoming standardized, so that two types have been adopted as those best capable of doing the work. These are the tandem drum long-haul or road engines, and the narrow drum yarding-engines. During the past ten years these two types of machines have been developed to a very high point of efficiency and have reached extremely large proportions. Ten years ago the average logging-engine weighed from 15,000 to 20,000 pounds. The engines being used to-day vary in weight from 35,000 to 60,000 pounds.

As a result of this demand for special logging machinery there has grown up on the Pacific coast a line of industry which is peculiar to this country. Blocks, hooks, spools, and other accessories, with the exception of the cable, are being manufactured by these companies to the exclusion of all other competitive manufacturers of similar equipment. This is likewise true of the engines which are used, and it is extremely seldom that an engine will be seen in any camp which has been built outside the states of Oregon and Washington.

The greatest progress in the design and manufacture of logging-engines for Pacific coast conditions has been made by the Willamette Iron and Steel Works, of Portland, Oregon, who for the past twelve years have devoted their entire efforts to the development of a suitable line of engines that would meet the severe conditions of service placed upon them. Probably no other equipment in the world is subject to such trying service as that of these logging-engines. The demands upon them are frequently beyond their normal capacity, and from the nature of their work it is difficult to give them the attention that such machinery should have, yet one of these machines as now built, when given reasonable care continues to do this excessive work for long periods without undue deterioration.



Interior

The plant covers four and one-half acres of ground in the northern part of the city, with the very best facilities for shipment by either rail or water, and when working to full capacity the company employs from three hundred to four hundred men. The annual product is one hundred and fifty logging-engines per year, with a maximum capacity of one engine per day. In fact this record has been surpassed when seventy-six engines were shipped in seventy-one successive days last year. This plant is modern in every particular and is equipped with the finest machine tools, automatic and special apparatus of any manufacturer of steel or iron products on the Pacific coast. Their engines are recognized to be the highest-grade logging-engines ever produced, and are being used almost exclusively by all the large up-to-date loggers.

Treating Sick Fish

THE "fish doctors" at the big aquariums accomplish some extraordinary feats in treating sick fish and restoring them to health and vigor.

One sick fish, a salmon, was received in such a weak and exhausted condition that it was actually unable to keep itself "righted up," but lay on its side at the bottom of the tank, a fatal position for a fish to assume by reason of the obstruction thus occasioned to the gill cover.

Now the gills of the fish are practically its lungs, through which from the water it absorbs the air needed to sustain life. By opening and closing the gill covers the fish controls the passage over its gills of the constant supplies of water wherefrom it extracts the air. It will thus be seen that if a fish in the condition of the one mentioned were deprived of half its respiratory power, as it would be by lying on its side and so closing one gill cover, it could not long survive.

In the case mentioned the fish was righted into its natural position, its belly on the bottom of the tank and propped up between two dip-nets, one on each side, with the netting of each thrown so as to constitute a sort of cushion. Propped up in this way, the fish could get its full supply of air for its gills.

Then the water was lowered in the tank, so that that remaining became proportionately more highly charged with air from the inflow. Besides the regular "intake," water was introduced from a hose that could be delivered at any point in the tank. Now all "living" water contains more or less air and this hose was placed down not far from the nose of the salmon, at a point where the fish could derive the greatest benefit from its flow before it mingled with the tank water.

By these means the salmon was sufficiently revived so that it might move about. It slid out from between the nets and undertook to look out for itself. But it had been too "previous" and soon it was down again once more on its side. Again it was propped up; and soon it again made efforts to move about a bit. A dozen times or more during the course of the day did this occur, but it gained in strength all the while and at about the fifteenth trial it proved able to take care of itself. Eventually it recovered entirely and for a long while was the strongest salmon in the tank.

Green Gravel

FIDELIA goes sadly and sits in the door.
She spins or she stares at the white sanded floor.
She has never a visitor all the day long,
And she sings very softly this foolish old song:

"Green Gravel, Green Gravel, your grass is so green!
The sweetest, the sweetest that ever was seen.
Fidelia, Fidelia, your sweetheart is dead,
He sent you a letter to turn back your head."

But when it is evening she wanders away
And watches the children who come out to play.
The children are happy and dance in a ring
And over and over they merrily sing:

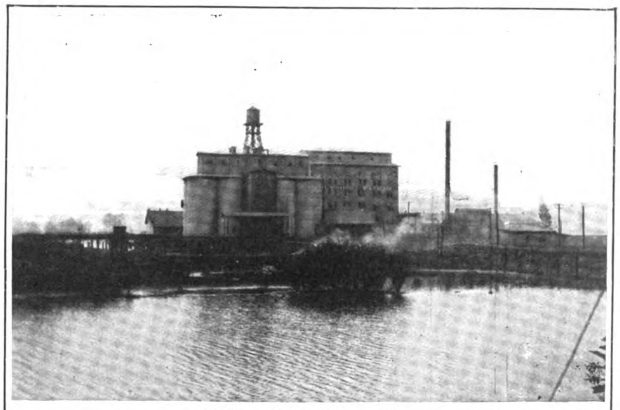
"Green Gravel, Green Gravel, your grass is so green!
The sweetest, the sweetest that ever was seen."
She wants to sing with them and join in their fun,
But when she comes near them away they all run.

So late in the twilight she sings all alone
And drearily dances around a white stone:
"Fidelia, Fidelia, your sweetheart is dead,
He sent you a letter to turn back your head."

ALINE KILMER.

The Ruling-Machine

UNDER the primitive methods, 100 reams of double-cap paper can be ruled on both sides with faint lines by the use of a hand ruling-machine in 146 hours as against 12 hours on a ruling-machine with steam power, a ratio of over 12 to 1 in favor of the modern method. One hundred reams of single-cap paper, with faint lines on both sides, required 4,800 hours under the old method of a ruler and a quill, but under the modern method, with a ruling-machine, the work is accomplished in two hours and forty-five minutes, a ratio of 1,900 to 1 in favor of the modern method.



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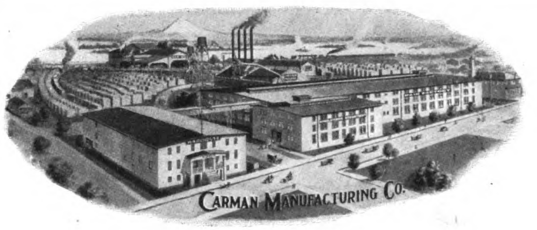


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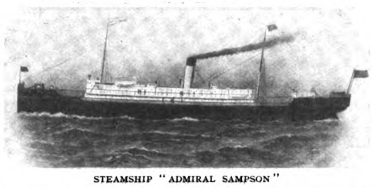
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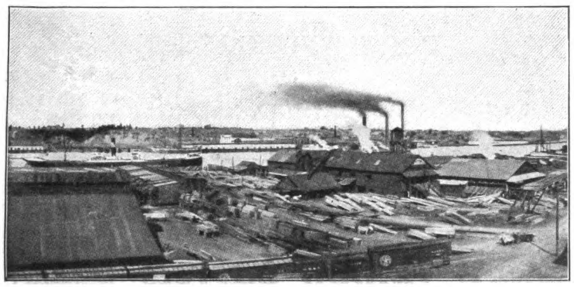
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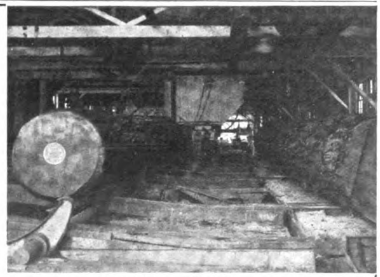
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An Electric Hotel

IN the Boulevard des Italiens, one of the most elegant streets of the French metropolis, there is a marvelous hotel. It is called "La Maison Electrique" and is the result of the genius of its proprietor, Mr. George Knapp. It has the unique quality of not using servants of any kind. From porter, bell-boy, chambermaid, and waitress to bootblack all the work done and all the calls are answered by electricity.

On getting out of his motor at the door, the arrival puts his feet on a movable carpet which carries him to the hotel office. Here, instead of a key, he is given a magnetic combination which opens his room. His baggage is taken to his room in an electric hoist and dumped into a position in his closet.

The traveler ascends in an elevator which is furnished with a series of buttons containing the numbers on the various floors; he presses the one which corresponds with the number of his room and the car stops to let him off.

This hotel has no fixed staircases whatever. Everything is either elevator, moving platform, or escalator; and the person who gets into one or finds himself standing upon the other has not to move until he gets to the top.

Each room is furnished with boot-cleaners, and by pressing the necessary button one can get all desired toilet articles, from brush and comb to shaving-soap and face-powder. The buttons are arranged with reference to meals as well. Coffee and rolls, for example, can be had by pressing the button which has written over it the words "Light breakfast." Some of the other buttons read: "Wine," "Beer," "Breakfast," "Menu," "Hour," etc. By pressing the "Hour" button a panel appears in which is marked the exact time of day. When a meal is ordered in this manner a door under the button opens presently, and a table is pushed forward with a tray on it containing the desired supply.

Each room has telephone, electric light, electric appliances for bath and massage, cigar-lighters, etc.

Nor are there any waiters in the dining-room, nor "tips" required. The guest seats himself at a table, takes up the bill of fare, writes his order with an electric pen he finds at his side, and his order is carried automatically to the kitchen in the basement, where the "chef" does the rest—with the aid of electric buttons and the cook. The dishes are sent up to the guest by a dumbwaiter which buzzes, and he has only to press another button to have everything deposited in order before him.

And, to cap the climax, there is a pianola in the room that will play for him any tune he desires.

The Chinese "Boy"

CHINESE "boys" or waiters have their virtues—also drawbacks. In appearance they are picturesque enough. True, the pigtail has been discarded by many, but half of their number at least still stick to the old-fashioned queue. Nor has the Chinese waiter come as yet to wear the regulation attire of his Occidental brother. The usual costume consists of a long blue linen robe open at the side and bordered at the neck and wrists by a thin white stripe, the whole worn over white trousers that fit tightly at the ankles. The feet are shod with felt slippers which enable the "boy" to dodge swiftly and silently around tables and along corridors, on floor or carpet.

These "boys" are keen observers. Otherwise the few Occidental words which they have managed to pick up would not fit them for their duties, or anything like it, in hotels. They make it their business, in fact, to interest themselves in their clients, and when a visitor has been attended by a certain "boy" for several days, the latter begins to understand his habits and anticipate his wishes. Of his readiness in this respect some amusing stories are told. Thus, a guest at a Peking hotel wished to obtain a raw carrot that he might moisten some tobacco which the heat had dried. Vainly he tried in English and French to make his want known to his Chinese attendant. At length, as a last resource, he drew a picture of the vegetable, which, with its leaves, he colored in appropriate red and green. The boy, delighted, ran off and came back presently with a radish. In excuse, however, it should be added that the Peking radishes are large and shaped long. Moreover, the boy had provided himself with a carrot in case the radish did not satisfy.

Chinese servants are the despair of housewives. Domestic thefts, indeed, form part of an official system. A boy who considers he has been unjustly dismissed from a family lures away with him his fellow-servants, and the establishment is placed under a ban. To find substitutes while the alleged grievance remains unremedied is impossible. It happens, therefore, at times, that an unfortunate family, deserted by their help, take up their abode with a compassionate acquaintance. The servants of their host announce to him, however, that his visitors are boycotted and that they themselves will leave in a body if the interdicted ones continue to enjoy his hospitality.

Portland Union Stock Yards Co.

THE Portland Union Stock Yards and its kindred industries are recognized throughout the entire Northwest as one of the chief assets of a great and growing country.

The present institution, opened to the public in September, 1909, was the outgrowth of a local stock yards. The equipment of these yards is recognized by all authorities on such matters as being the last word in stock-yards construction.

Coincident with the opening of the new yards, the management began a campaign of education throughout the Northwest, looking forward to a larger and better production of live stock, "More and Better Hogs" in particular being their slogan, and the results of this campaign are making themselves felt, over 100 per cent. increase in hog production having been shown for the year 1912 as against the previous year.

The Union Stock Yards was one of the first institutions in the United States to realize the benefits to be derived from an unselfish support of its Agricultural Colleges and the Public School System, in their campaign among the young men, women and children of the country for broader and better education along live stock and agricultural lines. They realized fully that prosperity throughout the country meant consequent growth of the city and its own industry, and that prosperity could best be obtained by instilling into the minds of the coming generation a love for the soil, the things which come from the soil, and those animals which live upon its products. Having this in view, the Union Stock Yards, in connection with the State Bankers Association, furnished a fund, jointly, to the Oregon Agricultural College and to the Superintendent of Public Instruction, by which two agricultural and live stock evangelists were sent among the school children of the state. At the end of the season the results of the efforts of over 70,000 children in the State of Oregon were shown at the State Fair. This campaign among the school children of the state has excited nation-wide enthusiasm and the Legislature of the State of Oregon was so alive to the value of this work that they have made an appropriation to carry it along in a broader way.

This is the coming country for the growing of alfalfa; the "staff of life" for hundreds of thousands of cattle, hogs and sheep; and with an institution such as the Union Stock Yards to take care of their output, the farmers and stock growers of other states should have no hesitancy in making any of the states of the Northwest their future homes. ***

Tiny German States

WHILE it is well known that some of the German states are of Lilliputian size, few persons are aware that it is quite possible to visit seven of them, including two kingdoms, two duchies, and three principalities, in an easy walk of four and a half hours.

A good walker, starting from Steinbach, in Bavaria, will arrive in half an hour at Lichtentanne, which is situated in Saxe-Meiningen. Thence the road proceeds in one and one-half hours to Rauschengesees (Reuss, Elder Branch), after which in a few minutes Gleima, in Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, is reached.

Half an hour's walk brings the pedestrian to Altengesees (Reuss, Younger Branch). An hour farther on lies Drognitz, on Prussian soil, and the last stage is another hour's stroll, finishing up at Saalthal, Saxe-Altenburg.

Killed by Light

THOSE who have studied the strange inhabitants of the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky say that the celebrated blind fish from that cavern, when placed in illuminated aquaria, seek out the darkest places, and it is believed that light is directly fatal to them, for they soon die if kept in a brightly lighted tank. The avoidance of light seems to be a general characteristic of the sightless creatures dwelling in the great cave. One authority tells of seeing an eyeless spider trying to avoid the light and animalcules from the waters of the cavern hiding under a grain of sand on the stage of a microscope. It is thought that the light in these cases is in some manner perceived through the sense of touch.

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Echoes

WORTHY OF EMULATION

George Harvey, in detailing the conversation which he had with John Pierpont Morgan before Morgan's final trip to Europe and Egypt, and after Mr. Morgan had given his testimony before the Pujo committee, gives information that is important to every American. It shows that Mr. Morgan had in him the essence of patriotism in a remarkable degree, in a degree that is worthy of emulation by every American citizen.

In his talk with Mr. Morgan, Colonel Harvey was commissioned to say to President Wilson that "if there ever should come a time when he thinks any influence or resources that I have can be used for the country, they are wholly at his disposal." This was undoubtedly a sincere, patriotic offer, and it was not an offer to be despised, for the resources of the Morgan house are something tremendous. It was an offer such as none but a liberty-loving, country-loving man would offer, a man patriotic at heart and wholly devoted to the Republic.

We cannot doubt, inasmuch as Mr. Morgan in his will left everything to the discretion of his chief heir and executors, coupled with the suggestion that they were to follow out his policies, but leaving them entirely free to do as they pleased, that they will be not only willing but anxious to conform to the message sent by Mr. Morgan to President Wilson, if ever the occasion which Mr. Morgan suggested should arise.

This offer of Morgan's was an offer distinctly worth while, and it is one that every American of great resources would do well to emulate.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

CANDID SUGGESTION

Exercising the privilege of old friendship, the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY tells President Woodrow Wilson bluntly that his recent political visit to New Jersey was ill-advised. New Jersey is a peculiar state, the editor points out—set in her ways, stiff-necked, provincial, and pernickety. New Jersey maintains to this day the chancery courts imported from England in colonial days. Dr. Wilson separated himself from his New Jersey job months ago; another man now governs there (and swats the bosses) in his stead. His speeches during the recent visit were too largely sequences of generalities rather than a getting down to brass tacks; so much so that Editor Dear of the *Jersey Journal*, his old college chum, was forced to say: "The President does not seem to know, or at least does not say, exactly what he wants." Some of the assemblymen resented his assertion that they were letting the bosses lead them around by the nose; some rebelliously declared that they knew more about the opinions and wishes of their constituents than he did; one actually challenged him to a joint debate. The editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY is more grieved (he says) than surprised; "New Jersey ought to have behaved better; even though she doesn't and never did recognize Mr. Wilson as a Jerseyman, like plain old Joel Parker, for example, or the aristocratic Cortlandt Parker or Mr. Frelinghuysen or John P. Stockton or even Mr. Stokes of our present day and generation." Conceding the excellence of the President's intentions, the candid friend would have him pay greater heed in future to perspective and method. "We frankly reiterate our own humble opinion," says the candid friend, "already expressed more than once in these columns that there is no place in the world from which a President of the United States can exert so great an influence as his own little island at the far end of the wide avenue which leads from Capitol Hill."—*Hartford Courant.*

THE GOMPERS EXEMPTION ACT

President Taft vetoed the rider upon the Sundry Civil bill that could have exempted farmers' and laborers' associations of the anti-trust act, and he did this on constitutional grounds. The same bill with the same rider goes to President Wilson on the action of the present Congress and with the understanding that he will sign it. He has before now expressed his dislike for the legislation that uses riders which have no connection legitimately with the matter of the bills to which they are attached. But there is a general understanding that President Wilson will sign the bill. HARPER'S WEEKLY, commenting on that possibility, says: "We do not hesitate to record a prediction that if he signs it he will commit political suicide." That is a very frank and straightforward statement, and HARPER'S WEEKLY has the credit of believing what it predicts, and being friendly to the President.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

EXPERIENCE AS A TEACHER

HARPER'S WEEKLY now suspects that President Woodrow Wilson's novel practices—reading his messages, going to the Capitol to talk things over with the Senators, etc.—will be found impracticable or ineffectual; "experience, too, is a jolly good schoolmaster." Because the late Congress tacked upon the sundry civil appropriation bill a proviso that no part of the money appropriated should be used in prosecuting labor unions or farmers' associations under the anti-trust law. President Taft vetoed it for unconstitutionality; he said it was vicious class legislation, a crime against the state. HARPER'S WEEKLY notices that in the pending sundry civil appropriation bill the proviso reappears. It thinks the proviso will still be there when the Sixty-third Congress lays the bill on President Woodrow Wilson's desk. "We do not hesitate," says his old friend, "to record a prediction that if he signs it he will commit political suicide."—*Hartford Courant.*

MR. HEARST

One would hardly expect Colonel Harvey, of HARPER'S WEEKLY, to come to the defense of William Randolph Hearst as against the Wilson administration, for Colonel Harvey represents eminent respectability, and Mr. Hearst—well, Mr. Hearst does not. But the editor of the WEEKLY knows something about politics, and is aware that it is never wise for a man in politics to make enemies unnecessarily.

Now, Mr. Hearst is waging war against President Wilson. Through his several papers he supported him as a candidate, but since the New Jersey gentleman has entered upon his official duties the editor finds cause to disagree with him. Colonel Harvey does not approve of this opposition, but he evidently thinks it has a personal basis growing out of the snubbing of Hearst by Mr. Wilson. The character of the snub is not set forth, but Harvey holds that Hearst's services to Wilson previous to the election entitled him not to dictate, or influence unduly, but assuredly to marked consideration. "This," says Harvey, "we are credibly informed, is what he sought and did not receive."

The editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY has had some experience of his own in being snubbed by Wilson when he deserved better things, and knows how it goes; but throughout the campaign he never wavered in his loyalty. Is he wavering now? At all events, he evidently feels under no obligation to refrain from plain speaking, even though he be not laudatory. He sees that Hearst as an enemy can do the administration much damage, and he kindly points out an opportunity to this end that may presently come his way. If President Wilson shall sign the Sundry Civil bill now pending in Congress and likely to be passed, Colonel Harvey boldly predicts that he will commit political suicide.

This bill contains a provision prohibiting the expenditure of any part of the appropriation available for anti-trust prosecutions in proceedings against labor unions or agricultural associations. This was vetoed by President Taft on the ground that it was class legislation of the most vicious sort. It is not likely that Hearst will object to this provision, and Harvey must know it. Then why does he call attention to it in this connection?—*Muncie Star.*

The first page of the current issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY is devoted to a discussion of William Randolph Hearst's recent attack on President Wilson. Naturally the defense of the President by a man who had as much to do with his discovery and nomination as Colonel George Harvey, is always interesting; but it cannot be said that the defense itself is satisfactory to the ardent supporters of the President.

Colonel Harvey argues that Mr. Hearst's reasons for abandoning the administration are not sound. Nevertheless, he admits that it was a serious mistake for Mr. Wilson not to treat Mr. Hearst with a fair degree of consideration in view of the service rendered by the Hearst papers in the campaign, but more particularly in view of the injury which these papers are capable of doing in the future.

But the thing that will pinch the ardent Wilsonite the hardest is the statement of the WEEKLY that if the President signs the pending Sundry Civil bill with the provision exempting labor organizations from the operations of the Sherman law, he will commit political suicide; while if he does not sign it, after the assurances he has given to friends of the measure, he will be fatally open to the charge of having espoused the cause of labor until he was pulled off by the representatives of wealth. In other words, according to Colonel Harvey, the President has already committed a fatal mistake in his attitude toward that measure. —*Wisconsin Record.*

George Harvey intimates, naïvely, that the grandparents and parents of Secretary and Mrs. Bryan may have unconsciously "overlooked a good bet," and rises to inquire if a host does not violate the rules of hospitality when he forces his convictions on his guests instead of deferring to their convictions.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

But it looked like wine. There are many public men and many prominent men who entertain without serving liquors. If the diplomats didn't like the way Mr. Bryan's table "was set," they need not sit there again. Surely dinners are not absolutely necessary to diplomacy, legislation, or statecraft.—*Augusta Chronicle.*

Vice-President Marshall's retort to Harvey is not so direct as the Vice-President's suggestion that the people would arise in their wrath and overthrow the laws of descent. The true reformer hacks his theme incessantly and lets the chips fall where they may. Has Mr. Marshall got a splinter in his eye?—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

How Coal Was Formed

WHAT may be said to be the strangest period through which our earth has passed is the one that was responsible for the formation of coal. The planet is described as having been at that time flat and smooth as to surface and peculiar as to vegetation. The continents were just beginning to rise above the ocean and the land had not yet become dry. Mountain ranges had not arisen from the swamps, and the atmosphere was thick with fog. In this state of affairs there sprouted and flourished the plants which were later to furnish the world with its coal supply.

These plants grew as big as our largest trees, taking deep root in the morass and flourishing like the lush grasses in moist meadow land and developed into the strange shapes now found in tropic vegetation. The forest looked, the scientists assure us, like dense growths of weeds, rushes, and enormous ferns. Some of them grew in the shape of cacti, having spines all over them. This kind of vegetation was very rich in carbon, which it derived from the warm, moist atmosphere. Then the millions of years rolled by, the forests of giant weeds were buried by deposits of earthy material, and the chemical change took place which slowly changed them into coal. This process ceased with the carboniferous age, so that when the present supply of coal is dug out of the ground there will be no more.



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The Beaver as Conservationist

OLD ranchmen in the Northwest, particularly in Montana, tell how the busy little dam-builder served as a conservationist in the pioneer days of the cattle trail. The beaver was, indeed, so highly esteemed that, it is said, no rancher would have hesitated to give the best steer in his herd to save the life of a single beaver.

Everybody knows that the beavers build dams. These they construct to provide against hunger in the winter when everything green that serves them as food has lost its sap and nutritious qualities. The beaver subsists on the bark of cottonwood and willow and other succulent barks, and to be of service to him as food these barks must be kept fresh and full of life.

The beaver's instinct informs him that this can be done by keeping them submerged in water, and so he dams the shallow currents of streams so that the collected water above the dam will form a deep pool and overflow his store of shrubs and limbs, thus keeping them fresh and "sappy," they being driven into the soft bottom of the pond. The wise little creature is fully aware that he must anchor them there upright and keep them intact until they are needed for use in the colony's commissariat.

This remarkable instinct of the beaver interested the ranchmen, since water is a constant necessity on the cattle trails in the dry climate of Montana. In the old days there were more beavers in Montana than anywhere else in the country. By building their dams wherever they might be, they caused the water-supply in that region to be hoarded as it could be in no other way, since in those days storage dams and irrigating operations had not been adopted.

That storing of the water by the beavers just suited the cattlemen, and so, while the other game and fur-bearing animals were being exterminated, the beaver was assured of the friendship and protection of the ranchmen so far as it was in their power to extend. The beavers seemed, indeed, to be aware of this fact, for in the range country they carried on their industrial operations fearlessly in close proximity to human habitations. Old ranchmen have watched colonies of beavers by the hour in their work of constructing dams. No person who has not enjoyed this sight can form any conception of the amazing genius for engineering that guides this animal in its toil.

In choosing a place for the building of a dam across a stream beavers first consider the condition of the current. If it is sluggish the dam will be thrown straight across from bank to bank. If the current be rapid the dam is built on a curve. A soft-bottom spot is always chosen. The timbers for the dam are cut by the beavers at some point up the stream, trees of the proper size and slender saplings being felled by them with the facility of an axman, cut into the desired lengths, and floated down to the site of the dam by the members of the colony set to the accomplishment of that task.

The engineers and constructors take the timbers as they come down and utilize them without a moment's delay. A beaver is not able to stay under water for a period exceeding five minutes, yet an old and experienced dam-builder will seize a piece of timber that has been cut for the purpose, dive to the bottom with it, and by some skilful manipulation unknown to man fix it upright and solid on the muddy bottom in the few minutes he can work beneath the surface. In an incredibly brief space of time he will have set a row of these timbers, while other busy workers float the logs and poles and branches down crosswise against the planted stakes or piles and fasten them by weaving the flexible branches in and out among them.

Others are busy carrying mortar made of mud and leaves and twigs, all mixed and kneaded to the proper condition and quality for use, with which they plaster over the crevices and fill the chinks, utilizing their broad, trowel-like tails in the process in a manner that would make a plasterer envious.

How It Feels To Be Shot

"I was shot in Cuba in '98," says a well-known army officer, "and I did not know it for a while. It was not, of course, a pleasant sensation. It was just like the sting of a pin or a knife when the skin is broken. It was nothing to knock a man down. I knew of many cases during the war with Spain where a man did not know he was shot until somebody showed him the blood running down his shirt or trousers."

Similar testimony is afforded by an army surgeon, who has served for many years. He treated many gunshot wounds during his time and was himself shot, a circumstance that qualifies him to give a doubly expert opinion.

"A Minie ball passed through my left leg at Shiloh," says this surgeon, "and I did not experience any particular sensation except, perhaps, one similar to being jabbed with a sharply pointed knife. I felt the ball go through the skin, but it gave no sensation in passing through the muscles. That, of course, is on account of the greater number of nerves in the skin as compared with the muscles. The ball passed almost entirely through my leg and was removed a considerable time later, but I suffered almost no inconvenience.

"The wound, of course, swelled, as any wound of the kind will; but I should imagine that the bullet now in use would cause much less trouble and pain than the old round bullet, as the sharp point of the conical bullet enters the flesh very readily."

There is a great deal of misapprehension as to the intensity of the pain caused by the entrance into the human body of various objects. Many persons fancy that if a man is shot at all he must therefore suffer intensely. The reverse is true. A slight wound, a mere abrasion of the skin, is sometimes far more painful than a wound caused by the entrance of a bullet directly into the muscles or even into a bone. The skin is filled with nerves and when any of them are torn by the ball the pain is extreme. If the bullet plunges directly through the skin into the body, the only nerves disturbed are those in the comparatively small space the bullet strikes. Since there are few nerves in the muscles, the nerves of the skin convey the sensation of pain to the brain. In the same way the greater portion of the pain experienced in the amputation of an arm or a leg is occasioned when the skin is cut, and the subsequent cutting of the muscles and the sawing of the bone, in which all the pain is popularly supposed to be centered, amount to little in comparison.

The Usefulness of the Toad

FORMERLY the toad was considered a venomous reptile, but in our day its habits have been more carefully observed and its great value to the gardener has been fully established. Inasmuch as the toad destroys many species of insects, we should cultivate its friendship.

Every tidy housewife detests the cockroach, mice, and other vermin. Two or three domesticated toads, it is said, will keep any premises clear of these and are much more desirable as pets than are cats, since they do not trespass upon the rights of man as does that feline. The toad is possessed of a timid and retiring disposition, loving dark corners and shady places, but under kind treatment becoming quite tame.

Many instances might be cited of pet toads remaining several years in a family and doing most valuable service with no other compensation than that of immunity from persecution. All that is necessary to secure the co-operation of the toad, indoors or out, is to provide it with cool and safe retreats by day and convenient access to water. It will then go forth to the performance of its nocturnal duty "without money and without price."

In Europe toads are carried to the cities to market and are purchased by the horticulturists, who by their aid are enabled to keep in check the multiplication of the insects that prey upon their fruits, flowers, etc.

No one can observe the anatomy of the toad without being convinced of its perfect adaptation to its sphere. Its tongue, which is capable of great elongation, is attached to the anterior portion of the lower jaw; its free end, when the toad is in repose, reaching down to the borders of the stomach.

The Oldest Bank

IT is thought that the oldest bank in the world is the Palazzo San Giorgio, on the Piazza Caricamento in Genoa. This institution has played a prominent rôle in the history of the Italian city. It was built in the year 1660 by order of Guglielmo Boccanegra, "captain" of the Republic of Genoa, and, after serving as his residence, was the headquarters of the famous company and bank of St. George.

It is held that our modern system of banking sprang from this historic edifice and that the Societa delle Comprere di San Giorgio was the first "limited liability company." The architect of the building was a monk named Oliviero. Although its architecture has undergone a number of changes, the façade still speaks eloquently of the thirteenth century. Its arcades with pointed arches and its windows formed of little columns are exceedingly attractive.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

VOL. LVII No. 2945 | WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1913 | 10 Cents a Copy $4.00 a Year

To Our Readers

THE following announcement appeared in the newspapers last week:

HARPER & BROTHERS announced yesterday that they had sold HARPER'S WEEKLY to Mr. NORMAN HAPGOOD and associates.

"We sold the WEEKLY," said GEORGE HARVEY, president of Harper & Brothers, "for the same reason that we sold the BAZAR. It was losing money and had been for some time. We had a good offer from good people and accepted it. A periodical dealing chiefly with public affairs is necessarily much in evidence, but as a matter of fact the WEEKLY brought in hardly one-tenth of the gross revenue of the house.

"Our experience is that too many periodicals get in one another's way. HARPER'S MAGAZINE and *The North American Review*, both of which are prosperous, are all we need and all we can publish advantageously in conjunction with our book business. I shall transfer my own editorial work from HARPER'S WEEKLY to *The North American Review*, beginning a series of articles in the July number and inaugurating a complete editorial department, 'comment' included, in the autumn.

"I know nothing of Mr. HAPGOOD'S plans and policies except that he and his associates are quite as friendly to the WILSON administration as I am. Mr. HAPGOOD'S reputation as an editor is firmly established, and there is no reason to doubt that he will make a notable success of his new venture."

We were admonished some twoscore of years ago that the proper thing to do, when called upon and having nothing in particular to say, is to rise, make a polite bow, and sit down. That is what we intended to do in this instance. There is really nothing much to add to the brief statement quoted above. The whole story is there. Nevertheless, we feel impelled by a simple circumstance to disregard the wise monition for this once. That circumstance is the curious intimacy which has grown up between our readers and ourselves during the past few years and which is illustrated by some letters which we print upon another page. We have received many more, but cannot publish all of them, because, if we should, there would be little room left for other things in this number. It is this interesting and frankly gratifying fact that induces us to add a few words, not for the general public at all, but just among ourselves.

When we said that this journal has been losing money for some time we might have spoken more explicitly and declared truthfully that its publication has been unprofitable to the House for twenty years. Its loss in 1892 was about the same as in 1912, and, barring the two booming years which preceded the panic of 1907, there has been little variation in the mean time. Why this has been so is now affording our contemporaries occasion for speculation in which, if there be no objection, we should like to join.

All, we suspect, will agree that more causes than one have contributed to the general result. Some friendly critics attribute it solely to poor editing, and goodness knows we would be the last to deny so obvious a fact as that we haven't been able to edit HARPER'S WEEKLY well enough to make it pay. But when it comes to admitting, as some assert, that the WEEKLY would be commercially as successful to-day as it was thirty years ago under Mr. CURTIS and THOMAS NAST if now directed by those men of talent, we have our doubts. Times have changed. The country was conservative and thoughtful in those days. Now it is radical and impetuous. The WEEKLY'S general policy has never veered. It has always stood for progress along cautious lines. It has always held positive convictions and has never been timid in expressing them. It has always hated hypocrisy and despised humbug. Its open eyes have always been turned forward, never backward. The dominant issue thirty years ago was civil-service reform; in recent years it has been tariff reform. The WEEKLY has been a stanch and persistent advocate, even leader, of both great movements.

The change has been one of method seemingly enforced by varying currents of public demand. Would people read even Mr. CURTIS'S scholarly leading articles to-day? That is, would a sufficient number of persons put up ten cents a week for them to make the WEEKLY pay? We doubt it. Looking over the files the other day, we found no less than twenty long editorials on civil-service reform in thirty successive issues, and very little else. They were sound, cogent articles and, of course, admirably written, but how would they take on the newsstands in this hurrying age? How many wayfarers would buy them in preference to some one of the great number of lively, entertaining, and finely illustrated magazines? Not many, we fear.

Newspapers naturally respond most quickly to the changing spirit of the times and they abandoned the erudite leading article long ago. Would it still hold vogue in a weekly journal of to-day even if done with consummate grace and skill; that is, sufficient vogue to make the paper pay? If so, why, in the insatiable searching for an avenue to periodical prosperity, has not somebody tried it? No, there is nothing in that. The most successful ten-cent weekly is *Life*, which is crisp as a doughnut and as full of spice and humor as a cooky. Some publisher might venture to put over a magazine written by a JOSEPH ADDISON, but our best bet would be on MARTIN and MITCHELL.

Since we are talking among ourselves, it is not unfitting to note that some complain that our own pen is apt to bite occasionally when scratching what our discriminating friend, the Baltimore *Sun*, designates as "inspired flippancies." Well, that, as the boy said to the squirming and apprehensive angleworm, is the intention. We don't know of any way to make a point except to make it. And what is the sense of writing at all unless you can put things in such form that folks will read them? It sometimes happens, too, as you may have noticed, that sprightly language serves well as a conveyance for serious thought.

But our mind is getting off the classical single track. What we were about to direct attention to is Brother ROBERT LINCOLN O'BRIEN'S remark in the Boston *Herald* that we have been too conservative. Maybe so, but if so we didn't know it. True, we couldn't stand for all of Brother BRYAN'S notions about free silver, government ownership, and the like, but we advocated the income tax and spoke up, somewhat to our own discomfort, for a certain candidate for President, whom many regarded as radical, while those who now occupy the housetops were still hiding in the cellar. We never thought much of direct election of Senators, and, having in view some of the finished products, we don't now. The initiative and referendum, too, we regarded askance in the light of the actual experience of the Athenians some years before Mr. U'RIAH, or whatever his name is, of Oregon, was born, but at the critical moment we skated around the question as best we could and left it to Fate. As to the Constitution, representative government, maintenance of equal laws for all, a judiciary immune to popular caprice, and observance of established tradition with respect especially to a third term, we admit our incorrigibility. We never have cared and don't now care a hoot about popular tendencies when they conflict with right tendencies, and we have never tried to win favor by catering to the prejudices of anybody or any number.

All that is quite true, but it is equally a fact that we have antagonized the proclivities of our immediate community over and over again with no little fervor. We do not resent being called a conservative. It is a very good title. But the truth is that we have less fair claim to it than to its antithesis. When OLIVER JOHNSON, while on the witness-stand in the BEECHER-TILTON trial, was asked if he was not a spiritualist, he replied, tartly, "Yes, I am, but I'm not a damned fool." That is the kind of a progressive we are.

That reminds us. We regret to see from the public prints that Brother HAPGOOD thought we mistook his real attitude in the statement printed above.

"Mr. HARVEY gained the idea that I was a Democrat," he said, "probably from the fact that I supported President WILSON in the last campaign, but as before that I had supported ROOSEVELT it would be as fair to call me an Independent Republican as to call me an Independent Democrat."

This was a misapprehension on Brother HAPGOOD'S part. We did not gain nor intend to express any such idea. One doesn't have to be a Democrat to support President WILSON. Quite the contrary, some say; it was Mr. WILSON himself who said recently in a public speech that he isn't the one who was taken in at the last election, or words to that effect. What we said was that Brother HAPGOOD and his associates "are quite as friendly to the WILSON administration" as we are—which is going some, we admit, but is nevertheless a proposition whose verity we feel to be unimpeachable. Of course, if Brother HAPGOOD persists to the contrary, we will take it back as a matter of courtesy, but we should prefer to leave it to the President himself, agreeing in advance to abide by his decision.

Again we seem to be jumping the track. What about the pictures? Why don't they sell great numbers of papers as they do in England? The answer is the Sunday supplement, which is a full week closer to the event, and sufficiently satisfying, and costs the reader nothing extra. And the cartoons? When NAST was making them he had the field wholly to himself. Now there are hundreds of clever chaps turning them out by the bushel. And, believe us, if NAST were living to-day he couldn't touch a fringe of the public fancy in competition with MACAULAY or OPPER or ROGERS or POWERS or KEMBLE or CESARE or BOARDMAN ROBINSON or KIRBY or BERRYMAN or MCCUTCHEON, or any one of a score of others. The chief requirement of the public now is the very humor which NAST lacked.

So far as text is concerned, we have only this to say: If there are more competent writers in their respective lines than our regular contributors, typified by E. S. MARTIN, WILLIAM GARRETT BROWN, LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX, SYDNEY BROOKS, A. MAURICE LOW, LAWRENCE GILMAN, WILLIAM INGLIS, F. M. COLBY, and FRANKLIN ESCHER, then we wish that, for our own delectation, they would get busy. They certainly are not in evidence elsewhere.

There remains one other phase—that of duty to render public service. Fortunately upon that score we have no qualms. NORMAN HAPGOOD has character, ability, and experience. Speaking for the House of HARPER, we declare unreservedly

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that we know of no living publicist to whose keeping we could consign the fine traditions of the famous old name with fuller confidence that they will be maintained upon the highest standard. It is difficult to see how he can fail to make the paper go if he carries out his published programme and doesn't divert too large a portion of his energies to unremunerative politics.

As for ourselves, we feel no particular call to save the country now, anyway. It is in good hands. Mr. WILSON is making a first-class President. Everybody says so, and it is so. The way he has handled the awkward Japanese business, to say nothing of his unprecedentedly capable management of the tariff measure, is worth all it cost in all ways to nominate and elect him. We still live in hope that he will not sign the GOMPERS Exemption bill, but if he does we shall derive no little comfort from being freed from the duty of saying what we shall think of his act. With Mr. WILSON in the White House most of the time; with Mr. MARSHALL silenced in the Senate; with Mr. BRYAN on the stump guaranteeing peace, and Mr. REDFIELD in the papers ordering prosperity; with Secretary JOSEPHUS floating dreadnoughts upon the seas of his own verbosity; and with Messrs. ROOSEVELT, SULZER, and HEARST speaking from the same platform for some kind of a primary law that differs from some other kind, we perceive no cause whatever for apprehension of failure of popular government.

Then, too, in a very short while—that is to say, in October or November—we shall relieve any suspense that may then exist by resuming these humble dissertations in *The North American Review*, contributing a few special thoughts to that venerable periodical meanwhile. So it will all come about naturally and happily, to the end that, about the time you return from your holiday, you will probably find Brother HAPGOOD holding the administration's head in the clouds, and us, as usual, trying to keep its feet on earth—a fair division of labor, surely, which should redound to the advantage and satisfaction of all.

We had some other things in mind to say, but we forget what they were. Perhaps it is just as well. We have to ask you to treat this communication as confidential, because it is unprofessional for an editor to admit that he is ever in the wrong. But, still between ourselves, if you should happen to recall any things we have said that struck you as being unjust or unfair, please try to forget them, and remember only the good times we have had.

And so, good folks, with the most cordial and sincere good wishes for the growth in power and prosperity which we know our successor will deserve, and with hearty appreciation of your many kindly messages to ourselves, good-by!

Why Not?

"I believe there will be no war while I am Secretary of State, and I believe there will be no war so long as I live," said Mr. BRYAN. May this eloquent optimist live to be more than a hundred!—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

And continue to be a candidate?

As to Primaries

Governor SULZER'S spectacular fight for his primary law will at least, we trust, make a little plainer to New York voters what the fight is about. Apparently a good many people, including the Governor, regard it simply as a fight between him and his friends, on the one hand, and Mr. MURPHY and Mr. BARNES and their friends, on the other hand. If that were the case, there would probably be a mild preference for SULZER. But that is not the case.

The real issue, and the one to which conscientious voters and legislators must address themselves, is not one of personalities at all. It is a question of the best way to nominate candidates for various public offices. More specifically, it is a question of how far the primary plan can with real benefit to the cause of good government be substituted for the plan of caucuses and conventions.

Not only is this true, but we think the people themselves understand it rather better than either the good or the bad politicians. If they had not understood it some years ago, and had taken the thing simply as a contest between a man like HUGHES and men like BARNES and MURPHY, they would then have decided it in HUGHES's favor. But there were sincere people who could not see their way to accept Governor HUGHES's plan. There are sincere people now who have doubts about Governor SULZER's plan.

There is, we believe, a preponderant sentiment for using the primary principle as much as experience and common sense justify our using it. But there is also a feeling that the primary principle has its limitations. It seems injustice to limit the popular choice to men willing to go out and hustle for nominations; it does not seem to arouse the interest it should arouse, or evoke a full expression of the popular will; it seems to give an advantage to candidates rich enough to make expensive canvasses; it clearly inhibits such debate and discussion as caucuses and conventions permit.

We by no means take the position that for these reasons the voters of New York should reject the primary plan altogether. We are, however, of opinion that they are justified in hoping for a plan of nominations which shall combine the merits of that plan with such advantages of the old plan as can be with reasonable ingenuity retained.

And the Seven Wise Men

The Vice-President, in replying to Colonel HARVEY, who detected something decidedly anarchistic in the Hoosier statesman's "warning" to Plutocracy against the imminent danger of Socialism, protests that "if anybody will produce a public utterance of mine advocating the curtailment of or distribution of honest wealth except by fair inheritance tax, I will go to Wall Street and personally apologize."—*Milwaukee Leader.*

We were not aware that Wall Street deals in inheritances or merits special consideration on any account.

How would a tax of $74,900,000 on the estate of his recent host, Mr. VINCENT ASTOR, leaving to his heirs a maximum of $100,000, strike Mr. MARSHALL?

By All Means

One seems to detect a sort of surprise in the newspaper reports to the effect that certain Republicans interested in the matter have been consulted by the Democrats who are trying to frame a bill on currency and banking. Secretary MCADOO, we are told, has had talks with such men as Senators BURTON and WEEKS; the President himself has had a talk with A. PIATT ANDREW, Republican, who has studied monetary questions all his life, and who, because of his interest in them and knowledge of them, was special assistant to the ALDRICH commission.

Whereupon we are apparently expected to bate our breath!

In Heaven's name, why? If there is any reason on earth why this matter of reforming our financial system should be made a party question, we have been unable to discover it. If anybody thinks one of the parties can earn anything by taking a distinctly party stand on it, let him read the various platform planks of last year on the subject and ask himself which is the most fatuous. In our own judgment, while all are bad, the worst is the worst simply because it tries the hardest to make the thing a party question.

If, to be more practical, any competent advice is to be rejected or avoided from a narrow impulse of partisanship, then somebody is lacking in patriotism. President WILSON and Mr. MCADOO have done nothing better than to show the country that in this extremely important matter they are ready to learn all they can from any trustworthy source whatsoever. We are glad to believe that Senator OWEN and Representative GLASS have shown the same admirable disposition.

A Wise Policy

If President WILSON has any idea of fulfilling his pledge that the "affairs of his administration would be given the fullest publicity" it seems about time for him to open up on his secretive Secretary of the Treasury.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

We dissent. Mr. MCADOO is at his best when absolutely silent.

The House Committees

Somehow, since the bitter and dramatic fight in which the Speaker of the House of Representatives lost the power to appoint committees, the public's interest in committee assignments seems to have lapsed. Nothing of the sort has happened in the House itself, however. Interest there is, if anything, keener than ever.

And logically; for the committees, and particularly their chairmen, probably have more power and more independence than before the change, since they no longer look to any man with the sense of obligation they once felt toward the Speaker. The Ways and Means Committee, which now names the others, subject to the approval of a party caucus only, can hardly have the continuing influence over them which formerly the Speaker could and doubtless often did exercise.

So the job of Mr. UNDERWOOD and his associates since they turned loose the tariff has been anything but negligible; it has been hardly second to the tariff job itself. We wish the public had been more mindful of it and had made its desires more strongly felt.

For undoubtedly one of the public's desires is to see its own interests better protected by putting the great appropriations committees under the control of men averse to the pork-barrel—men honest enough and intelligent enough to insist not merely on economy, but on spending the nation's money for national purposes, in pursuance of broad plans, instead of wasting it on spasmodic enterprises and using it to gratify local selfishness and help personal ambitions. For that is one thing the Ways and Means Committee do right now, without waiting for any budget plan whatever. As the rules now are, the House almost never alters substantially—it does not even really debate intelligently—bills introduced by the majorities on these committees. The rules should be altered, but meanwhile we are reasonably safe if these majorities are made up of the right kind of men. The right kind of men can, we believe, be found—though the other kind may be more in evidence. The responsibility of making the choice is greater, and not less, now that a committee has it. The need of watching the committee and holding it to its responsibility is also greater; for one man is easier to watch than a lot of men. Let us see, for instance, if this committee retains in power the men responsible for the unusually bad pork-barrel bills—particularly the Public Buildings bill and the Rivers and Harbors bill—that passed at the recent short session.

The prodigious growth of the power of committees is the most striking fact in the recent development of representative government. It is a natural, perhaps inevitable, development; but it imposes a difficult vigilance on self-governing peoples and communities.

The Second Loeb

"I am not the kind," said the President, "that considers compromises when I once take my position. Enough said. I am not looking for or accepting compromises."—*The World.*

From which we assume that the reputed message to the Jersey legislators about jury reform was a base fabrication. Go to it, TUMULTY!

A State's Rights in Interstate Commerce

North Carolina is adding a rather interesting chapter to the history of our American effort to regulate railroads. She is also revealing, or at any rate presenting with unexampled clearness, one of the main difficulties we have in dealing with the problem—a difficulty plainly due to our federal form of government.

Several years ago she exercised pretty fully and radically her powers of control over intra-state commerce. After a very brief resistance, the railroads yielded and submitted to her demands, including a two-cents rate for passengers. She is now trying to use her powers as a state to secure something clearly in the domain of interstate commerce. She holds that the railroads which enter her limits are doing her an injury and injustice in the matter of freight-rates to and from points without her limits, and she has undertaken to make them treat her better.

More specifically, the grievance, which is an old one, is substantially this: that the railroads give much better interstate rates to points in neighboring states, particularly Virginia, than to points in North Carolina, thereby putting North Carolina merchants and manufacturers, and other classes as well, at a great disadvantage in competition, and also increasing the cost of living to North Carolinians in general. Efforts to obtain relief through the Interstate Commerce Commission having failed almost uniformly, the state has with extraordinary unanimity—not the state government alone, but the people themselves, by mass-meetings, boards of trade, state-wide associations, and the like—risen up to fight what it considers an intolerable imposition.

The merits of North Carolina's contention cannot, of course, be passed on without discussing a great mass of facts. Her case, however, seems a fairly strong one from the figures given by her spokesmen. It is strengthened by the railroads' own figures as to their earnings in North Carolina and their total earnings. But that is not, anyhow, the real interest of the matter. Last winter the legislature named a commission, including the Governor, to confer with the railroads and demand

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redress. The conferences, having accomplished nothing, were abandoned. Governor CRAIG is now universally expected to call a special session of the legislature to take action on the question. What *action* will it take? What effective action *can* it take? Herein lies the interest of the controversy for us all.

As the railroads seem undismayed, and as so far no specific programme is announced by any of the state's champions, they may perhaps for the moment look a little foolish. The unanimous resolve "to fight" may seem rather fatuous. But Governor CRAIG is a responsible sort of person, and he and others confidently assert that there *is* a way to fight, and fight effectively. The natural conjecture is that they have worked out modes of retaliation. In that case the fight may be not only real, but decidedly nasty.

Meanwhile, here is the general problem for us all to consider. Interstate rates undoubtedly may discriminate for or against a particular state's interests. Our regulation of railroads will remain very seriously defective until such discrimination can be surely prevented without any fighting at all.

Query

President WILSON has had difficulty in obtaining the type of men he desires to carry out his policies in the Philippines. This accounts for the delay in appointing a Governor-General and in filling other vacancies in the Philippine service.—*The Herald.*

Was not one cause of delay Secretary GARRISON'S flat notice to the President that if he should appoint Mr. DAVIES Governor-General, as promised, he might simultaneously send in the name of a new Secretary of War?

A Case of Judicial Recall

In the WEEKLY for May 10th there was a paragraph that began as follows:

"Women voters," says the *Evening Post*, "were chiefly responsible for recalling the San Francisco police judge, CHARLES L. WELLER, and electing WILEY F. CRIST, a lawyer, in his place." It seems that WELLER had a propensity to accept low bail bonds in criminal cases and had several times reduced bonds fixed by other judges in cases of crimes against women. HENDRICK, accused of white slavery, got his bond so reduced by WELLER and fled. And then WELLER was recalled.

We have a letter from a highly responsible correspondent in San Francisco who says this statement needs a note; that WELLER truly was recalled and for the reason that he accepted $1,000 cash bail from HENDRICK, accused, not of white slavery, but of indecent assault; but that WELLER was not a judge with a propensity to accept low bail, and that his error in this case was such a one as any judge would have been likely to commit under the circumstances which he explains.

Our correspondent says that WELLER'S recall was a great injustice, brought about by a club of women and the newspapers; and that as a consequence of it "committing magistrates in San Francisco have apparently lost all discretion," and "every person charged with any crime in which a woman is concerned is held to answer upon high bail without regard to the character of the evidence against him." He goes on to give an instance of the very serious effect of this apprehension of recall on the administration of justice.

We are impressed with our correspondent's letter and obliged to him for speaking up.

Wine and Breeches

Ambassador PAGE assured his friends that he would not wear knee-breeches. He is willing to go broke serving his country, but he draws the line at pants.—*Savannah Press.*

Knickerbockers are not pants. We don't believe Mr. PAGE said it, anyway; he has too much sense not to know that when simplicity becomes ostentatious it loses its value. Mr. BRYAN would have done much better to have served water at his dinner without comment. Grape juice was a feeble compromise, and indigestible at that. The matter wouldn't have attracted half as much attention if Mr. BRYAN hadn't made his speech. Perhaps, however, that is not what he wanted.

As for Mr. PAGE, nobody at St. James's will complain of what he wears, but it is only fair to assume that as a guest and a gentleman he will conform to the custom of the court to which he is accredited.

We Advise Divorce Proceedings

We are not surprised to read in the *Sun* that Brother ROOSEVELT and the *Outlook* are likely soon to part company. We doubt, though, that the cause of variance relates to compensation. The *Outlook* has paid the Colonel very well for the work he has done, and Mr. ROOSEVELT is no money-grubber. The truth is that it was a misalliance from the start and doomed to failure. Years of patient, conscientious effort on the part of Dr. ABBOTT, Mr. MABIE, and their associates had built up for the *Outlook* one of the best assets any paper had in the public's faith in its sincerity and sense of fairness. It was never strong, but it was pretty generally sound, and its moderation and prudent expression were particularly appealing to the average run of people who like to have their prejudices taken seriously. So the *Outlook* prospered and wielded a steadily growing influence.

All this changed the minute the Colonel took a hand. For a time all went well. His engagement was a fine advertisement and attracted many new readers. But when two men ride a horse one must ride behind, and it wasn't long before the *Outlook* found itself sitting on the pillion. Mr. MABIE couldn't stand it and went away, and Dr. ABBOTT'S obsession became a joke. When the political break came, the paper had to choose between being a public journal and a personal organ —and the Colonel carried the day, as any one could have foreseen.

Then it transpired very quickly that a large proportion of the *Outlook's* old readers were sober-minded folk of Republican proclivities who had a strong leaning to Mr. TAFT. We guess the subscription list didn't advantage much from the campaign; indeed, it wouldn't be surprising if quite a number of papers were stopped.

What to do with WILSON after election must have caused some anxious thinking. He stood for practically everything the *Outlook* had been advocating for years, but the Colonel was still in politics. What to do? Straddle, seemed to be the first answer; but that didn't work very well; so gradually the paper has swung around to the support of the administration, leaving the Colonel free only to write of art exhibitions and other things that he knows little or nothing about. Of course, he doesn't earn his big salary at that. How could he? Neither, we imagine, is he particularly happy in his present trammeled position.

One or the other should go to Reno forthwith. The sooner the divorce takes place the better it will be for all concerned.

There Are Others

Mr. PAGE, the publisher of books and periodicals, is WOODROW WILSON'S publisher.

And WOODROW WILSON'S Ambassador to England is Mr. PAGE, who is Mr. WILSON'S publisher.—*The Journal.*

Mr. WILSON has several publishers.

Friedmann and Human Nature

It is only natural if people have got to the point where they prefer to hear no more of the FRIEDMANN controversy. Indeed, there is a sort of instinct of self-preservation in us that keeps us from dwelling too long on episodes revealing human nature at its worst. And this one is of that character.

One can so consider it even if one still tries, with Dr. EHRLICH and our own government experts, to suspend final judgment on the scientific aspect of the matter until we have exhausted every means to determine whether humanity has anything to hope from FRIEDMANN'S alleged discovery. For the farce-tragedy has been complete and Dr. FRIEDMANN has not been the only actor. While he manœuvered, the sensational press co-operated. Jealousy and rivalry in others of his profession helped to win him sympathy. Now that he has capitalized his resolutely won self-advertisement, dropped all pretense of philanthropy, and is quite frankly making money, the men associated with him as aids are as openly trying to follow his lead. Government is laughed at, science takes a back seat, and misfortune must, as usual, pay to learn whether the relief held out to it is real.

Yes, it is an unpleasant spectacle. But maybe it's best to face it with clear eyes. Sincere philanthropy must deal candidly with the obstacles forever presented by the ugly face of this kind of selfishness. For it is always with us, active and persistent and often clever. In respect of this particular problem of tuberculosis, sincere philanthropy cannot shut its eyes to such truths as that there are always physicians who work for money alone, that many sanitariums and other resorts for consumptives are heartlessly commercial, that whole communities are really sustained by the money of consumptives and their families treat them like pariahs.

The best there is in human nature must simply, in this as in all things, face the worst there is and prevail in spite of it. On the whole and in the main it does prevail. Most of the well-known agencies for fighting tuberculosis are entirely trustworthy; one can support them confidently. Most of the well-known sanitariums are competently directed. There are physicians who give their lives to helping and healing, and not to any self-seeking, and nurses quite as conscientious.

The FRIEDMANN episode may well inspire caution, and we trust it will teach something to our lawmakers, but it should increase instead of lessen support for the true-hearted fighters of the great white plague.

A Slip o' Memory

Our good friend, WALTER A. PAGE.—*Leslie's.*

It's WALTER H., JOHN.

One Step Further, Professor

Professor EDWARD T. REICHERT, of the University of Pennsylvania, reports to the Carnegie Institution that he has discovered the blood characteristics of various human races, and that as soon as he has completed his experiments "he will be able to differentiate between the blood of a Chinaman, Indian, negro, and other races so as to make his discovery of absolute value in a diagnostic way for medico-legal work."

That is nice, certainly; though perhaps he will excuse us if we groan at the thought of new fields for "expert evidence" in the courts. But if Professor REICHERT would do something really useful, let him carry his researches enough further to enable him to detect a man's opinions by examining his blood. We all know that opinions, especially political opinions, are constitutional, and that a man thinks what he thinks because he is what he is. He is a suffragist or an anti; or a Bull Moose or a Democrat or an old-style Republican; or for direct primaries or against them; or Unitarian or orthodox, because he is so constituted. Certainly his constitution ought to be recorded in the globules of his blood, and it ought to be possible to examine a sample from him and classify him for political purposes so that he can be counted at any time for or against any proposition, without bothering to send him pamphlets or make him vote. That would simplify life and government a good deal, and if any voter claimed to have changed his mind his blood could be re-examined.

Fashion Note

The fact is that any dress may be worn so as to be immodest, and almost any dress may be worn so as to be modest. More depends on the wearer than on the thing worn.—*Hartford Times.*

"And they were both naked and not ashamed," but later, alas! "the eyes of them both were opened and they knew that they were naked, and they sewed fig leaves together and made themselves aprons."

That happened a long time ago, but there has been no change since except in the size and cut of the aprons.

Is the Cross Out of Date?

We beg to call the attention of Brother WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT, apologist for the Unitarians, to the discovery of the Rev. EDWARD CUMMINGS, of the South Congregational (Unitarian) Church of Boston, that the religion of the cross is a failure.

Brother CUMMINGS seems to be in excellent standing as a Unitarian, and was a leading speaker at the anniversary-week meetings last week in Boston, which Brother TAFT also attended. In his address on Monday, before the Unitarian Union we find Brother CUMMINGS saying:

The religion of the cross is an unfortunate post-mortem tradition. If the Great Master could have lived, we should have been saved the darkness of superstition and the expiatory suffering. The religion of the cross does not save the world.

And again, on Friday, he said at another meeting:

Instead of the cross I should like to see a white flag on the topmost spire of every Christian church.

How now, Brother TAFT! Is that sound Unitarian doctrine? None of the brethren seemed to take any exception to Mr. CUMMINGS'S declaration. How does it strike you? Should it be included as part of the basis of those high hopes you expressed the other day in Washington for the future prosperity of the Unitarian persuasion?

Brother CUMMINGS seems all for the new deal. He says:

We have passed the time when we can think with delight of that ridiculous spiritual roof garden which our ancestors called heaven.

Dear, dear! How like a Massachusetts Bull Moose talking about the Constitution!

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FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
LONDON: 45 ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

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Entered at the New York Post-office as second-class matter

Children's Reading

A CERTAIN man was asked to address the public-school teachers of his city on Literature for Children, and having spoken with much enthusiasm for an hour and a half, he was annoyed, on being shown over one of the model schools, to find everything in the world there for the children's welfare, physical, moral, and mental, except reading. There were hot air and cold air, and correct lighting and ventilation, and sanitary lavatories with liquid soap that oozed out drop by drop from glass balls, and individual sanitary towels to be thrown away when once used; there were a gymnasium and a lunchroom where the best model dairy milk and invalid broths were served at a nominal price during the morning; there were victrolas, six of them, with all sorts of records, from marches for the gymnasium and kindergarten songs for the lower rooms to grand opera for the higher; there were photographs of good pictures and one or two copies of good paintings. "Now," said the lecturer, "let me see what the children have to read."

In the front hall there was a locked bookcase with some atlases, dictionaries, and encyclopedias and WARNER'S *World's Best Literature*. These books, it was explained, could, after a certain amount of red tape, be used by the teachers, but for the children there was actually and literally not one single book to read. The reasons were many. It would not be sanitary for many children to use the same book. They had no time to read in school, and the homes of many of the children were such that it would not do for books to be carried back and forth from home to school. Moreover, the school board was extremely limited as to what books it could buy, as in order to get text-books cheaper they were bound to buy all books from the lists of one firm, and that list offered very little of real value for mere reading.

One saw there in that school, as well exemplified as it could possibly be, the decay of culture. The whole work of culture is to stay the flux of destruction. To start each new generation with the fruits of experience, thought, knowledge of the past, so that instead of digging new foundations they may build upon those already laid. But here were children being educated in the mass without any access to the thought, the fancy, the poetry of the race. They were being taught to keep themselves clean and sanitary, to build up their bodies and to cipher. The aspect seemed arid. One could not fancy enjoying the companionship of these children as they got older. They would be clean and healthy, with a quick eye for the main chance.

Suddenly vision went back to a great library in an old English manor. The walls were lined with calf-skin volumes, tall windows reached almost from the ceilings to the low sills, which were two and a half feet broad, and set back in the recess of the book-shelves they formed what BACON would call "a pretty retiring-place." Here indeed in the late afternoon light, when play was over, a shock-headed English youth of ten or eleven had retired with SCOTT'S poems. He was seated square on the window-sill, his heels digging in one corner, his raised knees holding the book, and his silhouette firmly drawn against the pane and the softened light. The professor who looked at him for a moment passed out to the other end of the library and said in a softened voice, "That is *real* education." Yes, this boy went to schools where he took part in sports and learned to know other boys and human standards, and he did the required amount of Euclid, Geography, Greek and Latin grammar. But doubtless his education, the drawing out of what was best in him, the building of ideals of character and conduct, the opening up of vistas of beauty and romance, his real education, which would temper the intonations of his voice, straighten his back, and hold his chin high, which should help him to build homes and gardens, and rule wisely and gently over all under his care, the making of the man was what went on when he came in from play and ensconced himself with SCOTT'S poems, in the deep window recesses of the ancestral library. Ancestral libraries cannot be given the American child in the public schools, but is that any reason why he should grow up guiltless of the wit and wisdom of Mother Goose; of the scenery, the atmosphere, the folk-lore of GRIMM and ANDERSON? Is that a reason why the poor little barren mind, full only of buyings and sellings and tawdry values, should have his spirit bereft of SCOTT'S *Poems* and the *Morte d'Arthur* and the *Golden Treasury*? Is that a reason why he should be educated without understanding one of the deepest solaces of human life, the passion for the printed page? Why his little spirit should never learn to make the great journey into the past and penetrate the minds and thoughts of men of other times? What companionship life may afford him cannot be known, but shall he be robbed of the power to find his own congenial friends among all the men who have set their souls in print?

Ventilation and victrolas, kindergarten songs and gymnasiums, sanitation and ciphering, may indeed mitigate the ills of living, but compared to the open sesame to books, the ticket of admission to all the ages, the sense for words, the knowledge of thoughts, and the atmosphere of eternity, which breathes over the printed page, these are indeed side issues.

The two greatest things that education can give are the knowledge of how to deal justly with other men and how to find what one needs for one's soul's growth in books. How one envies that saying of ROYER-COLLARD, who in old age wrote, "Now I read no more; I reread." What a picture it gives of well-spent years, achieved leisure, and established taste. What, then, will fill in the leisure of old age of a generation brought up without any books or with nothing better than the manufactured tales that drip from the daily press? Will old age be fed on more current fiction? There is one way to prove one's dislike of reading, says JOHN AYSCOUGH; it is to read newspapers. For real reading, the gathering up of thought and beauty in the stead of scraps of information and items of news, the habit of newspaper-reading is indeed fatal. It may train the mind to sartorial agility, but never to steady progression and husbanded wealth. It is amazing how many people, even people who pride themselves upon their culture, have fed upon literary scraps and patches until the very sight of a solid book gives them alarm of indigestion. "Little books are the most exquisite," said a cultivated lady, and cited PATER'S "Child in the House" for proof, apparently quite forgetting that PATER never put forth the "Child in the House" as a book, but only as an essay in a book.

For many years the long, well-constructed novel, on a full canvass was practically taboo because a pampered public was accustomed to a story that could be disposed of in two hours, furnishing swift action with a culminating surprise and a page prettily broken by quotation marks. It is a pleasure to feast one's indignant soul on the advertisement lists in the back of one's old novels and to realize that all the high-sounding encomiums, fit for *Esmond* or *Bleak House*, were ineffectual, and that there are none so poor to-day as to know neither the titles of the books or the authors' names. Where, indeed, are the snows of yesteryear! To be sure, the critic who can distinguish good from bad must go by the board for his truth-telling; but, after all, there is a kind of glory in doing so, and discrimination, like virtue, is its own reward.

At any rate, our worst era is passing and the novels of HENRY JAMES, BENNETT, WELLS, ELLEN GLASGOW, Mrs. WHARTON, and, best of all, JOHN GALSWORTHY, are winning a fairly large reading public. Poetry and essays are in no wise so *faincant* as once. If only we might awaken once more the ambition to teach children to read we might invite another great period of literary glory.

If not the first step—which is to familiarize as many children as possible with the delights of seeing, holding, hunting through books, and multiplying in their minds pictures of the absorbed and happy soul with the printed page held level to his eyes—the second step is to persuade children to read whole books and not extracts from books; to read *Robinson Crusoe* as DEFOE wrote it, theological discussion, soul perplexities, sins and all, instead of a rehash of *Robinson Crusoe* by some modern writer who kindly undertakes to relieve the child of all that is alien to its immediate environment, of all the adventures in a foreign medium. Give the child BUNYAN'S *Pilgrim's Progress* and he will take a wonderful journey into another age and another manner of speech which may so cultivate his taste as to preserve him from many modern vulgarities as well as widen his imagination and enliven his historic sense. If stories from SHAKESPEARE are to be allowed the little child, it cannot be too often urged that the real SHAKESPEARE should be given him long before he can understand its matter, because, as Fiammetta insisted to her cousins, "the language is *so* tremenjous!"

An excellent suggestion is that in all the public schools there should be, as well as the supervisor of drawing, and the supervisor of music, and the supervisor of manual training, a supervisor of the art of reading. For is not reading, after all, an art and an uplifting, consoling, and educative art?

Correspondence

SAVE THE BIRDS

SAVANNAH, GA., *May 7.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—It has occurred to me that it would not be amiss to write you upon a subject which, I feel sure, must lie very near the hearts of most thoughtful persons. Of course I am not unmindful of many things occupying your time and thoughts, but will you not enlist a little of the influence of your splendid WEEKLY for the birds which give their lives to woman's vanity? I am not unaware of the country-wide interest in saving them, but is it not possible for Federal laws to be enacted whereby it becomes *illegal* for a woman to wear birds, aigrettes or paradise plumes or any adornment where birds must sacrifice their lives? Do you not think fines with an alternative of confinement would work wonders in this matter?

With good wishes for HARPER'S continued success,

I am, sir,
PAULINE M. W. NOYES.

There is a clause in the new tariff bill that prohibits importation of feathers of wild birds. That is a much better corrective than fines.—EDITOR.

THE PINCH OF SUGAR

HOUMA, LA., *May 8.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—It is with the deepest regret that I am compelled to stop my subscriptions to the Harper publications, but the condition of the sugar industry, brought on by the evident intention of the present administration to destroy it, forces us, who are dependent on sugar for a living, to cut out everything except what is absolutely necessary.

I am, sir,
E. L. LASHBROOKE.

SPRY AT NINETY

ROSEVILLE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION,
NEWARK, N. J., *April 10.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your issue of the 22d inst. you had an article on "Our First Mission to Japan," the story of Commodore Biddle's visit in 1846, in which you stated that so far as you knew Admiral Lutz was the only living one of the expedition. I wish to say that there is still living one of the able seamen, a Mr. Burton, who has also the only two engravings of the ships in the harbor. He is ninety years old, but spry.

I write this to let our people know that there are still some of our old veterans alive. He also served in the Civil War.

I am, sir,
HENRY C. MARTINE, Superintendent.

"TELL US WHEN"

ROMNEY, IND., *April 29.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Please tell us when "the voters indorsed the Democratic declaration at the polls." It must have been in Cleveland's time, certainly not when Mr. Wilson received fewer votes than Mr. Bryan ever did. You are a free joker, and one almost thinks you laugh at your own jokes.

I am, sir,
H. T. MEIGS.

THE SUNDRY CIVIL BILL

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., *May 20.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I read what you said about the Sundry Civil Bill. You were right. True democracy opposes all special interests that hinder equality before the law.

We seem to be entering upon some sort of an era of reassurance which has for its ideal the restoration of the primitive man. I do not know anything about him or whether he may prove to be a desirable citizen, but I do have some knowledge of the burden of toil and thrift and heroic devotion to duty that has brought us to our present state of resplendent civilization. While there are doubtless some evils which should be corrected, it is no part of our duty to throw away all that has been achieved in order that we may return to the first steps our race took in the infancy of progress.

Men of your stamp and opportunity can do much good and you should not only go to it, but should stay on the job.

I am, sir,
W. V. ROOKER.

FROM VARIOUS READERS

CHICAGO, ILL., *May 20.*

DEAR COLONEL HARVEY,—I do not know how everybody else feels, but imagine they all feel as I do, that it is almost a public calamity if the change of ownership of HARPER'S WEEKLY means that your forceful public services are to be missing. I'm sure, however, that we will see your work and be bettered by your influence in some avenue of expression. Wherever you go and whatever you do, you have my abiding good wishes and constantly increasing esteem.

Sincerely yours,
WILBUR D. NESBIT.

NEW YORK CITY, *May 17.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Now that you will no longer talk to me every week—as you have for so many years—may I claim a moment or two in which to say a word to *you*?

It is only "*Thank you*" for all the pleasure and the real help you have given me. I am indeed sincerely grateful, and shall miss you more than I fancy you can imagine. I am, sir,

W. L. TAIT.

WHITE CREEK, N. Y., *May 18.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I see, with regret, that Harpers have sold the WEEKLY. We have taken same in our family since I can remember, and, although we are Republicans in politics, have enjoyed the editorials greatly and shall hardly know where to replace them if the WEEKLY changes much. I think Mr. Harvey is as fair as any editor I know of. I am, sir,

F. A. SISSON.

ROCK HILL, S. C., *May 18.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I should like you to know the *real* help and comfort and strength a short editorial in the WEEKLY some years ago has given me and others to whom I have read or sent extracts. It is "On Courage," and chanced (?) to fall in my way, for I did not often see the papers and was in great distress

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at the time, but as soon as I commenced to read I felt "heartened up," and it is now almost threadbare from much handling. I will not take your time, but felt the impulse more strongly than usual this morning to pass the word along. "Fortune, impor*tune*, fortune," as you recall it?

I am, sir,
SUSAN H. AVERILL.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., *May 13.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—For scarcely any other reason would I so boldly rob you of a moment, and may hope to be forgiven in this instance only because I am to leave you *in* return for it the sincere appreciation of an American (though a humble one) in lieu of the broad and thoughtful manner in which you have grasped and discussed the situation rising out of the alien land bill, under Governor Johnson's consideration now, in your publication. Thinking Americans could scarcely view the situation in any other light.

I am, sir,
CHARLES H. MEIERS.

WATERBURY, CONN., *May 19.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—It is with great regret that I learn of the sale of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and it is a grief to me that you are to be separated from it. I don't see how you can properly express yourself in a magazine of only twelve numbers to the year instead of fifty-two. I shall be a subscriber to *The North American Review* from now on.

Please excuse me for writing familiarly, but I feel as if I knew you and I cannot let this occasion pass without a word. HARPER'S WEEKLY was in my family before I was born. I have always found it standing for good government and good citizenship.

I am, sir,
C. L. S.

LOUISVILLE, KY., *May 20.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have taken your paper only six or seven years. In fact, only since you began your fool campaign to elect an obscure college president to be President of the United States. I think I began taking it because I wanted to see how big an idiot an editor could make of himself. I laughed with all the others over the first years of your job. I am afraid I swore over your attacks upon Roosevelt. Now that you have your man in, what do you think of him?

I am inspired to write this little note simply to tell you that in spite of your worship of false gods you have all along made a paper which, however much I hated it at times, I could not help reading.

You're a great man, but may your politics go hang.

I am, sir,
V. P. O.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., *May 22.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—If it is true what I read in the papers, that you are leaving the editorship of HARPER'S WEEKLY, I feel that I cannot let you go without saying at least a little word of thanks and acknowledging my debt to you.

I began taking your Journal of Civilization through some books which I purchased from your house, and now for four years I have enjoyed meeting you week after week. I have not always been in sympathy with your point of view, but I have felt that it was always an honest opinion you gave me. I am a manufacturer and in favor of a tariff, and I do wish you had not elected Woodrow Wilson. You will have much to answer for in that. Still, I thank you.

I am, sir,
A. F. DUKANE.

NEW YORK CITY, *May 22.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I am sorry you have sold HARPER'S WEEKLY. Your editorials have given me great satisfaction—they have given me information of things past and present, and your "guesses" as to the future in political matters have made me wonder. Besides your wit, I have more than all admired the justice of your comment—this more than all other things.

I write this as you lay down your pen so skilfully handled on behalf of HARPER'S WEEKLY to give you my best wishes for your increasing power in whatever cause you may use your pen again.

I am, sir,
GEORGE B. DEGRAW.

BALTIMORE, MD., *May 21.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I suppose the new owners of the Journal of Civilization will call it by the old name, but a pretty empty name it will be for so many of its readers who have long identified it with the laughing philosophy, the good-natured satire, and the sane hard sense of Colonel Harvey's editorial comment. It may go on being called HARPER'S WEEKLY, but it will be, "Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still."

But why should that voice be still? I note that Colonel Harvey promises to have "Comment" go on in *The North American Review*. Fudge! Why, even his intensely human laughter would come rumbling, reverberating, unrecognizable out of the solemn corridors of that respectable mausoleum. I do not wish to speak irreverently of *The North American Review*. Far from it. It has its uses—important uses, too. Only, when it comes to making it a place of interment for Colonel Harvey with monthly exhumations, why, I venture to protest, that's all.

We need Colonel Harvey in our business—not once a month, but at least once a week, or, better yet, once a day. We need his sunshine in the political atmosphere. We need his sound, good, old New England horse sense. In my own humble opinion the editorial page of HARPER'S WEEKLY, under Colonel Harvey, was the best editorial page in the country. Has that voice got to be stilled?

Rubbish! Come back to it, Colonel. No matter how you do it, but come back. Pick up the baton again and get back to your old job of leading the editorial orchestra of the country.

I am, sir,
EDWARD G. NEWMAN.

MONONGAHELA, PA., *May 21.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I regret to read you have sold HARPER'S WEEKLY and retired from its editorship. I never read HARPER'S WEEKLY till within the past year, and I was so much pleased with the clear, incisive style and sparkling wit of its articles that I made up my mind immediately that I would become a life subscriber. This I shall not become, but I will stick as long to the *North American* as it remains under your pilotage. Wishing you success in your new field,

I am, sir,
JOHN L. LANK, M.D.

NASHVILLE, TENN., *May 22.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—There are sentimental reasons enough for regretting the passing of HARPER'S WEEKLY from the old house of Harper. Others nearer home are better equipped to express them than am I, for though I am New York born I have been away so many years that the city's old monuments are somewhat weakened in their appeal to me.

But, as I cannot sentimentalize, will you pardon the presumption of a suggestion? HARPER'S WEEKLY has already virtually become "Harvey's Weekly." Why not have a "Harvey's Weekly" in name as well as in fact? Cut out the pictures and other litter from HARPER'S and have a real WEEKLY with things to read in it—things of the kind Harvey knows how to write just a little bit better than anybody else, to my way of thinking.

I am, sir,
F. C. ELLIOTT.

FLUSHING, L. I., *May 15.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Six years ago, I would have welcomed with fiendish glee the announcement that you had relinquished the editorship of HARPER'S WEEKLY, for in those days you were unmercifully and unjustly (as I thought then) attacking my idol, Roosevelt. But you made me see differently by your exact relation and exposition of fact no less than by your powerful reasoning and logic. Now I am sorry to see you give it up, and I do not see how you will ever content yourself with only *The North American Review* as a channel for expression. I can assure you I am not contented.

I am, sir,
M. W. HART.

BOSTON, MASS., *May 23.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—What Henry Labouchere did for so many years in so masterly a way in London *Truth*, Colonel Harvey has been doing with equal originality for years back in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

I cannot reconcile myself to a situation which, so far as I can see, virtually silences Colonel Harvey as an editorial writer. His rare gifts of amiable satire, illuminated as they are by a certain healthy common sense, have made him an asset of high importance in this hour when so many who have the public ear seem to vary their intervals of sheer epilepsy with plain hysterics.

Labouchere was a bracing douche in such instances. So has Harvey been. The country will be a heavy loser if he does not continue to be. I believe there is room financially for a *Truth* in the publication field. But to have a *Truth* you must have a Labouchere, and that happens to be precisely what we have got in George Harvey.

I am, sir,
E. B. MARKHAM.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., *May 18.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I read with regret of the sale of HARPER'S WEEKLY and the severance of your connection with it, for I *did* look forward so to reading your "Comment." But I understand that you will express yourself in *The North American Review*, so I now must become a subscriber, for "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge."

I am, sir,
F. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY, *May 22.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I read with sorrow that you have given up the editorship of HARPER'S WEEKLY. I can never tell you how helpful and enlightening your editorials have been to me. My regret is mitigated, however, by the knowledge that our acquaintance will be continued through the pages of *The North American Review*. For the sake of family traditions, I must continue to buy the WEEKLY, but for my own education and the continuation of our acquaintance I must enter my subscription to *The Review*.

I am, sir,
F. M. GOODRICH.

PITTSBURGH, PA., *May 19.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—HARPER'S WEEKLY without Harvey is another case of "Hamlet" without Hamlet. There may be a paper published and its name may be HARPER'S WEEKLY. But it won't be HARPER'S WEEKLY. Might as well change it to "Hapgood's Weekly" and be done with it. HARPER'S WEEKLY dies June 1st if that is the date on which that deplorable sale, which I in common with thousands of others regret, goes into effect.

And thus passes HARPER'S WEEKLY! It seems incredible—unbelievable. After so long, so honorable, and so useful a life thus to pass away! It's like laying vandal hands on some cherished monument and landmark.

I infer from Colonel Harvey's personal statement that the cause of the death is poor circulation. Well, the WEEKLY did not begin to die "at the top," at all events. Never in all its career has it been editorially so bright, so brilliant, and so strong withal as during the last years of its life.

I have nothing but good will and good wishes for Mr. Hapgood and his associates, but it is going to be no easy task to stage "Hamlet" with no Hamlet in the cast.

I am, sir,
J. S. MALTBY.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, *May 22.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I suppose you are deluged with expressions of regret from all parts of the country that HARPER'S WEEKLY is going out of the Harper & Brothers' household. We used to read the Cincinnati *Commercial* to see what Halstead had to say. We read the Cincinnati *Gazette* to see what Deacon Richard Smith said: the Louisville *Courier-Journal* for what Watterson said; the New York *Sun* for us meant what Dana said: and, most of all, the good old New York *Tribune* meant staid old Horace Greeley and nothing else.

It was not the *Commercial*, nor the *Gazette*, nor the *Courier-Jaurnal*, nor the *Sun*, nor the *Tribune* which spoke. It was Halstead and Smith and Watterson and Dana and Greeley.

And so it has come to be with HARPER'S WEEKLY. We don't ask, "what has HARPER'S WEEKLY got to say about this, that, and the other. We ask "What has Harvey got to say about it?"

I beg you permit me to express my keen regret that the change has been made. I cannot but feel that the entire country has suffered a distinct loss.

I am, sir,
GEORGE N. HAINES.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., *May 22.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—So then it is good-by to HARPER'S WEEKLY, for it can never be the same under the guidance of another hand. Because I am saying good-by perhaps you will bear with me for a brief space.

First I want to thank you for what HARPER'S WEEKLY has been to me during nearly ten years—a wealth of timely information seasoned with the wisdom of one who has seen much of life, is slow to wrath, who knows men but does not despise them, whose knowledge of American institutions and American policies is wide and profound, and who has given his readers the benefit of his illumination with mingled wit and kindliness, hatred of sham, and tolerance of human frailty.

If any other editorial page in America during the last decade has been the peer of yours I should like to find it. It has been without fear or favor, neither bullying the weak nor toadying to the strong. If you had done nothing more than lead in the struggle to give an equal share in government to women—sufferers of the nation's adversities as well as sharers of its advantages—you would heartily deserve the grateful praise of all decent men. If you had done nothing else than sound the call to battle that summoned oft-beaten and hopeless Democrats from their lethargy three years ago, when you led them in the battle against bondage that the subservient party of privilege and plunder had fastened upon our nation, you would have earned the endless thanks of the American people.

But you did more. Every doer of big things stands in the record of history in two aspects—first, as the author of his acts; second, as a man. You have proved yourself a man. It was not enough that you before any other man discovered and held forth to the gaze of mankind the one who should lead the reunited, sane Democracy to the redemption of the nation; that in season and out of season you proclaimed his qualifications, at first to the surprise, then to the amusement, but at last to the conviction and admiration of all Americans.

This was not your supreme test. That came when the leader you had discovered—I had almost written appointed—finding himself on the high tide of success, asked you to cease advocating that which you had uplifted from obscurity. Without one word of protest, of reproach, or even of explanation to the thousands of friends who had enlisted under your banner, you calmly continued on your course. It seemed as if, in the consciousness that you had done the best thing for your country, you were proof against even the ungratefulness of man.

Your conduct before, during, and since this episode marks you as one of the great Americans whose counsel we all need. You are to continue your editorial work in the pages of *The North American Review*. I ask you, then, as a matter of justice to the many thousands of us who look to you for editorial light and leading, to publish *The North American Review* at least twice a month.

I am, sir,
O. T. W.

BOSTON, MASS., *May 22.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have learned with the deepest regret of the impending transfer of HARPER'S WEEKLY from Franklin Square to another owner. I have been a reader of the WEEKLY since 1880, and I can honestly say that the period of its greatest brilliancy and charm has, in my view, been the term covered by Mr. Harvey's editorship. I have valued more than I can say his intellectual fearlessness, his expressive power, the pungency of his wit, the savor of his inimitable style. The WEEKLY can never be the same again to me, at least.

I am, sir,
JOHN S. PERRON.

DALLAS, TEX., *May 19.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I notice with regret that Colonel Harvey is to retire from the editorship of the WEEKLY. I hope, however, and believe Mr. Hapgood will give us a good paper. Mr. Harvey is one of the giants.

I am, sir,
M. F. HORTON.

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TO MAKE OPIUM CONTRABAND

A World-wide Movement the Success of Which is Largely Due to the Efforts of the United States

BY A. MAURICE LOW

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

PRESIDENT WILSON'S message to Congress urging an appropriation of $20,000 to pay the expenses of the American delegates to the International Opium Conference, to be held at The Hague next June, centers public attention on one of the greatest modern movements in the interest of society. It is gratifying to record that the leader in this movement has been the United States.

Probably there is no one thing that has done such incredible harm to humanity as the poppy, the scarlet, flaming flower of which Keats sang:

> Through the dancing poppies stole
> A breeze most softly lulling to my soul,

but which has lulled innumerable souls to perdition. For the poppy is

> The flower of Mercy that within its heart
> Doth keep a drop serene for human need,
> A drowsy balm for every bitter smart.

It is from the poppy that opium, morphine, and its alkaloids, invaluable for medicinal purposes, are produced; verily "the poppy hath a charm for pain and woe," and when used licitly it has eased many a bed of suffering and resulted in much good. But its use has been perverted, and its perversion has brought millions of human beings under its thrall. Opium and morphine, whether smoked, or absorbed into the system by injection, or swallowed, have more disastrous mental, moral, and physical consequences than any other form of so-called stimulant, with the sole exception of cocaine; far worse, indeed, than liquor. A man may drink to excess and yet remain comparatively sane and not irremediably unmoral, but the victim of opium has neither the bodily strength nor the will power to resist. Once he has sold himself into slavery for the "juice of the subtile virtue," he is lost. The drunkard may cast off his shackles, the opium victim seldom, if ever.

Very curious are the workings of fate. When the United States was driven to war against Spain, when, as a result of that war, the Philippines became an American possession, few persons could foresee that the acquisition of the islands would make the United States the leader in the movement to bring about the suppression of the opium traffic. Yet, growing out of the American occupation of the Philippines has come the world-wide determination to make the commercial use of opium an illicit and contraband trade; in the interest of civilization to drive opium out of the markets as in the past the pirate was scourged from off the seas. Those persons who have always regretted that the United States took over the Philippines, and to whom the government of a subject race is iniquitous and immoral, may now see that destiny wrought with a purpose when it flung the United States into the Pacific to grapple with the problems of the East and humanity.

When the United States established itself in the Philippines it soon became evident to the American authorities that opium-smoking was largely practised by the Chinese population of the islands, and that the vice was spreading to the native population, with the usual result. Whole communities had become enslaved by the drug and were mentally and morally unfit. The government found it necessary to make a searching investigation, not alone in the Philippines opium problem, but of the entire problem as it existed in the Far East, and as a result of this investigation the importation of opium into the Philippines was totally prohibited except for medicinal purposes.

Prior to that time the question of opium was supposed to affect vitally only two countries—India and China, both producers and users of the drug in large quantities. If it affected the United States it was only remotely; certain degraded Americans were known to use opium and morphine, but society could conveniently close its eyes to an unpleasant sight. Space will not permit me to tell in detail the story of how opium was forced upon China by India or the reason why India was determined to compel China to accept the drug, but the reason can be found in a single word—selfishness. It was the same selfishness that made all the world engage in the African-slave trade; it was the same base motive that reckoned human agony as nothing if greed could be satisfied. "Trade in the drug," Dr. Hamilton Wright says—and to Dr. Wright great credit must be given for the success of the campaign to make opium contraband—"trade in the drug was sacrosanct under treaties and other international pacts, and China, not being in full possession of her sovereign rights, was compelled to receive any and all opium sent to her from India. Her own treasury was enriched by a tax on the home production, that seemed to be beyond control, and by a duty on that imported from India and other countries. The Indian exchequer was largely maintained by the income from her opium monopoly and the transit tax on the drug passing from the native states to British Indian territory." But the opium traffic was known to be so vile that public conscience in England was aroused. A Royal Commission was appointed and made its report in 1895, "which intrenched the Indian opium revenue as never before. India continued to produce opium and to send it to China and elsewhere. Wherever there was a Chinese population, there Indian opium gravitated." Not only China, but Australia, the United States, and Canada, bought and used opium as "dope."

The Philippines opium commission reported in 1904. Its value was testified to by John Morley, who told the House of Commons he hoped the House would take it to heart. The report was extensively distributed throughout China and gave encouragement to progressive Chinamen who had long believed some means might be devised to suppress the use of opium. As a result of this report the United States proposed to Great Britain that a commission be appointed to investigate the opium trade in the Far East, and that the investigation be made by the United States, Great Britain, France, the Netherlands, Germany, China, and Japan—that is, by countries having territorial possessions in the Far East. This proposal was made in October, 1906, and after considerable diplomatic correspondence an agreement was reached for the appointment of a commission to meet in Shanghai, on January 1, 1909. Austria, Italy, Persia, Turkey, and other countries, although having no territorial possessions in the Far East, were invited to send delegates. In all, thirteen nations were represented.

The commission adopted resolutions recommending that each government take measures for the suppression of opium-smoking in its own possessions; that



Hamilton Wright, M. D.
ONE OF THE AMERICAN DELEGATES TO THE RECENT HAGUE CONFERENCE ON THE OPIUM TRAFFIC

the use of opium in any form, except for medicinal purposes, be prohibited or carefully regulated; that all countries ought to adopt measures to prevent the shipment of opium to countries which prohibit its entry; that all governments ought to take measures to control the manufacture, sale, and distribution of morphine and other derivatives of opium. The commission had no power to bind the various governments, its sole function was to investigate and make such recommendations as seemed advisable. The conclusions of the commission were unanimous.

But before this report was made China had given earnest proof of its sincerity in trying to escape from the toils of opium. In September, 1906, an imperial decree was promulgated ordering that within ten years "the evils arising from foreign and native opium be equally and completely eradicated." To inforce the edict the area of poppy cultivation was to be gradually reduced; only persons holding licenses were permitted to purchase opium, and the amount they were allowed to buy must be reduced each year; within a specified time public opium divans must be closed; further manufacture of pipes and other paraphernalia was prohibited; officials and others were directed immediately to cease the use of opium under penalty of forfeiting their offices. In 1908 an agreement went into effect between China and the British government by which India was to reduce her total importation of opium by one-tenth of the average Chinese importation of the drug, China on her side agreeing to an annual ten per cent. reduction of her poppy cultivation.

It was felt by the delegates to the Shanghai commission that, while the resolutions adopted were morally important, they would not accomplish the desired purpose unless they were incorporated in an international convention. Accordingly, the United States again took the lead, and in September, 1909, proposed that an international conference be held at The Hague, and suggested a tentative programme, the chief features of which were the enactment of uniform national laws and regulations to control the production, manufacture, and distribution of opium; restriction of the number of ports through which opium might be shipped from opium-producing countries; means to be taken to prevent the shipment of opium to countries that prohibit its entry; the restriction or control of the poppy; the reciprocal right of search of vessels suspected of carrying contraband opium. Favorable responses were received from all the interested governments, and the programme was broadened at the suggestion of the British government that the various governments should make a thorough study of the production, manufacture, and traffic in morphine and cocaine. The Indian government proposed that a similar study should be made of the Indian hemp drugs. The conference met at The Hague on December 1, 1911, the American delegates being Bishop Charles H. Brent of the Philippines, Dr. Hamilton Wright, of Maine (both of whom were delegates to the Shanghai commission), and Henry J. Finger, of California; with Frederic L. Huidekoper, of Washington, as secretary. Bishop Brent was elected president of the conference.

The conference adopted a convention pledging the contracting powers to enact effective laws to control the production and distribution of opium, to restrict the number of places through which opium can be imported, to prevent the importation of opium to countries prohibiting its entry, to control exportation to countries regulating its importation, to permit only duly authorized persons to export or import opium, to prevent the manufacture, exportation, importation, or use of opium for smoking purposes. It was agreed that after all the Powers had signed the convention a further conference should be held to deposit the ratifications. As it was deemed essential that, to make the convention effective, the whole world should be parties to it, the Netherlands government took charge of the work of securing the signatures of the European Powers not represented at the conference, while to the United States was assigned the task of securing the signatures of the Latin-American republics, and all of them, with the exception of Peru, have either signed or pledged themselves to sign before next June, and the signature of Peru is expected at any moment. In Europe only Turkey, Greece, and Switzerland stand out.

That the world is not entirely governed by selfish considerations is shown by the action of the British government in making the agreement with China reducing the annual exportation of Indian opium. The Chinese have interpreted this agreement so as practically to close their ports to Indian opium, and as no treaties exist between China and Turkey and China and Persia, China has absolutely forbidden the importation of opium from those countries. The effect of the curtailment of the importation of Indian opium and the decrease of poppy culture in China naturally sent up the price of opium, and speculators and merchants rushed large supplies to China, hoping to make enormous profits. The Chinese government could not at that time prevent its sale or use, and the consequence is that at the present time there is now stored in Hongkong and Shanghai Indian opium estimated to be worth about $70,000,000 and on which the banks have advanced some $50,000,000, and this opium is now literally as well as figuratively a drug on the market. What to do with this accumulated stock is a very serious question. It cannot be sold in China or elsewhere in the Far East, as the Indian government, to carry out the provisions of the convention to stop the use of opium, suspended last January all sales of Indian opium for the Chinese trade, and reduced the sales to the British Crown colonies by one-third. The Indian opium stored in the Shanghai and Hongkong warehouses cannot be sold at any price, or even given away, as it is fit only to be smoked and not for medicinal purposes, and it threatens to involve in bankruptcy the banks that made the advances and the merchants who nominally own the stuff. Very grave commercial complications may follow.

The Bankers' Association at Shanghai, through the consular corps there, sent several petitions to the Chinese government to induce it to purchase this opium. When the State Department learned what was being done it cabled to the American diplomatic and consular officers in China instructing them that, in view of the treaties existing between the United States and China they were not to unite with their colleagues in forwarding any future similar petitions to the Chinese government. It was proposed that the Chinese government should buy all this opium and establish a government opium monopoly, but public opinion in China is now so firmly established against the government giving any encouragement to the opium traffic that the proposal was soon dropped. The only solution that presents itself is for the Indian government to buy back this opium from the merchants, an' that proposal is now under consideration.

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THE VANISHING ASTOR HOUSE

BY WILLIAM INGLIS



The Astor House as it appeared before the Civil War



The Astor House to-day

DO you remember how the men of New Amsterdam received the news of the death of their grim old governor, Peter Stuyvesant? Irving tells us: "And many an ancient burgher, whose phlegmatic features had never been known to relax, nor his eyes to moisten, was now observed to puff a pensive pipe, and the big drop to steal down his cheek; while he muttered, with affectionate accent and melancholy shake of the head, 'Well, den—Hardkoppig Peter ben gone at last!'" For Peter had long survived the evil day when his town passed into the possession of the hated English, and had remained in his remote *bouwerie*, or country seat—about St. Mark's Place of to-day—a steadfast, living protest against new people and new ways.

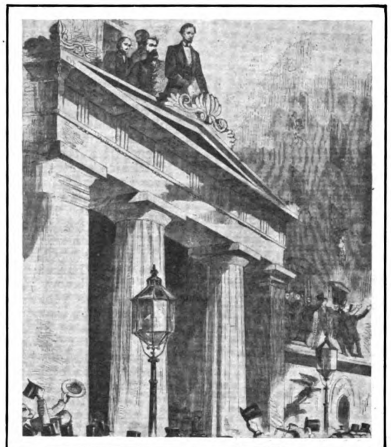
And so during the last generation has the grim old Astor House stood in silent protest against the new people and the new ways that have surged about its ancient gray stone walls. And now that the decree has been entered and the sentence passed that the gray house shall be destroyed, many an old New-Yorker feels a twinge at his heart and realizes anew that nothing is permanent, that all is vanity and a passing show. Moreover, these ancient burghers of our day have taken so seriously the fate of the old hotel, have so bepraised its manifold excellences and bemoaned its imminent fate, that the idlest passer-by may know them for what they really are—not the keen-eyed, flinty-hearted New York business men of tradition, but soft-hearted old boys who deplore the passing of the old days and the old ways.

In the time of Hardkoppig Piet the site of the hotel was farmland so newly reclaimed from the forest that the Dutchmen never dreamed of using the subsoil plow on it, much less of the coming of the modern Subway route of travel for millions of men which will soon run under it. The advent of this Subway is what destroys the hotel. Soon after our war of the Revolution Rufus King, who was to become our minister to the Court of St. James's, had his Colonial homestead and garden on the plot where the hotel still remains. John Jacob Astor, the founder of the Astor family in America, bought the house and ground from Mr. King, and there entertained the authors and scholars and prominent men of his day. Piece by piece he bought up the property around his garden, including the old Bull's Head Tavern, with its spreading oaks, until he had acquired the entire block along Broadway between Vesey and Barclay streets.

New York's white marble City Hall had not then been built—with its north side of rough brown stone, because no one but the yokels on their way to the hay-scales would ever see it—and the site of the post-office of to-day was part of the city Commons. The neighborhood was decidedly up-town, so far up-town as to be suburban. Fashionable folks were still living in lower William Street and in State Street, facing the Battery. Many of the old Knickerbocker families who dreaded the dust and turmoil of the city streets were neighbors of Mr. Astor in his rural northern retreat. They were thrown into a flutter when he announced in 1833 that he was going to build on the site of his home the grandest and finest hotel in America, if not in the world. They warned him of the folly of such a thing, inasmuch as few, if any, travelers would venture so far above the city proper. Possibly they had some hidden thought of protecting their suburban homes from the undesirable noisy traffic of a hotel. But John Jacob Astor, with the keen vision of New York's future growth which enriched him and his family even unto the third and fourth generation, calmly and briskly proceeded with his plan.

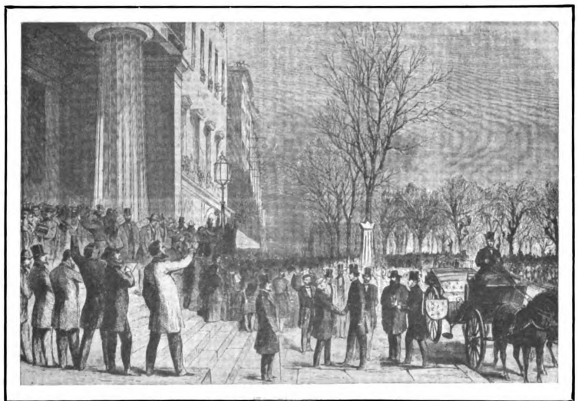
The cornerstone of the new hotel was laid amid much pomp and rejoicing at six o'clock in the morning of the Fourth of July, 1834. There was a parade of militia, and in the cornerstone was placed a silver casket containing newspapers of the day before and a full-length portrait of Layayette, America's great and good friend. The great blocks of granite that formed the walls of the monster six-story hotel were hoisted to their places by horse-power, for such a thing as a steam winch was still wrapped in the mist of inventors' dreams. When, after three years' work and the expenditure of the gigantic sum of three hundred thousand dollars, the Astor House was actually opened, in 1836, all New York took part in the festivities. Mayor Cornelius W. Lawrence presided, and everybody who was anybody danced at the ball that evening.

The temptation to linger on this page among the simplicities that marked the little old New York of that day is very great indeed. There is a stubborn legend that Dickens stood on the steps of the main entrance, and, looking across Broadway, saw wandering pigs rooting and grunting among the rubbish. An early Victorian picture of America's splendid new hotel in winter shows Broadway deep in snow, full of passenger sleighs, each drawn by six or eight horses. One line of sleighs, according to its daring placard, actually penetrated as far as Eighth Street into the frozen North. It is reported (though this is mere legend) that Davy Crockett, than whom no mightier hunter ever lived, visited the little town and put up at the Astor House. When he heard of the immense sum of money John Jacob had taken out of his fur business to build it he said: "Lord help the poor b'ars and beavers! They must be used to being skun by now!" And yet on the American plan—meals and lodging included—one could live pleasantly at the Astor House for two dollars a day. Indeed, there is indirect evidence that for this trifling sum the Astor's guest had not only good board, but luxuries *ad lib.* For it is recorded that when the illustrious Harry Howard led his brave and agile company of New York fire-fighters to a congress at Philadelphia he sought to supplement a sparse breakfast of eggs, fish, beefsteak, hot biscuits, and coffee by ordering an apple pie. The waiter humbly protested that there was no pie until dinner-time. "Huh!" growled Harry. "Call *this* a first-class hotel? Two-and-a-half a day and no pie? Hell!" Which proves that he could have had an endless belt of pie for breakfast at the Astor House, that model of all that a first-class hotel should be.



Abraham Lincoln addressing the people from the Astor House balcony, February 19, 1861

From a contemporary issue of "Harper's Weekly."



The arrival of President-elect Abraham Lincoln at the Astor House in 1861

Perhaps it is when the old New-Yorker with a palate and a memory looks back at the table of the early Astor House that he is most in danger of the big drop stealing down his cheek. Look at one of its bills of fare of the roaring forties, the days of beaver hats, swallow-tail coats, the Black Ball packets, and the brave clipper ships carrying three skys'l-yards aloft. *Menu*, does any one ask? No, sir; a bill of fare; a list of food: none of your French contraptions. Here it is, surmounted by a picture of the Astor House on the left; then a screaming spread eagle above the Shield of the Nation, in the middle, and on the right a temple of Liberty, the Phrygian cap on a lofty staff beside it, with the rising sun gilding all. And, look you, the food items, under the title "Gentlemen's Ordinary," occupies only the middle column, or one-third of the page, while the wine list fills the remaining two-thirds. N. B.—"Each waiter is provided with Wine Card and Pencil." There are no fewer than sixteen sherries, to begin with, closely followed by some twoscore noble Madeiras. Let us draw the veil. Such sights are not for mere shallow moderns, with their faltering Metchnikoff tabloids and their starveling half ounce of Scotch drenched in a flood of soda. Pah! And the foods! Imagine the plight of the pale New-Yorker of this age faced by Corned Leg of Pork, Roast Loin of Veal, Boiled Chicken and Pork, Egg Sauce, Stewed Kidneys, Champagne Sauce, and Rice Cakes Flavored With Lemon. Ah me, there were giants in those days, men of old, men of renown! What, shall we light-draught moderns regret the passing of the Astor House? Nay, let us be glad that our eyes shall no longer be vexed by the sight of the mere feeding-ground and wassail fountain of those deep-keeled, all-absorbing Gargantuas!

And, be it noted forever, to the immortal glory of John Jacob Astor and all the various men who kept his memorial House, the bread and butter were always of the best. Heaven will reward the hotelkeeper of this day who shall imitate their loyal guardianship of these staples of life. And for my own modest chaplet let me lay on the altar of the old Astor my grateful recollection of one dessert, the concoction of which was the work of a master whose name I am ashamed to say I never knew. It appeared on the bill of fare under the simple title, "Soft Vanilla Custard." It came to table in a plain tall glass, slim like a lovely Greek vase. Its color was palest gold, cunningly flecked with infinitesimally small motes of nutmeg, and its top was of whipped cream whiter than ivory. Investigation with the spoon disclosed the fact that down the middle of the custard ran a fine spine of ice, whence radiated tiny spiculæ that tickled the palate already swooning with delight. I had six of them for dessert the first time—and stopped then only because I was no Crœsus and one should always rise from the table a little bit hungry.

But enough of mere creature comforts. Let us glance at the historical associations of the old inn. "If I were shut out of the Astor House I would never again go to New York," wrote Daniel Webster to a friend in 1849. And he meant it. For years Mine Host Stetson had kept Suite 11 for Mr. Webster's use, and had steadfastly refused to present any bill therefor. Somehow the solid old walls that are going to give the New York housewreckers the hardest job of their lives seem to speak of Webster. During a score of years they sheltered him whenever he visited New York. As for the other giants who frequented the house, this page has not room enough for them. Here Nathaniel Hawthorne and Washington Irving resorted and Edgar Allen Poe found his material for the "Mystery of Marie Roget" in the disappearance of the pretty girl who kept the cigar counter. Here came Jenny Lind, Lydia Maria Child, Black Hawk, the proud and mighty Indian chieftain; the Grand-Duke Alexis of Russia, and the charming young Prince of Wales who was to become King Edward VII. Thackeray was a guest here—and, if he tasted the chowder, must have regretted wasting his poesy on mere *bouillabaisse*.

As for statesmen, the old house entertained hundreds of them from first to last. Here Henry Clay heard of his nomination in 1844. Pierce, Van Buren, Buchanan, Taylor, Seward, Choate, Douglas, and Jefferson Davis were honored guests. Here Lincoln stayed, and more than once addressed crowds from the balcony over the Broadway entrance. The mere repetition of the names of the illustrious guests is enough to daze the senses. It is all over. The old house is going: long live the new!

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PENN STATE

THE GIANT OF PUGET SOUND

The Growth of Seattle Has Been Matched only by Her Industrial Development

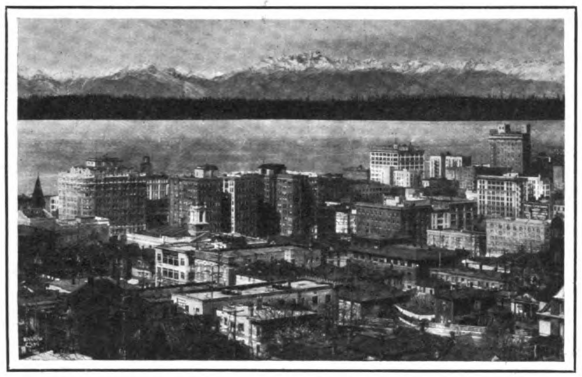


Seattle's skyline as it appears from Elliott Bay

BY

R. H. MATTISON

HER natural advantages and resources attracted the first settlers to Seattle. The trees were felled and rude log cabins erected, including a block-house for protection against Indians. A sawmill was installed at the foot of Yesler Way near where the famous totem pole stands to-day. Soon "windjammers" from the southern coast were plying to Seattle to carry away her lumber. This was the nucleus of a lumber industry which places Washington, and especially the district tributary to Seattle, ahead of all the states of the Union to-day. The water of the Sound and the inland lakes discovered within a few miles of the settlement were teeming with halibut, salmon, trout, and bass, and the cost of living was then, as now, a problem of minor consideration. In this manner also started the vast fishing industry of Puget Sound and Alaska, now valued at many millions each year and having headquarters in Seattle.



A part of Seattle's business district, with the Olympic Mountains in the background

As the fame of the Seattle settlement spread through the older towns of Oregon and California, adventurous young Americans, realizing that here was a wonderful country, flocked to the Puget Sound district, and soon, in addition to lumbering and fishing, the industry of farming began to be manifest. The rapid development of every line of industry in Seattle and the vicinity is due in a large measure to the fact that its citizens comprise to-day, and have since its inception consisted of, the youth and energetic hope of this and other nations. Actuated by the adventurous motives of all pioneers, they have been drawn to Seattle as the Western outpost of opportunity, and have given their brain and brawn to build up a community destined, they feel, to be second to none in this or other countries.

No obstacle is permitted to interfere with this development. In 1855 an Indian uprising drove the settlers who escaped massacre into the block-house, where they were forced to watch in helpless rage the burning of their little homes and the destruction of their crops by the painted savages. With reinforcements from the sloop-of-war *Decatur* the whites were finally able to quell the outbreak, and the courageous American survivors again raised their homes and planted their fields, working and living together as one family until all could care for themselves.

As the settlement spread until it reached Lake Washington on the east, thirty-five miles in length and five miles across, the news was one day brought to town that coal deposits had been discovered on the lake shore. Soon the district about Seattle was supplying the cities of the coast with fuel, and this developed the great coal industry of this section. In the same manner, fifty years later, prospectors are to-day sinking wells in this vicinity and in the Olympic Peninsula, boring for the oil of a paraffine base which scientists assert is to be found there.

Water transportation was the only available means of conveying coal, fish, lumber, fruit, and vegetables from Seattle for many years. In 1873 the citizens learned, to their dismay, that a rival settlement had given great land grants to a transcontinental railroad and in return been designated as its terminus. On May 1, 1874, the men, women, and children of Seattle assembled at the mouth of the Duwamish River, flowing into Elliott Bay. While the men stripped off their coats and with ax, pick, and shovel began the construction of a branch line to connect with a rival transcontinental railroad, the women donned their aprons and prepared lunch for their husbands and brothers. Shoulder to shoulder in the ditch stood the men of Seattle, prominent banker and common laborer striving together to accomplish more work for their beloved city than the storekeeper and fisherman against whom they were pitted. Men who later became millionaires, others who occupied high places on the federal bench, and still others who today are leaders in the affairs of Seattle toiled, elbows touching, with the sooty coal-miner, horny-handed lumberman, and seasoned fisherman, to start the first rail transportation for Seattle. The spirit in which they labored brought results, and seven transcontinental railroads now have their terminals in this port.

Water transportation grew apace with the development of the community. When the Hudson Bay trading-steamer *Beaver* made her infrequent visits to Seattle she signaled her arrival by firing a small cannon. This brought all the city's population hurrying to the water-front, and on Sundays depopulated the churches and forced the ministers to adjourn meeting until another day. Some sixty steamship lines now ply from Seattle to coastwise Alaska and Oriental ports.

Like many other famous cities, the beauty of Seattle's structural growth was primarily due to the impetus of disaster. In 1889 a fire swept away $10,000,000 worth of property in the sixty blocks which were burned. A few days before the citizens had voted to send a large sum of money to the Johnstown flood survivors. In a mass-meeting held on the day following the fire they agreed not only to rebuild the city on more substantial and attractive lines than before, but also to forward from the first money raised the sum pledged to the Johnstown sufferers. Since the fire the construction of this city has kept it constantly in the public eye. The broad business streets with imposing office-buildings, one of which, forty-two stories high, is now under construction; the engineering feats by which hills 200 feet high were torn down and carted away to fill in the lower places and create a level business district; the elaborate parks, thirty-eight in number and connected by thirty-one miles of scenic boulevard unsurpassed for beauty in the world: the architectural triumphs achieved in the schools, churches, and other public buildings of Seattle—all have served as the text for many newspaper and magazine sermons on this city. But greater than all these has been the Seattle faculty of seeing the opportunity in its broadest light and making the most of it. A variety of accomplishments has aroused the world at frequent intervals to this city's progress.

In July, 1897, with the arrival in Seattle of the first gold from Alaska, the community was prompt to grasp the significance of the discovery, and great were her strides in the next few years. The city now takes a week's vacation on the anniversary of that date and celebrates the progress and prosperity of the community by spending between $75,000 and $100,000 to entertain with a "Potlatch" the visitors from all parts of the United States.

The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition in Seattle in 1909 first brought the summer attractions of the Puget Sound country to the attention of the United States. As a result the hunting, fishing, and scenic beauties of Puget Sound, together with ideal summer climate, promise to create a lodestone that will draw here the tourists of the world who would escape the season's heat and dust.

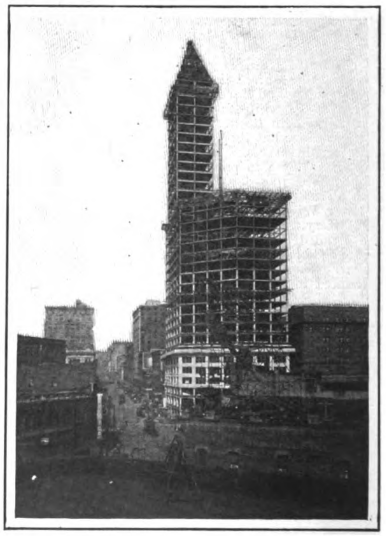
The next opportunity and the greatest for Seattle is the Panama Canal, and to prepare for this development the city is spending $20,000,000 on harbor improvements alone. She is building municipal wharves and other structures, waterways, and canals, connecting the Sound with Lake Union and Lake Washington, and adding 125 miles of fresh-water dockage for ocean-going ships to the fifteen miles of salt-water frontage now available. Terminal facilities are being constructed on a smaller scale. Since it is realized that many Eastern lines of manufacture will establish branch plants on the Pacific coast after the opening of the Canal, these terminal buildings under municipal supervision are designed to accommodate the products of all sorts and sizes of industries, giving them rail and water transportation to every part of the country and world.

With the development of the state of Washington as an unrivaled wheat and apple producing section, the importance of Seattle as a market for these products was quickly discovered. The milling industry rapidly grew, until the city to-day manufactures more flour than any other Pacific coast city. Other lines of manufacture have developed and are springing into being with similar celerity, owing to the raw material being located in the vicinity of this city or the market for the product being found in Seattle or reached from this port more easily than from any other Pacific-coast city. The fact that Seattle is the home port of the Great Circle Route, two days nearer the Orient than any other route, has given this city the advantage not only in marketing Northwest products, but in through shipments, such as cotton, farm implements, cloth, and other raw and manufactured products of the Atlantic and Central states.

The rapid advancement of Japan and the recent awakening of China, whose possibilities are stupendous, have shown that the Oriental market is only opening, while the Atlantic coast market will be unlocked for lumber, fish, and similar Puget Sound products with the completion of the isthmian waterway.

In addition, the city of Seattle, while arranging to attract here only the most desirable class of immigration, is preparing to place the immigrant on the fertile soil of western Washington, where he will become a producer. Working on this problem are the schools, including the University of Washington, located at Seattle, which has more churches than saloons, the New Chamber of Commerce, and the citizens as a whole, all of whom are vitally concerned for the future of their city. With an eye to the future, millions are being expended for additional park space, for children's playgrounds and field houses, for the extension of the municipal water-supply, pure as the glacial snows from which it springs, and for the development of every form of protection against disease, which earned for Seattle at the International Congress on Hygiene and Demography in Washington, D. C., recently the award as the healthiest city in the world.

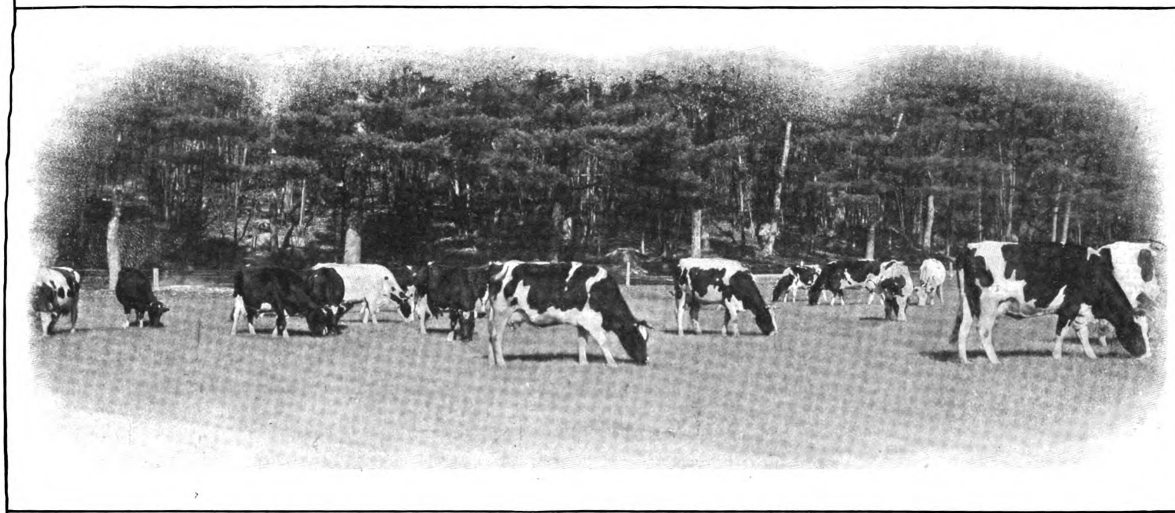
The city also has other superlative claims, among them being that of possessing the cheapest electric power and most complete and attractive street lighting of any city in this country. The largest lock outside the Panama Canal is being constructed by the government at an expense of $2,275,000 in the Lake Washington Canal. In this manner the city is building along the most attractive and progressive lines possible. In 1911 the city paid about $75,000 to an engineer of national fame for the preparation of a plan of Seattle providing for 1,000,000 citizens.



A view of Second Avenue, Seattle, with a forty-two-story building in the foreground

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DAIRYING IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST



Even climate, green grass, and pure water are just a few of the advantages of dairying on the Pacific slope

By E. A. STUART

AN average of ten dollars per month per cow, for every month in the year, is a conservative estimate of the yield in dairying in the state of Washington at the present time, which, with a tremendous and ever-increasing demand for dairy products and a present output that can supply but a fraction of this demand, combined with the most ideal climatic and natural conditions, tends to make the Pacific Northwest a real promised land for the coming dairyman.

While the far Western country, by reason of its newness and its advantages, is heralded as the land of agricultural opportunity, the splendid and unequaled inducements for dairying in the states of Washington and Oregon have hardly been touched upon. The opportunity of securing speedy and ever-increasing profits from dairy cattle, and the ease and facility with which a money-making business may be built up, have hardly begun to engage the attention of the agricultural writers.

Despite the fact that pure-bred cattle from the North Pacific slope have been taking highest premiums, and regardless of the wonderful records of the milk production of these splendid herds, the dairymen in the eastern and middle sections of the country have hardly awakened to the altogether unusual advantages of the Northwest as a place in which to turn over large profits.

When one considers that this is not a new country, but that it has behind it years of wonderful records in the production of milk, butter, and cheese, and when one realizes the possibilities in quality and quantity of this product from the cow, taken in connection with the low cost of production and the many natural advantages that are readily apparent—when one considers all these facts, and then understands that the importation of dairy products into the state of Washington alone, during the past year, was in the millions, one may gain some idea of the splendid market that is waiting for the dairyman in this section.

As an example of the necessity for a greater domestic production of dairy products, we will take the state of Washington. This commonwealth, today, has over two million acres of logged-off land that is only waiting for the settler to acquire and clear it and more than treble its productiveness within a very short period of time. In addition to this vast area there still remain large territories that are already cleared and suitable for dairying purposes.

Not only does the Pacific Northwest afford abundance of available land, but it is the kind of land and the kind of soil that for dairying has no rival anywhere. The soil varies in different counties in sufficient measure to suit every kind of dairying need. There are the low bottom-lands, the high, rich uplands, and the new lands from which the timber has been but recently removed. All these classes show an unmatched fertility, and are an important factor to consider in measuring this section's advantages.

Nowhere are there found such ideal climatic conditions for the cow as in the states of Washington and Oregon. Mild, temperate winters; cool, ideal summers, combined with an inexhaustible source of pure, fresh water, are the factors that have contributed to the wonderful success of those who have embarked in the dairying industry in these states.

Another important factor that is to be carefully considered is the transportation facilities that permit the transfer of the milk from the place of production to the hands of the consumer. The steam railway and electric interurban transportation facilities are exceptional, and, in addition, this section is in the van of all states in supplying good roads and ease of communication between production and shipping centers.

On the Northwest slope, the dairyman, be he trained in the business or a beginner, has comparatively no competition, because the demand already here so largely exceeds the present supply.

A large and growing urban population, combined with the fact that there are more than 200 creameries in the state of Washington, and thirteen extensive condensed-milk plants, insure for the dairyman a constant demand for his product at the top market prices.

The state of Washington has been making unusual efforts to concentrate the attention of the dairying people from other sections and to encourage the emigration of agriculturists to this section, and, to this end, it has recently published an exhaustive report covering every phase of the dairying industry, and has included practically every character of information that will prove of interest to the prospective dairyman.

The fact that the state of Washington offers exceptional advantages in this line has been recently brought to the attention of agriculturists by the world's record recently established for splendid herds of dairy cattle.

The expense of acquiring, maintaining, and caring for cows in this section is subject to slight variations, but the cost of operation is much lower than in any other section of the country on account of the perfect climatic conditions that nature has provided, and which afford perpetually green pastures. In addition to an ever-ready market and its exceptional transportation facilities, the state offers substantial encouragement to dairying in a number of other ways. In Washington specially appointed experts are retained to visit every dairy farm and lecture and demonstrate practical and modern methods of handling, feeding, purchasing, and breeding dairy cattle, the care of milk—and, in addition, they devote considerable attention to the problems of proper field drainage, sanitation, and the care of equipment and utensils, in which work they are assisted, to a considerable extent, by the creameries and condensed-milk plants.

In connection with the Washington State College there are three experimental stations, the reports of which are published in pamphlet form and freely distributed among those requesting them.

In addition to an extensive and progressive State Dairymen's Association, Washington has five cow-testing associations, which are necessary accessories in a rapidly developing dairying industry.

Washington teems with good chances for the beginner, as well as for the experienced dairyman. The added advantage of sufficient capital, however, must not be overlooked in this, as well as in every business enterprise. Just how much one should have is always difficult to estimate, as the location contemplated and previous experience will affect these figures considerably. It is seldom safe for a person to start in a new place on a large scale. The best dairies are built up from a few well-chosen cows and a pure-bred bull. Good-grade dairy cows can be bought from $60 to $100 apiece. The pure-bred will cost more. The tendency now among many progressive farmers is to work gradually toward a herd of thoroughbred cows.

There is no special standard of excellency predominating as regards breeds, but for the large producer the Holstein leads in popularity. The Jersey, the Guernsey, the Ayrshire, and the Durham also have their admirers. However, there is a great deal in understanding thoroughly the kind with which one is working.

To arrive at an exact estimate of profits, one that would fit all cases, is difficult in view of the fact that different conditions and experiences have contributed varying results. In estimating profits, all elements that contribute in any way should be taken into consideration—capital invested, time consumed, market prices of feed, yield of the individual cow, price of products, certainty of market, inexpensive transportation, adaptability of the dairyman to his occupation, milk fed to calves, hogs, and chickens, products consumed on the table, average loss from different causes, life of the cow, her value after she begins to depreciate, and many other general points bearing more or less on the net results.

As an example of what is being done note this report of a railroad man who took up dairying here without previous experience:

No. of Cows.	Age.	Lbs. Milk.	Average Test.	Average Price.	Value.
1	4	5,156	5.20	$1.66	$110.85
2	2	5,585	4	1.66	92.71
3	2	6,165	3.80	1.66	97.40
4	4	6,188	5	1.66	128.09
5	4	8,244	4.20	1.66	143.44
6	4	7,008	4.40	1.66	127.54
7	6	9,181	4.50	1.66	170.76
8	11	7,944	4	1.66	131.87
9	8	9,964	3.80	1.66	157.43
					$1,160.09

No. 8 has averaged over $130 per year for five years, or $650.

Average cost of keeping cow per year (estimated) 872.

The fertilizing feature of dairying is given greater valuation each year, and, in addition to the profits from dairying, the richness of the soil is continually increased by modern methods of fertilizing.

The opportunities for renting are, as a rule, very good; terms run from $10 to $20 per acre, in either shares or cash.

The dairymen are a unit in acknowledging the splendid profits of the business in this section, which is shown by a recent compilation by the Washington Board of Statistics of replies to questions put to representative dairymen.

Replying to the question, "Is dairying profitable?" every man on this compilation replied with an emphatic, "Yes." To the question, "Are there plenty of chances for others to succeed in your vicinity?" the answer in each instance was, "Yes." To another question that was asked, "Is there danger of overdoing?" all were a unit in replying in the negative.

To sum up the advantages and opportunities of the Pacific Northwest, one must take into consideration the universal and excessive demand for dairy products in this and other sections, and consider, in addition, the natural advantages of this section as regards soil, climate, transportation, markets, prices, and other features that are potential in the future possibilities of these two states, and factors that contribute materially in making the Pacific Northwest the most wonderful dairying district in America.

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THE BEACHES IN SPRING

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

ON the prayer-book of one of the older religions there is a form of grace to be said for the divine gift of spring, when one sees the first green leaves upon the trees after the brown barrenness of winter. I have a wordless grace in my heart which rises up joyfully when, for the first time each year, I hear the thundering of the much-resounding sea and catch the golden glint of sunlight on the billows. Then I go along the shore, not weeping like the son of tinsel-slippered Thetis in that splendid line of Homer where the adjective rolls like the overtopping breakers tumbling into *thalassa*, the hissing name of the surges; not weeping, but glad at heart.

Homer's memory comes to me now, but when I come into the very presence of the majestical deep, and hear that mighty music in my ears, I forget Homer and all poetical allusions for sheer joy in the multitudinous thundering murmur of the waters and the dance of colors on the broad fields of ocean and the whispering lacework of white foam, as the wave breaks and rushes forward in circling fringes on the wet, brown sand; the bigger bubbles catching now and then a tint of rainbow from the sun, while the wind blows handfuls of suds along the sea marge and fills nostrils and lungs and heart with deep breaths of rejoicing.

In early spring, when many-colored clouds, shading from soft gray and purple to glistening white, are hurrying preoccupied across the illimitable blue, there are answering colors on the great plain of the sea, divided into long fields by the ridges of the waves; there are wide spaces of deeper purple, meadows of clear bottle green, broad roadways of glittering silver and golden sparkles under the sun; and from the broken edges of the clouds sheaves of yellow sunshine pour down in a rain of radiance.

The sea seems to breathe perpetually, to send forth a veritable breath of life, renewing the heart and washing all the cobwebs from the spirit. Here, by the margin of that mighty life, we are great not in names and fancies, but in the splendor of life itself, in its beauty, its majesty, its joy.

The Sea's Playground

The beach I have in mind confronts the south, so that the sun hangs above the sea, pouring down light upon the glistening, tossing billows, dancing on the green and purple plain strewn with glinting dust of gold and silver. So ample is the light, so all-encompassing, that after a while one's eyes are dazzled, and one turns for rest from so much splendor to the quieter beauties of the beach itself; the transparent brown of the sand within the margin of the sea, where a film of sun-lit water varnishes it; the dull brown, almost chocolate, of the newly wet sand laid bare by just receded wavelets; the bright buff of the sand not yet touched by the incoming tide; then, higher and nearer to the dunes, the sand so bright as to be almost snow-like, with here and there patterned ripples of violet, marked by innumerable tiny fragments of some purple crystal weighing lighter than the pure quartz of the broad white sands. There is endless entertainment, too, in the sea's rejected playthings strewn along the beach: crystal pebbles neatly rounded and tinted with yellow or brown or pink; shells, little ones no bigger than peas, orange or clear pearl color; or finely crimped scallop-shells, glossy black or brick red or mottled orange; sea-snails as big as one's fist; and here and there such trumpet-shells as the Tritons blew among the isles of the Ægean. Seaweeds along this shore are few, because, I suppose, a foreshore of rock is missing. There are a few brown ribbons or wet, slippery strips of green with crumpled edges, but none of the dainty pink fronds and rosy lacework that one finds where tongues of low rock run out into the tide. There are queer finger-sponges here, veritable sponges drawn out into long tubes as thick as a baby's finger set like branching stag-horns on a base of pebble or shell, and there are starfish strewn among the sponges, five-pointed, bristly, each one adorned with a scarlet dot where two rays join.

The Thickets and the Dunes

There is much beauty, too, in the long army of sand-dunes, bristling with the fixed bayonets of the bent-grass, even in early spring when sere winter is not yet overcome. The bent-grass crests the small white cliffs and precipices of the sand, its long spears soft buff color touched with old gold, where the sun catches the ridge of a dune; but even in late March or early April this tanned winter color is being undermined by new green shoots piercing upward from the brown matted roots, presently to bury in new silvery green the dry straws of the departed year. Among the bent-grass thickets, in little open glades of sand, there are many small plants with new-born leaves, green or copper brown, the first promise of the spring festival; and the low copses of wild myrtle, just within the sand-dunes, one of the great beauties of this beach, are big with buds, presently to open into fragrantly scented leaves of luscious green. The gray clusters of waxy bayberries are just now their only adornment, fit material for the magic candles of a bygone day. Among these bayberry bushes or wild myrtles, for they rejoice in both names, there is a permanent colony of myrtle warblers, who even in snowtime fatten themselves on the waxy clusters, the only warblers that winter with us. Of course there are numbers of myrtle warblers that leave us and go farther south, with their many-plumaged cousins, to return in mid-April radiant in new feathers, notable even among the brilliantly colored little warblers for the dappled black-and-yellow splendor of their new waistcoats, their jaunty yellow caps, and the band of bright canary yellow just above the tail. For two or three weeks in April and May they swarm in the parks and here along the shore.

The Ways of the Warbler

There is something infinitely engaging about the myrtle warbler, even though, like his big, scolding cousin, the yellow-breasted chat, he disapproves of you very much indeed. As you come toward the low thicket of wild myrtle which girdles a long, narrow pond of fresh water, you catch just a glimpse of a brown little bird, the size of a sparrow, who says "Tut!" in a very censorious tone and instantly disappears, dropping down among the thickly matted brown stems. Then at your elbow another "Tut!" and another vanishing vision. Then the whole myrtle copse begins to "Tut!" and you catch flitting glimpses of small, indignant protestants. Keep still for a minute or two, until the storm of protest has died down and the small birds are busy once more with the fat bayberries, and you may get a good view of them, for they are not really shy at all. The yellow band above the tail is your certain guide, well seen as they flit away from you on expanded wing. Northern yellow-throats, also bright little warblers with black vizors like a domino at a dance, come here too in early May, and a few of the yellow warblers which make the parks bright with golden flashes and merry songs all through late May and June. If you get close enough to see them, and, as a rule, warblers have no objection at all to your admiring them at close quarters, you see that their fine yellow breasts are barred with pencilings of brick red, and rarely do they let more than two or three minutes pass without sending forth their blithe little song, "Chee, chee, chee, chichawee!" Among the bayberries, too, you may see two or three Magnolia warblers in mid-May, proud of their black-and-white wings and finely mottled black-and-yellow breasts. Sometimes they work up duets with the yellow warblers, alternating their more sedate "Chee, chee, cheecha, weecha!" with the yellow warbler's "Chee, chee, chee, cheecha-wee!" Then perchance the emulous yellow-throat chimes in, "Queechety, queechety, queechety!" and the whole myrtle copse thrills with song. In this same myrtle forest by the dunes there dwells a family of flickers, the fine brown-speckled-with-black ant-eating woodpeckers, with their red-patched heads and black necktties and wings splendidly lined with gold. They passed the winter here, two or three of them, living sociably beside the myrtle warblers, and when we visited the beach they invariably inspected us, climbing up a post and looking at us over the top, whereafter, seemingly not cheered by the inspection, they flashed away on gold-lined wings.

Bird Life upon the Beaches

Our eyes and hearts are now quieted by the somber shadows of the myrtles, so that we may venture back again to the luminous marges of the much-resounding sea. Here, too, whether on the shore or in the waves, there are birds and plenty of them, of many kinds; for the sea edge brings food to those that wade and those that dive and those that swim and guzzle with wide shovel-bills. It is their main roadway, too, in their ceaseless journeying after the sun, northward in spring, southward again in autumn, and so on from generation to generation. In one way there is nothing more entertaining than the little sanderlings, small buff-and-white birds of the sandpiper clan, who fatten themselves on little sand-fleas and the small-fry of the wave edges. In bands of half a dozen or a score or a hundred they trot forward after the retreating wavelet, their little pink ankles immersed; then, when a new wavelet comes bubbling forward, they all turn together and trot back again, almost but never quite overtaken by the swiftly advancing waters. Forward and backward they trot, weaving their endless dances in the flicker of the foam; then, if you come too close, drooping their long wings and dashing off in a swift, wheeling flight, close over the waves, to settle half a mile farther along the beach. There again they begin their dancing, barely visible dots, joined, perhaps, by a ring-neck plover or two, also on their way to the great lonely spaces of the northland.

Petrels from the Antarctic

Even in the beginning of May herring-gulls, the silver-winged gleaners of our winter harbors, are less numerous. You no longer see on the beaches the unnumbered thousands of late autumn and winter, crowded in white regiments along some sand ridge that juts out into the waves. Even those that are lingering now will leave us soon, winging potently northward, and all summer our harbors will be without them. But their place will presently be taken by the still more graceful terns, the clipper-built, black-capped sea-swallows who sit sedately in twos and threes on bits of floating driftwood watching the boats pass up and down the harbor. In the heat of summertime there will be swarms of little dark petrels, own cousins to Mother Carey's chickens, but distinguished from them by a light coffee-colored mark like a carpenter's square on each wing. They are visitors from afar, for they nest during our winter months in remote islands of the Antarctic Ocean and then bring their black chicks, grown to full size, along with them across the line to pay us a visit in our summer months, thus escaping the tempestuous and chilly winter of the southern hemisphere. These little petrels skim the water in perpetual fluttering flight, dipping up oil, it is said, from the waves and thinking nothing at all of their yearly to-and-fro journey of so many thousand miles.

A Tragedy of the Sea

A few months ago on one of our beaches, not that which I have been describing, I was witness of one of the tragedies of the sea. Some distance ahead, as I walked along the sea marge, I saw a petrel fluttering along the waves. One could see that all was not well with him, but just what was wrong was not apparent. An old codger digging clams on the beach had noticed the odd fluttering of the little black bird, and suggested that a fish had caught him by the feet. That seemed hardly likely, though; and presently I was near enough to see that his feet were just clear of the waves, yet he fluttered painfully and feebly, some twenty or thirty yards from the shore, heading bravely into the wind and the waves, yet making hardly any progress at all. The petrels seem able by some instinctive power to skim just clear of the water, rising and falling with the undulating wave crests as they hover forward on restless, swiftly fluttering wings. This one was just able to maintain his distance above the rising and falling waters, and it was an evident effort for him to top the oncoming wave. And even as I watched the labor grew ever greater for him; it was a plucky, grim, losing struggle, the end already in sight. By this time he could no longer draw his feet from the water; his wing beats were growing slower, feebler; he was evidently becoming weaker minute by minute. Yet with some blind, dumb passion of life he fought to the end against inevitable death, fluttering to the last up each onrushing wave front, vanishing for a moment behind the white, seething crest, and seen again, a struggling little black body when the wave crest ran swiftly forward. Then the end came. A wave broke upon him; he was not able to breast it and was rolled over and over in the smother of foam. I should have tried to save him had there been any way to do it, so keen was my sympathy with the little wrestler against death. The little black body was still just visible under the surface. A moment more and it was gone.

The Tern's Dinner Trick

That day it happened that there were many terns along the beach, winging in graceful flight, the trim-built yachts of the bird-world. One saw them dart through the blue air and drop among the waves, diving for their dinner, and once I was close enough to see one rise from the water on gracefully beating wings, holding a little silvery fish, whose tail pathetically wagged, in his sharp beak. With strong wing strokes he mounted upward, then struck backward with his wings and deliberately dropped the little fish, which wriggled with premature joy, for the tern caught it again in the air, evidently intent on getting it head on for convenient swallowing. It was a very pretty trick skilfully done. The little fish, perhaps, was less enthusiastic about it, thus forcibly transmigrated from water to air, but I fear there was small thought of pleasing him in the arrangement. It was destiny, and there it ended. I suppose a fish has small time to wonder, or, indeed, to do anything more than wriggle in wordless, pathetic protest when swift death thus descends upon him.

There were many gray ospreys on that same day, fish-hawks as the natives call them, and as in truth they are. Soaring on strong, wide wings along the beach, they follow a quite different method from the fine-winged terns; they come down with a thud and a splash into the waves and then struggle forth again, holding, if they have fisherman's luck, a wriggling fish in one strong fist. Then they get hold of him with the other fist also and sail away, the fish parallel beneath them, exactly like the fin-keel of a racing yacht, to settle on the posts of the stake nets which one can see a half-mile out like fine cross-hatching on the haze-covered horizon.

A Duck Migration

There are other winged fishermen of our beaches: the ducks and the geese and the loons and the grebes. One may see any or all of them on almost any day at the right time of year in the height of that great yearly festival of birds, the spring migration. One day, at the close of March, the ducks were literally in thousands, swarming along the sky-line like huge black bees; week after week, as you walk along the beach, thanking the Maker of all things for our brother the sea, who is very masterful and terrible in his beauty, you may see strings of ducks rushing through the air like express-trains, drawn out in a straight line all ready for Baron Munchausen's ramrod to spit them.

The beach which I have had most in mind gives one a steady walk of six miles out and six miles back again. If you pause to take in all the varied beauties and delights it so lavishly offers, as we did on a recent day, sunset will come on you about the fourth mile homeward, and for an hour the sky and the sea and the wet sand before you will be drenched in wine color and gold. The very air that blows to you out of so much beauty seems fragrant. The sea, murmurous now with a sedater music, is spread forth in spaces of rich red and olive green; the waves that break and rush forward on the sand are fringed with foam which catches the gold and purple of the sunset.

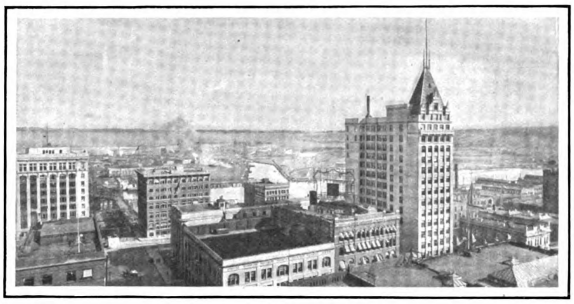
Then came the dusk hour of twilight, as we turned inland, taking a road across the wide-spread marsh tract between the beaches and the firm earth. Among low willows and alders by the roadside were many song-sparrows, joyful with their gay little trilled song. As we left the flats and came to solider ground with elms and fruit-trees, and here and there a farm whose windows began to twinkle fiery red, the robins broke forth in their evening chant, echoing to one another in boisterous, triumphant melody from every thicket. Then across a clear, open space of water, with willows mirrored in it, came the tolling notes of a bell, and after came the stillness of the night.

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A CITY OF INDUSTRY

Tacoma's Tidelands Promise Her the Manufacturing Supremacy of the Pacific Coast

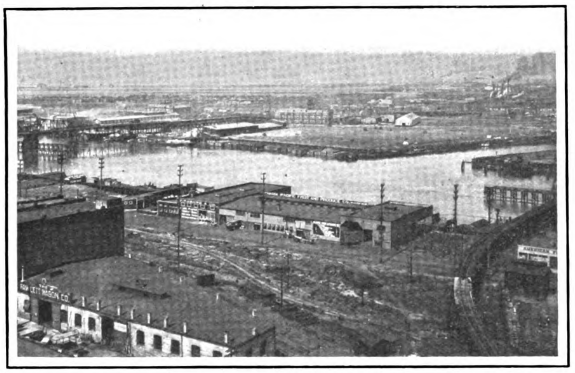
BY ALFRED CAVANAGH



The heart of the business section of Tacoma, Washington

ANY one who has traveled through the so-called Far West, especially the portion thereof that for convenience' sake is designated the Pacific slope, and even those who have not traveled, but who read, must know that every Far-Western city, every Far-Western community, every Far-Western citizen, lays claim with special vigor and emphasis to superiority or leadership in some particular line of human endeavor or accomplishment. It is a distinctly Far-Western characteristic.

From one international boundary to another, inland as far, say, as Denver, the existence of the comparative adjective seems to have been totally forgotten or, through lack of practice, to have fallen into complete disuse. The Pacific-sloper will tell you, for example, that yon towering timber is the world's tallest; that yon great sky-scraper, rearing above the wondrous sunset coloring of the Pacific horizon, is the highest west of Chicago; that yon howling, screeching sawmill, ripping into the enormous logs that crowd ceaselessly through its maw, is the world's largest sawmill; that yon this and yon that is the finest and the greatest and the biggest and the strongest *et cetera ad libitum*.



The industrial development that has taken place in Tacoma's tidelands section

And by the same token one Far-Western community points with admiration to the fact that its fishing-fleet leads all other fleets; another that its wholesale trade leads all other wholesale trades within competing zones; and still another that its hotel industry and its capitalization of sunshine and azure skies, by many dollars, outdo the next nearest comer. You never hear a Far-Western community put such things on a comparative basis. The citrus-fruit orchards, the apple orchards, the English-walnut groves, and the vast alfalfa fields with their four crops to the season—these and a thousand other matters of material accomplishment are never spoken of or referred to save by way of the superlative.

And it should not be inferred that because more than a million horse-power of hydro-electric energy is developed or possible of development within a radius of sixty miles of one certain Pacific-coast town; nor because land that sells at $1,000 an acre and will earn its fifteen or twenty per cent. net on that valuation every year is within a stone's throw of another certain town; nor because three or four hundred million dollars' worth of Alaska gold has been arbitrarily dumped into still another town, that this seemingly extravagant indulgence in the superlative is based on the Far-Westerner's desire to exaggerate simply for the sake of exaggeration. The superlative is the only vehicle of expression that he can use to convey properly an approximately true idea of the Far West's natural resources and material accomplishments to the novices. The Almighty has moved in a marvelous way on the Western frontier, and the Far-Westerner has to talk in stupendous terms to give an adequate idea of things done and being done.

And so if you call on the average man of affairs in Tacoma, which its people call "the city with a snow-capped mountain in its dooryard," and ask him in what particular line this city takes precedence or is going to take precedence over its many big and busy contemporaries up and down the coast, he will come back promptly with one word: "Manufacturing."

As to whether he is entirely right about it authorities will differ. Tacoma's own statistics, as might logically be expected, show that Tacoma leads the Pacific coast in point of industrial production. But every other city of the first class on the Pacific seaboard adduces statistics as regularly as the years fly by in proof that it is also advanced in industrial production, and almost anything can be shown with statistics, anyway, if only one is skilful enough.

This one point stands out clearly: Whatever Tacoma is now, in a manufacturing way she must some day be the undisputed and undisputable industrial-producing center of the Far West. Tacoma occupies the one and only such location on the Pacific seaboard having a practically unlimited area of tide-level lands that are adapted for manufacturing purposes. It need hardly be said that these lands immediately adjoin developed rail and marine terminals, for no manufacturing can be successfully conducted and no manufacturing center can grow and lead, without rails on one side and deep water on the other. And the inference is not made that other Pacific-coast cities do not have available areas of tide-level lands. But such areas, in all the coastal centers, save and excepting Tacoma, are limited—and in most instances cramped. This all-controlling area in Tacoma is in direct contrast. Its only limit is the far end of a valley thirty miles long and five miles wide. This valley opens on to Puget Sound at Commencement Bay—Tacoma's harbor—and directly abreast the city. A part of it, though only a very small part, is in Tacoma's corporate limits. The remainder, although in sight and in direct transportation touch with the very business heart of the city, lies outside the corporate limits, where it escapes the taxation that any city exacts, yet has every advantage and convenience that could be had inside city limits.

The "tidelands," they call this great industrial district at Tacoma, because the extreme outer edge is laved by the daily tides of Puget Sound, and the whole district, lying level as a floor, has an elevation above sea-level no greater than twenty-five feet at any point.

Most Easterners smile when the word "tidelands"—so mystic and so fraught with possibility to the Far-Westerner—falls upon their ears. And smiles are in order, for almost every Western city that has upward of a city block of tidelands has made those tidelands the subject of the most rabid real-estate speculation that America has ever witnessed. Go into almost any Eastern city or hamlet and you can find from one to a dozen men or women, or innocent school-teachers, who are paying for Western tidelands on the instalment plan—$10 down, perchance, and a dollar a month all the rest of their natural lives for a lot 25×100 feet. Many a Pacific-coast city has received a nicely colored black eye in the East as a penalty for having allowed the platting and instalment-plan sale of tidelands within its limits. But it is as unfair to hold this speculation against the real worth of Western cities as it is to hold the sale of the Masonic Temple at $3.50 against the real worth and integrity of Chicago, where gold-brick artists for years disposed of Chicago's erstwhile leading sky-scraper to visiting farmers at the price named. The total number of tideland lots in Tacoma that have been sold to investors on promise that fabulous profits would result from simply holding those lots a few short years until some railroad needed them for terminals and would pay a fancy price to get them is infinitesimally small compared to the total area. The bulk of this industrial district that is not already in use for manufacturing has not been and is not being hawked around the Republic, nor is it subdivided into 25×120-foot lots. It is held in acreage and awaits the needs of manufacturers who want to and can put it to productive use. So the impression that has prevailed regarding Western tidelands, and all of them, can be dismissed. All coast cities have some. Tacoma has most, and in having them Tacoma controls the key to industrial development on the Pacific seaboard.

One or two further basic facts as to manufacturing on the Pacific, present and future: Tacoma is the heart, the center, of the Douglas-fir belt—the last stand of American timber. With the South's yellow pine almost gone, with the North's white pine vanished, the United States can look in but one direction for its future lumber-supply. That is to the Douglas-fir belt—and every month finds some Southern or Northern manufacturer making his way to this belt to continue the manufacturing operations that are no longer possible where the timber has been exhausted.

The only coking coal west of the Missouri River is found in the Cascade Mountains within a range of forty-five miles from Tacoma. This coal reaches tidewater at Tacoma first and comes by down-grade haul all the way.

While Tacoma's thirty-four sawmills in 1912 cut 340,100,458 feet of rough lumber, while Tacoma's wood-products manufacturers in 1912 produced an output valued at $5,120,000, while Tacoma's flour and cereal mills in 1912 produced $11,913,604 worth of foodstuffs, and while gold and silver and lead and copper valued at $12,500,000 was run out of the refineries in Tacoma's smelters during 1912, Tacoma and Tacomans feel and know that the industrial power and leadership of their city is still in its beginnings.



A view of Tacoma's terminal district

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HER PATH WAS STREWN WITH ARROWS



Interludes

THE CLASS IN HUMOR

"YOUNG gentlemen," said the Professor of Humor, as he wiped the beads of perspiration from his furrowed brow, and injected a strong solution of tincture of iron into his wrist with a hypodermic needle, "it is a matter of intense sorrow to me to have to do this thing, but inasmuch as no course in humor is complete without some consideration of that abysmal form of wit, the pun, I am compelled to devote this hour to that heartrending topic. Mr. Wizenface, what do you understand by a pun?"

"It is that form of impromptu idiocy," said Mr. Wizenface, "that put the pun into punishment, and three-fifths of its name into punch."

"A very fair definition, Mr. Wizenface," said the Professor. "Mr. Slabsides, you may give an example, perpetrating one of those humoristical outrages on the subject of your original forebears, Adam and Eve."

Mr. Slabsides rose wearily, and with a quavering note in his voice spoke as follows:

"'Well, well, well,' said Adam, as he entered Paradise and noted all the goodly things there provided for the delectation of his stomach. 'I see now why they call this the Garden of Feedin'.'"

"That will do, Mr. Slabsides," said the Professor. "You may retire to the Adirondacks for six months until you have quite recovered. Mr. Zanypate, you may give me an example of the pun horrific in connection with an unsuccessful shoemaker who hates his business."

"He is unsuccessful," whispered the student, deeply agitated, "because he takes no interest in his sole and is down on his uppers."

Mr. Zanypate dropped unconscious to the floor, and the Professor hastened on.



WHAT THE DEACON SAID WHEN HIS LINE GOT TANGLED

"Mr. Batears," he said, "if some one should ask you if Noah was a zoologist, finding yourself in a punning mood, what would be your reply?"

"I should first find if the inquirer were armed, and if he were not I should say, no, Noah was an arkæologist," said Mr. Batears.

A flying brick from the rear row of the class-room laid Mr. Batears low, but the Professor pretended not to see it, and went on.

"Mr. Bonehead, if some one were to ask you if your landlady were given to gossip, what would your punning answer be?" asked the Professor, wearily.

"I should say that she made a living out of rcomers," wept Mr. Bonehead.

"And if the serpent in Paradise had caught Adam holding Eve in his arms, and ordered him to drop her, what would Adam have answered?" asked the Professor.

Mr. Bonehead's eye lighted with pleasure, for secretly he enjoyed puns.

"Why, Professor," said he, "Adam would have declined because he was not a spy."

"A spy?" roared the Professor, starting up angrily, while the class caught its collective breath in a deep amalgamated gasp. "What has the spy got to do with it?"

"Why, Professor," answered the unhappy student, "a spy is an eavesdropper, isn't he?"

A wild but suppressed curse issued from the Professor's white lips as he leaped over his desk and grasped the unfortunate Bonehead by the throat. A terrific battle ensued. Chairs, windows, and tables were broken, and, when both were exhausted from the conflict and fell fainting to the floor, the agitated class carried them forth and dropped them in a horse-pond near the campus.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

"So you were committed for contempt of court, were you?" asked the visitor.

"Yes," said the ardent suffragette. "You see, after the judge had got through lecturing me on my dastardly behavior I snapped my fingers and said, 'Fudge,' as loud as I could. He gave me ten days."

"Dear me!" said the visitor. "And what did you do while you were in jail?"

"Oh, I embroidered the word fudge on a sofa-cushion, and sent it with my compliments to the judge after I got out," said the lady, with an amiable smile.

A HARD TASK

"DID you visit the American quarter in Paris?" asked Wilkins.

"No," said Blithers. "I had all I could do keeping my eye on the American dollar."

VERY ATTENTIVE

"I CAN'T get old Snip the tailor to pay any attention to me," remarked Dubbleigh.

"That's strange," said Slathers. "He's most assiduous in his attention to me. Sends me three or four bills every month."

NO PRIMARIES FOR HER

"ARE you going to the primaries to-night, Ethelinda?" asked the husband of his suffragette wife.

"Indeed I am not!" replied the lady. "Do you suppose that after I have attended the post-graduate courses in political science for two years I'm going to waste my time on those primary classes? I guess not! They're good enough for you men, but we women have progressed beyond that!"

HIS PREFERENCE

"Now, Rastus," said the Judge, craftily, "just show the jury how you managed to get away with those chickens without anybody hearing you."

"Naw, suh," replied Rastus. "Ah'd rather plead guilty, yoh Honah. Ah hain't a-gwine t' gib dem fellahs de results o' fohty years ob experience foh nothin', suh."



STORK: DARN THIS ZOO ROUTE THEY'VE ASSIGNED TO ME!

A TACTFUL ANSWER

"LIKE to join us in a game of bridge?" asked the polite gentleman in the Pullman to the gentleman across the aisle.

"No, thank you," replied the other. "It's very good of you to ask me, but I never play with strangers. You know you never can tell whether a chap's a bunco-steerer or not."

CAUSE AND EFFECT

"IT seems to me, Mr. Jimpson," said Dubbleigh to the milkman, "that your milk is pretty watery."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Jimpson. "Owing to the spring freshets, sir, my cow-pasture's pretty damp and wet, an' the cows consume a good deal more watter 'n I wish they would."

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The Future of Alaska

BY ROBERT W. BAXTER



A poultry farm on the Yukon



Harvesting in the Tanana Valley

DURING a recent trip through the Eastern states the question I was most frequently asked was, "What is the future of Alaska?" or "What is the matter with Alaska?" To answer either query fully would mean a much more extended article than can be prepared at this time, but, briefly, answering the first question, Alaska has a most promising future in the full development of her natural resources, her wonderfully valuable products of land and sea. To explain what has been the matter with Alaska in the past is merely to show that a misunderstanding has heretofore existed in the minds of a large number of people as to its geography, geology, and general physical and climatic conditions.

In the days gone by the chief industries of Alaska were placer gold mining, salmon fishing, and sealing. These three important factors in the development of the wealth of the region were distinctly "summer industries"—that is to say, the work in each was carried on only during the summer, and the annual spring movement to Alaska and the autumn return helped to impress upon the public mind the fact that Alaska was merely a region of summer activity.

In this fact lies the foundation for the greatest amount of misunderstanding and misinformation about the Northern territory.

All ports of Alaska are open the year around excepting those of Bering Sea. Regular winter sailings are maintained from Seattle to all ports from Metlakahtla to Dutch Harbor, inclusive. At Kennecott, Latouche, Ellamar, Treadwell, Juneau, and other places, important development in quartz-mining has taken place, and underground work can be carried on by the miners throughout the entire year.

The Yukon River, located as it is almost within the arctic circle, freezes over during the winter, and river navigation can only be accomplished during the summer and fall, but the interior regions are reached by railroad, stage, and dog team from southern ports.

During a recent cold wave that swept over the southwestern part of the United States the official figures showed the thermometer at Sitka, Alaska, at 34° for the lowest night figure. Dutch Harbor showed 22°, and Nome 4°. These figures were published on January 7th, when St. Paul was 6° below, Winnipeg 30° below, San Diego 28°, and Los Angeles 34°.

While these are not daily records, the comparisons of the date mentioned show how warm at times during the winter are the various ports of the Alaska coast, washed as they are by the Japan Current.

The future of Alaska seems assured owing to the thorough manner in which the government has recently investigated conditions in the territory, with especial reference to the report of its Alaska Railroad Commission covering transportation and the development of the coal-mines. Railroad construction based upon either of the suggestions of the commission will have a beneficial result, as each will open new territory capable of great industrial development.

There is nothing the matter with Alaska except that its conditions and needs have been very thoroughly misunderstood. Now that this misunderstanding has been largely overcome, and the needs of the country have been set forth by proper officials, there is every reason to look for a period of prosperity that has never been known to the territory.

The dawn of a new era of industrial development is at hand in Alaska. The sound of the stamp-mill is heard throughout the land. Plans are in the making for new enterprises, and it seems probable that the transportation question of the interior will be satisfactorily settled. Important developments are about to be made in copper and gold mining, whaling, salmon, and halibut fishing, and the fur industry.

In proof of the argument in favor of the future development of the territory, attention is directed to the report for the calendar year ending December 31, 1912, by the United States Collector of Customs for Juneau, and covering all ports of the territory.

In spite of the fact that development had been held back in many districts by lack of proper laws relating to the public lands, which had put a stop to railroad construction and industrial upbuilding in those sections, yet the total value of the exports and imports of Alaska for the twelve months reached the remarkable total of $72,741,060, which was twenty-seven per cent. greater than that for the best previous year. The balance of trade in favor of the territory was also the largest amount on record—nearly twenty millions. According to these official figures the value of the exports, products of mines, salmon, fur seals, whale products, walrus ivory, furs, and other merchandise, reached the total of $45,982,719 as against a total valuation for machinery and supplies sent into the country that year, which was $26,758,341.

It should here be pointed out that the above total value of commerce for the one year of 1912 is more than ten times greater than the price paid for Alaska by the United States in 1868, and Alaska is just on the threshold of her industrial greatness.

The future may also include the development of the agricultural areas of the interior, where successful experiments have been made in the growing of grasses and vegetables. With the development of the mining districts will be created markets for all the hay, vegetables, and other products of the soil of the valleys of the Yukon and other rivers. Here the climate and conditions are similar to those of the Scandinavian peninsula, and this in time will attract a splendid class of people who can find success in tilling the soil. The same is true of future development of the timber of southeastern Alaska, now largely held in forest reserves, but which in time will be used by the people for rough lumber and thereby do away with the importation of all classes of timber into a district covered with spruce.

At present all the great transportation and industrial companies burn oil, which is taken from the California oil-fields to Alaska in tank steamers. This will undoubtedly be changed within a short time, or as soon as the general plans for Alaska's betterment are fully approved.

With her unlimited resources, with additions to the railroad mileage and such laws governing the territory as apply to other sections of the United States, now about to be passed for the development of the district, the future of the country seems exceedingly bright, and there is every reason for anticipating a steady growth in her exports and imports.

THE NATION'S TIMBER ASSETS IN THE NORTHWEST

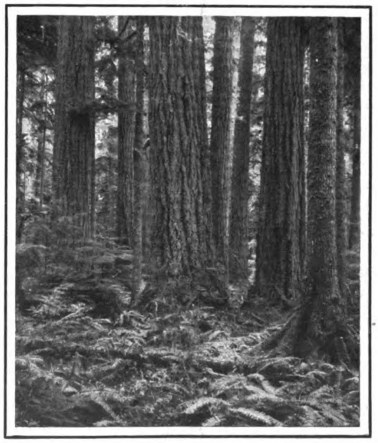
BY GEORGE S. LONG

THE first job of the earliest white settlers of America was to clear away the forests, to get the land free for cultivation. Trees were waste product. Vast regions were cleared of timber by fire and the ax. As late as the year 1840 forest products had no commercial value, and the feeble attempts to make of wood growth in any form a marketable commodity yielded but a meager reward to labor, and nothing for the raw material. Nothing was so cheap as forest growth, no building material so available. The more that could be used for fuel, home building, barns, fences, road-building, and structures of all kinds, the more easily and cheaply would the cultivated field supplant the forest.

In this environment, our people have grown accustomed to the use of wood as a building material, so that to-day, in the United States, the use of wood for fuel and building material is nearly ten times greater per capita than in any other civilized country. This free use of forest growth, still a nation-wide practice, is largely so because it is still cheaper and more available than other material. Within the past twenty years iron and steel have virtually supplanted lumber for heavy construction, and more recently concrete has displaced lumber to as large a degree that lumber is no longer indispensable.

While it is true that from the early settlement of our country until about 1840 the forests on both slopes of the Appalachian Mountain Range east to the Atlantic were largely wasted by the ax and fire, to make room for home and field, yet since 1840, but more especially since the Civil War, the forests have been utilized with less waste. Including all that has been wasted in clearing the lands for farming, and all that has been cut for lumber and other uses, there is still standing and untouched more forest growth in the United States than all that has been removed by man since the landing of the Pilgrims.

The latest statistics gathered by the federal government, as to the stand of timber in the United States (not including Alaska), was given in a report of the Bureau of Corporations, in the year 1911, as 2,826 billion feet. Of this total, fifty-five per cent. is reported as standing in the states of Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, and Montana. In the three states of Washington, Oregon, and California there is



A typical Washington forest

reported to be 1,318 billion feet, or forty-six per cent. of all the standing timber in the United States. The Sierra Nevada Range in California and the Cascade Mountains in Oregon and Washington are practically one continuous range, traversing the country north and south, distant from the Pacific Ocean from one hundred to two hundred miles.

Between this range of mountains and the Pacific, from the Canadian line on the north, and as far south as San Francisco in California, there is standing to-day forty per cent. of all the merchantable timber in the United States. In this zone of temperate climate and abundant moisture the forest growth has reached its highest stage for size of the individual tree and density of stand, and beyond doubt it surpasses any other stand of timber on the globe for size, quality, density, and accessibility to water and rail transportation. A half-dozen or more transcontinental railways traverse this belt of timber on their way to the sea, and numerous and commodious harbors afford ample facilities for vessel transportation.

There is a notable absence of hardwood species of timber growth on the Pacific coast, but with this exception the forests now standing in this region offer in quality, as well as quantity, better woods for ordinary building purposes than have heretofore been used.

The most distinct type is the famous one associated with the Pacific Northwest in the minds of all lumbermen and foresters, the famous Douglas-fir forest of the rainy region between the Cascade Mountains and the sea. In nearly pure stands, or mixed with cedar, hemlock, and Sitka spruce, the Douglas fir here reaches its most perfect development, and this most widely useful of American trees frequently attains a height of 200 feet, a diameter of from eight to twelve feet, and often yields more than 100,000 feet board measure to the acre. Its frequent companion, Western hemlock, is scarcely less magnificent in size or less valuable.

The Douglas fir is the king of all forest trees. Of the entire stand of forest growth in the United States suitable for lumber, twenty per cent. is Douglas fir, standing in a compact zone easily accessible for rail or ocean shipping. No tree in the forest yields a product adapted to as varied uses. For all kinds of structural purposes it probably has no equal, and it easily yields sizes in length and diameter which cannot be supplied from any other wood.

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PENN STATE

TREE PRESERVATION ON THE PACIFIC COAST

BY REGINALD H. THOMSON

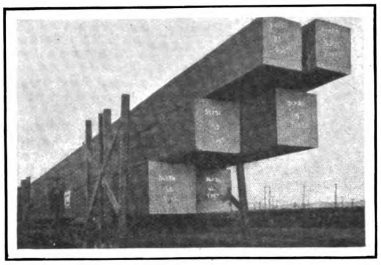
TIMBER preservation on the Pacific coast was begun in 1886 when Mr. J. M. Colman, a Seattle wharf-owner, erected a small experimental plant consisting of two twenty-four-inch retorts, eighty feet in length, designed for the treatment of piling with creosote oil. This plant was constructed according to information gathered from a series of articles on wood preservation, which appeared at about that time in *The North American Review*. The method consisted of what is now known as the steaming, vacuum, and pressure process.

Plants have been built by Western railroads in California and Oregon, particularly for the preservation of cross ties. Only in Oregon and Washington, the great forest states of the Pacific coast, has the industry become one of commercial importance. Besides one or two railroad plants, there are seven commercial plants now in operation in the Northwest, four of which are located on Puget Sound and have a combined capacity of about 300,000 board feet per day.

It is quite remarkable that, notwithstanding the very considerable amount of experimental work which has been done, both by the various treating plants and in the laboratories of the Department of Forestry Service, but little that is really new has been accomplished, except in the refining of the processes and perfecting the methods of handling. The treating cylinders are made of heavy steel plate and are usually about six feet in diameter and from sixty to one hundred and thirty feet in length. The ends are fitted with doors swung on hinges or suspended from above, and so arranged with bolts that they can be readily sealed. The timber to be treated is so loaded by cranes or derricks on special trucks as to utilize all the space within the cylinders.

Creosote oil is practically the only preservative used in the Northwest, although some firms are treating ties with a mixture of twenty-five per cent. creosote oil and seventy-five per cent. crude oil. This combination is not looked upon with favor by engineers.

Two methods of preparation and treatment are in common practice: the steaming, vacuum, and pressure process, and the boiling process, which is another name for the open-tank method with the addition of a pressure after the water has been boiled out of the wood. The latest and most modern plants are using the steaming, vacuum, and pressure process refined and brought down to date, while many are still boiling their timber. The boiling process is more simple in its operation and requires a plant which can be constructed at a somewhat lower initial expenditure. It can be very successfully used with some classes of timber, especially if first water-seasoned, but this process is open to some serious objections. The penetration of the oil in fir piles when treated in this way is liable to be very irregular, varying in the same pile sometimes from one-quarter of an inch on one side to two and one-half inches on the other. Every pile so treated has to be bored at one or more points to ascertain the depth of the oil, and in common practice from five to ten per cent. must be returned for retreatment on account of insufficient penetration. This is caused by a striking peculiarity of Western fir, which, when exposed to the sun, and to some extent when air-seasoned, becomes what is known among the creosoting fraternity as sun-baked, the exposed part being very hard and almost impervious to the oil.



Timber loaded and ready for treatment

The steaming, vacuum, and pressure process, although requiring a somewhat more elaborate and expensive plant, overcomes in a great measure both of these difficulties and produces excellent results in a period not exceeding twenty-four hours. Recent tests made at the Forestry Experimental Station at the University of Washington showed an average depreciation of but nine per cent. in steam-treated timbers, which after two months recovered almost their original strength.

During the first hours the steam enters the pores of the cold wood and condenses, and later again evaporates when the wood rises to the surrounding temperature, opening the pores so that when the steam is blown off the timber is uniform as to moisture and well heated throughout. Undoubtedly the blowing off of the steam also has a tendency to open the pores. The steaming need not be continued longer than to heat the timber through. This in ties requires from three to four hours and in piling from five to eight hours, according to the size of the timber and the pressure of the steam. Having been steamed, the drying goes on uniformly under the vacuum, which is the real seasoning period and the most refined process known to science. Timber treated by this method is found to contain a very uniform penetration of oil, as uniform, perhaps, as could be expected in any wood whose grain and density vary like that of Douglas fir. It is very seldom, under the equalizing influence of this process, that any timber is found requiring retreatment. This fact, together with the high percentage of remaining strength, is certainly quite favorable to the latter process.

THE ROMANCE OF THE PINES

BY T. E. RIPLEY

THE spirit of romance can work with other implements than sword and buckler. The battle-fields of commerce ring with sturdy blows and hair-breadth 'scapes and marvelous strokes of fortune. During the last twenty years that giant of the Northwestern forest, Washington fir —or Oregon pine, as Southerners called it—has fought its way to favor. At first it had a very uncertain value. Although its great size and wonderful resistance to transverse strain marked it in the eyes of the pioneer as a future supply for big timbers for general construction work, yet for joinery, in which surfaces were to be exposed, it was thought to be valueless. Within the recollection of the present generation of lumbermen beautiful wide boards showing a wonderful figure of grain, all innocent of knots or other defects, were sold at the price of common lumber, all because tradition decreed that it could not be dried and handled without splitting and checking and otherwise misbehaving in the kilns.

The cork pine of the Eastern states disappeared and the lumbermen of Puget Sound began, under the pressure of necessity, to try the experiment of making doors of this impossible fir, restricting their activities to the rapidly building new cities of this new Northwestern El Dorado. In the early nineties doors were being shipped out from the Boston district to Puget Sound. In 1894, somewhere within the three thousand miles which separate the Atlantic and Pacific, the last car-load of pine doors on its way from the Hub to the outer circle of American civilization passed the first invading car of fir doors rolling from the Western camp into the stronghold of the enemy.

There are indications that the history of devastation in the pine forests in the East is not to be repeated in the new Northwest. Perhaps the greatest stride in this direction is in the new process of manufacturing panels for doors and other general uses from what is termed rotary-cut veneer. In sawing lumber the saw kerf, represented by sawdust, constitutes the larger and heretofore inevitable item of waste. In this new process the veneer is peeled, as it were, from the round log in a huge lathe capable of swinging a log nearly six feet in diameter.

The result is a wonderfully figured ribbon of lumber eight feet wide and as long as the dimensions of the building in which it is cut will permit. These veneers are rapidly and scientifically dried in a kiln, and upon emerging hot and dry they are glued, crosswise fashion, ply upon ply, making what is known to the initiated as a laminated panel one-half of an inch in thickness and in sizes to suit the requirements of any user. Those who are familiar with the vagaries of sawn lumber appreciate a beautiful piece of lumber four feet wide containing no blemish and free from the usual exasperating habit of shrinking, checking, or warping.

This new process of manufacturing lumber is only one of many expedients that necessity and the spirit of the pioneer have forced into the brain of builders of industry. From the small beginnings of a decade ago the industry of making doors and their allied and kindred products has reached proportions which are nothing short of stupendous when viewed in the light of the handicap of time, distance, and prejudice. From two million to two million and a half doors made from this beautiful lumber find their way annually from the Pacific Northwest into the markets of the Eastern states.

TACOMA AS A FINANCIAL CENTER

BY A. F. ALBERTSON

IN the December of 1907, Washington state's bumper wheat crop of that year halted in its movement from harvester and field warehouse to exporting center, and from exporting center to consuming center, simultaneously with the closing of the doors of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, 3,000 miles away. The Pacific coast never saw a finer example of financial cause and effect, nor such a quick one. Regardless of whether it is right or wrong that a panic in Wall Street throttles business, drives gold into vaults and clearing-house paper into circulation, the fact remains that the 1907 wheat crop of the Pacific Northwest halted dead in its tracks, and for ten days remained inert.

It so happens that a very large proportion of this Northwestern wheat crop annually moves through the port of Tacoma. Tacoma banks furnish the money that suffices as propelling power, and on whether the grain movement is steady and normal depends largely the prosperity of the city, the lumber trade being the only commercial item of greater potency. There came, in the December of 1907, therefore, a real test of Tacoma's financial mettle. And Tacoma never faltered. Of their own initiative and from their own resources, the banks of the city produced the gold coin that renewed the crop movement where the closing of the Knickerbocker doors had left it—and the crop moved out to the last sack of yellow grain, clearing-house paper, shattered confidence, and general apathy to the contrary notwithstanding.

I cite this incident, not in any thought or spirit of bombast or braggadocio for "Our Town," but because it very strikingly emphasizes the ability of Tacoma to rise and meet a crisis and handle the same through to a satisfactory conclusion. This situation was met, and many others have been met, at times and under conditions of wide-spread depression that were completely baffling to Tacoma's contemporaries. The revival of the grain movement was the big contributing factor that kept financial Tacoma normal, or practically so, the business decrease for the panic period being only six-tenths of one per cent., with which the decreases in competing cities become odious by comparison.

Tacoma is not by any means what may be called a banking center, and makes no claim as such. Her eight banks, at the last call of the comptroller, had deposits aggregating $19,794,651.79, with paid-in capital totaling $1,825,000, and surplus and undivided profits aggregating $1,608,582.03. For a population of 90,000 these figures are normal, especially for the West, whose savings deposits and the business built up around savings deposits are in no manner comparable to Eastern population centers. The point is this: The business transacted through Tacoma banks and reflected by Tacoma banking figures is a real and *bona fide* business, represented almost entirely by industry and export commerce. In this connection it is interesting to note that since November, 1912, the port of Tacoma has climbed into the leadership of the Puget Sound customs district, which is made up of eighteen sub-ports. Where Tacoma's imports and exports in 1906 totaled $21,292,731 as compared with a total of $31,360,111 for the leading sub-port of the district, Tacoma imports and exports for 1912 totaled $47,374,888 as compared with a total of $45,591,577 for Tacoma's nearest competitor during the same period of time. These figures do their own talking.

Unfortunately the extension of commerce has worked one large disadvantage against Tacoma and a consequent advantage to some of her contemporaries. I refer particularly to the location, by Eastern manufacturers and jobbers, of Western branch distributing houses, each one of which is extended a considerable line of credit and bank account. The explanation for the comparatively small number of such houses in Tacoma and the comparatively large number in one or two other Pacific Northwest cities rests in the fact that until three years ago Tacoma suffered sadly at the hands of the carriers in the matter of equalized distributive rates. This discrepancy has now been entirely wiped out and the result is that branch houses and industrial plants are seeking location, finding here all the advantages that they find elsewhere and added advantages not elsewhere existing, important among these being the larger population tributary to Tacoma, over the same mileage, than is tributary to any other Pacific Northwest city.

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THE VALUE OF WOODEN PAVING-BLOCKS

BY JOHN T. MURRAY

THE demand for good roads is heard all over the world to-day. Even ancient China is awakening to the need of better transportation. In our own land we are apt to think of the good-roads problem as appealing chiefly to the farmer, who wants to move his crops, and to the automobilist, who wants to have fun. But the need of good roads is far greater than that. It enters into the life of every living being. Even in the cities, whose hard, smooth streets we are apt to take for granted, there is abundant room for improvement in pavement. What is chiefly needed is a pavement that shall be durable and give a good foothold to traffic, and be as nearly noiseless as possible.

The United States government, through the Department of Agriculture, Forest Service, undertook, in 1907, an investigation of wood-paving in the United States, and as a result published Government Circular No. 141, which can be obtained by addressing the department at Washington. In this investigation the authorities in charge listed pavement qualities as follows, giving each quality its percentage of the desired one hundred per cent. The qualities considered were cheapness (first cost), durability, ease of maintenance, ease of cleaning, low traction resistance, freedom from slipperiness, favorableness to travel, acceptability, and sanitary quality.

Beside each quality is shown the percentage reached by the creosoted wood block. The total is 80 per cent. The other forms of pavement considered, with their total percentages, were, asphalt (block), 79.5; asphalt (sheet), 76.0; brick, 74.5; sandstone, 73.5; granite, 71.0; macadam, 55.0. A foot-note reads: "Favorableness to travel is dependent chiefly upon smoothness and freedom from dust and mud; secondarily upon the qualities comprising 'acceptability.' Acceptability includes noise, reflection of light, radiation of heat, non-emission of unpleasant odors, etc."

There are only three forms of pavement at present used that are competitors for the heavily trafficked, closely congested business streets of the cities—brick, granite blocks, and wooden blocks. It is generally admitted that the other forms will not stand the wear, just as it is admitted that, for residence districts subject to automobile and light delivery-wagon travel, monolithic pavement best serves the purpose because it meets the requirement and is cheaper than many others.

Preservation by creosote followed a demand for some treatment of the wood that would preserve it



Laying the blocks

from decay; also fill the pores of the wood to prevent absorption of fluids resulting in the elimination of expansion, increase of resistance to wear, maintenance of sanitary value. Impregnation of creosote has been found to accomplish these ends; thus the treated wooden block is entirely different from the untreated wooden block, and the two should not be confused.

The generally used processes of impregnation are the vacuum-pressure method and the boiling process. In the latter process a cylinder about six feet in diameter and one hundred feet long lying in a horizontal position is filled with blocks. They are run in at one end in cars constructed for the purpose. The end is then sealed. The creosote is turned into the cylinder, and the moisture in the blocks passes up into a condenser. When the proper amount of moisture has been removed, all outlet valves are closed and air-pressure turned into the cylinder. This forces the creosote into the pores of the wood. In this way complete impregnation is possible. From sixteen to twenty-two pounds of oil per cubic foot of wood are absorbed, depending on specifications. The vacuum-pressure process produces practically the same results, differing chiefly in that the moisture is removed from the block by contact of live steam instead of by boiling in oil. The kind of wood determines the best method to use in a given case.

Decay of wood is caused chiefly by the absorption of moisture. With the pores entirely filled with creosote there is no room or chance for absorption of other fluids; hence the elimination of decay. Expansion is the result of swelling caused by absorption of moisture. With the possibility of further absorption eliminated, the danger of expansion is overcome. Unquestioned experiments have proven that dry wood has greater strength and wearing qualities than green or wet wood. The creosote, by preserving the wood in a dry state and prohibiting moisture absorption, increases its resistance to wear.

It is a fact that creoline or creosote is one of the most powerful antiseptics known. It is easy to understand, therefore, the wonderful sanitary qualities of the wooden block when treated.

Probably the elimination of the noise incident to street traffic is one of the most valuable aids to health afforded by wooden pavement. The East has led the West in the adoption of the wood-block paving; but it is interesting to note that the West is closely following. By the term "West" is not meant the Middle West, but that country which slopes from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean.

THE LAND AND THE IMMIGRANT

BY A. J. EARLING

THE great majority of the one million immigrants who come to the United States each year are farmers; but, knowing the hardships of farm life at home, they seek to escape them in the land of promise and flock to the cities.

One of the phases of the immigration problem, then, is to provide some means of distributing these farmers and laborers of alien races in the farming districts, where they are so badly needed. For the most part, the alien comes with little more than money enough to admit him to this country, and his restricted means is another one of the reasons why he remains in the city. This constitutes a double economic loss; for these new-comers, most of them unskilled in the trades, add to the urban congestion without contributing anything, generally speaking, to the already disturbed balance between production and consumption. As a matter of fact, they are only increasing the consumption, when, to be of the greatest economic value, they should be on the land, increasing its production. Moreover, thousands of our best native American farmers have been lured to the Canadian Northwest.

We have, therefore, a constantly increasing consuming, and a relatively decreasing producing, population, which must inevitably occasion and sustain, unless corrected, the steadily increasing prices of food commodities. It now becomes of vital importance to the interests of the people as a whole that those immigrants who would attain prosperity much quicker and with less expense to the body politic, as farmers, should have the opportunity made for them whereby they could go to the soil.

The transportation companies, serving their own interests, of course, and the government in its capacity of conserving the best interests of all the people, are the two factors most vitally concerned in the immigrant who is going onto the soil. The steamship transportation company which carries him across the ocean has a selfish financial interest; and the railroad which carries him from the port of entry to the interior has no very different purpose to serve; but the railroad which transports him to his final destination on a farm, either as a homesteader, purchaser, or laborer, stands in quite a different relation—for, as the farmer prospers, the railroad's tonnage increases; and as his numbers grow, its prosperity is assured.

What, to-day, is the government doing really to help the immigrant to reach the soil, except to say that he may come to this country under certain conditions? Nothing. Contrast, then, the lack of method of the United States with the liberal policy of the Canadian government, upon which it is needless to expatiate. Canada has her agents and emissaries in every state in the Union, and her paternal propaganda is pretty well understood by this time.

With a common interest of railroad and government in the immigrant, there should be devised some way by which they could make common cause of his successful establishment on the soil, even though it be not done by direct aid, such as is accorded by Canada.

The railroads, in view of their direct financial interest (through increased tonnage) in the establishment and growth of production along their lines, are the dominant factors in the upbuilding of the newer sections of the United States; and those lines which have pioneered in the Far West, through immense sections of wild land, have been the history-makers of that region, and of that great body of good, substantial, and loyal citizens who were themselves aliens, or are of foreign-born parentage. It is a fact that the immigrant who comes here to reside, and who goes out onto the land, more rapidly assimilates American ways and rises to American standards; and if he does not himself become thoroughly Americanized, the *second* generation, as a rule, is as native and to the manner born as the descendants of the Pilgrim fathers.

Immigration statistics in this country date from about 1820, and, with few exceptions, each year shows increased congestion of new-comers on the Atlantic seaboard, chiefly in the cities.

Let us look for a moment at the stages of development in the gradually expanding Northwest—meaning the western Mississippi Valley and the prairies, plains, and mountain plateaus beyond. In 1850 there was practically no agriculture west of Illinois, Iowa, and Minnesota. In those states there were, then, all told, 6,914,761 acres of improved land, settled upon mostly by native-born Americans from the more easterly states, with a scattering contingent of immigrant population from the northwestern countries of Europe. In 1900, these same states, with the Dakotas added, contained 108,216,831 acres of cultivated land, with a very materially increased ratio of foreign-born population—also from the farming countries of northwestern Europe. Washington, Oregon, and Idaho had also swung into the agricultural column, adding appreciably to the improved acreage, with a population made up largely of native Americans.

Since 1900, the Northwest has seen Montana with a new farming area of immeasurable fertility annexed to its productive soils. Up to that year, no one had seriously thought of Montana as a general grain-raising territory, nor had any one ever linked it to the chain of agricultural states. Some of the valleys in the southern and central parts of the state, and one in the extreme western part, have attained a reputation for quality and quantity of crop yields; but, generally speaking, the valleys and plains of the Treasure State were occupied by range cattle and sheep, and the acreage outside of government land was held by the owners of these immense herds. The mountains were prolific in mineral produce, but the valleys had not as yet proclaimed the wonderful wealth of their soils. Reports show that the rate of increase in 1910, including Montana's unfolding grain-producing empire, for the first ten years of this century, had more than doubled the total for the fifty years closing with 1900. The settlers of this Northwest, mostly Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, and a few Germans, were all first-class farmers and are now first-class citizens.

But now that Scandinavian and German immigration is falling off, the Northwest must look to other nations of Europe for its settlement. Italians, Bulgarians, Greeks, and other peoples from southeastern Europe constitute the larger part of immigration to this country, now; and to make good Americans of these people promises to be a harder and longer task than it has been with the men and women of the north.

The distribution of immigrants according to their adaptabilities and capabilities is as important among the farming class as among those who incline to the arts and trades. And it is the one avenue in which every railroad immigration propaganda should exert itself to the utmost; for, obviously, if those people coming, say, from a fruit-growing country, are directed toward lands in a district exceptionally favorable to fruit culture, they will at once turn to account their previously acquired knowledge and probably inherited instincts, assuring their success from the outset. Similarly, with all branches of farming; as, again, for example, in the St. Jo valley of north Idaho, and west of the Cascade Mountains, in Washington, soil and climatic conditions are favorable to celery-growing, to the wholesale production of bulbs, dairying, and, in fact, to all those specialties which have made Holland rich and famous. Should we not, therefore, make an effort to procure Dutch settlers for those localities, and so on, placing the people where they will prosper best and be happiest in so doing?

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"BLESS YOU, MY CHILDREN, BLESS YOU!"

DRAWN BY C. J. BUDD

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THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

Mr. Robert Herrick's "One Woman's Life"

BY F. M. COLBY

IN this excellent survey of a young American woman's social career Mr. Herrick shows much patience and self-control. Not once does he fly out at the flimsy class distinction of American polite society. Not once even does he genuinely laugh at them. He is always impersonal and very serious and will often refer to the little social motor engines that keep his characters buzzing as their "souls." He is satisfied when he has made them lifelike and he has certainly done that. They seem as much alive as most people that we meet. That is a good deal to say of a novel, but it is not enough, for the characters in a novel ought to be more alive than the people we meet. Otherwise we may as well go on meeting people and not read the book. Observation has in Mr. Herrick's case absorbed energies that might perhaps have been better directed to personal thought and expression. That is why the terms "thorough" and "workmanlike" are so often applied to him instead of more endearing epithets.

His central character in this book reminds us a little of Mrs. Wharton's Lily Bart and Judge Grant's Selma White and the heroine of *The Breadwinners* and of many actual people we have met. She is thoroughly authentic, this Milly Ridge. She is the American girl of natural wit and charm with an innate capacity for social ascension. Though brought up with the wrong kind of people, she had an infallible scent for the right kind and very promptly took their trail. As a child she knew that her pursed-up, provincial grandmother and her ordinary little father were very plain people indeed. Nobody taught her that "nice people" did not have green ingrain carpets on the "parlor" floor or red cotton tablecloths to save the cost of washing the linen ones. She had always known it. At sixteen, after moving from one shabby little home to another, she found herself with her family in a dingy house on the West Side of Chicago. She called it a "nasty, cheap, ugly little box," though it was better than any of her past dwelling-places. She hated her room, with its "pink paper and robin's-egg-blue paint":

"But how did Milly Ridge at sixteen perceive all this? What gave her the sense of social distinctions—of place and conditions—at her age, with her limited, even if much-traveled experience of American cities? To read this mystery will be to understand Milly Ridge—and something of America as well."

This is a little too portentous. Mr. Herrick sometimes is. There is no mystery about his heroine's intellectual feat. A fairly clever child picks up this knowledge in a thousand ways without guidance and under disadvantages—all the more quickly because he merely feels and does not reason about it. Many a child's mind, if we could get at it, would be found within its compass to be a quite accurate little social register. These things are not subtle or recondite, as they seem to an American novelist pondering them item by item in his middle age. The gentilities are very noisy in this land of social opportunity, and, considering the short distance from the bottom of our best society to the top, it is doubtful whether we should marvel most at the rapidity of an ascent or at its slowness. As to the mere knowledge of who's who, and what's what, and the right part of town, and the right thing in table linen, it would be hard, I should think, to keep the bright daughters of our trolley-car conductors from mastering it almost too soon. And Milly Ridge was the granddaughter of a judge in Euston, Pennsylvania—quite a Vere de Vere, one might say, as social standards go.

Milly "unerringly reached her hands to the best—that is to say, to the 'nice' people." Not that she was a snob. On the contrary, "she was as kind to the colored choreman as to the minister's wife, smiling and good-humored with every one. But she had a keen sense of differences." Milly banished the green ingrain carpet to the back room, pushed the battered but respectable mahogany pieces to the front, piloted the family to the Second Presbyterian Church, the proper one socially in that neighborhood, and was soon not only meeting the "nice people," but aspiring to the still nicer who were beyond. Impressed by the "culture" that she found, she determined to "finish herself" at the Ashland Institute. Here, after wringing from her father the money for tuition, she studied "'literature' (with a handbook), 'art' (with a handbook), 'science' (handbook), 'mental and moral philosophy' (lectures), and French (*La tulipe noire*). . . . Learning passed over Milly like a summer sea over a shining sand-bar, and left no trace, none whatever. It was the same way with music. Milly could sing church hymns in a pleasant voice and thump a little heavily on the piano after learning her piece. . . . She used to say afterward: 'I have no gifts; I was never clever with books. I like life, people.'"

All this was twenty-five years ago, before women's education had become the mighty thing it is now. Milly, said Mr. Herrick, had never heard of "sex hygiene." She learned at school and church and from the poetry and plays of that remote period that woman's mission was mysterious and divine. She was to be a "good influence," especially in the life of some one man. She was a nobler, purer being than man and her true function was to "make Homes for Heroes." This view of woman's ideal purpose had, according to Mr. Herrick, "come down from the darkness of the Middle Ages—that smelly and benighted period—had inflamed all romance and was now spreading its last miasmatic touch over the close of the nineteenth-century period."

But why continue the profitless work of belaboring the Middle Ages? Reasonable people do not believe that the Middle Ages were especially dark. That is a figure of speech caught from our little Protestant school histories of forty years ago. And as to that bad medieval odor, who knows that after another seven centuries or so the very freshest of us will not smell as bad as the Middle Ages? There is a singular lack of time-sense in this passage. And after describing the lady-like curriculum of this Chicago "finishing school" twenty-five years ago, Mr. Herrick says, "And this was what they called Education in those days." But it is also called education in the year 1913, and a large proportion of the young daughters of the well-to-do are at this moment receiving it.

Milly's social transmigration from the best people of the West Side to the best people of the North Side, from the Presbyterian to the Episcopal Church, from picnics to dinners and evening parties, and from "buggy rides" with a nondescript male to an engagement with a millionaire of good Boston family, takes place within the next few years. She won a social triumph and newspaper fame by an afternoon tea at which the flower of the Chicago nobility were present, including Mrs. Bernard Bowman, the "leader of our most exclusive circle," who, to be sure, had once been "saleslady in a State Street store," but, says Mr. Herrick, "in Chicago in those days one never laid the start up against any assured achievement." It was a time when "social gifts" were recognized by discerning patrons from above and when social climbers lent a hand to one another. Yet when Milly broke her engagement with her millionaire she slipped back a rung or two, and she sank still lower when she became a society reporter for a newspaper. Then to the disappointment of her family and friends she married a poor painter and went to housekeeping on thirty dollars a week.

She looked for an inspiring, "artistic and bohemian" life, but it was not to be found in Chicago. She hoped to foster her husband's creative work, but it seemed that he was not doing any. She needed more money and that meant more work and of a kind that was not creative. She was, as Mr. Herrick insists, only an old-fashioned woman. She had in large measure the thing demanded so volubly by the foes of feminism—namely, charm. She might well have been the old-fashioned divinity of husband and home, but the husband was busy and the home was a four-room apartment. Manifestly there was not enough for a divinity to do. She loved her husband, but loving a husband does not take up all one's time. It was not a complete occupation even for a mind that had been trained at the Ashland Institute.

If Ibsen from this moment could have taken her in charge there would have been, after a few moral squirmings, a suicide, and perhaps that would have been as well. Not that Milly was a Hedda Gabler. On the contrary, she was kind-hearted and loyal. But, like Hedda, she had no capacity for growth, but only for restless movement. Ibsen would assuredly have killed her in the fifth act before a perfectly dry-eyed audience by whom it would have been distinctly understood that her soul had "gone to the button-molder." Mrs. Wharton would have removed her, as she did Lily Bart, by a discreetly ambiguous death from a headache powder—painless to readers and victims alike. Thomas Hardy would also have killed her, but in his hands she surely would have haunted us. Mr. Herrick has chosen to let her live and even to find her happiness. That, of course, is nearer to the actual, for the Millys are plentiful in this world and it is notoriously hard to kill them. Nevertheless, I should have been pleased if he had hanged her.

Instead of that it is Jack the painter husband who is taken off. When a marriage begins virtuously in an early chapter, it must, of course, be somehow broken up. Otherwise the modern novel would be shirking one of the "vital problems" of the day. There comes a turn in their affairs and they go to Paris, where Jack studies painting and develops a talent which is first brought out through the inspiration of a Russian Baroness whose portrait he paints. For Jack it is either art and the Baroness or Milly and money-getting. Milly felt the power of the portrait and was hurt.

"In this completed creation she no more existed than the fly which rested for a moment upon the painted canvas. His creation had nothing whatever to do with her. . . . Her husband had a new mistress—not necessarily the Russian woman, for that idea had not yet come to her—but his art. And he might follow this mistress whither she beckoned—to poverty, defeat, or victory—unmindful of her and her child, forgetting them like idle memories in the pursuit of his blind purpose. It was a force inimical to her and to all orderly living."

Jack subdued his fierce artistic egotism, surrendered his "life purpose," and went back to New York with his wife and child to draw illustrations for foolish popular novels and to become art editor of *Bunker's Magazine*. The editor and proprietor of *Bunker's* are ingeniously pieced together out of the facts and rumors of New York "literary shop" during the last ten years. It was owned by a rich young man and its responsible editor came from the West. It was a magazine of "uplift" and "each month it discussed confidentially with 'our readers' the glorious success of the previous issue and the astonishing triumphs in the way of amusement and instruction to be expected in the future."

Bunker's quenches the artistic flame in Jack, but now and then it smolders and he proposes to Milly to "leave all this" and try and really paint. But Milly is more "practical" and the income from *Bunker's* is indispensable. Jack overworks, catches the grippe, and dies. Such were the rewards of virtue. With the Baroness and art, or perhaps even with art alone, the best that was in him might have flowered.

In this matter of mismated artist souls I for one am growing callous. So many of them have been wrecked in new plays and new novels any time these twenty years. On the stage and in books some woman is always preventing a man from being a genius. One must fall back on a little philosophy amid this wreckage of artist souls or he will be quite unmanned by the spectacle. Perhaps, after all, it is not so sad as the author would have it. He seldom really shows that the soul was worth the saving. He tells you it was a fine one, but he gives no sign. He tells you it was a woman, or the lack of one that spoiled it. Had it not been for a woman, or the lack of one, the soul would have most beautifully blossomed out in a picture or a poem or a fine, full life. But out of a hundred writers who tell you so there is hardly one that makes it credible. There is hardly one, indeed, who can make his artist mannikin even seem a man. All that we learn is that the "best there was in him" could not get out. We are by no means sure that if it did get out we should know the difference. Indeed, from the glimpses we get of the creature's soul we had almost as lief see a woman wreck it. Besides, there have always been good reasons why an artist's best should not be done. In Rome it was poverty. "He that fears for bread and board shall never behold the chariots of the gods or their faces." Nowadays it is woman. He who marries the wrong wife or does not elope with another's in time shall not see the chariots of the gods or their faces. We may, perhaps, be pardoned if we are no longer moved by a tragic incident two thousand years old, irrespective of the person to whom it happens. All of which is by way of apology for not mourning the death of Jack, Mr. Herrick having failed to convince us that Jack in any individual and essential sense had ever lived at all. Jack was a mere symbol of the artist soul that died of the wrong petticoat.

After Jack's death Milly fell in with a sensible working-woman who had made her own way by pluck and diligence and who argued that women ought to work instead of waiting to be loved and supported. She said women are "mostly looking for some soft snap. . . . When they're young they mostly expect to marry right off—catch some feller who'll be nice to 'em and let 'em live off him. But they'd oughter know there's nothing in that sort of marriage. All they have to do is to look at all the women men get tired of and desert."

Milly at first found this Ernestine "queer," but learned to like her, and the two lived together comfortably till the desire to re-enter the ranks of the "nice" proved too strong for Milly. She dragged her new comrade into a cake-shop enterprise in Chicago, and, having nearly ruined her, married an old California admirer. Her character is summed up at the end in a dialogue between Ernestine and one of Milly's well-to-do friends:

"'Well,' the banker remarked, 'Milly is settled now, anyway—hope she'll be happy! She wasn't much of a business woman, eh?' He looked at Ernestine, who smiled grimly, but made no reply. 'She's better off married, I expect—most women are,' he philosophized, 'whether they like it or not. . . . That's what a woman like Milly is meant for. . . . She's the kind men have run after from the beginning of the world, I guess—the woman of beauty and charm, you know. . . . She's Woman—the old-fashioned kind—just Woman. . . .' In Ernestine's more vulgar idiom, if she had permitted herself to express her conviction, 'Milly was a little grafter.' But Ernestine would not have let hot iron force the words through her lips. . . .

"'And I suppose,' the banker concluded, 'that's the kind of women men will always desire and want to work for.'

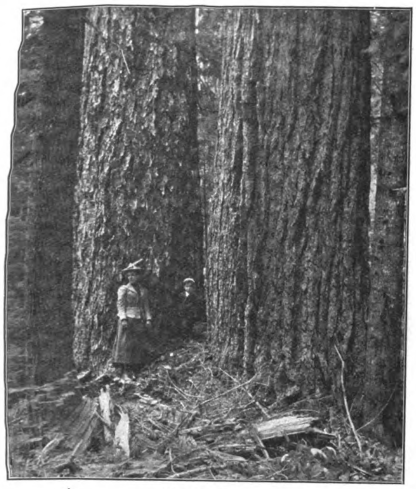
"'I guess so,' Ernestine mumbled.

"Had she not worked for Milly? She would have slaved for her cheerfully all her life and felt it a privilege. Milly had stripped her to the bone and wounded her heart in addition—but Ernestine loved her still."

So the book ends with Ernestine, the new woman, plodding through the streets looking for a job, while Milly was settled happily at last.

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GREAT TREES OF THE PACIFIC COAST



Forest Scene

THE great size of the trees on the Pacific coast, together with the climatic conditions there, unites in necessitating entirely different methods of lumbering operations than those used elsewhere. This is occasioned largely by the size of the timber, for it is not at all unfrequent to find forest trees in the redwood district that measure from twelve to eighteen feet on the stump, and the average size possibly is not much less than six feet, while in the Douglas-fir district timber which is utilized for lumber varies in size from two to twelve feet on the stump. All the timber has unusual length, ranging all the way from one hundred to two hundred feet in height. These are the famous trees about which the native told the traveler that it took two men to look to the top—one to look half-way up, the other to look the rest of the way.

It can readily be seen, therefore, that the ordinary methods of logging which obtain in New England and in the white-pine districts of the Lake region would not be adapted to logging the large timber of the Pacific coast.

In the first place, there is practically no snow suitable for logging purposes, so the old-fashioned method of hauling logs on sleds over the snow on frozen ground does not apply to the far Western lumber camp. Again, it is almost impossible to handle this large timber in the woods by either horses or oxen, although in the primitive days both were used, the logs being dragged on the ground from the stump to the landing-place, frequently over skid roads made of wooden timbers which had to be prepared with considerable expense, and were suitable to bear heavy burdens.



Large Log

For a number of years past, however, all of this logging has been done by machinery, usually termed the donkey logging-engine, a machine of from two hundred to three hundred horse-power. The usual method is to attach a large wire cable to one end of the log, the other end being affixed to the drum on the donkey engine, and the log dragged by pure force and strength over the ground, or over the skid roads, to the point of landing.

On the Pacific coast most of the timber is cut in long lengths, especially in the fir district, where it is not an uncommon thing for logs to be cut up to one hundred feet in length, and frequently as long as one hundred and fifty feet, to supply some special order for long timbers. The average length varies between thirty and forty feet, so that a good-sized Western saw log is apt to be one ranging from four to six feet in diameter and from thirty to forty feet in length. To move such timber as this requires powerful engines, especially when it is realized that the logs are dragged bodily on the ground or on skid roads.

A more recent innovation, which is practical in many districts, is the overhead logging, described by the average Western logger as the "flying-machine." By this method a cable is fastened to a tall tree, anywhere from fifty to one hundred feet above the ground, and another fastening of like elevation is made near the landing-place for the logs. By the simple process of the trolley these logs are picked up as they lie where the tree was cut, hoisted into the air until they clear the ground, and then hauled over the cable by trolley to the landing-place. This method is found especially serviceable in taking timber out of deep canyons and other places that are almost inaccessible, as it is possible to lift a log bodily into the air for a distance of two or three hundred feet, until the canyons are cleared, and then the process of carrying it to the landing-place is a simple one.



Logging by Oxen

The difficulties encountered in logging timber so large and on ground so mountainous and rough has developed on the Pacific coast probably the most scientific logging that is carried on anywhere, and has raised the standard of efficiency to a point where logging, instead of being a job, is now a profession, and possibly one of most importance that is connected with lumbering on the Pacific coast.

Just as the larger trees and logs require larger equipment in the logging operation, so there is required a different and larger mill to manufacture the log into lumber. Therefore the average lumber mill on the Pacific coast is possibly from two to three times as large as a mill of similar capacity cutting the white pine of the North and the yellow pine of the South. Special machinery adapted to handle the largest log that comes from the forest is found in every well-equipped mill, so that the manufacturing end of the business assumes new and most interesting phases, which are not peculiar to ordinary lumbering in any other part of the United States.

The most noticeable feature of the markets which have heretofore been supplied by Pacific-coast mills has been the demand for large and special sizes in timber. Up to the present time Pacific-coast lumber products have not been generally used in the Middle West or on the Atlantic coast for ordinary house and barn construction, simply because the cost of transportation has been so great that cheaper lumber could be supplied by the white-pine and yellow-pine mills; so that Pacific-coast mills have had their markets restricted more or less to supplying that which could not be furnished elsewhere, chiefly in special sizes of large timbers.



Logging with Donkey Engine

The lumber, however, of Douglas fir and red cedar and redwood is better adapted for ordinary house construction, both in the commoner grades and in the interior finish, than any other woods that are now being used for such purposes. When the freight-rates to the consumer in the Mississippi Valley and on the Atlantic seaboard have been reduced to a point where the cost will not be prohibitive, the Pacific-coast woods will be generally used for all kinds of construction.

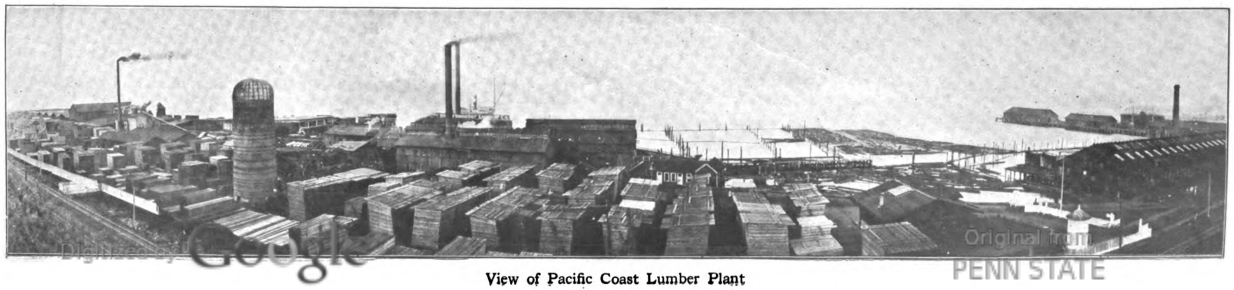
As it is now, about the only wood that admits of wide distribution is the red cedar of Washington and the redwood of California, and these uses have been confined very largely to shingles and bevel-siding, it being a generally recognized fact that these two woods afford the very best material for these uses.

Douglas fir has the merit of being not only possibly the best wood for structural purposes, but likewise equally as good as any other wood for all kinds of interior finish.

With the cheaper transportation which is sure to exist between the Pacific coast and the Atlantic coast when the Panama Canal is opened it is the hope of the Pacific-coast lumbermen that the wider market thus opened to them will admit their supplying to the lumber consumer on the Atlantic seaboard a most excellent material for any kind of house of wooden construction. ***



Logging by Overhead Cableway



View of Pacific Coast Lumber Plant

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FROM CONTENTED COWS

A Phrase Founded Upon Real Conditions

By L. R. HARDENBERGH
Vice-President Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Company

"FROM Contented Cows" is a phrase that has truthfully served to link the great dairying districts of the Pacific Northwest with a food staple whose sales territory covers over half the world. The originator of that slogan has grouped in three simple words the real reason for the fame of this district as a productive center of dairy products.

"Contented Cows," green pastures the year 'round, an abundance of crystal-clear water, ample grazing area, mild, temperate, and even climate, splendid transportation facilities, and the highest quality of pure, rich milk in ample quantity, are the important factors in determining the location here of ten large condenseries of the Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Company.

For upwards of thirteen years, Carnation Milk has been identified with the promotion of the dairying interests of the Pacific Northwest, and from the very date of its introduction, the use and distribution of this product have kept pace with the tremendous advances of this great section.

Carnation Milk has become one of the world's food staples. Its permanent adoption by housewives everywhere and its ever-increasing demand are not the result of mere accident, but are attributed solely to the merit of the article itself and to the great forethought exercised to maintain its uniform standard of excellence.

The making and marketing of Carnation Milk, the early struggles of its originator to secure recognition, is one of the romances of modern business. The prejudices and obstacles that had to be overcome and surmounted are a source of inspiration to every man and woman who has to do with its production and distribution.

To produce by evaporation and sterilization a milk that would rival raw milk in flavor and deliciousness, and in addition one that would surpass ordinary milk in richness, purity, and keeping qualities; to turn out in a convenient form a product that would ultimately supplant raw milk for every household purpose—was the task that



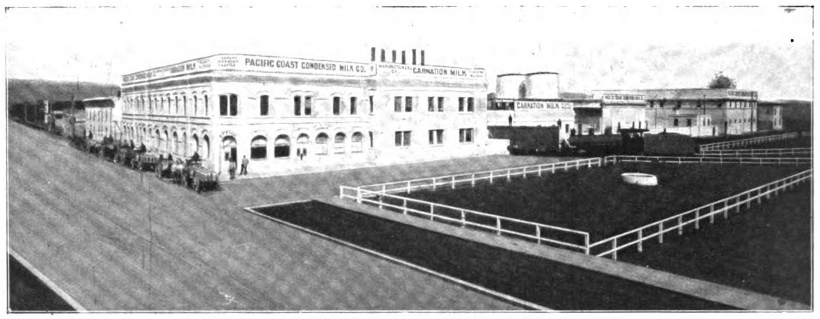
First Home of Carnation Milk

Mr. E. A. Stuart, a successful wholesale grocer of Los Angeles, set for himself a little over thirteen years ago.

To condense and put out a high quality of evaporated milk it is necessary to have a high quality of milk to start with. It has been proven that the most modern equipped and hygienic condenseries cannot add quality or flavor to a low grade of raw milk. Therefore, the first question in Mr. Stuart's problem was to locate his condenseries where the best raw milk was to be obtained in quantity sufficient to meet the increase in demand. To this end, every important dairying district in the country was carefully studied, and quality and production tests made and considered to determine the source of the best milk supply.

After extensive investigation, the State of Washington seemed to afford the most ideal conditions, and the first condensery was erected at Kent, a village adjacent to Seattle. While the first few years, the new industry presented new problems and new angles to be met and understood, it was not until the production had grown larger and a number of additional condenseries operated both in Washington and Oregon that the real problems of the growing business presented themselves.

To properly understand some of these problems, it is necessary to know that fresh milk is one of the most difficult articles to handle. In the first place, to secure good, clean, rich milk is a constant fight and a constant expense. To handle the milk and insure its purity and quality from the cow to the consumer was one of the problems that Mr. Stuart and his associates had to solve, and solve rightly, in order to keep in business. It was found that, to put out good milk, you must begin with the



Condensery at Kent, Washington

cow; and, while the dairying districts produced and maintained the finest milch cattle in the country, it was necessary to exercise a most complete and rigorous system of supervision and inspection, in order that the farmers themselves might be enabled to meet the high standards demanded by the milk experts at the various "Carnation" condenseries.

To this end, trained dairymen, inspectors, and veterinarians were employed to assist the farmers and to instruct them in every new and scientific method for the selection, breeding, housing, and care of their herds, and what is equally important, they are instructed in the handling and transportation of the milk from the cow to the condenseries. For example, the cans in which the milk is transported are subject to daily inspection and are steam-cleaned at the condenseries before they are returned to the farmers.

Before attempting to create a world market for Carnation Milk, it was necessary to work out the points of supply and manufacture to the end that when distribution was once accomplished, the product would be not only meritorious, but it must be uniform day after day, and year after year. The experiments were all made early in the first factory. The means and methods of condensing, evaporating, sterilizing, packing, and shipping were all determined upon after exhaustive tests; and, as each additional factory was erected, it found its problems all worked out to the surety of quality, and the cost of production accurately gauged in advance.

In the condensing of Carnation Milk, nothing is taken for granted. There is no guesswork. Tests and scientific safeguards follow the raw milk from the moment it is received at the factory until it reaches the kitchen of the housewife. The raw milk is bought and paid for according to tests; the better the milk, the better the price to the farmer. Each factory has its trained milk-tasters, and they follow each batch of milk through every single process and subject it to rigorous and exacting tests until it leaves the loading platform.

If you will take up a can of Carnation Milk, you will find that it is stamped with its own serial number. This enables the general office to know the history of every single can of milk on the market.

It is interesting to note the laboratory-like cleanliness that prevails in each of the condenseries. All vats, pipes, machinery, and equipment are cleaned and sterilized with live steam twice each day. Every process must not only be accurate, but it must be scrupulously clean. Upon the unending exactness and the perfect system of handling depends the success of Carnation Milk in the markets of the world.

Having successfully met and overcome the difficulties of uniform production, Mr. Stuart next turned his mind to the important problem of distribution. He knew his product; he had attended every stage of its inception and the process of making it a standard in every essential. His task was now to overcome the almost universal prejudice against canned or condensed milks, and to acquaint the consumer not only with the quality of his product, but to the advantages of using every day in the year a milk possessing all the elements of the purest and richest cow's milk without any of the dangers and uncertainties of the ordinary milk supply.

The public had long looked upon canned milk as merely a substitute—a sort of emergency measure. They were not aware that evaporated milk was not a manufactured substance, but merely the best and purest cow's milk with part of the water extracted; merely rich, fine milk evaporated to the consistency of cream, then sealed and sterilized.

To force home the advantages of evaporated milk—to create an ideal demand—was the next of Mr. Stuart's problems. This meant a campaign of education, and education costs money. This man knew that he held the method of supplying the greatest and most important of food staples. He knew that his milk was not a substitute, but that ultimately it would replace raw milk in every urban community. The world-wide crusade against raw milk in every city in every country, the suspicion engendered in the minds of the public by widespread campaigns against impure milk, gave him steadfast confidence that, sooner or later, the public would grow to the understanding of evaporated milk of guaranteed and unquestioned purity.

Mr. Stuart's reasoning has been amply justified by subsequent events. From the very start, Carnation Milk has enjoyed an extensive sale, until to-day the Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Company operate ten factories on the Pacific slope, and it has been found necessary to take care of the Eastern demand by the erection of four extensive condenseries in the favored dairying sections of Wisconsin and Illinois.

Despite a demand for Carnation Milk that taxes the capacity of these fourteen condenseries, despite the fact that this distribution covers the United States, Alaska, and the Oriental countries, the real work of educating the public to the economy and advantages of evaporated milk is just beginning to receive attention.

Understand, that milk is a greater world necessity than flour or sugar; that its use is bounded by neither national nor geographical limitations; that evaporated milk has been known for but a few years and that its practical utility has hardly yet been touched upon. Regardless of the immense and extensive campaigns of advertising, the housewife has hardly awakened to this important economic factor in the kitchen and the nursery. It will require years of education and the expenditure of considerable sums of money to displace raw milk as an article of household consumption; but the tide has surely turned to this more certain, safe, convenient, and economic food staple.

As an example of household economy, it is well for the consumer to appreciate the fact that Carnation Milk is nothing but pure milk minus part of the water. Evaporation removes the water, leaving the milk the consistency of cream, and rich in butter fat and solids to the extent of about 100 per cent. more than a like quantity of ordinary raw milk.

A housewife who uses evaporated milk in the kitchen is quick to appreciate the saving effected not only in the cost and quantity of the milk required, but in the butter there is a big saving besides.

Another factor tending to popularize Carnation Milk is its convenience. Unopened, it will keep perfectly in any climate for years. It is always obtainable and available, day or night.

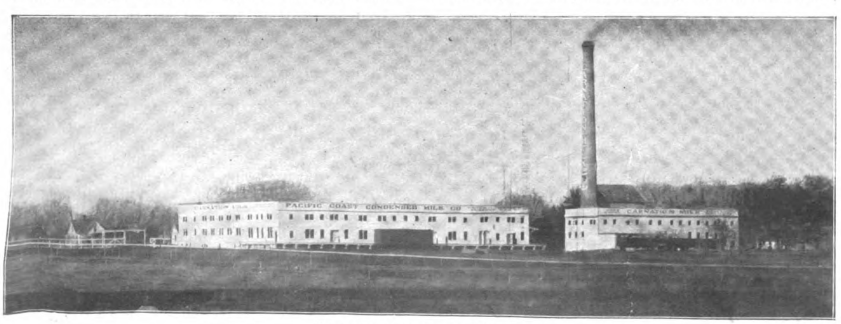
Since its introduction, Carnation Milk has met with the endorsement of the physicians and the nurses. In the nursery, it is rapidly supplanting raw milk, and its advantages as a food for infants and growing children is attested by mothers all over the Union.

Apart from the education of the actual consumer, the Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Company has for years been endeavoring to acquaint the retailer with the merits of its product and to show him a new source of revenue from the sale of evaporated milk. While your grocer has not always the time or the inclination to make a special study of every article he handles, he is, as a rule, quick to improve a pressing demand. In certain sections of the country, the grocer has seized the opportunity to divert the revenue that now goes to the milkman to himself. He is not only making more money by acquiring a new line, but he is making new friends, building business and goodwill.

In summing up the resources and factors that have materially contributed to the growth and importance of the Pacific Northwest, the Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Company is to be reckoned as a most potent influence. Not only does the Company furnish employment to hundreds of men and women, but its efforts to promote the dairying industry have contributed in no small measure to the advancement of the entire section.

The efforts that this body of men are putting forth to acquaint dairymen in other sections with the many and exceptional natural advantages of Washington and Oregon, for stimulating emigration, have been responsible for the marked improvement in dairy cattle.

To quote Mr. Stuart: "To have good milk, you must first go to the cow; she must have good care, good feed, pure water, quiet and restful surroundings; she must be petted, pampered, well treated, and—*contented*. ⁂



Condensery at Oregon, Illinois

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Interesting Relics

THE archives of the United States Treasury are rich with relics. In the *files* of the office of the auditor for the Treasury Department may be seen the canceled check showing the payment to *Lafayette* in 1824 of $200,000 by the United States "in consideration of his services and sacrifices in the war of the *revolution*." William H. Crawford, then Secretary of the Treasury, signed the warrant, and in the characteristic French *hand*writing on the reverse is the indorsement of Lafayette. A canceled check or warrant for $15,000,000 represents the *payment* for the Louisiana purchase under the treaty of 1803. The purchase under the treaty, characterized at the *time* as "Seward's Folly," of Alaska is evidenced by a warrant for $7,200,000 signed by F. E. Spinner, who at the time was Secretary of the Treasury. The wording of the warrant begins and runs, "Pay to the undersigned envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias." This warrant called for payment in coin and was so paid through the Riggs Bank, then a private banking institution of Washington, after being indorsed by Edward de Stoecke, the Russian minister at that time.

The purchase of the Philippine Islands from Spain is represented in the important financial transactions of the government by four warrants of $5,000,000 each. As a treaty cannot be entered into by one country directly with one with which it is at war, the warrants were indorsed by Jules Cambon, the French minister, who had delegated authority to represent the Spanish government.

The Panama Canal purchase represented the largest financial transaction of the government. The payment was made by a common draft, payable to "J. Pierpont Morgan & Company, special disbursing agent," through whom it was paid to the French company, the former owner. The late J. Pierpont Morgan himself indorsed the draft. A short time previous there had been issued a warrant for $10,000,000, covering the cost of the Canal Zone, an area of ten miles on each side of the canal. As these canceled checks are held as receipts, it could happen, in case of their loss, that the government might not be able to show that the moneys were actually paid.

Not less interesting as relics are: "Accounts: G. Washington with the United States. Commencing June, 1775, and ending June, 1783, comprehending a space of eight years." Under this caption are three or four dilapidated calf-bound account-books in the handwriting of the great American patriot. These accounts were mostly kept while he was on the march, but they were brought up with great accuracy from day to day. At the end of each book there is a comprehensive recapitulation. Individual money and funds of the government expended by him are specifically indicated. In a foot-note he calls attention to a particular item which he appeared to have paid but for which he had no voucher. He deducted the amount of the item from his credit until the matter could be definitely settled. All of his accounts are expressed in English money. A contemporaneous account-book kept by Caleb Gibbs shows the personal expenses of Washington and his military "family," meaning, no doubt, his immediate staff. The entries are usually headed, "Headquarters, on the march." For the most part they cover purchases of food-supplies, but now and then are such entries as:

"To cash for a broom that Peter bought some time ago 6*d*."

"Cash paid for mending the chariot 1*s*."

"Agreed with Peggy for 4*s*. per month for the General's washing and 4*s*. per doz. for the gentlemen of the family."

Among other things of interest in the auditor's office are books showing allowances to members of Congress to and from Washington. In the Thirteenth Congress $963 for mileage is receipted in a faint, uncertain hand "D. Webster." A payment of $560 for 111 days' attendance is shown to have been made to Henry Clay.

Diving Without Hose

HOSE for conducting air from the surface to the diver under the water has heretofore been considered indispensable. An elaborate outfit of pumps operated either on land or in boats was necessary to force fresh air continuously through a great length of hose to the man below the surface. Now the inventive brain of a German has conceived and put into successful operation an ingenious device which will probably do away with the old apparatus for diving.

By this method the diver carries on his back two steel bottles containing highly compressed oxygen. Another cylinder contains chemicals for absorbing the carbonic acid exhaled from the lungs. A system of piping carries all the impure air breathed out to a chamber containing the absorbing chemical. In this compartment the deadly carbonic acid gas is entirely eliminated. A small amount of oxygen, just enough to renew the air, is added to the changed and regenerated exhalations and passed on to a compartment in the helmet, where it can be inhaled through the nose or mouth. By this system the vitiated air is continually being made over into new.

It is thought this device will do away with the accidents and sometimes loss of life which have occasionally happened through defects in the diving hose or pumping apparatus so long in use. But while the diver may carry his atmosphere, as one does his wardrobe, along with him he cannot yet quite disconnect himself from the outer world, as the signal line is still necessary for means of communication.

Consider the Dew

THE question is often asked, Does the dew rise or fall? Dewfall is as admissible an expression as sunrise or sunset. In both cases the expression is at variance with scientific fact. Meteorologically, the formation of dew is not accompanied by motion in the vertical plane, hence there can be no question of rise or fall. Under certain conditions of wind, cloud, and temperature variants, dew is produced. Warm-air charged with moisture comes in contact with a cooler surface. When, in this contact the heat is subtracted from the air and the saturation point for that temperature is reached, the moisture, which in the air has existed as water vapor, is condensed upon the cooler surface at the point of contact. The dew-drop, also good English, although false physics, has no existence in the air, but comes into being upon the surface bedewed. It does not fall nor does it drop.

Deodands

IF it were customary or possible for the King of Great Britain and Ireland rigidly to exercise his royal prerogatives, he would, in the course of a few months, become the owner of many vehicles, especially motor-cars, that traverse the streets and roads of his kingdom, since he is entitled to all deodands. A deodand is "an article which has proved the immediate and accidental occasion of the death of any reasonable creature." This right was for hundreds of years enforced as a means of swelling the royal exchequer and, legally speaking, could still be enforced. If a man were killed by being run over the vehicle and its contents, as well as the horse, became the King's property. The number of "reasonable creatures" (and dogs might be included by some within this category) run over by motors in England would keep the King in automobiles until he would be obliged to construct many garages.

"LIKE MAGIC"

New Food Makes Wonderful Changes.

When a man has suffered from dyspepsia so many years that he can't remember when he had a natural appetite, and then hits on a way out of trouble, he may be excused for saying "it acts like magic."

When it is a simple, wholesome food instead of any one of a large number of so-called remedies in the form of drugs, he is more than ever likely to feel as though a sort of miracle has been performed.

A Chicago man, in the delight of restored digestion, puts it in this way:

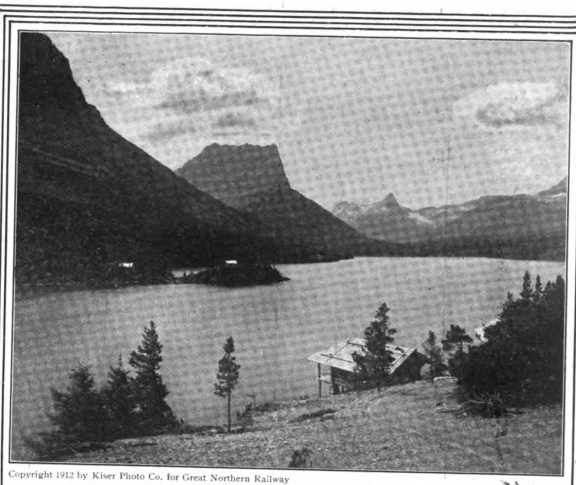
"Like magic, fittingly describes the manner in which Grape-Nuts relieved me of poor digestion, coated tongue and loss of appetite, of many years standing.

"I tried about every medicine that was recommended to me, without relief. Then I tried Grape-Nuts on the suggestion of a friend. By the time I had finished the fourth package my stomach was all right, and for the past two months I have been eating with a relish anything set before me. That is something I had been unable to do previously for years.

"I am stronger than ever and I consider the effects of Grape-Nuts on a weak stomach as something really wonderful. It builds up the entire body as well as the brain and nerves." Name given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. ***



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Going-to-the-Sun Camp on St. Mary Lake—Trout Fishermen's Headquarters—Glacier National Park, Montana

A 4-Day Tour in Glacier National Park for $22.00

By Automobile, 4-Horse Stage, Launch and Horseback

Break your journey to or from the Pacific Coast by a stop-over at Glacier National Park. It will be a new and *wonderful* experience. A few days in this scenic wonderland will provide material for a life-time of vivid, pleasant recollections—and at a comparatively trifling cost.

For instance, $22 covers the total expense of a four-day tour to exquisite Lake St. Mary, in the very heart of the scenic region of the Park, by automobile, launch and stage, including a visit to the unique and cozy Chalets at Many-Glacier and Going-to-the-Sun Camps—the paradise of the mountain-trout fisherman. An almost unlimited number of other tours, covering one to twelve days or an entire season, may be arranged at a correspondingly low cost.

Vacations $1 to $5 per Day

The accommodations throughout the Park cannot be excelled. In addition to the famous chain of Swiss Chalet Camps, a magnificent new hotel has just been completed, offering every modern luxury and convenience. It is built of huge logs in perfect harmony with its natural setting. Every room is electrically lighted and heated, swimming pool and shower baths in basement. Enormous open fireplaces typify and crystallize the spirit of hospitality and generous welcome that is evident from the moment of your arrival. Low fares every day.

An excellent opportunity is afforded to observe the tribal dances and ceremonies of the Blackfeet Indians—one of the most interesting and picturesque of all surviving tribes. Stop off at Glacier Park Station.

Write for Aeroplane Map and Special Booklets

Very complete descriptive literature explaining every feature and including a large Aeroplane map of the entire Park, in colors, will be mailed on request. An interview with one of our representatives who has personally visited Glacier Park may be arranged. Information relative to Glacier National Park, fares, tickets, reservations, etc., may be secured from any Chicago, Burlington and Quincy or Great Northern representative, or mail the coupon today.

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Please send me complete travel literature of Glacier Park, including Aeroplane map in colors—all free.

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The

Seattle National Bank

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The Largest Bank in the Northwest

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For a third of a century this bank has been a potent factor in the development of the Pacific Northwest



THE
NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE
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invites the accounts of responsible corporations, firms and individuals and believes that its unsurpassed facilities, extensive business connections, ample resources and long experience enable it to render its customers first-class service.

Capital, Surplus and Profits $2,100,000
Total Resources 14,000,000

Finance

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

Overcast "Blue Sky" Legislation

Light and Shadow of the very general Movement to pass Laws regarding the Sale of New Securities

THE American legislator doesn't believe in doing things by halves. Five or six years ago he discovered that there were grave faults in the way the railroads were being run. Almost immediately we had a crop of regulatory laws all over the country that nearly put the railways out of business. More lately he discovered that the get-rich-quick concerns are taking a lot of money out of the public by selling it worthless stocks and bonds. Without the slightest delay State legislatures everywhere began passing laws making it difficult to sell not only worthless securities, but any kind of securities at all. It has been the old story of going at a thing in a hurry and unprepared—and with the same old result.

Remarkable, indeed, has been the spread of the "Blue Sky" legislation idea—they call it that because it is designed to prevent promoters from capitalizing the blue sky—since the state of Kansas put the first law on its statute books three years ago. No less than thirty states, at the time this is written, have taken up "Blue Sky" legislation. Over a hundred bills of one sort or another are at present being considered by various state legislatures. Lawmakers everywhere appear to have gone "Blue Sky" law mad.

Welsh-Rarebit Dream Legislation

Now while it is true that the innocent investor must be protected from the promoter of fraudulent schemes, it is also true that credit is about the most delicate thing in the world, and that only with full appreciation of that fact should its regulation by law be undertaken. "Blue Sky" laws, in other words, which regulate the terms on which the borrower can go to the lender, are the most ticklish sort of legislation and need to be most carefully considered. Is that the case with the laws rushed before the legislatures of two-thirds of the states and now being considered by them? Take, for instance, the bill before the Illinois legislature which provides that a firm selling securities must throw open all its books and records to each and every investor who purchases securities of it, *even if these investors be its competitors.* Take the bill in Massachusetts which provides that every separate bond must be examined and approved by the state authorities on each separate sale—it would make no difference if the same bond were bought and sold a dozen times in the course of a month, each separate sale would have to be sanctioned by the state. And is that the worst? How about this one: A bill that provides that no investment shall be publicly offered and sold unless it be "such an investment as a prudent man might make!" Think of that enacted as a law.

No wonder that the bills pending before various state legislatures were recently characterized by a prominent investment banker as "assorted selections from a welsh-rarebit dream."

That investment bankers all over the country should be opposing the passage of half-baked "Blue Sky" legislation is natural enough. But the investment banker, after all, is by no means the party most seriously affected. The real harm comes to borrower and lender—to the legitimate corporation which needs money and can only get it by the sale of securities, and to the investor who is deprived of the opportunity of advantageously employing his capital.

How It Hurts the Borrower

Take the case of the borrower. In some state one of these "Blue Sky" laws is passed, putting all kinds of restrictions on the sale of new securities and making it difficult and expensive for the investment banker to do business in that jurisdiction. What is the result? Simply that the banker having securities to sell will keep away from that territory. Very well, it is objected, but suppose a number of states pass such laws—for the banker, in that case simply to "keep away" will be impossible. True, if "Blue Sky" laws go into force over a large section of the country, bankers whose business is to distribute securities will *have* to abide by their provisions and pay whatever additional expense is necessary. But out of whom will this additional expense come?—certainly the banker, in this case the middleman, is not going to stand the increased cost of production. No, it will be just as it is in every other case when the cost of production goes up. The added charge will be thrown back on the producer—in this case the seller of the securities. To raise capital will simply cost so much more.

Moreover, the trouble and expense of handling new security issues being thus increased and the territory in which they can be marketed at all being thus reduced, the business becomes less desirable and less sought after by investment bankers. In one state there is a bill pending by which investment dealers may be required to put up as much as $100,000 with the Commissioner of Banking, as security. Such a law, it is plain, would drive many of the smaller firms completely out of business. Aside from any question of right or wrong, it is easy enough to see what a bad thing that, especially, from the standpoint of the small borrower, would inevitably be.

From the Lender's Point of View

From the investor's viewpoint, too, a large part of the pending "Blue Sky" legislation is highly undesirable. The fact that an issue is "approved," it is claimed, will show that it is all right and give investors confidence to buy it. But *will* the fact that an issue is approved by the state commissioner or by any other official prove anything as to its intrinsic value? Many a security issue, it must be borne in mind, has been refused by one banking-house, only to be taken up by another, and in the end to turn out very well. Many an issue, examined into with the greatest care by the most scrupulous bankers, has gone wrong. The most thorough examination by the most competent parties, in other words, not infrequently fails to disclose an issue's true strength or weakness. Of what value, then, is the appraisal of some state official, not an investment expert, and under the necessity of passing judgment on dozens if not hundreds of propositions every week?

Besides that, what intelligent investor wants some one else to tell him in what propositions he may invest and in what propositions he may not invest? To have a law excluding all palpably fraudulent concerns is all very well—every state in the Union has its fraud laws, as it is. But to have some state official act as a censor, with the right to keep you from investing your money in any particular security he may not happen to fancy—that is something for which the average American investor can hardly be expected to stand. When he comes to realize that exactly that will be the result of a large part of the "Blue Sky" legislation now pending, he will be the first to rise up in protest. The weak and credulous have to be protected, of course, but that doesn't mean that he is willing to be classed in with them and have his thinking done for him.

Governor Ralston of Indiana expressed exactly that idea in his recent veto of an ill-considered piece of "Blue Sky" legislation which had been pushed through both houses and had come to him for signature. "In my inaugural address," wrote the Governor, "I recommended 'Blue Sky' legislation, and was very desirous that a law should be enacted that would protect innocent investors in stocks, bonds, and other evidences of indebtedness, but I feel that the law proposed, as set forth in this bill, would prove *oppressive to legitimate business interests.*" The Governor then goes on to say that what is needed is a commission of public-spirited men to study the subject with deliberation.

Federal or State Legislation?

It is very much of a question, indeed, whether this matter of the regulation of the sale of securities is a fit subject for state legislation at all. Most states now have public-service commissions with supervision over the issue of new securities. The public-service commission in New York, for instance, cannot, of course, prevent some Philadelphia or Chicago firm from selling securities in New York state, but then it is very much of a question whether New York State can legally prevent it, either. Commerce between the several states is not subject to the regulation of state commissions, but to that of the Federal government—it is for that particular purpose that there exists the Interstate Commerce Commission. Why is not the same thing true of interstate dealing in securities? Why should one state be able to say of some particular security to the firm issuing it, "Here, your salesmen cannot sell that security in this territory," while another state just across the border may welcome them with open arms? Surely this would seem to be a matter better regulated by the Federal government than by the several states, each acting in its own way and for its own particular interests.

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Roslyn Coal

THE Roslyn coal field covers a comparatively small area (about seven miles long by three wide) in Kititas County, state of Washington, just east of the Cascade Mountains and near the main line of the Northern Pacific Railway. For many years Roslyn coal was mined and sold by the railway company. It is still mined by them in large quantities, but now only for their own use. Before oil was discovered in California Roslyn coal was known from Puget Sound to San Francisco, and from Seattle to Spokane, through Idaho and even over into Montana, as the best steam and domestic coal on the market. It is still very generally used in Washington and parts of Oregon, Idaho, and Montana, but no longer cuts much of a figure in California since the discovery of oil in that state.

A gradual variation in the quality of the Roslyn coal was revealed as it was opened up at various points in the field east to west. Where it was first opened at Cle Elum, on the eastern end of the field, it was almost a lignite in quality; but as mine after mine was opened up further to the west better and better coal was exposed, until at the most westerly extremity of the field was found a high-grade bituminous coal of good coking quality that yielded more feet of gas and more heat units per pound than almost any other coal in the state.

This mine was opened by Walter Oakes in 1906. He had formerly been the president of the Alaska Steamship Company, which he had helped to build up from a small beginning, and it was his untiring energy that made the operations of the Roslyn Fuel Company (which he formed to handle the property) a success. The Roslyn Fuel Company was an independent concern and took over the agencies of the Northwestern Improvement Company (which is the coal-operating end of the Northern Pacific Railway Company) at the time that company retired from the wholesale and retail coal business. These agencies are located at Seattle, Spokane, Walla Walla, North Yakima, and Ellensburg.

Beekman Slope, as this mine is called, was opened according to the most up-to-date standards of mining, under the able direction of Charles E. Jones, a mining engineer from Pennsylvania. A solid pillar of coal one hundred feet wide was left between the slope and the main airway, and an eighty-foot pillar between the main slope and manway on the other side. Every other precaution was taken, in opening the mine, to insure the safety of the miners. The result has been a loss of only one man for every three hundred thousand tons of coal mined, showing that the mine is about as safe as it can be made. A large ventilating-fan of the latest design was installed to keep the air of the mine fresh and free from noxious gases. The outside equipment, tipple, hoisting-engines, power plant, etc., are likewise of the highest quality and insure a steady output when the coal is most needed. The plant is capable of handling twelve hundred tons per day, and has actually handled for months at a time from nine hundred to one thousand tons in a day. The coal is screened through shakers to give steam, gas, special steam, egg, and lump coals.

In 1911 the No. 2 mine of the Roslyn Fuel Company was opened and now adds another five hundred tons to the daily output of the company, with a possible output of seven hundred tons, making the possible combined tonnage of both mines about seventeen or eighteen hundred tons per day.

Roslyn coal from the mines of the Roslyn Fuel Company has been used by all of the large railways of Washington with great success, and two of them still continue to use a large tonnage. It is used by many logging roads in the state on account of its not throwing sparks, an important factor in logging dry forests. As a gas coal it is used from Puget Sound to Montana, and the gas coke resulting from it is of good quality. For steam-shovel work and stationary boilers no better coal than the Roslyn can be obtained in eastern Washington. The lump, egg, and furnace coals are used extensively for domestic use.

It is curious how many people will insist on using lump coal where a finer coal would answer the purpose better and cost less. This is particularly true of people buying coal for their furnaces. They could use a furnace or steam coal with a coking tendency at a far lower price, the coal would last longer and give more heat. There are exceptions, however. In many mines in the East the coal that mines lumpy is the best part of the seam, but in the Northwest the best coal is usually the part that crumbles up. The lumps are held together by impurities that go to form ash. Lumps in a furnace burn freely in much the same manner that a chunk of wood will burn. The finer coal, if it has a tendency to coke, crusts over on the top after the fire gets going, and you can then break it up into lumps if a very hot fire is needed, or, if it is desirable to keep the fire all night, you can bank it with more fine coal.

The main office of the Roslyn Fuel Company is in Seattle, Washington, 609 Lowman Building.

Homes for Insectivorous Birds

By John T. Timmons

FEW persons actually realize the great good accomplished by many of the more common varieties of insect-destroying birds. Every bird that lives on insect life is worth its weight in gold to mankind. In most localities these useful birds have been so destroyed as to be almost exterminated, and the increase of destructive insects that frequent the field, orchard, and garden is appalling. Something will have to be done soon or mankind will be confronted with a very difficult problem.

The natural means of exterminating these pests are by far the best.

The birds are the natural enemies of the life that destroys and injures the various crops. Why not assist the willing birds in this work? We can easily do so if we but stop and consider for a moment.

Instead of depleting the flocks of bluebirds, wrens, and purple martins, encourage them to inhabit your lawns, gardens, and orchards.

Erect homes for the birds. The little common house wren that is always busy either in winter or summer in catching thousands of insects, or feeding on their larvæ, will greatly appreciate a little effort on our part to provide them shelter. Tin cans, old coffee-pots, or small wooden boxes fastened on fences, outbuildings, arbors, or trees, and provided with entrances about the size of a half-dollar, will make cozy homes for the wren, and the number of young hatched and fed from the pests in the garden will insure a greater quantity and better quality of fruits and vegetables.

The bluebird is another enemy of the hundreds of insects that get in their wicked work in the early spring and summer, when bloom and tender fruits are exposed to their ravages. They can be induced to remain about our homes if provided with suitable roosting and nesting boxes. The type of home may vary, but it should not be too large, and more than one should be erected about the home, especially in the orchard. A box not more than twelve by eighteen inches, divided into four rooms, with an opening into each room and a narrow ledge or alighting-board, is the most easily provided. It should be placed on a pole about twelve or fifteen feet high. It might be well to have the pole attached to a fence-post or some other handy place by a hinge, so the box can be lowered when it is necessary to clean it out or remove the English sparrows.

The purple martin is one of our greatest insectivorous birds. It is an annual visitor, arriving about the 1st of April. It never nests in trees. It prefers some well-sheltered home and one that is out of reach of the cats. Many years ago martin boxes were quite common and great colonies were seen each year, but during the past quarter of a century the martin has been neglected and one can travel for miles without seeing a bird-house. Every farmer and, in fact, every owner of a home should assist in reclaiming these birds. Erect homes for them. A great variety of houses can be built. Any one can secure a box from the grocer, cut a couple of small holes in it, and place it on a pole not far from the house. Many of pretty designs can be built that will not only serve a good purpose, but make the home more attractive. The martin loves to be noticed and talked to and it will repay one for his trouble in its cheery warble, and in time its presence will be shown in the quantity and quality of the products injured by the insect pests.

A Tower of Gold

ACCORDING to a law promulgated in Germany in 1871, the $30,000,000 which France paid in indemnity to the Prussians the previous year was guarded in the "Tower of July" at Spandau, the famous fortress situated eight miles from Berlin. Besides this amount of money, definitely set aside, is a quantity of gold in reserve for commercial panics.

In order to safeguard such a massive store great precautions have been taken for the past forty-two years. The money is kept on two floors of the fortress and is packed in 1,200 oaken chests. Each chest contains $25,000 in gold. The inviolability of these chambers is secured in the following manner: they have triple doors with various locks whose keys are held by certain officials of the Ministry of War; and these keys each open only one door, so that no one official is ever able to enter alone.

The clamps of the chests are sealed and stamped in such a way that it is not possible for them to be tampered with without danger of almost instant discovery. Moreover, the weight of each sack and chest is registered.

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Misprinted Bank-notes

MISPRINTS and oddities sometimes, but seldom, get by the experts in the United States Bureau of Printing and Engraving. Perhaps the most remarkable misprint that ever found its way out of that establishment was a fifty-dollar national-bank note printed for a national bank in Kansas City, Missouri. The misprint was discovered by a Chicago hotel clerk, who, in making up his accounts one day, found a discrepancy he could not explain. In his efforts to discover the discrepancy he placed the pile of bills on his left-hand side and, as he counted each one, turned the note over and deposited it on a pile at his right. He found that when he counted from left to right his cash exactly balanced, but when he counted it back again a shortage of fifty dollars stared him in the face. As a last resort each bill was examined separately, both obverse and reverse. One of the bills had the design of fifty dollars on the obverse and that of one hundred dollars on the reverse. The clerk had taken the bill as one hundred dollars. Upon being communicated with the Treasury Department admitted that such a bill was extant. One sheet of bank-notes of the denomination of fifty dollars and one hundred dollars had been reversed in the press. One plate bore the obverse of a fifty-dollar bill at the top and the obverse of a hundred-dollar bill at the bottom. The other plate bore the reverse of the two notes. After each sheet was printed it was laid aside to dry before being run through the press for the obverse printing. In some way one sheet was turned upside down, with the result that two misprinted bills came forth—one with a fifty-dollar obverse and hundred-dollar reverse, the other with a hundred-dollar obverse and a fifty-dollar reverse. The companion note was discovered by the cashier of the bank after he had paid out the bill with the fifty-dollar face and hundred-dollar back.

This occurred in 1890. In the sixties an error of similar nature occurred, a bank-note being printed with the ten-dollar obverse and twenty-dollar reverse. It is reasonably certain that at least four of these misprints went into circulation.

Errors in design and oddities indicating premeditation on the part of the engraver sometimes run the gauntlet successfully. On the 1880 silver certificates there is found a Treasury seal entirely different from any other ever used by the government. The key, which is one of the most important symbols of the seal, shows a handle at the left-hand side instead of to the right, as on all others. The shield is of different shape, while the stars are larger. The two ends of the band surrounding the symbols are fastened with a buckle, and that in no other instance is found in the design of a Treasury seal. There are one-, two-, and five-dollar certificates, and a ten-dollar legal-tender note, in circulation, with what is known as inverted backs. But that is a wrong description. They are really inverted fronts, for the backs of all bills are printed first.

An oddity is shown on a legal-tender note of 1869. On the face of the note is a portrait of Webster, while to the right is a representation of Rolfe presenting Pocahontas to Queen Elizabeth. At the bottom of the center is a small eagle. Upon inverting the bill the eagle presents a very faithful resemblance to the head of a donkey. A number of national bank-notes, issued by different banks, have been put in circulation and accepted as real money unchallenged which were minus the signature of the president or of the cashier, or of both officers of the banks.

Perforated Coins

PERFORATED coins were never in favor in the United States, though various efforts were made to popularize them. The first United States coin with a perforated center was a gold dollar issued in 1849, which had a square hole in the middle of the planchet. It was the forerunner of the gold dollar issued by the United States Mint in 1849. The coin was engraved, not struck from dies. The next United States coin with a perforated center was issued from the Philadelphia Mint in 1850 and was of the denomination of one cent. It was about the size of the bronze cent now in use. At that time the large, old-fashioned copper cent was in general circulation and the perforated coin received the name of "ring cent." The designer reasoned that by means of the perforation the cent could be distinguished by touch from the dime. Another perforated cent issued the same year showed two rings in the field, with the words, "Cent, One-tenth Silver." The reverse showed an olive wreath around the perforation, and the words, "United States of America." The Mint authorities undertook to design a coin that would answer all requirements, and the pieces were struck with both pierced and perfect centers in silver, copper, nickel, and composition metal, six varieties in all, without counting the various metals, but none of the designs was favored by the government authorities, and consequently they were never put in general circulation.

The only gold half-dollar ever produced at the United States Mint was struck in 1852. It had a perforation in the center, and the obverse showed a wavy circle around the perforation, with the inscription, "United States of America," around the border. The reverse was blank. The coin was exactly half the weight of the dollar. Regardless of the generally accepted idea, the gold fifty-cent pieces with which the public is familiar were not an issue of the United States, but were manufactured by California jewelers. There has not been any attempt to introduce the perforated coin in the United States since 1884. In that year two pieces of the denominations of one and five cents were issued at the Philadelphia Mint.

A Photograph Gallery in a Cemetery

MANY means have been used for marking the resting-place of the dead, or in ornamentation of their graves, from the ornate tombs of marble and granite to the grotesque totem poles of the American Indians. The French, who are noted for their fine taste in decoration and their discrimination in art matters, disfigure their marble tombs with hideous wreaths made of jet or purple glass beads. But it has remained for a little cemetery in New England to set a new fashion in a means of commemorating the dead.

A hole is chiseled into the slab or monument and into this is fitted a picture of the one whose grave is beneath. The portrait is generally a photograph or tintype. A cover which can easily be lifted up is then placed over the opening. Any one passing through the cemetery and wishing to know how the person before whose tombstone he has halted appeared in life has only to raise the little cover over the picture to satisfy his curiosity.

This is by no means a new custom in this town. It began many years ago. On one of the monuments is a photograph placed there in 1865, which is as clean as though it had been put there a year ago.

Though this custom of having tombstones made to hold portraits originated in this particular place, it is now being adopted in neighboring towns.

Deer as a Source of Meat-Supply

THERE has been advocated the scheme of raising deer as a source of meat supply in this country. It is believed by many experts that deer-farming could be made as profitable as any other live-stock industry. It has been pointed out that the Virginia deer and the Rocky Mountain elk are best suited to this purpose. Elk have been acclimatized in many parts of the world and everywhere they show the same vigor and hardiness. They adapt themselves to almost any environment, and their increase under domestication is equal to that of ordinary cattle.

It is contended that there are large areas of rough land in the United States, like the Ozark and Allegheny regions, where elk could be profitably raised. The Virginia deer is adaptable to almost all parts of this country and thrives on land unsuited to horses.

The Ear of the Owl

IT is held by naturalists that, in order to capture its prey the owl must depend even more upon its sense of hearing than upon that of sight. The tufts of feathers that distinguish the short-eared and the long-eared owls are, of course, no more ears than they are horns. The true ear of the owl is a most remarkable organ.

The facial disk of feathers that gives the owl its characteristic appearance serves as a kind of sounding-board or ear-trumpet to concentrate the slightest sounds and to transmit them to the orifice of the true ear, concealed in the small feathers behind the eye. Even in the barn owl, which possesses the least complicated arrangement of this kind, the orifice of the ear is covered by a remarkable flap of the skin, while in the other species there are striking differences in the size and shape of this orifice and its covering flap on the two sides of the head.

The exact way in which owls utilize this elaborately specialized apparatus has still to be discovered.

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PENN STATE

The Pacific National Bank of Tacoma

It is no small thing to be the greatest as well as the oldest bank in the City of *Tacoma*, and the officers of the Pacific National Bank, of Tacoma, feel a sense of deep responsibility as well as pride in the eminent position their house occupies. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is a maxim universally accepted, and the fruits of a wise, capable, reliable bank administration are the deposits in that bank. Although there are eight excellent banks in Tacoma, the Pacific National leads them *all in* the vital element of deposits, having over a million dollars more than its nearest competitor. This substantial expression of public confidence is the result of a conservative banking policy, splendid facilities and unexcelled service. In the period between April 18, 1912, and April 4, 1913, the Pacific National Bank showed an increase in deposits of over a million dollars.

The Pacific National Bank was organized in the fall of 1885, but was not opened for business until January 2, 1886, when it went into the building just completed for it, at Pacific and Twelfth Streets. It began with a paid-up capital of $50,000, and at the end of the first year the deposits were $102,000. At the close of business on November 26, 1912, the deposits were $4,557,331.61, and the capital $300,000.

The directors of the bank comprise some of the most representative business men in the Northwest. The two heaviest stockholding interests are the Ladds, of Portland, and connections of the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company. The officers of the Pacific National Bank are: Charles H. Hyde, Chairman Board of Directors; Ralph S. Stacy, President; W. M. Ladd, Vice-President; Geo. S. Long, Vice-President; Stephen Appleby, Cashier; A. A. Miller, Assistant Cashier; R. R. Mattison, Assistant Cashier.

The bank has purchased within the last four months a half interest in a corporation that owns the southwest corner of Pacific Avenue and Eleventh Street, considered to be, without doubt, the best business corner in the city of Tacoma, and will, as soon as it gets possession from the present tenants, which will be April 1, 1914, immediately proceed to install one of the finest banking rooms in the Northwest.

A Mail Transfer Apparatus

When the train halts at a small station, and the man with the mail-bag throws a heavy sack of United States postal matter through an opening into the baggage-car, receiving another in return, the quickness and dexterity with which the transfer is made is generally watched by admiring bystanders. But human muscles and joints cannot always be depended upon to be so invariably sure and accurate as machinery. Accidents have happened and throwing the bags is now considered dangerous, especially in the case of fast mail-trains.

A Western postmaster has invented an apparatus for mechanically making the transfer, which has been so successfully tested that it is expected it will soon come into general use for fast mail-trains. Rising out of a base of cement is a tower about fifteen feet high from the ground surrounded by a small platform. At the extreme top are two horns. These are set to describe a circle on the side nearest the track. The tips of the horns overlap about four feet, one tip pointing up and the other down the track. Each horn has a break or joint in it which enables it to be raised or lowered about four feet from the tip. Below the horns, attached to a standard which points toward the track, is the delivery arm.

Inside the car is an apparatus which works in unison with the outer one. A track is run along the roof from one side of the car to the other over the center of the door. Running on this track is a steel carriage on wheels with a delivery arm at each end. This arm is attached to a hook fastened to the forward side of the door of the car. When the delivery arm is pushed out, it sets the hook in position for the exchange of mail.

The man at the station fastens his mail-bag to a ring made especially for the purpose, which he fits into a slot at the end of the delivery arm on the standard, the horns and arm being brought into a horizontal position. He folds in one of the fingers of the horn, leaving the other pointed out in the direction of the approaching train. In the car the mail-man puts the bag to be delivered on a corresponding ring, which he fastens on the delivery arm in the car.

As the train nears the station he pushes the sack along the track over the door, then out of the doorway, where it latches with the bag suspended outside in a position to be caught by the hook of the receiving arm at the station. As the hook catches the bag from the outside is wheeled into the car, the exchange being accomplished almost instantaneously. The weight of the bag going around the horn causes the horns to bend back so that the contrivance is absolutely safe.

The Largest Stone Ever Quarried

The largest stone ever quarried has been found in Baalbec in Syria. It has been one of the mysteries of the ages how it was that the great blocks of granite used in building the Pyramids were ever raised to the heights and swung into the positions they now occupy. Quite as much of a marvel to the modern thinker is the problem involved in quarrying so enormous a block of stone as the one discovered in Baalbec. This monolith is sixty-nine feet long, fourteen feet broad, and seventeen feet in depth. Its weight is estimated at fifteen hundred tons. Near by stand the ruins of the ancient Temple of the Sun. It is believed by archæologists that this huge stone was intended to form part of the building. This supposition is based on the fact that in one of the walls still standing are to be seen great slabs of stone which by actual measurement disclose a length of sixty-three feet and a height of thirteen feet.

More wonderful still is the engineering feat which placed them in the position where they are to-day, nineteen feet above the level of the ground. No sign of any cementing mixture is to be found anywhere to bind together the stones of this ancient structure. The slabs have been squared so precisely and polished so evenly that it is with difficulty and only after the most careful search that the joining can be found. So perfectly do they fit together that it is impossible to thrust between them even the small blade of a pocket-knife. The beautiful perfection in all the processes involved in the quarrying, preparing of the stone, and the building of these ancient temples leads the scientists still further into wonderment at the quality of the mental and moral equipment of these ancient workmen. No laborer who stopped with his hammer in the air at the stroke of the clock ever hewed these stones. Such conscientious work was only done with love or under the urge of a great religious feeling. So it is that the archæologists are pondering over another problem—the quality of mind and brain in the man of antiquity.

Gold Leaf

The gold reaches the "beaters" first in wide bars or nuggets. It must be weighed, melted, and made into inch-wide ribbons before the "beating" begins. The ribbon is then cut into inch squares and beaten with a hammer wielded by a stalwart workman. When each leaf has been beaten thin it is transferred to a mold, where it is beaten again for a period of four hours. The beating is accomplished by means of a wooden hammer weighing from seven to eighteen pounds on a sheepskin cushion resting on a granite block. The gold beaten is usually twenty-two or twenty-three karats fine. A little alloy of copper or silver is added to make it spread. It would be impossible for the beaters to handle perfectly pure gold.

Gold leaf is packed more by the aid of the breath than that of the hands. The operation of transferring a sheet of almost transparent gold leaf from one place to another is of such delicacy that it is possible to accomplish it only by a slight puff of the breath. The packers are, for the most part, girls to whom, after beating, the gold leaf is handed.

The girls lift the unshaped leaf from the mold with a pair of wooden pincers, flatten it out on a sheepskin cushion by gently blowing on it, cut it into a perfect square, replace it between the leaves of the book, and flatten it out with the breath. A "book" consists of twenty-five leaves, and a skilled girl operator can pack seventy books in a day.

Siberian Bees and Bee Masters

One would never think of Siberia as a suitable home for bees or the practice of apiculture. Yet bees are maintained by the peasants of that region, and swarms of wild bees are to be found in the birch forests.

Those who keep bees in Siberia bear the title of bee-masters. Some of these have no more than four swarms; but many have fifty or a hundred, and certain "bee-lords" own five or six hundred. The average annual income, in Siberia, from a swarm of bees is about a ruble and a half. In certain localities buckwheat is sown to serve as a "pasture," and occasionally the bees are fed with sugar syrup, or treacle; but for the most part the swarms feed on wild flowers along the borders of the great forests.

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Third—By believing implicitly in the superiority of the fir door.

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Fifth—By installing new machinery for the production of those ply laminated fir panels which cannot check, swell or warp.

Sixth—By recognizing that the other party to a bargain has well vested rights which must be respected.

Seventh—By reason of a number of other causes, all relating, however, to perfect material, better and better manufacture and scrupulous attention to the needs and desires of its customers.

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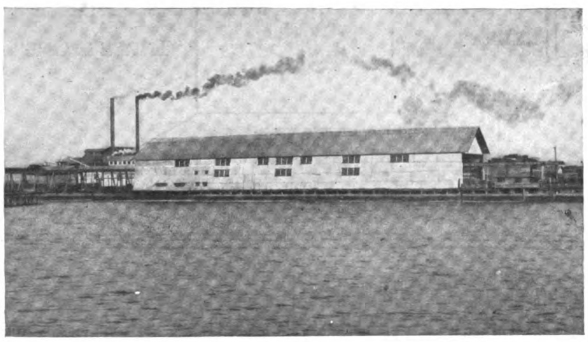
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Blowing Down Buildings

It is now fifty years since Chomet demonstrated that a long-sustained and very high musical note could, under certain circumstances, kill a dog. Recently experiments along the same line have been recorded in a scientific periodical of Paris with reference to the extermination of mosquitoes. The violin and the flute were brought into requisition with almost equal results. The mosquitoes were in the vicinity of a swamp district in southern France; and were found first to be attracted as the moth to the flame and then to die in numbers.

One musician goes so far as to say that buildings may be made to tremble at the sound of certain notes and that each one of these has its corresponding "shock" or "jar." He has devoted many years to the study of vibrations produced by music and very strange facts have come to light as the result of his investigations.

"One evening," he says, "I was playing the violin with a friend when all of a sudden we heard a note sounding longer than its normal 'life.' We looked at each other in consternation, for the objects about us in the room were vibrating. So upset were we that we stopped playing. Since then my friend has often had similar experiences. It was this that induced me to study the subject."

His investigation was most detailed, and extended over many months. Before applying his theories he would first study the idiosyncrasies of a given structure. His most convincing experiment was tried on a tower of considerable height in the French château district. On each of the first four stories he stationed men at equidistant points, with instructions to sound a dominant note on the violin at a given signal. He left the fifth story vacant and provided for the sixth in the same manner, following this method to the top of the tower. At the signal agreed upon the men on the various floors sounded and prolonged the note. It was found that the sound ascended in a circle and that there was a horizontal swaying of the tower.

The music of the organ, and more particularly the trumpet, has more striking effects than that of the violin, at least so far as the crumbling of edifices and engineering works is considered. This is one of the reasons why troops are forbidden to cross bridges and viaducts playing music and marching in step.

Fishin'

Don't ye talk to me of work!
I'm just goin' fishin'
Where the speckled beauties lurk,
Round the pools a-swishin'.
Ne'er a thought have I of care,
Sittin' on a green bank there,
Drinkin' in the soft June air,
Void of all ambition!

I don't care much what I ketch,
Long as I am anglin'.
What I carry, what I fetch,
On my string a-danglin',
Makes no difference to me—
Some or none, whiche'er it be—
While I'm off there wholly free
From all scenes of wranglin'.

Fishin' ain't jest ketchin' fish
In a pond or river—
Though a fresh trout on a dish
Makes ye sort o' shiver—
Fishin's settin' on some spot
Where it's neither cold no hot,
Without thinkin' on your lot—
Fortune, love, or liver.

Fishin's gettin' far away
From all noise and flurry;
Gettin' off where you can play
Nothin's in a hurry;
There to sorter loaf, and set,
Blind to all the things that fret;
And forgettin' all regret,
Quarrels, cares, and worry.

Yessir—I'll give up ambition,
And for fame and fortune wishin',
Any day to go a-fishin'!

John Kendrick Bangs.

A Bridge Across the Pacific

The distribution of plants and animals reveals strange secrets of the past history of the world. The fact that there were elk, red deer, and wolves in Ireland shows that Ireland, like England, was once joined to the continent of Europe. There are moles in England, but none in Ireland. This shows that Ireland was separated by sea from England before the moles arrived. In the same way the absence of native land mammals from Bermuda proves that this island has always been surrounded by wide spaces of ocean. The Belgian botanist, Hans Hallier, has been searching into the past secrets of the Pacific Ocean and its islands by examining the strange and often quite peculiar plants, such as the geranium trees of Hawaii, which are found in them. He has been led to form somewhat startling conclusions. He believes that the great Malay islands, together with Australia and large numbers of Polynesian islands scattered over thousands of miles of the Pacific Ocean, once formed part of a great peninsula stretching southeastward from China, most of which subsequently sank either wholly or in part, leaving the highlands which became Tasmania, New Zealand, New Caledonia, the Louisiades at the southeast corner of New Guinea, New Guinea itself, the Moluccas, Celebes, the Philippines, and Formosa above the ocean, to serve as centers of plant distribution between China and Polynesia, this crooked string of great islands being separated by deep ocean from eastern Australia.

In still earlier times, according to Hallier, the ancient peninsula above described had been connected by land with the American continent, thus forming a veritable bridge across the Pacific Ocean. The northern boundary of this bridge was formed by a line drawn from southern Japan through the Hawaiian Islands to Lower California, while its southern boundary passed from Tasmania toward New Zealand by way of the Auckland and Campbell Islands, and then further eastward through Tahiti and the Society Islands; then approaching the American coast through Easter Islands, Sala y Gomez and Juan Fernandez, supposed to be the island of Robinson Crusoe, and finally reaching the American continent at a point now in the south of Chile.

With our present knowledge of the antiquity of man, which must be measured in hundreds of thousands or even in millions of years, we need hardly be surprised to learn that Hallier believes that ancestors of still existing Polynesian and perhaps also South-American races not only saw this huge bridge across the Pacific Ocean, but even passed over it. He lays stress on certain South-American carvings, supposed by Wiener to represent llamas, but which Hallier says are kangaroos. He also quotes linguistic evidence and points to the community of type between ancient Egyptian, American, and south Asiatic art, and expresses the belief that Egyptian and American culture traveled from a south Asiatic source by two routes: one to Africa and the other by way of the Malay archipelago and Polynesia to America.

The Clocks We Wear

The three marks on the back of a glove and the clocks on a stocking are due practically to the same circumstance. The glove marks correspond to the fourchette pieces between the fingers, and in other days these pieces were continued along the back of the hand, braid being used to conceal the seams.

A somewhat similar origin is assigned to the ornamental clock on the stocking. In the days when stockings were made of cloth the seams occurred where the clocks do now, the ornamentation then being used to conceal the seams.

The useless little bow in the leather band lining a man's hat is a survival of the time when a hat was made by taking a piece of leather, boring two holes through it, and drawing it up with a piece of string.

The Flying Frog of Java

The Javanese frog is a creature measuring between fifteen and twenty-five inches. The skin of its back is pale blue and by night looks dark green or olive brown. The frog remains motionless during the day, with eyes sheltered from the light and with belly up, clinging to its support by adhesive cushions and by its belly, which is provided with a sticky covering, and it is hardly distinguishable from the objects that surround it. At nightfall it begins its hunt for the mammoth crickets on which it feeds, making leaps covering seven feet of ground. During the leap the play of lungs filled with air swells its body. To descend from a height it spreads wide its claws and, dropping, rests upon its feet.

The Genesis of Men of Straw

Mr. Engelbach, an English author, in a new volume on humors of the law, relates the following queer bit of history:

"Some years ago men used to walk about openly in Westminster Hall with a piece of straw in their boot. By this sign attorneys knew that such persons were in want of employment as false witness, and would give any evidence required for money. For instance, if an advocate wanted an obliging witness he would go to one of these men and show him a fee, which, if not sufficient the witness would not take any notice of. The fee was then increased until its weight recalled the power of memory to a sufficient extent. By this they derived their name, 'Men of Straw.'"

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Echoes

MR. MORGAN

GEORGE HARVEY rendered a real service to the *country* when he revealed the patriotic sentiments of the late J. P. Morgan. It is good to know that great wealth does not always crush out patriotism and that in time of need men like Morgan are ready to *place their* all at the service of their country.

When Mr. Morgan's will was published and his steadfast belief in the Christian religion was revealed the world thought better of him. Now that Colonel Harvey *has* revealed his devotion to his country and his detestation of sycophants, the world will hold him in even higher esteem.

That Mr. Morgan believed in the Christian religion, loved his country, and hated sycophants ought not to surprise us, but, somehow, it does. During his life-time we have been accustomed to think of him only *as a* remorseless money-maker, as a man who had sacrificed every noble aspiration, every generous impulse to his desire for wealth and power. He was held up to scorn as a type of the arrogant and selfish *rich*, in whom, so far as the public knew him, there was none of those amiable virtues and weaknesses which mark the common man.

We would not appraise the methods by which Mr. Morgan accumulated his fortune, but we do not hesitate to say that if the world had known him during his lifetime as it knows him to-day he would have been a more popular and, possibly, a happier man.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged" is one of the Master's injunctions that is very generally disregarded in these days.—*Fort Worth Record.*

George Harvey, editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, Friday told a gathering of bankers in New York of the strong feeling of patriotism which animated Mr. J. P. Morgan, and revealed an unsuspected side of the nature of that gentleman. Mr. Morgan, said Colonel Harvey, was innately distrustful of the Democratic party. He did not believe it capable of governing wisely or safely; he did not subscribe to its fundamental tenets nor did he have confidence in its leaders. In a conference with Colonel Harvey shortly before the great financier was called to testify before the Pujo investigating committee Mr. Morgan recalled the lines of the poem:

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said
> This is my own—my native land?"

Then he told Harvey to tell President Wilson "that if there should ever come a time when he thinks any influence or resources that I have can be used for the country, they are wholly at his disposal."

Such incidents as related of Mr. Morgan show the mellowed side to his nature. In his prime, he was a very great financier; unapproachable, dictatorial, intolerant, and impatient. He was like the Centurion who said to any one go, and he goeth, come and he cometh; and he it was who made the wheels go 'round. He ruled. It makes people think better of the rugged, crusty old gentleman who now sleeps the long sleep and has faded away from the scene of action to read of how the master of finance became patriot, and it carries the lesson with it that we never can tell, after all, the motives or the emotions that actuate a man, nor is it fair to pass judgment upon him until, as Solon recommended, he is dead.

Colonel Harvey reveals Morgan as the same sort of a patriot as those who threw their all into the melting-pot for American liberty, and those who impoverished themselves for the Southern Confederacy—only he did not have to strip himself of wealth for his country. But he was entirely willing to do so if necessary, it appears.—*Mobile Register.*

George Harvey's account of his farewell talk with the late J. Pierpont Morgan, in which the great financier, as he was about to depart from America, quoted Scott's patriotic poem, is worth a place in our school histories. The incident will link a pleasant thought with the memory of Mr. Morgan. It also exalts the patriotic sense. Neither power nor great riches are to be compared with love of one's country, or as it is so endearingly sung by the poet, "My own, my native land!"—*Rockford Star.*

Much interest attaches to Colonel Harvey's publication of Mr. Morgan's admonition. "When you see Mr. Wilson, tell him from me that if there should ever come a time when he thinks any influence or resources that I have can be used for the country, they are wholly at his disposal." This, together with the further revelation of the great financier's comment after testifying before the Pujo committee: "I hated to go. I am glad I went. I think I did some good. I think they know me better now. I hope so," offers testimony of Mr. Morgan's real character at once convincing and wonderfully pleasant to read. —*New London Telegraph.*

THE GOMPERS EXEMPTION ACT

The current issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY is, no doubt, the last one to appear with the imprint of Harper & Brothers on it and the name of George Harvey at the head of its editorial columns.

The feature of this week's WEEKLY is "An Appeal to the President," which is well worth reading, especially in the White House. The editor begins by saying to the eminent official personage to whom the editorial is addressed, that he is well aware that he can make "no claim of special or tacit right to address you directly," but duty compels him to urge that executive approval be withheld from "the most vicious bill ever enacted by a Congress of the United States"—by which characterization he refers to the sundry civil appropriation bill with its provision forbidding the use of any fund therein appropriated for the purpose of prosecuting farmers' organizations or labor unions for violations of the Sherman anti-trust law.

Colonel Harvey cites the strong denunciation of this provision by Senator Root and by former President Taft, when he vetoed last winter's appropriation bill because it contained this provision. He asks President Wilson what he would do if the exemption applied to employers instead of to employees, and dwells on the fact that the Congressmen do not dare to amend the Sherman act by an express exemption of farmers' and labor unions, because they are well aware it would be declared unconstitutional by the courts. We quote in full the vigorous sentences with which this article concludes:

> It is a remarkable situation when such an appeal can be made to a President of the United States, long schooled in the principles of the law, whose lifetime has been devoted to inculcating those principles.

The *Times* said very much the same thing about this measure two weeks ago. It is a flagrant negation of the basic ideas on which the Democratic party was founded and for which it has until now existed.

It is with regret that we make these assertions, but to us, as to the publicist without whose years of active advocacy Woodrow Wilson might never have been Governor of New Jersey or President of the United States, they seem to be necessary.—*Hartford Times.*

With his expiring breath as editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, "A Journal of Civilization," George Harvey admonishes, by all the ties of their old-time affection and mutual confidence, Woodrow Wilson, "to thine own self be true," the special occasion of this appeal being the sundry civil bill and that particular passage in it exempting certain favored organizations from equal treatment by the law for violations of the law.

Colonel Harvey is unsparing in his denunciation of the thirty-eight Democratic Senators and the two Progressive Senators for "the iniquity of their performance" in voting for the exemption clause in the bill, and warns the President that, after all, the responsibility for this most iniquitous legislation will be his and his alone, and that "the fate of this infamous measure, involving your own and your party's political fortunes, is in your own hands."

What effect this appeal will have upon the President's course is open to conjecture; he probably has not made up his mind exactly what he will do with the bill when it reaches him. It is still in the hands of Congress, and it is reported that there is disagreement in the committee, which may result in recommitment. The legislative differences are not supposed to touch upon the exemption clause, which is the vital point of objection; but any excuse would be better than none for the relief of the administration in an embarrassing situation.

The best that can be said for the exemption feature of the bill is that it is sneak legislation, for which no responsible persons have asked. It is certainly in no sense consistent with the much-boasted Democratic theory of equal rights to all, special privileges to none, and it seeks to accomplish by indirection what should be done, if done at all, by straight legislation; a genuine hold-up game played with loaded dice. The exemption clause in no way is essential to the integrity of the bill, and in its support there has not been a single worthy argument.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Colonel Harvey is to cease to be the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY soon, but he exercises all his eloquence in a final appeal through its pages to Woodrow Wilson, whom he implores to veto the sundry civil bill, with its "rider" releasing labor and agricultural combinations from prosecution under the anti-trust law. Here are his warm words:

> "Unless you can show conclusively that this bill was forced upon you against your will, that you had no part in resuscitating it when there was no need, the credit or the blame must be yours and yours alone. Can you do that? We fear not. It stands to-day before the public as an administration measure. But you can and should, and pray God you may, disregard any implication of commitment in courageous performance, after full and complete understanding of the truth, of your public duty. Two facts are certain: The fate of this infamous measure, involving your own and your party's political fortunes, is in your own hands."

Colonel Harvey used up forty columns or more in the WEEKLY not long since in the effort to prove that he was a true prophet in making political predictions. We shall know presently how much influence he has with Woodrow.—*Indianapolis Star.*

THE PERNICKETY STATE

George Harvey, in HARPER'S WEEKLY, takes notice to the extent of a full page of the recent stumping visit made by President Wilson to the state of New Jersey, his mission being to advance the cause of jury reform.

For a text the Colonel takes, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country and in his house." He then, in the course of three-columns space proceeds to mingle fact and sarcasm in quantities so nearly equal that one is puzzled to know just where the one ends and the other begins. His premise is that New Jersey is and always has been a "pernickity state." Not fully fathoming just what is meant by "pernickity," recourse was had to Webster's unabridged on our desk and we find "pernickity," minus the "k," but as our volume is somewhat ancient it may be that the reformed spelling of the word has been revised upward and the "k" introduced. It is defined as being swift in motion.

So much for that. Colonel Harvey presumes that the President makes the mistake of assuming that in the days before he took a hand in politics he was a citizen of New Jersey, when in fact he was but a citizen of Princeton. He reminds the President and the public that he is not being paid for his services now by New Jersey, as was once the case, and that for that as well as for other reasons his stumping visit to the state was "ill-advised."

The long and short of it all is, Colonel Harvey, whose adhesiveness Wilsonward is beyond dispute, and it may be remarked has remained unshaken under some untoward conditions, feels that while the cause advocated in the stump speeches made by the President recently is a good cause, it has not been strengthened by his speeches.

Colonel Harvey's ultimate conclusion is given in his own words: "But however praiseworthy one's intent, perspective and method must be considered. And we frankly reiterate our humble opinion already expressed more than once in these columns, that there is no place in the world from which a President of the United States can exert so great an influence as his own little island at the far end of the wide avenue which leads from Capitol Hill."—*Knoxville Journal-Tribune.*

FROM CALIFORNIA

HARPER'S WEEKLY appears to have a positive genius for muddling facts that relate to California. There could be no better specific instance than this from the current issue on the condition of agriculture in California: "It is bad. . . . And we hear that a majority of the old farmers are not at all up to the times, and don't know how to make a living." Can you beat it?

Drawing its conclusions from so silly and easily disproven a premise, how could HARPER'S be anything but amusing in its editorial views on the alien land legislation, the reasons therefor and the local effect thereof? With a per-capita wealth of $2,335 —greatest of America and even surpassing thrifty France—which could not be but for her agricultural importance, California grows by leaps and bounds in that respect as well as in every other.

Her output from her "exhausted" (see HARPER'S) soil annually is $81,000,000 of farm and dairy products; of grain, grass hay, and alfalfa, $42,000,000; of vineyard products, $28,000,000; of orchard products, $89,000,000; of farm animals and poultry, $81,000,000; of sundry other soil products (beets, hops, etc.), $55,000,000. California is creating new wealth at the rate of more than a billion dollars a year. Its soil was never so good; its farmers and ranchers never so successful.

The idea that we fear the Japanese for some agricultural reason that does not exist may go with the sophisticated Broadway boulevardier (who knows naught of his country but the Great White Way) and the unsophisticated of other regions. But it stacks up against hard facts which make Colonel Harvey's journal of civilization look like thirty cents as a guide to a generation thirsting for reliable news of the greatest potential state on the entire continent.—*Los Angeles Tribune.*

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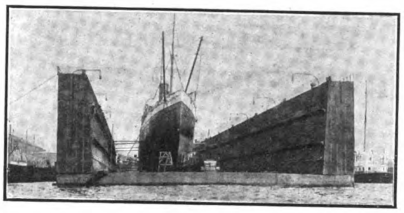
HARPER'S WEEKLY admits that it does not know whether the direct election of United States Senators will work well. That is an admission of some importance, but when you stop to think it over there is a great deal that intelligent people can't possibly know about until they can base knowledge on experience.

Everybody knows how the present method of choosing United States Senators has worked, and everybody knows that in some instances it has worked

(*Continued on page 30*)

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Foremost Cities of the World

Echoes

(*Continued from page 29*)

very well and in other instances very badly. Political bosses have chosen bad men and good men, according to time, conditions, and political exigencies, and the United States Senate has invariably contained exceptionally good men and remarkably poor men of both parties.

It is not at all probable that the standard of the Senate will be raised more than a few inches by the change of methods. The people will nominate and elect their own representatives in the upper branch of Congress and the outcome will depend upon the people's honesty, activity, and intelligence. They will get what they want nine times out of ten, under the new method. Direct nominations and elections have not been an unmixed blessing in this section of the country, but they have brought about one excellent result—they have compelled a lot of crooked "leaders" in politics to look for honest or dishonest work outside of politics. And that counts.—*Boston Traveller.*

MR. HEARST

HARPER'S WEEKLY thinks that President Wilson should have held the support of Mr. Hearst if he could do it by any reasonable concession. Perhaps the fact that he lost it is evidence that a reasonable concession would not do it. It is very likely that the thing he would have to give in return was more than he could afford or than his self-respect and independence would allow him to give. The WEEKLY thinks that Mr. Hearst's change of attitude toward President Wilson since the election is breaking faith and not due to any breaking of faith by the President. The President is the same as he was before election, and the wonder is that Mr. Hearst supported him then. Nevertheless, in supporting Wilson, Mr. Hearst, the WEEKLY thinks, made a real sacrifice and should have distinctive recognition. It says: "He put the very great power of his popular newspapers behind the ticket, he buried his prejudices, he invited the distrust of millions of working-men when he abruptly ceased attacking the candidate's utterances respecting labor, he made a very real sacrifice by supporting Wilson when nine-tenths of his readers wanted Roosevelt. All this gave to him full title, not, of course, to dictate nor to influence unduly, but assuredly to marked consideration." It continues that the loss of Mr. Hearst's support is a very serious matter and, from the viewpoint of those who wish the administration well, also a pity. "A President has enough to do," it says, "in overcoming unavoidable opposition without inviting unnecessary antagonisms. And make no mistake, Mr. Hearst has become a mighty force in these United States. His influence has grown steadily since he forsook office-seeking, and is widening constantly as he continues to add to his impressive line of public journals." This is a natural view to take of the seriousness of Mr. Hearst's alienation. He must have power and influence. The weapons in his hands are unmatched by those in the hands of any other person. At the same time, experience shows that the results do not correspond to the means. Somehow or other in bringing his agencies to bear, he alienates enough voters to more than offset those he carries with him. The count usually goes against Mr. Hearst's candidate. That it didn't in the last election was due to influences wholly out of Mr. Hearst's reach. Wilson was elected, not by Hearst's votes, but by the division of the Republican party.—*Waterbury American.*

Mr. Hearst, by setting by certain prejudices during the campaign and earnestly supporting the Wilson candidacy with his chain of journals, did earn, as HARPER'S WEEKLY points out, the right to be considered by the administration. But Mr. Hearst did not earn the right to dictate and to become the *de facto* Executive of the United States. He is a gentleman of influence and importance. That must be admitted even by those who feel distaste, both for the individual and for the particular school of journalism of which he is the representative. But his importance and influence are not sufficient to enable him to assume the directorate of the nation. That is very fortunate. It might be exciting, but it would hardly be profitable, to develop a national responsiveness to Mr. Hearst's likes and dislikes, his whims, his impulses, and his sometimes ugly determinations.—*Hartford Times.*

A REPUBLICAN VIEW

President Wilson calls himself in all good faith a Democrat, notwithstanding that big streak of Hamiltonianism to which Colonel Harvey recently called public notice. Chairman Underwood calls himself a Democrat. Both of them have warned the manufacturers in the several districts that if they shut their mills or make retrenchments in their pay-rolls the Federal government will get after them. "The statement has been made that this tariff bill will act on labor and affect the wages of laboring men," said Chairman Underwood, in the House last Thursday. "I give you notice now that when the men from whom you bring that message endeavor to grind labor in the interest of Republican politics there is a bureau of this government that is going to ascertain the reason why." That is to say, Federal officials —sent on the errand by this administration—are going to walk into mills at Wilmington, Philadelphia, Trenton, Troy, Waterbury, Meriden, South Manchester, Providence, Fall River, Lowell, Nashua, etc., and call the owners to account for their management of their own business affairs. Americans now living can recall a time when a man uttering such a threat as that in Congress would have read himself instantly out of the Democratic party. In those days it was still, and pre-eminently, a state-rights party. Senator Gallinger wonders, we see, how the Wilson administration is going to compel citizens to manufacture goods when they don't want to. We wonder, too.—*Hartford Courant.*

MR. BORAH

There is plausibility in Colonel Harvey's forecast of 1916 in this week's HARPER'S WEEKLY:

We predict to-day—May 17, 1913—that the next Republican candidate for president of the United States will be William E. Borah, of Idaho.

Unquestionably, there will be a Republican candidate for the presidency in 1916. He must be a man whose character and record appeal to the "progressives" who flocked to Roosevelt last year. The nomination cannot go to La Follette or to Cummins, but it may go to the Idaho man.—*Hartford Times.*

In the Journal of Civilization we find this more or less interesting announcement:

"We predict to-day—May 17, 1913—that the next Republican candidate for President of the United States will be William E. Borah, of Idaho."

Insatiate archer! Could not one suffice?—*New York Sun.*

George Harvey has sold the excellent periodical whose support gave Dr. Wilson so much pain to the estimable and astute Mr. Hapgood.

Before releasing his newspaper to his successor, Mr. Harvey indulges in political prognostication. It is Mr. Harvey's favorite recreation to make long-distance forecasts.

His judgments, set forth boldly in his WEEKLY, have been amazingly discerning. His latest prediction, therefore, is entitled to more than passing attention:

We predict to-day—May 17, 1913—that the next Republican candidate for President of the United States will be William E. Borah, of Idaho.

Senator Borah is an able lawyer, a clear-headed and far-sighted statesman, a Progressive Republican whose right to both the title and the qualification has never been challenged. Senator Borah has in his one term in the Senate become recognized as a leader of that body. So far as may be judged at long range he has as good a chance as any other of being the nominee of the Republican convention in 1916, a better chance, we should say, than Mr. Hadley, of Missouri, for Borah is a bigger man.—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

Colonel Harvey's valedictory as the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY is: "We predict to-day—May 17, 1913—that the next Republican candidate for President of the United States will be William E. Borah, of Idaho." The significance of this lies in the fact that long before Woodrow Wilson was even Governor of New Jersey Colonel Harvey was predicting his election as President of the United States.—*Waterbury American.*

Col. George Harvey has again taken the field as a prophet. Having predicted the nomination and election of Woodrow Wilson to the Presidency, he now predicts the nomination of Senator Borah as the Republican candidate in 1916.

Colonel Harvey's prophecy in the case of Mr. Wilson was extraordinary considered in connection with the circumstances of its fulfilment. At the time it was made both Colonel Harvey and Mr. Wilson were anti-Bryanites, and from their point of view the Democracy's only hope was in the squelching of Mr. Bryan. Mr. Wilson expressed a wish that he might be knocked into a cocked hat.

Colonel Harvey thought the time approaching when that could and would be done. He fancied he saw evidences of the waning of Bryanism, and a determination on the part of the Democracy, freed from that influence, to return to the old, the Cleveland, order.

Under the spell of such conviction, he took a look around and picked Mr. Wilson, then an educator, for the restored Democracy's new leader. A resident of the East, and Eastern in his attitude toward Mr. Bryan, Mr. Wilson, in Colonel Harvey's judgment, was the man for the coming emergency.

But, behold! Bryanism did not wane. It waxed, and grew strong. Some of its old opponents went over to it, and among the number was Woodrow Wilson. He changed his opinion completely about Mr. Bryan, and hailed him now as the one man who had for years seen the country's real needs and steered Democrats on the right course.

The rest is recent history. Eighteen months ago Colonel Harvey and Mr. Wilson parted company. Six months later Mr. Bryan nominated Mr. Wilson for President, and to-day is the premier of Mr. Wilson's cabinet, while Colonel Harvey, unchanged as to Bryanism, continues in private life and in his old path.

The basis of Colonel Harvey's prediction as to Senator Borah is not given. The Republicans now, as were the Democrats a few years ago, are divided, and faction feeling is high. Mr. Borah is a Progressive Republican, and has just entered on a new term in the Senate. He is young, eloquent, able, and aggressive. Last year he confined his activities to his own state, where the Republican factions were at daggers drawn.

Maybe Colonel Harvey in time will go into particulars. As a prophet he has a record, and that record shows a winning, even after all the conditions upon which the prophecy was based had been completely reversed.—*Washington Star.*

If you have nothing more important to do just mark down the fact that on May 17, 1913, A.D., Colonel George Harvey, of HARPER'S WEEKLY, predicted that "the next Republican candidate for President of the United States will be William E. Borah, of Idaho." The particular bearing of this prophecy lies in the fact that Colonel Harvey was the original Wilson man, and predicted his nomination long before other people had awakened to the possibility of making the Princeton president the successor of Taft. Senator Borah is one of those progressive Republicans—not Progressives—who lately held a conference in Chicago over the desirability of reforming the G. O. P. and bringing it up to date. But why bother now about 1916? There are endless possibilities of lightning changes in three years, and a successful Democratic administration will make the next Republican nomination a mere formality.—*Philadelphia Record.*

MR. MARSHALL

Vice-President Marshall could have found no more efficacious passport to the heart of his chief than the quarrel he is having with Colonel Harvey. President Wilson was once the great and good friend of the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, but the exigencies of politics rendered it necessary that he should sever all connections with any person who was on speaking terms with the giants of Wall Street and who was occasionally invited to the hospitable board of the great king of finance himself. And since it is a human characteristic to hate most deeply those whom one has wronged, one can imagine that the Wilson aversion for Colonel Harvey has grown rapidly since the episode that gained such publicity at the outset of the Democratic pre-convention campaign.

The incendiary speech delivered by the Vice-President at the New York dinner some weeks ago smacked so largely of syndicalism, sabotage, and other theories of the direct-action cult, that even prominent Democrats of the Empire State felt moved to protest. Among them was Colonel Harvey, who had in his mind a horrible vision of the lean and lanky Vice-President, torch in one hand and oil in the other, running amuck in Wall Street, burning the Sub-Treasury, the Stock Exchange, and the palatial offices of J. P. Morgan & Co.

Retorts of such warmth as to attract attention have been passing back and forth between Colonel Harvey and the Vice-President, neither of whom shows any indications of a desire to surrender. President Wilson has managed to keep out of the line of fire, not without, we imagine, some difficulty.—*Salt Lake Republican.*

At a dinner in New York Colonel George Harvey indulged in a little sarcasm at the expense of Vice-President Marshall, whom he accused of talking occasionally "like Mr. Bryan in former days, through a cocked hat." Evidently reverence for Democrats in high places is not a conspicuous feature in Democratic Colonel Harvey's make-up, remarks the *Troy Times.*—*Elmira Advertiser.*

Coming from the original Wilson paper of the country—one whose loyalty did not waver even when its candidate made those populistic cracks out West during the campaign—the effect upon Mr. Marshall should be sobering. For he should realize that such strictures would not be passed lightly by a paper whose natural inclination is to honor and support him. It says what it says rather reluctantly, we think, and when criticism that stings comes from friends, it is criticism to heed.—*Fort Wayne News.*

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How Queens Shop

ALL the queens of Europe are faithful followers of the prevailing mode and are without exception patrons of the Paris shops along the Rue de la Paix and in the Place Vendôme. Even the far-away Empress of Japan, although she has not visited Europe, sends her orders regularly to Paris.

The Dowager Queen Alexandra of England is probably the best buyer of all the crowned heads. Her assortment of gloves rivals that of any other two selections, and it is said that she discards at least two pairs daily during the year. Her average expenditure in Paris for dresses and jewels each year is $30,000 and this does not cover new purchases in jewelry, but usually their resetting.

The Dowager Queen of Portugal until recently was Alexandra's rival in the matter of Paris shopping. She has never been extravagant, as queens go, except in the matter of riding-habits, of which she has sometimes ordered thirty in the course of a year. They must be made without wrinkle or crease; and her normal purchase is six during a season. These are bought in a great dressmaking establishment in the Avenue de l'Opéra. She pays at the rate of $80 for a corset and orders from a dozen to fifteen in the course of a twelvemonth. Amelia has always been famous for her horsemanship and for her figure, and when tight lacing was in vogue she once returned a corset to a Paris shop with an X-ray photograph of the ill results said to come from wearing it.

The Queen of Holland is also favorably disposed toward French dressmakers, although she frequents the shops of her own capital. Her Majesty's fondness for Nile green is a standing joke in Paris shops. The story is told that when she purchased a blue costume on one occasion the genuineness of the order was called in question by the firm, so seldom had she departed from the custom of selecting Nile green and white. The Queen smilingly confirmed the order on request, but is said to have chafed under the amusement caused by the story in her own circle and to have withdrawn her patronage from that particular establishment.

Queen Helena of Italy has a taste for colors and wears them with a true mountaineer indifference to vogue consistently with her Montenegrin origin. But her mother-in-law, Margharita, reverses this preference by appearing almost invariably in black. Margharita is the most popular of all crowned heads with costumers both in Paris and in Rome. She gives away large orders to her ladies-in-waiting and has all goods sent on approval to her in private.

The Empresses of Germany and Russia seldom visit the French capital, and perhaps have never been in the Rue de la Paix save in their carriages. But the young Queen of Spain and her cousins, the Crown Princess of Rumania and the Queen of Norway, often visit Paris together and incognito, making perfect frolics of their shopping tours.

The Weight of the "Limited"

GENERALLY speaking, the heaviest of the cars comprising a "limited" train is the diner, which exceeds the other cars in weight by about 10,000 pounds or 15,000 pounds. Such a car, with full equipment, usually weighs something like 140,000 pounds when ready to make its customary division run.

A sixteen-section sleeper may weigh from 110,000 pounds to 125,000 pounds, while the buffet library car of the transcontinental type comes next at 107,000 pounds.

The baggage-car, weighing 85,000 pounds, may be the lightest in a train, but the postal car next to its weighs, on an average, 103,000 pounds.

A chair car is full weight at 87,000 pounds, while the ordinary passenger coach tips the scales at 93,000 pounds.

With a locomotive and tender weighing, say, 260,000 pounds, it is easy to estimate the enormous weight of some of the modern through trains of seven cars.

Modern Antiquities

DURING recent excavations in Rome there were found in the Palace of the Cæsars on the Palatine Hill three big elevators, one shaft being 120 feet deep. Hero of Alexandria in 125 B.C. invented mechanical toys. These included a steam-engine of the type known to-day as Avery's patent and a double forcing pump to be used as a fire-engine. The same inventor was responsible for the penny-in-the-slot idea. The submarine was suggested in a book published in Paris in 1644. Leonardo da Vinci made investigations into the possibility of aerial flight.

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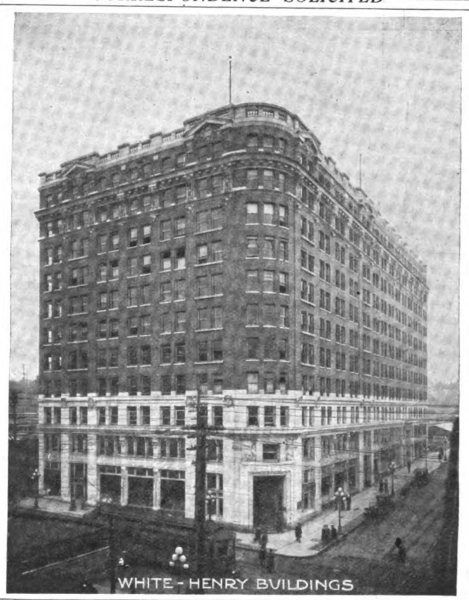
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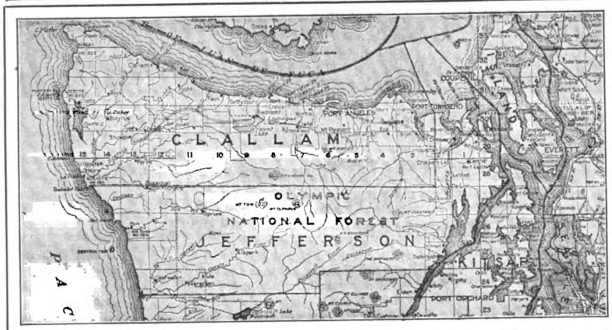
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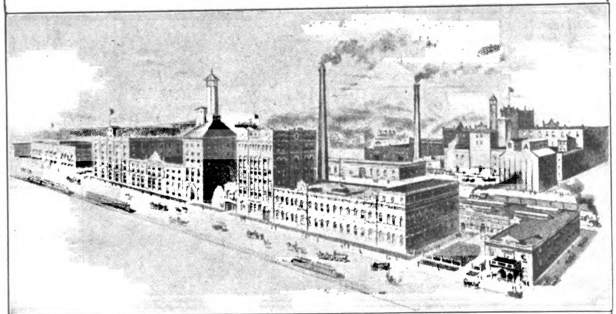
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The Feeding of Snakes

ALL sorts of wild exaggerations exist as to the feeding habits of serpents, the simple truth in respect to which is sufficiently interesting. Entirely outside of the literature of fable one reads of boas and pythons consuming cattle, tapirs, jaguars, and the like; but Ditmars found a forty-pound pig to be almost too much for a twenty-two-foot python to manage. It is obvious that a snake twenty feet or so long, half a foot thick, and weighing several hundred pounds can crush a tiger, a stag, or even a cow, but common sense tells where to draw the line when it comes to the question of swallowing. Doubtless such a monster—and on the Amazon some grow to be much larger—could crush the life out of a man if it got a fair grip upon him in its mighty folds, but its mouth could not reach around his shoulders. Reliable records are said to exist, however, of Indian children having been caught and eaten. Small game, although of a bulk apparently far too big for the snake, are so crushed and mangled that it all turned into the shape of a sausage preparatory to the long process of swallowing.

This process is a serious matter for any serpent, which must draw itself painfully over its prey by hitching its jaws, armed with backward-curving teeth, forward, on one side and then the other, and by similar movements of the neck, ribs, and skin, until the whole mass has finally reached the prolonged stomach. The snake's jaws are attached to the skull, and the bones of the head and neck are connected by elastic ligaments which may be so stretched that an object considerably larger than the head itself may be swallowed if rightly seized; hence prey is usually turned about after killing it until its nose is foremost, when the undertaking begins. A copious flow of saliva assists degultition.

Once started, a snake never knows when to stop; has little ability to do so, indeed, and the prey rarely kicks loose. It has happened frequently in zoological collections that a large snake has swallowed a smaller one mechanically, as it were, when each has seized the same food animal. Both swallowed at it until the larger reached the nose of the smaller diner and then kept right on as long as there was anything in its mouth, unless the victim of this discourtesy managed quickly to let go of the fare and escape. Bartlett tells us, in his book on the care of the animals in the London Zoo, of one case where a boa constrictor devoured a cage mate nine feet long who did not feel disposed to let go of his half of a pigeon. Next morning this boa could not curl up, but had to lie straight out for several days, and a month was spent in the digestion of this inhospitable meal. Snakes will keep pushing their jaws over a string of frogs or mice tied together until they have got outside the whole chain. These animals have little, if any, sense of taste, and when they get their teeth into anything soft try to eat it.

Between these large meals are long intervals in which no feeding is done. The power of fasting is great, yet may sometimes be severely taxed where the range of food is limited. There is a very common colubrine serpent in Spain, the viperine snake, that spends most of its time in the water of sluggish streams, ditches, and the like. When during the rainless and hot summer the small rivers have nearly dried up these snakes collect in great quantities in the remaining stagnant and muddy pools and, as the stock of suitable fish gets exhausted, are often reduced to a deplorably emaciated condition. "I once," notes Gadow, "caught a viperine snake in a ditch while it was swallowing an eel of nearly its own length. Both were separated and then put into a small bag together with other creatures. . . . When I opened the bag again the snake, undisturbed by my incessant walking about, was again busily engaged in trying to get outside that same eel!" Gravid females eat nothing at all, and during the northern period of hibernation no food is consumed. This ability to fast has no doubt been of much service to the race in enabling it to survive the vicissitudes of its history.

Nevertheless, serpents in captivity are exceedingly capricious and sensitive about their feeding, and will starve themselves in some cases unless food is forced down their throats.

No serpents are vegetarian. The majority hunt birds and mammals; a few of the smaller kinds are insectivorous, certain little tropical burrowers spending their lives as ogres in ant-hills, feeding upon the larvæ; some eat frogs, lizards, and other snakes; the tropical marine serpents catch fish exclusively and rarely come upon land except to leave their eggs. Scarcely one will devour dead food in nature, yet may be taught to take it in captivity. Gadow mentions the strange practices of the eryx, a relative of the boas found about the eastern end of the Mediterranean. Many of the members of this family, where prey is plentiful, will capture three or four victims and hold them in a turn of the body or tail until satisfied to begin to devour them one after another. The eryx is very adept at this and quick in hunting. Some captive specimens live on lizards, others on mice; and their jealousy is so strong that occasionally one will leave the mouse it has just strangled to seize another's capture. "Sometimes," says Werner, "several snakes fight for the same mouse, coiled together into one inextricable lump, so that the mouse itself is quite invisible. The snakes poke their heads about in search of the hidden prey and every attempt of one of the snakes to free itself causes the others to squeeze it firmer and firmer, thinking, apparently, that the motion was caused by the prey." Occasionally one caught several mice in succession. With these it crawled into a corner and then it proceeded quietly to consume one after the other. It would not eat again for a fortnight. Very similar behavior may be seen in our American king-snake when several occupy the same cage.

There are many curious specializations in connection with feeding, one of the most remarkable being that of the African egg-eater which swallows eggs three times the diameter of its body. Its jaws are almost toothless, but a few small hooks far back enables it to grip its food. As the egg slips through the stretched jaws into the gullet its shell is cut by a row of knife-like points of bone (inferior processes of the neck vertebræ) which project into the throat. By this adaptation all wastage is avoided, and the crushed shell may be ejected later from the stomach or remain there and be dissolved. All snakes are fond of eggs and are among the most persistent robbers of nests in trees as well as on the ground. Our active blacksnake is especially capable at this villainy.

Second-hand Railroad Engines

THE traveler by rail frequently wonders what becomes of the old railway cars and engines that have outlived their usefulness. They are sold to small roads and to contractors. The market for them is world-wide. The supply is tremendous, but the demand keeps pace with it steadily.

When some one in India or Africa wants to build and equip a short railroad cheaply and quickly he sends word to an agent in New York. The rest is easy. There are a number of dealers in second-hand railroad equipment from rails to rolling-stock in New York and Chicago. The advertisements of their stocks on hand appear in every railroad journal. Negotiations are concluded quickly, and it is not long before a big tramp steamer, loading at the Brooklyn docks, has a consignment of hundreds of tons of railway cargo tucked away in in its hold to be unloaded at some port at the world's end.

One of the largest lots of second-hand railroad material ever put on the market at one time was some years ago, when the motive power of the New York Elevated was changed from steam to electricity. There were 340 engines and 134 cars discarded. Only cars of the oldest type were retired.

The engines were sold quickly, but a few of the cars still remain on hand in the storage yards up in the Bronx. One may travel the world around and find these ex-Elevated engines working hard in some of the queerest corners of the earth. Some are in Africa, some in India; they are scattered all over South America. In Mexico they are used mostly by big mining companies that have their own branch lines running down to the government system of railroads.

In Japan, when the Mikado's troops started off for Manchuria at the time of the war with Russia, many of the troop-trains were hauled by these small snub-nosed engines with the word "Manhattan" still marked on them. Some of these same engines were used on the Mukden railroad in the war.

These busy little locomotives cost $5,000 apiece when they were new. When they were sold they brought from $2,600 down. The cars went at from $400 to $600.

The cars and engines that have been used on steam railroads of standard gauge bring much higher prices. Practically no freight-cars are shipped entire, though there is a good demand for passenger-cars. The consumption of these cast-offs of the big railroads is mostly among logging railroads in this country. The railroad, as a rule, clings more tenaciously to its cars than to its locomotives. By the time a passenger-coach reaches the second-hand dealer it is likely to be very old indeed.

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Feats of Photography

PHOTOGRAPHERS, professional and amateur, have expended their skill and energy in obtaining all manner of difficult pictures — running horses, jumping athletes, flying cannon-balls, flashes of lightning, to say nothing of the shifting spectral lines of revolving double stars. But the great stumbling-block to all photographers, so assert the scientists, is the airy soap bubble. One such has said that for a long time it has been his ambition to picture a soap bubble in the act of breaking. He has experienced much difficulty, however, in attempts of this kind, since the time occupied in the disappearance of a breaking bubble must be only a small fraction of a second.

Anybody who has watched a brilliant soap bubble burst knows how quickly it vanishes. The authority quoted thought it may take one-twentieth of a second; but by repeated experiments he has found that the time occupied in the disappearance of the iridescent film is not more than one-three-hundredth of a second.

To catch and photograph one of these vanishing films between the instant of its breaking and that of its complete extinction proves a most difficult undertaking, but it has been accomplished.

It might be thought that it would be equally difficult to catch a lightning flash; but it must be remembered that lightning makes an intensely vivid impression, while the soft reflection of a soap bubble is evanescent even in the bright glare of an electric spark.

From printing the image of the flying edge of a broken bubble in the three-hundredth part of a second to disclosing the existence of great nebulæ in the heavens by the cumulative effect of several hours of continuous exposure, the modern photographic plate is performing many wonders in behalf of science and proving itself one of the most powerful means at man's disposal to unlock the secrets of nature.

It has been suggested that it is entirely within the bounds of possibility that the famous Specter of the Brocken may yet have its photograph taken and so become familiar to thousands who have never seen the mysterious shade itself. It is known that the so-called specter is simply the shadow of a person standing upon the mountain, projected on the surrounding mist.

Some years ago, it is said, an official of the Weather Bureau at Washington, while making meteorological observations on the summit of Mount Washington, used to amuse himself by causing the specters of night visitors to the observatory to appear in the mist enveloping the peak. For this purpose it was necessary only so to place a light as to cast the shadow of a person on the foggy cloud ahead of him. Sometimes a gigantic specter was produced with startling distinctness, though never equaling the phenomena seen from the Brocken, where the conditions seem to be peculiarly favorable.

An Englishman reported to the Royal Meteorological Society the results of similar experiments made by him in the dense London fogs. He succeeded in raising his own specter by placing a limelight at the back of his head. Then he photographed the specter.

Rest Cures for Razors

IT is well known that our metals are conductors of electricity. Steel is an excellent conductor, and when this metal is fashioned into tools with sharp edges the electric current that is continually passing through the metal will leave the body at the sharp point or edge.

Barbers tell us the razor gets tired and is improved after a rest. This is true in a scientific sense. It is not exactly a rest that the razor needs, although that term will express it pretty well.

It seems that any razor, after constant use on the human face, will become not exactly dull, for the barber can sharpen it, but rather sluggish and refuse to work as smoothly as when it has lain for a few weeks without work.

Constant use and continued sharpening put the molecules into a sluggish condition, and it is impossible to get the same edge as when the steel has not been used for some time.

When the razor lies idle and the electric current is passing off at the edge the particles are being toned and tempered, and the edge actually becomes more smooth and really sharper and more fit to remove the beard.

It is claimed that a razor wrapped in rubber cloth and placed in a drawer away from any damp will not be benefited by the rest as will a razor that is simply laid away rather carelessly without any insulation. It is the same if the razor is inclosed in a glass case, for the insulation prevents the electric current from passing through the metal.



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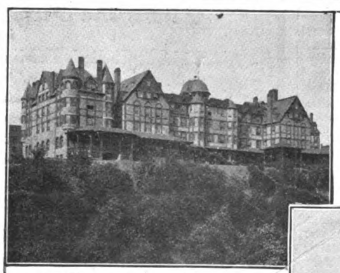
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Dynamite in Farming

When the wires flash the news of the sudden unleashing of all the demon powers of dynamite and half a state rocks to the explosion, it is taken almost as a matter of course. Dynamite, death, and destruction go hand in hand in the popular conception. For that very reason it is the more surprising to think of this powerful explosive as tamed to the docility of the ox harnessed to help the farmer. Yet that is exactly what has been done. Dynamite has been called on to expend its force in first aid to the tillers of the soil. The newest work that it is doing is to help make the waste places of the earth more profitable for man. It is doing the work so well that the "dynamite farmer" is no longer a laughing-stock. He is looked up to as a progressive.

Almost from the discovery of the rending power of a mixture of nitric acid, glycerine, and prepared earth, dynamite has been used in the rougher work to which man turns his hand. The tearing down of titanic cliffs, the pushing of tunnels through granite-lined hills, called for its aid. To such activities the gigantic force was limited for a time. Then a new channel was opened.

On the far end of Long Island there are acres of land that in 1905 were practically useless. Once a great forest waved there, but fire swept it until all that remained was an army of ragged-topped stumps. Firmly anchored by their network of roots, they rose like islands above the sea of green underbrush and second growth. The land was needed badly, but the battlement of stumps disputed man's way. If this could be overcome there would be more opportunities for development of farming communities. To remove the obstructions by the archaic method of digging and hauling out the stumps with ox-teams meant too much time and expense.

"Dynamite," suggested one of those most interested.

Ten acres were set aside for the experiment. Saplings and brambles were cleared away and burned in great pyres. This shaving of the land exposed an army of stumps greater by half than the attacking force had expected. The battle began, man and dynamite on one hand, arrayed against deep-set stumps and a limit of time and cost. Cartridges were laid in little burrows under the roots, a spark would whisk along the electric wires, there would be a muffled crack, and a stump would rise in fragments, easily gathered for burning. It took just two months for the completion of the whole job of blasting and the finishing touches to make the land ready for cultivation.

That was the vindication of dynamite as the farmer's "hired help." Since then nearly all of the 270,000 acres of scrub-oak waste and pine barrens have been cleared of stumpage and made ready for the production of crops.

One of the greatest arguments for the use of dynamite is its efficiency. In clearing land it is a mighty conserver of time and energy, for the débris it leaves can almost be swept together. There are two ways in which the dynamite farmer prepares his charge: one for fuse ignition and the other for electric spark. If large charges are used the spark method is preferable, as it insures the stump-blower's safety, but as a usual thing the fuse is cheaper, and a man who is a good sprinter need not fear for himself after applying the match. The dynamite comes in half-pound sticks about the size of an ordinary candle and wrapped in heavy water-proof paper. These cartridges the farmer carries out to his stump lot in a basket, for he has lost his old-time fear that the slightest jar will bring an explosion.

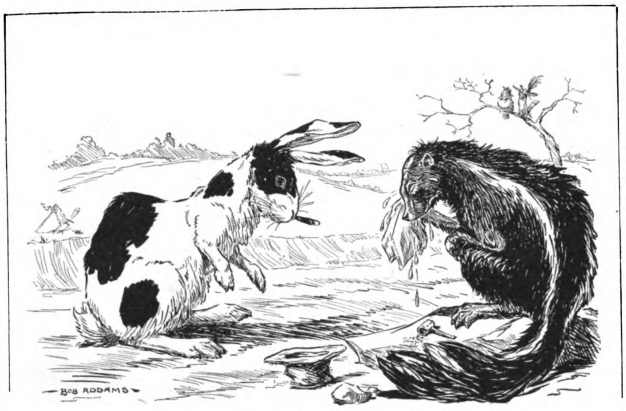
If he plans to use fuses the wrapping of one end of the cartridge is loosened, a hole prodded in the dynamite gently with a wooden skewer, and the fuse inserted. The wrapping is made fast about it and the charge is lowered in a hole which has been made under the stump by a crowbar. Then earth is stuffed about the fuse so that none of the force of the charge will be wasted and the blast is ready.

This is a sure enough method in the case of stumps with as great a diameter as four feet. For larger ones sometimes three pounds of dynamite are needed, the best effect being gained by distributing the half-pound cartridges about the foot of the stump. This is where the electric-firing system is needed, for all the charges must be exploded simultaneously. A copper cap containing a tiny pinch of fulminate of mercury and sealed to wires leading to a magnetic battery is placed in the top of each cartridge. At the word "fire" the circuit in the battery is closed and the spark does the rest.

It's a simple and efficacious method if the worker observes two rules. The first—for his own sake—is to handle the dynamite tenderly and above all keep it away from the touch of fire. The second, if he wants the work done well, is to be careful in the making of the holes for the charges. These should be as nearly horizontal as possible and close to the stump, for any cushion of earth between wood and cartridge will accentuate the tendency of the dynamite to expend its force downward.

Where the subsoil is hardpan or heavy clay small blasts of dynamite will so loosen it that an unproductive field will change its entire nature. Experiments have shown, too, that repeated blasting for five years will do away with the need and expense of fertilizing the land. Even the first crop grown on the dynamited field shows results.

The belief in dynamite as more than a destructive force is growing. If the farmer has a rocky pasture lot where he would rather see waving wheat or corn, dynamite will split the boulders so that he can clear the surface easily. If a hillside is too steep to allow plowing, blasting will shelve it to a more convenient angle. Dynamite is one of the greatest wrecking agents that is known. At the same time, its help in the work of construction and bringing profit far offsets the havoc wrought by an occasional outbreak of the imprisoned demon.



"What's the trouble now, Mr. Skunk?"
"I'm broke—down to my last scent."

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DAVID P. RAHTER, Proprietor and Manager
HOTEL OSTEND, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Abolishing the Postage Stamp

Putting on a postage stamp and generally being obliged to "lick" Uncle Sam's paste is not an exactly pleasant performance. If the new invention of a New Zealand man comes into general use all we will have to do is to put our letters under a machine and turn a crank. Every one may have his own stamping-machine just as easily as he has a gas meter or a cash register. In New Zealand, where this device is already in actual use, the machine is rented from the postal authorities and an authorized collector calls at intervals and takes the pay for the amount registered on dials on the machine.

The machine now in use gives stamped impressions of a halfpenny, penny, three and six pence, and one shilling, as it is for British currency, but it could just as easily be constructed for American money should our government see fit to adopt the device.

On the front of the machine is an indicator, with a handle which can be set by the operator to show the amount of postage required. From the right-hand side projects a crank to which is attached a trigger. An opening in the bottom of the machine is for the insertion of the mail matter to be stamped. After the letter is in place, the operating handle, or crank, is pushed around until it has described a complete circle, when it is automatically locked. While this is being done the value of the impression, which is represented by the stamp, is recorded on a dial on the top of the machine.

In the manufacturing of these machines the greatest precaution has been taken against fraud or any possible tampering with the mechanism. The only means of opening the machine is by a patent lock, the key of which is in the possession of the postal authorities. No machine leaves the workshop until it has been most carefully tested. There are no screws that will allow admission to the interior, and the most important portions of the working apparatus cannot be reached except by destroying the machine. Aside from all this, the pains and labor of committing a fraud would be useless, for the impressions are not saleable.

From an economical standpoint alone the amount of money saved in the administration of the postal department in any country would be no small amount. The cost of printing the stamps, and the vast army of employees necessary for the counting, checking, issuing, and canceling of them, would all be eliminated.

A New Life-preserver

Word comes from Germany of the invention of a life-preserver with novel features.

This device weighs about five and one-half pounds and consists of two swimming-cushions bound together by straps. The cushions lie upon the breast and back. The preserver is provided with a small lamp fed by an electric battery, which may be adjusted about one's head by means of a band on the forehead, so that it may [illegible] the position of one in the water determined at a considerable dist[illegible]

This lamp is said to burn from to four hours. With a reflector light may be thrown for several hundred yards.

The preserver may, it is further claimed, be adjusted in five seconds, the lamp affording illumination as soon as the buckle is fastened.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

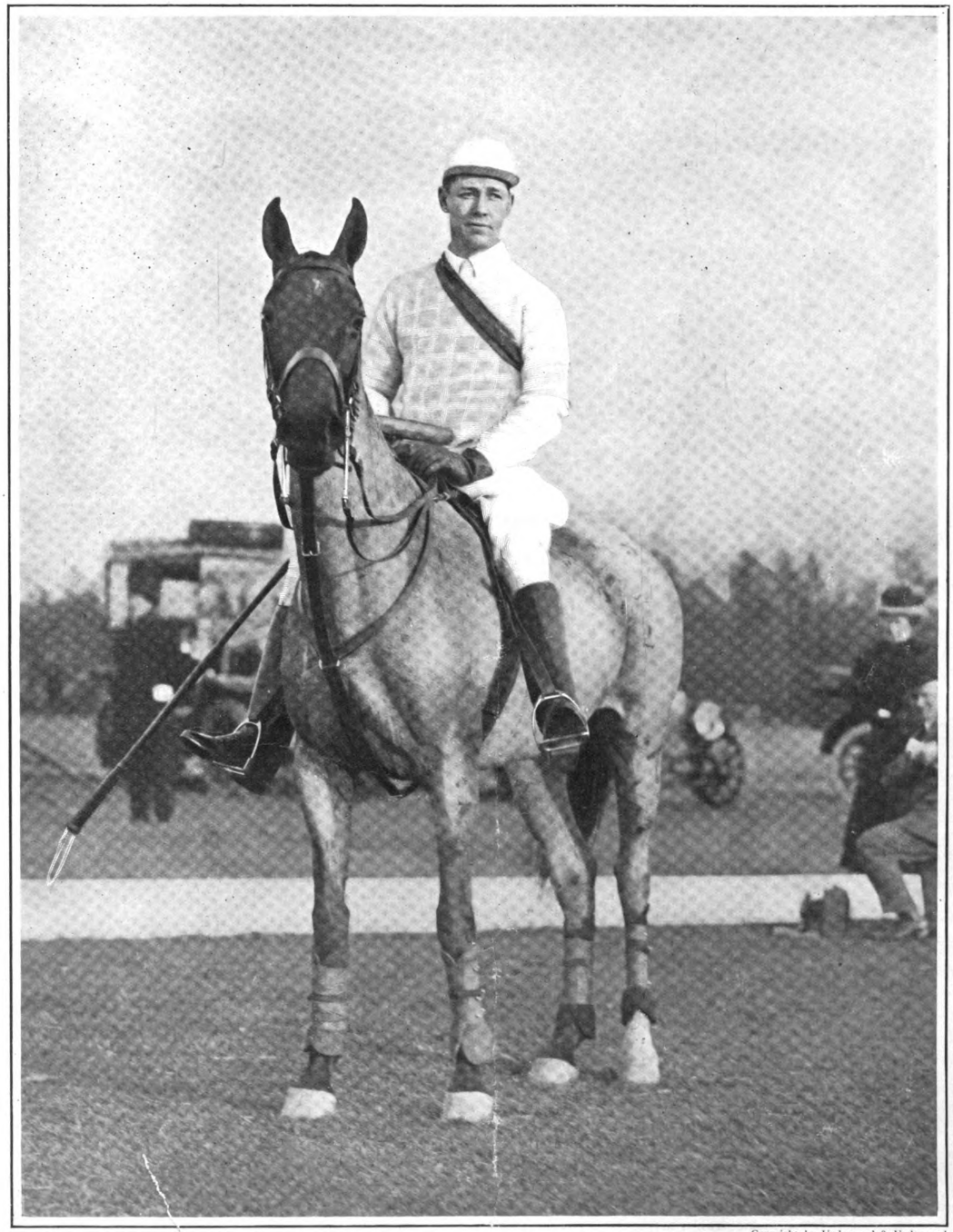
A Journal of Civilization

VOL. LVII] No. 2946

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1913

[10 Cents a Copy [$4.00 a Year

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A LEADER OF AMERICAN SPORT

Captain Harry Payne Whitney, who will lead the American polo team into action next week, when they clash with the British challengers, in an effort to retain the famous international trophy, the Hurlingham Cup. This cup was brought to the United States in 1909 by an American team under the leadership of Captain Whitney, and successfully defended by a team under his captaincy in 1911

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS
Frederick L. Collins, President — Arthur S. Moore, Secretary
Cameron Mackenzie, Vice-President — Horace W. Paine, Treasurer
McClure Building, Fourth Ave. & 20th Street, New York

COMMENT

BEGINNING with the issue of August 16th, Mr. NORMAN HAPGOOD will take direct personal charge of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Colonel Roosevelt's Habits

Once there was a college boy who was suspended for intoxication. A classmate who was questioned about him explained that the trouble was not that he was a hard drinker, but that what stimulant he took ran so fast to vociferation. The classmate said: "There had been a dinner, and HENRY had had some champagne, but was carrying it fine, and started home across the yard about half-past twelve with SAM; and the yard being so quiet, he said it was like the jungle, and then he insisted on playing lion-hunt, and said he would be the lion, and roared so immoderately that it woke all the proctors, and of course he was suspended!"

We guess that if Colonel ROOSEVELT'S potations had run to the excess the editor of *Iron Ore* supposed, there would have been no need of this trial that has been going on at Marquette. Can any one imagine the Colonel quietly intoxicated? Would not his case have been surely like HENRY'S, who was his own advertisement because he insisted on having a lion-hunt? It was reported that the witnesses for the defendant at Marquette would testify that the Colonel came on the speakers' stand at several campaign meetings supported by his friends. So it would not have been if his potations had been excessive. His friends would not have been supporting him. They would have been holding on to the ropes and he would have been dragging them along. We doubt if there was ever a man in public life in this country with a smaller gift for disguising himself in liquor than Colonel ROOSEVELT. If he had ever been drunken, every one would have known it. He would certainly have played lion-hunt and would surely have been the lion.

We should call the Colonel a notoriously temperate man. The WEEKLY has always borne cheerful testimony that his habits were admirable, and so far as we know there never was a contrary opinion, private or public, among people competent to judge. But whenever he has gone on the stump a cloud of word-of-mouth stories has immediately spread to the effect that he was drinking hard. These stories almost never got into print, and so could not be dealt with effectively. It was to settle them, permanently, if possible, that the Colonel sued the editor of the far-away trade paper in Michigan who made the mistake of putting down in black and white what thousands of people were saying.

And he did settle them. The editor after hearing the testimony admitted that he had been mistaken, but averred that he had made his accusations in good faith, and on what seemed to him good evidence. The truth seems to be that the Colonel's campaign manner, in its most urgent manifestations, produces in some observers an impression of intoxication. Perhaps it is an intemperate manner, but certainly it will not again be charged that its intemperance is alcoholic.

Eheu Fugaces!

So fast the times change! Our comparisons alter overnight. Yesterday we said, "Sober as a judge." Now we say, "Sober as a Colonel."

The Great Continuing Need at Washington

When ROOT retires, HENRY L. STIMSON will be the strongest New York Republican. He enjoys now the distinction of having been voted against by more men who wanted to vote for him than any other man that ever ran for high public office in this state. It is a pleasure to note that he apparently has no mind to give up politics. The contrary can reasonably be inferred from his leading part in the anti-BARNES dinner and his vigorous pronouncement about the way things are run and should be run at Washington.

What he says about the big machine at Washington is not less convincing and forceful because hardly any of it is new. On the contrary, these independent conclusions of an upright and highly trained mind ought to be taken all the more seriously because they confirm instead of disputing the conclusions reached by other intelligent men who have seen the inside of things at the capital. They certainly ought not to be disregarded merely because they find the chief defect of our system where it has always been found—in the lack of a good working relationship between the executive and legislative departments.

Mr. STIMSON wants to see responsibility and authority at Washington more concentrated and more clearly fixed, and so does every man of sense and patriotism who has ever had a chance like his to inspect things there. As authority and responsibility are dissipated in a legislature but concentrated in an executive, Mr. STIMSON naturally favors more leadership for the executive. He wants the President to make the budget and his Cabinet members to defend it, for their respective departments, before Congress. He wants the President to have the right to veto separate items in appropriation bills. Inevitably, therefore, he approves of President WILSON'S endeavor to establish a more direct and personal relation between himself and the Cabinet, on the one hand, and Congress, on the other hand.

We agree heartily with Mr. STIMSON'S general contention, and again call attention to the fact that in the only attempt ever made to improve on the Constitution by men thoroughly experienced in working it—that is to say, in the Confederate Constitution—his two main proposals were actually adopted.

Still, however, there is the Constitution as it stands, and we can't help feeling that President WILSON is perhaps already going as far in the desired direction as that document permits. He is certainly not shirking responsibility; he is seeking and not avoiding a real leadership. Quite probably he would like very well indeed to see his heads of departments face one or the other of the two Houses, as he has faced both; but at present that depends mainly on the inclination of the Houses themselves. So with the budget question: he can and probably will send in budget messages, but it is extremely doubtful if Congress will give them the authority they ought to have. As to vetoing separate items in appropriation bills, there is probably no power which at this very moment he desires more intensely to exercise, but it would be an extremely venturesome act if he should assume that he has it. Every other President has in practice conceded the contrary view, though many have declared that they ought to have this power which apparently the Constitution denied them.

We are afraid the reforms desired by Mr. STIMSON and so many other thoughtful men cannot be accomplished without an amendment, and a difficult and delicate one; and amendments are always very hard enterprises. Still, we are almost hopeful that our present political mood, if wisely guided, may yet yield us this so desirable and so long-desired improvement in our system.

Dissents

"Pure fake" was Colonel ROOSEVELT'S answer when questioned in Marquette about the report that he was about to detach himself from the *Outlook*.

For Investigation But Not For Delay

The way to pass the tariff bill is to go ahead and pass it. To find out about the lobby opposing it should be interesting and is in many ways desirable, but it is not essential and it will be something of a digression. Incidentally, to do the tariff job promptly and do it right would be the best possible defense for Senators against all real or imagined intimations that they are being improperly influenced concerning it.

Not, however, that we object to a lobby investigation *per se;* certainly not that we at all blame President WILSON for calling attention to the lobby. If he found a powerful lobby working against his cause of tariff reform he was quite justified, as the recognized leader of his side, in telling the country about it and its methods. If he could hope by so doing to make more difficult any attempt at compromise or any yielding on the part of weak supporters, so much the better. Granting substantial accuracy to his decidedly general statement, it was perfectly legitimate political fighting.

On the other hand, it was natural, as things stand, for the Senate to feel itself particularly concerned. It was also natural, and not unpardonable, for the Republican minority to try and make a little capital out of the incident and use it to annoy and perhaps delay the majority; and it was natural for the majority, when challenged to investigate, to accept the challenge, and then themselves take charge of the proposal. But their leaders erred in accepting insincere amendments, and thereby widening the scope of the thing and making it an investigation of the Senate as well as the lobby.

That was a rather childish display of fearlessness, and it made the contract too big for the ten days' limit. It would have been quite enough to find out and tell us about the lobby itself. For that institution, though perfectly real, is hard enough to define or describe or even to locate. It is in fact ubiquitous; its composition is forever changing; its methods are innumerable. If the five members of the Senate's subcommittee can actually in ten days get together merely the main facts about it, and give the public merely an outline notion of its character and extent, they will do well.

They will do a real service, too, but not if their report again leads the Senate away from its proper business at this time. That business, we repeat, is passing the tariff bill.

Hitchcock and Burleson

The post-office has always been the place where the national government touched most intimately the lives of the greatest number of people. It never has been hard to get the average citizen interested in the way his mail is handled, and it will be easier still, now that we have the parcels post and may reasonably expect other extensions and improvements of the service.

Unusual interest, therefore, attaches to some matter given out at Washington about the recent past and the immediate future of the Post-office Department. One finds it in two statements of especial significance. One is a report to Postmaster-General BURLESON which is signed by five men—two hold-overs from the HITCHCOCK régime and three new WILSON appointees—who have been acting as a commission to survey their department. It finds a good deal the matter with the way Mr. HITCHCOCK ran things, particularly on the scores of partisanship, of false economy, and of the throwing over of charges upon his successor; but this is its most significant finding:

> Instead of a surplus of $219,118.12 for that year (1911), as claimed by your predecessor, it is clearly demonstrated that there was in reality a deficit of more than three-quarters of a million dollars. Furthermore, a close analysis of the financial statement for the year 1912 discloses the fact that the admitted deficit of $1,785,523.10 for that year was understated by nearly $100,000.

The other statement is by Mr. BURLESON himself, and this is the significant part of it:

> The thing of first consequence is efficiency: that the people may have the best possible service from their postal system. They will not stand for waste, of course; but I know that they are more interested in good service than they are in any technical showing of surplus.

Maybe we ought to suspect the first statement of being colored by partisanship, and there is some justice in Senator PENROSE'S reply that the old deficit had at any rate been *substantially* wiped out, by whatever methods, even according to the figures of Mr. HITCHCOCK'S critics. Nevertheless, those of us who have had occasion to study closely Mr. HITCHCOCK'S part in the politics of the TAFT administration will find it hard to be resolutely incredulous of a charge that he played politics in his own department. His main political stock in trade was his influence over the Southern officeholders, postmasters by no means excluded.

Maybe, too, we ought to find some new-broom untrustworthiness in Mr. BURLESON'S announcement of policy. But it certainly strikes us as a sound policy he announces, and those who know Mr. BURLESON best seem to think him a man to be taken quite seriously. As a matter of fact, people *do* prefer efficiency in the postal service even to a real surplus of a few hundred thousands. We suspect they would welcome increased efficiency even at the cost of a reasonable temporary deficit.

California's Land Law

The bill passed by the California legislature anent the Japanese provides that aliens eligible to citizenship under the laws of the United States may acquire land as citizens do; and other aliens may acquire land to the extent provided in existing treaties between their government and ours, and in addition may lease for three years lands for agricultural purposes.

This law seems not to conflict with any obligations of the federal government, and unless it does the federal government must, if necessary, and undoubtedly will, back it up.

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Fruits of Discipline

Remarking upon a recent paragraph in the WEEKLY about California, a correspondent writes:

> Californians resent the economic efficiency of the Japs, and more savagely still their sociological inefficiency, if this means anything to you. The trouble seems to be that the Jap can run a hundred horsepower engine on the fuel that a small pony would need. That is what bothers the Californian. He can't keep his machinery going at all on what the Japanese uses, and he can't develop the efficiency of the Jap with fuel enough for JACK JOHNSON.

The Japs, and the Chinese more or less, and also the Jews, are peoples of vigorous stock who have been subjected to a tremendous discipline. They also represent, all of them, a survival of the physically hardiest.

Time was when there was hard discipline in New England; the discipline of an exacting climate, an exacting religion, an obdurate soil, and rather meager fare. The Yankee came to be an arrow on the string of a bent bow, that sped for any fair mark with unrivaled accuracy. He had generations of self-restraint and painful effort behind him, a wiry, sinewy man, with no lazy fat on him. As the wealth of the West became accessible, "twang!" went New England's bow, and she got her share of it.

The Japs seem to be the product of a discipline comparable to the old Puritan discipline of New England, but harder, and very much harder than the discipline of current life in mild and bountiful California. So long as there are not too many of them—and a decreasing number—in California, it would seem as though they must have a value in agriculture as pace-makers. They have shown what can be done with a little land by hard work, and that is no small service.

As for what our correspondent calls their "sociological inefficiency," that of course exists. They are not desired as neighbors. When we probe that situation we come to the fault of the Japanese civilization; that the Samurai had too much of a monopoly of the nobler traits of character. Besides that, discipline, while it makes for efficiency, does not make so surely for loveliness. The Yankees were not universally beloved in the period when their discipline was most effective.

Entirely Mistaken

Remarking upon the change in ownership of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and reviewing with some enthusiasm its career under the editorship of Mr. CURTIS, the San Francisco *Argonaut* goes on to say:

> There came a time when the editor [Mr. CURTIS] was required for alleged business reasons either to "color" his interpretations and temporize his judgments, or resign. Man of integrity and courage as he was, he quit the post in which he had won fame both for himself, his leading associates, and for the WEEKLY.

Brother HOLMAN has been curiously misinformed. Mr. CURTIS never quit his post. He was editor of the WEEKLY when he died, and active in his duties until his last illness. The Harpers backed him gallantly and with convinced and affectionate fidelity and at serious financial cost, in his contentions with CONKLING and his refusal to support BLAINE. The *Argonaut* seeks to make it appear that the WEEKLY suffered because solicitude for its commercial interests deprived it of its spiritual leadership. That is entirely untrue. The very contrary is much nearer the truth, as Mr. HOLMAN may learn in detail from a book published last year—*The House of Harper*, by J. HENRY HARPER (Harper & Brothers). When Mr. CURTIS failed in health and was, as it turned out, dying, Mr. SCHURZ was engaged as the man most fit, and most acceptable to Mr. CURTIS, to take up the pen that had fallen from his hand.

Wilson and Massachusetts

The President is having an extraordinarily hard time in his efforts to bestow high federal offices upon high-class men from Massachusetts. The refusals of OLNEY and ELIOT to take the British ambassadorship were not surprising, though regrettable, but now JOSEPH B. RUSSELL, a regular Democrat of exceptional fitness, has declined, and at this writing still persists in declining, to stay at home and be collector of the Port of Boston.

Nobody can criticize these tenders of office. The offer to RUSSELL is, if anything, more admirable than the others, because the collectorship is a place the Boston machine desires exceedingly and which usually goes to a politician, and because Mr. RUSSELL, the very able "business" brother of the late Governor RUSSELL, is not a national figure. Yet Brother O'BRIEN of the Boston *Herald* does find fault with the President.

He finds fault because the tenders have been made known before the President knew they would be accepted. That procedure, as he remarks, *is* rather contrary to usage, and perhaps there is something also in the idea that it may somewhat dilute the pleasure of appointees who finally accept. But we are quite sure the President could give a reason for taking this course in Massachusetts, as in some other quarters. He has in that way made plain, more convincingly than he could by words, the extent of his determination to get the best men he can for important places; he has also indicated his declination of the task of satisfying warring factions—long a principal source of weakness to his party in Massachusetts, as elsewhere in the North. It is pardonable if he has also meant to show the country that if he doesn't always get the best men in sight it is not his fault. We trust Mr. RUSSELL will reconsider and accept. Even if he doesn't, however, we persist in believing—and not without definite reasons—that high-class men from New England will yet have a reasonably active and conspicuous part in the work of this administration.

Fashions and Mills

Any one who has average powers of observation must have noticed that women wear less clothing than formerly; fewer petticoats, for example. We read that the cotton-manufacturers of New England have made this discovery, and estimate that the modern fashion of women's garb has caused a drop in the demand for the kinds of cotton cloth used for garments which women no longer wear of from one-third to one-half.

We hope the cotton-manufacturers will remember this remarkable fact when they come to speak to us about the effect of the new tariff on their business.

Justice Cohalan's Case

The accusation made against Justice COHALAN is that in 1904, '05, and '06, before he went on the bench and while a member of Mr. CHARLES MURPHY'S cabinet and a sachem or grand sachem of Tammany Hall, he received from JOHN A. CONNOLLY sums amounting to $3,940.55 as commissions on city contracts procured for CONNOLLY'S company by the influence of COHALAN; that CONNOLLY, being in financial straits, complained to his friends that he had had to pay these "commissions"; that six members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians went to Mr. MURPHY and complained that "the closest man to him in politics had been grafting on a member of their order"; that COHALAN thereupon, prompted presumably by MURPHY, gave back the money to CONNOLLY; that CONNOLLY later needed further assistance and applied to COHALAN for it; that COHALAN exacted from him a note for $4,000, the sum which had already passed twice between them, as a preliminary to helping him, but did nothing for him, and subsequently, under threat of a lawsuit, returned the note for $4,000 to CONNOLLY.

These transactions seem to be offered for public consideration as improper. Even some members of Tammany Hall seem for special reasons to consider them so. PATRICK MCNULTY, one of the six Ancient Hibernians who went to protest to MURPHY about COHALAN'S treatment of CONNOLLY, discloses the special reasons in his narrative, published in the *World*, of his visit to MURPHY. He says:

> "I regret," I said. "Mr. MURPHY, that we're here on such a mission as brings us to-night. I don't believe you would permit any one to graft on a member of our order if you knew it, but we're here to tell you that the closest man to you in politics to-day has been grafting on a member of our order."
>
> "Who is it?" MURPHY shouted, angrily.
>
> "DANIEL F. COHALAN," I answered, as polite as you please.
>
> "I don't believe it!" shouted MURPHY. "Anyway, if he did, he's entitled to it—he's a lawyer."
>
> "He's not entitled to use the influence of Tammany Hall in doing it, even so," I said, "and far less his influence as Grand Sachem."
>
> "Was he Grand Sachem when this thing went on?" says MURPHY, very shrewdly, and I answered, quickly:
>
> "I believe so—part of the time."
>
> "It's an Irish row!" shouted MURPHY, thumping the arm of the chair with his fist. "It's only an Irish row, and I don't want to mix in it."
>
> "I want you to distinctly understand," said I, getting angry myself by this time, "that there's no Irish row about it. It's a plain question of your man grafting on a member of our organization who is also a contributor to the Hall."
>
> "I don't believe DAN would do it," said MURPHY, his face getting very red and his fist beating time on the chair.
>
> "Well," I said, "we have the facts, and they were put before you a day or so ago by Mr. GALLAGHER here."

It will be observed that what scandalized Mr. MCNULTY was not that Mr. COHALAN received commissions from a contractor, but that he exacted them from "a member of our organization who is also a contributor to the Hall."

All this is at present only a story, for which Judge COHALAN has furnished an explanation, but it is a story which illustrates very well the prevailing theory of how the powers of Tammany are maintained, and how the able politicians who exercise them are subsisted.

Prisons of New York

New York State is not poor. It has found a hundred million dollars to spend on canals, and as much more for roads, but neither canals nor roads are so urgent a need as better prisons. The State Commission of Prisons says in its annual report:

> It is unthinkable that the State of New York will continue to use indefinitely the prison plant at Sing Sing in its present condition, and the commission believes that it is the clear duty of the legislature to provide a modern and sanitary prison either at Sing Sing or elsewhere.

The State Commission would remodel Sing Sing and complete the new Great Meadow prison, now building. Also it would proceed with the plan for a penitentiary on Rikers Island, to relieve Blackwells Island, which is very much overcrowded since the Kings County Penitentiary in Brooklyn went out of business.

The more we hear about New York state prisons the worse their state appears. The Governor has appointed a new State Superintendent of Prisons, Judge RILEY, of Plattsburg, who has appointed Mr. RATTIGAN warden at Auburn, and Mr. BLAKE chief clerk of the State Prison Department. It was Mr. BLAKE who as special commissioner to investigate the prisons lately made a report denouncing conditions at both Sing Sing and Auburn. These appointments may help matters, but there is a work of prison construction to be done which is imperatively necessary, which common humanity demands, and without which the best management cannot do what should be done.

Harvard Clubs in St. Louis

The Associated Harvard Clubs have been holding a convention in St. Louis. There are a lot of them; their chief business is to advertise the university, and they hold a convention somewhere every year. Last year they held a big one here, and had a very joyous celebration that lasted three days.

The papers say there were about three hundred delegates at St. Louis. President LOWELL was there and addressed them. He said the democratic spirit was spreading at Harvard, and that the new Freshman dormitories would help it. It seems he had something to say about the Harvard clubs, and it is the more interesting because the Yale clubs have lately been so much a subject of public discussion. He said: "The clubs need big, open windows instead of transoms, and in a few years this will be recognized." That is the gist of what is desirable to say about college clubs, and it has as much application in New Haven and other places as in Cambridge.

We find Mr. ALLEN, of Cincinnati, quoted as recommending that Harvard University be popularized, and that the public expression of its exclusiveness be counteracted in every way possible. "In the public mind," he said, "Harvard has come to stand for exclusiveness, and the idea seems to prevail that Harvard men think themselves a superior class of persons. The Associated Harvard Clubs should try to do away with this feeling."

Harvard University is about as exclusive as one of Mr. WOOLWORTH'S ten-cent stores, and inasmuch as the chief end of the associated clubs is to popularize the university, one can't blame Mr. ALLEN for exhorting the delegates to be active in that endeavor. But there is this to say, that the West, when it goes to Harvard College, goes to get something different from what it has at home, and if the difference is popularized away, the Western trade may fall off. Moreover, it may not hurt a large institution, with a large, open door and a good line of advertising, to be thought exclusive. Ask the hotel men if a reputation for exclusiveness hurts a hotel. And further, would not the Harvard men be better advised to vindicate their alleged opinion that they are a superior class of persons, rather than to abolish it? Why bother to come East to Harvard if it is not going to make you a superior person?

We are not more than half convinced that Mr. ALLEN, of Cincinnati, is an extra-good hand to sell educational goods.

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PENN STATE

Democracy and Distinction

IT has been a frequent complaint against encroaching democracy that distinction was by way of being lost in the shuffle; that manners, taste, scholarship, were to become extinct. The complaint is loud in all public bodies, the House of Commons no less than Congress, and it is heard, too, in constant complaint against the tendencies of all current literature. Scholarship is so specialized as to appeal only to other specialists, and when a man like BERGSON arises, addressing a possible philosophy of life to men at large, he is systematically rejected by the craft because he is accepted by the many. The arts must in any such general upheaval be pushed a bit to the side. "It is not the age for art," admits RODIN. All verdicts upon all subjects are given by majorities, and yet the taste for higher things is so far in abeyance that it is the dictum of the intrepid SHAW that any picture pleasing to more than one-tenth of its beholders should be at once burned as worthless. We can better trust majorities with matters of morals than with matters of taste. As a certain cynic said: we now intrust the choice of our dramas and monuments to those whom we should be far from intrusting with the choice of our wines, cigars, curtains, and even our wives.

The difficulty with an overflooding of a rapidly rising democracy is that, like other forces, it moves along the lines of least resistance. And it is easier a deal to tunnel the mountains and tear away obstacles than to fill up the valleys. So that to a large extent the fate of scholarship, taste, art, distinction in the hands of a democracy must be a process of leveling down to the widest plane of approval. Like the river that was so eager to be broad and to include everything that it became a swamp, so the arts that please all are apt to become malarial.

Democracy, however, has a great moral significance. It caters to the general needs of man, and distinction and taste are, after all, the luxuries of the preferred. We cannot always afford luxuries. It is becoming a more and more self-evident truth that the masses have to be fed upon something more substantial than the soured, yeasty bread of hope deferred. It is trying, but not so terrible, that the classes should miss a little of the decoration of sheltered charm and high breeding. Who was it who in a sudden outburst of wrath proclaimed, "dignity *is* impudence!" so often distinction seems mere assumption?

Democracy, said a lady, was not always so destructive. THOMAS JEFFERSON was a democrat, and yet he had distinction. But probably there is no little conceit in the idea that our nation after the Revolution represented a pure democracy. If it was democracy at all it was so only in the sense that limited means is democratic. Nothing could have been less democratic than the entire temper and mind of Virginia and South Carolina up to the slowly awakening consciousness of the twentieth century. New England had, after the Revolution, a theocracy, not a democracy. "New Hampshire," says Dr. WEYL, "limited the suffrage to Protestants; South Carolina to free, white men believing in God, heaven, and hell, and having a freehold of fifty acres or a town lot and paying a considerable tax. In Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and New York the right to vote was based on property-holding and payment of taxes. The qualifications for holding office were exclusive to an even much higher degree."

With our happy habit of looking to the past as the time when God was in his heaven and all right with the world it is heartening to hear Professor MCMASTER saying: "In filibustering and gerrymandering, in stealing governorships and legislatures, in using force at the polls, in colonizing and distributing patronage to whom patronage is due, in all frauds and tricks that go to make up the worst form of practical politics, the men who founded our state and national government were always our equals and often our masters."

Indeed, the sense of fair play, which is democracy, is but a slow growth, and only to-day really beginning to rouse itself. And if a certain exotic flower of ease and high assumption must go by the board that more men may have healthy growth and reason to live, it is not so deplorable a matter.

Even from the standpoint of a real and virile art, too, the outlook is not so bad. The changes bearing down so heavily upon us are evil only in the process of change. The actual difficulty with art to-day, both literary and representative, is that no one has time to enjoy it. The classes are too busy rushing from place to place in pursuit of super-health and enjoyment, and the masses are too crushed by the unbearable struggle for food and shelter to contemplate art. Since democracy aims at welfare, health, and equal opportunity for all the people, it may tend to a more widely spread leisure, a nicer adjustment of pleasure and pain, and result thus in a slowly rising level of culture and refinement. At any rate, it is well to realize that good work can never be done by those who live from hand to mouth. BALZAC to the contrary, a certain happy security is necessary to the will-to-produce and the will-to-have-beauty.

Just in so far as democracy will extend health, leisure, and interest in life to the masses and restrain idleness and surfeit of the classes, just in so far will it be the cradle for the new art and the new distinction. Real democracy means fair play and the new distinction will be one that scorns privilege. The tendency of the new democracy will be toward peace of mind and liberation and a healthy faith in the power of human brains and character to make life bearable. From livable conditions we may learn to hope for a more resplendent blossom of distinction.

LOUISE COLLIER WILCOX.

Correspondence

THE NEW WOMAN

SUMMIT, N. J., *April, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—A great deal of the discussion over the new woman as something really new ignores facts which even those who belong to the "hinterland of science" (as Crothers calls the crudely informed state of the layman) ought to include in their thinking.

The female of any species is likely to be the stable, conservative element; it is largely through the male that "sports" enter and varieties are produced. That is one fact that we forget when we speak and act as though when spider waists go out and parliamentary rules come in woman's distinctive qualities are all in danger of extinction.

Then again Jews inherit Hebrew characteristics and Mongols are by heredity slant-eyed; but woman is not one race and man another, so that we can assume that all women must be, by sex inheritance, timid and all men brave or all women intuitive and all men reasonable. The qualities about which we can authoritatively say, "This is a sex characteristic" are extremely few. This is constantly forgotten by people who really know it.

There is not, in fact, much that is new in any woman. It all depends on how she is "raised." The new woman is the old woman under new conditions. She is the daughter, as she always was, of two parents—a male and a female—and of four grandparents—two of each sex. And she inherits her qualities, barring some definite physical and some, less definite, temperamental peculiarities, equally from the two sexes to whose union she owes her origin.

Why, then, the term New Woman? There must be a phenomenon to match the name.

There is not as much difference between the early-Victorian woman, so illuminatingly described in Dr. Coolidge's *Why Women are So*, and Inez Milholland as there was between the fighting, roistering, dauntless, red-headed mates of the German tribes who once filled central Europe and the downward-looking, bead-counting, holy-minded demure nuns or the languishing bepowdered court beauties that followed them. A suffragette is not as widely different from a Pilgrim mother as an Indian squaw is from a queen of the harem. They are all women and, in woman's essential attributes, all alike.

The trouble is that just as the introduction of the elevator has been so rapid that many people's stomachs are not yet adjusted to the motion, so the changes in the social condition of women have been so sudden that many men's prejudices have not yet their "sea legs."

Granting, then, that woman is "new" in accidents rather than in essentials, three inquiries are pertinent: (1) What are the accidents? (2) How did they arise? (3) What do they portend?

As to accidents. Fewer women than formerly pretend to timidities that they do not feel or cultivate what timidity they do feel. Fewer women than formerly exaggerate their natural delicacy or ape a physical delicacy and helplessness which they do not possess. Many more women than formerly acknowledge to having the full complement of organs and of appetites which should appertain to them as human beings. Many women give all the usual signs of having assimilated the knowledge which has through several centuries been called scholarship and of having achieved the power which among men students is called culture. A constantly growing number of women are earning their own livings, not in the form of "bed and board" inside of homes owned by men, but in the form of money paid for services rendered outside of their homes. A large percentage of these so-called "self-supporting" women are providing homes for aged parents, invalid sisters, orphaned nieces and nephews, inebriate brothers, and, indeed, for all the stray sheep belonging to the disrupted households of their clan. This is so prevalent a condition that few married couples in these days know what it is to shelter grandparents, maiden aunts, or fatherless cousins—those "poor relations" whom Dickens so genially and pathetically describes as crowding about "Cousin John's" table. Cousin John has been replaced by a less stalwart form—the form usually of an economically independent woman. And lastly, many women nowadays read the news of the day as it affects the social, the economic, even the political life of the nation—read it, comment on it, venture to reflect on it. Some women also offer advice and assistance. And a few ask permission to participate not only in production and distribution as well as in consumption, but also in the regulation of these activities which they share.

As to how these differences have arisen. Our forefathers a couple of generations ago saw no reason for educating girls and boys in separate institutions having differing curricula, but allowed the girls to go to school with their brothers, to drink from the same cup of learning, to eat the fruit of the same tree of knowledge. As an inevitable result many of these girls when they reached maturity asked to continue their education through the college course, and with many misgivings their fathers yielded to their prayer. Hence the woods are full of women with trained intelligence.

Just as this multitude of educated women is poured out of our high schools and colleges, the multiplication of mechanical labor-saving inventions becomes so great as to stimulate the systematization and specialization of labor. This takes many of woman's former activities away from the home. And her economic independence, necessarily accompanied by her first-hand intimacy with economic laws, follows as a corrolary.

Simultaneously with this detachment of women from the domestic mass, so that each becomes an economic unit, there arises a great wave of democracy emphasizing as never before the importance to the state of the individual and challenging all claims to class privilege.

And linked with this movement there is a changed conception of the theory of government. Secretary Root sounded the knell of a passing faith when he declared lately that government is protection. The common people to-day hear gladly that government is a business—the business of conducting the activities dependent on our common needs. The industrial ideal of the question as relating to the common weal is usurping the place long occupied by the military ideal. And in this changed view woman finds her justification for political activity. She smiles at the old argument, "Can you go for a soldier?" and answer, "I can inspect milk."

But chiefly woman's increased interest in extra-mural matters is due to the enticement of ethical considerations. A new conscience pervades the body politic. It is perceived that in the command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and in the answer to the query, "Who is my neighbor?" there lie two premises of an inevitable conclusion. Clearly individual political righteousness involving individual political activity is the duty of every citizen. And many women, unmoved by intellectual appeals, are responsive to the moral demand.

There should perhaps be added as a secondary cause, yet of some importance, the current reaction from asceticism which has brought into prominence the old Greek ideals of physical development. These, together with plenty of food and new means of attaining bodily warmth, have given women a vigor involving something of surplus energy. The badly fed, half-rested, poorly warmed, child-bearing drudge of our great-grandmothers' days entered on a toothless rheumatic senility at an age when the modern woman begins to have the leisure and the strength for a little club life and public service. The middle-aged, upper-class woman of America embodies a store of energy with potentialities which the "efficiency" fervor of the day makes her feel responsible for putting to use.

What all this portends, He who created us, male and female, in His own image, He alone knows. So long as in working out our own salvation we remember to work in fear and trembling, so long we may be sure that it is God that worketh in us. Which is in modern phrase: The possession of power involves the duty of activity; the necessity for activity involves the duty of self-government; the obligation of self-government involves the duty of seeking wisdom; the need of wisdom involves the duty of acquiring knowledge, and the possession of knowledge brings the consciousness of power. Thus the circle is complete.

So long as the New Woman is a good woman none need fear for her future or for the future of the race which she carries in her bosom. Science utters no clearer note than when the psychologist sets his seal of indorsement on the well-tried text, "They that do His will shall know of the doctrine."

And really many quite new women are remarkably good.

I am, sir,

LOUISE CONNOLY.

SPIRIT PHENOMENA—WHENCE?

HILLSBORO, OHIO, *May 12, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Mr. Johnson's article on "Death, etc.," in your last issue, is worthy of public comment. While taking issue with his conclusions, we certainly see the new summary of facts which has called forth this treatise. Whence all these phenomena of physiology and ghostdom, we ask? Ah! few indeed observe the Biblical key to the query, to the effect that Diabolus and his minions infest our atmosphere as areals of great mental caliber. Being invisible beings, their only approach must necessarily be through mediums or by operations in the dark; although some are so bold as to even invade moving-picture films. In this manner they personate the dead and inveigle into the arts of deception. Pittsburg police chiefs are not ignorant of their tricks as pertain to criminal obsessions, also Dr. Funk and other investigators are witness to their mighty powers in duplicating the voice, gestures, and art displays of the deceased. The wonder is more are not completely demented by association with these unseen foes of man. The Biblical warning is to flee these sources of inquiry and go to the inspired oracle for genuine sanity on so great a question. Hence, the logic of the great St. Paul in reasoning upon the topic, where he states a resurrection from the grave as the very essence of all hope, proving beyond peradventure, how Christ died as an offset for father Adam and legally released the race, to be followed by three distinct phases of raising up from the tomb, viz.: that of the church, the ancient worthies and then the mass of mankind. Glad to send a ten-cent booklet gratis to your readers.

I am, sir,

JOSEPH GREIG.

HENCE THE ANXIETY?

NEW YORK CITY, *May 5, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Regarding the tariff. If you watch out, and you are in a position to do so, I think you will observe, if the plans of those in charge of the present bill in Congress are carried out, that all that stands between a great many heads of departments in our manufacturing concerns to-day, and the *grand bounce*, is the benefit derived from the present tariff, hence the great anxiety to keep the present law upon the books by the manufacturing interests.

I am, sir,

A READER OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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REVITALIZING THE NATIONAL GUARD

The New Spirit of Insistence upon Soldierly Fitness that is Working a Wonderful Change

BY WILLIAM INGLIS

THE major-general commanding the division of the National Guard of the State of New York visited the armory of one of the smartest regiments the other evening. He had been invited to review the regiment. Accompanied by his staff, he arrived at the door promptly at the appointed moment. An officer detailed for the purpose met and saluted him and escorted him to the colonel's quarters, while the guard presented arms and the bugles sounded gallantly.

What happened at that review was so new, so revolutionary, so startling, that it is worth telling in detail, inasmuch as it marks a change in the conduct of the affairs of the National Guard of the entire United States which will make it far more effective than it has been.

In the good old days the colonel of the regiment would have entertained the reviewing officer for a few minutes. Then the visitor would be escorted out on the drill floor, where stood the regiment assembled. In the galleries would have been spectators, including many charming young ladies, anxious for the tiresome business to be ended and the pleasure of dancing to be begun. The colonel would have pointed out to the reviewing officer where to stand, and he would have been escorted to his box and respectfully told to sit down and look on. Then would follow a drill of the regiment, in which every squad of every battalion knew in advance from long experience just where to wheel into line and the exact crack on the board floor to be toed. Or perhaps there would be the delightful ceremony of evening parade, ending with the national colors descending in beauty from the ceiling and the band playing the "Star-spangled Banner." Then the reviewing officer would be escorted to the reception-room, the officers of the regiment would be presented to him, and, after a little supper, he would be sent home.

But the review we are now looking at was different—about as different as it possibly could be. In this case the major-general asked the colonel if it would be convenient to change the programme. As in the military service a request is in effect a command, the colonel replied that the programme could and would be changed. The major-general said:

"Will you please turn out a company, open ranks, and have the men engage in cleaning rifles?"

In a few moments the third company was turned out and briskly at work, while the general and his staff walked along the two ranks, inspected the arms, asked the men questions testing their knowledge of the weapons, the duties of sentinels, and other matters relating to the guard manual. In other words, the reviewing officer and staff found out just how much these guardsmen knew about that part of the soldier business. Beautiful evolutions carried out with the precision of the lines of a geometrical lathe are cheering sights to see, besides affording a little exercise and the cultivation of discipline—but in the soldier business each man ought to know all about his gun, how to clean it and keep it and care for it, besides a thousand other practical serious details that have nothing to do with precisely toeing a predestined crack in a glossy board floor.

In the present case the major-general found that perhaps half the men had no cleaning-cloth, which, according to regulations, should be in a little receptacle in the butt of every rifle; others had oil-cans, but no oil. In short, the company was quite ready to go through charming evolutions, but was not ready for fighting.

The general politely asked the colonel to have one company raise shelter tents.

"Sir, how can they raise tents on a board floor?" asked the colonel, surprised.

"I don't know; but raise them, please," said the general.

They did manage to carry out the order, somehow, although perhaps of the details the less said the better. Another company was called upon to climb ropes and to scale a wall, another to do some martial exercise that tested its knowledge of the soldier business and its physical fitness to do the work required. Long before the major-general had finished the review every man in that regiment knew that a new spirit was being impressed upon the service, the spirit of practicality carried to the highest degree.

At a review of another regiment a few evenings later it was evident that the news of the very practical review had traveled fast and far. For the colonel of this regiment had provided it with five hundred sharp, stout awls. When he was requested to have a company raise shelter tents, the awls were promptly distributed. Then the company came out upon the floor, promptly took the necessary intervals at double time, drove home the awls with the heel of the hand or the butt of the bayonet, as they would drive tent pins in the field, hooked fast the guy ropes, and set up the tents. The cleverness of the device was instantly appreciated by the hundreds of spectators, and the galleries rang to the clapping of hands and cheering.

And yet—perfection is never attained at one leap. Another company was designated to engage in a battle exercise, so that the importance of fire control in pantomime might be illustrated. As this drill is usually performed the men advance in open formation, the squads alternately running forward and lying down to fire—from behind imaginary shelter, of course. And as usually the drill is done without any ammunition in the rifles, there is no noise but the trample of feet and the clicking of the gun-locks, so that the officers, while waving their arms to signify the various commands, are able to reinforce the pantomimic signals by calling out the order if there should be any delay or misunderstanding.

But this time the battle exercise was different. Blank ammunition had been distributed among the company, and within a minute after the advance was begun the crackling of the rifles, multiplied and re-echoed by the walls and lofty roof of the armory, rolled down upon the floor and enveloped the company in such a thunderous racket that no human voice could pierce it. Alas for the beautiful precision of battle exercise plus oral commands! Long before that company got to the end of its advance the squads were all entangled in the delivery of their fire. They were no longer a command, but a lot of mere earnest individuals doing the best they could; for in that great avalanche of noise—such as they would encounter on the battle-field, of course—the men couldn't hear a word, and a great many of them forgot the meaning of the commands by arm pantomime without the explanatory words.



Major-General John F. O'Ryan, who is revitalizing the National Guard

The instances given here are typical of the happenings in many reviews recently among the regiments which with their 1,041 officers and 15,478 men constitute the Division of the National Guard of the State of New York. Many useful points thus have been brought to the attention of an entire regiment at once, evidence of shortcomings has been smashed home in the minds of officers and enlisted men in a way that could not have been accomplished in any other less practical manner. The result thus far has been that the minds of officers and men in the regiments upon which this innovation has been tried have been diverted into useful activities, away from the old humdrum close-order drills around the armory floor, with half the men keeping an eye on the clock. Armory work is becoming a real, practical, detailed training and preparation for field exercises and maneuver campaigns, which, in turn, are the most practical preparation for war.

But the last clause is true only when the regiments have undergone the necessary elemental, preliminary training. All depends upon that. Any machine has strength only through the assemblage of the strength of its component parts, and if the fighting machine which we call a regiment is made up of officers and men who are not thoroughly grounded in the elements of their duties the regiment will be good for nothing in actual service.

Therefore, Major-General John F. O'Ryan, commanding the Division of the National Guard of the State of New York, has begun the task of revitalizing the service by establishing a School of Application for officers of infantry and by forming a Provisional Company of Infantry at war strength—one hundred and fifty men—for service at that School. It is now, after long preparatory training by squads in the home regiments, in operation at the State Camp at Peekskill; and it is expected that the officers and men of the Provisional Company will afford a fine and inspiring exhibit of just what an infantry regiment should be and do when they return from camp. They will carry the new spirit back to their various regiments.

The organization of this School and Provisional Company has been so thorough, so searching, that its members may be regarded as fulfilling the requirements of the infantry service. They come from the seven New York City regiments of infantry. When the first call was made it was found that twenty-three per cent. of those who responded were not up to the physical standard required, although as they were in the service they were supposed to have successfully passed the prescribed physical examination. These men were, of course, rejected. The next step was to require that every one in the company should submit to inoculation with the anti-typhoid prophylactic. Many of the men had never even heard of it; but when they learned of its wonderful results as a preventive of typhoid in the United States army and abroad they were already beginning to acquire new ideas as to efficiency.

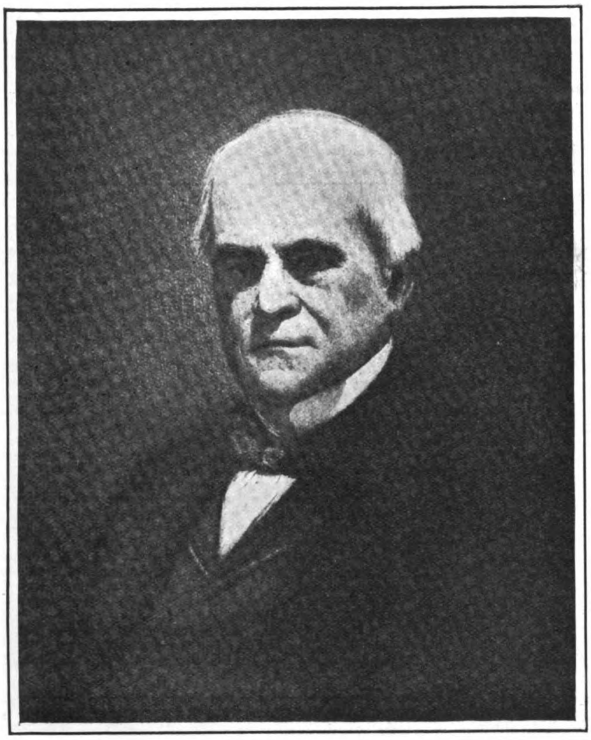
No one who sees the smart, alert Provisional Company of to-day would imagine that its members were selected from among men who at first sight appeared utterly inexperienced—though National Guardsmen.

Seven infantry officers of the United States army have concentrated all their energy and experience upon making the Provisional Company a fighting machine. The result—not to boast—speaks for itself wherever that company appears, whatever it is ordered to do. Inasmuch as the same scheme of betterment is being adopted in the National Guard of most of the states, I can perhaps best illustrate its guiding spirit by citing part of what Major-General O'Ryan recently said in an address to his officers:

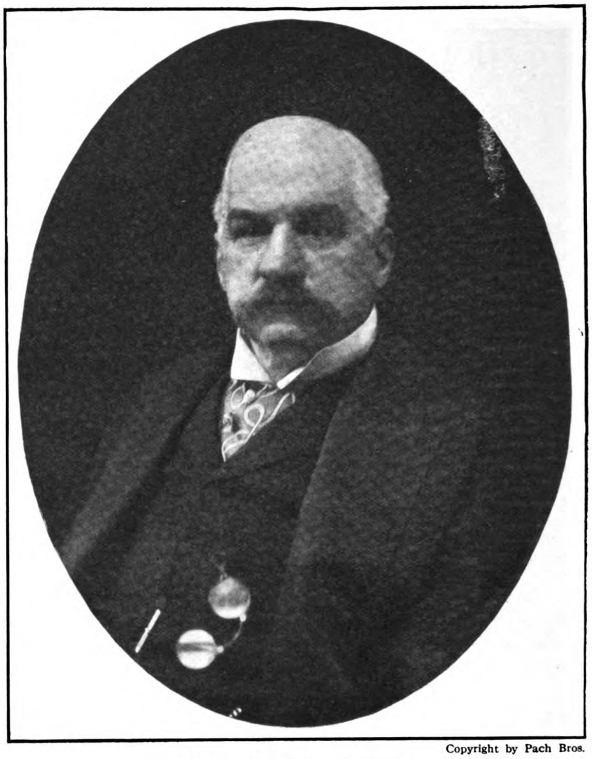
"The trouble with the routine training of the National Guard has been that it was not practical. A man training for a prize-fight does not practise ping-pong. He fights—not necessarily a fight to a finish; but his training is rough and it requires self-sacrifice of nerve and muscle. It is so with the college athletes, who endure the training-table and other discomforts. How much more necessary is it for the soldier to have his preparation at least approximate the conditions that will surround his ultimate test—a test which may call for the sacrifice of the one life the man has.

"The most important factor in military efficiency is discipline. In the Fourth-of-July orations relating to the military preparedness of this country, patriotism is placed first and expertness with the rifle second. With the trained soldier discipline comes first—and second, third, and fourth. Physical fitness and power of endurance come fifth. Then follow organization, tactical training, and efficiency; and then, well down on the list somewhere, come expertness with the rifle and the 'fighting spirit.'"

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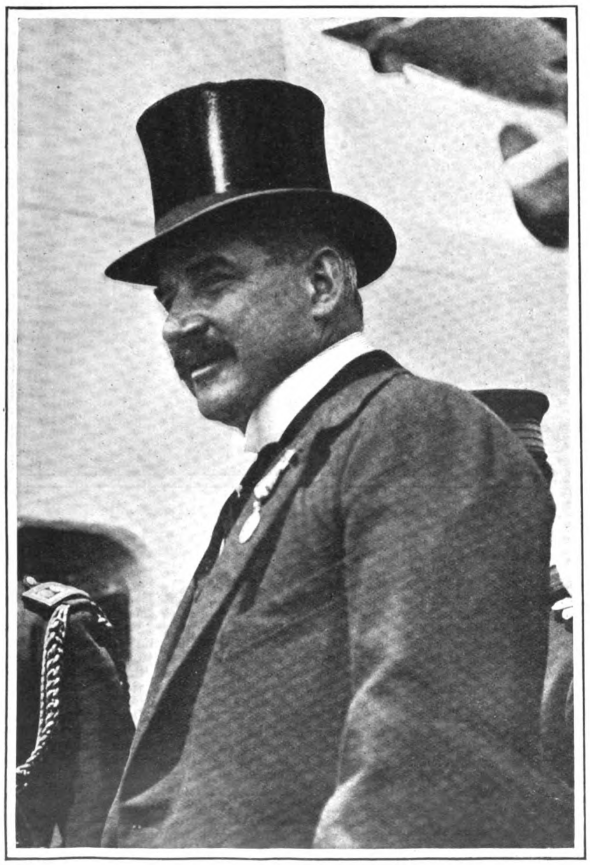


Junius Spencer Morgan, father of the late J. P. Morgan

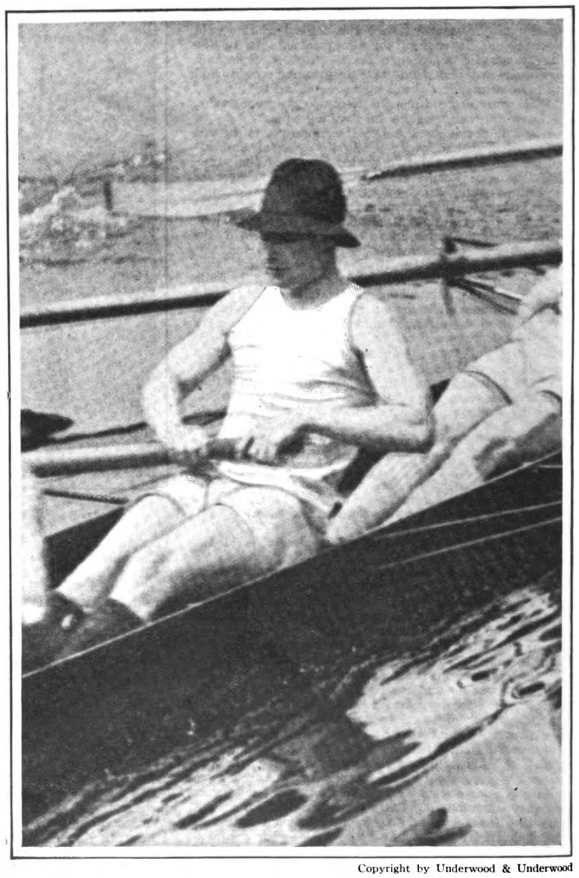


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The late John Pierpont Morgan



The present John Pierpont Morgan



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Junius Spencer Morgan, son of the present J. P. Morgan

FOUR GENERATIONS OF MORGANS

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MONTANA'S TREASURE CITY

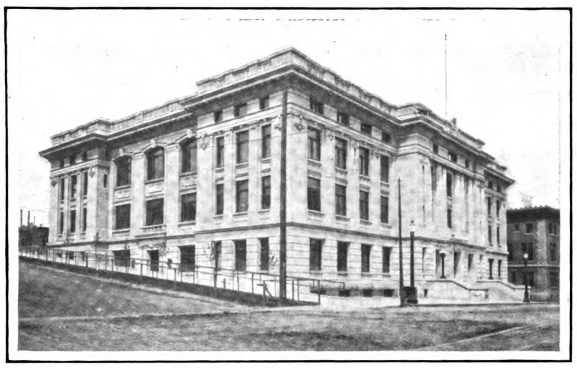
The Natural Advantages of Butte Give Her the Promise of a Splendid Future

BY FRANK T. LARRIMORE



A view of the business section of Butte

ON a cold and cloudy evening in the month of January, 1864, four hardy pioneers were sitting around the crackling camp fire in the valley south of the present city of Butte. Bud Parker, P. Allison, Joseph and James Esler, prospectors, were camping on the banks of a stream which they called Silver Bow Creek. Gold was found, the news of the discovery had spread rapidly, and in a short time the sands in this creek were being panned for many miles along its course. A little village, to which was given the name of Silver Bow, sprang up on the banks of the creek some few miles south of the present city of Butte.



The County Court-House, Butte

Placer mining was carried on for several years, but in the spring of 1867 the yellow metal became scarce and the prospectors sought new fields. It was known, however, during this early period that many promising quartz claims could be located in the vicinity, and many claims were located, but for two reasons, at this time, it was impossible to carry on quartz mining. First, absolute lack of transportation facilities made it impossible, or nearly so, to dispose of the ore, and, secondly, no one seemed to have the knowledge as to how the ores should be treated.

The year 1866 was, all things considered, the most prosperous experienced by the camp as a placer producer, and marked the advent of several settlers, who afterward acquired a wide reputation. Some of them to-day are among the most substantial citizens of Butte, possessed of large holdings in real and mining property.

At the close of the year 1867 the placers had given out completely and nearly every one left the Butte camp. A few, whose faith in future quartz mining for the camp had been unshaken, remained.

The first important record of quartz mining is found as far back as 1867, at which time "Joe" Ramsdall, known as the father of quartz mining in the camp, struck a good character of ore in the Parrot lode and, together with his associates, formed an operating company. A small smelter was subsequently built, but, owing to the insurmountable difficulties, was shortly after abandoned. Silver ore was shipped from the Parrot lode to Swansea, Wales, for treatment, but the cost was so prohibitive that, commercially, the undertaking was a failure.

No important or permanent development took place in quartz-mining until the year 1875, although the faithful few had struggled along, unfolding slowly but surely the immense riches which nature had so carefully covered up.

It remained for William L. Farlin, one of the early pioneers who had worked the placer diggings, to lead the way in quartz-mining. Farlin had become conversant, by examination, with the possibilities of the quartz claims in the territory. He had, however, left the country for the southwestern Idaho mining-fields during the late sixties and had taken with him samples of quartz from the Butte territory. Remaining a few years in the Idaho territory, he there learned the method of treatment for the Butte ores. During the latter part of the month of December, 1874, Farlin returned to the Butte district with his new knowledge of ore treatment, and a few minutes after twelve o'clock, midnight, December 31, 1874, staked out the famous Travona quartz claims just southwest of the present city of Butte. News of Farlin's work spread through this sparsely settled country like wildfire. Its magnetic influence attracted many prospectors to the locality and a little village sprang up and derived its name of Butte from the big butte just west of the city, which stands to-day as a sentinel over the greatest mining-camp in the world.

The settlement at Silver Bow began to move to Butte, and was reduced so in population that in 1880 no record of it was given in the census, while Butte claimed 3,000 inhabitants.

The discovery of the Alice, La Plata, Burlington, Great Republic, and other less famous mines followed in quick succession, and the movement toward Butte resolved itself into a stampede.

Silver, at this time, was the metal exclusively sought. Copper was encountered in no great quantity, except in one instance. In the early seventies W. A. Clark shipped a carload of ore from this mine carrying over thirty-five per cent. copper to Baltimore, Maryland, by means of wagon-trains to Corinne, Utah, and thence by rail. The enormous expense entailed prevented further shipments and the mine was shut down.

Butte reached its zenith as a silver producer in 1887, when the Alice mill, with 80 stamps, the Moulton with 40, the Lexington with 50, the Blue Bird with 90, and the Silver Bow with 30 stamps, were built. The combined output of these mills reached a total of about 400 tons a day, and in addition to this about 100 tons of silver ore were treated a day in several small smelters. The average yield was about $25 per ton in silver and gold. The silver activity continued until 1892, when the decline in the price of the white metal caused practically a suspension of operations.

The discovery of copper ore and production in great quantities laid the foundation for Butte's present prosperity. Its importance attracted the attention of railroad-builders, and on December 21, 1881, the first train steamed into Butte, giving communication with Ogden, Salt Lake, and with the East and West over the lines of the Union Pacific.

Among the most beautiful parks in the entire United States, while not located immediately within the city, is Columbia Gardens, just a few minutes' ride east of Butte. Columbia Gardens are owned by W. A. Clark and operated under the management of the Butte Street Railway Company. Visitors declare without hesitation that the display of old-fashioned flowers grown there is the finest to be seen in the entire United States. Swimming-pools and the usual attractions of a summer park are all found at Columbia Gardens. A complete horticultural and zoological garden is maintained, and from the large greenhouses the most wonderful varieties of flowers are produced. The "zoo" contains the finest specimens of Rocky Mountain goat and bison in the country. There are large ball-grounds within the park, provided with ample seating capacity. Here many football and baseball games are played.

Two miles south of the city limits in the valley is situated the Butte Country Club. The club maintains its own club-house and grounds, where golf, tennis, trap-shooting, and other sports are enjoyed, and where many banquets and social functions are held.

In the neighborhood of the Country Club is found Lake Avoca, a beautiful little sheet of water, which, together with other park attractions, furnishes an opportunity to spend most pleasurable hours during the summer months.

The Butte Chamber of Commerce, although a young organization, is one of the strongest in the Northwest. Its energies are devoted to the development of the commercial and physical interests of the city of Butte.

The Automobile Association is a newly organized body, but its efforts toward the improvement of roads in the vicinity are already producing results.

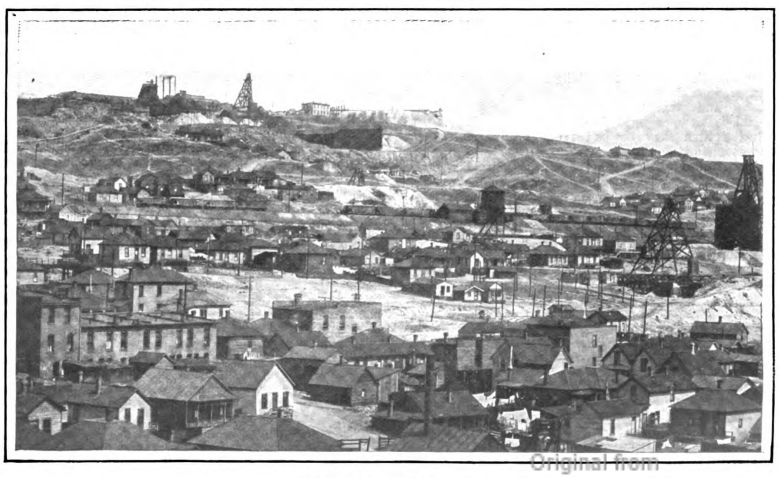
The water-supply of Butte comes from the mountains and the system is one of the most useful and expensive in the country.

For fire protection the city has recently purchased the most modern automobile equipment obtainable.

The street-car system is constantly being extended to take care of the rapid growth of the city, and cars of the latest type are being added to the equipment as fast as they can be obtained. The number of passengers handled for the past five years averages a little more than 9,500,000 per annum.

The Butte post-office does an annual business of about $130,000 on postage and box-rent alone. The building is of modern construction, of large proportions and handsome appearance, and is provided with all the latest equipment for quick handling of the mails.

It is obvious from the foregoing statements of conditions found in the city of Butte that no municipality within the entire boundary of the United States, and possibly none in the world, offers a stronger foundation for future prosperity. With thousands of dollars of ready money; with inexhaustible natural resources; with a superb climate and most adequate transportation facilities, Butte to-day is beginning an era of prosperity and substantial growth which in the future will command the attention of all the manufacturing and trade centers of the United States.



A Montana mining scene

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The Main Street, Helena

Industrial Growth of Helena

BY RALEIGH F. WILKINSON



Mountain scenery near Helena

THE city of Helena is situated in the center of one of the richest gold, silver, and lead districts in the world. The gross yield from these sources since the discovery of gold in "Last Chance" in 1864 has totaled the enormous sum of $161,000,000 in round numbers. The placer ground in the immediate vicinity of Helena and beneath its Main Street has produced thirty millions in virgin gold; while the quartz mines, from four to twenty-five miles distant from the city, have produced $131,000,000 in gold, silver, and lead. Copper mining in the district surrounding Helena has just begun, but it bids fair to be more remunerative and productive than other mines when fully under way.

Grizzly Gulch, Oro Fino, Nelson Gulch, Dry Gulch, Holme's Gulch, Silver Creek Gulch, and Last Chance yielded $30,000,000.

The quartz mines were discovered later on. Unionville and Park City, four miles south of Helena, produced from the quartz mines $6,000,000. Whitlatch-Union $4,000,000; Park, McIntyre, and others, $2,000,0000. Marysville, fifteen miles north of Helena, produced $46,000,000 in gold from the following mines; Drum Lummon, $30,000,000; Gloster, $6,000,000; Empire, $1,000,000; Belmont, $1,000,000; St. Louis, $1,250,000; Bald Mountain, $1,500,000; Penobscot, $1,000,000; Jay Gould, $2,500,000; Blue Bird, $500,000; Granite Butte mines, $1,500,000.

The agricultural land tributary to Helena approximates one million acres, suited to all branches of diversified farming and including dairying, fruit and stock raising.

A large part of this acreage has been under cultivation for over forty years with most excellent results. Until the introduction of scientific "dry" farming only the bottom-lands in this area were thought to be available for agricultural purposes, no farming being done except under irrigation. When the value of "dry" farming was fully demonstrated, it opened to cultivation large areas of "bench" lands, which are producing splendid crops.

The electric power used in the pumping plants is generated at the three large dams on the Missouri River, eighteen miles from Helena. These dams furnish an aggregate of seventy thousand horsepower.

The crops raised comprise all kinds of grains and grasses as well as the various root and garden crops.

A large industry in the growing of seeds, grains, and garden seeds is being developed in this territory. Several large Eastern seed-houses contracting with farmers for the growing have representatives here and in other parts of the territory named.

Owing to the fact that the Prickly Pear Valley, where this industry was begun, at Helena has the longest season of any locality in the state, and that no crop damage has come from frost there, it presents peculiar advantages for seed-growing.

The opportunities for dairying in all its branches are unsurpassed. Along the mountains are numerous small valleys, making ideal locations for this industry. The grasses, both wild and cultivated, are peculiarly rich in the elements needed in the making of high-grade butter and cheese.

All kinds of fruits grown in this latitude do exceedingly well, this being especially true of small fruits, from which the yields are in many cases phenomenally large.

The extensive mountain ranges in this territory provide abundant opportunities for stock-raising, which is carried on to a large extent. A number of high-grade herds and flocks are owned here, the product of which commands a ready sale in all markets.

The climate is salubrious, with mild winters and pleasant summers. Very few destructive atmospheric disturbances have occurred in this vicinity.

The future agricultural possibilities of the section are the equal of any part of the Union. Experiment stations are being conducted, disseminating a knowledge of scientific farming methods.

The location of Helena, the great electric power plant, the rich mining and extensive agricultural districts surrounding the city, make it one of the coming commercial centers of the country.

The present large trade of its manufacturing and wholesale institutions covers all the Northwestern states and the Canadian provinces. The trade will be increased and extended as the great Empire composed of these various divisions reaches its full industrial and commercial development.

Besides the city's present manufactures in brick and tile, granite and marble products, beer, mining machinery, soap, candles, crackers, candies, dairy products, tents and awnings, pharmaceutical preparations, cigars, lumber products, etc., there are openings for a flouring mill, an alfalfa mill, a cannery, and a beet-sugar plant, all of which would pay good returns on the investment.

The wholesale interests of the city represent all lines, with an increasing trade of several millions per year.

One of the great commercial assets of the city is its schools, both public and denominational. Two church colleges located here draw their students from all over the West.

The commercial interests of the city and contiguous territory are unified in the Helena Commercial Club, which is one of the largest and most active organizations of its kind in the West, taking an active part in all progressive development work. Through the efforts of the club the "Placer" Hotel has been completed. This hotel is one of the largest between Chicago and the Pacific coast, and is now open for the entertainment of visitors.

Helena has a pardonable pride in its financial institutions, which rank among the strongest in the Northwest.

During the past ten years the deposits, cash, and total resources of its banking institutions have doubled, and they now show a combined capital of $1,000,000, and surplus and profits of an additional $1,021,000. The growth has been steady and sure.

During the panic of 1907, when reserve banks throughout the United States were paying depositors with clearing-house certificates, Helena banks paid cash. In view of the fact that Helena is a Montana reserve city and demands of correspondents at that time averaged up well with the demands on other localities, this is a record of which the Helena banks are justifiably proud.

For many years the banks of this city have been the clearing-house banks of the state of Montana. Located near the center of Montana, on the main line of the Northern Pacific Railway, and easy of access to the entire northern portion of the state traversed by the transcontinental line of the Great Northern Railway, by reason of that company's road connecting with its main line and passing through the state north and south, Helena occupies a position of great advantage as the home of clearing-house and reserve banks. It is the logical banking center of the state.

The clearing-house, always looked upon as the barometer of business, indicates that the clearings of the Helena banks exceed $50,000,000 per annum, and it might not be untimely to state that many clearing-house cities of the United States, with eight times the population of Helena, do not exceed this city in bank clearings, and, with the steadily increasing business of the state, the banking resources of Helena seem to be assured of a still larger volume.

THE INLAND EMPIRE OF THE NORTHWEST

BY GEORGE BOSTON

THE spring of 1913 marks the one hundredth anniversary of the first planting in the section of the Pacific Northwest called the Inland Empire.

In that one hundred years agriculture in many of its forms has been the basis for building up a population of one million people in a territory radiating one hundred and fifty miles in all directions from Spokane. It has helped to build a city of 120,000 population by the falls of the Spokane. Yet only the "high spots" have been touched in this section, from an agricultural standpoint. Industrially, the future looms large, and capital is now engaged in blazing the trail that the fullest return may be had from the variety of resources nature has given.

Commercially, the city of Spokane is the center of this Inland Empire, comprising Washington east of the Cascades, the panhandle of Idaho, northeastern Oregon, southeastern British Columbia, and western Montana. Besides having the advantage of central location, boundaries presented by nature in the form of mountains and otherwise by distance from other natural distributing points of importance give Spokane the logical and indisputable entrance to the trade and wealth of this empire.

Mines, forests, water power, broad acres in farms and orchards, and lands suitable for cattle, horses, and other kinds of live stock—these are the things that have made Spokane what it is to-day. With their development to date of only [illegible]tion of their possibilities, these are the things [illegible] expected to make this city a leader among inl[illegible]ters.

A survey of industrial Spoka[illegible] revealed the fact that 215 factories and public [illegible] corporations in Spokane have an annual output worth $50,000,000, that they employ 10,053 persons on an annual payroll of $8,104,174, and that the[illegible]rms have invested $50,926,273.

Abundant water-power in the rushing streams of the Spokane country is the great lever that will unlock the storehouses of wealth and send this city bounding ahead during the next few years. Engineers have estimated the available horse-power in the streams of that district to be 3,000,000. At present 146,000 electric horse-power is developed.

Although agricultural production in the Inland Empire began in 1813, it has been only in the last thirty years that it has assumed commercial importance. In the valley of the Spokane River, now one of the leading fruit and mixed-farming districts in the Pacific Northwest, intensive agriculture is practically a development of the past decade. Greater progress has been made there in the last five years than had come in the preceding ninety-five years. Last year one growers' union shipped 32,000 crates of berries, 26,000 crates of tomatoes, 26,000 crates of apples and pears, 4,000 sacks of potatoes, and 18,000 crates of miscellaneous produce; in all, fifty-two varieties.

While many fortunes and comfortable livelihoods in far greater numbers have been yielded by the soil of the Inland Empire, the farmer's introduction to the fact that modern business methods require teamwork is recent. The farmer has demonstrated the fact that the soil here produces richly a variety of products. Now, with the aid of the business man, he has set about to supplement production by intelligent, co-operative distribution and marketing.

This movement found firm root at a conference of growers, bankers, transportation experts, and business men in Spokane last November. The concrete result is a strong corporation, representative of growers in all districts of Washington, Idaho, Oregon, and Montana, that will commence this year the co-operative marketing of farm products. Since the big apple crop suggested the need of such an organization, apples will receive the greatest attention from this agency at the start.

Thus is it proposed to assure the tiller of the soil a good return. In the rolling prairies of the Palouse, Walla Walla, and Big Bend districts visitors are often amazed to have pointed out men in overalls who are rated at from $100,000 to $1,000,000. Wheat is the answer.

But, despite the fortunes made from the growing of this great staple, inevitable law has decreed that the day of the thousand-acre and larger farm will be a thing of the past in a few years. By a simple process of reasoning this becomes clear. Land values ultimately will increase to the point where diversified farming will yield far greater returns. In places that time already has come. When the change becomes general these great farms will be cut up to provide an outlet for land-hungry people and money.

When it is remembered that the great farm is still the rule, it is readily seen how this resource has been only scratched in the Inland Empire.

The forests of this section constitute still another exceedingly valuable asset. In the territory described above as the Inland Empire there are 250,000,000,000 feet of standing timber. In 1910 the production of lumber amounted to 1,450,000,000 board feet. The following year found the eastern demand for lumber lessened, and the production was 1,200,000,000 feet, board measure. At $16 per thousand feet, the 1910 lumber production in the Spokane territory had a value of $23,200,000.

What the lumber industry does to bring in new capital is seen in the fact that about sixty per cent. of its product is sold outside of this territory, so that $14,000,000 or $15,000,000 of new money is brought in each year.

Spokane is abundantly supplied with railroad facilities, having five transcontinental roads, seven branch steam lines, and seven interurban electric lines. In addition, through service is maintained by the Burlington and by the Chicago & Northwestern. These roads give the city strategic advantage of importance in an industrial way, and make it the trade and jobbing center for the surrounding country.

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PENN STATE

WHITE PINE—A NATIONAL ASSET

BY WILLIAM DEARY

FROM the days of earliest New England settlements down to the present time the white-pine forests of the nation have been closely linked with the adventure, the charm, and the romance of our history. Perhaps no commodities have entered so largely into the commercial and industrial supremacy of the nation as the products of these forests.

White-pine logs were used by the New England pioneers for the construction of their first cabins; while-pine stockades protected them from the attacks of the Indians. The turpentine, tar, and resin of the white pine were used extensively by these hardy pioneers as domestic remedies. The mothers of the nation used white-pine distaffs and looms in spinning and weaving the cloth for their families.

White-pine furniture was generally used in rural homes in early Colonial days, although white oak in abundance was at hand. Austere Puritan and Pilgrim ministers expounded the Gospel in white-pine meeting-houses from white-pine pulpits to congregations seated on white-pine benches.

There is some doubt as to the year in which the first New England sawmill was built for the manufacture of white-pine lumber, but it seems reasonably certain that it was built at York, Maine, about 1623, and the second at what is now South Berwick, Maine, in 1631 or 1632.

Both of these mills were probably of the type which was used with little if any improvement until the beginning of the nineteenth century. They were driven by water power and the machinery and saws were of the crudest, simplest form. From 1,000 to 3,000 feet, board measure, constituted a good day's run.

From the beginning of operations the product of these primitive little mills was so eagerly sought that within a few years a number of mills were built in Maine, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, and white-pine lumber sprang into first place among the exports of the colonies. At first timbers were shipped to England, where they were resawed by hand, as there were no sawmills in the British Isles at the time. Later clear white-pine boards, deals, staves, and planks were exported to England, Cuba, Haiti, the Canary Islands, Guinea, and as far as Madagascar in exchange for provisions, general merchandise, sugar, molasses, wines, and slaves.

About this time it was discovered that white-pine decking, masts, yards, and spars were superior to any in use in vessels of the time, and this discovery offered a new export market for the product of the while-pine forests of New England which the shrewd settlers were quick to supply.

It followed, naturally, that with abundant sources of the best woods available for the purpose close at hand, ship-building became a large and flourishing industry along the Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts coasts, and white pine entered largely into the construction of the vessels that were annually built by the hundreds. The use of white pine was confined, however, to decking, masts, spars, and interior cabin finish, on account of its lightness and flexibility, and to figureheads because of the ease with which it could be carved artistically.

The center of activity in the white-pine lumber industry moved gradually westward through New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, and finally through Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota.

For nearly three centuries the white-pine lumberman of the Northern states has blazed a western trail into the wilderness. He was followed by the railroad, the farmer, the stock-raiser, the merchant, and the manufacturer.

The largest body of white-pine timber in the world is in northern Idaho, and on this tract stands the only mature white-pine forest of any magnitude now extant. In all the older white-pine states there is a small quantity of first-growth timber left, but the greater part of the white pine in these sections consists of second growth, which, in the far Eastern states, is the result of reforestation.

The largest known white-pine tree of our day was felled in Latah County, Idaho, on December 12, 1911. This ancient monarch of the forest was six feet nine inches in diameter and contained over 28,900 feet of lumber, a large proportion of which was of the highest quality.

Much of the land in Idaho now covered by white-pine forests will eventually be put under cultivation, and the stillness of the forests will give place to the chug of the gasolene tractor, the hum of the mower, the lowing of cattle, and the merry laugh of the children.

In Idaho, as in other white-pine states, the kingly forests will yield to prosperous farmers, sleek herds, interurban electric lines, bustling towns, and the roar of industrial pursuits. This will not come to pass in our time, however, as Idaho has white pine in plenty for the nation's use for many years.

For almost 300 years white pine has led the lumber cut of the North American continent.

It combines in a rare degree those qualities which the users of wood have learned to prize most highly. The wood is beautiful in grain and color and seasons readily and perfectly; it does not contain objectionable acids, oils, or pitchy substances, and as a consequence takes all kinds of stains, paints, and finishes in the most perfect manner; though light in weight, it has remarkably strong fiber, yet works easily under plane, saw, and chisel; it has a pleasant, wholesome odor, does not warp or splinter, and lasts remarkably well when exposed to the weather. It is, therefore, the wood pre-eminently best fitted for general use.

During Colonial times the cargoes of England and America were carried under white-pine decks. White-pine masts and spars bent to the winds of every sea and white-pine bowsprits and figureheads poked into every port of the world.

The signal lanterns that sent Paul Revere on the memorable ride which had such a far-reaching effect on the destinies of the Colonies were swung in the white-pine steeple of old South Church.

In the naval engagements of the Revolution, the War of 1812, and the Rebellion the blood of the gallant sailors on both sides stained the white-pine decks of the men-of-war.

The wonderful Baltimore clippers, the fastest sailing-vessels of their day, made their marvelous records under white-pine masts and spars.

The history of white pine is inseparably linked with the history of the nation's industrial and commercial development and prosperity.

The inventions which have set America above all other nations of the world have been sketched and drafted on white-pine drawing-boards.

Patterns from which are cast the gears and wheels of the commerce and industry of the world are fashioned only out of white pine.

The tank at which the locomotive pulling the overland flyer stops to get its water; the cask in which your wine is aged; the churn in which your butter is made; the match with which you light your cigar; the keys of your piano; the pipes of your church organ; the wash-tubs, water-pails, and ice-cream freezer in the basement—are all made of white pine.

No other wood in America combines so many desirable qualities and characteristics as does this.

A LEADER OF THE PINE FAMILY

BY ROBERT ANDREWS

WESTERN yellow pine (*Pinus ponderosa*), which is now almost universally known among the lumbermen as Western pine, is in general heavier and stronger than the pine of the northern or eastern part of the United States, the white pine of the West, or the sugar pine of California. It often resembles white pine in color, weight, and softness, and has a fine, even grain. The weight of the dry wood is 29.4 pounds per cubic foot, about 2,600 pounds per thousand feet, board measure; its breaking strength is 10,100 pounds per square inch. The late wood, the hardest part of the annual rings, made during the end of each season, is harder and of a darker color than white pine and has a more uniform structure. The heart wood varies, but is usually hard, moderately heavy (30 pounds per cubic foot when kiln-dried), strong, and light reddish-brown in color.

Where there is a long growing season with good soil and moisture conditions, as in the Cœur d'Alene or Panhandle of the Idaho regions, the ring produced each year is wider and there is an abundant growth of late wood. The cell elements found in the late wood of trees grown under such favorable conditions are strong and make the wood more durable, and the lumber of fully matured trees of the best quality. One thousand board feet of this species loses 2,000 to 3,000 pounds in the process of seasoning.

The botanical range of this pine extends from southern British Columbia to Lower California and northern Mexico and in every state west of the great plains.

Few trees have a commercial range as wide as the Western yellow pine. It has its best developments on the Pacific coast, but it covers one-third of the United States. It is cut in Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming, and is found to a smaller extent over a considerably wider area.

The total estimated stand of Western yellow pine in the United States is 275,000,000,000 feet, b. m. The total cut for 1910 was 1,564,000,000 feet, or approximately 6 per cent. of the total timber cut of the United States. Western yellow pine ranked first in the cut of the state of Idaho for 1910. The cut in that year was 280,533,000 feet, b. m., as compared with 232,442,000 feet of white pine. It is significant that of the principal timber species of Idaho, Western yellow pine produces approximately 74 per cent. of all wood used by its industries, Idaho white pine producing approximately 19 per cent. and Douglas fir 5 per cent. The average cost per thousand feet for Western yellow pine in 1910 was $14.67 and $21.02 for Idaho white pine. Western yellow pine constitutes 98.49 per cent. of the wood manufactured into boxes, and all the wood used for this purpose grows in Idaho. For sash, doors, blinds, and general mill-work 4,260,000 feet of Western yellow pine were used in 1910 as compared with 541,500 feet of white pine. It ranges in price from $13.31 for boxes to $52.40 per thousand feet for boat construction.

The growth of Western yellow pine in this country is rapid and it comes up abundantly on all cut and burned over areas. It grows to a height of 125 to 175 feet and has a diameter of from three to seven feet. In the Southwest, under conditions best suited for its development, the height growth is most rapid at 60 to 100 years of age. After 100 years the height growth declines until from 160 to 180 years it falls below the mean annual growth of .37 of a foot. In that country, at the age of 200 years, the Western yellow pine will have a height growth of approximately .96 foot, with a diameter of twenty-four feet. In Idaho, however, the rate of growth is much faster, especially height growth.

The texture and general quality of this wood make it highly serviceable for many of the common planing-mill products. Thick finish from one and one-quarter to two inches, inch finish, siding, flooring, factory plank, or shop common, factory selects, thick common lumber, common boards, shiplap, grooved roofing, and dressed and matched (D. and M.) dimension, fencing, and lath are the principal products into which Western yellow pine is separated when it leaves the yard or planer. Many of these products are shipped in the rough as they come from the sawmill, but the bulk of the material is run through the planer and either surfaced or remanufactured into some of the finished forms. This renders possible a closer grading and at the same time, by lightening the weight, assists considerably in reducing freight charges. This is important, as most of the stock is shipped a long distance from points of production.

The wood is well suited for flooring. Its even grain and wearing properties commend its use for this purpose, and it does not shrink or warp greatly after proper seasoning.

The wood is very serviceable for drop siding and is inferior only to Idaho white pine for bevel siding. Its light weight, ease of working, lack of pitch, suitable grain, and ability to hold its shape and to hold paint make Western yellow pine one of the favorite woods for siding.

As a finishing wood for window and door casings and baseboards it readily meets a big demand, especially when it is to be painted. Its grain figures enhance its value for finish when it is desired to stain the wood. Its resistance to warping and checking commend it for paneling and general finish, especially when enamel paints are used.

For shop and factory lumber the Western yellow pine is ideal, and it is in great demand for sash and door stock, cabinet-work, furniture parts, and general finishing and manufacturing purposes. Its even grain, smooth finish, easy-working properties, and resistance to warping and checking enhance its value for uses of the trades. In its general serviceability for secondary manufacturing plants requiring soft woods it is exceeded among its associated species only by Idaho white pine (*Pinus monticola*), for which it is often mistaken and substituted.

Common lumber of Western yellow pine is often manufactured in planing-mills for use as tank stock, step plank, and box lumber. Large quantities of surfaced lumber of the lower grades are consumed for box manufacture within or without the state.

Western yellow pine has uses ranging from the coarsest construction to highly finished products. House frames, beams, joists, rafters, sills, sheathing, and studding are cut in all workable dimensions. It is heavier and stronger than Eastern white pine or the sugar pine of the far West. In some respects, chiefly in appearance, its wood bears considerable resemblance to both. The building of flumes to lead water along the faces of steep mountains and across sandy tracts for floating timber, operating mines, and for irrigation calls for very large quantities of wood, and yellow pine meets much of the demand. It frequently grows in the regions where the flumes are built, and for that reason it is the cheapest and most convenient material available.

Some of the finished products of the wood, notably sashes and blinds, are sold both at home and abroad as white pine. Planing-mills that manufacture flooring and ceiling obtain some of their best lumber from Western yellow-pine yards. It is often known as California white pine and is made into several kinds of interor finish—molding, spindles, balusters, railing, panels, newels, brackets, chair boards and frames. The wood is now shipped into Iowa and Minnesota and as far east as Wisconsin and Illinois, to be made into these products.

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PENN STATE

JAPAN AND THE PHILIPPINES

One Writer's Views on California's Alien Land Law, Japan's Aggressive Schemes, and the Need of Abandoning the Archipelago

BY VICTOR ROUSSEAU

JAPAN, with an area of 111,192 square miles — roughly, two-thirds that of California — supports a population of nearly fifty million persons. Two-thirds of her territory is mountainous, and therefore practically valueless for agriculture. The average farm is about three acres in extent. While her increasing manufactures afford employment to millions of her population, land is the nation's urgent need. Japan needs colonies as no other nation does —more even than Germany. She must expand or die of inanition.

Deprived of Sakhalin, her most northerly island, by Russia, shortly after her ports were thrown open to the world, Japan turned southward for expansion. In 1879 she annexed the Loo-choo Islands which stretch between Kiushiu, an island of Japan proper, and Formosa. In 1895, after the termination of her war with China, she obtained Formosa itself. The distance from the most southerly point of Kiushiu to Formosa is about six hundred miles. The distance from Formosa to the most northerly point of Luzon, the largest of the Philippine Islands, is about three hundred.

The Japanese government has vainly attempted to place some of its surplus population on Sakhalin, the southern half of which was ceded by Russia after the conclusion of the war of a decade ago. Sakhalin is a barren arctic land, famous mainly for the size of its bears and for the hairy Ainos, its aboriginal population. Korea, which Japan acquired still more recently, has a people of its own and offers little attraction to settlers. There is only one territory in which Japan can adequately settle her surplus people. That is the Philippines, with an area slightly larger than that of Japan and a population of fewer than eight millions, mainly of Malayan origin, and thus, according to the opinion of ethnologists, half-brothers to the Japanese. Furthermore, the Philippines are in the direct path of Japan's southward expansion.

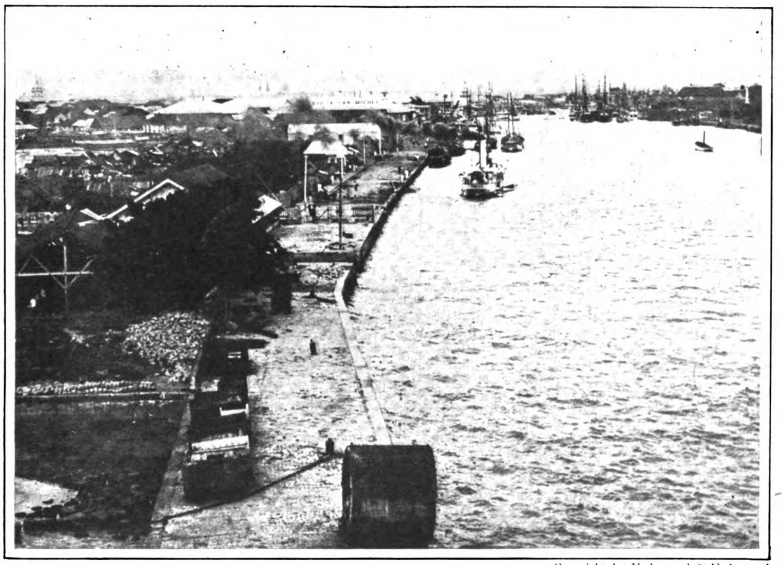
The days have long gone by when civilized nations make war upon pique or to avenge national honor. War happens when a nation with a high birth-rate needs land which is occupied or coveted by another nation. The Balkan War was caused, primarily, because the fecundity of the Slav peoples exceeded that of the Turks. They had populated territories which Turkey had owned but failed to occupy, just as the Poles are overrunning eastern Prussia and as we overran Texas and the Southwest. The clash of Russia and Japan in the Far East was due to the same conflict between expanding nations. Such wars are natural wars and as inevitable as those which nature wages in the animal and vegetable worlds.

Thus it is inevitable that Japan must acquire the Philippines, peacefully if she can, forcibly if she must. The law of self-preservation is mightier than any of the Commandments. Her galling poverty, which is advanced as her most urgent reason for keeping the peace, is thus her keenest incentive. No state has been restrained from war by poverty. Japan must have land or starve. True, her increasing manufactures may bring her wealth, but this is annually created. The wealth of the world is nearly all renewed annually from the soil. Its source lies in the land and Japan must have land.

Since the conclusion of her war with Russia Japan has been arming even more feverishly than before. Her people are taxed as are no other in the world. Her naval expenditures have increased from $19,231,945 in 1906 to $46,158,216 in 1912. A scheme drawn up by Admiral Takarabe provides for an encounter with an imaginary enemy disposing of twenty-one battle-ships. It proposes the construction of three Dreadnoughts of the most powerful type and for the eventual building of eight Dreadnoughts. It may be noted that the original scheme provided for the immediate building of these eight Dreadnoughts, and this was modified only because of financial exigencies of the most pressing character. There are also to be four battle cruisers, eight scouts, and forty destroyers.

Eight Dreadnoughts are now in commission in United States waters. It is significant that Japan proposes the construction of an equal number.

Against whom, then, is Japan arming? Not against her ally, England, or against Germany, watching each other on the North Sea, nor Russia, whose naval forces are pitifully inferior to those of Japan. Nothing but the prevision of a life-and-death struggle with the United States would stimulate Japan to make these desperate sacrifices. Unfortunately, the cry of "wolf," repeated, loses its thrill. But sooner or later all these prognosticated things come true and always when the cry elicits no response.



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The Pasig River, showing the approaches to Manila

History presents many ironical situations, but there has been none so ironical as that of the United States waging a Seven Years' War with Japan in defense of territories which she does not want and only to "save her face."

That this country does not want the Philippines is almost an axiom. Her occupation of the Philippines was the worst blunder in her history. Not only has it reacted unfavorably upon her free government at home, but it has committed her to an imperialistic policy which preserves nothing and advantages nothing. England acquired India reluctantly and step by step to defend the trading-posts of her East India Company; she took over the government of that peninsula only after the massacres of the Mutiny, and more than two hundred and fifty years after the East India Company was chartered. The acquisition of India shuts up a large part of her army there; her colonists cannot settle or raise children there; her conquest has compelled the acquisition of South Africa, with its bloody history, of Aden, Malta, Gibraltar, and Beluchistan, and the establishing of protectorates in Egypt and southern Arabia; it has produced three Afghan wars and will probably cause England's undoing; and all these burdens were added when the first trading-post was built in Bengal three centuries ago. But with the Philippines we gain nothing, and with two continents to be conquered commercially we open a gaping wound in our defenses.

History abounds with similar maladroit enterprises. It was the Sicilian Expedition which ruined Athens and brought her to the feet of Sparta. There is Spain's own example which we might have heeded. Unless we evacuate the Philippines we court disaster and national humiliation.

The Philippines are three times as far from our Pacific ports as from Japan. The opening of the Panama Canal will leave this fact where it is to-day. When Japan strikes she will strike swiftly. Long before our fleet is ready to sail her transports will be bearing down on the islands, conveying an enormous army there, capable of living off the country and of maintaining itself there indefinitely without provisioning in case of a successful blockade. There is no likelihood that Japan would leave her secure bases to adventure any wild attack on our Pacific shores. California, Oregon, Washington, Alaska, and Hawaii even would exist in their pristine security; but the Philippines would be overrun and conquered within six weeks.

They say the defenses of Manila are all but impregnable. So was Port Arthur, so was Adrianople, so was Metz—before the German armies captured it. Our petty garrisons would be starved or overwhelmed by numbers; and there need be no hurry about it.

Consider, then, the ludicrousness of our position with three hundred thousand trained Japanese soldiers in the Philippines. It took a year after the first battle of Bull Run for either side to place a trained and organized army in the field. The memories of the Spanish War may also be evoked for comparison. How long would it take to raise, train, and provision a quarter of a million soldiers, the minimum force that would be serviceable? How long to train reserves to fill their decimated ranks? How could we carry on a successful war in hostile territory occupied by a victorious army near its bases? Where would we obtain the transports to carry our men across the Pacific, and in what harbor of refuge would we leave them while our transports went scurrying back for the reserves? There is only one comparison, and it deals with the man who had to carry a fox, a goose, and a bag of oats over a stream one at a time.

But suppose we begged or borrowed transports from Great Britain to carry part of our army to some base where it could hold out against investment until the transports had returned and brought a second force. Picture, then, this huge, unwieldy fleet, staggering to and fro across the Pacific, a prey to vagrant cruisers of the enemy. Certainly our fleet could not at once blockade the islands, convoy the transports, and watch the enemy's ships. Naturally, the transports could not sail at all until every hostile war vessel had been swept from the seas. But would Japan pit her unequal navy against our own, supposing that it is then unequal? She has fifty-four torpedo-boats to our nineteen, and from this fact it may be inferred what her tactics would be. She would wear down our blockade, harass us with night attacks, pick off our battle-ships one by one, and avoid any direct encounter.

To blockade the Japanese coasts would be as futile as to blockade the Philippines. Far from any possible base, we could not maintain such a blockade for any length of time, nor could we inflict serious injury by the assault upon some coastal city. The war would be confined to the Philippines, and the reconquest of the Philippines would be a military impossibility.

True, we might build a fleet so large that it would achieve the impossible; we might leave our offices and factories and plows and, by bankrupting our resources, convert ourselves into a nation of trained soldiers within a period of seven years or so. But even if this could be accomplished and the Philippines regained it would avail us nothing. We should be a bankrupt nation with a bankrupt colony, the Monroe doctrine in a museum, Germany in Brazil, the insolvent Central American republics administered by half a dozen creditor nations, and President Debs in the White House.

No nation is greater than facts. To talk about American prowess as though we were a superior brand of mortals is the cheapest and most ignorant claptrap. No nation has ever conquered through the prowess of its soldiers, but always through that in which we are the least of mankind: national discipline evidenced by preparedness for war. The proudest nation has to bow before facts, and if Japan occupied the Philippines we could never regain them. To regain the Islands by armed force is impossible, not because of the superior virtue of our potential enemies, but because of geography.

Therefore, unless we are prepared to augment our fleet until it is immeasurably superior to anything that Japan can bring against us, and to throw into the Philippines a force of two hundred thousand men to form a permanent garrison there, let us evacuate the islands before humiliation comes upon us. Let us be frankly imperialistic, for the sake of empire, to our tremendous loss and the imminent destruction of popular institutions at home—for democracy and empire are incompatible—or let us exercise common sense and attend to our own vast and undeveloped domains. A Philippine Republic is an unrealizable aspiration, nor could it survive; nor could we carry out our guarantee of protection. To set up one would be to invite reoccupation within a term of years. But to approach Japan, offering her the protectorate over the islands, would convert an inevitable enemy into a friend and ally whose assistance would be of incalculable value in the development of our Chinese trade, the recognition of our title to the Hawaiian Islands, and our security upon our Western shores.

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CALIFORNIA'S SIDE OF IT

Why the Little Man from Little Nippon is Giving the Big State of California a Fearfully Bad Time

By

EDWARD HUNGERFORD

IF you want to view the Japanese situation through the eyes of California drive out to Florin, just beyond the wide-sprawling city of Sacramento. Florin is in the heart of one of the richest agricultural districts upon the continent. It grows strawberries and Tokay grapes, chiefly the former. Recently it has added another crop—little flat-faced, brown-skinned children. And it is because of these children that a problem, at the beginning almost exclusively Californian, has become something more than a national one. It is because of the thing that the changing population of Florin typifies that a mob of twenty thousand angry Japanese marched through the streets of Tokio last month execrating Americans and all things American.

It was because of this very thing that we drove out from Sacramento to Florin on a May afternoon and over one of the wonderful "county roads" of which your California farmer is so justly proud. The country on either side bespoke its prosperity. Like a calm sea it stretched away to intangible horizons, a dead level of fertile land, bringing forth as only the semi-tropical California farm-land can bring, the fruits of the earth. Innumerable home-fashioned windmills brought to the earth the moisture of hidden waters. The road that leads from Sacramento off toward Stockton is a busy way. Down it come the automobiles of the prosperous fruit-farmers of the valley—and they are not all cheap or second-hand cars, at that.

Florin is a typical California farming village, with its broad main street, its dusty wooden houses, its inevitable yellow depot. It harbors, in addition to that inevitable railroad station, two general stores, two blacksmith shops, three saloons, a restaurant—so-called—a crude little wooden church, and a schoolhouse over which the American flag is floating. Japanese own and conduct a general store, a blacksmith shop, and two of the saloons, in addition to the restaurant. Excluding the church, the school, and the railroad, it might be fairly said that they hold the balance of commercial power at Florin. And that does not represent their balance of numerical strength. There are between 300 and 400 American men and women upon the polling-lists of Florin. There are some 1,500 full-grown Japanese men and women dwelling within the township.

It was in 1885 that Japanese emigration into the United States was legalized, although, since 1907, the so-called "gentlemen's agreement" has done away with the necessity of issuing passports. It was long after 1885 before California looked upon the Japanese with anything else than a sort of humorous affection. They met the merry taste of a merry folk. As house servants they were even superior to the Chinese, and so house servants they became. That was in the beginning. It was not until some twelve or fifteen years ago that the Japanese seemed to take real cognizance of agricultural California. And it was the most natural thing in the world that a class of men who succeeded as house servants because of their ability to do hard and grinding work, and to do it well, should succeed as servants in the fields and in the orchards. The problem of engaging "white help" for farm work was following closely in the track of the similar difficulties in domestic service. So the Japanese began to multiply in the fields of California—particularly in the rich reclaimed districts around about the Sacramento, the San Joaquin, the Santa Clara, and the Vaca valleys.

In a little time they had more than merely met the shortage of "white help" in these farming territories, where plenty of human hands are necessary for a successful marketing of the crops. Instead of meeting a shortage they were driving the white men out of many of the fields of California—Irish, German, even native-born Americans, who, because of mental inaptitude, might hardly hope for better than manual labor through the years of their lives. The process was simple. The Japanese could live on lower wages. Then, when the last of the competent white help of those fertile valley bottoms had gone his way, the Jap began, with the slow, patient, persistent insistence which is so characteristic of him, to demand a better wage. His white employer rubbed his eyes in astonishment. There was a point to which such advances might go and still leave a margin of profit for the owner of the farm. But that point was soon passed and still the inscrutable brown men demanded their increases. If they did not receive them they went away—and the farmer looked elsewhere for laborers. It was all part of a well-conceived plan.

Now you can perceive the situation, as the Californian sees it to-day. The Japanese having forced out the employee, has begun to force out the employer—particularly in the best lands of the river valleys. Staggered by the steady demands for increase in pay and by the passing of the white farm laborer, the white farmer of those rich valleys within a hundred miles finds himself confronted by three choices. He can sell his farm to the Japanese, he can lease it to them, or he can let them operate it on shares. All these paths are intolerable to the native Californians—the sons of the men who came out to the state when it was a wilderness and who have had a hand in making it both strong and great—but none other seems open to them. Generally they are glad to sell and get out, sometimes they lease, but they very rarely are content to work the thing on shares. White man and brown man do not make congenial partners.

So much for the typical farm-land situation. Now consider, for an instant, the situation in the cities. Sacramento, where we started to drive to Florin, will do. Sacramento is a typical bustling, hustling American town; with a decent self-respect and pride in itself that breaks forth in well-planned and handsome buildings and in well-groomed streets and lawns. For a time the Japanese were content to live in the cheaper and older parts of the town, for Sacramento, like many of its larger brethren, has an unconscionable habit of spreading its wings almost overnight and slipping out from its older and more congested streets. The Japanese wanted to spread his wings too. In no one other way did he show the difference that exists between the Chinaman and himself more clearly. John Chinaman is not ambitious. He is honest, clean, hard-working, to his own lights highly moral, but when his day's work in the kitchen or the laundry is finished he is content to smoke his pipe and dream. His dreams do not carry, however, far beyond that kitchen or that laundry.

Your Japanese is highly different. He dreams of being a legislator, but in the mean time he is ready to take some intermediate steps—to become a small shopkeeper, a banker, anything that brings him responsibility, increased earnings, and power. His social ambitions keep pace with his commercial. No street, no quarter of any California city, is too good for him, or for his. And his method of injecting himself into such a quarter is quite as ingenious as his way of getting control of farm-lands.

He will go into the part of a city that he likes—in Sacramento or Berkeley or San José, even San Francisco—and he will buy a house that he likes. He will pay any price that the owner demands, perhaps up to five times its value. The instant that sale is announced the value of other property in that block begins to decline. He will probably pick up an adjoining house or two at about its assessed value. After that he and his compatriots can have the remainder of the block at their own price. The Japs have made a shrewd enough bargain to more than cover the outrageous price that they paid to start the wedge.

"Caste!" you begin to say.

Caste, of course, but your Californian is not more particular as to mingling with the brown men than our own beloved South has been about mingling with the black man. Of course the Japanese, with better schooling and a far quicker mentality, is hardly to be compared to the negro. That makes the problem the more complicated. For to the whites of the west coast the Japanese are quite as impossible in even the most distant social connections as the negroes are to the whites of the South.

"The reason?" you begin to demand. "The Japanese is infinitely superior to the negro."

Probably he is. The most bitter of anti-Japanese agitators will admit that he is a likable little fellow, cleanly in his habits, unwavering in his fidelity and his patriotism. If he is uncertain in his business agreements, notably so in comparison with the scrupulous Chinaman, please be broad enough to realize that the Japanese has his own code of business morals and lives up to them. Americans and Chinese have another, much more easily understood by all of us, and so the Japanese suffers. Frankly, he has no understanding of the meaning of the word "contract." He thinks the white man silly to stand by the written provisions of a piece of paper with meaningless signatures upon it, when he can better himself by breaking those provisions. That is the Japanese way of looking at a contract. He is quite as honest-hearted and as consistent in it as when he unhesitatingly lays down his life for a friend or for his native land.

"You can put it down to racial prejudice and let it go at that," your Californian will tell you. "We say that our America is for white folks and not for yellow men."

He hesitates for a moment, then begins again:

"If you want to see what we are struggling against take a steamer from San Francisco out to Hawaii. See what the unrestricted inflow of yellow men has done for the business and social morals of those islands. . . . One Ellis Island is enough for the land. And in a little while the Canal will be finished and our own Portuguese problem will be multiplying, other problems of the same sort growing as transatlantic ships filled with the trash of southern Europe come sailing up to the docks of California."

Here, then, is the fullness of the problem. It came to a dramatic point one day a few weeks ago with a hearing on the alien land bill in the big Capitol at Sacramento. Some effective voices had been lifted in opposition to the measure. The management of the exposition at San Francisco—that big show that is to be California's joy and pride two years hence—stood against the measure. The manager of the show was in rather a delicate position. For it was Japan who was the very first of all the nations to enter with an exhibit.

"We will take any number of acres up to six," she said, "and agree to spend a million dollars an acre."

She was assigned two acres and immediately began planning to build upon them, in permanent form, a reproduction of the Mikado's tea gardens which, when the exposition is ended, will be a gift to the city of San Francisco. The management of the exposition felt its debt to Japan and stood manfully against the bill. There were other interests that stood against it, among them concerns that had elaborate plans for the reclamation of marshes into rice-fields and the employment of Japanese labor for their development. All of these made good arguments. When they were done a farmer from over near Elk Grove was given the floor. He was a tall, pantherish sort of a man, a deadly-in-earnest sort of a man who nervously stroked his chin-whiskers as he talked to the legislators.

"My neighbor is a Jap," he said, hastily. "He has an eighty-acre place next to mine and he is a smart fellow. He has a white woman living in his house and upon that white woman's knee is a baby.

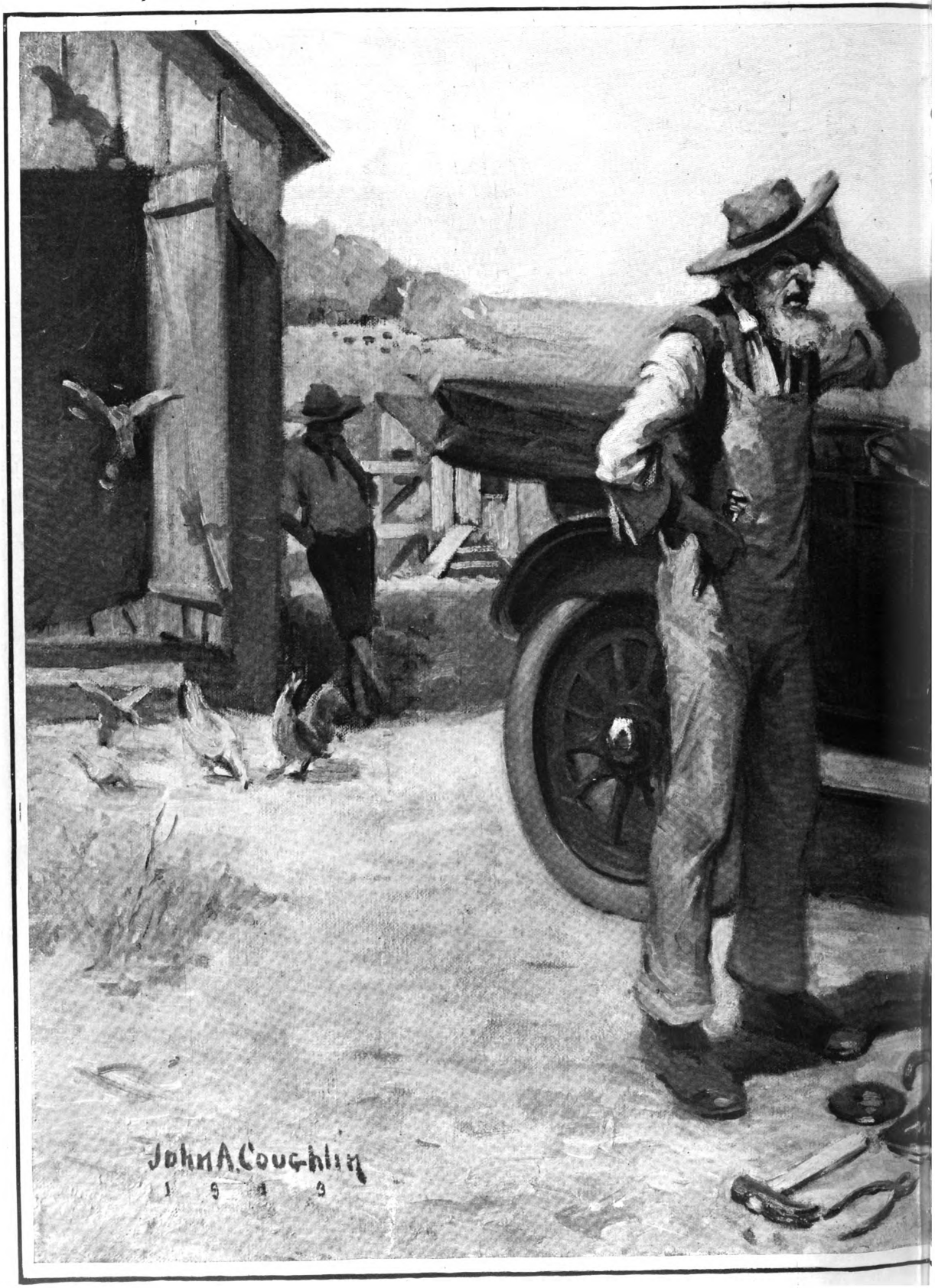
"Now what is that baby? It isn't white. It isn't Japanese. I'll tell you what it is. It is the beginning of a problem—the biggest race problem that the world has ever known."

And in that instant every objection to the bill was swept from the minds of California's legislators.



The lowest grade at the school in Florin

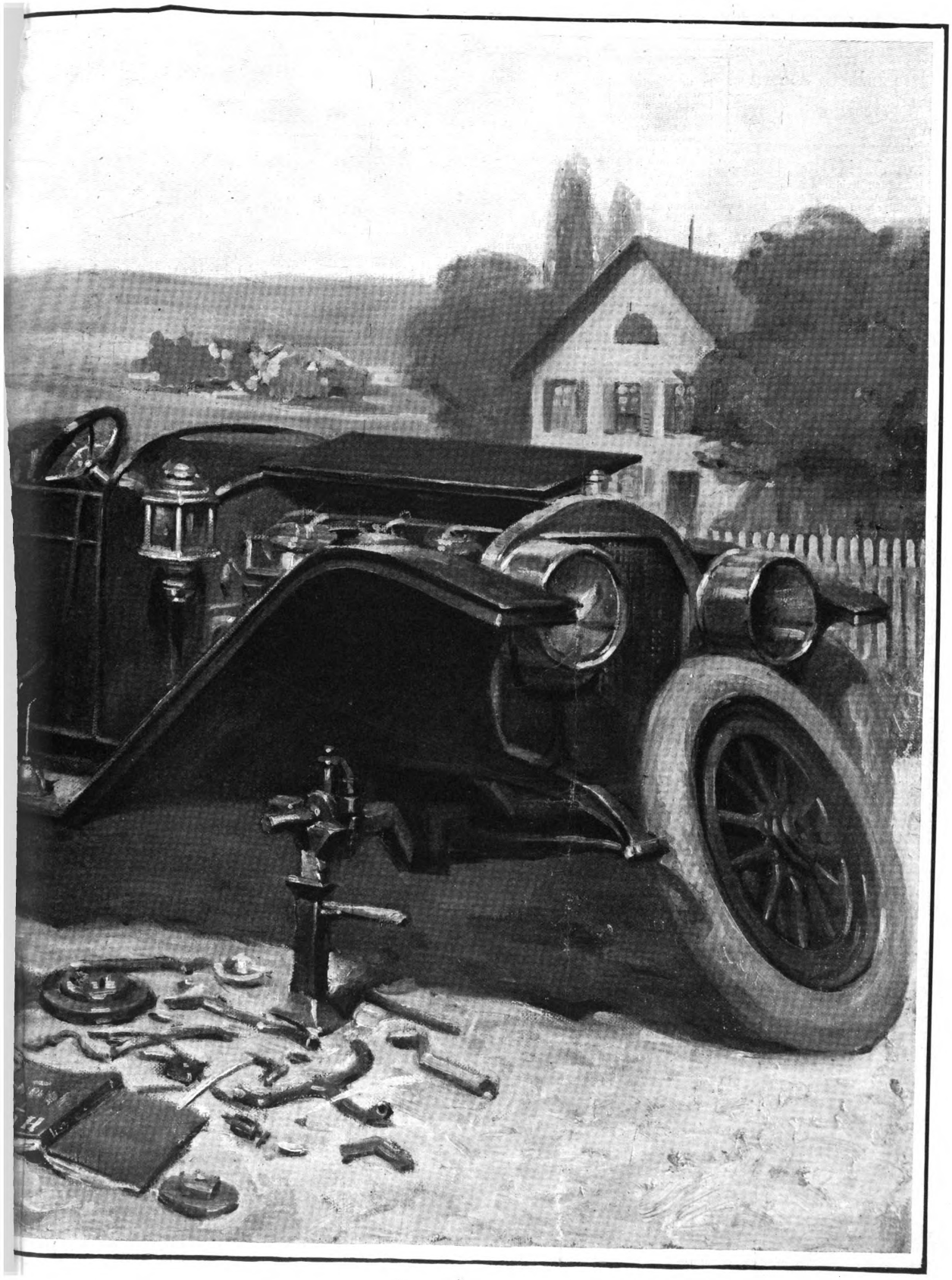
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EXED
A. COUGHLIN

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THE PRICE OF EXPERIENCE

What It Costs to Learn to Run a Motor-Car

BY CHARLES B. HAYWARD

DRAWINGS BY J. J. GOULD

MANY a man has measured his income and decided that he could not afford to own a motor-car. He could afford to buy one, but the mystery of the unknown expense account was too much for him, and not all the wiles of the show salesman or of his local dealer, who was lavish with free rides and demonstrations, were enough to put his signature on the order blank. The story is an old one—as old as the industry itself, but with each passing year there are fewer and fewer of the would-be motorists who would like to own a car but who are afraid of the expense account, the exact proportions of which are not to be accurately reckoned in advance. On the other hand, there are many who have plunged. They have taken for granted their ability to run and keep a car, provided the wherewithal to acquire it was forthcoming in the first place. While the first class is decadent and due to disappear almost entirely within a comparatively few years, the second is growing lustily. It receives new recruits in large numbers every show season, and those that drop out of the ranks are few and far between. Simply because the man who decides that he is able to buy a car also finds that he can afford to run it and that the expense is nothing like as great as he feared it would be, while the pleasure derived is out of all proportion to the outlay.

It is what he must pay for experience that will make a large difference in the size of his first season's account. If the average buyer could only have delivered to him a large condensed chunk of that extremely valuable utility when he acquires his first machine he would be a year or two ahead. But experience has to be bought and paid for in small lots, a piece at a time, and even if some genius of an automobile salesman could devise a plan for handing it out in lumps it is doubtful if the recipient would know how to take advantage of the gift when the occasion arose. He would not appreciate the value of what he had and would not realize just what part of it to apply. Knowledge that is paid for comes high at times, but it sticks.

Volumes could be filled with stories of the exorbitant prices that have been paid for the simplest rudiments of "know how" in the earlier days of the motor-car. Many a man has paid enough for one broken spark-plug porcelain to buy a gross of complete plugs at present prices, and good round sums have been handed out to the wayside tinker who put up a respectable bluff at having a monopoly of all the motor-car knowledge there was. These ex-blacksmiths, bell-hangers, and bicycle-repairers, whose establishments were promptly metamorphosed into "garages" with the advent of the motor-car, not only bluffed good and hard, but they took good care to see that the man who was paying the freight did not benefit by the experience which they were acquiring at his expense. They got things going again when they could, and the man who footed the bill departed satisfied, only to pay over and over again for the same bit of knowledge, or, rather, the lack of it, every time the same simple trouble recurred.

I can recall one motorist who confided to me that it had cost him fifty dollars in two- and three-dollar instalments to learn how to adjust a vibrator coil. And it all went to one garageman, together with numerous other sundry sweeteners for equally simple adjustments that made his first season's account figure out about in the proportion of five dollars for the know-how of tinkering to every dollar of expense that actually represented mileage covered.

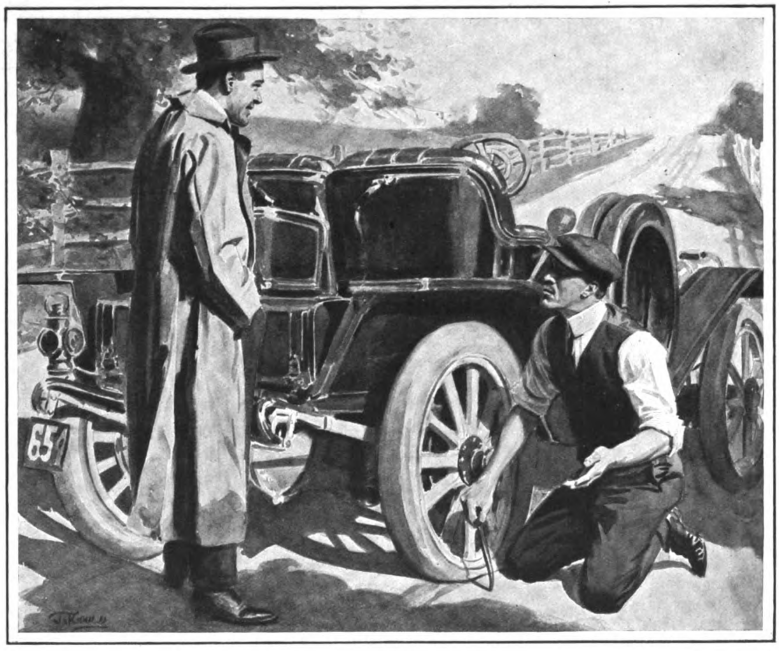
The garageman didn't always know what the trouble was himself. He usually found it by the routine of hit-and-miss guessing—the groping-about-at-random process with which every motorist whose experience dates back several years is familiar. But in this particular instance the motorist used his powers of observation and noted that while the carbureter, the batteries, the state of the gasolene supply, and a few other odds and ends, such as the wiring and the spark-plugs, all came in for attention, the remedy was always found in the coils. By trying the same process of elimination himself he learned how to turn a small screw up and down without having to pay two or three dollars for the results thus obtained.

In another case a friend of mine paid—well, I hesitate to say how much out of respect to him—simply to learn how to put on a tire properly. The amount is difficult to compute, but it must have been over three figures: a large part of it went to the tire-makers and the rest to the garageman for vulcanizing tubes. "I wouldn't think of going on a day's run without seven or eight spare tubes, and even a trip of a few miles around the city wouldn't be safe without three or four on account of the everlasting punctures. I don't think I ever go out twice in succession without getting a puncture," he told me once, and to prove it took me out with him one Sunday afternoon. We hadn't gone five miles before there was a flat on the rear. "You see what I'm up against. There's another dollar gone for vulcanizing. By the time my garageman gets through putting vaccination marks on one of my tubes it costs me several times as much as the three-dollar hat you buy and then pay bell-hops five dollars a month for brushing."

One look at the "puncture" revealed the cause of the trouble. It was a clean cut half an inch long on the rim side of the tube, as nice a little pinch as could be desired. It was quite as effective as a good sharp horseshoe nail or a broken bottle where results were concerned, but totally unnecessary. He had never had the benefit of a lesson or two in the proper manner of inserting a tube and putting the shoe on the rim. The deflated tube was simply laid in the shoe and the usual struggle gone through to force the old-time clincher onto the rim. It was inevitable that the soft rubber should be nipped at some part by the beads before the shoe was finally in place. As a tube-pincher he was without an equal, and if he had a superior in that particular line of endeavor the size of the tire bill must have been something fearful to contemplate. By putting sufficient air into the tube to "form" it there was enough pressure to hold it up against the inside of the shoe instead of letting it flop down on the rim between the beads. He told me several months later that my two-minute lesson in "tubology" had been worth many dollars to him and that the seven or eight spare tubes had become excess baggage to a large extent, as he had run hundreds of miles without one of his old-time "punctures." I haven't collected yet.

He was a real-estate man and used his machine seven days in the week, owing to the combined calls upon it for business and pleasure. One day I came upon him in a down-town street *sans* hat and coat, and with his upper half lost to view under the bonnet of the car that was the center of the usual idle group of lookers-on. When he emerged he was grease from his once nice white cuffs up to the roots of his hair, and he was plumb vexed with that machine, to put it mildly. It was before the day when carbureters had annexed a reliable sure-to-act auxiliary air-valve as a regular part of their equipment, and their latitude of functioning was correspondingly limited. If they got too much gas or too little, the motor suffered in proportion and either lay down altogether or, what was worse, it would run without generating enough power to run the car. This was one of the "worse" cases. The motor had been running idle at the curb for the matter of an hour or more while its owner fiddled with carbureter adjustments, and it was considerable "het up." In fact, it had just about finished consuming the last few pints of water in the radiator as I got there and was then engaged in blowing a mixture of rust and mud out of the overflow pipe at some pressure, to which the man under the bonnet was wholly oblivious. As it was desirable to avoid the cost of a tow to his Brooklyn garage and the expense of taking down a seized motor to boot, the first thing to do was to shut her off, go into the adjacent café for human adjustments, and bring some out in a bucket for the motor. This, with a replenishment of the oil supply in the crank-case, automatic oilers likewise still being a thing of the future then, put her in shape for further trials. A few turns of the needle-valve of the carbureter and the tightening of the lock nut, which had been overlooked, consumed less than five minutes, and she was again "hitting on all fours" with her usual vigor. This was another bit of valuable experience that he got for nothing, barring the cost of "setting them up" as a preliminary.

The toll that has been paid for learning how to make simple carbureter adjustments, if taken in the aggregate, would probably make a sinking-fund the interest on which would doubtless take care of untold widows and orphans or endow numerous hospital beds. For ways that were dark and tricks that were vain Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee" had nothing on the carbureter of a few years ago. I came across a diligent toiler at the crank one time, who had been twisting her round and round again until he was a pulp. They had been lunching in the still coolness of the woods, and the women folks of the party had been sitting on the bank comfortably and handing out advice. When the car had been stopped at the roadside the carbureter had promptly begun to flood, and it had kept right on all the time they were there, as the big spot under the machine made evident. But, following Rule Three of the book of instructions, he had carefully primed the carbureter to start. When the bonnet was lifted she was dripping and drooling gasolene out of every pore. There was the niftiest little set-up for a fire that could have been desired. Just one backfire out of the carbureter would have done the trick, and then there would have been a nice little item to add to the expense account for experience. Simply another case of too much gas. Shutting off the tank cock, draining the carbureter, waiting a few minutes for the excess to evaporate, and then filling up again to the normal level was all that was necessary to start on the first turn over. He was the most grateful human being in sight on that stretch of lonely road.



"There's another dollar gone for vulcanizing"

These are not all tales of old times by any means. Only recently it was my good fortune, or, rather, his, to be able to help out the driver of a small car who was just about to give up in despair and hire any means of conveyance that was to be had to cover the nine miles that lay between him and his girl, or, rather, between both of them and home. Personally, they were farther apart than that, for it was midnight and she was wondering what mother would say if she were out all night with a young man. He told me with the air of an expert who has exhausted his last resources on a difficult problem that the car had not been running well ever since they started back some two or three miles from

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where they were, but they had managed to limp along in a fashion on low or second until they had struck this hill, which was the cause of all the trouble. The car simply could not be driven up it, and if I would be kind enough to give them a tow up the hill they could probably navigate the rest of the distance before morning, as there were no other bad hills in the way. As a preliminary the tow was forthcoming. The trouble might have been saved. An examination under the roadside light selected as a stopping-place at the top of the incline showed that the emergency brake lever had not been released fully. It had caught in the notch a few inches from the end, just enough to hold the clutch partially out of engagement, but quite enough to cause it to slip badly and prevent it from carrying the load. Fortunately, the two or three miles on the level that the car had been run in this condition had not burned it out altogether. That car fairly jumped away on the road home within two minutes after reaching the top of the hill. But it would have been expensive experience to get a garageman out at that time of night.

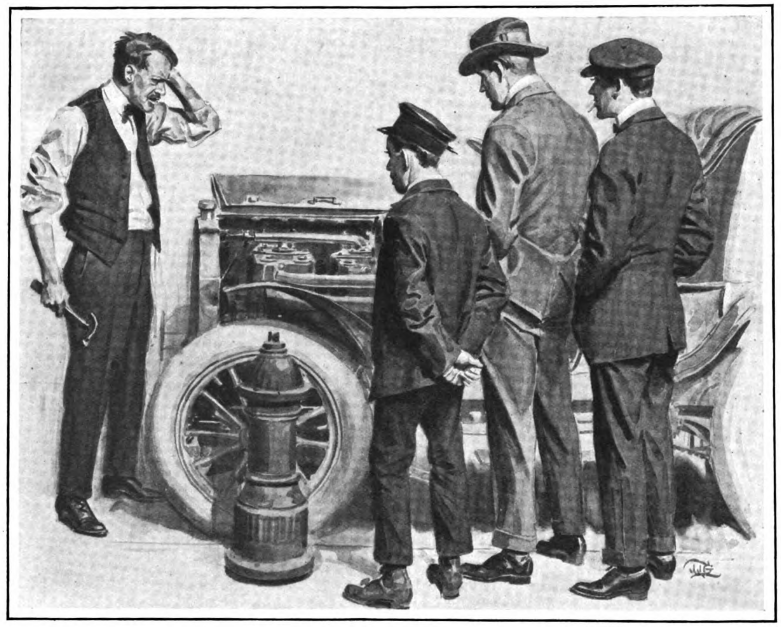
I have paid for experience and somehow there never seems to have been a charitably minded motorist on the job around those parts just at that time. On one occasion it cost me five dollars to learn that a gasolene-engine will not start under load, and that an overtight planetary gear brake-band constitutes a load sufficient to nullify the best efforts a one-lung motor is able to put forth in the way of starting. One of the dollars was for a tow to the nearest garage, two miles away, and that was the cheapest part of the lesson, all things considered, since it was raining at the time. The other four went to the garageman, who put his finger on the trouble, figuratively speaking, the moment he tried to push the car across the garage floor. She wouldn't budge, so the farmer's team worked a dollar's worth at least in towing her in.

Another time I burned up at least twenty-five dollars' worth of shoes on the front wheels in a single day's run of slightly less than two hundred miles simply because an innocent little skid in the morning had brought one of them up against the curb and caused them to "toe out" badly. That was only last summer, and the garageman was experienced. He only had to look at the worn shoe (the last of three that went the same way), and when he noticed the ring worn right down through the center of the tread all the way round he got in front of the car and squinted at the line-up of the wheels. It didn't take much squinting. They were so badly out of line that he wondered more at my ability to steer the machine in that condition than at the damage which had resulted. Half an hour with a wrench, plus the experience (that I gained later), would have saved that addition to the expense account. It was only necessary to adjust the cross connecting-rod of the steering-gear to bring the wheels back into alignment to avoid the trouble, but the know-how was lacking. That's what we all have to pay for, but the more a man learns from his brother motorists and from keeping his eyes open for causes and effects when around a garage the less his bill for experience will be.

The motorist who has to store his car in a city garage is unfortunately situated in this respect. He doesn't get a real opportunity to become well acquainted with his machine, and there are dozens of little odds and ends concerned with its upkeep that he could do in the time he has to wait for the garageman to perform them for him if he had the chance to learn how. Then he would not have to pay so dearly for his lack of knowledge when emergencies arose on the road. A friend of mine, who used to commute from Philadelphia to his country place, ten or fifteen miles out, in his car every morning and evening, put in a restful three-quarters of an hour one cold evening while waiting for the garageman for whom he had telephoned. Shortly after dropping into a bad hole in the road the motor had given a few coughs, gasped, and died. Cranking was of no avail, and, as he did not know just where to begin to look for the trouble, he telephoned for help and waited. The garageman placed his car so that the headlights shone against the bonnet and started to investigate without any preliminary work at the crank. In less than five minutes he had found that the carbureter float had stuck and shut off the fuel supply. Five dollars was added to my friend's bill for that month.

In a somewhat similar instance that happened to me I suppose I should have credited my own experience account with about the same amount. The motor started without any trouble and ran all right until I got in the seat and was about to drive off, and then she died, apparently without any excuse. My machine is fitted with one of those glass-window carbureters; you can see everything that goes on inside it. There was gas in it when I looked, and at the first turn of the crank the motor started again, and, before I got settled in the seat, stopped again. This time there was not so much gas in the carbureter and no more seemed to be coming, and even holding down the priming-button couldn't induce it to come, despite the fact that the tank was full. It did not require the services of an expert to diagnose that as a stopped-up fuel line, but it was not probable that a one-eighth-inch pipe would be plugged up when a screen funnel had been used so conscientiously in filling, so the investigation was begun at the carbureter end. The screen of the carbureter intake was practically closed up with a mass of dirt bound together with what appeared to be short hairs or threads. A little gas out of the squirt-can I keep handy for cold-weather starting remedied the trouble in a very few minutes. No tow or high-priced assistance had to be paid for. In a case of the same kind that happened only a few months ago my garageman had to send one of his assistants forty miles to rescue a party that had started out in one of his rented cars the night before. They went to Coney Island and there they stayed until help came over the twenty miles that lay between them and home. In this case the garageman had to stand the cost of sending one of his men on that round trip of forty miles, but it would have been expensive experience for the plain, every-day motorist.

The motorist who can keep his car in his own barn has an excellent opportunity to study causes and effects, and if he does not give up easily, but insists upon digging down to the root of the trouble himself, his experience bill for the first season or two will not amount to much, and then he will be primed so full of know-how that no emergency on the road short of an actual breakdown that renders outside aid unavoidable will make it necessary for him to "dig down in his jeans." Speaking of barns reminds me of a four-hour session I put in trying to start the car in my own last summer. Everything was apparently all right—batteries strong, gas where it ought to be, and so on—but no spark could be made to appear at the plugs, and hence no start. I cranked and fussed with grim determination. Extended investigation finally led to taking off the single non-vibrating dash coil. Nothing whatever was wrong with it outside, so the conclusion was reached that a wire must have broken inside. I went to the city and took it to the makers. They tested it, said a wire had been broken, and charged me thirty cents for soldering it—really for experience, since there was nothing wrong with it whatever. I got it back on the car and was no better off. Then I took the magneto contact-box off and had a friend turn the motor over slowly while I watched. The contact points did not separate. A few minutes' work with a small screwdriver did the business, and the next session at the crank was not in vain. It was a hard fight, but not well fought, since, if I had studied out the ignition-wiring diagram in the instruction book, I would have seen that nothing was wrong with the coil.



He was plumb vexed with that machine

Just one more of a bunch of rambling notes anent the price that many of us pay for experience in the course of a season's motoring. A group were talking motors and motoring, and one of the party was telling his exploits: how on a certain ride of a summer's night he found himself with enough gas to get home, but not sufficient to take him over a short stiff hill that barred the way. They got half-way up, but no farther, because the gas in the tank was too low, and there they stayed until one of the party walked a mile to the nearest telephone and called for help. They waited and waited for the welcome sound of a car coming, but there was no sign. After an hour or more had passed a sorry one-horse hack ambled up and its driver inquired, "Be you the parties what wants this gazzerleen?" They were, and he handed out the five-gallon can. "Frank didn't have nobody to send, so he asked me," the driver explained.

"Well, that was certainly some funny experience," the narrator concluded. "What do you think of it, old man?" he continued, turning to me. "What would you have done under the same circumstances?"

"Turned right around and backed up, of course."

"Why—why, I never even thought of that, and it cost me three dollars plus the price of the gas."

THE FOUNT OF SONG

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

Go, Singer! Seek the woods and dales;
Seek thou the mountain heights, the vales;
List to the music of the breeze,
The songs of birds and whispering trees;
Breathe in the silken summer air;
Take in the essence of the fair
Deep azure skies that spread above
By day; and seize the treasure-trove
That falls from those eternal heights
On starry nights!

The language of the flowers learn;
The fairies seek amid the fern;
Bid all the brooks that seek the sea
Unfold their secrets unto thee—
All things that whisper to the heart
And Nature's messages impart,
Seize thou, and then
Take up thy pen,
And weave them in thy song alway,
And thou shalt wear the bay!

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Interludes

THE READY REPLIER

A Compendium of Conversation for Use in Embarrassing Moments by Those in Need.

(For an Office-boy Let Off Early to Go to his Great-grandfather's Funeral, on Coming Suddenly Face to Face with his Employer at a Baseball Game.)

Employer *(sternly)*: Why, Jimmie, what on earth are you doing here—didn't I give you the afternoon off to attend your great-grandfather's funeral?

Office-boy *(with a great sigh of relief)*: Thank goodness I have found you at last, Mr. Googleyes. I have been looking for you all the afternoon, sir. After I left the office when you were so good as to let me off to pay the last tribute of respect to my dear old great-grandfather I suddenly remembered that I had forgotten to tell you that you would find your umbrella and overshoes in the little closet to the left of the bookkeeper's desk, where I had placed them yesterday morning, feeling that they would hardly be safe if left in the corner of your private office. There are so many strange people coming and going these days that it is no longer safe to leave portable objects of even the most insignificant value lying around loose where they may attract the eye of the unscrupulous. If there had been time I should have telephoned you, sir, but it was long after I knew you had gone to lunch that my remissness occurred to me, and there being no other method of rectifying my error, which I knew you would excuse because of my unhappy stress of mind in the sad circumstances that took me from my duties, I resolved to seek you out. The day being fair, and everybody with ordinary human intelligence being bound hitherward, I decided that this was the most likely place to find you, and I rejoice that what little discernment and judgment I may be said to possess have prompted me to come to the right place. To be sure, I can see the question even now arising in your mind as to why I should think you needed your umbrella and overshoes on so fair a day, and my answer to that is that, while to-day's skies may be blue, to-morrow's clouds may hover low, and since to-morrow is Sunday, it may very well be that after this game is over you would desire me to go to the office and completely rehabilitate myself in your confidence by bringing the umbrella and overshoes to you as a precaution against possible, if improbable, inclement weather to-morrow.

(At this point you will do well to pause, and in case your employer is seen vigorously protesting against some decision of the umpire, add your protestations to his, no matter what the decision may have been, using a style of American that he would like to use himself if his dignity would permit. If, on the other hand, you find him gazing coldly at you with steely eyes and a frown on his brow, leave the grounds instantly, and spend the rest of the afternoon looking up signs reading, "Boy Wanted.)

JUNE CALENDAR

Time for moons and mystic spells!
Time for merry wedding-bells!
Time to make the peek-a-boos
You will wear when August woos;
Time to paint the barn and shed,
And to air the feather-bed.
So that when the boarder comes
You may gather in the plums.

TAKING ALL THE BLAME

"I was a fool ever to marry you," sobbed Mrs. Winks.

"Now, my dear," said Winks, nobly, "I cannot permit you to take the blame for that. It was I who was the fool for ever asking you. The mistake was not yours, but mine."

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT

"But, your Honor," protested the plaintiff's counsel, "you cannot discharge this woman. All the evidence goes to show that she threw that brick at my client, and hit him on the head."

"Which, sir," replied the justice, "is *prima facie* evidence that the whole affair was an accident. If the lady had thrown the brick at your client intending it to hit him, it never would have done so. The prisoner is discharged."



"Her mother: That's her first breakdown! This is the tenth breakdown within an hour.



Why waste good rice when prices are so high?



"I wonder which o' dese tickers is nearest de right time."

PAID IN ADVANCE

"Now, lemme see," said the rural justice, figuring on the back of an old envelope. "Your bill will come to jest—forty-seven dollars."

"Forty-seven dollars?" echoed Wigglethorpe. "Why, Judge, the fine for overspeeding is only fifteen dollars."

"Ya-as, I know," said the justice. "The thutty-two dollars is fer contempt o' court."

"But I haven't expressed any contempt for this Court," protested Wigglethorpe.

"Not yit ye hevn't," grinned the justice, "but ye will, my friend, ye will before ye git a mile out o' town. I've made the fine putty stiff so's t' give ye plenty o' room to move round in."

HER REQUEST

"I am sorry, madam," said the judge, "addressing the convicted suffragette, "but I must commit you to jail for ten days. If you have any requests to make of the Court before sentence is executed I shall be glad to hear them."

"Oh no, Judge, thank you," said the lady. "There isn't anything, except, perhaps, if you don't mind, I'd like to have my maid committed to the same jail, and if you could arrange it so as to give us connecting cells with a bath it would be charming of you."

COMPENSATION

"I hope you don't object to my children practising their music lessons," said the fourth-floor tenant to his neighbor below stairs.

"On the contrary," said the neighbor. "It has given me a first-class reason for demanding a reduction in my rent."

THE EFFICIENCY EXPERT

"James," said the efficiency expert, annoyed by the cheerful habit which his chauffeur had of whistling while at his work, "you should remember that the greatest fortunes nowadays are made from the by-products of waste. Hereafter when you whistle, whistle in the tires and save me the expense of a pump."

THE CANNY GARAGEUR

"What!" cried Brimleigh, in consternation—"no gasolene?"

"Nary a drop," said the garage-keeper.

"But what the dickens am I going to do?" said Brimleigh. "Mine's all out."

"Wa-al," said the garage-keeper, "they's two things ye kin do. I got a hotel here where ye kin put up for the night at seven-fifty apiece, or I got a team thet 'll pull ye up to Sam Hoskins's garridge on the same terms. Sam's th' only feller round here 'at keeps gas'lene."

JUNE

June's a-comin', June's a-comin', comin' right along. I can hear the bees a-hummin' chock-a-block with song! I can hear the birds a-floppin', and the rosy buds a-poppin', while the blossoms white are droppin' in a snowy throng!

I can hear the bells a-ringin' in the steeples high, tellin' how young Love's a-wingin', laughter in his eye, as the brides an' grooms a-smilin' walk the primrose way beguilin', in their dreams of bliss a-whilin' honeyed hours by!

On the pike the tramps are trampin', void of every care, ready for whatever campin' turns up anywhere. All around the lambs are blattin' like a lot o' kids a-chattin', and as soft as fairy satin grows the mornin' air!

Dearest June, I want to tell yer, you're the best there be. When I see or even smell yer, soul is full o' glee, and no single day that passes but the thought o' greenin' grasses, lovin' lads an' lovin' lasses fills the heart o' me!

Love's the word, and love's the token, burden of our tune; trademark ever true, unbroken, mornin', night, an' noon. Love, and Life, and Merry Laughter, echoin' through wood and rafter. Naught before, and nothin' after, ever touches June!

John Kendrick Bangs.

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PENN STATE



Fritzi Scheff in the revival of "Mlle. Modiste," at the Globe



Lila Hughes as Philine, in "My Little Friend," at the New Amsterdam

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

From Two Musical Comedy Productions of the Early Summer Season in New York

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No-Rim-Cut Tires 10% Oversize

Cost 11% Less This Year

No-Rim-Cut tires cost us—*and you*—about 11 per cent less than last year.

And you may be sure that future savings, as they appear, will also be given to you.

For our policy is, and always will be, the smallest possible margin of profit.

Good Business

We deem it good business to bring cost of production as low as it can be brought.

To this end we employ the very latest machinery. And we cling to small capitalization.

We also deem it good business to sell Goodyear tires as low as they can be sold. To assure you of this, each year, as you know, we advertise our profits.

In times past this profit has run about 8½ per cent.

Thus you may know that no maker can ever supply equal tires for less.

In Goodyears you get the very utmost in tires for the least the best can cost.

There will always be tires which cost less, but never a tire which costs less per mile.

New Savings

Our lessened cost is partly due to lower cost of rubber. But that is somewhat offset by higher fabric, higher cost of labor.

The net saving here, in our opinion, warrants five per cent reduction. Some makers say it warrants none.

Our larger saving has come about through multiplied output, due to Goodyear popularity.

To meet the demand, which has doubled over and over, we have had to build new factories, equipped in modern ways.

Now we have by far the largest tire plant in the world. And we have a capacity pretty close to 8,000 motor tires daily.

To this fact is due the major part of this 11 per cent reduction.

No Extra Price

Now our new-type tires—No-Rim-Cut tires—cost no more than old-type tires of any standard make.

These tires which can't rim-cut cost as little as other tires which do.

These oversize tires cost no more than clincher tires which always run much smaller.

So all you save in rim-cutting, all you save by oversize, are clear net savings to you. Under such conditions, who can think it wise to take old-type, hooked-base tires?

The Demand

Last year's demand for Goodyear tires exceeded our previous 12 years put together. Yet the demand from users this year has increased 85 per cent. And our contracts from car makers this year call for 890,680 tires.

That shows clearly how men who know are quitting old-type tires.

Write for the Goodyear Tire Book —14th-year edition. It tells all known ways to economize on tires.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO., AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

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THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

Mr. Max Eastman's "Enjoyment of Poetry"

BY F. M. COLBY

MR. EASTMAN sets off the poetic against the practical and carries the distinction ingeniously into every-day affairs. In a ferryboat the passengers whose minds are awake may be divided into two classes: "those who are interested in crossing the river and those who are merely interested in getting across." The first are concerned with the realization of experience, the second with the attainment of ends. The first are the poetic people, to whom the realization of things, the taste of life, is an end itself, while the others are the practical, who bend their minds to ends that are esteemed by society important and who exclude all irrelevant considerations. Says the practical person:

"It is an earnest thing to be alive in this world. With competition, with war, with disease and poverty and oppression, misfortune and death oncoming, who but fools will give serious attention to what is not significant to the business?"

To which the other will reply:

"Yes—but what is the use of being alive in the world if life is so oppressive in its moral character that we must always be getting somewhere and never simply realizing where we are? What were the value of your eternal achieving if we were not here on our holiday to appreciate, among other things, some of the things you have achieved?"

At least, that is the way they would reason together if each were true to type; but, of course, actual people are never purely poetic or purely practical, but are a blend of the two with one or the other element predominating.

Now we who never drank of Aganippe Well, nor ever did in Vale of Tempe sit, have, notwithstanding, discovered this distinction for ourselves, and we may at first thought resent Mr. Eastman's air of proprietorship, but this feeling will not outlast his introductory chapters. It will soon be seen that Mr. Eastman is dealing with the matter in a fresh spirit and without academic guile. That of itself is something of a feat. He says that literature as usually taught for three years to post-graduates is not worth three weeks' study. Some day, he thinks, there will be a real science which may be learned by those who are going to read literature to the young. This science is a psychology which will concern itself not with scholastic rules of literary structure, but with the "substantial values that are common to the material of all literature." He hopes his book will prepare the way for this change in education. This sounds formidable, but it does not seriously mean anything. It was probably thrown out merely by way of justifying himself among those pious pedagogic souls to whom there is no relish in a book save as it may some day bear on a change in the curriculum. "What purpose does it markedly reveal?" he could hear them asking. He had once been of their circle, and he answered after their kind. But for you and me he added that his real purpose was merely to share with others the enjoyment he had found in reading poetry. In this he has succeeded. It is for the most part a free-going sort of book, written with zest and communicating it.

Therein lies his merit and not in the answering of questions. Indeed, the merely inquisitive reader will fare rather badly on the whole. Take, for example, the question why people who write about poetry in our own times are almost always odious. Mr. Eastman implies that it is because those who choose the calling of teachers are scholars who esteem knowledge as an end in itself, and therefore lay "undue emphasis upon what is nice and formal about it," leaving out "what is more needful to the art of life." And their worst offense is in their way of treating figures of speech.

"The treatment of rhetorical figures of speech appears to be one of the greatest blunders that an overspectacled scholarship ever obtruded upon the world."

They insist that a figure of speech is an *indirect* way of naming things.

"Spring showers—an umbrella and a rain-coat walk along conversing."

They call this metonymy—that is, an "indirect" way of naming things.

"They have slain the servant with the *edge* of the sword."

They call this synecdoche, also an "indirect" way of naming things. But though, from the point of view of practical purpose, it is indirect to say an umbrella when the logical subject is a man, from the point of view of a poetic intent to present a man to the eye umbrella foremost is a supremely direct way of naming things. Yet this classification, which is of interest only in the study of the mechanics of speech, "is still forced upon the novice as one of the keys to the enjoyment of poetry. He must learn how lovely it is to be indirect, and when you set out to go somewhere, instead of going there, to back up and turn around and go somewhere else. This is so difficult for a plain man to learn that I think that we may set it down as the chief academic obstacle to the enjoyment of imaginative literature. 'Figures of speech'—'metonymy,' 'synecdoche,' and other long-tailed monsters—are what bar entrance of a simple human into the realm of poetry."

However damnable this error may be, it does not in the least account for the debilitating effect of much discourse on poetry. No rule that Mr. Eastman or any one else may lay down will make scholars forsake the "nice and formal" for that which is "more needful to the art of life," even assuming that any two persons could agree as to what the "art of life" really is. The Shakespeare commentator is incurable. There is no rule for him save that he be born again. Nobody knows why people who for purposes of publication consume great quantities of poetry seem so strangely damaged by what they feed on. Mr. Eastman leaves the mystery as he found it.

Mr. Eastman begins very properly with babies. They are poetic because they have not yet learned the trick of formulating a purpose and then achieving it. The impulse toward realization is free. In our fallen, practical state a derby hat is only a covering for the head, but to children it is "hard, smooth, hollow, deep, funny." They find positive joy in the qualities of the derby hat for their own sake, just as Homer did in the qualities of a shield or a bow, or the rich color of an open wound, and would stop in the thick of battle to describe them. Our practical education robs children of this quaintness. There is a superstition that the first thing to do with a child is to "bring it up," and children accordingly are brought up in great haste "by persons who purchased their own maturity at a cost of all native and fresh joy in anything available." We ought to take pains to preserve their "poignant realization." We ought indeed, but just how we are to do it is a question on which he throws no light.

The division between the poetic and practical appears in the naming of things. The practical name of a thing indicates a suitable adjustment to it, the poetic intensifies the realization of it. "Winter squash" is practical, "goldenrod" is poetic. Then follows many pages of illustrations. Slang is founded on poetic intent. A "two-base hit" is merely a practical term, but to "lean against the leather" and "zip it to the fence" are poetic. People think poetry is always symbolic and implies "gush of harmonious members upon appropriate occasions, having especial regard to cliffs, maidens, hair, waves, pine-tree, the sea, the moon." But Mr. Eastman goes behind such accidental associations. Almost any vivacious turn of phrase is by his hospitable definition poetic. Of two men walking by the sea, one says, "it sounds like eternity," and the other says it sounds "like shoveling coal down a chute." Both are poetic because both try to realize intensely. But a third man appears, a base character, who calls it *brine*, with three and one-half per cent. solution of natural salts. He is no poet. Poetic folk name water "wet," "babbling," and "wild." The practical and scientific name it H_2O. He advances this not very startling proposition in a valiant and dogmatic manner, as if in the presence of many foes armed to the teeth, and when five illustrations would serve his turn he bombards us with fifty. If his book contained only this argumentative matter it would not be worth the reading, and its author would have to be classed among those who, in the phrase of Mr. Howells, "do their boldest thinking along the safest lines." But now and again occurs a passage like the following:

"There is a large democracy in nature. The world itself is not dogmatic. It both lends its support to a number of practical assumptions and consents to be in some measure what any poetic mind perceives. The mind, in truth, does not impose itself upon a world of other things, but is itself a part of things so far as they engender experience. The poetic impulse is a love of that experience for its own sake. Poetic creation begins in us when we marry, with such love, the images of memory to the impressions of sense, and when to this union we set the seal of a vivid and communicable name we are poets in the full and divine sense. We are makers of a world. For if there is any creation in all history, poetic names are creators. And the man who lives his life in apathy or in expeditious indifference to them—the world will never attain a full being in that man's experience."

Poetry, says Mr. Eastman, is the flower of leisure, and, leisure being in our day the possession of the few, poetry has grown aristocratic. It has also grown feminine, because among the well-to-do leisure is the traditional possession of the women alone. Poetry seems not to belong among the poor save for an occasional rebel or degenerate, for the poor have no leisure. So all who are solicitous for the future of poetry will "do well to favor in their day every assault of labor upon the monopoly of leisure by the few." The idle hours must be redistributed. But even that will not suffice, for there is danger that as soon as men gain leisure they will become respectable. Respectability is the blight of poetry. The rich insulate themselves from "real contact with the matter of life" and "touch nothing to the quick." Wrapped "in fabrics and fine manners," they are more shut off from the poetry of experience than those who struggle to live. There is always a noble disreputability about poets, he thinks. He likes their long hair and flowing ties as symbols of revolt against respectability. Yet by a redistribution of wealth he would so change society that there would be no respectability to revolt against. And note that he has just now been saying that if the poor gain leisure they will be in danger of that same "baleful constraint"—that is to say, of respectability. Nevertheless, he believes that if wealth and leisure were more widely distributed there would be more of "naturalness without respectability," which at present is a very rare jewel.

Now, instead of fumbling about in this manner for a general rule, it would have been better to have admitted frankly that for the production of true poets no general rule is discernible. The leisure class is no smaller to-day than in the age of Pericles, Augustus, or Elizabeth. Poetry is no more aristocratic now than it was at its greatest periods. The fear of respectability is not the beginning of poetry. It is often merely the beginning of very bad verse. Good poets have been respectable, disreputable, starvelings, gluttons, saints, rascals, blacksmiths, kings, time-servers, and rebels. To any one who says they have been one thing we can always immediately prove that they have been twenty other things. Indeed, in place of each of Mr. Eastman's propositions at this point we may assert with equal truth the opposite. And as to any such petty usage as long hair and flowing neckties, it is no more symbolical of revolt than of observance—one set of rules being replaced by another beginning perhaps with the opposite but equally strict commandment. Thou shalt not wear a top-hat. People never seem so much alike as when under the special stress of seeming different. Forty magazine verse-makers toiling severally at revolt will achieve the most wonderful unanimity. Strain after the unusual of poetry ends generally in the dead level of minor verse. Many a worthy soul who might perhaps in time achieve a simple ditty is carried away by the vain hope of creating a verbal earthquake, and, though plainly marked by nature for a quiet life, he is soon out in the magazines, *spumantibus visceribus*—a jumble of strong words and no meaning. "Hands englaived in flaming steel" will "clutch the demons" in a magazine in spite of the well-known difficulty of clutching anything with a hand that is already clutching a glaive, and merely because "englaived" seemed picturesque. Mr. Eastman's formula will certainly do no good, and it may add to the present mischief.

But elsewhere he shows that he is aware of the present danger. He points to the fact that the early poets were more leisurely in their comparisons, settling down comfortably into long similes and metaphors, and enjoying these divagations for their own sake. They forget the thing compared as they run on with the comparison, and they often repeat the comparison like a refrain. Theocritus, for example, in a lyric which he himself called "passionate," wanders off into all sorts of pleasant by-paths of comparisons where modern verse would be pounding away with passionate adjectives on the subject itself.

"We take delight in this free-hearted poetry, as we might in the rippling of a stream where it spreads out among the little stones. We take delight, thinking of it as something unusual and refreshing. But for ourselves, in our own world, we have all too little of it. We feel that the poetic attitude is not quite allowable in maturity, except when demanded by a deepening of the passions. And this is very unfortunate, because it makes people who have not deep passions and yet are poets feel compelled to simulate the language of exaltation and construct studious verses out of strange, intense-sounding words when they might sit down and write a little natural poetry with no great exhaustion if we would only expect it of them."

Mr. Eastman gives to those who would really enjoy poetry the rather perilous advice to try and write it themselves. Then, he says, they will feel akin to the great poets. And he concludes with some practical hints as to how they should set about it, explaining in a few words the essentials of rhythm. He warns amateurs against too perfect rhythm, which he likens to "shouting to the tom-tom." When the time is too monotonously drummed out it will appear ludicrous to the audience. People will not suffer themselves to be "played upon by too obvious a device." They want the singer to skip a beat now and then. These and his other lessons in first aid to amateurs do not seem especially effective even on the very doubtful assumption that the promotion of verse-making is desirable.

"Remember that you are engendering and sustaining in the mind a flow of waves, and you will need no laws of prosody. Remember also that the words, and groups of words, you work with are not common names grown old in the conveyance of a meaning; they are surprising names, new-made by you, to choose fresh qualities and details in the things you speak of, and to join them in the mind with other things they never knew before, thus sending them alive and vivid into that stream of heightened consciousness the waves induced. You will need no laws of rhetoric. You will have the art of writing poetry and the surest path to its enjoyment."

To one class of minds this will have no meaning, and to another class of minds it will have no value. Indeed, all Mr. Eastman's little formulas, simplifications, and analyses will of themselves help no one either to write poetry or to enjoy it. As a book of advice it is merely a series of superfluous sign-posts stuck up in a region where it is necessary that every one shall find his way for himself. It is for good company, not for guidance, that Mr. Eastman should be sought. He has not made much headway in the teaching of taste or in the definition of the indefinable, but he has succeeded in communicating to others some of the pleasure that he has found.

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Spokane as a Distributing Center

By R. B. Paterson

JOHN JACOB ASTOR planted the first commercial banner in the Spokane country over a hundred years ago. The little trading-post was called Spokane House and was a branch of the Pacific Fur Company, whose headquarters were in Astoria, Oregon. Subsequently Spokane House passed to the Hudson Bay Company, which maintained for many years a traffic of exchange with Indians and the few straggling French-Canadian hunters and trappers. Even in those almost forgotten days the broad, open, and sunlit valley of the Spokane was the rendezvous of Indians and trappers, who roamed the vast stretches of mountain and plain lying between the Rockies and the Cascades. This great domain rested in the possession of the Indians and a few adventurous pioneers until the building of the first railroad in 1882, when real settlement and development began. No one has since needed to inquire, "Why is Spokane?"

The transcontinental railroads find their way to Spokane's gates. Five of them maintain terminals there, and almost a score of local and branch lines, both steam and electric, radiate from Spokane, serving each cluster of population throughout what is known locally as the "Inland Empire," a territory roughly described as lying between the main range of the Rocky Mountains and



A Spokane Jobbing House

the Cascade Mountains, and embracing a large portion of the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Montana, a territory equal in extent to all New England, New York, and New Jersey combined, and so richly endowed with natural resources that it has been aptly described as the "zone of plenty." The mineral, lumber, grain, and fruit production of this zone totaled 298 million dollars for 1912.

The jobbing trade of Spokane has kept pace with the rapid, almost magical development of the territory described. At present ninety-eight jobbing houses and distributing concerns, representing every line known to modern commerce, serve the inland empire, and a conservative estimate of the annual trade is fifty millions of dollars. Spokane being among the newest of this country's distributing centers, its business is conducted along most modern and progressive lines. The jobbers and manufacturers are fully organized, insuring both protection and liberal credit service to the merchants of their territory. Banking facilities are ample to finance operation on a proper scale and all principle lines of merchandise are represented by houses of wide experience and high standing.

Spokane ranks among the largest distributing points of the country in some lines, notably mining and lumbering machinery and agricultural implements. Who can picture or foretell the future for Spokane as a distributing center? Under all natural laws, she will remain supreme in a veritable empire, excessively rich in natural resources, at present containing only a few millions of population, but with a glorious climate, vast forests, boundless fields, and great mineral deposits.

Confectionery

CURIOUSLY enough, the making of confectionery originated in a way with the apothecaries about five hundred years ago. It was then that sugar was first imported into England; and it was then that "confections" first became known. For a time they appeared only in medical form, the apothecaries using the newly imported sugar as a means of mitigating the bitterness of their doses. In other words, they mixed their drugs with it; and therein lay the origin of many of the syrups and medicated candies, the ancestors of our cough-drops and lozenges. The cost of sugar was far too high and most people were far too poor to permit of its being eaten for its own sake alone and as a mere luxury.

It was not only a couple of centuries ago that there began to appear a new phase of the apothecary's art. Confections began to be made more or less apart from any medicinal purpose and because people liked them; and eventually the confectioner's business became quite separate and distinct from that of the apothecary.

Although the confectioner's trade may be said to be about two hundred years old, it was only within recent times that it became a real and extensive industry. At first sugar was heavily taxed, and the confectioner's trade was pursued upon very elementary principles. For a long time everything was done by hand. Implements were of the very simplest—candy-kettles heated on small brick furnaces, pestles and mortars, rolling-pins and scissors, etc. The output was very small and, comparatively speaking, sweetmeats of all sorts were expensive and frequently unattractive.

All this has been changed, and nowadays the most improved machinery and implements combine to produce the most delicate and attractive sweets. Muscles have been superseded by engines, pestles and mortars and rolling-pins and scissors have given place to revolving pans and steam pans, and mechanism for beating and kneading and mixing, for cutting and slicing and grinding, for rolling and grating and stamping, for crushing ice and freezing cream, and other processes.

While many of the best and most expensive candies are still very largely made by hand processes, by far the greater mass of sweetmeats is now produced by machinery.

Although sugar is the predominant element in the manufacture of sweets, the secondary commodities, such as gum, gelatine, almonds, cocoanuts, walnuts, pistachio nuts, and other articles too numerous to mention, play no mean part in their production. Gum, the product of the acacia tree, which exudes it in tear-like drops, when melted and mixed with sugar becomes in the hands of the candy-makers jujubes and pastilles. Cocoanuts are used in immense quantities. Almonds, the flavoring dear to the French and Americans, ground and mixed with sugar, form the well-known marzipan. In the Balkans and on the Riviera busy hands gather the flowers that scent the favorite bouquet lozenges and drops of the European. The groves of Italy and Spain, Florida and California, provide the lemons and oranges that enter so largely into the trade. Thousands of persons in France are needed to harvest the walnuts that form so popular a part of confectionery.

The Chinese as Engineers

ONE of the most remarkable signs of the awakening of China is afforded by the spread of European engineering methods in that country. The railroad between Peking and Kaigan, opened a couple of years ago, was constructed exclusively by Chinese labor under the sole direction of native engineers.

The Chinese do not hesitate to construct cuttings and tunnels in the modern fashion. One of their tunnels passes under the famous Great Wall, the demolition of which was begun a short time ago.

It has been observer that, while the Chinese students of engineering resort to America and Europe for instruction, as soon as they return to China they emancipate themselves from foreign tutelage and attack their problems for themselves. They show wonderful capacity in comprehending the practical sciences of the Occident and are especially notable for their mathematical ability.

No Loafers in Switzerland

IT is rather difficult in Switzerland to try to live without working. In that commonwealth the people proceed upon the theory that a man who is unemployed is, if left to himself, liable to become a waste by being a charge and a tax upon the community. The Swiss, therefore, consider the problem as an economic question to be solved by the state.

The purpose is to assist the unfortunate unemployed to secure work not only for the sake of his family, but in the interests of the commonwealth. There is no toleration of the loafer. Begging is prohibited by the law and vagrancy is classified almost as a crime.

Should an unemployed person not make serious effort to obtain work, the authorities proceed to find it for him, and when they do he is compelled to perform it. If he refuses to work he is placed in the workhouse, where strict discipline is maintained and every inmate required to work to his full capacity, receiving therefor his board and lodging and from five to ten cents a day in wages.

There are in Switzerland institutions where temporary employment may be had by persons out of work through no fault of their own. They receive comfortable accommodations and some money compensation until they can find more remunerative wages.



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FINANCE

The Overrated "Tariff Influence"

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

THE past couple of months have seen one of those sudden and all but inexplicable changes in "sentiment" characteristic of the American business temperament. For fully four months after the coming into power of the Democratic party had made certain a radical reduction of the tariff, business went ahead as though the impending readjustment were anything but an influence to be feared. Then suddenly the country seemed to wake up to the possibilities of tariff revision as a business disturber, and within a very few weeks what had been known all along, but disregarded, came to be very generally considered an influence of dominating importance. As late as the middle of March, while business was still on the up-turn, nobody thought anything much about the tariff. Now that the crest has been passed and business is going off, there is so much talk about the tariff and its effects that one might think that were the only consideration of any importance.

That rearrangement of the long-established tariff schedules will necessitate a certain amount of readjustment in business is certain, but just why such process of readjustment should result in the disturbance to business and the markets so generally feared it is hard to see. Were the whole tariff system suddenly to be abandoned; the business of the country, it is sure, would be faced with disaster. But nothing of the sort is in contemplation. In a good many directions where an unreasonably high tariff exists the substantial cuts which are going to be made are bound to hurt, but any idea that there is suddenly to be abandoned the protective system under which our industries have grown may at once be dismissed. Between what the administration considers a fair and safe revision of existing tariff schedules and what a good many business men think ought to be done there is, without doubt, a considerable difference. Quite plain, however, has it already become that whatever changes are made will be made with due regard for their effect on business.

1893 and 1913

For the present feeling as to tariff revision and its probable consequences the severe disturbances which followed the last substantial reduction in the tariff is very largely responsible. Back in the early nineties they put the tariff down, it is being pointed out, and for five years following we had the hardest times the country has ever seen. Make the changes proposed, you hear it argued, and the effect on business will be just what it was then.

Were it a fact that the severe business depression which lasted from 1893 to 1898 resulted from the Wilson tariff, there might be cause for uneasiness as to what may happen when the schedules are put down this time. But, unfortunately for the argument of those who want to stir up sentiment against present revision of the tariff by pointing out the ill effects of revision in the past, there are no ill effects to point out. Following the tariff reduction of 1893, it is true, there came several years of business depression. But because a period of hard times followed the enactment of the Wilson tariff, by no means is it said that the hard times were caused by the Wilson tariff. On the contrary, by pretty much every one who lived through those times, it is agreed that the depression was caused not by the tariff at all, but by vicious currency legislation, over-extension of the credit position, and the bursting of the land boom in the West. For the purpose of showing how the pending tariff revision is going to react on business the trouble following the tariff revision of the early nineties is being continually brought up, but on no one familiar with the facts can it have much effect.

Discounted

So far as the influence of tariff revision on the security markets is concerned, there is no question that it has been largely discounted. It is not true, as has been widely stated, that "every schedule in the existing tariff has been capitalized," but it is true that a number of big corporations which have thriven behind the protection of the tariff wall have outstanding a large amount of securities which, under a reduced tariff, will be less valuable than they have been in the past. Speak of the need of "tariff revision," and what concrete examples present themselves first to mind? Wool, naturally, and then sugar. Very fully have the securities of the companies dealing in these products already discounted the coming revision. Take, for example, American Woolen preferred, a stock which pays 7 per cent. dividends and has an unbroken dividend record since the organization of the company. Its price at the time of writing is 77¼. Last year it sold at 94 and the year before that at 96, while in 1909 it was as high as 107¾. Take American Beet Sugar, another stock whose earning power will be very directly affected by tariff reduction. Only last year Beet Sugar sold at 77. Its present price is 29¾.

The foregoing are merely a couple of random examples of what has been going on all along the line. Other influences, of course, have been at work to depress the price of securities, but whatever the cause of the decline, the fact remains that by most of the securities whose earning power is going to be seriously affected by reason of tariff revision this influence has been pretty well discounted. It can be said with perfect consistency that the earning power of a good many industrial stocks is going to be permanently lessened by tariff readjustment, and yet that at the price at which they are selling they are attractive from an investment standpoint.

Securities That Will Benefit

There are, moreover, a good many securities whose earning power will be largely increased by the readjustment of the tariff schedules on a more reasonable basis. Take, for example, the railroads. Their product is service—what they are interested in is the freest possible movement of goods. Now, is there any question of the fact that a high tariff tends toward high prices and that high prices tend to obstruct the free flow of merchandise? Lower the tariff, and while for a short time the inevitable hesitation in certain manufacturing industries may result in the movement of a smaller volume of freight, within a very little while freight will be moving more freely and the railroads will be making more money than ever before.

And that is only one side of it. Along with the increase in railway gross revenues bound to follow the unhampered movement of freight, there may reasonably be expected to come a reduction in operating costs. How much, if any, wages will be reduced remains to be seen, but certainly the lower cost of materials will enable the railroads to operate on a more economical basis than at present. Which, after all, is the important thing—more important even than the expected increase in gross earnings. Margin of profit is what pays dividends.

To both business and the security markets tariff revision is more or less of a disturbing influence and is likely for some little time so to remain. That is quite true. But no less is it true that it is an influence which is greatly overrated. Pending the enactment of the new tariff, importers in many lines are going slow and manufacturers are taking every precaution against getting overstocked. All that, however, while it doesn't do business any good, is not doing it any harm which cannot be quickly repaired when once the new conditions under which business is to be done are definitely known.

NORTH BUTTE MINING COMPANY

WITH a total production of 227,000,000 pounds of copper since the time of its organization on April 1, 1905, to January 1, 1913, the North Butte Mining Company occupies the second place in the Butte District and is also the fourth heaviest producer of silver in North America, in the period of its existence having produced 8,400,000 ounces of the white metal. Since organization it has disbursed from its earnings the sum of $11,452,000 and at the present time is paying at the rate of $2.00 per share annually.

The North Butte Mining Company was incorporated under the laws of Minnesota on April 1, 1905, by Charles A. Duncan, L. W. Powell, and Joseph B. Cotton, of Duluth, Minn. It is capitalized for 600,000 shares, of a par value of $15.00. Of this amount 410,000 shares have been issued.

The original property was the Speculator mine, which was purchased from John A. Creighton, of Omaha, and the Largey Estate, of Butte. The original owners extracted $4,000,000 worth of ore from above the 1,600-foot level.

The officers of the company are: Thomas F. Cole, president; Charles A. Duncan, vice-president and treasurer; and Frederic R. Kennedy, secretary, all of Duluth, Minn. John D. Pope, Butte, Mont., general manager.

The company now owns an area of more than two hundred acres, comprising twenty-seven patented claims in one contiguous group. It includes what has been proved to be one of the richest mineral areas in the Butte district. Less than half of the ground has been developed.

Mining operations are being conducted from the Speculator shaft, which by the original owners was sunk to a depth of 1,600 feet, and by them the Speculator vein was worked out to that depth and some development done on the Edith May and Jessie veins. Since that time the Speculator shaft has been sunk to a depth of 2,900 feet, and crosscuts and drifts have been extended, developing rich ore deposits on various levels.

It remained for the present owners to complete the development of Edith May and Jessie veins, which several years ago were proved to contain the richest ore deposits in the district, and which made possible the payment of dividends in 1906 in the aggregate of $7.25 a share.

The principal product from the mine during the latter part of 1905, 1906, and 1907 was from the Edith May and Jessie veins. Since that time these veins have been explored on lower levels, and recent developments warrant the assertion that they will prove rich. The north crosscuts have been extended on levels below the 1,600, and have intersected the Gem, Crœsus, Snowball, and Adirondack veins, which are now developing excellent values. On the extreme lower levels the Edith May and Jessie veins are again being developed, and give promise of repeating their values on the levels above. The Crœsus and Snowball veins have proved rich in silver and are giving a heavy tonnage of highly profitable ore.

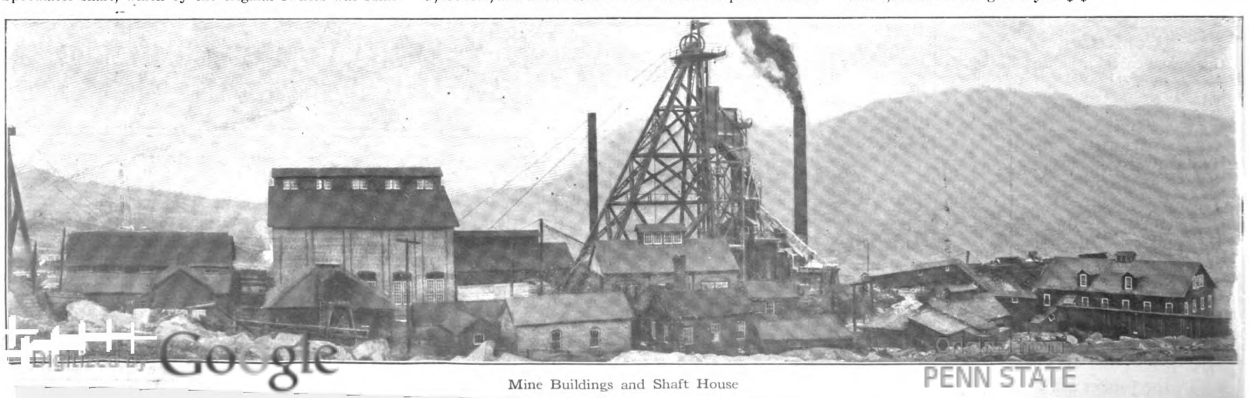
Early in the history of the North Butte Company it became apparent that it would be only a question of time when expanding operations would make a second shaft a necessity. In 1907, therefore, the work of sinking in the Granite Mountain shaft, 850 feet north of the Speculator shaft, was commenced. As a two-compartment shaft the Granite Mountain had been sunk by the Lewisohns. The North Butte Company enlarged it to three compartments, and continued sinking, and it now has a depth of 2,200 feet, and will be continued to extreme depth. Within a short time it will become the main working shaft of the North Butte Company, and will be equipped with the most modern electric hoist, with capacity for hoisting from a depth of 5,000 feet.

While the Granite Mountain will eventually be used as the main working shaft, the Speculator shaft will be continued in commission for lifting the ores located contiguous to it. The company will thus have two shafts for operating purposes, and will be in a position to increase its output if the condition of the metal market should warrant.

The methods of mining by the North Butte Company are thoroughly up to date. The equipment on the surface is modern in every respect, and the mine is now producing an average of 1,300 tons of ore a day. Skips are used in the hoisting of ore, and as it reaches the surface the ore is automatically dumped into the ore bins located on the railroad track. The underground workings are lighted by electricity, and electric haulage is employed. As showing the extent of underground work it may be stated that for timbering in the stopes, crosscuts, and drifts the company uses about 800,000 feet of lumber a month.

The company employs about nine hundred men, and its payroll amounts to about $100,000 every month. The men in the employ of the company are well provided for and enjoy all of the modern conveniences. The change house, where the miners change their clothing before and after working in the mine, is provided with individual lockers for one thousand men. Shower baths are provided, with hot and cold water.

The North Butte Company ships its product to the Washoe Smelter at Anaconda under contract. It markets its own product. It is producing at present at the rate of 27,000,000 pounds of copper, 1,500,000 ounces of silver, and 1,500 ounces of gold a year.***



Mine Buildings and Shaft House

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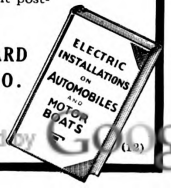
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The Woodpecker

THE California woodpecker stores away his acorns, although he never eats them. He bores several holes, differing slightly in size, at the fall of the year, invariably in a pine tree. Then he finds an acorn, which he adjusts to one of the holes.

He does not, however, eat the acorn, since, as a rule, he is not a vegetarian. His object in storing away the acorns exhibits foresight and a knowledge of results which would seem more akin to reason than to instinct. The acorns decay and are attacked by insects, and it is then that the woodpecker reaps the harvest which his foresight has provided.

Ordinarily it will be found that worms or ants are concealed beneath the point selected by the woodpecker for its attack and that the bird is guided in its search by the sense of hearing.

There are, however, circumstances that go to show that the woodpecker is not always in search of food or guided by sound. In the winter, when worms and ants are dormant and silent, the bird will wake every echo for a long distance around by tapping on a dead, dry branch or on the hollow trunk of a tree. His object seems to be to make all the noise he can.

One naturalist tells of some interesting observations he made of woodpeckers while he was occupying a house that had large, hollow pillars in front. Some smooth, round holes in them about two inches in diameter indicated what freedom the yellowhammers had used and would use again. In the early spring they began operations, and it was impossible to sleep in that house after daybreak. The birds would not have been harmed for this even had it become necessary to remove the house and pitch a tent on the spot.

It was plain that noise was what they cared most for, as they would bore a hole within a few inches of one which was already formed and which would answer every possible purpose as well as the new one. To try them on this point a small, empty cask was set bottom upward on a carpenter's bench in front of the house.

The yellowhammers could make no progress if their intention was to perforate the staves, but they could get out of that empty cask a wonderful volume of sound. They quit work on the pillars at once, and whereas they had before disturbed one household they were now able to awaken several at a considerable distance.

How Opium Is Got From the Poppies

WHILE the poppy will grow in almost any climate, it is in the East that it is most successfully cultivated.

When the land has been plowed and harrowed, the poppy seed is sown, about six pounds of seed being sufficient for one-third of an acre. Immediately upon the germination of the seed, which in most localities is about a week after sowing, the land is divided by furrows into rectangular beds about eight feet in length by four in breadth, these channels being employed for irrigation, since the plants need frequent watering, sometimes even to maturity.

About ten weeks after germination the flower appears, and its four petals are gently removed, on the third day after their expansion, to be pasted together with the leaves destined to form the outer shell of the opium cake. Then, after a period of eight or ten days, the capsules are lanced, and the juice that has exuded from the incisions is scraped off with a small scoop and transferred to a metal or earthen vessel. This process is repeated three or four times at intervals of two or three days, and the result is pure opium. The flower petals, the plant leaves, and the stalks have also a considerable value for packing purposes. The thicker portions of the stalk are used by natives for firewood.

When the crude opium is gathered it is stored by the cultivator and carefully watched and examined from time to time in order that no mold or taint may attack it. In due course it is ready to be made into cakes, dried, and packed in boxes.

Cats as Foster-Mothers

THE cat has frequently been made to act as foster-mother to strange kittens. Cats have been known to rear rabbits. In one case two young rabbits dug out of their nest and substituted for two kittens were raised by the mother cat. On another occasion a cat suckled a young rat, for which she developed a fondness greater than that for her own offspring. Curiously enough, in an attempt to make a cat adopt leverets the difficulty arose, not with the cat, but with these inforced kittens, which, although they submitted to be tended by their foster-mother, refused all nourishment from such a source.

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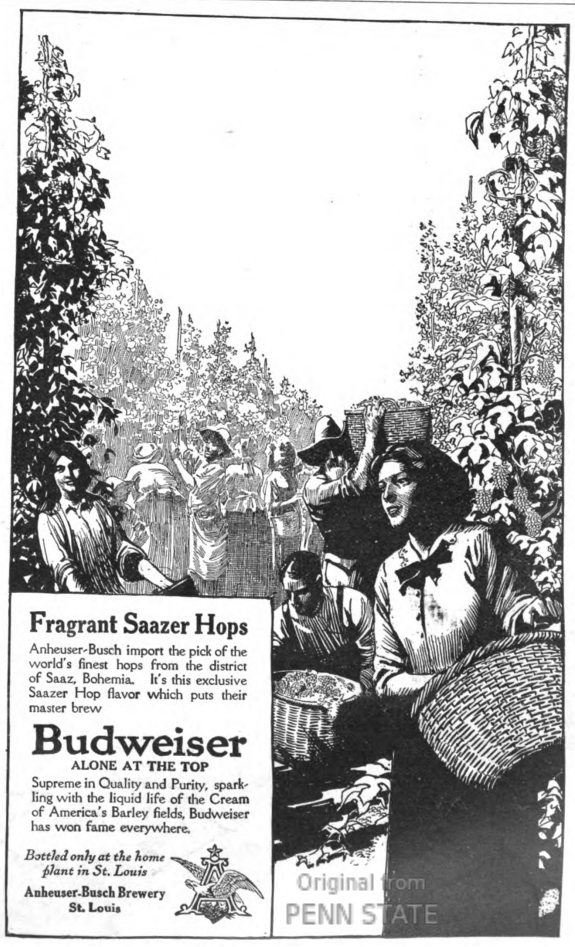
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Great Salt Lake

GREAT SALT LAKE presents many mysterious features for study. For many years men of science have studied its rise and fall with a view to ascertaining the causes of its queer behavior, but as yet, it seems, they have reached no satisfactory conclusion with reference to the problem connected with its decrease in depth. Persons familiar with its depth and the shrinking in its size each year assert that, at the end of twenty years or so, the bed of the lake will be nearly all exposed, with the possible exception of a few shallow pools of water. Then, it is thought, the mystery will be solved.

In dimensions this lake is really a sea. It is seventy-five miles in length and fifty miles at its greatest width, containing, therefore, over two thousand square miles of surface. Near the shores the water is so shallow that there are places where one may wade out from the beach for a distance of a mile and yet not be immersed up to his shoulders. The buoyancy of the water is such that it is almost impossible for one to remain on his feet at a greater depth, his body being lifted up as a strip of wood thrown into the water in a vertical or oblique direction, as a dart is returned to the surface in a horizontal position. Indeed, it is believed that Great Salt Lake will support more weight to a given volume of water than even the Dead Sea, to which in many respects it bears a striking likeness.

The large quantity of salt in solution is the principal reason for the buoyancy. As the lake recedes its bottom is shown to be composed of a heavy crust of salt, which is almost pure, lying upon a stratum that consists chiefly of sand. In this particular the bed of the lake is similar to some of the deserts in the Southwest, which once contained bodies of water equal in size to that in Utah or even larger.

It is known that Great Salt Lake loses a large quantity of water yearly by evaporation, but estimates of this quantity indicate that it is far less than that annually poured into the lake from the rivers and creeks entering it. So far as is known, no natural outlet exists, but the lake supplies an irrigating system in the country adjacent that requires a quantity of water yearly equal to a depth of four inches of the present area. This is a very small proportion of the volume of water that enters it through its feeders, so the scientists know the water escapes in some other manner than by the irrigation canal or by evaporation. This is proved by the fact that the increase in the quantity that enters the lake at a rainy season at times does not increase its depth, and the records show that actually it has fallen immediately after the Jordan and other streams have contributed a larger volume than usual.

Near what is called Antelope Island is an indication that a subterranean opening exists. The waters near the island are so violently disturbed at times that persons in the vicinity call this place the "maelstrom" and carefully avoid it when on the lake in boats. A number of years ago, it is said, a sailing-vessel loaded with sheep chanced to approach too near the "maelstrom," and despite the strong breeze that was blowing the force of the water was greater than the power of the sails, the vessel being drawn into the middle of the disturbance and capsized. Although sheep are naturally strong swimmers and land was but a few hundred feet away, not one of the animals escaped and most of the carcasses went under, never to appear again.

While the buoyancy of the water is so great that it will support a person without aid, the boats designed for use upon the lake must be constructed especially to counteract this feature. The ordinary wooden vessel, when empty, is actually too light to be navigated with safety upon it, since such a small portion of it would be immersed. Care must, therefore, be taken lest they be top-heavy. For this reason navigation is dangerous on the lake even when there is only a moderate wind, unless the sailing-vessel is loaded heavily, so that it sits deep enough in the water to counteract the buoyant tendency.

The House-building Caterpillar

EVEN the ordinary caterpillar has attracted the admiration of man throughout the ages. The adept manner in which it prepares itself to lead a higher life, in the form of a butterfly, is one of nature's mysteries, for no one has ever discovered where the untutored caterpillar gets its idea to roll itself up in a cocoon and await developments.

There is, however, a family of moths, the *psychidæ*, whose caterpillars may fairly be said to surpass their glittering cousins in the art of building and construction. The butterfly caterpillar makes use of the silk which nature gives it. The caterpillar of the *psychidæ* go further than that and build little houses from bits of grass, leaves, shreds of bark, and the like. This future moth does not wait for the time of final retirement in its sarcophagus, but proceeds to construct its cottage as soon as it starts out in life. Unlike the beasts of the field that go to sleep wherever shelter can be found and more like unto man, the caterpillar of the *psychidæ* feels that the possession of a house is the only way in which a respectable creature should exist. It not only lives in the house, but drags it about wherever it goes. It is a portable house. So the inmate never needs to run home when in danger, but simply retreats within-doors like a turtle.

These moths are found mostly in India and South Africa, while a smaller specimen exists in England. Some of the Indian ones are three inches in length. The larvæ shows signs of intelligence as soon as out of the egg. At that time, when about one-twenty-fourth of an inch long, it sets about in search of its first meal. Immediately after the first breakfast the house is begun.

Various forms of architecture are known to these caterpillars. In some examples the house is a series of octagonal sections; in others the bits of grass run lengthwise like a broom; or, again, the fibers are almost buried in a mesh of silk. Of course all the houses are lined with silk of the creature's own manufacture. There is also a door. When the occupant is within, the door can be shut on its silken hinges so securely as to prevent intrusion from the smallest insect. At night the caterpillar spins a thread and suspends itself from the twig of a tree.

When the time arrives for development into a moth no other cocoon is necessary. The front door is closed, sealed tight, and caterpillar goes to sleep.

The female moths of this family have not progressed comparatively so far as other females of the animal kingdom. The female moth of the *psychidæ* possesses no wings with which to fly, nor legs with which to walk, nor has she any jaws or feelers. Thus poorly equipped, she never leaves the cocoon. She stays at home all the time and attends to her duties, which are not varied, but well done. Perhaps that is why her offspring is such a wise and efficient little caterpillar.

Hats and Architecture

IT has been pointed out that the form of the hat bears a certain relation to buildings of a primitive nature—huts. A distinguished architect has invited attention to the curious resemblance that has existed and that is still to be found in many countries between headgear and habitations or other buildings. It may be that the same taste, or the lack of it, has given rise to the similarity of style, or in the beginning the designer of the hat may have taken the hut as a model.

In the Hawaiian Islands, long before the inhabitants took the trouble to clothe themselves, they built grass houses, and at the present time the characteristic Hawaiian hat is remarkably like the hut.

The turbans of the dignitaries of the Eastern church are still of the shape of those worn by the high priests among the Jews of olden times, and they are extraordinarily like the characteristic domes that surmount mosques. Again, it is pointed out, the high pointed spires of Gothic churches were contemporaneous with the high hornlike head-dress known as the hennin. It is believed, too, that like results may be found after a comparison of other styles of architecture with the headgear of the period wherein they flourished.

Lo, the East-Indian Police!

THE British House of Commons has been investigating recently a case of torture by the police in Poona, India. It was admitted that tortures described by the crown prosecutor as revolting to humanity were inflicted upon three innocent peasants for the purpose of extorting a confession of robbery from them. There had been a robbery, and the real thieves were eventually discovered, but in the mean time the police deliberately concocted the charge against the three peasants, recorded the extorted confessions as voluntary confessions, and bolstered them up by burying some alleged stolen property, and then compelling the three accused to dig it out. The four native policemen concerned in the affair have been sentenced to heavy terms of imprisonment, and their victims have received some pecuniary compensation from the government.



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ALTHOUGH Helena owes much of its growth and prestige to its exceptional geographical position and the excellent shipping facilities at its disposal, it is equally true that the extent of its wholesale banking and commercial interests is due to the ample capital, large stock, and progressive business policy established by the pioneer business men of the city, among whom none are more representative than the A. M. Holter Hardware Company.

The history of this house dates back forty-six years, to the time the business was established as a general merchandise store by A. M. Holter and Brother, during the palmy days of Last Chance Gulch. In its growth and expansion it has kept pace with the development of the state and the advancement of Helena to such an extent that the history of both might well read as one.

For twenty years the business was continued as a general merchandise store until 1887, when A. M. Holter incorporated the A. M. Holter Hardware Company, since which time it has occupied the substantial three-story and basement brick building, in the heart of the business district. This building is devoted to the extensive retail interests of the company, while commodious warehouses located adjacent to the railway tracks carry the large stock used in the transaction of the company's wholesale business.

The largest stock between St. Paul and the coast is carried by this company, such as is usually handled by jobbing hardware houses, consisting of a complete line of mining supplies, Blasting Powder, Explosives, Caps, Fuse, Powder, Builders' Hardware, Contractors' Supplies, House Furnishings, Ammunition, Guns and Rifles, Paints, Oil, Glass, and a kindred line of Merchandise.

The furnishings and fixtures of the retail department are metropolitan in appearance and surprise strangers to the city not familiar with the extent of the business transacted from Helena by its big houses. Handsome plate-glass showcases, solid oak fixtures, and a well-arranged salesroom are well in keeping with the high-grade character of the stock handled.

A. M. Holter is the founder and president of the business, and G. F. Graham is general manager.

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PENN STATE

The Mystery of Selenium

FOR almost a hundred years chemists have recognized the existence of selenium. That is practically all that was known *about* this strange element until the twentieth century was well started. At the present time selenium has come to be *considered* one of the marvels of science, one whose powers are so touched with mystery that even yet the why and the *wherefore* are veiled. The uses of the element are proving themselves anew each day in some earnest seeker's laboratory. There are men who have already given much study to it and who are willing to make extravagant sounding predictions of its possibilities. Think of a substance that will cause the discharge of great guns at the touch of a beam of light that can transmit a sunray into an audible sound! All this and more is characteristic of selenium.

John Jacob Berzelius, a Swedish chemist, was the discoverer of this strange element. While employed as an expert in connection with the making of sulphuric acid at Gripsholm, he noticed one day an unfamiliar red powder left as a residue in the lead chambers of the acid-works. He investigated and found that it was actually an element.

The Scandinavian could find no particular use for his discovery at the time, and after he and his pupils had investigated it thoroughly enough to fix its place in chemistry as part of the so-called "sulphur group" they assigned it to the category of waste products. Scientists of later years have found a veritable treasure mine in these scorned substances and selenium was no exception.

This neglected element may replace coal as a generating agent for both heat and power. That in itself would give to selenium a place as important in its way as any gained by its more aristocratic contemporary radium. But there are other duties for selenium to perform. By its use a war-ship hunting out the guns of a fortress by means of brilliant searchlights will bring destruction upon itself. It would be practically suicide for an enemy's ship to throw a searchlight on a fort whose guns were fitted with selenium conductors, for immediately a heavy shell would plow its way down the path of light and into the vitals of the ship.

All that would be needed for such equipment would be a box on the gun-carriage containing a selenium cell. Small lamps could be handled near by with impunity, but the instant that the glare of a strong searchlight fell upon the cell the element would be changed from a poor to an excellent conductor and flash a spark from a battery to the powder charge.

Handy as it might be in time of war, the uses of selenium in peace are even greater. It has proved itself capable not only of magnifying minute sounds to an almost incredible volume, but of making possible the record by sound of all sorts of light. For instance, a lamp will give a light which "sounds" like a murmur by moonlight, while in sunlight a roar is produced that drowns the noise of a passing dray. Selenium is also used in the observation of the transit of Venus and eclipses of the sun, to light and extinguish buoys automatically, to guide and explode torpedoes, for measuring X-rays, and in the glass industry, making easy the blowing of very hard glass and providing the coloring for red glass and red films.

Like many of the other important elements, however, selenium enforces penalties for its labors. It inflames the mucous membrane of the nasal channed and causes the outbreak of a rash resembling eczema if experimented with for any length of time.

Little as selenium is known outside of the scientific world, it is not a rare element. Rather it is widely distributed. It is a permanent ingredient of sulphur, and as such was known to the alchemists of ancient times, although they did not observe its character as an element. From the chemical standpoint it is classed as a metalloid. It is found in a pure state in a Mexican mineral called riolit which is found in the Culebras and as sulfoselenide of silver, lead, bismuth, copper, and murcury in the minerals called guanajuatite, aquilarite, and onofrite. More abundantly it occurs as selenious acid combined with silver, lead, bismuth, copper, colbalt, mercury, and thallium in various South-American provinces. There are deposits of it in various states of the Union, New York having four such spots. It is also found pure in the sulphur which clings to the craters of volcanoes, the crater in the Liparian Islands being especially abundant in its supply.

More important, possibly, as a cheaper form of procuring selenium, are the minerals which are called pyrites. From those as a by-product the element has been obtained since 1838 and used in the manufacture of sulphuric acid. The pyrites are found all over Europe, especially in Germany, Austria, and Hungary. The continental factories use these for the making of the acid, but the Sicilian sulphur which has been used exclusively by the English manufacturers has been found to contain an even greater percentage of selenium.

The poisonous and dangerous attributes of this old but still strange substance lie chiefly in selenium dioxide or selenious acid. It corrodes the skin and affects the nails to a greater degree, coloring them reddish brown in spots and causing pain that sometimes lasts for hours. Its effect on the mucous membranes has already been noted. What it might do if the handling of it was continued steadily no one has yet discovered, but its earliest threats show that in its present form at least selenium requires the services of an expert and careful chemist before it can be harnessed to work for man.

Earth-eaters

NOWHERE in the world is the taste for earth-eating absolutely unknown. In the less developed regions of South America, in central and west Africa, in New Caledonia, the Sonda Islands, Australia, Laos, Tonkin, China, and even Siberia the natives, men, women, and children, are all addicted to the habit. The substance which they eat, however, is not ordinary earth. It is a very white and pure clay that contains a little iron. The daily consumption of a confirmed earth-eater may be as much as seven pounds. Sometimes this clay is taken in the form of pills, at others it is made into pancakes, while again it is kneaded into small models of birds and animals which are dried, then grilled, and eaten either before or after a meal. Occasionally it is reduced to powder, when it serves as a seasoning. Insipid to the taste at first, it has a relish second to none for the habitual consumer.

The origin of the habit is a mystery, for, although the clay sometimes contains animal matter, such has little nutritive value. It may be akin to the chewing-gum habit. In Laos, when the rice crop fails, the people throng to the river-banks in order to provide themselves with clay. Natives in lower Senegal season their rice with chalybrate matter, as the white man's ancestors fed partly on roots and partly on berries crushed roughly on a millstone, the sand from which became mingled with the food.

The Amazons

FOR a long time it was held that the story of the Amazons, the valiant race of women warriors, so great a favorite with the Greeks and other peoples of antiquity, was a mere poetic myth, but within recent years archæological researches have indicated that there were indeed women fighters of high rank in those remote days.

A couple of years ago there was unearthed a sepulcher in that part of Italy known as Etruria, in which was discovered a war chariot of bronze and iron, wherein was crouched the skeleton of a woman. About this skeleton were the remains of rich robes and ornaments of gold and ivory, such as, in the old traditions, the Amazons wore in battle. The bronze-work and the terra-cotta vases fixed the date of the tomb as about 800 B.C.

The first stories of the Amazons assigned them to the northeastern part of Asia Minor, but Etruria was peopled from Asia Minor and had attained a high degree of skill in certain of the arts long before Rome was founded. Such evidence as this tomb affords is, in the opinion of more than one authority, more convincing than the pictures of Amazons on the old vases, or such legends as that of Queen Penethesilea, who was said to have led five thousand women fighters to the aid of Priam during the Trojan War.

Tree Temperature

IT is not shade alone that makes it cooler under a tree in summer. The coolness of the tree itself is to be considered, since its temperature is about forty-five degrees, Fahrenheit, at all times, as that of the human body is a fraction more than ninety-eight degrees. So, it will be seen, a clump of trees cools the air as a piece of ice cools the water in a pitcher.

It is for this reason that municipal experts contend that trees should be planted in the tenement districts of large cities. If, they reason, the air can be made cooler and purer by the trees, fewer children will die of heat ailments. As more city children die during the months of June, July, August, and September than in any other period of the year, the importance of the suggestion has received wide-spread notice.

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Business in 2000 B.C.

THE deciphering of the old Babylonian records of clay have revealed some very interesting facts with reference to business life two thousand years before Christ. In many cases these records relate to trade transactions, to business disputes, incident to the ordinary, every-day doings of the merchants, and to their troubles as to the title to property. There are even data to show how the Babylonians and their neighbors conducted their accounting systems.

Nearly four thousand years ago these people had so far progressed in "business" that it was actually found necessary to enact special laws to deal with those who were trying the "short cuts" to wealth. The young man with "prospects," like his prototypes of to-day, was wont to utilize those prospects in negotiation with the professional money-lender.

The banker of Babylon deposited regularly and issued his brick "checks" and bills of exchange, and the law intervened, as it does to-day, to uphold the rights of property. So keen, indeed, were the business instincts of the Babylonians that even the priests were not above a "deal" in offerings and in real estate. Furthermore, it appears that a vast part of the commerce of Babylonia was concentrated in the temples. Great quantities of metals, cereals, and other commodities, coming either as gifts to the gods or as presents to the temples, were sold by the priests, and the latter rarely failed to obtain their full profit.

Most careful accounts of revenue and expenditure were kept. These show in many cases that investments in loans and purchases of land, as well as other profitable dealings, were a regular part of the fiscal activities of the priestly establishments.

There have been preserved the contract tablets kept by a firm of bankers and money-lenders known as "The Sons of Egibi," established at Babylon as early as one thousand years before Christ. This firm was of enormous wealth and influence. It has been called by one English writer "the Rothschilds of the ancient world." It conducted nearly every sort of financial operation. It made loans to the state, as well as to private individuals, and the finances of the court were intrusted to it for several generations. It collected the land taxes, tithes, and dues for the use of public roads and paid them into the royal treasury.

This firm also undertook the conduct of what are now called "agencies" for private persons, and, in addition to its vast money-lending transactions, must also have been engaged in what we now term "banker's" business, since it is practically certain that in those days there existed documents corresponding to modern checks and bills of exchange.

The transactions of this firm were noted down on clay tablets which were stored in great earthenware jars for safety. There they remained until they were brought to light by scientific exploration. All these tablets bear the names of the contracting parties and witnesses and most of them are dated. The Egibi firm was not the only great trading firm in ancient Babylonia, for at Niffer there were discovered the records of another firm, known as Murasu, that rose to a position of great wealth and importance during the fifth century before Christ.

The tablets unearthed at Dilbat, near Babylon, also throw an interesting light upon the business methods of the people. These tablets tell in graphic manner the story of the citizens, their business transactions, disputes, and every-day life, particularly with reference to land transactions. They are what might best be termed family archives. They relate to a very early period, being mostly dated in the reigns of the predecessors of that mighty monarch Hammurabi, who codified the Babylonian laws, and so were composed at the period of the first Babylonian dynasty.

The documents rescued from the ruins of Dilbat almost all concern the sale or renting of houses and lands and fields or the purchase of cattle and crops. Dilbat was the center of a rich agricultural district. The terms employed are common to all the Babylonian cities. The ground and the houses are clearly defined by the enumeration of neighboring proprieties and the names of their proprietors. Frequently the boundary is a street, a canal, a pond, or harbor. Then, in cases of real estate, follows a statement of value, with the names of vendor and purchaser, and at the end of the document comes the oath sworn before the god of the city in temple and also an invocation of the reigning king. The Dilbat scribes also added a clause placing the onus of any subsequent dispute of the deed upon the seller. "For all the contests concerning the property [A. B.] is responsible." Finally follow the names of the witnesses, and often also the scribes of the tablets, and generally several signets of the persons concerned. The tablets were in duplicate. The first was inscribed and baked and copied; then a cover of soft clay placed over or around it, and the document re-engrossed upon this cover from the copy, so that it could be referred to at any time by paying the required fee at the record office.

In case of dispute as to its accuracy, for an extra sum the outer envelope was broken and compared with its interior duplicate text; and the litigant who proved to be in error in his allegation that the two versions were not identical paid a considerable forfeit, and a new outer case was placed over the original tablet and reinscribed. This procedure is mentioned in the Old Testament as inquiring of the outer and inner tablet of a deed.



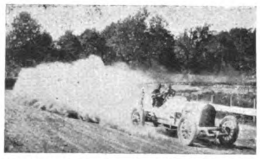
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How Many Stars Are There?

WE think of the multitudes of the stars and would in all probability boldly say that on a clear, frosty, moonless night we see millions of them. In reality on such a night, if we leave out the faintly luminous Milky Way, we see less than three thousand distinct stars. In the whole starry sphere, of which we see only half at any given time, there are only a score of first-magnitude stars, beginning with Sirius, the brightest of them, and including stars like Orion's right shoulder and left knee, Betelgeux and Rigel, Vega and Arcturus. Of stars of the second magnitude, like six of the seven stars in the Dipper, there are, in all, sixty-five. Of stars of the third magnitude, like the remaining star of the Dipper, where the handle joins the bowl, there are a hundred and ninety. Of stars of the fourth magnitude, under five hundred; of the fifth, just over a thousand; and of the sixth, the extreme limit visible to the naked eye on the best nights something over three thousand, making in all less than five thousand visible at any time to the naked eye; while only half, or about two thousand five hundred, can be seen at one time.

But even an opera-glass shows a great many more, and larger and larger telescopes disclose more and more. Yet they seem limited in number, at least if it be true that the light-carrying ether does not absorb and extinguish the light of the most remote. For if they were really infinite in number, and their light came to us unimpeded, the night sky would be uniformly luminous, which it is not. So that a small telescope which shows stars down to the ninth magnitude will add about a hundred thousand stars to those visible to the unaided eye, while the largest telescopes will show stars down to about the sixteenth magnitude. Argelander's star chart includes between three and four hundred thousand stars counted and plotted by hand, while the modern photographic survey, in which the stars are made to map themselves, goes up to the high figure of fifteen millions. It is computed that the best optical means which human genius can devise may show a hundred million stars. If this be, as is supposed, close to the total of existing stars, and if we remember that the population of the earth is computed to be one thousand five hundred millions, then it follows that there is only one star for each fifteen people, or, say, a star for each three families—by no means such a vast number as most people suppose. But, as said, this is true only if the ether does not extinguish any of the light, and so does not hide the most distant stars by absorbing their luminous messages.

A Novel Automobile Club

RECENTLY there has been started in Paris a novel institution called the Hundred Club. Its object is the revival of the culinary art. To realize this end members spare no pains. All are keen automobilists familiar with the roads of the most remote provinces and their houses of call. These enthusiasts in a good cause "club" the experiences thus gained for the general benefit. Thus a member who has received satisfactory treatment in a certain town informs the club of the fact in a note that mentions the specialties of the house, the dishes, and wines it is best to ask for down to the smallest details of the service. At one place, for instance, the chef has a decided talent for "sauce mousseline." At a second the kitchen help are marvels of cleanliness, and so on. On the other hand, the indifferent cooking at some establishment is pointed out as a warning to avoid the place as a plague spot.

Duly filed among the club records, and kept secret from outsiders, these valuable hints are free to members for their exclusive use. One result has been that the accumulated memoranda have taken shape in a sort of geographical cook dictionary.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

VOL. LVII] No. 2947

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1913

[10 Cents a Copy [$4.00 a Year

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REMEMBERING THE "MAINE"

The battleship "Maine" and her dead were commemorated on Decoration Day, in New York City, by the unveiling of an imposing monument which has been erected at the southwest corner of Central Park. Ex-President Taft, Governor Sulzer, and Mayor Gaynor were among the speakers of the day.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS
Frederick L. Collins, President — Arthur S. Moore, Secretary
Cameron Mackenzie, Vice-President — Horace W. Paine, Treasurer
McClure Building, Fourth Ave. & 20th Street, New York

COMMENT

BEGINNING with the issue of August 16th, Mr. NORMAN HAPGOOD will take direct personal charge of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

As to the President's "Lobbying"

The real objection to the lobby investigation remains precisely what it was: it may cause unnecessary and unessential delay. On the other hand, few of us are in a position to say positively that the delay *is* unnecessary or unessential. On the contrary, the final show-down on expected amendments and on the passage of the tariff bill may prove that the President was right and that his move was the only way to hold in line enough votes to reject dangerous amendments and to get the bill into conference substantially unaltered and in shape to fulfil Democratic pledges and test the low-tariff theory.

Senator TOWNSEND, of Michigan, Republican, has given interesting support to this view of the matter. He has declared that the President, by his statement in reference to the lobby, has held in line Democrats who might otherwise have voted against certain main provisions of the bill, if not against the measure as a whole. In other words, he has indicated his belief that the President's action may have saved the bill from mutilation or defeat.

Of course, at the same time, he called the President a lobbyist—the worst lobbyist in Washington—and was indignant at the growth and open exercise of executive influence.

That's as it may be. The President is leader of his party, and it is inconceivable that he should not try to exercise much influence over it. In firmly asserting his leadership, in openly attacking whatever influences there were that opposed, openly or insidiously, his and his party's policy, he was within his right, he was breaking no precedent whatever. To say that he was "lobbying" is absurd; quite as absurd as to call a British premier a lobbyist for rallying his following in Parliament or to blame a general for any measure he may think necessary to hold his men in line on the battle-field.

For Higher Education in the South

Another million for a Southern college!

And again we are quite confident that no other part of the country will regret to see this fresh sign of the turning Southward of a reasonable part of our American generosity to colleges. This time the beneficiary is Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina. Most of the money comes from the DUKE brothers, natives of that region, and who there began their remarkable business career; but a substantial part comes from the Rockefeller Foundation

Fairly Good Going with the Tariff

We see no reason to be discouraged about the tariff bill. True, we should like to see it moving along faster toward final enactment. We want business to begin as soon as possible its actual experience of the new order which the bill will bring about. We want the country to begin as soon as possible to study the actual working of a really low tariff—something that few Americans now living have ever seen. For we are steadfastly confident that a low tariff, framed on sound principles, will, if it is only kept in operation long enough, prove the best of low-tariff arguments. We believe the UNDERWOOD bill, if enacted soon enough to give it a safe life of four or five years, will be to the next tariff revision what the WALKER bill of 1846 was to the bill of 1857, concerning which SUMNER said that practically all classes, including the manufacturers, were content with it as an extension of the low-tariff principle.

We have that feeling as to the extreme advisability of wasting no time. But we are not so unreasonable as to demand that the Senate renounce its function and pass the bill without any real consideration whatever. That was not to be expected. Moreover, trusting the newspaper reports, we are actually pleased with some of the intentions of the Senate Finance Committee and its subcommittees. Frankly, for instance, we never could see any good reason why, if flour and oatmeal and meats are to go on the free list there should be a duty on cattle and wheat and hats. That would not be logical; it would not be in accord with Democratic doctrine; it would not be just. As we have indicated, the protest of the millers and others against it seemed to us entirely reasonable. We are glad to believe that the protest has been heeded, and we are particularly glad to believe, according to the latest reports, that the remedy is to be, not a duty on flour and oatmeal and meats, but free wheat and free oats and free cattle. That, we take it, is not only adherence to principle, but also candid acceptance of present conditions in respect of grain-growing and cattle-raising in this country. It is all right, whether it comes from the Senate committee or the President.

We feel equally free to say that we find nothing unreasonable in the proposed Senate changes in the administrative sections; and we are certainly not displeased with the announcement that the Senate amendments, taken together, will probably yield a lower average rate of duties than the House bill fixed. If that is true, then we will have attained not merely a new tariff bill, but a new process of tariff-making. For every tariff we remember has left the Senate higher than it came from the House, and has again been raised in conference.

No, we are not discouraged; and we are only too glad to praise the Democratic Senators, including SIMMONS, who, whatever their past records, seem now to be resolutely minded to keep faith with WILSON, with their party, and with the country.

An Alien Enterprise

Senator HITCHCOCK'S amendment, proposing a graduated tax on the larger producers of smoking-tobacco, cigars, and snuff, is another matter. We do not understand that the Senate Finance Committee, or any of its subcommittees, has accepted it. Neither do we find as yet anything to indicate that the President is at all committed to it. So far as we can see, it merely embodies an idea of Senator HITCHCOCK'S own and a suggestion of Attorney-General MCREYNOLDS to remedy by legislation the supposed lack of effectiveness of the Supreme Court's decree dissolving the tobacco trust.

It is a matter, therefore, for separate discussion—and for far more deliberate and full consideration than this paragraph permits. It involves questions of fact not to be hastily dealt with; whether, for instance, the bigger of the surviving tobacco companies are actually crushing out the competition of the smaller independent companies, and by improper methods; it involves the old question of how far mere bigness is of itself objectionable in corporations; it involves a lot of things that ought not to be hurriedly decided. Above all, it involves the question, never before so squarely raised, if raised at all, whether government must yet use the taxing power—which Senator HITCHCOCK frankly remembers is the "power to destroy"—as an adjunct to its other legislative endeavors to regulate "big business" justly.

Because it does raise such big issues as these, we strongly oppose any such amendment to the tariff bill. We pass no judgment on the ideas of Senator HITCHCOCK and Mr. MCREYNOLDS. We have no doubt there is much sympathy with the objects they have in mind. On that score we ourselves are not unsympathetic. But the tariff bill ought not to be complicated with or imperiled by such an unnecessary addition to the troubles of the men who are fighting for it. The HITCHCOCK amendment should take its chances as an entirely separate measure. It can then be discussed on its own merits. The announced purpose of the President and the party in power is to enact a tariff "for revenue." They ought not to be asked to pass a tariff to amend or supplement the SHERMAN law, or to correct a Supreme Court decision. Their initial job is big enough as it is. Let us not enlarge it with other designs, however worthy.

Not Too Sociological, Please

Senator BORAH has introduced an amendment to the tariff bill which would bar from entry all goods manufactured wholly or in part by children under fourteen years old, or by children under sixteen who are required to work more than eight hours a day or more than forty-eight hours a week. It would also bar all imports made wholly or in part by convict labor.—*Washington Despatch.*

We suppose the Senator's intention is to protect American labor from the competition of foreign child-labor, but there are a lot of desirable things that a tariff bill ought not to undertake, and this seems to be one. Moreover, if the custom-houses have to delve too far into the sociology of imports, the revenue will be eaten up in investigation. *De minimis lex not curat* means tariff law, too.

Paterson and the I. W. W.

The I. W. W. at Paterson is a symptom, not a cause. Mr. GREGORY MASON gathered the facts of the industrial situation in that city in an article in the *Outlook* last week. The strike in the silk-mills began, he says, when, in January, "the employees of the DOHERTY mill, enraged at the installation of the four-loom system, by which each weaver's work was doubled without a corresponding increase in wages, left their places and struck." But for long before that the silk-weavers had been much disturbed in their minds, and as there are 293 silk firms in Paterson, it was a serious disturbance, for the example of the DOHERTY mill, under the stimulating supervision of the I. W. W., brought 25,000 silk-workers out, and they have been out ever since.

The trouble seems to be the common one of improvements in machinery which, under competition, have borne harder and harder on operatives. The story as Mr. MASON tells it is that twenty years ago a high-speed loom was perfected that could be run by women. Forthwith factories were opened in various cities of Pennsylvania where the men work in coal or iron, and many women are available for employment. In Paterson silk-making is an old industry, but the competition of the cheap-labor mills in Pennsylvania drove the Paterson manufacturers to like expedients. "Women came into the mills of the Jersey town and wages dropped."

Now as to the four-loom system, Mr. MASON says that fifty years ago each weaver operated a single loom eighteen inches wide. Gradually by improvements in machinery and possibly by developing a higher standard of exertion, workers have been given two, three, and now four looms to run, and the width of the looms has been doubled. So a weaver now under the four-loom system produces as much as eight men produced fifty years ago.

That is a splendid triumph for invention and machinery, but the workers seem to be worse and worse off. The competition in silk-manufacturing is sharp. If wages are low in Pennsylvania, Paterson cannot compete successfully with Pennsylvania and pay high wages. If appeal is made to the legislature of New Jersey, what can it do? Can it regulate wages? And if it could, could it regulate the competitive wages in Pennsylvania and other states?

It will be seen that here is a situation difficult of reasonable settlement. There cannot be, under our present system of government, a federal law to fix the standard of wages and hours of labor in the silk industry. If the manufacturers combined to do it the SHERMAN anti-trust law would probably catch them.

And that is a pretty common situation. Reasonable people inspect it, and wring their hands, and go back and sit down. Along comes the I. W. W., which is not reasonable, which has an impossible industrial theory, cares nothing for states' rights or the SHERMAN law, has not been bred to any sacred awe of machinery, but has a very lively concern for human workers, and sympathy and eloquence and indifference to cops and prisons. The I. W. W. takes hold of this situation, which palsies law and flouts argument, and does what it can. Largely it raises hob, but considerably it relieves—for it gets money—and it gives leadership and keeps the strike together.

Women in Industry

The element of women's labor in this silk-mill difficulty is interesting. A very wise woman said the other day: "I do not care anything about votes for women. The great peril that concerns them is industrialism, which is drawing them by the thousand away from their natural duties and vocations. Who can do the work these women leave undone? What can make up to the country for the loss of their services as mothers and trainers of families?"

Who is ahead on the wholesale employment of women of the coal districts of Pennsylvania in silk-mills? Perhaps some manufacturers are the richer for it. Possibly silk is cheaper to the consumer or more profitable to the merchant because of it. But see the result in Paterson, see the effect on labor, wages lowered, human life cheapened, competition intensified, men diminished in their power to support families! And since this sort of thing has been going on in all sorts of industries, and more and more lives of women have been sucked in, and human endurance has been stretched farther and farther on the industrial rack, the cost of living has mounted up, up, up, and discontent has waxed apace.

Of course there are compensations. A great

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many women get wages and like them, but it is as President WILSON said in his inaugural:

> We have been proud of our industrial achievements, but we have not hitherto stopped thoughtfully enough to count the human cost, the cost of lives snuffed out, of energies overtaxed and broken, the fearful physical and spiritual cost to the men and women and children upon whom the dead weight and burden of it all have fallen pitilessly the years through.

Women, Babies, and Work

Last week in the French Chamber of Deputies there was a discussion about the protection and encouragement of motherhood. We read:

> Deputy FERNAND ENGERAND, in proposing a measure to compel employers to continue paying the wages of working-women during four weeks in case they are absent from their employment owing to motherhood, said that France and Turkey were the only European countries in which motherhood was not protected. The death-rate among children who were put out to nurse in France was, he said, sixty per cent., while among children nursed by their mothers it was only twelve per cent.

What does four weeks amount to to a nursing mother? To something, no doubt, but of course it is not nearly enough. Does France expect to get her population maintained and her armies recruited by the efforts of women who go out to work, and bear children in the brief intervals of their wage-earning labors?

Monstrous! We commend to the Deputies this discourse of last week before a committee of the Missouri Senate, between Lieutenant-Governor PAINTER, of Missouri, and Mrs. ROBINS, settlement-worker of Chicago and president of the Woman's National Trades Union League:

> Lieutenant-Governor PAINTER said that the attitude of the Trades Union League in urging girls to concentrate in the city is destroying home ties and subjecting women to conditions worse than those of the negro in slavery.
>
> Mrs. ROBINS said that women in industry were slaves, but she said they ought to enter the gainful occupations and be paid a proper minimum wage—$12 a week or more.
>
> Mrs. ROBINS said that women enjoyed being among the multitude, preferring that to the home. She said her purpose was to make women rebellious so they would demand more pay and better working conditions.
>
> "Has not women's employment in the industries enforced women's slavery in this country?" asked the Lieutenant-Governor.
>
> "Yes," said Mrs. ROBINS.
>
> "And are not women workers more firmly in bondage than were the African slaves, who were valuable to their owners and properly cared for? Do not employers now know that when they wear out one girl they can get another to take her place?"
>
> "Yes, that's true," said Mrs. ROBINS.
>
> "If women were taken out of the industries and lived at home and took care of the families, would they not be better off and would not the men then get higher wages and be better able to provide for their families?"
>
> "Every woman is entitled to work," replied Mrs. ROBINS.

Yes, every woman is entitled to work; but to bear and raise children is work, and ought not to be too much complicated with employments that conflict with it.

Thought Will Still Govern

> THURLOW WEED was the grandfather of WILLIAM BARNES. When New York proposed in 1821 to establish manhood suffrage Mr. WEED was one of the most active opponents of the amendment. Sixty years later he frankly confessed that he had been mistaken and that none of the evils which he feared had resulted from the establishment of a genuinely popular government. If grandfather was so decidedly wrong on a vital question of votes, grandson may be equally wrong on a question of nominations.—*The World.*

Possibly THURLOW WEED'S final conclusion was that it doesn't make much difference who votes, provided the voter is accessible; and perhaps Grandson BARNES'S conclusion may finally be that it doesn't make much difference what voice nominates. Thought taken beforehand will doubtless produce effects in politics as heretofore, no matter what improvements may be made in the machinery of nomination.

False Economy with Judges

There is little or no difference of opinion to be found in the very widespread comment on the resignation of Judge NOYES, of the Second Federal Judicial District. Those who know about Judge NOYES agree that he is a very good judge indeed, and that the bench will be weakened by the loss of him. Those who know about living conditions in his district, which extends into New York, Connecticut, and Vermont, agree that his sole reason for resigning—the insufficiency of his salary—is a perfectly good reason. Everybody seems to agree that our government is at fault in permitting such a reason to exist.

Congress is at fault in more ways than one in this matter of judicial salaries. It has failed to take due account of the increase in the cost of living. Twenty years ago that was not, for a man in Judge NOYES'S position, more than half what it is to-day; his present salary of $7,000 is now not nearly equivalent to the $6,000 which circuit judges then received. Congress has also failed to take due account of the differences in the cost of living as between different parts of the country. There are high state judges in parts of the South who seem content with salaries of $3,000 or less; at any rate, high-class men seek and keep such places. On the other hand, nobody seems to think it unreasonable that in New York City Supreme Court justices should have $17,500.

But the main fault of our policy in this regard is general and continuous, and has often enough been pointed out as in contrast with English and other foreign usage. It is simply that we do not pay enough for the difficult and almost supremely important work which we demand from the bench. Our system, state and national, throws upon judges more of the responsibility for its proper working than does any other in the world. That is perhaps its most distinguishing characteristic. Yet no other great nation does so little, whether with money or in other ways, to make the bench attractive to men of the highest ability.

Some of the states are doing more than they used to. There are signs that a general change of policy may be approaching. It cannot come too soon. Whatever may be the merits of other plans to keep the American bench what it has been and should be, and to allay what seems a growing discontent with it, none can be complete or final that does not make it effectively attractive to the very best men we have to put on it. Whatever else we want, we shall certainly always want the best judges we can get. We can afford whatever it may cost to get them. We cannot afford to practise any economy—or to do anything else—that may keep us from getting them.

Commissioner Williams

The resignation of Mr. WILLIAM WILLIAMS as Commissioner of Immigration has been accepted by the President, to take effect on June 30th. The President in a letter expresses his appreciation of Mr. WILLIAMS'S "conscientious and peculiarly intelligent service in handling one of the most delicate and onerous positions in the government service."

It will be a loss to the country when Mr. WILLIAMS leaves Ellis Island. He has been the head of our establishment there for seven years in all—three by appointment of Mr. ROOSEVELT, and, after an interval, four more by appointment of Mr. TAFT. A commissioner at Ellis Island under the immigration laws is sure to be assailed and misrepresented. He will have to make many distressful decisions, and turn back lots of pitiable people from the door of their hopes. It is a heartbreaking job. Mr. WILLIAMS has administered it with firmness, with kindness, with sound judgment, and entire integrity. He has been vilified and assailed a great deal, but wherever his conduct or decisions have been investigated by competent inquirers he has been justified; and usually when his judgments have been overruled on appeal to Washington, the final result has justified his opinion.

We don't like to see Mr. WILLIAMS released from the public service. He has certainly served his time at Ellis Island, but in doing so he has acquired an intimate knowledge of immigration that should continue to be available in shaping the country's immigration policies. We wish he might go to Congress. That is one place where such experts as he are needed.

Liquor Laws that Miss Their Mark

We read that under the present liquor law of Texas action has been begun against a German society in Dallas for selling drinks to its members, and the Attorney-General is going to sue clubs everywhere that keep "gentlemen's cellars."

To start with the Germans seems an ambitious beginning. There are a good many Germans in Texas, some localities having a large preponderance of them. We suppose they drink beer, and drink it in the usual orderly German fashion, and like to drink it in company. We suppose they are about as good settlers and citizens as Texas can hope to get. If the prohibition sentiment in that state harasses them in the enjoyment of life and beer according to their tastes, it will do, we should say, a mischief, and one that in the end will be likely to test the strength of the prohibitive sentiment in Texas. It is not enough for a liquor law that it should mean well. It must do good or die. Moreover, it is not enough for a state law that it should do good in one county and evil in another. It must be so devised as to operate beneficially wherever it operates at all. Local option seems the likeliest way to effect that, and local option in Texas would probably avoid the harassment of the Germans.

If expert testimony is of any worth, the foremost example of a well-intentioned liquor law that has done harm is the anti-canteen law. The army struggles annually to get rid of it, making pathetic showing of its evil consequences, but it sticks.

Racing

There is racing again in these parts, some at Piping Rock and some at Belmont Park. The laws have been modified so as to give the sport another trial, and see whether the gambling element in it can be sufficiently suppressed to avoid damage to the public morals.

Racing seems to be amusing, and there are a good many people hereabout who have leisure to be amused, and are ready to spend money for amusement, and it would be a pity and, we think, a mistake to project laws between them and any diversion which can be made reasonably innocent. If racing can be successfully demonetized it is no worse than baseball. It has the good quality of putting the Puritan nose out of joint. A world in which the Puritan is entirely easy is not an entirely wholesome world, not quite the world the Creator intended.

We hope the new racing will succeed. If it drops back into its former status of an institution by which a few investors made money and a big crowd was touched with the gambling mania and lost money, the new experiment with it will be short-lived. It is essential to its continuance that it shall not be too profitable. It was very much too profitable before, when Governor HUGHES squelched it. When it becomes too profitable it becomes a public nuisance.

Washington and New York

In the latest instalment of Mr. JOHN BIGELOW'S memoirs he speaks of saying to Mr. SEWARD, then Secretary of State, that he had thoughts of choosing Washington as his winter residence. Mr. SEWARD advised him earnestly to do nothing of the kind, saying:

> I would not stay here a day if not in office. There is no society here with which you would wish to be identified if you are not a public officer. You would be put down as a claim agent, or be overlooked by the officials or first-class people, and your position would be anything but pleasant to yourself, still less pleasant to your wife. I always held on to my country home at Auburn, because, come what might come, there I could always be sure of ranking with the first. I would not live in New York City because there one becomes cheap. You are lost in the crowd. By keeping outside of the city I was always a lion in the city.

No doubt Washington has improved in the last fifty years as a place of winter residence for a citizen not in office. The city is much bigger now than in the sixties, and much handsomer and more agreeable; the permanent population is much larger, and includes more people of wealth and more of mental distinction, but the business of the city is still government, and active people not connected in some way with that may find difficulty in employing themselves to their satisfaction there. Mr. SEWARD might not give to-day the advice he gave to Mr. BIGELOW fifty years ago, but Washington is still preferable as a place to retire to after the hard work of life rather than as a field for the unofficial activities of a man with work still to do. One trouble with such a place for the aspiring is that their children, if they are ambitious, must go elsewhere to do their work in life.

That is not the trouble with New York. Mr. SEWARD'S objection to being lost in the crowd of New York was proper enough for him at his age and with his competent fortune and great distinction. He went back to Auburn, and spent so much of his last years there as were not occupied in travel. But Mr. BIGELOW settled back eventually in New York, where he belonged, and lived there very happily and long, and never became "cheap," as Mr. SEWARD said, and never was lost in all the crowd of Gotham.

Not every one is lost in New York. It depends. But nobody retires to New York. Mr. BIGELOW lived here, and lived to be ninety-odd, but he never retired. To the very end he was a factor in the life of the city.

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PENN STATE

ON MAINTAINING MAKERS' PRICES

An Illuminating Statement of the Right of Manufacturers which Retailers are Bound to Respect

BY LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

The imperative necessity of maintaining the regular manufacturers' prices on articles of wide fame and general use was the theme of the speakers at the annual banquet of the National Association of Advertising Managers at the Hotel Astor, on May 14th. —EDITOR.

MR. LOUIS D. BRANDEIS, who is known throughout the country as an economist, said:

"MR. TOASTMASTER AND GENTLEMEN: You gentlemen must pardon the very kind words concerning me which came from your Toastmaster. They are the result of an old friendship beginning when he was my client in Boston, and one of the first clients that I had.

"In order to preserve and to extend the right which you are discussing this evening—the right of a manufacturer who has given a reputation to particular goods which he creates to fix the price at which these goods should be sold to the consumer—it is necessary to make absolutely clear the reasons why you ask that right, and to make clear also the difference between that trade practice and another class of facts with which the fixed-price policy is often confused.

"I can conceive of nothing more prejudicial to the maintenance and extension of the right of a manufacturer to fix the selling price to the consumer than to rail generally against the provisions of the Sherman Law, or against the attitude of the government in endeavoring to enforce that beneficent statute. The danger to business discussed this evening arises from the fact that men have failed to draw the distinction between a manufacturer fixing the retail selling price of an article of his own creation and to which he has imparted his reputation, and the fixing of prices by a monopoly or by a combination tending to a monopoly.

"And what you as manufacturers need to protect your just right so to fix retail prices, and what you publishers need in order to preserve efficient and generous advertisers, is to draw clearly that distinction, and to frown upon any general denunciation of the law against monopoly.

"If what you desired, and what you purposed doing, were the perpetuation of monopoly, you would have no chance whatsoever, in my opinion, of preserving such right as you now have to make fixed selling prices, or of extending further that right, as I think it should be extended. For the American people are wisely determined to restrict the existence and operation of private monopolies.

"Your position is a very clear one; your aim is directly opposed to monopoly; and your policy one which, to my mind, is extremely beneficent, not only to business but to the whole people. You say simply this: 'That which is specifically mine, that which I create, and the good will which attends it—which was originally confined to my particular establishment,' as Mr. Ingersoll put it, 'but now extends throughout the whole country or, perhaps, throughout the whole world—that is my specific property; I have made it valuable to myself, and I make it valuable to the consumer; because I have endowed that specific property with qualities on which every one who purchases my goods may rely. That certainly is of value to the consumer, as it is of value to the maker.'

"Now, fixing retail prices under those circumstances has in it no element of monopoly. Operating as an independent manufacturer under competitive conditions, you fix the price at your peril. If you fix it too high, one of two things is likely to happen; either the community won't buy it, or, if it does, despite the high price, some other person will come in and share your prosperity, so long as you have a field open to competition, and the price will fall if there is no combination. To so fix the ultimate selling price in a competitive business is not a restraint of trade in any proper case. On the contrary, it stimulates trade, because it gives an appropriate reward to the man who creates; and it is of the essence of trade to make as large as possible the rewards of successful creation. As long as we maintain conditions favorable to competition and the freedom of individual development—conditions which leave the individual's effort untrammeled by superior power—so long may we safely allow men to make what profit they can get from an expectant public, and to exercise the largest degree of liberty in the marketing of their products.

"But the moment that you endeavor by a combination of superior power to close the field to competition or to restrict individual effort; the moment you take away from the people that protection which comes from the incentive in the individual to create, and from the opportunity of the customer to discriminate in his purchases (as you do when you close the avenues of competition), then a grave danger arises to progress in industry and to the general welfare; and it is against such danger that the Sherman Law was appropriately directed. The statute aims to accomplish in part the very thing which Mr. Ingersoll set forth so clearly in his preliminary statement. It seeks to protect the small man against the powerful trust, against the capitalistic combination.

"The Sherman Law seeks to protect men in the right freely to compete and to prevent practices which must result in suppressing competition. It seeks to preserve to the individual both the opportunity and the incentive to create; it seeks to encourage individual effort; and a right in the individual manufacturer of a competitive business to market his goods in his own way, by fixing, if he desires, the selling price to the consumer, is in entire harmony with the underlying purposes of the Sherman Law. But when men combine to form a monopoly, or control a particular line or branch of trade, however good may be their intentions, they necessarily curb individual effort. Under the fundamental laws of human nature and of trade they withdraw incentive from those who enjoy the monopoly, and they narrow the field of human effort by confining leadership to a comparatively few individuals.

"And even where a complete monopoly does not exist, a powerful combination makes it so difficult for others to enter the field that most men are practically barred by the great chances of failure from entering upon so unequal a contest. It is against such conditions that the Sherman Law was directed. That is, the true restraint of trade—restraint through monopoly or combinations tending to monopoly, a condition under which business success is at best temporary, is often delusive and is always purchased at the expense of the community.

"Now, I take it that the effort which was made in Congress last year to limit further the right (as it now exists in respect to patented articles) to fix selling prices to the ultimate consumers and which finds expression in Section 2 of the Oldfield Bill, proceeds from an admirable motive. But though the motive is good and the purpose worthy, the course pursued is a mistaken one. And the mistake arises from the failure to recognize that certain hardships inflicted by conspicuous trusts which do fix prices have not arisen from the fixing of the wholesale or retail prices, but from the fact that a monopoly or combination existed which made it possible to fix those prices at an unreasonably high figure. In other words, it was not the fixing of the price, but it was the power of the great trust behind the price-fixing which was the cause of the hardship which it is vainly sought to remove by Section 2 of the Oldfield Bill. And the way to remove, both the community's anxiety over price-fixing and your anxiety over the effort to limit that right, is to suppress private monopolies and combinations of like character.

"Now, I was greatly impressed with the wisdom of the resolution of which we have been advised by this excellent publication, *The Evening Assassin*—the resolution of the National Retail Merchants' Association, at its annual convention, which appears on the second page of the *Assassin*. [*Laughter.*] That resolution, quite unlike the title of the paper, is distinctly constructive, and it is also instructive; because it draws very closely the distinction for which I am contending. It shows that the fixing of the retail price in and of itself is an aid to competition, preventing, as it does, the extension of the trust and of the chain-of-stores into fields not occupied by them at present. But it goes on and expresses with equal emphasis its protest against monopoly, its protest against that indiscriminate combination to fix prices and to control businesses against which the Sherman Law is directed.

"I think if you gentlemen will direct your efforts to making clear in the minds of our people that distinction, you will not only preserve your individual rights in this respect, but add greatly to the business prosperity of the country. Make clear the distinction between that monopolizing which the Sherman Law seeks to prevent and to extinguish, and that price-fixing which is an incident of the individual development of business and the building up of reputations of goods as of individuals. Take up the work of education on those lines, and you will, I am convinced, succeed and ultimately will get such wise legislation as Denmark has given to her people on this subject."

GOLF VS. PEDESTRIANISM

BY ARCHIBALD CLEEK

WHAT is believed to be a world's record drive was recorded by Herbert Strong, of the Inwood Club, in the open event of the thirteenth annual United North and South Golf championship at Pinehurst, North Carolina. With the wind back of him Strong made the first green on the No. 2 course, a distance of 408 yards.—*Daily newspaper report.*

Another instance of the imminent, increasing menace of ever-lengthening distance in our golf! Where is the thing to stop? Since the noble and uplifting game began to be played in this country, less than a score of years ago, what a tremendous expansion has it undergone! In those primitive days the man who could actually drive a ball two hundred yards was looked up to as a demigod of the links. We copied not only his style and his clubs, but his very walk; tried even to think like him, if so by any happy chance *we* too might be able some day to drive two hundred yards—or at least a fine, splendid, accurately measured hundred and eighty.

Golf to-day is as different from that primitive pastime as a smart, six-cylinder touring-car is different from the ancient, creeping pony phaeton reported by truthful travelers to exist still in the purlieus of Darkest England, where nothing ever changes. The old, clumsy, snake-headed drivers with necks crudely spliced and still more crudely wrapped have given place to the smart, whippy, well-balanced wooden clubs of to-day; the ancient shapeless irons—the clumsy clubs of still more clumsy men—have been succeeded by graceful implements of shining steel as accurate and efficient as surgeons' lancets and as beautiful as the swords of the daimios. Instead of the old solid gutta-percha ball (hard as the head of an 18-handicap man) we have a dainty, intricate, marvelously balanced concoction of finest Para core, wound with silky rubber threads, loaded with quicksilver to make it run true in putting, and cased in a vulcanite shell whose uniform thickness does not vary by the shadow of a millimeter!

As a result we find the game growing steadily longer and longer. The ordinary duffer of to-day tops his ball from the tee and walks out grumbling and cursing to its lie, a mere two hundred yards away—for, thanks to the abolition of cross-bunkers in favor of side-traps, there is nothing to head off such a slovenly shot. If he swings clean and true with his wooden clubs he gets from two hundred and twenty-five to two hundred and sixty yards every time. If he is a good man, like Herbert Strong in the news despatch quoted above—not a champion, or even a runner-up, but a good man—he may lay his drive on the green four hundred and eight yards away.

To what good? Is it all of golf to swipe a ball brobdingnagian distances? What of style? What of accuracy? Above all, where in this land of rapidly growing and congesting population are we to find the room for this sort of golf? The price of beef to-day has soared so high that a good cut of prime roast is worth the ransom of a minor king. Why? Because the old open ranges whereon cattle by the myriads might roam as they willed and fatten on the sweet grasses free of cost have all been taken over, homesteaded, settled by farmers, and inclosed with impregnable wire fences. The free open range has followed the buffalo into the dim and shadowy past. The wide prairie has passed into history. Land is constantly growing in scarcity and in value. If we are going to drive golf-balls four hundred and eight yards, then a hole one-quarter of a mile long (four hundred and forty yards) will have to be reckoned a mere drive and a putt. A "long" hole will have to measure at least half a mile from tee to cup. The golf course of the near future must include twelve thousand yards of playing length instead of the six thousand of to-day. Where is the thing to end?

Moreover, are we to eliminate arm exercise from golf? Or, rather, do we wish to change the game from a full, hard swing once in every one hundred and eighty yards or less to a swing only once in four hundred yards or more? In the good old days of the hard gutty ball the man who had worked his way around eighteen holes had taken a full morning's exercise. To-day that distance has become a mere stroll, punctuated at very rare intervals with a mild swing of the mighty club against the flighty ball. And consider the spirit of the game! When Strong drove that four-hundred-and-eight-yard green his troubles for that hole were over. How much more real golf he would have played if his splendid drive (as full of force and skill as the one we chronicle) had yielded him a mere two hundred yards, his brassey shot one hundred and eighty more, and he had still a pitch or run of twenty-eight yards to reach the hole!

We may safely take it as an axiom that the greater number of strokes absolutely needed in the game the greater the number of opportunities are afforded for skill—or skill's sad opposite. And is it not worth while to have more shots on every hole? Are not the more frequent chances for physical exercise and the display of proficiency grateful to the golfer? Does he derive his chief joy in golf from studying problems, calculating chances, and executing shots—or from mere walking?

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THEY MARRIED ON SIXTY A WEEK

Were They Rich or Poor? A Genial Modern Philosopher Answers this and other Questions Relative to the State of being "A Beginning Husband" and Wife

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX

"MARRIAGE," as one of our greatest novelists has remarked, "is still a great beginning, as it was to Adam and Eve, who kept their honeymoon in Eden, but had their first little one among the thorns and thistles of the wilderness. It is still the beginning of the home epic, the gradual conquest or irremediable loss," etc.

This is not in the least the tone of the reflections of the Beginning Husband, who apparently shares with his author a gay and nonchalant attitude toward life and an unconquerable faith that the universe is amiably disposed toward well-bred and well-behaved people. Not that philosophy, and philosophy of a grave and penetrating nature, is absent from these reflections, but it is a philosophy invariably disguised in wit and chaff, a philosophy which, teaching much that Confucius and Epictetus and Aurelius taught, is yet a little too shamefaced to utter itself gravely.

It is impossible to read this book, witty and amusing as it is, without becoming acquainted with a personality and an attitude toward life.

The Beginning Husband takes a wife brought up to live on an income of twelve thousand and upward a year and persuades her to adapt herself to his income of sixty dollars a week with prospects. But by no means will he admit it as a sordid and depressing undertaking. For he says, as to politics and getting married, "if you wait till you're ready, you can't. It seems as if everything had to be shot on the wing."

Two passages, perhaps, give the general drift of the philosophy of this young husband and his creator. In one he says: "I love old associations and permanence of relation, and my heart is even hospitable to some fixity of condition; but there is plenty to be said in favor of wearing the garments of life loose enough to shed them when they get seriously in the way. One should be enough of a change artist to quit a part he cannot excel in before the scene-shifters shut him out."

Again he says:

"*We* are the standard. We laugh at ourselves, but surely it is a fine thing to have so strong a bent toward toleration of things as they are, and expectation of being pleased with them as they're going to be."

The first passage gives one the note of conservatism, the attachment to the old social order, now so unstable, together with a fine indifferent courage and a general sense that, whatever comes, there will be some fun for the spirit that knows how to make it; and the second emphasizes that world-old philosophy of the Stoics which teaches that, if you can't get what you want, the wise man will want what he gets—and so be even with destiny.

With the merriest and most amiable philosophy of life, then, the young husband recounts his adventures from the moment when he re-engages himself to the lady he had relinquished on account of insufficient means, remarking, "I think meanly of the engaged state *per se*, but I had always rather be engaged to Cordelia than not"—through contemplation of the details of living and keeping house, the relation of things to happiness, the first baby, a discussion of the turbulent woman question, contemporary politics, and the education of girls.

If this book lives, if it is treasured in a number of private libraries and referred to by those who care for reflection and observation, it will not be because it is urgent in expediting the march of events. The old order seems fairly desirable and agreeable to Mr. Martin, and he discusses the affairs of women quite as if more than a third of them here in this very land had not already been forced into self-support, into becoming independent economic factors, responsible for themselves and often for a good many others. Even on sixty dollars a week he congratulates himself that his wife has no "job" except that of



Photograph by Hollinger

Edward Sanford Martin
AUTHOR OF "A BEGINNING HUSBAND"

ministering to his comfort. "*My* need is for assistance in spending our money." All the choices of the young husband turn out as joyously as his own temperament. Fathers and fathers-in-law supply a due amount of country-homes for summer, champagne, and automobiles. Cordelia sings at her work and spends her life "making calls—though she says calls are a queer employment for a lady who lives over a tailor shop—and she goes to see her mother, and my mother, and various girls, and goes to market, and sews a little and reads a little and does charities a good deal, and has girls in to lunch and feeds them on I don't know what. She says it is not wise to break with the life you know any more than you have to."

Again, when it comes to the question of educating girls it is quite definite that the author prefers girls educated for marriage rather than for self-support. College girls, he thinks, are largely recruited from families whose daughters have a doubtful prospect or worse of inheriting means of support. Says his friend Mrs. Van Pelt, at the dinner-table: "The colleges are nunneries full of nuns whose mothers I don't know, busy learning unimportant things like how to cut up frogs, and the pedigrees of the Saxon kings, and eschatology, and neglecting all the important things like how to put on a hat, how to cut up a lobster, how to keep hair attached to the scalp, how to talk to a boy, how to help a mother, how to engage a cook, whom to ask to a dinner-party. Why college? Maria'd come home in four years, forgotten by all the girls she ought to know, qualified to be a school-teacher and with a large acquaintance among young ladies similarly qualified, and with a strong and reasonable impulse to put her acquirements to practical use either by continuing her studies or getting a situation and earning her living. I don't want her to get a situation and earn her living. I want her to get married."

This is not the tone of the modern economic situation. The author says nothing about race suicide in this volume, but the general optimistic tone is of one who thinks well of the human experiment, and yet, if the race is to multiply indefinitely, it will probably be necessary for more and more members of the race to become producers.

However, it is not in the field of social economics that we most admire the Beginning Husband, but in the field of human relations. The Bebinning Husband has a genius for associating himself with nice people. That Cordelia was thoroughly nice as well as wise one sees from her reply to her husband when they were visiting wealthy contemporaries.

"No doubt, Cordelia," said I, "you might have had a set of things like this if you had shown a little timely judgment."

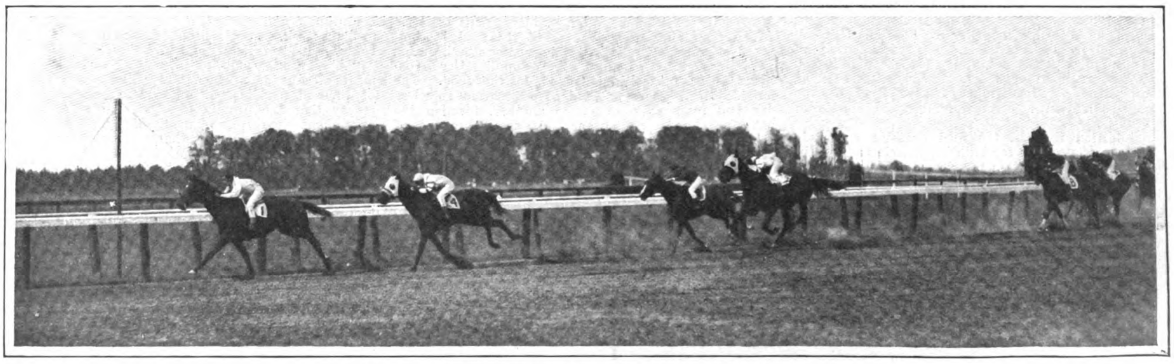
"Possibly," said Cordelia, "this is a nice set, too. How many bath-rooms shall *we* need, Peregrine?"

Of social status as measured by the many bath-rooms in a father's house there are many witty comments. A Long Island house, built to contain a family of three and containing twenty-five of these commodities, sets the young husband to reflecting: "Church unity still hangs back a bit, but we are getting pretty strong on plumbing, and the millennium may find us with a bath apiece."

If in the olden days Addison gave us the picture of the fine gentleman of the early eighteenth century, here is a companion picture of a fine gentleman in an era of tumult when fine gentlemen are perhaps rarer. He has a jaunty manner still, a high heart, a tolerant outlook, fine manners, and a kind heart; while the philosophy of life that he offers, in so gay and buoyant a style, is not so unlike two graver utterances that ushered in our era: "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you" and "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you."

We should advise every young husband to keep the book near at hand so that he may refer to it when his failures are most apparent, laying to heart the utterance of the young husband's friend. Speaking of women, Major Brace says: "We can't do anything, Peregrine, but try our utmost (of course he really said 'damnedest') to make them happy, and hope that they will be good."

It has been pointed out before that the field which Mr. E. S. Martin has made particularly and happily his own is the domestic field. And once more he has set it before us with the same happy lightness of touch, the same profound wisdom so gracefully clothed, that we smile throughout the book and only realize afterward that we have been led along a primrose path to the underlying gravities of life.



HORSE-RACING "COMES BACK" IN NEW YORK

THE RUNNING OF THE METROPOLITAN HANDICAP AT BELMONT PARK, NEW YORK, ON DECORATION DAY, MARKED THE REVIVAL OF RACING IN NEW YORK STATE AFTER A LAPSE OF THREE YEARS. THIRTY THOUSAND TURF-ENTHUSIASTS SAW HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY'S "WHISK BROOM" ROMP HOME AN EASY WINNER

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The click of the reaper is heard around the world

FUEL FOR THE HUMAN ENGINE

BY TRUMAN A. DeWEESE

SUPPOSE a woman should enter a modern grocery-store and say to one of the clerks, "I want seven thousand six hundred and thirty-six calories of food this morning." Or, suppose she should say, "I want thirty-five hundred calories in meat, fifteen hundred calories in vegetables, and two thousand calories in cereals!"

Either request might throw the clerk into a condition of speechless amazement and mental stupefaction. If he sought the owner of the store for information he would get no enlightenment from that source. His reply would be, "We don't have that kind of vegetables, lady."

Or, suppose a woman entered a grocery store and asked the clerk to give her food containing 13.8 per cent. proteid, 71.9 per cent. carbohydrates, 1.9 per cent. fat, and 2.1 per cent. mineral matter, with a total of 1,700 calories. If the clerk made any reply at all he would be very apt to refer her to a drug-store, assuming that she had in mind some patent health food which she had seen advertised in a health journal. As a matter of fact, such an inquiry would represent a knowledge of food values and chemical content which is so far ahead of our times that she could not hope to get any intelligent response to her inquiry. If any one really entered a grocery-store and asked for food in terms of calories, or proteids, or carbohydrates, you may be sure it would be a woman, for women are the ones who are most interested in food values and who are keeping pace with modern progress in dietetics. The mother is the one who bears the responsibility of building perfect bodies for her children. She is studying the food question. The man of the household is apt to be much more concerned about the brand and bouquet of the cigar he smokes, or the warmth or texture or color of the clothing he wears.

Strange as it may seem, we are expected to know something about everything except the science of nutrition. We want to know about the heat units of coal, the horse-power of engines, the volts in electric energy—but few concern themselves seriously about the man-power or heat units in a food.

If we look ahead a hundred years we should easily imagine an intelligent housewife buying food in a store with reference to its calories and its proteid content without exciting any consternation on the part of the clerks. In the mean time, the educational work is going on, and every year witnesses a wider dissemination of information regarding food value and the kind of food that people of certain temperaments and vocations ought to eat. To really comprehend the subject of nutrition it is necessary to think of the human body as if it were a machine. This machine is made up of so many units which are the living cells, such as the liver cells, muscle cells, kidney cells, and other cells, differing in the various organs. These cells are alive, and they may perform movements, as the muscle cells do, or conduct messages to the brain, as the nerve cells do, or they may purify the blood, as the kidney cells do. These cells are always warm, being bathed with a liquid which has the temperature of tropical sea-water. The warm surface of the body indicates the production of heat within, and these heat units are called by the chemists calories. Certain kinds of food taken in the body develop through oxidation a certain number of calories or heat units.

In addition to this, the food contains a certain percentage of proteids for building muscle and repairing waste tissue, a certain percentage of carbohydrates for making fat, a certain percentage of phosphates, or mineral matter, for making bone and brain. If we examine the process of combustion in a steam-engine, we find that power comes from the oxidation of the coal, which yields heat that may be converted into power. In the human being the cause of the motions of life is due to the oxidation of sugar and fat. It is through the power liberated during this oxidation that life is made possible, and it is through this oxidation that the cells within the body are made warm and lifelike.

The question now arises, How much fuel and what kind of fuel are necessary for the proper running of the human machine? In order to answer this, we have to keep in mind the fact that the human machine has within itself the power of growth and self-repair. The steam-engine, which is run by the power generated by the oxidation of coal, does not possess the power of self-repair. The human engine, however, must not only develop a certain amount of heat and energy, but must be able to repair the waste that is constantly going on in the cell machinery. The basis of this cell machinery is proteid. The cells are made of different proteids, and these, together with water and fatty substances, constitute the working machinery of the human body.

To replace the worn-out tissue in the body an equivalent amount of proteid must be given in the food. It is carried to the cells, and it replaces the parts that are destroyed by the wear and tear of our daily life. It has been estimated that a hard-working laboring man requires 3,500 calories daily in his diet in order that he should have fuel for sustaining life and for furnishing energy to do his daily work. It has also been estimated that a family consisting of a father, mother, nine-year-old son, six-year-old daughter, and a one-month-old baby would require every day an average of about eight thousand calories. It has been found by experiments that the average working man requires for the proper and healthful sustenance of his body food that contains so many grams of proteid, so many grams of carbohydrates, and so many grams of phosphates or mineral matter.

Having ascertained all these facts regarding the requirements of the human body, scientific men naturally have been interested in finding a food which seemed to supply all these essentials of a well-balanced nutrition. The history of the human race and the results of experiments for four thousand years have affirmed the fact that the whole-wheat grain is without doubt the one perfect food given to man. Through all the centuries we find that it has been man's staff of life, and neither the chemists nor the wizards of the soil have ever been able to produce a food that supplied in such well-balanced proportion all the chemical elements needed to nourish and sustain the human body.

Scientific men who have made a study of this question are of the opinion that wheat was once upon a time a wild grass, that its original home was in Mesopotamia, and that from there its cultivation extended in very early times to the Canaries on the west and to China on the east. Traces of it have been found among the rocks of upper Galilee, around about Mount Hermon, and it has also been found in a good state of preservation under the cloths wrapped about Egyptian mummies.

On examining a longitudinal section of a grain of wheat with a microscope we are amazed at the wonderful manner in which Nature has provided for the perfect nutrition of the human body. The outer layer is seen to consist of epidermal cells, of which the uppermost are prolonged into short layers to cover the apex of the grain. Two or three layers of cells inside the epidermis constitute the tissue of the ovary and overlie similar layers which form the coats of the seed. Within these is the albumen or endosperm which supplies the proteid or muscle-building portion of the food. The outermost layer of the endosperm consists of square cells, larger and more regular in form than those on each side. These contain small particles of gluten or nitrogenous matter.

The remaining central mass of the seed is composed of numerous cells containing many starch grains as well as gluten granules. This supplies the carbohydrates or fat-making element in the food. The outside layers above referred to become more or less dry and inseparable one from another, forming the substance known as "bran." At the lower end of the albumen and placed obliquely is the minute embryo-plant, which derives its nourishment in the first instance from the albumen. This is destined to form the future plant.

In measuring the long strides taken by the American people during the last three-quarters of a century, the culture of wheat and the manufacture of wheat foods must be reckoned as important factors. It is said that the average amount of wheat eaten by each person in the United States is about five bushels a year. It must not be imagined, however, that America is the only country that raises wheat. A well-known writer, who had some poetry in his soul as well as statistics, has called attention to the fact that "The sun never sets on the harvest fields of the world. The click of the reaper is heard around the world the year 'round. To follow the harvest 'round the world, begin in January in the Argentine and New Zealand; in February, go to East India, upper Egypt, and Chile; and stay there till the end of March; with April, drop down into lower Egypt, Asia Minor, and cross over to Mexico; May takes us to Algiers, Central Asia, China, Japan, and Texas; and in June the binder is at work not only in the fields of Turkey, Spain, and southern France, but in California, where big machines are pulled by twenty horses or gasolene tractors; and in Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, Kansas, Utah, and Missouri; hot July is the busy month in the north of France, Roumania, Austria-Hungary, southern Russia, and England, Germany, and Switzerland, and, returning to America, in Oregon, Nebraska, southern Minnesota, Wisconsin, Colorado, Washington, the group of Central States, New York, New England, and eastern Canada; August is a little more quiet, but still plenty to do in Holland, Belgium, Great Britain, Denmark, Poland, the Dakotas, and western Canada, aptly termed "the bread-basket of the world"; September brings harvest days to Scotland, Sweden, Norway, and northern Russia and Siberia, where some day enough wheat will be raised to feed the people of the earth; October continues the harvest scenes of these countries; November is divided between South Africa and Peru; December returns the traveler to his starting-place—back to Argentine—and thence to Uruguay and Australia for a prosperous holiday well earned."

That the whole-wheat grain contains all the fifteen chemical elements that are found in the human body, and in about the same proportion, is one of the interesting fascinating truths that have been developed by the study of dietetic science. That it contains just enough proteid, just enough carbohydrates, and just enough phosphates to nourish and keep in good repair the average human body is also affirmed by scientists and dietetic experts through all ages. Referring to the food value of wheat in a recent article on "The Joy of Eating," Dr. Woods Hutchinson wrote as follows:

"This great instinctive bread food of civilized man has now been shown to be practically the only grain or vegetable product which contains the life-giving protein or nitrogen stuff in sufficient amounts to supply a considerable share of the actual daily needs of the body in readily digestible form. All other grains that compete with it have some defect or disqualifying feature which throws them out of the race. Oatmeal, which comes closest to it in protein content, is not nearly so digestible, has less protein, and is so irritating to the average stomach that it should not be eaten to supply more than one-third of the necessary amount of bread in the diet. Rye comes next, but has scarcely half the amount of protein and smaller amounts of starch. It makes a sticky, gummy, indigestible bread, very apt to sour the stomach, which, weight for weight, has scarcely two-thirds the nutritive value of white bread. Rice, potatoes, cassava, and yams contain, of course, practically nothing but starch in varying proportions.

"The only other seeds which contain useful amounts of protein are the legumes—beans, peas, lentils, etc.—and all these, unfortunately, are cursed with irritating and strong-tasting flavoring extractives, which reduce their availability for the average stomach, especially in women and children; and, outside of lumber camps and armies, to about one or two full meals a week, as crystallized in the famous 'Saturday baked beans' of New England.

"A year or so ago an interesting series of experiments were made on the actual utilization by the body of different proteins, with the rather unexpected discovery that the protein of corn—called 'zein'—was only about one-third as capable of digestion and combustion in the stomach as the proteins of wheat (glutein and gliadin).

"The point simply is that wherever financial conditions permit of a choice there is no bread food which is for a moment to be compared with wheat, and no fat food to be mentioned in the same day of the week with butter, especially for children."

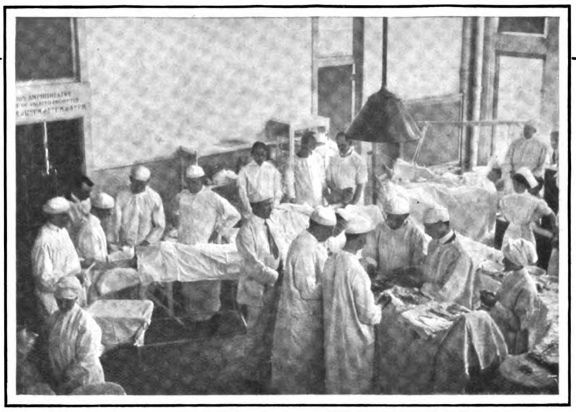
Recognizing the whole wheat grain as man's real staff of life for thousands of years and the one perfect food which nature has provided for him, we find this grain has been prepared in countless forms and varieties for human consumption, from the white flour of commerce to the whole-wheat foods which claim to supply in digestible form all the proteids, carbohydrates, and phosphates in the whole-wheat grain. There is much diversity of opinion as to the comparative nutritive values of all these various products of modern food manufactures. That the whole-wheat grain, when properly prepared for the stomach, is the complete food for the human body, however, is the affirmation of nearly all students of dietetic science.

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TO MAKE DOCTORS BETTER

BY

WILLIAM INGLIS



Five clinics at one time in the New York Polyclinic

Wonderful Achievements of the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital, Which Now Needs Aid

IF a young doctor could begin practice where an old doctor leaves off—that is, if he could possess in addition to his young strength and zeal and stamina the ripe experience and familiarity with disease and cure that the old doctor has slowly and laboriously accumulated, the young doctor thus reinforced would be the ideal physician or surgeon.

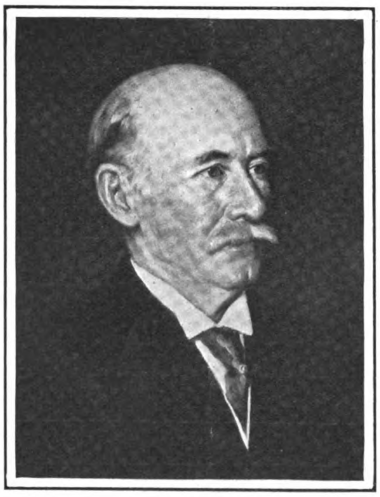
To supply this knowledge, to equip the young practitioner with the wisdom acquired by ages of struggle with evil conditions, is the chief ambition of the medical profession to-day; and perhaps nowhere else in this country are the means of imparting this wisdom together with practical experience so efficiently developed as in the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital. In its spacious new building, twelve stories high, at Nos. 341 to 351 West Fiftieth Street, New York, the work of healing is being carried on in the most efficient manner known to medical and surgical science, while daily in the dispensary, the hospital ward, the operating-room, or the laboratory hundreds of young doctors are acquiring a wealth of instruction from the ablest practitioners and of actual contact with cases that sends them back to their neighborhood not only splendidly equipped, but the bearers of the torch of knowledge to others. The newest improvements, discoveries, and inventions in medical and surgical science are all taught here. It is impossible to exaggerate the beneficent influence exerted by such an institution as this not only upon the 100,000 patients there treated every year, but upon the welfare of the country at large. The methods used for their cure are disseminated throughout the length and breadth of the land. In the last thirty years more than 20,000 students have attended the clinics in this institution from the United States, Canada, Mexico, the South American states, the West Indies, Australia, China, and Japan. To go through the hospital from top to bottom, to see its various activities in full progress, to witness the zeal of the instructors and the enthusiasm of the younger doctors who learn from them, is to obtain a new vision of modern altruism and sacrifice that far outstrips in its intensity the narrow selfishness of which we hear so much and see so much nowadays in the world of business.

It is interesting to trace from its beginning the evolution of this institution, to discover, in the first place, that it had its origin in the unwillingness of its founder, a young doctor duly graduated and certified, to go out in the world and use suffering mankind as so much research material until experience at their expense should give him proficiency. He was—and is—Dr. John A. Wyeth, a lad who left school in 1861 and fought through the Civil War in Forrest's Confederate cavalry, and at the end of the war began to study medicine. I quote from the history as Dr. Wyeth related it in an address to the Association of American Medical Colleges on March 20, 1909, at the New York Academy of Medicine, of which he was President. He was graduated, in 1869, from the Medical Department of the University of Louisville, one of the oldest and deservedly best known of the medical colleges in the United States, and yet "the teaching of surgery and medicine was almost wholly didactic. When an operative clinic was given, the students witnessed it at such a distance from the subject and with so many interruptions of vision that it was impossible to follow closely the details of technique, without which the lesson of a demonstration is valueless. Not once in my two college years did I enter the ward of a hospital or receive instruction by the bedside of a patient. . . .

"In my native village of northern Alabama I put out my sign, but two months of hopeless struggle with a Presbyterian conscience convinced me that I was not fit to practise medicine, and that nothing was left for me but to go out into the world of business to earn money enough to finish my education. I felt the absolute need of clinical experience, and a conviction which then forced itself upon me—that no graduate in medicine is competent to practise until he has in addition to his theoretical a clinical and laboratory training—was the controlling idea in my mind when in later years the opportunity offered and it fell to my good fortune to establish in this city the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital."

The institution was organized in 1881, and in 1882 opened its doors in East Thirty-fourth Street, where for years it ministered to the suffering of the poor and held its place as the pioneer post-graduate medical institution in the United States. At the basis of it were certain clearly defined principles: The preservation of human life against disease, the betterment and upbuilding of mankind, is the first duty of all. Ours is a new country. It is unique. No older civilization is like it. It is a frontier country, with millions of its people scattered in inaccessible regions, with physicians ill prepared to protect them as they should be protected. The founder of the school was graduated under the best conditions of his day, yet felt that his equipment was inefficient. It occurred to him that something must be done to elevate the standard of the medical profession, to stimulate graduates to endeavor to become scientific, practical, proficient doctors. There was nothing to do but organize an institution to afford actual practice for doctors already graduated—of whom, even to this day, only one-tenth obtain first practice as internes in hospitals.

"The result," says Dr. Wyeth, "has been a complete revolution. Looking back at the changes in the last thirty years, I can hardly believe it is the same profession. We had as many doctor-students as we could take care of in our first year, and we have had as many ever since. Post-graduate medical schools and hospitals have sprung up in all the chief cities of this country. In Chicago alone there are five. If one doctor in a town or village took a course in a post-graduate hospital he was sure to talk of it, and as a result the others had to go.



Dr. John A. Wyeth

FROM A PORTRAIT BY J. CAMPBELL PHILLIPS IN THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MEDICINE

"It took nearly twenty years for the medical organizations to recognize the change by official action. When I was made—to my great surprise—president of the American Medical Association in 1901, that association began to use its influence to better American medical schools. It organized a Committee on Medical Colleges and began to raise the standard of admission to practically a college degree; compelled every medical college to require a four-year course as a preliminary to graduation, and, in order so far as possible to eradicate commercialism from the medical profession, provided that all the medical schools of the country should become part of a central university system. For example, the four separate medical colleges which formerly existed in Louisville, Kentucky, are now consolidated in one school, which constitutes the Medical Department of the University of Louisville."

Even a layman could not fail to be impressed by the difference between the methods of instruction in the New York Polyclinic and those of the ordinary medical school. True, there were amphitheaters for lectures and certain clinics; but by far the greater part of the clinics were at the actual bedside of the patient, with sections of four or five doctors in close attendance upon the demonstrator, learning from him, in some cases helping him, but, best of all, acquiring from the experience of actually seeing and treating the cases that knowledge which no amount of distant lecturing in the amphitheater could give. The doctor-students at the Polyclinic saw at close range in the operating-room all the intricate details of surgical operations and dressings. Some of them, who had qualified after some months as internes in the institution, performed certain operations. In the laboratory with its courses in histology, pathology, bacteriology, clinical microscopy, and clinical chemistry every student enjoyed the advantage of working beside the head of that department. No one is accepted in this branch unless he shows special aptitude for the work and undertakes to go through the full course of study.

Thus far we have been considering conditions that are ideal. Let us now turn to the practical wants, or, rather, to the one great practical want of the institution—money. If the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital had not done a splendid humanitarian work during thirty-one busy years and were not still doing it, its needs would not perhaps command a respectful hearing. But it does seem a reflection upon the intelligence no less than the philanthropy of America that this asylum for the distressed and fountain of the art of healing should remain as it is, cramped and unable to do its best work, by reason of lack of money. The hospital needs money to build an automobile ambulance station and six accident wards. They ought to be built, equipped, and in use at this moment. The ambulances it already owns cover a district inhabited by 360,000 people, and the hospital has treated as many as forty-five accident cases in one day. One-third of the cases now brought in are treated temporarily and of necessity transferred to Bellevue or the city hospitals because there is not room at the Polyclinic to take care of them. Those so badly injured that they cannot be shifted are kept at the Polyclinic. It is important that all the cases brought in should be kept in the institution not only for the best results to the injured, but for the sake of the experience afforded to the doctor-students, who in turn carry the light into their home neighborhoods.

The running expenses of the Polyclinic are about $250,000 a year. These are met by the fees paid by doctor-students and by the wealthier patients among the one hundred thousand who are treated each year. Thanks to the low cost of the ground on which the hospital is built and a low interest rate, the carrying charges are light as possible and no help is needed there. The only things lacking now are the six accident wards and the automobile ambulance garage. To provide these will cost one million dollars. That million ought to be forthcoming as soon as the moneyed men of America learn what a marvelously beneficent work can be accomplished with it.

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DULUTH'S SUCCESSFUL STORY

A Mining Town that Made Itself an Agricultural Object-Lesson



A view of Duluth's harbor

BY HERBERT STOCKTON

THOUGH there was a trading-post at the head of Lake Superior a hundred years ago, and a French trading-post a hundred years before that, Duluth's history began when this territory was ceded by the Indians to the United States in 1855, began a second time when the railroad entered in 1870, was broken off in 1873, and took a fresh start in 1880, when the Northern Pacific got its new lease of life and the bonanza farmers invaded Dakota. As the wheat began to flow from the bread-basket of the world to the port at the head of Lake navigation, Duluth took a fresh grip on the skirts of destiny.

Next iron was discovered a hundred miles north of Duluth at Vermilion Lake, and Charlemagne Tower built a railroad into the wilderness to reach it. Next the Mesaba was discovered in 1890 by the Merritt brothers, who built a railroad to the new range, pawned it for funds to complete it, and went under in the hard times that followed 1893. The Mesaba Range turned out to be the biggest iron-mine in the country. Its shipments are sixty per cent. of all the iron mined in the United States, it supports a population of 75,000 in a series of thriving villages, and more earth and rock are blasted every year than at Panama. It has known deposits of a billion and a half tons, with new discoveries every month which will keep the furnaces going for the next hundred years at least.

Lumbering was the great business in the early days at Duluth, but that is declining in importance, and the annual cut of this district has dwindled to half a billion feet a year or less. In fact, the lumbering business has moved out of town to Cloquet, twenty-eight miles over the hill, and to Virginia, on the Mesaba Range, where there is a mill with a capacity of a million feet every twenty-four hours. But lumbering is not what it used to be, and the manufacture of hardwoods—there is any imaginable quantity of spruce and tamarack and birch and poplar—is gradually taking its place.

From lumbering several indigenous industries have arisen. The lumberman wears a boot with a rubber foot—making that is a Duluth industry. The lumberjack's mackinaw is the most comfortable winter garb ever devised. Duluth has refined it into a garment of fashion, the delight of the college boy and the joy of the "fan." Duluth has also become the headquarters for the manufacture of log-loading machinery for lumbermen all over the world.

Duluth is a natural distributing-point, and its jobbing-houses, at first serving home territory only, have gradually enlarged their field until their trade extends all the way to the Southwest and the Pacific coast, and some of the most important concerns in the country are located here.

But Duluth's chief boast has to do with neither mines nor lumber nor jobbing nor transportation—its great achievement is agricultural development. Duluth was almost the only town in the United States that essayed to be a great city, yet was not founded in a farming community. Except the Range country, Duluth's base was three or four hundred miles away.

Every one knows to-day that the Lake Superior district is a great dairy country, that there is no sweet corn or peas to excel the product of Northern Wisconsin, no clover to equal in richness and nutrition that of northern Minnesota, and that a country that will give thirty tons of rutabagas to the acre is not to be despised agriculturally. But only a few years ago it was the impression that northern Wisconsin was all stumps and sand, and northern Minnesota was all rocks and stumps, and that both were agriculturally impossible. There were thousands of settlers, indeed, in the northern country, but few of them were doing much to dispel the unfortunate impression of this region. Most of them were "shotgun" farmers, who found it much easier to get a subsistence by hunting and fishing and working a little in the woods than to subdue their land.

The first step was to employ an agricultural expert who went about among the farmers, organizing clubs and co-operative associations, showing them what was good practice and pointing out where they were failing to get the best results, stimulating interest among those who were discouraged, finding the way to market for those who were remote, inspiring new ambition in those who had no hope of this country. That is all familiar now and the original missionary's place has been supplied by an agent maintained by the Federal government and the state in co-operation with the Commercial Club, and when the National Crop Improvement Association offered to help in good works of this sort its first check for a thousand dollars was sent to the Duluth Commercial Club in recognition of its primacy. Duluth and St. Louis County have taken first prizes at the state fair for clover and alfalfa, for potatoes, for celery and head lettuce, and for market-garden display, till it is almost a habit. In competition with the United States and Canada, Duluth showed the best bushel of potatoes at Madison Square Garden in 1911, and again in the competition of the Northwestern states at St. Paul in 1912.

In line with the same purpose, the one thing Duluth has asked of the state is a demonstration farm school, to be an arm of the Agricultural College, and to have such simple equipment that the boys and girls who come from the farm shall live as nearly as may be in farm surroundings and go back to the farm without getting out of their environment. An appropriation was obtained for land and initial buildings, to be no more elaborate than an energetic farmer can provide for himself, and a graduate farmer has been engaged to teach agriculture there with especial reference to the problems of the cut-over country. It is all a piece of the same development that Minnesota is preparing to spend $20,000,000 in the next ten years on roads, largely in northern Minnesota, which needs them most. St. Louis county alone spends $250,000 a year on roads.



The Central High School of Duluth

About the time when Duluth diagnosed its agricultural backwardness it came upon another symptom of arrested development. The city did not seem to be getting as much as it ought out of its situation at the head of Lake navigation. Ore, grain, and coal, the great bulk commodities, were moved by water under modern appliances—appliances so efficient that their enormous movement of 40,000,000 to 125,000,000 bushels of grain, 25,000,000 to 34,000,000 tons of ore, and 6,000,000 to 11,000,000 tons of coal per annum added little to the apparent traffic of the port. Loading a Lake vessel with 200,000 bushels of wheat takes only a few minutes and employs a handful of men. A 10,000-ton cargo of ore is likewise shipped by opening a chute and letting it run. And the enormous electric conveyers scoop out the contents of a cargo of coal with hardly a touch of hand labor. But while bulk cargoes were so simply handled, general commodities were not coming in anything the proportion one would expect. Investigation showed that the rates were those drawn up in older days to favor the city where the rate-making power had its seat, or to give the railroads the longest possible haul, or simply to oblige the shipper who brought the most pressure. The Commercial Club was invoked, a traffic expert was employed, and a thousand errors and oversights in the tariffs were corrected. For the railroads, like other beneficent providence, help those who help themselves. With their co-operation and the additions of rulings from the Interstate Commerce Commission, Duluth is establishing for itself the benefits of its position.

In recent years nearly all the railroad construction between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi has had Duluth for its base, and two important systems have wheeled through a right angle to make Duluth their principal terminal instead of an interior point.

In addition to its efforts to correct railroad rates, Duluth has begun a campaign for public terminals. Duluth was converted to municipal ownership ideas by a scourge of typhoid fever twenty years ago, because the company that owned the water plant was not able to provide a pure supply. The city acquired it after a struggle and made a notable success of its operation. The water has been above reproach, there has never been a serious epidemic since then, rates have been reduced, and the price of gas has been cut in two. The gas, by the way, is a by-product from the cooking ovens of an independent furnace which makes its fuel from the screenings of an enormous coal dock. As a consequence domestic gas is seventy-five cents a thousand to the Duluth consumer, and fuel gas is fifty cents a thousand.

Within ten miles of Duluth the St. Louis river has a fall of more than four hundred feet. This has been utilized to form a series of dams and canals, which give an effective head of 375 feet at the wheels three miles from the city limits—more than twice the head of Niagara. With that enormous energy, one quart of water per second delivers one horse-power at the center of the city. The power delivered in 1912 was equivalent to 400,000 tons of coal. The development furnishes 45,000 horse-power so far and has 200,000 in sight. Electric power runs the majority of the industrial plants, especially the smaller industries, the street-railway system of Duluth and Superior, and the electric lights of both cities.

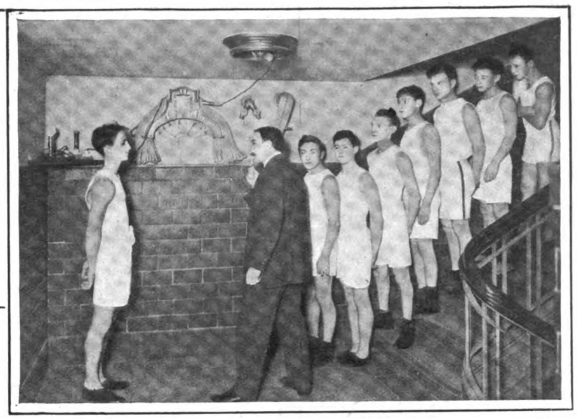
In consequence of the improved situation as regards the cost of living, of the rapidly increasing settlement of the immediate country, of the corrections in railroad rates, and of the important influence on rates that the steel plant will exercise, Duluth is growing in manufactures as well as in wholesaling.

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Building Men—Not Champions

The Remarkable System at the College of the City of New York and Some of Its Excellent Results

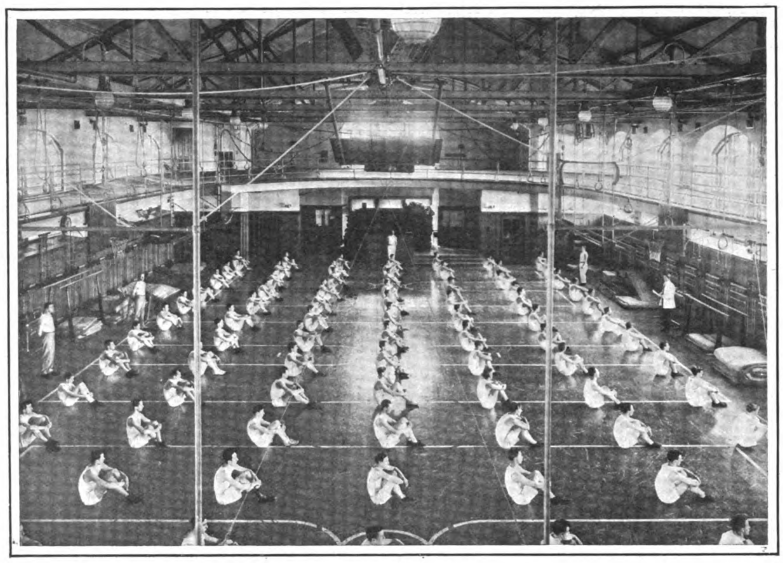
BY WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY



Testing the sight of a big class

PHYSICAL America is beginning to shrink. That is to say, the amount of our natural resources is no longer keeping its level with the growth of population. The resources must be husbanded, the soil must be cultivated more intensively, and the gifts of nature no longer prodigally wasted. We have been hearing a great deal of late about movements for the conservation of forests, of coal-lands, of water-power, etc., but nowhere, so far as I have learned, of a systematic, sustained, all-embracing scheme for the conservation of human life and strength, which are, after all, the greatest asset of a people.

Such a job as this is a task to fire the ambition of any man. To see the scheme in operation is enough to revive the hope of any citizen who may for a moment have listened to howlers and begun to think that nowadays we are all going to the dogs. The tendency of great cities, of course, is to kill men, or at least to cruelly rob them of vitality, chiefly by crowding, dirt, and the lack of fresh air, sunshine, and exercise entailed by their cramped environment. So far as athletic championships and records afford evidence, we find that ever since games have been held and records kept many city athletes have been of the first quality; yet the average city man, the man in the street, has been terribly handicapped by abnormal living among masses. If the man in the street could be taught how to fortify himself, how to make the most of what is in him—though not to the extremes attained by the champion—he, too, can attain to the first rank in the perpetual struggle that is life. Indeed, he will feel better and live longer than most champions.



A "floor talk" on health by Dr. Storey

Quite by accident I happened the other day to discover a full-fledged, highly developed plant for the conservation of humanity. The scheme of its organization is so sane and its results thus far are so excellent that they are well worth pointing out. The plant is operated, logically enough, in the College of the City of New York, the intellectual division of that vast metropolitan melting-pot into which myriads of men and women of all the races of mankind are poured every year and from which they emerge full-fledged Americans. The director of it is Dr. Thomas A. Storey, A.M., M.D., Ph.D., a graduate of Stanford and Harvard universities; and a corps of sixteen experts assist him in the scheme of building up lifelong habits of health, strength, and efficiency among the 2,500 boys of the preparatory school and the 1,300 young men in the college proper. "If this department has been successful," says Dr. Storey, "it is the result of the loyal, efficient, uncomplaining service of the men on the staff."

The college has its regularly organized teams for track and field sports, basket-ball, baseball, tennis, swimming, water polo, and soccer football, just as all other educational institutions have—but the chief function of its athletic sports, as well as of all its forms of physical exercise, is to establish habits of clean living, health, and stamina on a permanent basis. No foul player is allowed to stay on any team. Instead of trying to develop, say, a world's-record sprinter who can do the hundred yards in nine and three-fifths seconds while three thousand of his fellows roar with delight, the aim is to develop the three thousand fellows so that they all can run decently, swim well, climb, jump, and handle weights with some skill, but, above all, have the habit of keeping themselves clean and in permanent good health, at the highest pitch of working power and moral responsibility. The trustees and President Finley have done much to dignify and assist the work of the department, which, by the way, is now organizing the Fourth International Congress on School Hygiene, to be held at Buffalo, New York, August 25th to 30th.

How are school-boys and collegians to be coaxed into healthy development, persuaded to follow a rational plan of living? There must be an ideal in the mind of the teacher, the one who takes the mass of plastic young human material and does his share of molding it into men. Dr. Storey, as long ago as 1908, defined his ideal in a paper before the International Congress on Tuberculosis at Washington, D. C. He said:

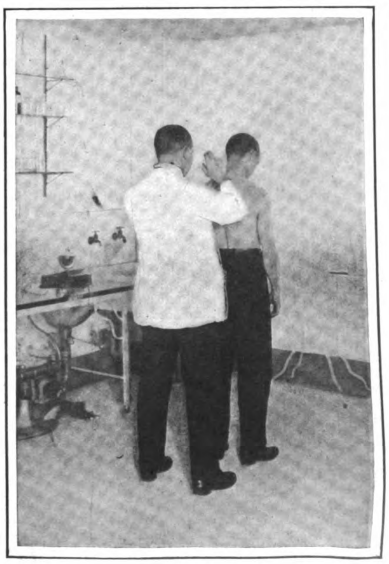
"The health and, therefore, the immunity of the whole body depends upon the health of all its constitutent parts—on the health of its cells. If the cells are all well nourished, active, and protected from extremes of pathogenic influences, their summated health will be the health of the individual whose body they in combination make. That such a healthy individual is possessed of a certain degree of immunity has been proved empirically and experimentally, and it is equally well established that the possession and conservation of the healthy body depend upon the observance of several simple hygienic procedures. These hygienic procedures are the same as those which I have already stated were essential to the body cells. Furthermore, these procedures must be the fundamental procedures in any wise and well-ordered policy of personal health control.

"The well-planned policy of personal health control teaches men to eat properly, to drink properly, to breathe properly, to take proper care of the excretions and wastes, to exercise wisely, to rest wisely, and to keep reasonably clean with reference to disease-breeding organisms. Such governing principles lead to and conserve human health. Failure to respect any one of these principles will jeopardize the success of the others. No rational scheme should rely upon exercise alone for health, nor upon any other one procedure or habit. One must respect all of these several requisites in order to work under a wise policy of personal health control. The man who regulates his habits of eating and takes no exercise cannot expect health. The man who exercises properly and eats wisely will fail to secure health if his habits of sleep are bad. On the other hand, a reasonable observance of these several simple hygienic laws cannot fail to secure and conserve health for the average individual.

"Such an individual will be possessed of millions of active, healthy cellular structures working for his protection, constructing for him a defensive armamentarium, and ready on demand to respond with supreme reaction against the invasion of disease."

How is the ideal realized? To begin with, every student at the College of the City of New York is carefully examined twice a year—or whenever else he may request—as to the condition of heart, lungs, and other organs, skin, eyes, teeth, etc.; and if any serious defect is found he is advised to see a doctor at once. He is required to take home a written notice to this effect and to bring back a reply from his parent or guardian. The report of cases of infectious diseases by the Health Department is checked up every day. If any student is found to live in an infected home, he is at once excluded from college until he can bring a certificate from the Health Department that he is free from taint. And, of course, if a student at any time shows symptoms of disorder he is at once examined. Whenever a student returns to college cured of typhoid, diphtheria, or similar disease, the germs of which he unconsciously might still be carrying, he is examined to make sure that there is no danger of infection from him. For the sake of accuracy and certainty in these and similar examinations, the college department of physical instruction and hygiene maintains an excellent laboratory, in a renovated room, by the way, that used to be a butler's pantry—quite a different means of conserving vitality. In this laboratory a daily test is made of the water in the college swimming-pool. All of the ordinary bacteriological tests and chemical analyses can be made. The aim is to have the laboratory afford perfect protection against disease-carriers.

Every boy in the college is obliged to take enough exercise to keep him fit.



Carefully examined twice a year

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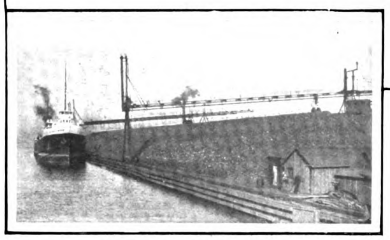
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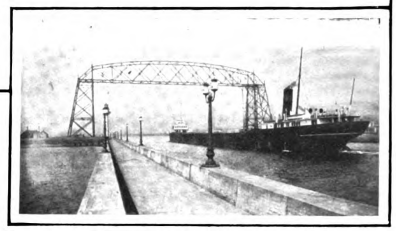
THE QUEEN OF THE INLAND WATERWAYS

BY JULIUS H. BARNES

Chairman of the Duluth Traffic Commission



Unloading coal at Duluth



The entrance to Duluth Harbor

IN 1658, the year of Oliver Cromwell's death, the first venturesome explorers reached the far western end of Lake Superior in a birch canoe.

Where the City of Duluth now stands there was then, and for two centuries later, a dense pine forest reaching to the very waters of the lake. The light craft of the early explorers, ascending the small streams at the western end of Lake Superior, needed then but a short portage to reach the rivulets that flowed west into the Mississippi, and thus Duluth became the first trans-shipment point for the light supplies of explorers, missionaries, and fur-traders, nearly two and a half centuries ago.

For two centuries the craft on Lake Superior progressed only from the light birch canoe to the flat-bottom skiff of the trader, and then began an era of transportation development the like of which the world had never seen. As late as 1846 all the commerce of Lake Superior was transferred around the Falls of St. Mary's River between Lake Superior and Lake Huron, and one old gray horse and a cart were sufficient to portage all the commerce of Lake Superior.

Then followed the era of development which made the figures of transportation tonnage so tremendous that they mean nothing to us unless we have imagination to illumine the dry statistics of the government record of Sault Ste. Marie's Canal.

What does it mean to us to say that the tonnage through Sault Ste. Marie's Canal into and from Lake Superior for the season of 1912 equals eighty million tons? What does eighty million tons express to us until we begin to calculate how many old gray horses and carts would carry eighty million tons around those falls?

What does it mean to say that 243 million bushels of grain moved on that waterway during the season of navigation of 1912, and that the average rate of freight for carrying that grain from Duluth to Buffalo was 1½ cents per bushel? The rail freight for that trip would be ten times that much, even were it physically possible for the railroads to handle such a volume of grain at all, which they certainly could not do with their present facilities.

Or that fifteen million tons of coal moved westbound at an average rate of thirty-five cents per ton for that long water trip, where the rail freight would have been ten times as much?

The country at the western end of Lake Superior is just beginning to be settled. Just west of Duluth there is a territory as large as New England of fertile soil, which has needed draining, and is getting it; which has needed roads—and Minnesota is gridironing it with highways at the state expense.

It needs railways, and the railways are pushing their extensions into it. It has needed pioneers, and its proportion of settlers arriving is larger than in all the other Northwestern states combined.

The great railroad systems of the Northern Pacific, Great Northern, and the Soo are to-day delivering in Minnesota more carloads of immigrant goods than in all the states combined on their western systems of North and South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon.

We have been accustomed to think of the far West as the land of opportunity, but northern Minnesota to-day is a more promising field for the agriculturist, and especially for the man with the patience and the courage to utilize the cut-over timber lands of that section, than any other area in the United States.

The Canadian government will develop its transportation route to enable wheat to be delivered in foreign markets so cheaply that it can compete with the wheat product of the cheaper labor of India, of the Argentine, of Australia and Russia and Manchuria. The Canadian government is far-seeing enough to see this and to plan for it. Within the space of a few years there will be a canal around Niagara Falls which will permit the larger boats to cross Lake Ontario and reach the head waters of the St. Lawrence. From there to Montreal is but a cheap water-shipment route of some 150 or 175 miles.

The effect of this will be that grain will be taken from the western end of Lake Superior and delivered at the port of Montreal at a freight charge of four to five cents per bushel. And with fair ocean rates from Montreal to foreign markets, and fair railroad rates from the western end of Lake Superior to the grain fields, the grain grower of Western Canada can once more stand a chance against his great cheap competitors.

And New York State, with its great barge canal from the Great Lakes to New York City, will be as cheap a route and as helpful in its saving of transportation costs as the St. Lawrence River itself.

Each year this western country is settled more and more densely. Its needs, its requirements, increase steadily. And all the thousand products that supply homes and shops and factories must use that water route also.

Duluth, the far western port of Lake Superior, forty years ago a pine forest, to-day a thriving city; yesterday an outpost of the pioneers, to-day ranking third or fourth in tonnage of all the great ports of the world. Back of it a territory yet unopened; east of it a water highway not yet fully developed to its full usefulness. To-morrow, what?

THE WORK OF THE GRAIN EXCHANGE

BY CHARLES F. MACDONALD

THE function performed by the grain exchange is not surpassed in its value to the people and contribution to the general welfare by any business agency of the day. The marketing of the crops of the country, which, in the chief grains, aggregated in the year 1912 more than five and a half billion of bushels, is a matter of vital concern.

It is universally conceded that the basis of our great wealth and the welfare and progress of all business is the agricultural prosperity of the nation, and it is a matter not merely of general concern, but also of demand, that the grower shall receive the highest possible remuneration for his produce, and that he shall be enabled to market it expeditiously and at a minimum of cost. The crops which are raised by the producers of this country within a period of four or five months must feed the people for twelve, and the accumulation of this great food supply, and its distribution from the localities where it is grown to those where it is desired for consumption presents a problem which it is the mission of the grain exchange to meet in the interest of the people. To provide a market for the grower by bringing together the representatives of both buyers and sellers, and in this way to distribute the products of the soil to the consumers, is the primary purpose for which grain exchanges exist, and their usefulness to the community must be measured by the faithfulness with which they administer that trust.

Economists and students of business life universally concede the importance of the functions of the grain exchange and recognize them as rendering a great service, but that a large number of the people do not regard them so highly and look upon them as merely agencies for speculation in food products is not to be denied. Congress and legislatures of states are threatening legislation that would radically change the methods under which grain is marketed, and which would require much readjustment, in the process of which the chief sufferer would unquestionably be the producer.

This feeling of antagonism grows very largely out of the trading in contracts for future delivery, and it is unquestionably true that it is not the legitimate use of this very valuable and necessary function in the marketing of grain that has provoked hostility, but the fact that it has been at times misused and abused. The exchanges themselves recognize this and are striving to eradicate abuse and manipulation by severely penalizing it. But it is known to every exchange that the volume of illegitimate dealing is infinitesimal in comparison with that of the legitimate hedging and speculative trading. The spectacular gambling and manipulation are always exploited sensationally, and the popular impression is derived in that way and the exchange suffers for the sins of the few. The efforts to stamp out the undesirable trade are happily bearing fruit, and there is much reason to believe that the day of wild gambling in grain has passed. It must always be borne in mind, however, that grain is a commodity that is sensitive to changing conditions and very responsive to the supply-and-demand situation, and years of short crops will always find wide and rapid fluctuations in prices.

With the manner in which grain is actually marketed the public has little familiarity. In a general way it is known that there are commission men who solicit and receive the business of country shippers, elevators and mills which buy the grain, exporters who sell abroad, and that the grain is bought and sold through the medium of the exchanges; but of the magnitude of the trade there is little realization, nor is the value of the service rendered to the whole people appreciated.

From early in May, when Texas begins to harvest its crops, until late in August, when North Dakota and the other northern states have gathered in the last of their golden grain, the United States last year produced 730,000,000 bushels of wheat, 1,418,000,000 bushels of oats, 224,000,000 bushels of barley, 35,000,000 bushels of rye, and 28,000,000 bushels of flax, and in the fall the harvesting of corn added 3,125,000,000 bushels to this great volume of grain. It is true that only a portion of this reaches the primary markets in its original form, but the prices in those markets are the basis upon which the grain is marketed, wherever that may be.

With the first harvestings comes a flood of grain from the farmer, who must realize upon his labors of the year. All of this flows into the big markets and is distributed to the manufacturers and consumers with such ease and despatch and so little resistance as to cause little or no notice, and yet the market machinery and the handling facilities required to dispose of it are enormous.

Especially at the Lake ports has the handling of large quantities of grain been perfected to a very high point. One of the elevators at the head of Lake Superior in the fall of 1912 delivered 1,250,000 bushels of wheat into boats in ten hours' time. In the early seventies the Northern Pacific Railway's first car of grain into Duluth carried 13,000 pounds, but the great advance in railroad facilities has brought the average now to about 75,000 pounds. Figuring at that rate, it required 1,000 cars to transport the loadings of one day from this elevator—twenty train-loads of fifty cars each. The average production of wheat in the three spring-wheat states of the Northwest—Minnesota, North Dakota, and South Dakota, in 1912, was approximately sixteen bushels to the acre, so that the product of more than 78,000 acres of land was embraced in the million and a quarter bushels that went out of one elevator into boats in a single day.

The business transacted on the Duluth Board of Trade in the fall of 1912 affords an excellent illustration of the facility with which grain is marketed. In years of normal production, the Duluth Board ranks third in point of total receipts of grain among the grain markets of the country, and second in receipts of wheat. It is at the head of deep-water navigation on the Great Lakes, the farthest point inland that can be reached by the great water carriers that have steadily reduced the transportation cost of carrying grain until it can be fairly said to be at the minimum. At its very doors are the great fields of the spring-wheat territory of the country, the state of Minnesota, North Dakota, and South Dakota, with Montana now jumping rapidly into the front rank and promising to shortly become one of the greatest grain-raising states of the country.



The Duluth Board of Trade

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Interludes

HOW TO MAKE JAIL LIFE ATTRACTIVE

(Now that so many estimable ladies are choosing to go to prison rather than abandon their principles on the subject of woman suffrage, we have retained the services of Professor Wilberforce Jenkins, the eminent gaologist, to prepare for their benefit the following hints on "How to be Happy in Jail." Professor Jenkins is a distinguished alumnus of many of our leading penitentiaries, having taken special courses in the most notable penal hostelries in Great Britain and America, and is the most eminent authority we have on the esthetics of cell life.)

1. Always greet your jailer with a smile. Nothing conduces more surely to human happiness than a habit of cheerfulness, which transforms tiers of cells into a beaming array of smiling faces.

2. If your cell is dull and dingy, at very slight cost the dreary iron bars of your cell door may be made most attractive by painting them with white-enamel paint similar to that used by amateur decorators of the home in turning a drab drawing-room into a white-and-gold parlor.

3. When time hangs heavy on your hands a pleasant way to spend an idle hour is to tear up the blankets and sheets upon your cot, and weave a rag carpet, or small rug, out of the strips, using the upright bars of your cell door as the framework for the intertwining strands.

4. A pleasant substitute for a five-o'clock tea can be had by a dozen lady prisoners occupying the same corridor, who arrange at a given signal to stand at the door of their cells and begin to talk all at once, continuing this for as long a time as there remains any illusion whatsoever in the proceeding.

5. A lively diversion for a rainy afternoon, and one likely to improve the aim of the lady prisoners, is what is called dinner-plate quoits. This consists in standing at the rear end of your cell and trying to hurl your dinner-plates through the openings between the bars of your cell door without nicking their edges. It requires considerable practice to become expert in this form of discus-throwing, but it serves to while away an idle hour most effectively.

6. If the prison rules are rather drastic in respect to your communicating by word of mouth with the lady in the cell opposite you, an excellent substitute for a carrier for the conveyance of a secret message is a fish-ball saved from your breakfast. This, if hollowed out and the inside filled with your written message, can be thrown across the corridor to your neighbor while the turnkey is not looking.

7. In the absence of facilities for knitting and embroidery a pleasant kind of spatter-work of a simple sort may be employed to lighten a dull afternoon, by asking for a bottle of ink and a fountain-pen filler. With the latter you can squirt the ink in all sorts of odd forms over the walls and furniture of your cell.

8. Even though you are a militant suffragette, do not permit prison life to destroy your dainty femininity. To this end take plenty of ribbon to jail with you, and tie bows on everything from the knob of your cell door to the jailer's ears, if you can get him to stand long enough to accomplish your decorative purpose.

UNAPPRECIATED

"See, John," said Mrs. Slathers, with a happy smile, "I have taught the canary every time I come near him to stick out his little bill to be kissed."

"Humph!" said Slathers, eyeing the bird critically. "Seems to me you spend your time teaching creatures how to present their bills for my attention—I got one from your milliner this morning, not to mention a dozen or two others in the same mail."

UNCHANGED

"That's just like Jim," said the widow, wearily, after a flapping curtain had knocked over the urn in which all that was mortal of her cremated husband had been placed and spread its contents on the floor. "Always dropping his ashes everywhere!"



AN ABSOLUTE CERTAINTY

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

"My son Willie tells me that you threatened to box his ears yesterday, Miss Tooter," said the irate parent, calling upon the school mistress, "and I have come in to say to you that if you ever—"

"Don't worry, Mr. Marrowfat," said Miss Tooter, graciously, "I'm not at all likely to do it. The janitor has been through all the department stores in town, and he can't find a box big enough for the purpose."

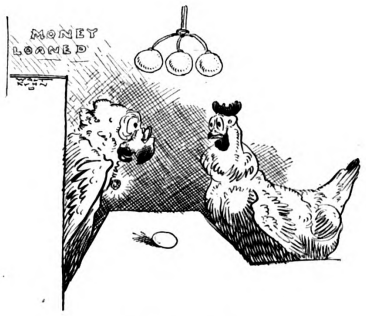


EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY

THE TROUBLE

"I tell you, old man, there's always room at the top," said Jimpsonberry.

"I haven't a doubt of it," said Languish. "But the worst of it is there's never any elevator to take you up."



HARD TIMES

SOL PARROT *(the pawnbroker)*: Are you sure, madam, that you came by this egg honestly?

E—S—Q

"Pa," said little Willie, "what does es-kew mean?"

"Askew?" repeated the old gentleman. "Why askew means gone wrong, crooked. Why do you ask?"

"Why, I notice that after your name on all your letters they put E—S—Q, but I didn't know you'd ever gone wrong or was crooked, pa. What did you do?" asked little Willie.

FOUND!

"Do you think you can support my daughter in the style to which she is accustomed?" asked the cautious father.

"I know I can," said Sapleigh.

"Thank Heaven I've found you!" cried the cautious father, embracing him. "You can do more than I can!"

A PERTINENT QUERY

The drummer had been bragging about his achievements for a goodly time, and finally the meek little man in the corner piped up.

"Excuse me," he said, "but perhaps you can tell me why you gentlemen are called drummers."

"Well, why shouldn't we be so called? We drum up trade, don't we?" was the retort.

"I know," said the meek little man, "but the drum is not a wind instrument."

A REVENGEFUL SHADE

"The spirit of your deceased husband, madam, wishes to communicate with you on the subject of your remarriage," said the medium.

"Very well," said the lady. "Let him proceed. What is it he wishes to say?"

"He says," murmured the medium, going into a trance—"he says he is very glad you are going to marry Mr. Skeezicks. He always hated him."

EFFECTING A CURE

"I tell you, Blithers, this habit of yours of borrowing all the time is growing on you," said Jimpson. "You ought to do something to check it."

"All right, Jimp," said Blithers. "Just let me have the check and I'll do my best."

MOTHER GOOSE: SUFFRAGETTE

LULLABY

Rock-a-by, Baby in the tree-top,
Mother and Sister have gone out to shop.
Dad's on the Golf Links, but never you squirm:
Maybe some Birdy will bring you a worm.

LITTLE SALLY

Little Sally, blithe and gay,
Only four years old to-day,
Chucked a brick across the street
Through a window clean and neat—
Now her Daddy wants to bet
She'll grow up a suffragette!

TOMMY'S IN THE PANTRY

Tommy's in the pantry, eating up the jam.
Bobby's in the kitchen, giving cook a slam.
Betty's in the parlor, learning how to dance
Turkey-trot and Tango as they do in France.
Mamma's in the City, languishing in jail.
Papa's working day and night to get her out on bail!

MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?"
"Really, sir," said Mary, "I truly do not know.
I've been busy latterly—a-marching far and wide
With all my sister suffragettes and let the garden slide."

A. Sufferan Mann.



CUSTOMER: Show me the thinnest thing you've got in summer underwear.
SALESLADY: Mary Jones, over there.

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THE NEW LAKE SUPERIOR CLOVERLAND

BY FRANK N. HARDING

WITHIN a night's ride of Detroit, Chicago, and Milwaukee, about half a day's ride from St. Paul and Minneapolis, and at the very back door of Duluth and Superior, lies the Lake Superior dairy region of Wisconsin and Michigan, which has recently adopted, and with every show of right, the name "Cloverland." This vast expanse of rapidly developing agricultural territory, consisting of fifteen millions of acres of land, still partly forested, has, during the past two years, made wonderful strides toward the development of its agricultural resources. But a short time ago this territory was covered with splendid forests of timber, and the popular impression, encouraged by lumbermen, the natural foes of the settler, was that the region was unfavorable to agriculture because of its geographical position. With the passing of the lumberman came the advent of the settler, and immediately the wonderful agricultural, fruit, and dairy capabilities of this territory became firmly established.

Strangely enough, the significant position of this favored country was overlooked by agriculturists in the rush for Western lands, and here, within easy striking distance of such market centers as Detroit, Chicago, and the Twin Cities, is a vast, undeveloped, agricultural empire, located between the huge fresh-water lakes, Superior and Michigan, which temper and govern the prevalent frost conditions to an average summer crop-growing season of 140 days' duration, which compares favorably with the crop-growing season of the northern half of Iowa, southern Minnesota, and Nebraska. The climate is ideal for the farmer, the fruit-grower, and the dairyman. The summer days are perfect, with uniform precipitation continuing throughout the crop-growing season, and the summer nights are cool and comfortable.

The soil of this region is deep and rich, as is evidenced by the tremendous forests of pine and mixed hard woods which formerly covered the country. It is axiomatic that crops grown as far north as they can be matured show the highest qualities and most ideal development. All the crops produced in the temperate regions of the United States are successfully grown in this Lake Superior Cloverland. All grains and forage crops thrive wonderfully. As this region in the winter is covered with a blanket of snow, ranging from three feet upward in depth, the ground never freezes, and therefore clovers and fall-sown crops are never winter-killed.

The importance of this peculiar climatic condition cannot be over-estimated, and its significance to all who are engaged in animal husbandry is most marked. All grains, whether fall sown or spring, yield abundantly. Spring rye yields about 25 to 30 bushels, and spring wheat from 25 to 50, per acre. Oats, on these wonderful clay soils, yield unusual crops, running from 40 to as high as 108 bushels of officially weighed grain. Corn, of the earlier varieties, matures, and corn for silage and sorghum gives tremendously heavy yields. Buckwheat yields from 28 to 40 bushels per acre. Barley is a good crop and runs from 25 to 50 bushels per acre. Hay, clover, timothy, and millet are wonderfully luxuriant. Root crops, such as turnips, parsnips, rutabagas, and potatoes produce astonishing yields. Cloverland knows no rival in the growth of potatoes save the Aroostook region in Maine, or the Western irrigated lands. Yields will run from 200 bushels per acre up to 600 bushels, and that of potatoes of the finest quality.

The rapid development of the pea-growing industry in this northland is most worthy of notice. Peas present the peculiar merit of being both profitable for their own crop and beneficial to these newly-cleared lands upon which they are raised. These rich soils of the north produce such wonderful crops of peas that occasionally complaint is heard that some of the smaller-grained varieties grow larger peas than the fancy market demands. Pea straw is so plentiful in some districts that it is used for bedding. For canning purposes these northern-grown peas are as much better than those grown further south as they are for seed purposes. The development is more even and gradual and the ripening more graduated and perfect. This northern-grown pea seed is particularly sought after, upward of seventy-five per cent. of the seed peas used in the Middle West being raised here.

There is but one sugar-beet factory in this north country; it is located in Menominee County and is one of the best assets of the surrounding territory. Farm patrons find the beet-growing industry one of great profit, even greater than the same industry further south, as the local conditions which cause the beets to grow larger and yield a higher percentage of sugar content are those peculiar to this north country. The further north you go from the equator the more daylight there is in the summer-time, and the resulting excess of sunlight exercises a beneficent influence upon all growing crops, and notably upon the percentage of sugar in beets grown here, the agricultural bulletins showing that sugar beets contain from one to two per cent. more sugar than those grown in southern latitudes.

Small fruits, such as raspberries, gooseberries, currants, and strawberries, are most prolific, and of as fine quality as can be secured anywhere in the country. Onions, of a quality equal to the finest Bermudas are grown here. Cabbage, many heads of which refuse to go unstripped into a common salt barrel, and of a solidity and quality which bespeak freedom from attack by worms or pests, thrive upon the dark brown loams of the river bottoms, and find prompt markets with city jobbers. Celery and lettuce, of a crisp whiteness, and flavor so unsurpassed as to have created a demand for them in Chicago and New York markets, are raised in profitable abundance on the rich black-muck soils of this newly discovered farming country.

Lake Superior apples from the Bayfield and Keweenaw peninsulas, as well as from central portions of this region, have been prize-winners at state fairs and general land shows. Plums, cherries, and crab-apples are remarkably prolific.

Many advantages are offered to farmers in this region, among which are the finest and the most perfect educational system that can be found anywhere in the United States, from the graded schools, high schools, teachers' training schools, normal schools, agricultural experiment stations, mining school, etc., leading to the state agricultural colleges and universities. Churches of all denominations and rural schools are rapidly being erected in many communities of new settlers. People of all creeds find here comfortable homes. The rural telephone system is rapidly developing, and rural free mail delivery is being pushed even into remote districts. Railroad service, east, west, and south, is most satisfactory. Small towns and villages are springing up at country cross-roads, and in fact the whole region is rapidly changing from its original condition to that of a settled farming country.

Sheep-growing, stock-raising, the feeding of hogs and dairying, follow very naturally in the wake of the clearing of the land. This northern region is most admirably adapted to animal husbandry in all of its varieties. With its great fertility of soil, the bracing, invigorating power of its summer air and its freedom from insect pests, the country is specially fitted for the development of the dairy industry. Here cattle thrive on pastures which go under the snow green and come out green from beneath the melting snows in the spring. Here clover is never winter-killed. Acre for acre, lands in this Lake Superior region will produce more food for cattle than in the corn belts of Illinois and Iowa. Pure water, ample pasture, abundant production of beets, rutabagas, etc., never-failing clover crops, corn silage, oats, peas, and, in short, all the foods that go to make the dairy ration, point out this as the logical seat of the dairy farms for the Middle West.

In short, this district is just beginning to catch step with the general march of progress, and in the near future, in the hands of the progressive, up-to-date farmers who are rapidly getting into this territory, will take its place as the truck farm and dairy region for the immense markets of the Middle West.



Loading by the aid of horses

Modern Logging

BY

IRVING SMALL



Loading by the aid of a steam loader

THE enormous annual increase in demand for timber products has, during the past ten years, strongly encouraged the invention and manufacture of machines to expedite lumbering processes from woods to mill.

Where the logs were formerly "snaked" great distances through the woods behind a team of oxen, huge self-propelling steam skidders now run out on the ubiquitous logging railroad, effecting the same end at a hundred times the speed and at a very considerable saving in cost.

Where the logs were formerly loaded with the aid of horses, mules, or oxen, or even by canthooks alone, the steam log-loader now reaches down to the log piles left beside the logging railroad by the skidder and nonchalantly swings up its two or three hundred log feet a minute throughout a ten-hour day.

The steam log-loader was the first machine to come into general use after the introduction of the logging railroad.

So far as the actual loading of logs is concerned, a comparatively simple derrick operated by a good hoisting engine will do the work satisfactorily.

The problem confronting designers and builders of log-loaders was to make a sufficiently strong and heavy combination of the two in such form that it could be quickly and easily moved and which could be brought into position to load a train of empties operating on a single track.

The weight of such a machine necessitated its transportation over the railroad. Economy forbade the use of double tracks or frequent spurs. Yet, to do its work, the machine had to be brought within loading distance of every car in the train. Thus it was necessary that the machine should operate on a single track along which a train of empties was passing in the opposite direction at the same time.

This problem has been solved in three ways:

First, by mounting the machine on the train and dragging it back over the cars as the loading proceeds.

Second, by mounting the machine on trucks adapted to run on the main track, sufficient space being left between the lower girders above these trucks and the deck girders supporting the loading mechanism to permit of the empty cars passing up inclined rail sections through the machine between the upper and lower decks, and down to the track again on the other side on other inclined rail sections.

The third and most generally adopted method was to provide the machine with legs, or standards, the ends of which rested on the ties outside of the rails, while the trucks and propelling chains could be swung up to a vertical position out of the way of the empties, which passed under the machine on the main track.

By equipping this machine with a "spotting" cable which can be carried back to the rear of the train of empties, car after car can be drawn by its own power under the machine into loading position beneath the boom. After the train has been loaded, the machine stands at the rear and the swinging trucks are then lowered to the rails again, when it may either push the loaded train out to the main spur, or proceed to the next loading-point, leaving this work to a switch-engine.

The logs are loaded either by means of skidding tongs, which resemble gigantic ice-tongs and are built on much the same principle, or with a crotch-line terminating in two end-hooks, one of which is fixed into each end of the log.

Steam skidders may be described as donkey-engines placed on flat-cars, having immense booms extending from the end of the flat-car into the air to an elevation of thirty-five feet above the rails.

Through blocks on the tips of these booms, the skidding, outhaul, and guying lines are run, while the decking lines are run through blocks suspended at a distance from the top of the boom equal to one-third of its length.

The crew required for a modern four-line steam skidder, skidding from two ends simultaneously, consists of two engineers, one fireman, two signal men, four hook-tenders, and four whip-tenders.

The machines are self-propelling. Their capacity will actually average, in the long-leaf pineries of the South, 125,000 feet per day for four-line skidders, and 60,000 feet per day for two-line skidders.

Steam logging-machines, of the types described and illustrated, have already been adopted by nearly all lumber concerns of any size, many of them owning scores of such machines. Without them it has become practically impossible to compete in the lumber business on any scale.

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A FOOD FACTORY

ONE might as well visit Cologne without seeing the great Cathedral that has made the town famous as to visit Niagara Falls without seeing the factory in which Shredded Wheat is made.

The great Cathedral is all there is to Cologne. When you think of Cologne you think of the wonderful triumph of architectural genius that towers high above the ancient city. Of course there is something else in the city of Niagara Falls beside the Home of Shredded



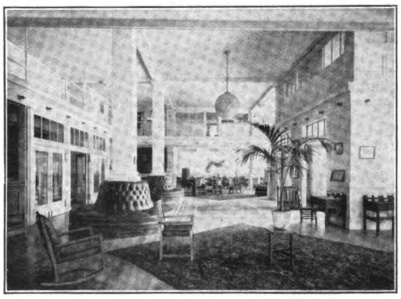
"The Home of Shredded Wheat," Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Wheat, but most travelers think of the famous breakfast food when the name of the town is mentioned.

This unique industry—the Shredded Wheat factory—is dedicated to the proposition—now accepted by the leading physicians and dietetic authorities and affirmed by the experiences of four thousand years—that the whole-wheat grain contains all the elements for the perfect nutrition of man. It is also dedicated to certain twentieth-century ideals of cleanliness and humanitarian treatment of employees.

It was a happy dispensation of fate that a portion of the power generated at the Falls should be dedicated to the health and happiness of the human family through the manufacture of the most perfect food that was ever devised for the nourishment of man.

A few years ago the residents of the prettiest avenue in the city of Niagara Falls woke up one fine morning to find that a tract of ten acres on this avenue had been cleared of its dozen or more dwellings and that ground was being broken for the building of a great factory for the manufacture of Shredded Wheat products.



Reception Room for Visitors

Here was a building whose builders had the daring to invade the choicest residence neighborhood in the town to plant an industry far away from the smoke and dust of factory and railroad. This search for cleanliness and beauty, foolish as it might seem to the hard-headed man of finance, naturally constitutes one of the attractive features of the plant and gives it a unique place among the food-manufacturing concerns of the world.

The spectacle of a hundred thousand persons passing through a factory every year "to see the wheels go 'round" is something so unusual in this country as to call for more than passing notice. This is the number that annually passes through the Home of Shredded Wheat. The question naturally arises, "what is there so unusual about this factory that it should attract such crowds, even drawing them away from the scenic splendors of the Cataract itself?" Surely the ordinary factory is not such an object of popular interest—indeed, the average factory does not throw open its doors to the public.

Right here is the secret of the drawing power of this wonderful establishment. There are factories and factories. But the Shredded Wheat factory is unique. There is nothing like it in this or any other country. It is the dream of a "dreamer" fully carried out. This "dreamer," who invented Shredded Wheat Biscuit, said he would build the cleanest, finest, most hygienic factory in the world in



Shredding Machines

which to make the cleanest and purest cereal food in the world, and he succeeded in making good his promise.

This is what draws the pilgrims from all lands. The building is located on Buffalo Avenue, in the heart of the best residence district of Niagara Falls, far away from the smoke and dirt of factories and railroads. Thirty thousand panes of glass let in the sunlight which floods every nook and corner with its cleansing rays.

The building is entered through a reception-room, on either side of which are writing and reading rooms for guests, furnished with beautiful rugs and sumptuous weathered-oak, leather-upholstered furniture. From the middle of the ceiling hangs a pendant, a great crystal ball, inside of which are brilliant electric lights. At the base of the vast columns supporting the ceilings are upholstered settees. Here may be found guides ready to pilot visitors through the building. The gallery around the reception-room, as well as the entire floor above, are taken up with the administration, publicity, and accounting offices of the Company.

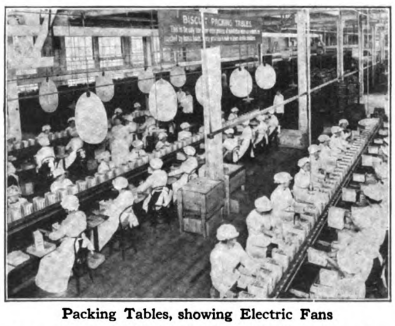
To get an adequate and comprehensive idea of the process of manufacturing this famous cereal food it is best to follow the grains of wheat, from the point where they enter the building, through the various details of manufacture, to the finished product. The visitor therefore takes one of the electric elevators which runs to the top floor of the central tower, to which point the wheat is elevated and where it passes through twenty-two cleaning-machines which remove all dust, dirt, wild oats, mustard seed, cockle, straw, and other foreign substances, as well as broken and defective grains of wheat. Each one of these machines is a marvel of ingenuity and has some particular work to do. On this same floor is the cooking-room, equipped with great steel cylinders which are filled with the wheat from the cleaning-room. The wheat, while being agitated by revolving steel paddles, is cooked for about thirty-five minutes; a process that breaks up the starch granules in the center of the wheat kernel, rendering them soluble and digestible. The outer coat of the wheat berry is unbroken, and none of the nutritive elements in the wheat are lost in the process of cooking.

When the wheat is thoroughly cooked the steam is turned off, the end of the cylinder opened, and the delicious-looking grains of cooked wheat roll out into a hopper and drop down to the floor below into a drying, or "conditioning," machine, which removes the excess of moisture which remains after the cooking process and which must be eliminated before the wheat is ready for the shredding-machines. When a sufficient amount of the moisture is removed the swollen, softened kernels are ready for shredding and are dropped down through a hopper to a lower floor of the building, where they enter the shredding-machines.

On this floor is the Observatory, on the roof of the administration section of the building, which commands a wonderful view of Niagara River, the Rapids, Goat Island, Three Sister Islands, and other scenic beauties of this picturesque region.

On the lower floor are the shredding-machines, the great ovens, and packing-tables. Here the cooked wheat is fed into the hoppers of the great shredding-machines, each eighty-eight feet long and consisting of thirty-six pairs of shredders which draw the kernels out into fine, porous shreds, which are dropped upon an endless chain, laying layer upon layer, until the thickness of the Biscuit is formed, when the long band of white filaments is brought to a cutting device which separates them into oblong cakes and drops them into a pan holding fifty-two Biscuits.

The pan of Biscuits is then placed in the arms of a large drum, shaped like a Ferris wheel, which revolves in an immense oven until the Biscuits are baked, and then conveyed in large pan-racks to the packing-tables, where they are placed in cartons, and they in turn are placed on an endless belt which carries them to the sealing-machines on a floor above.



Packing Tables, showing Electric Fans

These sealing-machines automatically open the flaps of the cartons, cover them with dextrine—a vegetable glue—fold them together again, and then paste a strip of paper over each side in such a way as to join the edges of the flaps, making a package that is practically moisture-proof and air-tight. These packages are then carried along by means of belts between cylinders of steam and when they reach the end they are dry enough for packing in the wooden cases. These cases are made of spruce wood and are nailed together by nailing-machines which fasten down the lid at one stroke.

On this floor is the spacious, beautifully lighted dining-room where the company serves to its employees at noon-time a delicious, wholesome meal. At this meal the girls are guests of The Shredded Wheat Company. A separate dining-room is provided for the men and a nominal charge is made for the meals. After lunch the girls who choose to do so may lounge or visit in the comfortable restroom on this same floor. At one end of the restroom is a room provided with hospital bed and an emergency chest.

On a lower floor are the great Triscuit ovens in which are baked the Company's other product known as "Triscuit," the Shredded Wheat Wafer. Triscuit is made the same as the Biscuit except that it is compressed into a wafer and baked by electricity in a specially devised machine so interesting and wonderful in all its operations that it has attracted the attention of electricians from all over the world.

The Company has provided beautiful lavatories for the use of employees, at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars, which include shower, needle, and tub baths



Dining Room for Employees

individual lockers, and other facilities for encouraging cleanliness and neatness on the part of employees.

It would require several pages of the WEEKLY to describe all the departments of this welfare work for which this institution is famous throughout the land.

While every piece of machinery and every danger spot is well protected, accidents are bound to happen, and in order to render prompt relief to the sick and injured the Company maintains a Red Cross Emergency Corps.

The food that is purchased and served to the employees in the two dining-rooms is carefully examined, the milk is tested daily, the dishes are all sterilized, and the use of cold-storage food is prohibited.

For amusement the management provides a skating-rink, tennis-court, bowling-court, baseball club, dances and receptions. The Company gives an annual outing to its employees one day each summer, and every Saturday afternoon is granted as a half holiday with full pay, not only to the office employees, but to all employees of the Company.

There are numerous other features for the mental betterment of the Shredded Wheat family which might truly be called educational. There is a choral society the meetings of which are held weekly, with a two-hour rehearsal during the cool season. A dancing-class is in operation through six months of the year and all employees of both sexes are eligible to membership. Deportment and etiquette form part of the instruction. A shorthand and typewriting class is conducted for the benefit of all employees. A musical association provides a fine brass band and orchestra.

Mere figures give a very inadequate idea of the noble proportions of this building. Those who like figures, however, will be interested in knowing that the Shredded Wheat plant is 463 feet in length by 66 feet in depth, contains 3,000 tons of steel and 200 tons of marble. Its beauty is greatly enhanced by the 844 windows with their 30,000 lights of glass, making it indeed a veritable "crystal palace."

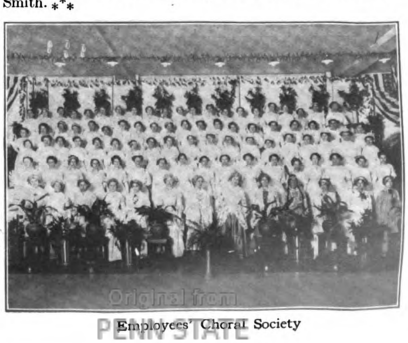
Nature has given us in the whole-wheat grain a perfectly balanced food. We believe that the shredding process (owned and patented by THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY) is the most perfect and most scientific process ever devised for preparing the whole wheat in a digestible form.

There is no "substitute" for Shredded Wheat Biscuit. The "little loaves" are of such a size and form as to make them adaptable to all sorts of combinations with fresh or preserved fruits or creamed meats or creamed vegetables. In the case of fruits the porous shreds readily absorb and neutralize the fruit acids.

In the strawberry season many thousands of persons who cannot eat this luscious berry fresh from the vines are enabled to fully enjoy them in combination with Shredded Wheat Biscuit and cream. The same is true of other acid fruits. Its uses are by no means confined to acid fruits, however, as the Biscuits are equally nutritious and delicious in combination with sliced bananas and other non-acid fruits. The Biscuit form in which Shredded Wheat is made not only enables the housewife to give great variety to the daily dietary of the average home by making many delicious combinations with fruit, creamed meats, or creamed vegetables, but also permits of a great variety of breakfast dishes.

Triscuit, the Shredded Wheat Wafer, takes the place of the white-flour cracker, and as a toast is used as a substitute for white-flour bread with butter, cheese, or marmalades.

The officers of the Shredded Wheat Company are: Alexander J. Porter, President; George A. Mitchell, Vice-President; Fred Mason, Vice-President and General Manager; Frank L. Monin, Secretary-Treasurer. The directors are: William Hamlin, Joseph Henderson, Ogden L. Mills, George A. Mitchell, Alexander J. Porter, Robert W. Pomeroy, de Lancey Rankine, Ogden M. Reid, Carlton M. Smith. ***



Employees' Choral Society

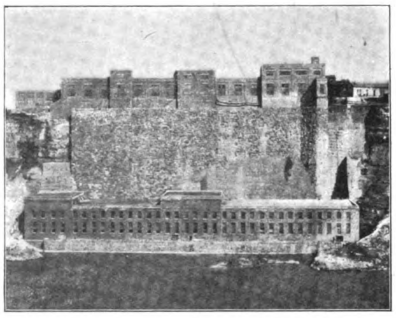
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NIAGARA'S OLDEST POWER PLANT

THE hard-headed and practical New-Englanders who made the first white settlement near the Falls of Niagara at the beginning of the nineteenth century quickly realized that the Falls of Niagara had other than an æsthetic side, and that in the fall of the great volume of water passing through the Niagara River there existed tremendous possibilities. So imbued were they with this idea that the first name of the settlement near the Falls of Niagara was "Manchester," given in anticipation that the site should eventually be to America what Manchester in England was to that country—the chief seat of manufacturing enterprise.

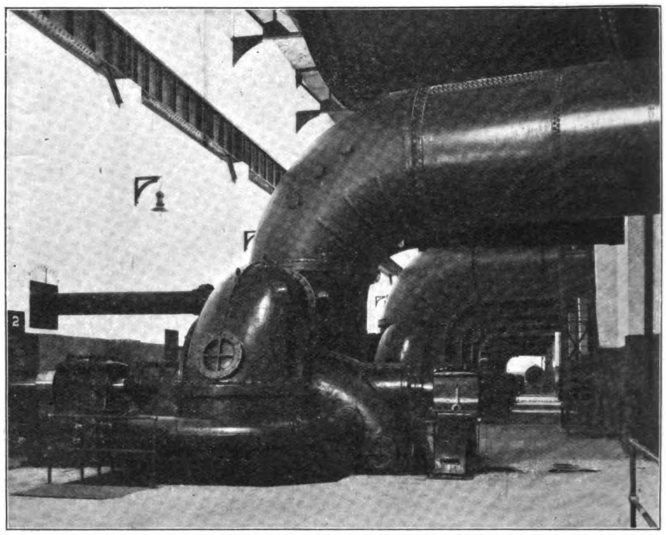
It is only recently that the public generally has been interested in the power development of Niagara Falls, but the first step for the practical use of the energy available by the fall of water between the upper and lower level of Niagara River was taken by the organization of the Niagara Falls Hydraulic Company on the 22d day of March, 1853, and on the 20th day of April of the same year the work of building an hydraulic canal from a point above the Falls through a strip of land one hundred feet wide to a point below the Falls was begun, and the canal was shortly thereafter completed. Notwithstanding the enthusiasm of the promoters of that enterprise and the undoubted opportunities for manufacturing by means of cheap power that the hydraulic canal afforded, the courageous men who invested their hundreds of thousands of dollars in the building of this canal were unable to procure tenants for the use of the power and were forced to see the enterprise languish for years and the capital expended prove a total loss.

It was not until the seventies that any use whatever was made of this power development. Then another brave, courageous man appeared on the scene, in Jacob F. Schoellkopf, a German who had emigrated from his native land to America, with assets consisting of a sturdy body and a clear mind. Schoellkopf bought the outstanding interests in the hydraulic canal which no one else would touch, and the same fate was prophesied for him as had overtaken the original promoters. But Schoellkopf knew what he was doing. He put more money into the canal enterprise, sent his trusted son Arthur, then a boy of



twenty-one, to Niagara Falls to look over the property, and built upon the canal basin a flouring-mill. The mill was successful and was followed by another flouring-mill, and then by dint of inducements in the way of favorable power contracts, silver-plating works and paper-mills were located on the canal basin.

The successful and practical use of the hydraulic power thus developed was the foundation of the present Hydraulic Power Company of Niagara Falls, with which Company and its predecessors the name of Schoellkopf has been indissolubly linked. Steadily but conservatively the power development of this Company progressed, and after the questions raised by the state of New York respecting the legal right of the Company to divert water were settled by the enactment in 1896 of a law by the legislature of the state of New York, confirming the riparian rights of the Company, but limiting them to the diversion of an amount of water that could be drawn through its canal 100 feet wide, with a maximum depth of 14 feet of water, the Company entered upon a rapidly increasing period of development. It obtained new customers, many of whom utilized the energy in the form of electrical current



The possibilities of the development and use of hydro-electric power by the Hydraulic Power Company and its customers have had a curious result upon the fortunes of the Company itself. Under the limitation contained in the confirmatory act of the state of New York the Company could only divert, for power purposes, 9,500 cubic feet of water per second. This volume of water, compared to the total flow of the Niagara River, would be wholly insignificant, but the success of the American companies inspired the Canadian government to grant three separate charters to power companies to be located on the Canadian shore immediately above the Falls, and in about the year 1903 these companies began to construct their plants. This was the signal for a hue and cry which resulted in Federal legislation greatly to the advantage of the Canadian companies at the expense and to the disadvantage of the Hydraulic Power Company.

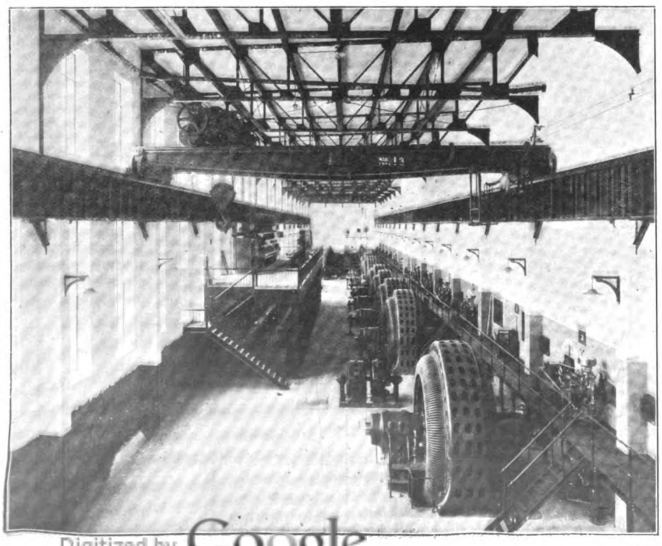
A history of this Federal legislation is interesting. Under authority of an act of Congress of 1902, supplemented by action on the part of the Canadian government, an International Waterways Commission was constituted, which investigated the subject-matter and made a report in which they recommended that diversions for power purposes be limited as follows: on the American side to 18,500 cubic feet per second; on the Canadian side to 36,000 cubic feet per second. The 18,500 cubic feet per second to be diverted on the American side they recommended be divided as follows: to Niagara Falls Power Company, 8,600 cubic feet per second; to Hydraulic Power Company, 9,500 cubic feet per second; to Erie Canal or its tenants 400 cubic feet per second—total, 18,500 cubic feet per second.

Upon the strength of this report the Congress of the United States, claiming jurisdiction upon the rather far-fetched grounds that navigation of the Niagara River and the Great Lakes or the international defences might be affected by the power diversion, assumed to act in 1906, but in the law which Congress passed, instead of limiting the diversion to 18,500 cubic feet as recommended, the limit was placed at 16,500 cubic feet per second, and the Secretary of War cut down the diversion of the Hydraulic Power Company from 9,500 cubic feet per second, as recommended by the International Waterways Commission, to 6,500 cubic feet per second. This act of Congress, known as the Burton law, provided for negotiations with the government of Great Britain upon the whole subject-matter, and, pursuant to the act, a treaty was subsequently negotiated with Great Britain, which was promulgated May 13, 1910. Under this treaty diversion on the American side is limited to a daily diversion at the rate of 20,000 cubic feet per second, while on the Canadian side the limitation is fixed at 36,000 cubic feet per second. But notwithstanding the treaty to fix the diversions on the American side at 20,000 cubic feet per second, the Federal Congress did not enlarge the limit of 15,600 cubic feet per second fixed by the Burton law. The net result of the Federal legislation has been to prevent an American company from utilizing 3,000 cubic feet of water per second, and to allow the Canadian companies to use on the Canadian side the same 3,000 cubic feet of water per second from the same pool, having the identical same effect upon scenic conditions as the diversion would have had upon the American side. More than all this, the 3,000 cubic feet of water per second so diverted on the Canadian side is utilized under conditions which produce between 10 and 15 horse-power per cubic foot of water used, and when the power is so developed it is transmitted to the United States for use here. If this 3,000 cubic feet of water per second were utilized by the Hydraulic Power Company on the American side it would produce 20 horse-power per cubic foot of water used and be much nearer the actual place of utilization. The 3,000 cubic feet of water per second which Congress has attempted to cut off from the oldest American water-power company, and the American government has consented may be used on the Canadian side, produces there from 15,000 to 30,000 less horse-power than could be quickly and economically developed from it by the Hydraulic Power Company, which not only uses the water it diverts under the highest head of any of the Niagara power companies, but also with the greatest efficiency.

The controversy which at one time existed between the advocates of the æsthetic values of Niagara and the advocates of the economic values of the Falls may be said to have been settled by the long and patient investigation conducted upon the subject, by which the amount of the diversion for power purposes which could be safely allowed was fixed at 56,000 cubic feet per second. It may be said with assurance that, except under extraordinary circumstances, the human eye has not been able to detect any difference in the flow of water over the falls from the flow of twenty years ago.

At an actual government test made a few years ago, when all power plants were shut down for twenty-four hours to ascertain what effect, if any, the diversion had upon the water at the brink of the Falls, it was ascertained that the diversion lowered the American Falls about one-half an inch and the Horseshoe Falls about three inches at their crests. A falling mass of water of the depth of eleven or twelve feet has the same effect upon the sight and imagination as a falling mass of water of the depth of fifteen feet. The human mind is easily aroused in the interests of the preservation of a natural wonder like the Falls, and doubtless the American public has been greatly prejudiced by writings and pictures giving a wholly ridiculous and exaggerated view of, rather than actual conditions of, the Falls. That proper remedial works would enhance the beauty of the Falls is the best judgment of the engineers who have given the subject careful study, and that the full amount of diversion on the American side of 20,000 cubic feet per second would in no manner impair the full beauty or sublimity of the great Falls is not disputed by those who have given the subject any intelligent study.

What has Niagara power done for human comfort? It has driven the darkness out of vast cities from Buffalo to Syracuse, and has added the joy of electric illumination to the farm-houses and villages between; it drives the electric car and lights the steam-car; it solidifies and converts into ice some of the very waters of the Niagara River itself, thus insuring a large and economical supply of a modern necessity; it extracts nitrates from the air to replenish the soil; it hardens the steel and adds to the safety of the rails of our great highways of commerce; it produces thousands of tons of aluminum, our lightest and strongest of metals; it supplies in tremendous quantities our foods and their constituents; it carries information and intelligence not only through its use in connection with telephones, but in the manufacture of print paper, and in many other ways makes proof that "it was not intended in the dispensation of a wise Providence that while men's backs were bowed in labor the great power of Niagara should go wasted and unused to the sea." ***



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THE ANACONDA COPPER MINING COMPANY

By CHARLES T. SHEARER

BACKED by the resources of an empire, the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, a splendidly equipped and perfectly adjusted industrial machine, is, year after year, demonstrating that copper-mining is a business, sound and stable, wherein the element of chance has been eliminated in so far as is humanly possible. Since its organization by the late Marcus Daly it has added many hundreds of millions of dollars to the wealth of the country; it has indirectly built and supported towns and cities, and it has had and still has an important part in the development of two states, one of which, the third largest in area in the Union, has natural resources that in extent and variety are not surpassed by those of any commonwealth of America.

Based on its operations of last year the Anaconda Copper Mining Company produces and distributes more than $100,000 daily before it earns a penny for itself. Of that average daily expenditure $50,000 is paid by it for labor; $16,000 for freight; $13,000 for fuel and power; $8,500 for lumber and timber; $7,400 for supplies, and $13,200 for taxes and other expenses. In the last five years it has distributed the amazing sum of $208,279,332, of which $189,830,754 was paid for labor and material, mostly in Montana, and $18,466,548 as dividends. This in brief is the story of the Anaconda Company, which with its holding concern, the Amalgamated Copper Company, leads a district that produces at Butte, Montana, within an area of less than four square miles, one-seventh of the copper output of the world.

In relation to its employes the position of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company is unique. Labor-leaders familiar with conditions have asserted that no other huge industrial concern treats its employes with the same liberality displayed by this Montana company. In a period covering more than one-third of a century its miners never have been on strike. Its employes in all departments are paid the highest wages in the world for like class of labor. In 1912 its 13,941 employes were paid $16,818,284, an average of more than $1,200 a year. If account were taken of the men in coal-mines, on railroads, and elsewhere in the employ of the company and not previously referred to, the showing would be even more remarkable. These figures are impressive. Their like cannot be duplicated by any other great industrial concern. The average wage of men in similar occupations as shown by the last federal census is little more than one-third the average paid by this company, one-half of whose operating expense approximately is represented by this item.

In other ways the same liberal policy prevails in respect to the company's treatment of its employes. At best a hazardous occupation, mining at Butte is made as safe as it is possible to make it. Absolutely nothing is left undone by the company to protect its underground workers. Every tried safety device and method known to modern mine management is employed throughout its workings in the depths and on the surface. It is a fact well understood by the men themselves that more than seventy-five per cent. of the accidents in this company's mines are due to carelessness in disregarding its rules governing mining operations. Working conditions in the Butte mines are as good as can be. The eight-hour day prevails in the company's mines and smelters, and the men are given the benefit of a sliding scale so that their wages are automatically increased in the event of higher prices for copper, while they never go below a fixed minimum. Rarely is the company a defendant in damage suits for injuries sustained by employes in its service; in all cases of differences it goes more than half-way toward effecting satisfactory settlements. In short, its policy is dictated by a humane and liberal view. From mucker to mine superintendent all its employes are treated with consideration.

No mineralized region on earth has more of interest than the Butte district. In some particulars its history is unlike that of any other great mining center. True, its first chapters were dramatic. First a placer district, its great quartz leads attracted little attention until the auriferous deposits nearby had become exhausted. Then came silver-mining, to be followed by the era of copper. In those pioneer days fortunes were made and lost overnight in the way common to Western mining camps; but soon the industry established itself on a firm basis, and for many years there have been in Butte neither ups nor downs worthy of especial comment. The district has produced steadily; as depth was attained greater ore bodies were encountered, and additional costs incident to mining from deep shafts were more than counterbalanced by economies of operation and treatment. The value of the metal product of the Butte district from discovery is placed at one billion dollars. And mining is believed to be still in its infancy at Butte. For the oldest and deepest mines of the world are copper-mines. No district ever a large producer of copper has been abandoned. In Butte ore always is ahead of mining. The Anaconda Company has tremendous ore reserves which would enable it to produce at its present rate for many years without extending development. As a matter of course that would be contrary to the policy of this great company, which constantly is extending its reserves. It has a vast area of virgin ground yet to be prospected, in addition to the ore bodies that reasonably may be expected to continue with greater depth.

The Anaconda Copper Mining Company last year produced 295,000,000 pounds of copper. Gold and silver, with it merely by-products, in themselves constitute an important item. For last year the company's ores yielded 11,250,000 fine ounces of silver and 61,000 ounces of gold. In the course of the year the company mined and reduced four and a quarter million tons of ore.

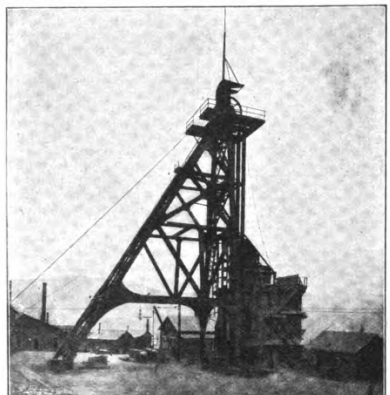
The underground workings of the Butte mines of the Anaconda Company aggregate 1,800 miles. The shafts of these properties, if placed end to end, would represent a vertical hole extending ten miles below the earth's surface. The mines are connected, and a man might, if he chose, travel for days underground in them without crossing his tracks or coming to the surface. From these workings are now being hoisted 15,500 tons of ore daily. This ore is sent to the Anaconda smelter, the greatest works of their kind in the world, and to the smelter of the company at Great Falls, itself a large plant and embracing many features new to reduction plants. Eleven thousand tons of ore are sent daily to the Anaconda works, and the remainder of the output is treated at Great Falls. These two smelters consume an average of 700 tons of coal and 625 tons of coke daily.

Where mining operations are on such a colossal scale the supplies required annually amount in the aggregate to an amazing total. In the course of a year the Anaconda Company's properties use 75,000,000 feet of lumber and 250,000 round timbers for mine props. A forest goes into these mines every year, and the timber, once in place underground, never comes up.

The company uses 4,000,000 pounds of dynamite in its mines each year. This explosive is better known as giant powder, and is employed in tearing down rock and ore. Other supplies are used in proportion. Under the one item of supplies the company expended last year more than $2,600,000, this sum not including the amount paid out for fuel and timber. The Anaconda Company's taxes in the state of Montana amount to almost $2,000 a day, 365 days in the year. In several communities it pays a very large per cent. of the total cost of the local government.

One reason for the Anaconda Company's leadership in the copper-mining industry is due to the fact that it is in advance of the times. It effects economies of operation through methods not generally employed, and which, in not a few cases, were originated by it. These savings, it may be said, are not brought about at the expense of labor or the communities that, to a greater or less degree, are dependent upon it. Its general policy is to maintain its properties and plants at the highest possible state of efficiency. It operates on the theory that the best of everything, including labor, is the cheapest in the end. The company, then, depends upon system and improved methods of operation to effect those economies that are necessary in the successful conduct of great industrial operations.

Chief of these economies in the case of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company may be mentioned its application of electricity to mining and smelting. Although the company began to use electricity in its mines for power as far back as 1902, it was not until recent years that the greatest advance in this direction has been made. At present the company is purchasing of the Montana Power Company, controlling great plants on the Missouri River near Helena and Great Falls, and elsewhere in that state, 33,000 horse-power, all used in the operation of its mines, smelters, and local transportation lines. This means that steam power to that amount has been supplanted by electrical energy. As a matter of fact, the company will use much more electrical power later in the year, as the Butte, Anaconda & Pacific Railroad, which conveys the ores from Butte to the Anaconda smelter, and which conducts a general transportation business, is about to be electrified.



Type of a Butte Skyscraper, with a basement 3000 feet deep

The picture represents the Diamond Hoist with a steel head frame 108 feet high. The tallest head frame in the district is at the Leonard mine, also one of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company's properties. It is of steel construction, and is 158 feet high.

Gradually electricity is replacing steam in all the mining operations of the company. Electric power compresses the air with which the great hoisting engines of the district are operated. Not all of the mines have as yet been equipped with these air-engines, but they will be in time. Electrical power indirectly drives the air-drills which are in use in all underground workings. The tramming in the mines is being done with electrical energy. The ore from the mines to the Anaconda smelter will be transported in trains pulled by electric locomotives, several of which already are in commission. At the smelters the copper-bearing rock is crushed by electrical power; the concentrating machinery is operated by the same force; in fact, electricity is now being used at every step in the mining and smelting of the Anaconda Company's ores. The application of electricity to the mines is effecting a great saving. There was a time when the builders of hoisting machinery were of the opinion that steam never would be supplanted as a force for the lifting of heavy loads from great depths. That day has passed. The Anaconda Company's air-engines are capable of developing 3,000 horse-power. They can hoist with ease a gross load of twenty tons from the deepest workings in the district, and they are proving as adaptable in every way as the old style of engines. **The deepest workings in the district are 2,800 feet, one shaft being down 3,000, and an air-driven engine is adequate there.**

As further evidence of the enterprise of the Anaconda Company management may be cited the electrification of the railroad connecting its mines in Butte with its smelter at Anaconda. That road, the Butte, Anaconda & Pacific, was built in 1893 by Marcus Daly, and is said to be the busiest road of its miles in the world. Its main line is 26 miles long, but with its side tracks it operates 140 miles of trackage. No steam road in the world was better equipped or better maintained, but when the company became convinced that it could successfully apply electrical energy as the motive power for the line, it lost no time in bringing about the change. This is to go into effect in a few months. An overhead trolley system will be used, and electric locomotives of the latest type and built especially for it will be employed to move its passenger and freight trains between Butte and Anaconda. The eyes of railroad men generally are on this road, for it is the pioneer in the matter of electrification. No other line where the usual difficulties in the way of grades and curvatures are encountered has been electrified throughout.

Not alone in its mining and transportation departments is the Anaconda Company leading. Its smelters are models of their type. They attract experts from all over the world, who go to Montana to study mining and metallurgical developments. At the Great Falls plant is located the highest stack in the world. This chimney is 506 feet high, and has an inside diameter of fifty feet. Attached to this stack are condensing flues constructed for the purpose of eliminating objectionable dust and gases. In much the same way the solid particles from the gases passing through the furnaces at the Anaconda plant are controlled. Some of the Butte ores contain compounds of arsenic, and a department is maintained at the smelting-plant to dispose of it and other obnoxious elements. The question has received much attention, and nothing has been left undone to arrive at a solution of the smoke problem. European as well as American experts have been employed, and elaborate tests and experiments conducted, with the result that the Anaconda Company has the situation well under control. The department referred to recovers daily from one to two tons of arsenic from the smelter fumes, which are cleaned and cleared of objectionable gases in large part before escaping through the big stack. The arsenic recovered by this method is a commercial product, and all of it is shipped to Eastern markets.

While not small in anything, the Anaconda Company turns to account products that might easily go to waste. For instance, the water pumped from the mines of the company is a weak solution of copper sulphate, which is recovered in a novel way. By permitting this water to flow over scrap iron in suitable sluice-boxes, the copper it contains is precipitated. More than 6,000,000 pounds of copper, having a value of $900,000, are recovered annually by the Anaconda Company through this method.

So vast are the operations of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company that its influence must be widespread. In Montana in particular is this influence felt, for in that state communities widely separated are in large part sustained through the activities of the concern. Prior to and during the so-called copper war, the Anaconda Company was forced, through considerations of self-protection, to enter into several lines of business that had no direct connection with mining. That time, happily, long since has passed. The company now attends strictly to the business of copper-mining and copper-making, and it has disposed of practically every subsidiary concern, however small, that is not directly associated with mining or smelting. Contrary to the opinion that is held in some quarters, it does not control or own stock in any of the great power plants now combined under the name of the Montana Power Company, but is the chief patron of that concern. It owns great coal-mines and vast timber resources. It manufactures some of its lumber, but does not depend wholly upon its own plants for fuel, stulls, or sawed timber. It buys its supplies in the open market, and as it wants only the best and is willing and able to pay for it, its patronage is appreciated everywhere. It has nothing to sell except copper, with its by-products of silver and gold, and, vast as it is, it does not pretend to control the copper-making industry. Conducted on system, as a great business should be, it has made its credit the best in the world. Having effected substantial economies through a splendid organization, wise combination and the application of advanced methods, it is sharing its prosperity with its employes, who receive the highest per capita wages, their class considered, paid on earth. It is, in fact, a conspicuous example of the best in big business, and might be taken as a model by many industrial concerns with profit to themselves and the communities in which they operate.

The early history of the Anaconda Company forms one of the most interesting chapters in the story of the copper-mining industry. Associated with Marcus Daly in the organization of the company, known then simply as a partnership, were J. B. Haggin, William Hearst, and Lloyd Tevis. These men had their places, and a conspicuous place, in the industry, but it was the genius of Mr. Daly who made the name of the mine he developed a household word in Europe as well as America. The partnership was succeeded by the Anaconda Mining Company, which in 1895 was followed by the Anaconda Copper Mining Company. The Amalgamated Copper Company, a holding concern, was organized in 1899 to control the Anaconda and subsidiary properties. These, in 1910, were merged into the Anaconda Copper Mining Company. Mr. Daly was the first president of the Amalgamated. Up to the time of his death his was the dominating spirit in the industry. An heroic figure in bronze, the last work of St.-Gaudens, was erected to his memory in a commanding place on Main Street, Butte; but his greatest monument is the city itself, made possible by the development of the mines whose future he foresaw. Mr. Daly was succeeded as president of the Amalgamated by Mr. H. H. Rogers. On the latter's death, May 19, 1909, Mr. John D. Ryan, another wizard in the world of copper, who had been president of the Anaconda, assumed the presidency of the holding company, which office he still holds. Mr. B. B. Thayer is president of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, having succeeded Mr. Ryan upon the latter's advancement.

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CAREFUL ATTENTION GIVEN TO COLLECTIONS

Recreating the Nation's Wealth

By J. B. White

THERE is going to waste, on its way to the sea, water power enough in this country, if harnessed and converted into electricity, to light and heat the homes and turn the wheels of the factories and run every street-car and railroad train in the United States. Water-power sites on the public domain should be held for the people and leased for their benefit to power companies at a fair rental. The state can condemn private property for public uses, under the right of eminent domain, and sites not on state waters and not now utilized should be acquired by the state for the use of the people. This water power of the rivers and streams can be used over and over again, being multiplied as many times as the water can be raised by a succession of dams. Thus, while the wheels do not turn from the water that is passed, other wheels all along the stream below do turn, and then the sun pumps the water back again to its source, and the same process is endlessly repeated.

The practice of forestry and the conservation of our timber resources are of immense importance, not only for the intrinsic value of the wood and the lumber, but also in many parts of the country for holding back the snows and storing the water at the heads of the streams in the mountains, thus preventing disastrous floods in the country below.

But who shall plant lumber trees? Who shall practise forestry? The planting of fruit trees is a commercial business, as they mature to bear fruit in from four to twelve years. Capital invests, choosing favorable soil and climate; and the harvest comes twoscore or more times during the lifetime of him who plants; and he sees and enjoys the fruit of his labor. But with lumber trees there is only one crop in a generation. As an investment it is not as attractive, with laws of taxation as they are now, as other opportunities which long experience has proven less hazardous. One must figure compound interest—at, say, six per cent., to make it safely attractive—cost of cut-over lands, cost of setting out trees and caring for them for fifty years, annual taxes for fifty years before the crop is harvested, and taking chances as to the value of stumpage at the end of that time.

In European countries it has been found most economical that the government or state shall grow the forests. The state pays no taxes, can get money at a lower rate of interest, and can establish and maintain a uniform system of forestry under the charge of educated and trained experts. When the crop has matured to a point where cost has met value of product, so that it would be at a sacrifice of profit and a waste for even the state to maintain carrying charges, then the trees should be harvested, the land grubbed of its stumps and the process repeated for another crop. It is surprising how much can be grown on an acre by intensified forestry, where trees of the same age are planted in rows or at proper distances from each other according to contour and nature of the ground, and are intelligently pruned and tended.

On the Pacific coast it has been ascertained that a thousand feet per acre per annum can be grown, or forty thousand feet per acre in forty years. In the Vanderbilt forest near Asheville, North Carolina, I saw stands of White Pine ten inches to one foot in diameter which had been grown from the seed in eighteen years. In the different states, such soil should be selected for forestry which is not so well adapted for annual crops of agriculture, yet well adapted for tree growth. And the work should be done by the state.

We can never make it profitable to grow trees to an age of the present old-growth forests of one hundred and fifty years or more. But these old trees have obtained their growth; they have long been ripe for the harvest; and a rapidly increasing population and the demands of other countries are calling for the marketing. Most of this acreage is not improving. In most instances, at the best it is only holding its own. Growth of mature trees has stopped; and trees are dying to fully offset the gain of new growth; and when fires come, the old and the new growth are both swallowed up in flames. The Forest Service is doing most valuable and valiant work in protecting and saving the forests from disastrous fires. The government appropriations for this work should be most liberal and should be supplemented and aided by appropriations and appointment of forest field men and fire wardens from each state.

We are far behind the older nations in the practice of conservation. But we have awakened in time. It is not now too late to care for the present and insure for the future.

Gay & Sturgis

Gay & Sturgis are members of the New York and Boston Stock Exchange. Complete facilities are provided for handling transactions in all mining, industrial, and railroad stocks traded in on these Exchanges, but the traditions of the house and the location of its three Western branches in the mining centers of the Lake Superior copper and iron regions, have built up an investment following whose preferences are distinctly in mining stocks.

This firm and its direct predecessors, in which the present firm members were partners and associates, have been members of the Boston Stock Exchange over 25 years. The members of the firm are Harry H. Gay, Irving J. Sturgis, and R. Linzee Hall.

Mr. Gay became a member of the Boston Exchange December 28, 1887, and at the present time is Vice-President of that body. In 1889, at the beginning of his business career, Mr. Hall entered Mr. Gay's employ and later became his partner. On March 1, 1897, the firm of Stackpole & Gay was organized, Mr. Henry Stackpole having been a member of the Boston Exchange since April 29, 1876.

Mr. Sturgis began his business career in Houghton, Mich., and then went to Boston and entered the employ of Stackpole & Gay, becoming a member of the firm January 4, 1899. On January 31, 1903, Mr. Stackpole retired and the present firm was established. Mr. Sturgis is a member of the New York Exchange.

An accessory of this house, which gives it peculiar advantage, is its private telegraphic service with Duluth, Minn., Houghton and Calumet, Mich., where its western branches are maintained. The operators in these offices are in direct communication with the home office in Boston without relay. To show the effort made to maintain this unrelayed communication, it may be cited that during the recent devastation by floods in Ohio and Indiana, a route was connected up by way of Atlanta, Ga., Nashville, Tenn., Little Rock, Ark., St. Louis, Mo., Burlington, Ia., and Chicago, Ill., through to Duluth, a distance of 5,100 miles, and over this line the operators sent their messages without interruption.

This service enables the western offices to send to the east instantaneously any news of importance that develops there, while the east likewise keeps the west advised regarding transactions on the floor of the Exchanges, as they take place. As the managements of many important Arizona, Montana, and Utah mining companies have their offices in Duluth, Houghton, or Calumet, an intimate knowledge of activities in those regions is also made possible. ***

Early Brewery History

Chapter 29 of the Minnesota State Laws of 1860 provided "An act to encourage the manufacture of pure Lager Beer, with which to discourage the use of alcoholic liquors." The words of the act imply that beer was then not regarded as an alcoholic liquor.

This act provided that no license was required for the purpose of selling such Lager Beer, if manufactured in the state. There were many other states which encouraged the manufacture of beer on similar lines, right in the teeth of the prohibition movement of that period, which movement at that time was really not intended to include Lager Beer, as witness the prominent old "Washington Society" and others. For instance, there was no Lager Beer in the State of Maine when, in 1852, it passed its famous prohibition law. Maine was even careful enough to exclude cider and hard cider from the list of forbidden drinks, although it contained some eight or ten per cent. of alcohol. If Lager Beer had then been known in Maine, the good people would have certainly not forbidden its use, for Lager Beer has only three and one-half per cent. of alcohol.

The present agitation against Lager Beer is comparatively a new move—a move which many of our best citizens hold to be in the wrong direction. It is almost too much to believe that that which half a century ago was hailed as a temperance drink, with which to discourage the use of alcoholic liquors, should to-day be regarded by some as more dangerous than distilled liquor itself.

The introduction of Lager Beer in the early fifties of the last century has kept down the use of the heavier porter, and has now developed into a big industry, and Minnesota, and especially Duluth, now boast of some of the finest breweries in the country. Minnesota raises the best brewing barley of all the states—always highest in price, but always richest in starch and albumen, and it is not to be wondered at that this in itself has stimulated the industry. ***

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DULUTH BOARD OF TRADE

THE Minnesota legislature of 1913 subjected the grain trade of the state to a searching investigation, in the course of which the government, rules and regulations, and methods and conditions under which grain is handled on the two exchanges of the state, located at Duluth and Minneapolis, were inquired into thoroughly and persistently. In the Northwest interests antagonistic to the organized exchanges have been perniciously active for a number of years, and in their efforts to incite prejudice against grain handlers in the terminal markets have been vicious in their attacks. It was these interests that were largely responsible for bringing about the legislative inquiry, and in its conduct they had a considerable voice. They went after the exchanges with a zeal worthy of a better cause. With a committee that supported their line of inquiry they attacked the exchanges and their methods and the business conduct of their members, and feeling was soon at white heat. The grain investigation became the feature of the session.

From this inquisition, conducted in a distinctly hostile manner, the grain exchanges emerged with a complete vindication. The committee's report recommended some changes in matters of administration, such as the method of nominating officers, admission of members, etc., these suggestions not being due to any abuse through present customs that had been found, but representing the difference in judgment of the five men on the committee and the several hundred who make the rules of the exchanges. But as to the fundamentals, that these exchanges are great market-places where buyers and sellers meet and trade in the grain grown by the producers of the Northwest, enabling them to market their products with the maximum of safety and minimum of cost, that these market-places are open and free to all, whether it be line elevator, farmers' elevator, independent shipper, or individual farmer, that competition finds full expression, that all shippers are given the protection of the rules of the exchange, and that the commission men render to their clients the best service within their power, there was no criticism. In fact, the following acknowledgment was made:

"We find that the grain markets of Minneapolis and Duluth handle the bulk of the grain produced in the Northwest. The business of buying and selling grain at each of these terminals is well organized, and the commission men generally have adopted a method of promptly and accurately reporting all trade made by them. There seems to be no opportunity or inclination for individual traders on these markets to engage in any practice detrimental or unfair to either the shipper or receiver of grain."

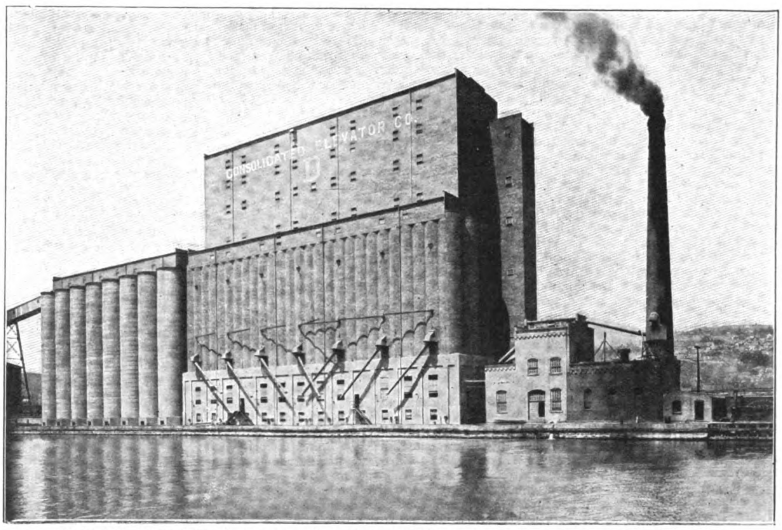
That an investigation conceived in enmity should, after two months of examination and reflection, be compelled to acknowledge that their business is fairly and honestly conducted is a result in which the Minnesota exchanges find much gratification. To all exchanges it is of keen interest, for it has always been their claim that an examination of their purposes, and the condition under which business is transacted, could produce no other verdict than the one given by the Minnesota Committee. To the entire business world it is of much concern to know that the marketing of the nation's tremendous production of grain is conducted safely, economically, and effectively.

The exchanges of the entire country can find an especial satisfaction in the result of this Minnesota investigation in the fact that, after vigorous inquiry into the system of trading in contracts for future delivery, the feature of exchange trading which is the object of so much attack, from those who measure its usefulness by the disaster that comes to those who misuse it rather than by the great service it renders to the vastly larger number who employ it for the legitimate purposes for which it has been evolved, the committee found that "we believe any transaction in futures is legitimate and commendable where the parties engaged have an actual purchase or sale to hedge or protect, and where by reason of experience, business sagacity, and ample means, they are fitted to engage in such business."

At the hearings of this committee there appeared a number of representatives of farmers' elevators, who testified to the value to them not only of the grain exchanges, but of the system of trading in contracts for future delivery. Practically every farmers' elevator to-day realizes this. The great co-operative movement among the raisers of grain, about which so much has been written, and which has unquestionably been of much benefit to the producer in the marketing of his grain, had been made possible by the existence of the grain exchange and its system of trading in contracts for future delivery. The grain exchange offers to the farmers' elevator the opportunity to market his shipments to the same advantage as his competitor. The price at which to buy grain is available to him as well as to the man against whom he has to compete, and it is the same price for both. When he has bought his grain he can immediately sell it for future delivery at the terminal market. The system of trading for future delivery is his salvation, for it relieves him of the necessity of speculating on his purchases. Without this the buying of grain would be in the hands of those financially able to take the heavy risk of carrying grain, this necessarily confining it to fewer numbers, and against this competition he could not survive.

It is the commission man in the terminal market who has made the farmers' co-operative movement in the Northwest the success that it is. He is not only the medium through which the farmers' elevator can sell his grain in the terminal market on equal terms with his competitor, but in nearly every case he has financed the elevator for which he does business, providing the capital which it must have in order to be constantly in the market for grain at its local station, and often providing a considerable part of the money with which the elevator is built.

The progress of the co-operative movement, as represented in the grain-growing territory by the farmers' elevator during the past four or five years, has been so marked as to leave no room for doubt that it is effecting a change in the system of marketing grain in the country. In Minnesota in the year of 1909 there were 1,038 houses owned by what are known as line companies—that is, companies controlling a number of houses, generally along one railroad line, and in some instances several. In 1912 the number had dropped to 777. Farmers' houses increased from 189 to 238, and independent houses from 283 to 300. In North Dakota and South Dakota the same growth has been made.



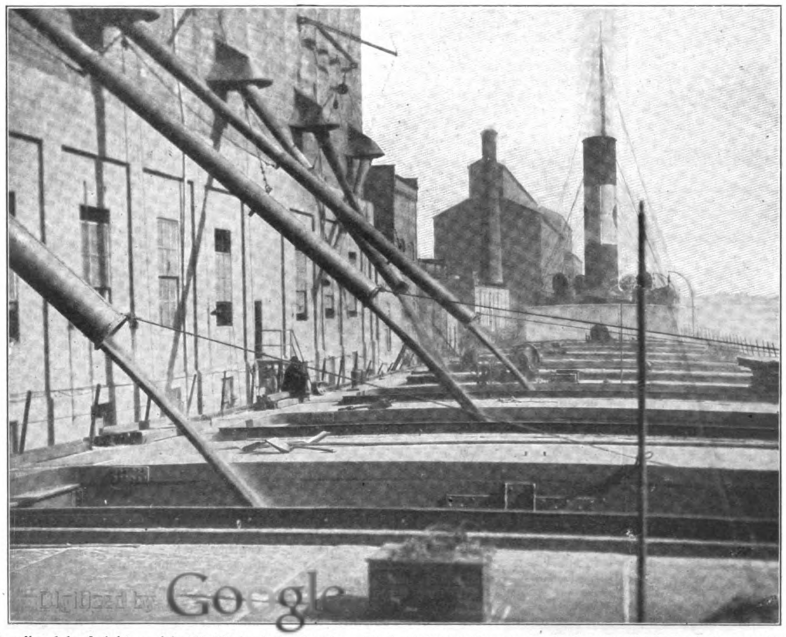
Grain Elevator of the finest type, of concrete and tile construction, and absolutely fireproof

Another very important part played by the commission man in the success of the farmers and independent elevators is in bringing them to safe methods of doing business and eliminating speculation. The grower of grain is always a believer in higher values, and very often is willing to take a chance on his conviction. Associated collectively in the management of an elevator, they are sometimes inclined to do the same thing. The commission man in the terminal market, with his much wider experience and opportunity for observation, knows that this spells inevitable disaster, and, with his money furnished to finance the buying of grain by that house, he insists that there shall be no speculation; that as fast as grain is bought it shall be hedged by a sale in the terminal market. He knows that every bad failure in the grain business can be traced to speculation; that the country buyer of grain who makes a failure because he takes too small a margin and runs into losses is a rarity. Strict requirement is made that the country elevator that gets money shall do business without incurring risk.

The grain exchanges are also striving to educate not merely the farmers' elevators but every country shipper in this direction. The Duluth Board of Trade requires that every traveling man who goes to the country as a representative of a grain firm represented by membership on the Board shall be licensed, and this license is granted only after a personal examination of the applicant. During the inquiry his attitude as to speculation in grain is ascertained, and he is fully informed as to its dangers and the hazard that any buyer and shipper of grain takes if he indulges in it. It is impressed upon him that to make the grain business safe and prosperous speculation must be stamped out. There is a more or less general impression that grain men seek the speculative as well as the actual handling trade in grain, but this is wrong. Very few solicit, and most of them absolutely refuse it.

The result of this policy has been a vast improvement in the manner in which the grain business is conducted. Failures are few, and the co-operatives are learning that with competent management and conservative methods their business will be successful. It is operating to the advantage of the grain exchanges also, for it is bringing the country shippers to see that the grain man at the terminal is interested in their success.

The value of a well-organized grain exchange is most keenly appreciated by the shipper of grain when he has been mulcted by some concern that attempts to operate independently. Generally it is one that attempts to get business by appealing to prejudice, claiming the exchanges are a monopoly, and their members all knaves. They are always successful in getting some business from those who forget that the only reason the concern that attracts him is not operating as a member of a grain exchange is because it could not gain admission. It is not much more than a year ago that a concern began soliciting business from shippers doing business with the Duluth Board of Trade members, claiming ability to handle the business to better advantage. The Duluth man saw the grain being sold to Duluth buyers at prices no better than they themselves could have handled it for, and often poorer, for there are no more skilful salesmen in the world than the grain traders on exchanges. One day the concern's doors were closed, and the proprietor was missing with about $25,000 of money belonging to country shippers. If the head of that concern had been able to go before the Duluth Board of Trade and satisfy it of his financial responsibility and his integrity, he would never have been soliciting business as an independent. Any concern which attempts to gain business upon the representation that one of its advantages is that it does not belong to an organized grain exchange deserves the application of careful examination by any shipper who is inclined to give it business. The grain exchanges do not claim that none of their members ever fail, or that they have never been known to be dishonest, but they do claim that the careful scrutiny given every applicant before admission has reduced dishonesty and insolvency to the minimum, until membership in a well-organized exchange has now come to be practically a certificate of responsibility and business character. ***



Loading lake freighter with 400,000 bushels of grain. Each of the loading spouts discharges 20,000 bushels every hour

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—The Dairy Land of the North—

The dairy industry demands location, climate suited to the growth of a hardy prolific strain of stock, accessibility to market, pure water in abundance, and a soil and climate fit and proper to produce bountiful feed for cattle. The Lake Superior dairy region of Michigan and Wisconsin fills all these requirements more perfectly than that of any other region in the Middle West. With a climate uniform in temperature, free from frosts for an average crop-growing season of 140 days, and naturally rich soil which does not freeze in the winter-time, and with a rainfall averaging from 26 to 36 inches, this region is unquestionably peculiarly fitted for the growth both of roughage for the dairy cow in the shape of root crops, and for the production of silage corn, timothy, clover, alfalfa and other grasses.

The yield of clover is so luxuriant as to justify the name "CLOVERLAND," which has been recently appropriated by the dairymen of the north.

With the advent of farmers from the older settled portions of the West dairy farms with the inevitable silos have sprung up, and practical demonstration has justified earlier prediction that this north country would prove the dairyman's Paradise.

In this country of pure water, cool summer temperature, abundance of food for milch cows, and freedom from insect pests, the dairy stock shows a strength of constitution which promises prolonged productivity, both in offspring and in production of milk. Calves show a rapid development seldom seen in sections further south. Markets both for stock and for dairy products are to be found in the regions of Detroit, Chicago and Milwaukee, distant one night's ride from this region, and Minneapolis, St. Paul and Duluth, distant but a few hours.

Many dairy herds of thoroughbred cattle are already in this territory, and furnish ample supply of acclimated stock for incoming dairymen.

The thriving lumber and mining towns of this territory furnish a splendid home market for farmers. The territory is thoroughly provided with church facilities and public schools, and the road systems are becoming the pardonable pride of the region.

Here is a vast undeveloped agricultural empire at the very back door of the teeming population of the Middle West, and waiting to give prompt response to the treatment of the skilled agriculturist.

Through the very heart of this wonderful new agricultural region, from Sault Ste. Marie and Calumet, Michigan, in the east and north, to Duluth, Minnesota, on the west, runs the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic Ry., with its headquarters at Duluth. This railway has instituted a strongly helpful and effective development work—it employs agriculturists to offer suggestions and advice to farmers, runs demonstration trains, and encourages and aids in the introduction and growth of approved pure seed and pedigreed dairy stock. In short, everything is done to give the farmers the benefit of scientific research and practical knowledge without expense to them.

Here lies an opportunity for a profitable farming investment within a night's ride of Chicago, and such an investment is not without the speculative value enjoyed by farmers of two generations ago in the Mississippi Valley, as land in this region can be now bought for from $10.00 to $15.00 an acre. Comparison is invited between this region and lands, no more productive at least, located a thousand miles farther away from the great central markets.



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HISTORY OF CENTRAL COAL & COKE COMPANY OF KANSAS CITY, MO.

THE personal equation in the development and progress of any large industrial organization is such a potent factor that a chronicle of the evolution of any such organization is necessarily so closely interwoven with the biography of the men responsible for such development that the history of one is the history of the other, and the Central Coal & Coke Company is no exception. The organization that has finally developed into the Central Coal & Coke Company of to-day had its modest beginning in a retail coal-yard opened in 1871 by Richard H. Keith, and through all the various ramifications of the operations of the concern started at that time is seen the guiding influence of his master mind up to the date of his death, in 1905, when Mr. W. C. Perry was made President, and Chas. S. Keith, son of Richard H. Keith, was made Vice-President. On Mr. W. C. Perry's death, in 1907, Mr. Chas. S. Keith was made President and General Manager, which position he occupies at the present time.

Late in the year 1871 a partner was admitted, and the partnership of Mitchell & Keith was organized, and this firm was later succeeded by R. H. Keith & Company.

THE STAGES OF AN EVOLUTION

During the formative period the style of the firm name was changed several times before the present organization—the Central Coal & Coke Company—was chartered. In 1873 the partnership of Keith & Henry was formed, and this business connection was continued until 1881, when the name was changed to Keith & Perry. Prior to the last-mentioned change, Mr. Keith had opened a coal-mine at Godfrey, in Bourbon County, Kansas, and this mine was operated until the consolidation of the Keith & Perry interests in 1881.

Out of these various partnerships, firms and corporations was evolved the Keith & Perry Coal Company, which, in 1884, was duly chartered by and operating under the laws of Missouri.

When the change of name was made from Keith & Perry to the Keith & Perry Coal Company, the capitalization was $800,000, and operations were continued under the company name with this capital until 1893, when the style of appellation was changed to the Central Coal & Coke Company, an incorporated concern, chartered under the laws of Missouri with an authorized capital of $3,000,000. The increase in the capital stock, and the change in the name, were practically the only changes of importance. Prior to this the operations of the company under the name of the Keith & Perry Coal Company had been a success in all parts of the territory in which it solicited business.

The growth of the company has three distinct stages. It was primarily a retail distributer of coal in a small way; after this business had been developed until it became representative, the second stage of its career began. This was when the company entered the field as a coal-producer. Between the date of the opening of the first mines of the company, the subsequent absorption of those operated by other firms and individuals, and later of the properties of the Kansas & Texas Coal Company, an organization fully as large from a coal-producing point of view as the Central Coal & Coke Company itself, time was found for establishing another branch of business that has experienced a growth equaled by few companies whose sole object has been the production of lumber. In this industry the advance has been so steady and continuous, and on such a large scale, that the department, of itself, would form an epoch in the manufacture of yellow-pine lumber of the South.

Probably a better idea of the growth of the company can be gathered from the number of men employed and the extent of the operations than from any other source.

When the small retail yard was opened on Bluff Street, Kansas City, Mr. Keith probably employed one or two men to assist him during busy seasons. After the formation of the partnership of Mitchell & Keith, this force was doubtless augmented by perhaps a half-dozen more. The firm of R. H. Keith & Company enlarged upon the operations of its predecessors, and when the Keith & Perry interests combined, the value of the firm's property and the number of employes were about doubled

CAPITALIZATION AND COAL PROPERTIES

In 1900 the capital stock was increased from $3,000,000 to $3,700,000, the additional capital being used to purchase the property of the Sweetwater Coal Mining Company at Rock Springs, Wyoming. The purchase of this mining property gave the company control of two of the largest mines in the West, capable of producing 3,200 to 3,500 tons of coal daily, and employing between 650 and 700 men throughout the year.

The capital stock of the company was again augmented in April, 1902. This increase raised it to $7,000,000, which is the present figure.

EXTENT OF THE COMPANY'S OPERATIONS

The Central Coal & Coke Company is interested in six different fields, producing six different grades or varieties of coal. The quality of the coal ranges from the ordinary steam coal to high-grade semi-anthracite, the latter being acknowledged to be the best coal for either domestic or steam-generating purposes mined at any point outside of the anthracite district of Pennsylvania, and nearly on a par with that.

The coal properties of the Central Coal & Coke Company are located in Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Wyoming. A total of twenty-nine mines and two washeries is owned and operated, and arrangements are being made to open up new shafts and slopes at a number of places as fast as the product of the additional mines can be utilized. On an average, it requires about 9,000 men to operate the company's mines. The average pay-roll is largely in excess of $10,000 each day. The daily production of coal is about 21,000 tons; of lumber, approximately 1,000,000 feet.

The timber holdings in Texas and Louisiana embrace 175,000 acres of long and short leaf pine.

Its coal lands and leases aggregate 49,000 acres of land, representing about 196,000,000 tons of unmined coal.

The extent of the territory covered by this company in its mining operations enables it to cover the entire western half of the United States. It sells coal from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Coast, and from the border line on the north to the Gulf Coast on the south.

LUMBER PRODUCTION

The development of timber and milling resources of the company has been rapid and substantial. Entering the field with a small mill and a moderate supply of timber lands only, it to-day controls some of the finest standing yellow-pine timber-lands of the South, both long-leaf and short-leaf, and handles the output of four of the largest and best equipped lumber-mills of the South. From a small beginning it has grown steadily, increasing its timber supply as well as the equipment for turning the standing timber into commercial commodities. From the owner of a small circular sawmill near Texarkana, Arkansas, it has developed into an important factor in the production and marketing of long and short leaf yellow pine lumber and timber from its mills in Louisiana and Texas.

The first venture in the lumber business was made in 1893, when the plant of the Bowie Lumber Company, at Texarkana, Arkansas, was purchased. Shortly after the purchase of this mill the company began to improve its machinery, changing the circular to a band saw, and adding many other improved appliances for cutting and handling the product of the mill plant.

Following this, plans for the construction of a new mill were made, and in August, 1893, the ground for a new sawmill plant was broken near Texarkana, and the mill completed and put into operation by the first of the year following, 1894. This is what might be fittingly termed the beginning of lumber manufacture by the Central Coal & Coke Company. Since that time the facilities for turning out high-class lumber have been steadily increased.

A few years after the construction of the sawmill plant at Texarkana, a second sawmill, equipped with planer and all other necessary facilities for caring for the product of the mill, was constructed at Keith, now known as Neame, Louisiana. At the time this mill was built it was one of the most complete in the South in every respect. Time, however, brings improvements in all lines of commercial life, and in no particular have more changes been made in any one line than in the machinery for the production of lumber.

The plant that was once the admiration of the South, while suffering no deterioration, except that which time brings to all humanly constructed machinery, has been overshadowed by a monster lumber-milling plant which the company has been instrumental in erecting in the heart of the short-leaf yellow-pine section of Eastern Central Texas. This is the plant of the Louisiana & Texas Lumber Company, one of the largest and most modernly equipped sawmill plants in the South.

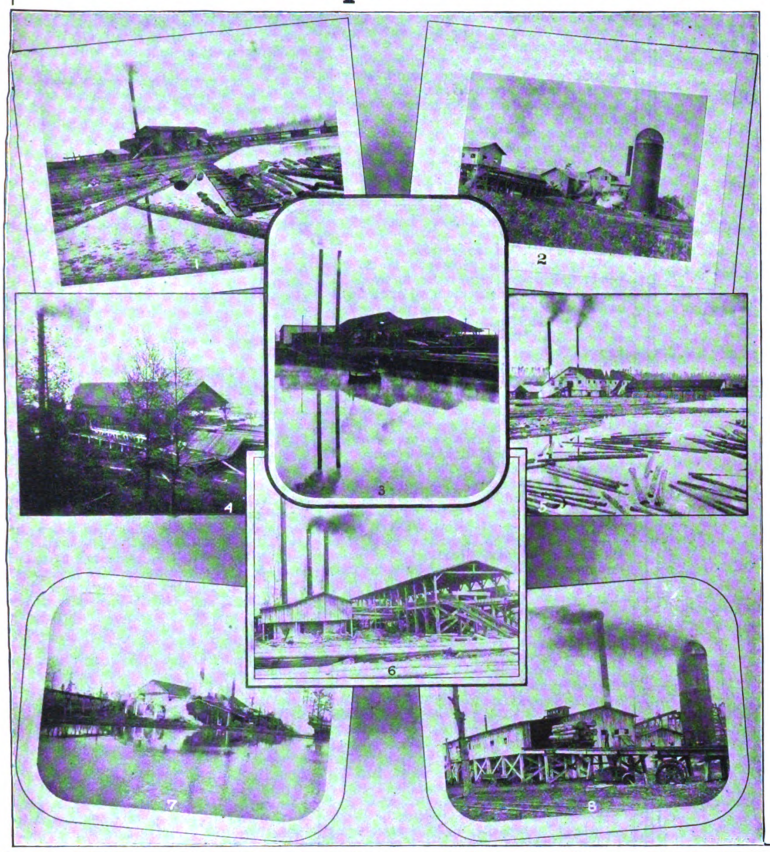
The timber supply for the Texarkana sawmill became exhausted in 1902, and the company secured a large tract of long-leaf pine land in Louisiana, a short distance below Neame, and the Texarkana plant was moved to that timber and reconstructed, the camp being known as Carson, Louisiana.

Another new sawmill is now being planned to develop additional Texas holdings.

This, in a brief manner, is the outline of the company's operations from inception to date.

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Broker and Client

By Franklin Escher

A MAN walked into the office of one of the big automobile companies on upper Broadway a short time ago and stated that he wanted to buy a car. "I don't know the least thing about automobiles," he confided to the manager, "and I haven't any particular requirements. All I want is the best car that this amount of money will buy."

The manager talked the matter over with his prospective customer, then took him across the street to a competitor's. "We think we make pretty good cars," he remarked, "but for your purpose the machine these people build is, I think, just a trifle more suitable. You'd better buy one of these."

And then the customer woke up.

What kind of a place you go to depends upon what you want to buy. If you want to buy a certain kind of an automobile you want to go to a place where they have that kind of automobile to sell. If you don't know anything about cars you don't want to go to a place where they make a specialty of any particular kind, but to a place where they sell *all* kinds—and where they don't care what kind they sell you. In other words, if what you are after is *service*, you want to go to a place where they sell service.

There are three distinct classes of firms in Wall Street. The first sell service and service only. The second make a business of selling service, but carry a line of securities for sale on the side. The third class of firms, frankly and openly, merchandise securities exactly as the maker of some particular kind of automobile or piano merchandises his particular product.

It is not the object of this article to argue the superiority of one of these classes above the others, but to point out that each has its own legitimate functions to perform. With which class do I, as an investor, want to do business? That depends entirely upon the kind of business I want to do. What do I want to buy—some particular kind of public-service bond? Assuredly, in that case, it is reasonable to go to a house that makes a specialty of that class of security. Am I, on the other hand, but ill-posted on investment matters and really not capable of deciding whether my money ought to go into shares or bonds or what? Assuredly, in that case, what I need is service—absolutely disinterested advice—and the logical thing to do is to go to a firm that has it to sell.

Having been landed with some fake mining or oil stock put out by people who couldn't safely show their faces south of the old Byrnes's dead-line, it is quite the thing these days to blame it on "Wall Street," when, as a matter of fact, it is to the class of houses having nothing but service to sell that the great majority of Stock Exchange houses belong. With all the tendency toward the establishment of bond departments to "carry" and merchandise bonds as do the bankers, what proportion of the firms which are members of the Exchange are tied up to any particular security or kind of security? A very small proportion indeed. You come across a house here and there that has got itself interested in this proposition or that, but in the great majority of cases Stock Exchange firms are free to render their customers disinterested service. Here's the market—here we are too, ready to buy you anything you say. We're brokers pure and simple. Commission's the same whether you buy industrials or railroads, whether the cost of the shares is $20 or $200.

"Nothing to sell but service"—it is doubtful if there is anything like general appreciation of the favorable position to handle investment business any house that can truly say that is in. With no axe to grind, no particular securities to sell, such a house can approach with an open mind the investment problems of each of its clients. This man is in a position where he can take more or less risk with his money—this or that particular stock is what he ought to buy. With some other client absolute safety is the primary consideration—for him only the best bonds will do. Each case on its particular merits; suitability above everything else. That is the way a broker can handle his customers' business when he, personally, has no financial interest in what they do. Let it mean dollars and cents to him to have them buy one thing rather than another, and—well, human nature is human nature.

Very wrong, therefore, is the idea that because a house does not engage in the business of merchandising securities its business is all speculative. On the contrary, there are so many people who will not invest money through houses which they know have a stake in any part of the market, that many firms which would otherwise go in for this kind of business feel constrained to keep out of it. In most people's minds the term "banker" is more closely associated with the conservative investment of money than the term "broker," and yet of the two it is the broker who is usually in the better position to plan a given investment in a scientific and perfectly unbiased way. His own interest doesn't enter into the matter at all. It is simply a question of what will be best for his client.

And very carefully indeed does the reputable brokerage house attend to the investment of its client's money. Walk into the office and order the purchase or sale of some particular stock, and the transaction will be put through, probably, without question or comment. State, on the other hand, that you have a certain sum of money to invest and that you want advice as to how to invest it, and, in the majority of cases, even where the total involved is small, no amount of trouble is too great for the house to take. That is its business, to sell service. If the service you want is simply the execution of an order in some particular stock, the broker will sell you that. If the service you want involves advice and a scheme for investing the money with full investigation of the securities proposed, the broker will sell you that—*and at no higher charge than if you merely asked him to execute an order on the Exchange.*

A woman investor whose experience had been all with real-estate mortgages recently came into the office of one of the firms whose advertisement appears in this issue, and stated that she wanted to invest $5,000. For upward of two hours two members of the firm discussed the matter with her, the final selection being five bonds of high grade. Taking out her checkbook and preparing to write a check, the client asked how much she should add for the "consultation fee." Six dollars and twenty-five cents, they told her, was the amount of the commission. "Six-twenty-five!" the woman cried. "Why, if the lawyer who sent me around here had done this much work for me he would have charged me at least two hundred and fifty dollars! Very much surprised indeed was this client to learn that under the rules of the Exchange one-eighth of one per cent. was all that was charged, whether the service rendered took much or little time and whether it occasioned much or little trouble.

How can the broker afford to sell service at such a rate? Simply because it is a rate that applies to *all* the business he does, investment and otherwise. A man comes in and buys and sells a hundred shares of steel, all within five minutes. On that the one-eighth commission amounts to $25. The next man who comes in wants to buy two hundred steel for investment. To this client, palpably, the firm can give more than $25 worth of service without going behind on the two transactions put together. And so the day's business averages up, the easily earned commission's from speculative business making possible an investment service at a charge much lower than would otherwise be possible.

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If any one requires a clear head it is a teacher of mathematics. He must reason in the abstract, as it were, and full concentration of mind is necessary if correct results are to be forthcoming.

An Ohio man writes:

"I am a teacher of mathematics, and for 15 years prior to four years ago, I either took a lunch composed of cold sandwiches, pickles, etc., to school or hurried home and quickly ate a hot dinner.

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"From the first I experienced a great change for the better. The heavy, unpleasant feeling and sour stomach caused by the former diet disappeared. The drowsy languor and disinclination to work soon gave way to a brightness and vim in my afternoon work, a feeling entirely new to me.

"My brain responds promptly to the requirements put upon it, and what is of more importance, the results have been lasting and more satisfactory, the longer I have used Grape-Nuts as a food.

"My wife had been suffering from weak stomach accompanied by sick headaches nearly all her life. She is invariably relieved of these when she sticks to Grape-Nuts, either eaten dry or with milk. Her stomach has gradually grown stronger and her headaches less frequent since she began to eat Grape-Nuts." "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

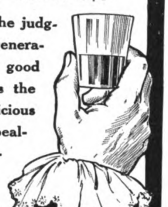
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. ***

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By LIEUT.-GEN'L CHAFFEE, U. S. Army

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Kansas City as an Investment Center

By Herbert P. Wright

KANSAS CITY as an investment center has not yet arrived. Every city in the process of its growth has to adapt itself to constantly changing conditions. The growth of Kansas City has been wonderfully rapid. Its increase in population has probably been as swift as that of any other city and its building has been remarkably substantial and consequently expensive. Where most young cities have built of wood, Kansas City has built of stone, brick, and cement. Where most cities have built their residences in a congested way on small lots, Kansas City has built on large lots with well-kept lawns. The location of the city is exceedingly rough, being full of hills and hollows. The leveling up of this ground has been tremendously expensive. These facts have undoubtedly tended to interest the citizens of Kansas City largely in real estate and the things that go with it. It has tended to make the most popular investments for the time being either those in improved real estate or loans on real estate owned by others.

Another popular form of investment in Kansas City has been farm loans in the Western country and the ownership of farm lands. Kansas City is not yet a manufacturing city. Its horizon is the agricultural country to the west, south, and southwest. Its attention is fixed much more on the condition of the crops of wheat, corn, alfalfa, and cotton than it is on the changing of quotations on the New York Stock Exchange. It is easy to see why the Western man who has acquired an accumulation sufficient to entitle him to be called an investor has naturally taken to the line of securities with which he is most familiar. The accumulation of lendable wealth in Kansas City in the last few years has been very large, but its owners have naturally been inclined to lend it out on real estate in the city and on farms in Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas, and on the cattle in those states, instead of investing it in the bonds which are popular with the Eastern banks. Bond-dealers everywhere recognize that the first impulse of a new investor is to look only for safety for his investment. After he has become somewhat familiar with the operation he recognizes that the ideal investment must be convertible as well, and invariably there will be a change in the class of investments which he seeks. Communities act precisely like individuals. Kansas City is just entering into that period of experience where the character of investments is changing. It is beginning to call for high grade, long-time investments that possess the elements of immediate convertibility at all times.

There is a large amount of real investment money in Kansas City awaiting its owners' education along conservative lines. In a very few years Kansas City will be as fruitful a market for the bond-dealers as Milwaukee, Detroit, Cleveland, or Cincinnati. The old familiar outlets for investment in Kansas City are becoming fewer as the money available for investment is increasing. The choice farm loans in Kansas, Oklahoma, and Missouri, which formerly came to this city, are now being taken up quickly by local investors at home, and the aggregate of this kind of loans is very much smaller than it was ten years ago. Consequently the investment funds are taking a decided turn toward bonds and high-grade stock investments. The experience of Kansas City is going to be the same as that of all of the cities farther East, where the type of investments has had to change in keeping with the evolution of conditions in the city itself and the tributary territory. The class of investments in Ohio and Michigan, both for banks and for individuals, has changed radically in the last twenty years—partly because the investments once popular are no longer available, and partly on account of a better understanding of the science of investments which can only come from a broader experience in handling them. A close observer will see the same change now taking place in Kansas City.

There is probably no city in the country that at this time offers a better opening for a branch office of a strong Eastern bond-house than Kansas City. The limited resources of the houses now engaged in the business are not sufficient to carry on a campaign of education such as the market justifies. Some strong Eastern bond-house with a high reputation will find Kansas City a very responsive place for a dignified branch office in charge of a resident manager. Occasional visits from traveling salesmen will not answer the purpose—the result will be attained only by establishing a permanent and dignified organization equipped to carry on a campaign of education and to build up a clientèle based on intimate personal and permanent acquaintance.

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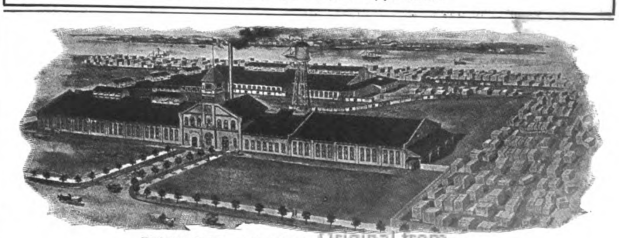
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PENN STATE

THE FAITH AND COURAGE OF THE PIONEER

WHEN, in the year 1890, the excavation of the tunnel of The Niagara Falls Power Company was begun there was skepticism on the part of many engineers and experts, as well as the public, of the successful outcome of the venture. Obviously it was an undertaking that would require the investment of millions of dollars and several years' patient waiting before construction could be advanced to such a point that the most sanguine of stockholders might hope for dividend returns. No water turbines to use large volumes of water at high pressure had yet been constructed in this country or abroad. In Switzerland and in France were a few isolated plants utilizing the high heads of mountain streams, but they were of small powers and hardly beyond the experimental stage.

It was generally believed that but a small amount of power could be marketed at Niagara, and accordingly the bulk of the energy proposed to be developed must be transmitted for distribution and use in Buffalo and beyond, the ultimate goal in the minds of the sanguine being the city of New York. There was, however, no universally recognized standard



American Falls, 1876

method of long-distance transmission. In England energy was transmitted considerable distances by the hydraulic-pressure method devised by Sir William Armstrong; at Schaffhausen, Switzerland, steel ropes and pulleys were used; and at various other places on the Continent the compressed-air method was in vogue. Electricity in the form of direct current had begun to be used in a few instances for trolley and motor services with short-distance transmissions, and alternating current a few years before had been brought into use for lighting purposes; but there was no standard method of electrical long-distance transmission for large volumes of energy to be used for general industrial purposes. In 1890 so eminent an engineer and electrical expert as George Westinghouse advised the directors of The Niagara Falls Power Company that transmission as far as Buffalo by electricity would not be feasible and that a method of transmission by compressed air must be adopted. Sir William Thompson (later Lord Kelvin) advised the company that a system of alternating-current generation and transmission would be impracticable for the purpose intended and it would be necessary to install direct-current generators. In the light of experience even the non-technically instructed now know that either of the methods so suggested would have proved inefficient and uneconomical.

Seven years after he had advised against an alternating-current installation Lord Kelvin visited the plant, a considerable part of which had then been completed and was in successful operation, and in the visitors' register referred to the plant as "a result of courageous undertaking and originality of invention and skillful design and construction."

All through the centuries the torrent of the Niagara carrying an average of 210,000 cubic feet of water per second down a fall of 326 feet between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, had plunged boisterously over the brink of the great cataract to lose in its dash into the chasm below its well-nigh inconceivable potentiality of upward of 6,000,000 horse-power; a potential capable of an amount of work equal to that performed by efficiently operated steam-driven engines consuming 80,000,000 tons of coal annually, and equal to the labor performed by 175,000,000 able-bodied men working in eight-hour shifts twenty-four hours of each day so long as the river shall continue to run.

To "harness" that mighty force for useful work and thereby save human effort and conserve the world's coal reserve had been the dream of manufacturers, mechanics, engineers, scientists, and conservationists for many years. The first practical attempt was made in the year 1725 by locating a water-driven sawmill near the upper rapids. Later several mills were built along the shore and one on Goat Island, using but a fraction of the available head. In 1847 Augustus Porter, one of the two brothers who originally were granted by the state of New York patents covering all the lands about the Falls, issued a formal plan which was carried out and completed in 1861 by Horace H. Day, who constructed an intake canal 35 feet wide and 8 feet deep, extending 4,400 feet from Port Day on the upper river to an excavated basin on the bluff a short distance below the Falls. On the margin of this basin in 1890 a few mills were being operated by low-powered turbines at heads of 12 to 20 feet, discharging their tail waters by short tunnels through the bank and thence down the slope of the gorge into the lower river. The Day project, however, did not prove a financial success in the hands of its original proprietors nor an encouragement to further similar attempts. In 1877, after the company had become insolvent, the property passed into the hands of Jacob Schoellkopf, who later, following the leadership of The Niagara Falls Power Company, made it an important and successful enterprise.

In 1876 Sir William Siemens, inventor of the dynamo, visited Niagara and became impressed with the possibility of utilizing the great power of the Falls for industrial purposes and thereby conserving the world's coal reserves. In an address before the Iron & Steel Institute of Great Britain the following year he discussed the valuable conservation features involved and laid out a definite plan for Niagara power production similar to the Day method, except that it provided for turbines in power-houses at the water's edge in the gorge below the Falls. He intimated there would be no demand at Niagara for the power produced, and that it must be transmitted to considerable distances. It was upon this point that he, though perhaps the most accomplished and practical electrician of his time, became indefinite, suggesting, without definite recommendation, adoption of any of the following four methods: (1) Sir William Armstrong's hydraulic-pressure plan; (2) the Schaffhausen steel-rope method; (3) compressed air; and (4) electricity. "As regards electrical transmission," said Dr. Siemens, "suppose water-power be employed to give motion to a dynamo-electrical machine, a very powerful electrical current will be the result, which may be carried to a great distance, through a large metallic conductor, and then be made to impart motion to electro-magnetic engines, to ignite the carbon points of electric lamps, or to effect the separation of metals from their combinations. A copper rod, three inches in diameter, would be capable of transmitting 1,000 horse-power a distance of, say, thirty miles, an amount sufficient to supply one-quarter of a million candle-power, which would suffice to illuminate a moderately sized town."



American and Canadian Falls, 1885

In the year 1885 in response to public demand that the Falls and their surroundings be preserved from vandalism and utilitarian desecration the state of New York instituted the New York State Niagara Reservation. Employed on the engineering features of that work was a practical public engineer, Mr. Thomas Evershed. The utilization of Niagara's power appealed to him as strongly as it had to the learned Dr. Siemens. He realized, however, that power-houses in the gorge or elsewhere in the near vicinity of the Falls would not be in keeping with the measure which the state was then taking to preserve the scenic features of Niagara. It was expressly to avoid the location of power-houses and factories in the gorge and near the Falls that he laid out a plan for the excavation of turbine pits nearly a mile and a half above the Falls, which should discharge their tail waters as inconspicuously as possible through a common tunnel extending at a depth of 200 feet beneath the city of Niagara Falls to a portal at the level of the lower river.

With abiding faith and dauntless courage the directors of The Niagara Falls Power Company adopted for the company's hydraulic works the essential features of the untried plan of Thomas Evershed, as later with as great faith and still greater courage, relying on expert technical advice as well as the personal investigations of members of the board made both at home and in Europe, they adopted the twenty-five-cycle alternating electric current generated by alternators driven by water turbines, both alternators and turbines being of untried designs and of a power many times in excess of that of any theretofore fabricated.

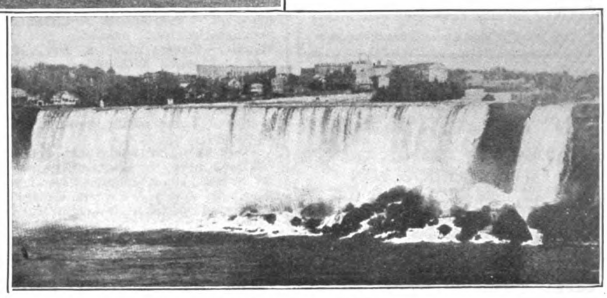
No turbine designs adequate for the purpose were to be had on this side of the Atlantic. The art of turbine-making seemed to be farthest advanced in Switzerland, though even there none had been built for more than 200 horse-power, while the necessary economies of the Niagara plan required units of 5,000 horse-power or upward. Faesch & Piccard, then the most experienced constructing engineers of Geneva, Switzerland, were intrusted with the commission. The first 5,000 horse-power turbine placed was designed and fabricated by that firm. The remaining nine turbines in Wheelpit No. 1 were made from the same design by an experienced firm of constructing engineers in this country. An improved design by Escher, Wyss & Company, of Zurich, Switzerland, was used for the turbines in Wheelpit No. 2. Recently an improved form of turbine considerably increasing the power of each unit was designed by Mr. C. C. Egbert, the hydraulic engineer of The Niagara Falls Power Company, and has been substituted for each of the ten turbines originally placed in Wheelpit No. 1.

Over a thousand men were engaged continuously for upward of three years in the construction of the tunnel. More than 300,000 tons of rock were excavated and 16,000,000 bricks used for its lining. The intake canal and the two wheel-pits, each some 450 feet in length, excavated from solid rock to a depth of 178 feet and surmounted by massive stone power-houses, were works whose construction was of corresponding difficulty and importance.

An initial installation of 10,000 horse-power was completed in 1895 and electric energy was delivered for use in the production of aluminum in electric furnaces of 1,000 horse-power units. Other services were soon supplied. Further generating units were installed and in the following year electricity was transmitted to Buffalo, that being the first instance of long-distance transmission of a large volume of alternating current to be used for commercial purposes.

The success of the Evershed hydraulic plan, the large unit generation, and the transmission and use of alternating current was complete, and the effect was immediate in stimulating the construction of hydro-electric development both at home and abroad. The era of the universal use of electric energy for power purposes had arrived. Hydro-electric developments quickly sprang up throughout Europe as well as in America.

The Day Canal and basin were enlarged, steel penstocks were placed to lead the water from the basin to turbines located more than 200 feet below, near the lower river level, and Niagara thereby was furnished with its second great power development of upward of 100,000 horse-power.



American Falls, 1888

Notwithstanding the anticipation of Dr. Siemens and the prophecies of other engineers and economists, upward of 200,000 horse-power of electricity now is in use within the city of Niagara Falls. That city already has become the most important center in this country for products of the electric furnace and the electrolytic cell. Many of these products which were unknown other than experimentally prior to the development of Niagara's power now have become indispensable to the world's comfort and convenience.

Niagara energy has come to be used in Buffalo, twenty-two miles away, almost exclusively for lighting and for the operation of its public utilities and generally for industrial use in factories; the use aggregating in December, 1912, about 72,000 horse-power. A large amount of Niagara power produced in the Canadian plants is transmitted also for distribution in Lockport, Rochester, Auburn, Syracuse, and intervening points.

The Niagara Falls Power Company was chartered in the year 1886 by an act of the legislature of the state of New York. In 1892 the legislature empowered that company to take from the Niagara River water sufficient for the generation of 200,000 horse-power in the plant as then designed. Criticism has been advanced of the small financial return reserved by the state for the grant as compared with the payments reserved by the Ontario government in charters later granted by it for power developments on the Canadian side of the river. The reservation or condition in the grant of The Niagara Falls Power Company was that it should continue to furnish free of charge all water used on the New York State Niagara Reservation and all electricity required for use for lighting or power in the buildings thereon. This condition has been liberally construed by the company and the services have been continuously rendered for years. At standard prices a compliance with this condition is now equivalent to a tax of about $6,000 per year. The companies on the Canadian side pay to the Ontario government fixed sums per horse-power for all power generated and used or otherwise disposed of. The amounts so paid by The Canadian Niagara Power Company are as follows: (1) a flat sum of $15,000 per annum; (2) in addition thereto payment at the rate of $1 per annum for each horse-power generated, used, and sold or disposed of over 10,000 horse-power up to 20,000 horse-power; (3) the further payment of 75 cents for each horse-power over 20,000 horse-power up to 30,000 horse-power; (4) the further payment of the sum of 50 cents for each horse-power in addition to 30,000 horse-power.

The plants of all the Canadian companies are located on park lands belonging to the Ontario government and the payments thus required to be made were reserved by the government as rentals for the occupation of the lands and their appurtenances. The American companies, however, are both located on private lands owned by them, to which under the established provisions of the common law there are appurtenant certain riparian rights, among which is the right to divert water opposite the shore lands for power purposes, returning the water to the stream at points opposite the owner's lands or, with the consent of all intervening owners, at points below. Taxes are paid by the American companies both to the state government and to the municipality of Niagara Falls, based on an assessment of such lands and their appurtenances. The taxes so paid by either of the American companies aggregate annually an amount far in excess of the aggregate amount paid by any one of the Canadian companies to the Ontario government both for the rentals referred to and for taxes.

Moreover, The Niagara Falls Power Company was chartered by the state of New York and was granted the said water rights at a time when the art of making such a development was in a state so crude that, in the sincere opinion of the writer of this article, based on an exact knowledge and careful study of all the facts of the case, the legislature of the state of New York, instead of requiring any payment by the pioneer company, would have been fully justified in establishing a bonus for the encouragement of the desirable experiment about to be undertaken at so large an investment and so great a risk on the part of the company's stockholders.

From the commencement of its undertaking The Niagara Falls Power Company, proceeding as rapidly as demands came for power, was constructing on one comprehensive plan a plant intended to develop all of the 200,000 horse-power permitted by its charter from the state. This plan provided for two tunnels, only one of which had been constructed when in 1906 Congress enacted the Burton law.

That law was the result of an agitation on the part of sincere and earnest Americans who feared that if all the authorized developments of power should be made the great cataract would be shorn of its grandeur and sublime beauty. There were at the time, as there are now, two generating companies on the American side of the river and three on the Canadian side. Several other charters, however, had been granted by the respective governments on either side of the river, and some of these seemed to permit unrestricted water diversion.

For the most part the unused charters were in the hands of promotors unsuccessfully seeking financial aid. While, doubtless, it is true that had all the projected plants been built and the water diverted to the extent permitted, there might have been a real peril to the Falls, as a matter of fact there never was any serious danger of such plants being built, with possibly a single exception. This was so because the existing plants occupied the only locations entirely feasible for economically taking water from above the Falls. They had been constructed for operation at the present river levels and, therefore, it is quite



Canadian Falls, 1900



American Falls, 1900

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possible that the interference of several plants, each with the other's supply of water, would have furnished an automatic remedy for excessive diversion.

By its expressed terms the Burton law was intended to preserve for a period of three years the status then existing, so as to enable the United States to negotiate a treaty with Great Britain for the control of the amount of diversion to be permitted on either side of the river. Diversion on the American side was limited during the term of the law to an aggregate amount of 15,600 cubic feet of water per second, of which not to exceed 8,600 was to be permitted to be used by any one company.

The 8,600 c. f. s. limit was assumed by the sponsors of the law as the amount then in use by The Niagara Falls Power Company in the part of its plant then completed. This, however, was an erroneous assumption which during the continuance of the law and its renewals has compelled the company to close down machinery installed before the enactment of the law and in the beneficial service of supplying power for industrial use on the Niagara frontier. As a matter of fact, the proper and efficient operation of the present plant requires a daily diversion at a rate of from 10,000 to 10,500 c. f. s.

Although the Root-Bryce treaty was promulgated in 1910, nevertheless the term of the Burton law from time to time was renewed until its final expiration on March 4, 1913, by the failure of the Senate to adopt a joint resolution extending it for a further term of one year. Based upon careful investigation and reports by the engineers of the War Department, the Treaty Commissioners had limited to the rate of 20,000 c. f. s. on the American side and 36,000 c. f. s. on the Canadian side the amount of daily diversion which could be made without injury to Niagara. The rate fixed on the American side was, therefore, 4,400 c. f. s. greater than the maximum limit under the Burton law.

Calculations made from data embodied in the reports of the United States Lake Survey show that the transmission of 4,400 c. f. s. would have the following effects in lessening the depths of water of the Niagara River:

At the crest of the American Fall less than	1-8 inch
At the Goat Island end of the Horseshoe Fall, approximately	9-16 "
At the Canadian end of the Horseshoe Fall less than	1 7-16 "
At Lake Erie, approximately	1-5 "



American and Canadian Falls, 1905

That the present diversions have had no visible effect on the Falls is well understood by those who love the Falls and for years have been familiar with Niagara's many phases. Senate Document No. 105, Sixty-second Congress, first session, the report of the chief officer of the United States Lake Survey to the Chief of Engineers of the United States Army, and submitted by the President to Congress for its information, contains on page fifty-seven the following statement:

"It is only fair to state, because of some erroneous views held concerning the injury already wrought on the Falls by diversions, that during the past decade, 1899 to 1908, for the months of June to October, inclusive, the Falls have had a fullness of volume and consequent grandeur barely less than that of the prior decade, 1889 to 1898."

It will be of interest to add the following further extracts from the above report and from a similar report, H. R. Document No. 246, Sixty-second Congress, second session:

"It is determined that the total authorized diversion of the American companies, together with the present consumption of the Ontario Company, will lower the depth on the *American Falls about 5-8 inch* and decrease the volume of flow about 5 per cent. As the lowering will result in unwatering little if any of the crest line, and as the decreased flow will be *scarcely appreciable, it may be considered that the changes on the American Fall are unimportant.*"—*H. R. Doc. 246, page 12.*

"While the measurements of the Lake Survey have shown with certainty that changes in outflow of the Niagara River *have had no appreciable effect toward lowering Lake Erie in the past 10 years*, it is equally certain that Lake Erie has already been lowered 3 to 4 inches by reason of the diversion of water tributary to the Niagara River, through the Chicago, Welland, and Erie canals.

"In discussing the injurious effects of diversions at the Falls on Lake Erie and on the Niagara River as navigable waters of the United States and upon the scenic grandeur of Niagara Falls, other diversions of the water of the Great Lakes naturally tributary to the *Niagara River need consideration also, as the final injurious effect is the summation of all.*"—*Sen. Doc. 105, page 49.*

"It would be unjust to charge the power companies with a lowering of the river or lake that might be due to improvements for navigation or to some other cause. That these seasonable variations in the river regimen are present is also sufficient reason why conclusions drawn from cursory and incomplete river examinations might be viewed with suspicion."—*Id., page 25.*

"The interests of justice seem to demand the further statement that, in my opinion, the damage already done, and that which may be anticipated from further diversions and from the impending fall in the level of Lake Erie, may be largely, if not entirely, remedied by a submerged dam placed in the bed of the river immediately above the Horseshoe Fall. The dam, if properly planned, would serve to change the direction of flow so as to increase the streams that feed the Falls at Terrapin Point and at the Canadian shore. The decrease in the mighty volume that overflows the center or apex of the Horseshoe would not be noticeable. . . . A very direct result of the construction of this submerged dam would be a diminution in the rate of recession of the apex of the Horseshoe. This in itself is extremely desirable."—*Id., page 15.*

"While this report has dealt with injurious effects on the Rapids and Falls of the Niagara River and with interferences with navigable ways in river and lake, and has shown these up in their limiting, hurtful amounts, it seems proper to suggest certain remedial measures that may serve to harmonize the preservation inviolate of the scenic grandeur with the useful application of the splendid power of the Falls. *Both of these things are eminently desirable and feasible.*

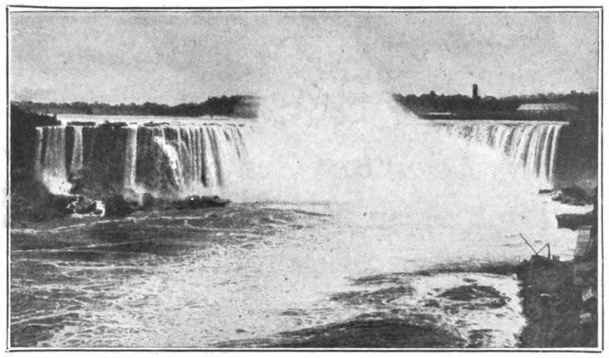
"A volume of 210,000 cubic feet per second with a descent between the "dead line" and the Upper Gorge of 220 feet has a potential of over 5,000,000 horse-power. This is the power of 15,000,000 strong draft horses, each limited to an eight-hour day. If it takes 10 able-bodied men to do the work of one of these draft horses, the work potential in this fall is that of 150,000,000 men, nearly twice our population of men, women, and children.

"The great companies at the Falls have created in good faith power plants to lessen the hardships of human labor, to aid transportation, to illumine the night hours, and to add to wealth of two nations. The power-houses for the most part are architecturally excellent, harmonizing with the scenic surroundings, and the mechanical wonders wrought in solving the engineering problems of the utilization of this great head and volume of water rival as a spectacle the scenic grandeur of the Falls and add to the attractiveness of the region.

"It therefore appears proper to permit and foster such ultimate developments in addition to those already in force as are compatible with the perpetuation of the scenic grandeur appreciably undiminished.

"Provided there be no large increase in up-lake diversions, the possibilities of continued and extended use of power at the Falls are conditioned upon the construction of regulating works in the Niagara River to avoid the wasteful outflow of the water of Lake Erie. The injury to the scenic grandeur of the Falls, and the interference with the navigable waters of the Niagara River and Lake Erie, due to up-take diversions, and the injury and interference coming from periods of drought would be largely obviated by impounding in the lakes a portion of the winter outflow. During the months of December to April, inclusive, enough water may be saved to hold the lakes to a proper and economical level to the betterment of navigation, and yield a surplusage to partially offset diversions at the Falls. This is a practical engineering proposition, but as the power companies are beneficiaries they should pay a fair share of the cost of the work."—*Id., page 75.*

"*The desirability, as well as the justice, of amending the Burton Act so as to permit The Niagara Falls Power Co. to divert water to the full capacity of its tail-race tunnel are plain.*"—*Id., page 139.* ***



Canadian Falls, 1910

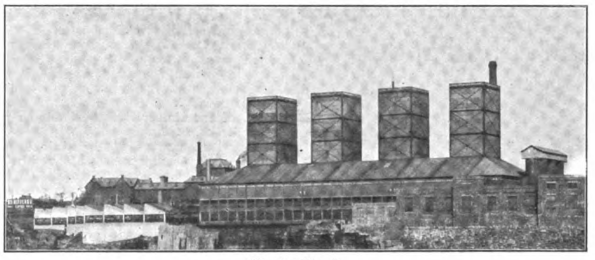
ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

One of the Greatest Industries in this Country Has Extensive Quarters in Niagara Falls

THE birth of the aluminum industry occurred in 1888, and since 1893 Niagara Falls has been the site for more or less of the active operations connected with its production. In the Aluminum Company of America our city has an organization that virtually gave to the world this metal commercially, and subsequently as new fields have been opened and new uses found for this material the Company has extended and improved its capacity here; has annually increased its output, has given employment to more and more people and become more and more a sound and important asset to this community.

Three reduction works and a rolling-mill are comprised in the plant operated here; thousands of electric horse-power are used and about eleven hundred men employed. In addition to its property in this city the Company has its general fabricating plant at New Kensington, a suburb of Pittsburg; alumina works of tremendous proportions at East St. Louis, a wire mill at Massena, N. Y.; an aluminum bronze powder mill at Dover, N. J.; and owns and operates mines in Georgia and Arkansas.

The engineering profession in the United States since 1899 has recognized the electrical conductivity of aluminum and copper as 61 and 98. In order, therefore, that an aluminum cable have an equal carrying capacity to a given size copper cable its cross-section must be 1.59 times as great. But the ratio of the weight of the two metals is as 3:3 to 1 and it is therefore a simple problem to determine the fact that an aluminum cable has only 48 per cent. of the weight of its copper equivalent. That is, forty-eight pounds of aluminum will replace one hundred pounds of copper in a line transmitting electrical energy, and it follows, therefore, that in order for a copper line and an aluminum line of the same capacity to cost the same amount the price of the aluminum must be exactly 2.1 times the price of copper per pound. As a matter of fact, however, this has not been the case for the past fifteen or sixteen years.



Works No. 3

During that time the price of aluminum has varied from 1.9 to 1.6 times the price of copper per pound, and therefore aluminum has not only the advantage in weight, but also the advantage of price over copper for transmission purposes.

The two most important lines installed in 1899 were the Snoqualmie Power Company's line, now called the Seattle & Tacoma Power Company, of forty-five miles, and the Northwestern Elevated Railroad Company's line in Chicago, which was installed at the time of the electrification of that railroad. Both of these aluminum installations are giving perfectly satisfactory service today and both have remained practically unchanged since their installation.

Today the majority of the important transmission lines are being designed for and equipped with aluminum. More than 75 per cent. of the power generated in Niagara Falls is distributed over aluminum cables, and many thousands of miles of it are to be found all over this country, carrying power from the sources of generation to factories, electric railways, lighting plants, and everywhere that electrical power is used to turn the wheels of industry.

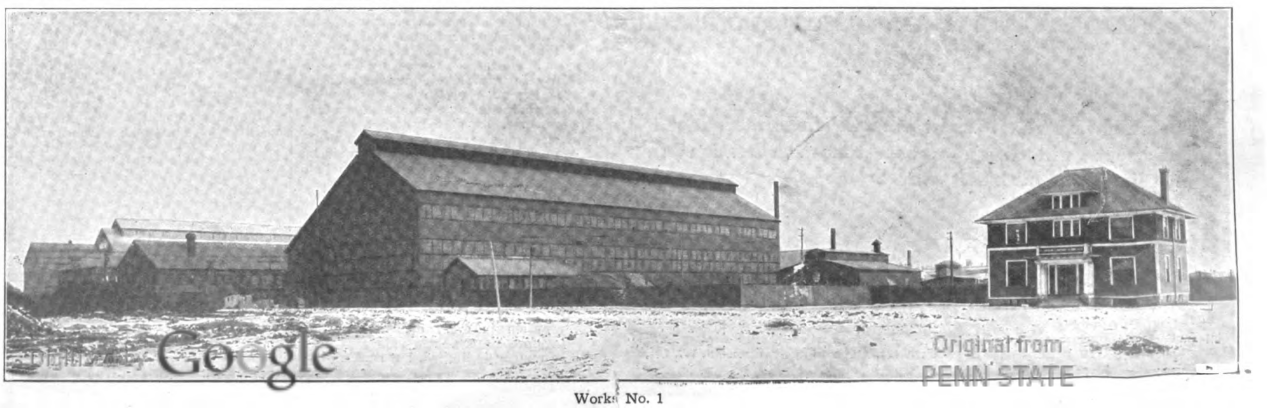
A large quantity of aluminum is made up into the form of tubing. It is possible to produce aluminum tubing so small that the fact that it is tubing is not discernible to the naked eye. Such tubing as this is used, of course, only for delicate instruments and the quantity manufactured is very small, but in the larger sizes—those sizes particularly which conform to standard iron pipe sizes, a very large quantity is produced. It is particularly employed where corrosive chemicals are used, and in even larger quantities in factories where fruit and food products are manufactured.

Countless household utensils are made of aluminum, and where implements of this material were formerly somewhat rare and in the nature of a novelty, the durability and attractive appearance of the material have earned for it an affection and confidence that are not shared with any of the other household furnishings. That it is light to handle, easily kept clean, and is bright and pleasing in appearance are some of the attributes of aluminum as they appeal to the domestic person. Moreover, it is impossible to produce a poison by uniting with aluminum any substance that is not itself a poison.

In 1890 a factory site was purchased at New Kensington and from the first this pioneer enterprise did a thriving business. In 1893 cheap electrical power attracted the Company to this city, and the growth of the plant here has been typical of the great development that has been effected generally by this progressive organization.

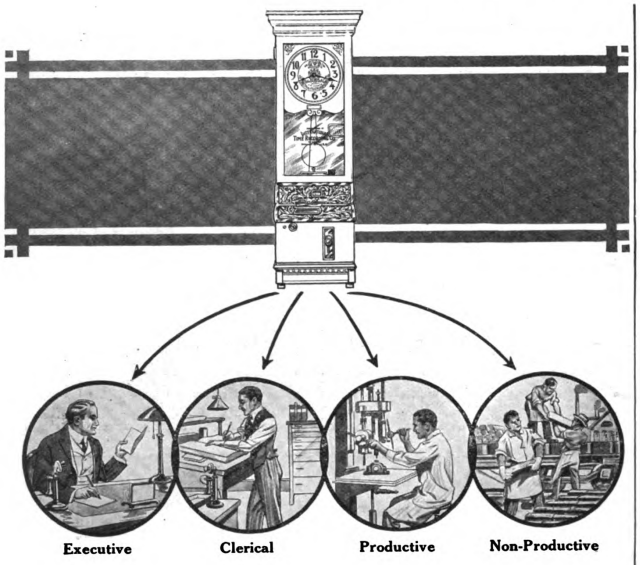
In 1889 a group of men, including Mr. Hall and headed by Alfred E. Hunt, a comparatively young man who was then engaged in conducting a chemical and metallurgical laboratory in Pittsburg, formed themselves into a company called the Pittsburg Reduction Company, subsequently changed to the Aluminum Company of America, whose object was the reduction and the fabrication of the metal aluminum.

Arthur V. Davis is the president and general manager of the Aluminum Company of America, and Charles M. Hall, who invented the commercializing method for the reduction of aluminum, is the vice-president. ***



Works No. 1

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An Accurate Control of the Time of all Workers—Executive, Clerical, Productive and Non-Productive—

—Will Increase Your Capacity

—Reduce Your Time Losses

—Put You on a More Favorable Cost Basis

—Make Your Employes more Valuable to Themselves.

You can best secure this accurate control, increased capacity, and reduction of time losses with an

International Time- and Cost-Keeping System

A more favorable cost basis will follow as a matter of course; and your employes' value to themselves will be greatly increased when such time losses cease.

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135-36, Alexandrinenstr., Berlin, S. W., Germany

To Save Our Timber

By Hartley Brandon

THE consumption of all varieties of lumber in 1880 was 18,000 million feet, and the per capita consumption was 360 feet. Since 1880, according to the government census returns of 1909, the population has increased 84 per cent., while the per capita consumption per annum has increased 47.7 per cent., resulting in a total annual increase in consumption of 172 per cent. These figures give, briefly, the principal reasons for the rapid increase in the price of lumber, while on the other hand, if we will consider the timber supply in relation to the production and consumption of lumber, the results are more startling.

The continual increase in consumption and the deforestation of timber lands, has resulted in a visible decrease in the supply of timber. As a result of the continued decrease in forested areas and increase in the demand for the product of lumber, the value of timber and its cost to the producer, and consequently to the consumer, has rapidly increased, with prospects of its further continuation until the last log has been manufactured into lumber.

This condition has not presented itself to the public until within the last five or six years, and the public mind is now directed to the future. What is going to be the result, and what the remedy? We find that in Austria, certain companies have been manufacturing from timber tracts for a period extending beyond two hundred years, and that every tree grown and every part of every tree is manufactured into lumber. These conditions are possible only because of the far-sighted policy of the Austrian government—not only the central government, but the provincial governments of the various sections of the country as well. The general forest policy of the Austrian government tends toward harmony with timber owners and conservation of forest resources, and, generally speaking, permits:

First, Trade agreements, which are legalized, and under which civil suits can be brought:

Second, They require the land to be reforested—*i. e.*, for every tree that is cut one must be planted;

Third, Reforested land is tax-free for a period of eighty-five years;

Fourth, Taxes are based on the output rather than on the land.

In this country the conditions are reversed. Trade agreements, in the first place, are forbidden by law, and are followed by disastrous results in case they are attempted, and in times of depression and over-production the result is declining values, when the small trees and top-logs, which produce the lower grades of lumber, are left in the woods to rot, for the reason that under these conditions they could be manufactured only at a loss. During the four years following the panic of 1907, this condition prevailed, and it is conservative to say that this resulted in the waste of at least 25 per cent. to 30 per cent. of the timber harvested during that period.

Owing to powers of the state governments and the policy of state rights, the federal government finds itself unable to pass any federal legislation to require reforestation, and it would be practically impossible to secure uniform state legislation, so that the producers of any one state would not be at a disadvantage when coming in competition with the producers of other states, by reason of such legislation. No such legislation should be enacted in the absence of legalized trade agreements.

It would appear that the only proper governmental policy to be pursued relative to the lumber industry is that every encouragement should be extended to reforestation of timber lands and the manufacture and conservation of the timber now growing thereon. This can be accomplished only by the permitting of trade agreements and the assessment of taxes on the timber as cut rather than on the land; otherwise our forests will be continually depleted, and there will be periods of waste in the woods by reason of inability to manufacture certain portions of the log at a profit, causing thereby marked increases in prices, which can only be overcome, as stated above, by permitting trade agreements that would allow a price to be placed on the material yielding at least the cost of production. This would prevent to a certain extent the rapid depletion of the forests and cause the trend of prices to be more slowly upward than it otherwise would be.

It is plainly indicated by the above that the principal elements entering into the present cost of producing lumber are due to improper legislation as opposed to economic laws and also to the rapid increase in population, creating increased consumption in every direction and depleting forest areas.

The remedy is limited, but such as it is should be applied before entire deforestation occurs.

Aluminum, Man's Marvelous Servant

WHEN the history of our age is written the story of aluminum is going to occupy a prominent page. It is quite as wonderful as the story of electricity, the all-pervading giant that lay hidden for ages in murky clouds, in masses of coal, copper, and soft iron, and in myriads of waterfalls, until Franklin and Morse and Edison put him in harness and made him one of the most useful and ingenious servants of man. The giant had lived among men during all the ages, yet had only killed them in storms—until the genius of our times set him a thousand tasks. So it was with aluminum, which constitutes nearly one-twelfth of the earth's crust, yet lay obscure and unsuspected through all the centuries until Sir Humphry Davy, in 1808, suggested that clay and many clayey rocks "depended upon some metal as a base."

Very slowly the scientists plodded on the trail. Woehlar in Germany twenty years later proved Davy's hypothesis correct. He first isolated aluminum by decomposing aluminum chloride by potassium and obtained it in the form of powder. Nearly twenty years passed before he produced it in little globules. Deville, a a French chemist, succeeded, in 1856, in producing the metal almost pure. Napoleon III. paid the expenses, and Deville put the metal on the market at $90 a pound. The ill-fated Prince Imperial had a rattle made of aluminum at that time. Aluminum was not popular, could not be at that price; though its lightness, cleanness, strength, and ductility made it exceedingly desirable. Scientists kept on plodding and the supply constantly increased, until in 1886 it was down to $9 a pound.

Charles M. Hall, newly graduated in 1886, from Oberlin University in Ohio, had the inspiration to try electrolysis rather than chemical action, and he was the first to reduce aluminum from alumina by combining the principles of the electric furnace with the electrolytic bath. He achieved a revolution. The price fell from eight dollars a pound to sixty-five cents a pound. To-day, thanks to further improvement, this marvelous metal, as clean and malleable as gold and as light as wood, costs less than twenty-five cents a pound, and is being used for thousands of purposes. But for the taming and harnessing of the parent giant, electricity, we should not be able to use aluminum to-day. The metal affords a classic example of the supply creating the demand, for its cheapness and wonderful qualities have called it into action all over the world.

All America is familiar with aluminum in cooking-utensils. Whoever has once tasted coffee made in an aluminum percolator will never have any other; for the metal is so pure and clean that the simplest sort of washing takes away every trace of the old grounds, and the next infusion flows from the percolator a fresh aromatic stream of exquisite taste and purity. Whether you bake, stew, roast or broil, the aluminum pot or pan or grill comes new and fresh to the task each time and at the minimum of labor in cleansing. Every bit of food thus prepared is at the perfection of natural flavor.

Those who have for years used iron, steel, or copper can hardly believe how much lighter and easier to handle aluminum is. Commander Peary took aluminum utensils with him to the North Pole, Lieutenant Shackleton carried them on his antarctic expedition. Colonel Roosevelt took them on his famed hunting trip in the African jungle, Wellman had them in his aerial voyage of one thousand miles over the Atlantic ocean. Most of the armies of Europe use aluminum utensils. Our own army uses some of them. In the war with Russia the Japanese used 150,000 aluminum mess-kettles.

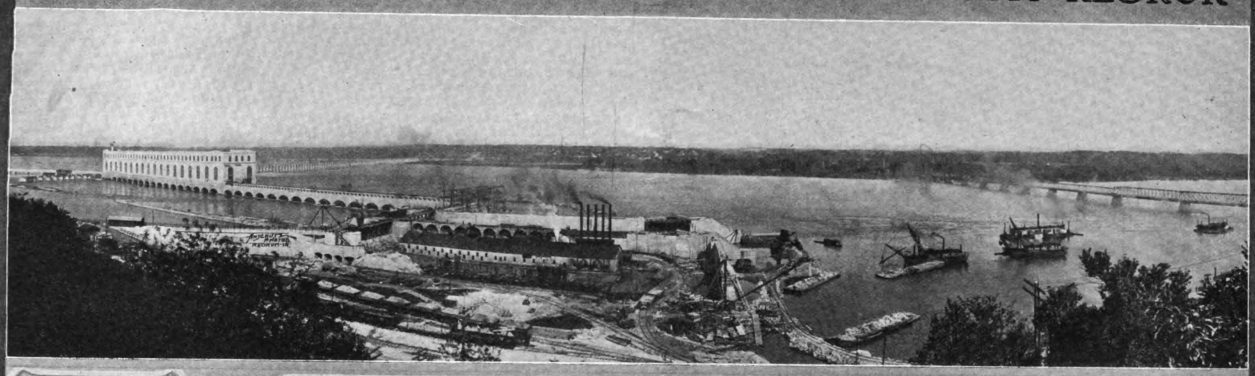
But life is not all cooking. The cheap though precious metal is rapidly becoming so great a part of every-day life that a man shall spend every moment of the day within sight or touch of aluminum. The stuff is as omnipresent as air—and almost as necessary as life in this century is ordained. An enormous amount of aluminum is used in the manufacture of automobiles. Thousands of miles of wire and cables are used by interurban traction lines. The color, lightness, and sanitary qualities of aluminum have caused it to be used in the manufacture of cars such as are now in use in the subways of New York, and for the linings and racks of all modern railway cars.

What Fishes Know

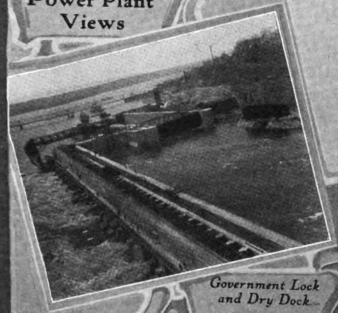
THAT fish possess a certain power of reason is affirmed by many who have studied them. They often learn to recognize the voice of the one who feeds them. Fish will congregate in places where food is habitually thrown to them. If a morsel proves too large to be swallowed, they have been known to divide it on a sharp stone.

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200,000 HORSE-POWER WATER-POWER PLANT, BUILT AT A COST OF $27,000,000 ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER AT KEOKUK



Power Plant Views



Government Lock and Dry Dock

The dam is nine-tenths of a mile long, 53 feet high and as wide as a street. The power-house is longer than five city blocks, and as high as a fifteen-story sky-scraper. This immense plant is one of the wonders of the United States.

Keokuk Views



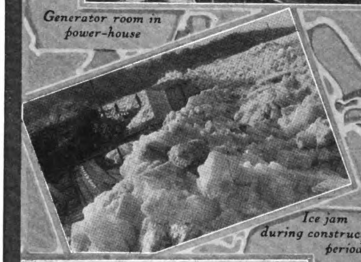
new half million dollar hotel

Keokuk

The City For You to Live In To Build Your Factory In



Generator room in power-house



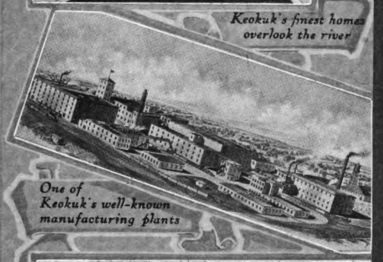
Ice jam during construction period

THE middle west is the logical location for factories. Keokuk is the natural centre of manufacturing in the middle west, because—

1. Here is located the greatest power plant in the world, supplying constant power at the lowest cost.
2. Keokuk is situated on the Mississippi river, insuring low freight rates and the advantage of water transportation, which will in a few years be a most important consideration.
3. The city is high and dry, above any possibility of floods. A healthful and pleasant climate.
4. Keokuk has a new industrial zone set apart for factories, with special switching arrangements for prompt handling of in-coming and out-going shipments.
5. Keokuk Schools—Churches—Fire Department—Police Department—Parks—Clubs, etc., are all of the most modern in every way.



Keokuk's finest homes overlook the river



One of Keokuk's well-known manufacturing plants



Close view of the mammoth power-house



The beautiful views from Keokuk's many parks are grand



Below the dam—flood gates open

Views accompanying this advertisement show the Water-Power Plant during the construction period. By July 1, 1913, the plant will be generating power and the formal opening with appropriate celebration will be held in Keokuk, August 26, 1913.

Descriptive booklet and any special questions answered on request.

Address

Keokuk Industrial Association

KEOKUK, IOWA



One of Keokuk's many modern cobing houses

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HOTEL OSTEND

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

"Where the Surf Sings You to Sleep"

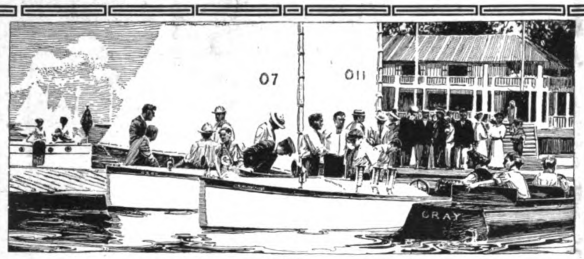
Right at Chelsea's Fashionable Bathing Beach. Here you find rest in abundance. The ocean rolls and surges right up to—and under the hotel piazza, its music is grand and soothing. Distinctly, the Ostend has the finest location on the Beach. Within easy walking distance and roller chair ride to the center of life and gaiety for which Atlantic City is famous.

The Hotel is equipped with everything necessary for human comfort and caters to the best patronage.

All baths, private and public, have hot and cold running, fresh and sea water. When the temperature is highest and cities hot and grimy the Ostend is the coolest and most comfortable hotel in Atlantic City. Rooms large, airy, and 95 per cent of them overlook the ocean. Special rates to single men.

Rates are reasonable. Write for booklet and reservation

DAVID P. RAHTER
Proprietor and Manager, Hotel Ostend, Atlantic City, N. J.



The Easy Way to Select Your Motor Boat

First, write and get our three valuable and helpful books about marine engines and complete motor boats.

Our **Big Engine Book "M"** tells you all about Gray Motors—shows you how they are made and gives you a world of valuable information about marine engines in general—their design, construction, care and operation.

Then their is our **Boat Builders Catalog,** showing the product of the country's leading boat builders. Practically every type of boat is illustrated and described. Shows you exactly where to get what you want in the easiest, quickest and most economical manner.

A **"Book of Boats"** contains over 200 illustrations of boats collected from all parts of the world. Gives the owners' actual experiences, a wonderful help in making the right selection.

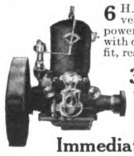
From no other one source can this same information be obtained—it shows the easiest way to select the right engine and the right boat.

And these books are easy to get—just send in your name and address on a postal card stating that you are interested in an engine or a motor boat.

A Gray Motor in Your Boat Means Absolute Satisfaction

Gray Motors are standard the world over and are made in sizes from 3 to 36 H. P.—1, 2 and 3 cylinders. For canoes, row boats—family launches, speed boats, work boats, yachts and cruisers.

Over 1000 dealers sell Gray Motors and give Gray service. We have complete service stations in the large cities and boating centers throughout United States and Canada and can, without question, give our customers the finest service in the world.



6 H. P. Guaranteed to develop 7 H.P. A wonder for power and economy. Price with complete outfit, ready to install **$89.50**

3 H. P. Guaranteed to develop 4 H. P. Price with complete outfit, ready to install in boat . . . **$55**

GRAY MOTOR CO.
632 Gray Motor Bldg. DETROIT, MICH.

Immediate Delivery

CAMP LIFE IN THE WOODS

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Using Niagara's Power

BY EDWARD T. WILLIAMS

City Industrial Agent of Niagara Falls, N. Y.

THIS is the electrical era. In the past we have had the stone age, the ice age, etc.; but the electrical age is the period of the utilization of the strongest natural forces by the genius of man. In the last twenty-five years probably greater progress has been made in electrical power development than in any other sphere of human activity. This has been done by scientific conversion of power, represented in the flow of water, to an invisible current for almost everything that required power, light, or heat.

Naturally, the first development of electric power was at the source of the greatest quantity of power anywhere to be found on earth—the Falls of Niagara. For more than two centuries these cataracts had enjoyed a world-celebrity as a stupendous natural spectacle. The power-producing capacity of the great cataracts is estimated by the most eminent engineers at from 5,000,000 to 7,000,000 horse-power.

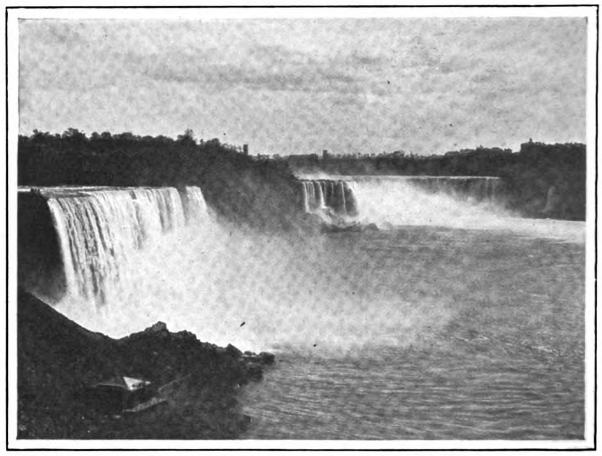
The potentiality of the Falls is explained by the fact that the Niagara River falls 300 feet in five miles, 50 feet in the upper rapids, 165 feet at the Falls, and 85 feet in the lower river. In its entire length of 36 miles the river falls 326 feet. The average flow of the river is 222,400 cubic feet per second. A flow of one cubic foot per second equals one square mile of water 1.16 inches deep in a thirty-day month. The flow of the Niagara River is furnished by 6,000 cubic miles of water from four lakes having 90,000 square miles of reservoir space.

Under the so-called Burton law the Niagara Falls Power Company was allowed a maximum diversion of 8,600 cubic feet per second; the Hydraulic Power Company 6,500 cubic feet per second; the Lockport Hydraulic Company 500 cubic feet per second; the Niagara Falls Power Company was allowed to import from Canada 52,500 horse-power; the Niagara Falls Electrical Transmission Company was allowed to export 46,000 electrical horse-power; the Ontario Power Company was allowed to export 60,000 electrical horse-power; the International Railway Company was allowed 1,500 electrical horse-power; making a total of 160,000 horse-power that could be imported from Canada into the United States. The Burton law was enacted June 29, 1906, and expired March 4, 1913. Now the only law governing the matter is the British-American treaty, which permits a daily diversion upon the American side of the river at the rate of 20,000 cubic feet per second; upon the Canadian side of the river at the rate of 36,000 cubic feet per second.

The electrical harnessing of the great cataracts has been of general and large benefit to the people of the United States. To the city of Niagara Falls and the Niagara frontier, it has been of stupendous import. As a result of it there are now located in Niagara Falls two manufacturing concerns which are the largest power-users in the world. As a matter of fact, there are several products that are almost exclusively made with Niagara current at the source of the supply, and they are in general use everywhere. Through great electric furnaces the magic current from the great cataracts has made Niagara Falls the chemical manufacturing center of the United States, and these processes would be impossible without great quantities of electric current: it has made the manufacture of abrasives a great commercial success and these products now enter into nearly every manufacturing industry.

According to a statement made to the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives by the president of the Niagara Falls Power Company, that company has expended $24,500,000 at Niagara Falls, New York, and Niagara Falls, Ontario. The United States government report shows that in 1906 this company had made expenditures of nearly $15,500,000, and that its allied and tenant companies, the latter being manufacturing concerns, had expended an additional $12,250,000.

At the same time the Hydraulic Power Company had expended nearly $6,650,000, and its allied or dependent companies had made an investment of over $8,000,000, an aggregate of nearly $42,000,000 for both power companies. At that time the two power companies were using 13,000 cubic feet of water, which would make each cubic foot of water taken represent an investment of $3,048. This statement, of course, does not include the three power plants at Niagara Falls, Ontario, one of which is an auxiliary of the Niagara Falls Power Company, and the investment in which is included in that company's total investment of $24,500,000.



A view of the American and Canadian Falls 1913

Now, as to the question of diversion and its effects upon the scenic grandeur of Niagara Falls. The average flow of the Niagara River is 222,400 cubic feet per second. To be conservative, the United States engineers sometimes use 210,000 cubic feet per second as the amount. The variations are caused largely by the direction of the wind on Lake Erie. Ice conditions in winter sometimes make a material difference in the flow for a few hours.

The Burton law permitted a total diversion on the American side of the river of 15,600 cubic feet per second, and an importation from Canada of 160,000 horse-power. The British-American treaty permits a diversion on the American side of 20,000 cubic feet per second, and it is contended by those most familiar with the situation that neither the Congress of the United States nor the legislature of the state of New York should impose any restrictions less than those imposed by the international treaty which was negotiated after a careful investigation by the International Waterways Commission, a body appointed under a statute of the United States to confer with a similar body appointed under a statute of Canada, to make recommendations with reference to the control and government of the waters of the Great Lakes and the valley of the St. Lawrence with reference to the question of the amount of water which could be withdrawn on the American and Canadian side of the Niagara River without material injury to the cataracts as one of the great natural beauties of the world.

When William H. Taft was Secretary of War it was his duty to deal with this matter, and he came to Niagara Falls, held a hearing at which all the parties interested were represented, and he announced that he had reached the conclusion that with a diversion of 15,600 cubic feet on the American side, and the transmission of 160,000 horse-power from the Canadian side, the scenic grandeur of the Falls was not effected substantially or perceptibly to the eye.

And the passage of the years has confirmed this conclusion.

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Niagara in Romance and in Commerce

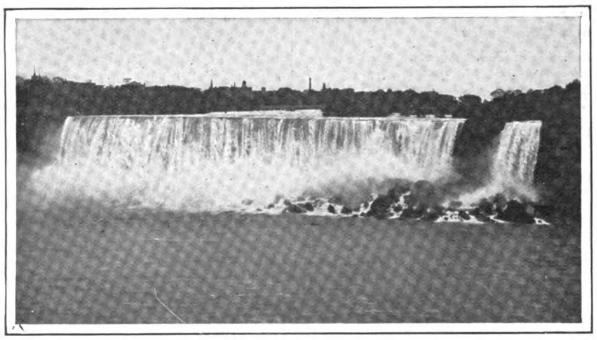
Glimpses of the Pioneer Days and of the Twentieth Century Development of the Niagara Frontier

BY EDWARD T. WILLIAMS

City Industrial Agent, Niagara Falls, New York

THE first white man to see Niagara *Falls* was Father Louis Hennepin, a French missionary, in 1678. He came to this locality with Father La Salle, who *built* the *Griffon*, the first vessel to sail the upper lakes, on the shore of the Niagara River just above Niagara Falls, where there is now a thrifty village bearing the name of La Salle. Thus romantically began a commerce which is now of tremendous proportions, which moves the products of the great West more than a thousand miles through the Great Lakes, the Welland Canal, and the St. Lawrence River to the sea by one route, and through the Erie Canal by another route after breaking cargo at the foot of Lake Erie or at the Tonawandas on the Niagara River, where is located sixteen miles from Niagara Falls and eleven miles from the spot where La Salle built the *Griffon*, now marked with boulder and tablet, the largest lumber market in the world.

One of the earliest descriptions of Niagara Falls was written in English, a letter from Peter Kalm, a gentleman of Sweden, to a friend in Philadelphia, sent from Albany under date of September 2, 1750. "When you are at the Fall and look up the river, you may see that the river above the Fall is everywhere exceeding steep, almost as the side of a hill. When all of this water comes to the very Fall, there it throws itself down perpendicular! It is beyond all belief the surprise when you see this; I cannot with words express how amazing it is! You cannot see it without being terrified; to behold so vast a quantity of water falling from a surprising height! I doubt not but that you have a desire to learn the exact height of this great Fall. Father Hennepin supposes it 600 feet perpendicular; but he has gained little credit in Canada; the name of honor they give him there is le grand menteur, or the great liar."



A view of the American Falls, 1913

Francis Lynde Stetson, the eminent New York lawyer and vice-president of the Niagara Falls Power Company, recently said: "Since Father Ragenau, in 1648, wrote to his Father Superior concerning Niagara, 'A cataract of fearful height,' spectators by the million unconsciously have revealed something of themselves in various efforts to disclose to others the essential character of the Falls of Niagara, confessedly incomparable with any other natural object. To souls sensitive to the beautiful and the sublime, the plunging torrent has appealed by the stateliness of its stream, the brilliance of its boisterous rapids, and the deep glassy green of its silent foreboding brink, as well as by its drop into the seemingly infinite depths from which there comes to him who listens the note of the welcoming abyss, deeper than the diapason of any organ's pipe."

The state of New York, in 1885, established the State Reservation at Niagara by purchasing the land close to the Falls on the shore and the islands in the river, expending about $1,500,000 for that purpose and making this seventh wonder of the world free to all mankind forever as a spectacle. The next year Assemblyman Peter A. Porter, a member of the family that owned for many years the land around the Falls purchased by the state, passed through Niagara Falls Power Company, and thus the first steps were taken to revolutionize the region and inaugurate the electrical age.

The charter of the Niagara Falls Power Company gave it the right to develop 120,000 electrical horse-power, and it was estimated that that amount of power exceeds the theoretical power at Lawrence, Holyoke, Lowell, Turners Falls, Manchester, Windsor Locks, Bellows Falls, and Cohoes, and exceeds the power actually developed at these places and at Augusta, Paterson, and Minneapolis.

Niagara electric power was first delivered commercially by the Niagara Falls Power Company, on August 26, 1895, the first customer being the Pittsburg Reduction Company, which has since changed its name to the Aluminum Company of America and which is now the largest power-user in the world, using 75,000 electric horse-power purchased from the two power companies, in three great plants here which last year produced 12,000 tons of aluminum, worth about $5,000,000. The Niagara Falls Power Company transmits considerable current to the cities of North Tonawanda, Tonawanda, and Buffalo, which operates many industrial establishments in those cities. It also furnishes the current for the International Railway Company, which operates 374 miles of electric railroad track on the Niagara frontier. On its lands on the upper river are the great chemical plants which have made Niagara Falls the chemical manufacturing center of the United States. The value of the chemical products in this city in 1909 was $11,996,726, which was 33.9 per cent. of the total for the industry in the state, and which also represented 41.9 per cent. of the total value of products for all manufacturing industries of the city combined.

Furthermore, Niagara Falls far outranks all other cities of the United States in the manufacture of chemical substances by electrolytic processes, this branch of the chemical industry having developed very rapidly as a result of the utilization of the water-power of the Falls.

The Hydraulic Power Company, which had the original water-power canal in Niagara Falls before the dawn of the electrical era, widened and deepened it and began an electrical installation soon after the Niagara Falls Power Company did. It now has an equally great plant, two manufacturing districts in which are located many of the city's most important industries, and it does not transmit any of its current outside of the city.

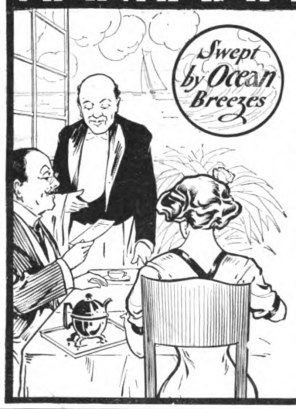
When the first spadeful of dirt was turned for the excavation of the tunnel of the Niagara Falls Power Company twenty-two years ago, the present city of Niagara Falls was two villages with a population of less than 10,000. Now the city has at least 35,000 people. The assessed valuation of the territory was about $8,000,000. Now it is over $34,000,000. There was not a yard of pavement for a foot of sewer in the territory. Now the city has seventy-eight miles of sewers, costing $1,377,000, and over forty-one miles of pavement, costing

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PENN STATE

Learned Stock Brokers

By W. C. Van Antwerp

LORD AVEBURY'S death calls attention to the honored roll of bankers and stock brokers who have done something real and substantial outside the counting-house and the Exchange. Ricardo, Grote, Bagehot, Stedman, and Sir John Lubbock are names that will endure. Ricardo, a Jew, entered the London Stock Exchange without resources at nineteen years of age, and at twenty-five was a man of wealth. At thirty-six he laid the foundation for the famous Report of the Bullion Committee with his first contribution to literature, and eight years later his *Principles of Political Economy and Taxation* place him second only to Adam Smith among political economists. Many of his theories do not receive unqualified acceptance to-day, although every modern economist is in greater or lesser degree influenced by them.

Then there was George Grote, who did for Greek history what Ricardo had done for finance. In the whirl of English agitation that centered around the Corn Laws, the Irish Famine, and the Bank Charter, Grote could turn from the engrossing occupation of the counting-room and the duties of a statesman to the not less absorbing study of Greek democracy. He could hold his own with Cobden, Lord John Russell, and Sir Robert Peel, while entering intimately into the idealism of Plato and Socrates. As a result of his penetrating researches he has handed down to posterity what is at once the dullest and the most accurate of histories. Nobody reads Grote nowadays because, as FitzGerald said to Fanny Kemble, "only lying histories are readable."

Walter Bagehot was born to the banking business and married to *The Economist*. His *Physics and Politics* and his *Literary and Biographical Studies* are almost forgotten. What remains is his *Lombard Street*. People are heard to say, "It reads like a novel," which is damning with faint praise. It is in reality a lucid and masterly analysis of the Bank of England and of the credit system, done in a style that no other contributor to political economy may hope to attain. Written just forty years ago, the book from page 210 onward might have been prepared to-day, a fact that speaks eloquently for financial England's aversion to change and for Bagehot's genius for prophecy.

Stedman was a stock broker whose honored career on the New York Stock Exchange ran the gamut of vicissitudes, yet in all the turbulent excitement of such a vocation he was poet, critic, and essayist, who saw sermons in stones and poems in running brooks. A lovable man of untroubled mind and exquisite refinement of poise, he could sing his *Lyrics and Idyls*, and ponder on *The Nature and Elements of Poetry*, while panics raged and men were tortured with anxiety. It was something inspiring to have on 'Change, after Lowell's death, the primate among American poets and critics—a man "of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows."

Lord Avebury's biography has just been written in the notices of his death. What fires the imagination is his immense versatility. Hemmed in by what seem to be absorbing occupations, bankers and stock brokers who reflect upon this man's attainments may well pause in contemplation of the emptiness of their own. A banker at twenty-two and a Member of Parliament at twenty-four, the president of the London County Council, and the type of a wise legislator, this banker-statesman found time to learn all there was to know of social, educational, reformatory, and philanthropic problems, and of the fine arts and the science of medicine. He took pleasure in burrowing into drift gravels, caves, shell-heaps, and earth-mounds for that *Prehistoric Times* which must ever remain a standard text-book, and he found amusement and instruction in building causeways through the morass of antiquarian accumulation that finally resulted in his *Origin of Civilization*. Eighty busy years indeed! Years that have given to science the last word on ants, bees, and wasps; on the origin and metamorphosis of many obscure insects; on flowers, fruits, and leaves; on geology and physical geography. It is fortunate that no Sherman law can be invoked to limit mental attainment, and that the spirit of the labor union has not yet entered the domain of the laboratory and the library.

There is abundant opportunity to-day for stock brokers to utilize waste time, and to turn into valuable by-products some of the scrap-heap hours that are passed in idleness. Thanks to the useful educational work that the Stock Exchange and the press are doing, the public to-day knows more about the Exchange and its functions than it has known heretofore. There remains to be written a historical account of the origin of stock exchanges and their development into the perfect machinery of to-day. Much of this information is buried in contemporary records and lost in the old archives. Perhaps an author may be found on 'Change who will dig deep into this mine and condense into a live story a valuable contribution to stock-exchange literature. There are a hundred books on banking to one on stock exchanges. What is needed is something more than the worn-out simile between the Stock Exchange and a barometer. The fact that the Exchange is a nerve-center is also worn to the bone. The members, probably, and the public certainly, would learn much from a "human-interest" story of how and why stock brokers first appeared in England at the end of the seventeenth century; what William III. did to make securities popular with the masses; and how, even though repudiation was at an end, the government's obligations which supplied the counters for speculation were not as insecure as are the debts of a South-American republic of to-day.

It would be interesting, too, to trace the hostility to stock brokers which began with the earliest speculation in securities. There seems to have been an immediate antagonism between those who speculated and those who didn't. As there were no newspapers worthy of the name, it is perhaps natural that the stage, which was then the popular educational vehicle, should have resounded with wit and satire directed at this new vocation. One of these plays appeared as early as 1693, the very year which witnessed the first English government loan bought by the people for speculation and investment. Throughout the work of these old dramatists there is to be found a wealth of material that will give vitality to this study and throw much light on the ways and means of the pioneer stock brokers in London's coffee-houses and alleys.

Financial Niagara

NEW YORK STATE divides its cities into three classes. Third-class cities include all whose population is under 50,000. Of the third-class cities in the state of New York, Niagara Falls, with an approximate population of 35,000, easily leads all others in the value of its manufactured products, as well as in the value added to the raw material by such manufacture.

Attracted by cheap power, foreign capital, and capital from Pittsburg, New York, Chicago, has been invested in large units in manufacturing near the seat of development of this power, with the result that the value of the products manufactured at Niagara Falls now approaches $40,000,000 per annum.

Before the impetus given to the city by the power development, banking business at Niagara Falls was somewhat attenuated, located, as the former village was, at a corner of the County of Niagara, and having no surrounding country from which business could be drawn. Banking then generally consisted of receiving small deposits in the summer from those engaged in catering to the tourist traffic, and of paying the money back to the same depositors for ordinary subsistence during the winter season.

In the earlier stages of the growth attendant upon the power development, banking business did not progress as rapidly as did population and industry, since the capital for the most part came from abroad, and those who invested in a large way at Niagara Falls continued their banking business at their own homes. Within recent years, however, this condition has changed and now the city boasts of five banking institutions, consisting of three banks of discount, one trust company, and one savings-bank, with combined assets of approximately $10,000,000.

The commercial banks of the city are very wide-awake institutions, and have shown on many occasions their willingness and capacity to extend all necessary banking facilities to worthy enterprises. Many of the institutions originally financed abroad have found the facilities offered by these commercial banks so superior that they have availed themselves of the assistance of the local banks and are warm in their praises of the business-like and efficient manner in which their business has been conducted.

In addition to these banking institutions, Niagara Falls takes pride in its loan association, which is one of the most successful and helpful in the State of New York. It has assets of over $1,500,000, all of which are used in assisting the home builder. It furnishes, at the same time, a secure investment for the savings of the worker.

The progress of the banks of this city has been exceedingly marked in the last five years, and the indications are that their growth in the next decade will be increasingly progressive. Manufacturers locating here are assured that in addition to the greatest and cheapest power in the country, the highest class of transportation facilities, and the possibility of avoiding objectionable tariff duties by having plants under a single management in both the United States and Canada, they will also find here available the very best of banking facilities.

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By W. J. Henderson

ELEMENTS OF NAVIGATION

It is a very clear and concise statement of essential facts concerning the handling of a ship at sea, and furnishes information indispensable to every one connected with the navigation of a vessel.—*Army and Navy Journal*, New York.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

VOL. LVII] No. 2948

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1913

[10 Cents a Copy $4.00 a Year

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS

Frederick L. Collins, President — Arthur S. Moore, Secretary
Cameron Mackenzie, Vice-President — Horace W. Paine, Treasurer

McClure Building, Fourth Ave. & 20th Street, New York

Entered at the New York Post-office as second-class matter

COMMENT

BEGINNING with the issue of August 16th, Mr. NORMAN HAPGOOD will take direct personal charge of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

The Outlook for a Banking and Currency Bill

Despatches from Washington have been growing less and less hopeful about the prospects of getting a banking and currency bill through Congress before the end of the special session. That is not surprising. The Republicans were in power continuously for sixteen years, the need of legislation on this subject was apparent all that time to reasonably intelligent people, and yet all they did was to pass, when prodded by circumstance, the rather crude ALDRICH-VREELAND emergency measure and to appoint the so-called ALDRICH commission. True, the ALDRICH commission did work which in the judgment of competent people is excellent. But it will not be in the mouths of the Democratic party's opponents to say one word about Democratic delay and dilatoriness on this particular issue.

But the merely political aspect of the matter is negligible. And that, we are glad to believe, is the administration's view of it. President WILSON has done everything he could to secure prompt and intelligent action on this most pressing question. In his speech accepting his party's nomination he modestly disclaimed enough knowledge to justify dogmatism, but he has ever since worked steadily and courageously to secure from Congress the radical changes in the currency system which he sees that this country needs at once.

The opposition to immediate action is easily explained. Congress wants to adjourn and get out of overheated Washington the minute it gets rid of the tariff. Most Congressmen, never having seriously studied the monetary question, do not appreciate its importance or the imminence of trouble if it is longer neglected. Others hold that the party will risk less by doing nothing than by doing what it can to reform a financial system which is confessedly without any sort of safeguards against financial disturbances.

We are not ready to renounce hope that something can be accomplished before Congress adjourns. Representative GLASS shows encouraging signs of an open mind and of a strong desire to co-operate with the President and act promptly and sensibly. There is no sign, so far as we can see, that the President himself has any notion of yielding to the forces of inertia or to any force that makes for leaving bad enough alone. He has every reason to be steadfast and determined. If he and his party pass at this one session an honest low-tariff bill and a sound and scientific banking and currency bill, then the gates of hell cannot prevail against them.

The Minnesota Rate Case

Naturally enough, most of the talk about the Minnesota railroad-rate decision has had regard to its immediate effects, and of these the railroads and Wall Street took at first a pretty gloomy view. Wall Street's view, of course, *was* one of the immediate effects, and not a negligible one; less negligible than usual, perhaps, on account of the rather unsettled state of things financial both in this country and abroad. Incidentally, it was brought out clearly that the railroads and their financial backers are now much less fearful of national than of state control. Time was when this feeling was, to say the least, by no means universal.

Indeed, such recovery of confidence as there has been—and a certain recovery did, in fact, come quite promptly—also illustrates this feeling. What was first seen in the Supreme Court's decision, and what caused the drop in railroad securities, was simply the concession of a state's present right to control rates within its own boundaries. What caused the recovery was the closer reading that discovered Mr. Justice HUGHES's extremely important dictum which practically concedes to Congress, whenever it chooses to pass the necessary laws, as much control of intra-state commerce as it may deem necessary to make completely effective its control of interstate commerce.

There is, to be sure, a slightly different interpretation of this part of the decision, which would base it mainly on the fact, observed by the court, that the Interstate Commerce Commission had not acted on the state law in question. In other words, it is thought that the state owes its present immunity from national interference simply to the failure of the national commission actually to interfere. But there is not much difference in the outcome of the two interpretations. They both seem to concede to Congress powers which, when fully asserted both in legislation and by the proper federal agency or agencies, are bound to prove controlling. Nobody who has studied the relations of intra-state and interstate commerce, and seen how nearly inseparable the two domains are, can doubt what will happen whenever Congress is minded to assert fully national rights as against state rights in this great matter. It is quite possible that at present Congress is not so minded; there are many state-rights members. But in the long run the apparent triumph of the states in the Minnesota case is extremely likely to prove a Pyrrhic victory.

Wanted—An Alexander Hamilton

To get such a point decided is, no doubt, making a certain amount of progress with the railroad question. Next October, when the Supreme Court passes on the Texas rate case—a case in which the Interstate Commerce Commission *has* asserted itself in a way to contravene a state's control over intra-state rates—we shall probably have clearer light on this whole matter of state and national powers concerning railroads and other public carriers. So, no doubt, we ought to feel encouraged.

But, on the other hand, is it not a bit discouraging that we should still be in need of light on a matter so obviously essential to anything like a lasting solution of the railroad question and the other questions intimately related to it? Does not the fact indicate, on the whole, rather slow progress toward a steady and permanent and thoroughly worked-out policy—a policy securely consonant with the Constitution as it is or as we may have to make it, a policy which the railroads and the public, the state and the nation, can all find just.

Come to think of it, we have been at work on this problem a good many years. We have passed innumerable laws concerning it, and the courts have construed them in decisions enough to fill a library. State and national commissions have long been an established device among us, and they have been far from idle. The literature of the subject, on both the legal and the economic sides of it, is immense. We have learned a lot about it, undoubtedly. We have made real progress with it—stopped bad practices, instituted reforms. But nobody claims that we have mastered it, that our policy is fixed and complete, or even that we can see the end of our wrestling with it.

Why?

Granting that the problem is soluble, that there is a right and wise policy if we can find it, for the life of us we can see but one answer. It is simply that there has not appeared among us any sufficient genius in constructive statesmanship. Ability there has been, and much of it—in the White House, in Congress, on the bench, in the commissions, in academic chairs, among the railroad heads themselves. But genius—no. There has, in fact, been nothing whatever to compare with the display of that indefinable quality, made in kindred enterprises, by a single man in the first two or three years of our life under the Constitution.

Study the astounding swiftness and completeness with which HAMILTON comprehended the needs of the infant republic—particularly in finance—the energy and resource with which, molding opinion to his needs, he contrived to meet them, and it is almost enough to make one go down on one's knees and pray for his counterpart. JEFFERSON's work was as great, and a work of genius likewise. But the work that is just now so nearly baffling us is precisely the kind of work for HAMILTON's kind of genius.

The Wisdom of Going Slow in Quarrels

Again we are impressed with the value of diplomatic delays. It is going to be increasingly difficult to make fun of diplomatic forms that make for delay. One is almost ready to declare that diplomacy *is* delay.

Japan's offer to renew her arbitration treaty with us is no doubt construed unpleasantly by bitter opponents of the idea of arbitrating the California question; but it is more generally construed as a sign of returning good-will, at any rate, as a good omen for the outcome of the negotiations over that troublesome matter. Unquestionably the delay occasioned by deliberate procedure has been of itself a very great help in the search for a peaceful solution.

It has enabled our government to demonstrate convincingly its friendliness toward Japan. It has enabled both us and the Japanese to get a better knowledge of the actual situation in California. It has, above all, revealed to the Japanese the full extent of what they would encounter by anything like a warlike insistence on their entire contention; for it is plain—the English press has done much to make it plain—that the California question, in its racial aspect, may at any moment broaden appallingly into a world question, and that at least half the world will, rightly or wrongly, side with California. Perhaps the other, the Asiatic half, will sympathize with Japan; but what will its sympathy be practically worth?

Japan has had time to think; and Japan, however high-spirited and proud she is, can also, she has amply proved, be wise.

The object-lesson naturally inclines one to look more and more favorably on such plans for keeping the world's peace as have for their main reliance provisions against haste, insistence on delays. If we can somehow arrange that nations shall always stop and think before they fight, we can come precious near insuring that they shall not fight at all.

The South and Immigration

In the matter of zeal for restricting immigration, Mr. BURNETT, of Alabama, who will head the House committee on the subject, is quite keeping pace with Senator DILLINGHAM, of Vermont, long chairman of the Senate committee. The fact may be significant. For many years, notwithstanding the South's failure to attract any considerable number of the immigrants we get, Southerners in Congress have pretty generally helped to vote down measures intended to reduce the number of them. The South has kept hoping and desiring to get its share of them. There is as yet not enough evidence to show that the South has changed its mind on the subject, but there are signs of a loss of eagerness.

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This does not apply to immigration into the South from other parts of the country, which is still earnestly solicited. One conjectures, therefore, that whatever change has occurred is due to the character of the bulk of our recent immigration, to labor troubles in the North, and perhaps to the coming of prosperity in the Southern states notwithstanding the comparative lack of immigrants.

It is quite probable, in fact, that more and more Southerners, now that times are better than they used to be, are reflecting, as did the late Governor AYCOCK, of North Carolina, that racial homogeneity has its value—and that one race problem may be better than many. At the Richmond Conference on Southern education last April one speaker vigorously urged the need of fresh blood in the South and more racial strains, particularly in agriculture; but it seems probable that Southerners are, on the contrary, tending more than ever to be content with the stocks they have.

Apparently, too, this feeling is not confined to the Southern white people only. BOOKER WASHINGTON, in a recent article, takes a hopeful view of the negroes' chances in the competition for work with white men, but in his "The Man Farthest Down," mainly a comparison of his people's outlook in the South with that of the poorest classes in Europe, he says:

> I have asked myself what would happen in our Southern states if, as some people suggested, large numbers of these foreign peoples were induced to settle there. I greatly fear that if these people should come in large numbers and settle in colonies outside of the cities, where they would have comparatively few educational advantages and where they would be better able and more disposed to preserve their native customs and languages, we might have a racial problem in the South more difficult and more dangerous than that which is caused by the presence of the negro.

It looks as if the complicated problem of many races is still to be mainly the North's and the West's; as if the South will still confine itself mainly to its one great problem. There are certainly Southerners who seem increasingly content that it should be so.

Votes for Women in Illinois

By a vote of 83 to 58 the lower branch of the legislature of Illinois gave, last week, to women the right to vote for President. Also the right to vote for mayors and various town and county officers. It is a limited franchise, but important, if valid. The Illinois Senate passed the law conferring it some time ago. The House has now concurred, and assurance is given that Governor DUNNE will sign the bill. Under it women may vote in Illinois for all officers except those provided for in the state Constitution. For these officers they cannot vote until a constitutional amendment is passed. They cannot yet vote for state officers and legislators—so the legislature ran no personal risk in its liberality.

We have not yet seen anywhere questioned the validity of the action of these Illinois legislators. The Illinois Constitution limits the franchise to male voters, and our *Evening Post* says: "One would suppose that the limitations upon the franchise would apply automatically to all offices, however created, but evidently this is a mistaken notion." Possibly the validity of this action may have to undergo the scrutiny of the courts, but if it is good law it is important and interesting. Limited franchises for women are usually concerned with school officers or tax officers, and the women voters seldom turn out strong over such matters. But the vote for President interests everybody, and in cities like Chicago, where settlement-workers and other leaders of women care who is mayor, the women's vote may decide elections.

The rest of the way toward complete suffrage may be slow going in Illinois. It is specially hard to amend the Constitution of that state except by constitutional convention, because the legislature can only propose one amendment in any one session, and a defeated amendment cannot be proposed again for four years.

Reflections

Incomplete as it is, this suffrage victory in a state this side of the Mississippi, a state that sends twenty-seven Representatives to Congress and contains a city with a population of two millions going on three, is very interesting and important, and no small jolt to moss-backs. A great many people, not very favorable as yet to woman suffrage, are coming to the point where they want to see it tried, and prefer, of course, that it should be tried on other folks. They would be glad to see it tried in Illinois much more fully than the new law provides. A good many other people, suffragists, are very tired of suffrage agitation, and tired also of some of their yoke-fellows, and they wish the job was done and over with, and they will rejoice in Illinois.

Our Lively Ex-Presidents

We have now a brace of remarkably active and efficient ex-Presidents, experienced men, in good health and in the prime of life, and disposed to be serviceable. It must be a long time since so active a pair were operating. Mr. TAFT was in Washington the other day, and visited the President, and the papers said he got lost in the Capitol, not knowing the way about that edifice as well as his successor. And last week, when the Supreme Court passed on the Minnesota intra-state rates question, Mr. TAFT encouraged us with his views on that matter. And lately he went to the Unitarian convention in Boston and spoke there, and indeed he keeps his habit of public discourse limber with frequent practice.

So does Colonel ROOSEVELT. He gave about a week of head-lines by his exercises at Marquette, and since then has been on the stump for Governor SULZER'S direct-primary bill, all the time speaking to us weekly in the *Outlook*, and disclosing incidents of his biography besides, in a chain of newspapers. Nobody can forget the Colonel for more than a day at a time, and he will be more than ever in mind and sight when he goes, as he intends, to the Argentine to lecture.

This last is a highly interesting project. What its underlying motive is we don't know, but it is natural to infer that the Colonel thinks Buenos Ayres would be a profitable change from Oyster Bay, just as Madame SARAH BERNHARDT thinks now and then it would be a profitable change from Paris. They are fond of sport in the Argentine, and the Colonel is a great sportsman, and they are likely to be fond of him; and if they connect him with us they may warm up toward us a little as a consequence of knowing him.

We like all these ex-Presidential activities. They stimulate our national life. We have hardly enough distinguished celebrities to talk about in this country.

And, after all, our ex-Presidents must be active unless they are rich, which both our present ones are not. Nor is either of them, so far as appears, on any pension list yet, either of Uncle Sam or Uncle ANDREW.

We Win at Polo

The first of the polo games was a joyful surprise to the American spectators. The last one was a mighty hot proceeding; in its issue not so surprising as the first because the expectations of the crowd had been raised, but a great game of polo, and one that our people were mighty glad to see won by their side with the very least margin that would do the trick.

They were fine games, both of them: played with great spirit, and with entire good-will and good manners. The best team won, but won by so desperate an effort, or series of efforts, that it seemed doubtful to the very last if they *were* the best team. The games made two lively play-days hereabouts, and served in that a good end, for life nowadays seems very serious, and needs what reliefs it can get.

Colleges and Advertisement

It is easy enough to understand why parents or other promoters of a likely young person should want to send such young person to college. It is not so easy to understand why so many of the colleges should be at so great pains to induce as many young persons as possible, likely or otherwise, to come to them. That colleges should try to provide for all worthy comers is praiseworthy, but the propriety of their spending time and strength beating up recruits seems debatable. For every recruit to the older endowed colleges costs at least double what he pays, and any considerable growth in the number of names on the college rolls strains the existing apparatus and necessitates new provisions of buildings and increase in the funds for maintenance. A department store advertises for customers to make it rich, but a university shows often nowadays a like zeal to attract customers to make it poor.

It must be that almost every university wants to be great, and assumes that one of the elements of greatness is to be big. And so the universities are prone to see to it, in one way or another, that rivals do not too far outstrip them in numbers.

Professor JOHN J. STEVENSON discusses this propensity in an article in the *Popular Science Monthly*, especially in relation to its effect on the salaries of professors. He says in effect that the ambitions of the colleges keep the teaching forces poor; that the idea prevails increasingly that every American young person has a right to a college education at nominal or less cost, and that the money of the colleges goes to meet the costs of this idea, instead of going, as some of it should, to increase the professors' salaries. Tuition fees are kept down, and the teachers' salaries stay on the same depressed level. As to all of which the Springfield *Republican* observes:

> There is much to be said for Professor STEVENSON'S contention that colleges should give up striving to persuade everybody to take a college course: "Canvassing for pupils is as much part of the college plan in some portions of the country as drumming for customers is in a wholesale business house." To accommodate the influx of new students without raising fees, the efficiency system of the factory is invoked; the hours of teaching are increased; endowments are used to provide low-priced instructors for an increased number of students at cheap rates. Now this sort of popularizing is unwholesome; it vulgarizes and cheapens learning instead of diffusing it; it is far from realizing the dream of a truly popular system by which those who have brains and intellectual ambitions can be helped to do their best work, whether their gift is for letters, philosophy, science, or the arts. Instead, education is scaled down toward the level of the young barbarian, and a college is more famous for its athletes or even for its glee club than for its scholarship. It is not necessary that all should go to college; a large proportion of those who are there now are wasting their time and would be better off at work. And on the other hand, as Professor STEVENSON himself holds, it is well that there should be plenty of scholarships for the fit, to be won by strenuous intellectual competition. Whether or not they have a "right" to a free education, it is well for society that they should get it. As for the rest, it is time to give over the worship of numbers: "There must be a return to the proper conception of a college, a place for study, where men and women may be trained so as to be fit for great things."

Is there not some sense in these observations? We see, and see with astonishment, old universities of great renown contriving elaborate organizations to advertise their facilities and bring them students: students whom they will have to struggle to take care of when they get them. With one hand they pull the bell-rope—"Ding-dong! Come! Come! Ours is the great college!"—and with the other they hold out the hat for offerings to defray the costs their advertisements bring upon them. That is not all bad. But is it not overdone? Is it a real service to civilization, to true education, that is accomplished by these methods of the soap-boiler and vender of "best sellers"?

Not a Good Machine

The reason for last week's accident and loss of life at Stamford is not clearly disclosed yet, but it only remains to be settled whether it was the fault of the engine or of the engineer. The kindest coroner can hardly classify the fatal smash under "acts of God," and the mildest critic can hardly avoid the conclusion that the New Haven road lacks operating capacity.

In matters that concern the running of trains and conservation of the lives and limbs of passengers the road seems not to be at present a good machine.

There seems to have been no lack of effort or of solicitude on the part of the officers who operate the New Haven road to operate it safely, but five accidents in two years, costing thirty-one lives and injuring two hundred and five people, and all on a stretch of road twenty-two miles long, are too many to be explained on any theory of bad luck or unavoidable misfortune.

Very Bad

The death of Miss DAVIDSON, who ran into the King's horse in the Derby, furnishes to the cause of the militants its first martyr. The number can be increased to any extent whenever it occurs to the militants to advance their cause by throwing themselves in front of railroad trains. Miss DAVIDSON'S exploit was virtually an attempt at suicide coupled with the largest possible advertisement. Incidentally it was an attempt to murder a jockey, but Jockey JONES got off with a broken rib.

Not a New Wrinkle

> Mr. BRYAN may set a new example—that of going to market with his basket on his arm.—*Detroit Free Press.*

It will not be a new example. It was a practice of the last great orator who filled the office of Secretary of State—DANIEL WEBSTER. So perhaps DANIEL and WILLIAM will have one habit in common to emphasize their great dissimilarities.

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Crises de Nerfs

THIS is so Latin a malady that there is no English word to express it any more than there is a French word to express "home." If the disease exists among Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic races, it is too much a disgrace to be named and is chiefly indulged in by the feminine, the privileged half. In France nerves, and excitable nerves, are the common inheritance of the race and a good term is provided for the outbreak of the disease. Among the far northern people the assaults of the nerves seem to take the form of melancholy and suppression—a more bearable, if more extended, form of suffering. The *crises de nerfs* of the more vivacious peoples are acute and violent and serve really as outlets for suffering after which a kind of relapse sets in, a momentary dullness which rests the victim. Although in watching an exhibition of nerves one is inclined to view the entire matter as a waste of force, it may really be a necessary readjustment and a violent demand for refreshment and expression.

The causes for these outbreaks are nearly as many as the incidents of life, but the most universal one is the obtuseness and lack of imagination applied to human relations. A certain quiet creature, who was born with the sensitive imagination, once said, looking about her, "The great thing to realize in one's human dealings is that every one has just a little more to bear than he can possibly stand." This is, indeed, a most vital point to keep in mind. The fact that one's hasty or depressed word, one's careless ruling or unpremeditated bit of brutality, may, as like as not, be just the last straw, instead of the last but one on the aching back, is a realization to make one walk softly. For life is, indeed, a very nice adjustment of a difficult equilibrium, and he who balances himself steadily on the narrow rail that runs between the hollows of sickness and despair is as clever as he is good, if indeed the better part of all goodness is not just simple wisdom. The wise man will know how to avoid laying on the last straw. The person with worn-out nerves may be going on for months bearing the pinch of pain, always hoping that to-morrow it may let up for a moment, when, lo and behold! the old adage comes true again and from him that hath not is taken even that which he hath, and in the place of release comes the final thrust that means the *crisis de nerfs*. The crisis is at hand and the tired nerves shriek themselves tired until numbness sets in from exhaustion.

The psychological doctors are beginning to find out the causes of diseased nerves and to study environment, climatic conditions, and even the dreams of their patients to find out what to do with them. The only hopeful outlook is that there seems to be as many antidotes as poisons, as many cures as evils. Practically the medical profession agrees that the best cure is the one the patient gives himself. A lady went into her doctor's office not many months since and, after offering due apologies for the feebleness of her confession, said: "My chief ill seems to be that whenever any one speaks to me I feel like bursting into tears. Yes, I have worries and anxieties, but none that a rational person ought not to be able to stand, and neither more nor less than I have stood for years at a time, when I have weathered the blast and come through."

"I wonder," said the doctor, "as there is no medicine for such ills, if it will help at all to tell you that you are the sixth woman who has made the identical confession in this office this morning?"

"Why, certainly," said the patient. "It is most consoling and uplifting to realize that I have not a unique and peculiar disease."

"Well," said the doctor, understanding that exposition is often the best cure, "that is the case. Women all do nowadays a little more than they can: they try a little harder than they ought; they have not trained themselves to cultivate the sheer phlegmatic virtues that can withstand. A certain toughness of skin is necessary in this life of uncertain climatic changes. The winter has been unduly warm and enervating and yet every one has kept up the pace without any tonic in the air. The result is tears and depression when it is not something worse. Lie down a little; use your intelligence; and if the world goes wrong remember that you won't last forever and that the world itself will ultimately end."

It is largely from exposition that intelligent people cure themselves. A person somewhat less intelligent may need the whole of Christian Science to cure himself with, and a gentleman was once known to get well of the toothache with some such formula as this: "God is good, God is all; therefore, all is good. There is no pain and you have not got the toothache." But different expositions reach different levels of consciousness, and there are tough-minded people who will follow the first two premises and refuse the logical conclusion and so continue to have the toothache. But one thing is certain, that the most important task is to get at the reason of ills. Different conditions suit different types. Blond people, for example, cannot stand the housing which is natural to brunettes. Public-school teachers are now being told that restlessness and inattention in blond children are more pardonable than in dark-complexioned children. Odd as it may seem, the dark races of the Southern climes are not the out-of-doors lovers. They are the housed and sheltered people. It is not in Italy or Spain or the Southern states that people golf, play tennis, fly in aeroplanes, take pleasure in sail-boats. The sun is a more virulent enemy than cold. Dark complexioned people spare the body exercise and screen themselves from the light of day. Blond-haired, blue-eyed people are the world's rovers, skaters, seamen (even the Venetians tend to blondness), discoverers, adventurers, sportsmen. A blond person housed must either break bonds and get out-of-doors or accept the sickness that is the natural result of routine and confinement. But to understand that a condition is brought about by perfectly natural causes is a part cure of one's difficulty.

Philosophy and wide outlook help to cure, too. To keep ever and ever in mind one's atomic part in the process of life; to realize that one's desires and needs count no more in the general flux of existence than the desire of a single rain-drop to fall upward might count in the rain's downpour. A litany might be made from the utterances of the great slave to be repeated daily by the afflicted to ward off the crisis:

"It is better to die of hunger than to live in abundance with perturbation. Seek not that things should happen as you wish, but seek to wish things that happen to be as they are. Disease is an impediment to the body, but not to the will. If you would have your slave to be without faults, you are a fool. If you would have your children and wife and friends to live forever, you are a fool. If you would improve, submit to be considered without sense and foolish. If you should seem to be a person of importance, distrust yourself. At life behave as at a banquet. If anything is carried round stretch out your hand and take a portion with decency. Suppose that it passes you by, do not detain it. This is your duty: to act well the part that is given you. To select the part is another's. Never show your theorems to the uninstructed: show them the acts that flow from them."

Whether such a daily litany would make, for the tumultuous progress of modern times, for the swift changing of places, the ups and downs of the present times, is a question. But it would make for quieted nerves, and these too are needed. It is a question whether it would predispose vice commissions to investigate or hasten the extension of the suffrage to women, eradicate the mosquito, and clean up the slums, but it might widen the circle of the peaceful and the contented.

Perhaps when society is better organized we may select a portion to stand apart and keep the peace and happiness of the race. They should be made to understand that their whole contribution to life is a sort of inert content, and the more turbulent would take it upon themselves to carry out reforms without disturbing them at all. Then when among the aggressives the *crises de nerfs* were imminent, they might repair in time to the great good place of the peaceful and take to lotus-eating till the danger was passed.

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

Some Speculations as to Leisure

THERE has been much discussion of late years of the question of how much vacation is either necessary or good for us. There are those who think we need more time for the refreshment of the body and the spirit than most of us get, and there are those as well who consider the vacation period an utterly unnecessary interruption to the progress of an easy-running, well-oiled human machine. For ourselves we are disposed to think that there is much to be said in favor of both sides of the controversy. For so long a time as men, and American men in particular, remain in dense ignorance of the value of leisure, and as a matter of choice work from ten to sixteen hours a day, preferring the dollar to the *mens sana in corpore sano*, the annual vacation of two, three, or four weeks will remain a necessity, and if properly used will perhaps suffice for the purpose for which it was designed. If, on the other hand, however, we could find some means of educating the toiler of to-day into an equally proper disposition of his hour supply, except for the value that inheres in a change of scene, no consecutive period of vacation days would really be needed to keep the machine in running order. The first of these two classes of individuals are those who run their human motors overtime without thought of the wear and tear until certain infallible premonitory symptoms of an impending collapse supervene. The brain-gear works stiffly; the knee-hinges begin to wabble; or the temper-tire wears thin, and explodes disastrously at regularly intermittent intervals, and then the whole machine has to be sent to the repair shop practically to be made over. The second class is composed of a more sensible breed of folks who see to it that the human car, as it runs along from day to day, is cared for, properly conserved in all its parts at all times. These persons take the trouble to ascertain just what is the running capacity of their machinery, and for the mere sake of continued efficiency limit its daily effort to just the measure of that capacity, or, more wisely still, to a point a little within it. They realize that just as the "pay-as-you-go" system in household finance holds us free from financial worry, so does its possible counterpart in what we may term the "play-as-you-go" system of daily human effort hold us safe from worry as to the state of our physical and mental well-being. Napoleon, we believe it was, used to say that one hour of sleep before midnight was worth two hours of sleep after midnight. The obvious reason for this unquestioned truth lies in the physiological fact that a nap in time, before our powers have got to so low an ebb that they are no longer immediately susceptible to measures of recuperation, is "worth two in the bush." Unfortunately, however, we Americans have been slow to learn this lesson. Few of us have as yet got even a glimpse of the truth, and it is the sad fact that far too many of us work on, and on, and on, until the whole machine, like the one-hoss shay, collapses, and the period of re-creation, or as some pronounce it, ominously, wreck-creation, has to be protracted beyond all reasonable limits if it is to be of any value at all.

If some system of labor could be devised which recognized the virtue of a collaterally running system of leisure, vacations of length would cease to be a necessity. For ourselves, we should like to see our days arbitrarily divided into three parts of eight hours' duration each—let us say, for instance, one part from 6 A.M. to 2 P.M. for toil; a second part from 2 P.M until 10 P.M. for play; and the third part for sleep, or for some equally restorative equivalent in rest. As matters are at present, we begin our daily labors too late in the day. The sun has been shining four or five hours in the heavens before most of us even think of beginning, with a natural consequence that we knock off too late in the afternoon for our own good. At the end of our labors, with our powers exhausted, we go to our homes and perhaps eat a heavy winner that in our fatigued condition we cannot readily digest, and then the few hours of so-called leisure that we do permit ourselves are passed in the hectic atmosphere of stuffy theaters enduring the dreary length of even more mephitic dramas, or in overheated lecture-halls, or in some other four-walled prison-house where bad air is presumed to be made fresh by the whirling of little brass wheels with broad flanges, called electric fans, the sole effect of which is merely to give certain germs a joy-ride, and to keep others in circulation. How much more sensible would it be if we availed ourselves of the glorious sunshine and freshness of the early morning for the daily attack upon the hosts of things we have to do, and then at some such hour as two o'clock in the afternoon bid business care begone, devoting ourselves for the three or four remaining hours of daylight to the profitable pursuit of some kind of pleasure! Some of us, fond of the open, could devote these hours to familiarizing ourselves with the beauties of our physical environment. Others of less active inclination could find relaxation and improvement in reading, and best of all, others still could use their hours in a fruitful effort to get acquainted with their wives and children. Some of our periodicals are concerning themselves these days with the problem of the rising generation. Surely if there were more time for contact betwen parents and children such a problem as this would cease to be acute, or in any event would be less difficult of reasonable solution. Surely a plan of action which would enable a father and a mother to get a little time together in that true companionship which is the only sure basis of a happy marriage, and in turn to get as well upon such terms of intimacy with their boys and girls as will give them some knowledge of their processes of thought, their little hopes and ambitions, their aspirations, and their shortcomings, would for this one thing alone commend itself to all right-minded persons.

It is to be feared, however, that the greater number of our workers of to-day find themselves in full agreement with that foolish utterance of the Countess of Carberry, who defined Leisure as "empty time." No doubt it seems so to thousands who do not know how to use it, but a wiser philosopher than the Countess, one of the wisest ever produced in this land so fruitful in great men, has said that "Leisure is time for doing something useful." BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, the many-sided, knew whereof he spoke, for he spoke out of the fullness of a splendidly ripe experience, and the extraordinary achievement of his own life went to prove the truth of his assertion. His labors extended over many years, and in innumerable fields of endeavor, and his leisure was that of a man who had reduced its principles to the basis of a science, and who had elevated the thing itself to the level of an art. And it is an illuminating fact that although the sum total of his achievement seemed to represent twenty-four hours of concentrated application to something in every day of his life, by the cultivation of a leisure collaterally useful his machine did not wear out until it had been running over the highways of existence for eighty-four years and three months.

So, perhaps, until we have educated our toilers of to-day into the proper uses of leisure it is idle to hope for the dawn of that morning when a long vacation as a necessity of life may be abandoned with safety, and our philosophers who are concerning themselves with the problem involved will do better to turn their attention to the invention of a curriculum in the arts of effective *dolce far niente*. The subject is of a more far-reaching importance than it seems to be on the surface, for day by day we are producing men with a too-abundant means of leisure at their disposal, and there are sadly few who appear to be able to use it for the benefit even of themselves, to say nothing of the benefit of mankind. One of the greatest fields now open to the student is that involving the "utilization of waste." Now that we are beginning to produce, if not to enjoy, a leisure class, what are we going to do to make it of any earthly use?

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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BURIAL IN AIR

The last word of a materialistic age. When Nicholas Klein, standing on the ledge of the twenty-fourth story of the Union Central sky-scraper, scattered the ashes of Jacob Gross from a tin can into the air, he was carrying to its extreme expression one of the inherent principles of modern scientific thought—that life is the infinitely valuable and important thing, death an unimportant accident.

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EVEN WHEN I SAID MY PRAYERS .. .. I WOULD LOOK FORWARD TO THE MOMENT WHEN .. .. THE DOOR WOULD OPEN .. .AND MY MOTHER LOOK IN

MY MOTHER

BY R. H. BENSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BLANCHE GREER

I WAS about seven years old when my mother died, and my father left me chiefly to the care of servants. Either I must have been a difficult child, or my nurse must have been a hard woman: for I never gave her my confidence. I had clung to my mother as a saint clings to God; and when I lost her it nearly broke my heart. Night after night I used to lie awake, with the firelight in the room, remembering how she would look in, on her way to bed. When at last I slept, it seems to me now as if I never did anything but dream of her; and it was only to wake again to that desolate emptiness. I would torture myself by closing my eyes and fancying she was there, and then opening them and seeing the room empty. I would turn and toss and sob without a sound. I suppose that I was as near the limit that divides sanity from madness as it is possible to be. During the day, I would sit on the stairs, when I could get away from my nurse, and pretend that my mother's footsteps were moving overhead—that her door opened—that I heard her dress on the carpet. Again, I would open my eyes and in self-cruelty compel myself to understand that she was gone. Then, again, I would tell myself that it was all right: that she was away for the day, but would come back at night. In the evenings I would be happier, as the time for her return drew nearer. Even when I said my prayers, I would look forward to the moment, into which I had cheated myself in believing, when the door would open, after I was in bed, and my mother look in. Then, as the time passed, my false faith would break down, and I would sob myself to sleep, dream of her, and sob myself awake again. As I look back, it appears to me as if this went on for months. I suppose, however, that in reality it could not have been more than a very few weeks, or my reason would have given way. And at last I was caught on the edge of the precipice, and drawn lovingly back to safety and peace.

I used to sleep alone in the night nursery at this time, and my nurse occupied a room opening out of it. The night nursery had two doors, one at the foot of my bed and one at the farther end of the room, in the corner diagonally opposite to that in which the head of my bed stood. The first opened upon the landing, and the second into my nurse's room, and this latter was generally kept a few inches open. There was no light in my room, but a night-light was kept burning in the nurse's room, so that, even without the firelight, my room was not in total darkness.

I was lying awake one night (I suppose it would be about eleven o'clock), having gone through a dreadful hour or two of misery, half waking and half sleeping. I had been crying quietly, burying my hot face in the pillow, for fear my nurse should hear through the partly opened door. I was feeling really exhausted, listening to my own heart, and cheating myself into the half-faith that its throbs were the footsteps of my mother coming toward my room. I had raised my face, and was staring at the door at the foot of my bed, when it opened suddenly without a sound; and there, as I thought, my mother stood, with the light from the oil-lamp outside shining upon her. She was dressed, it seemed, as once before I had seen her, in London, when she came into my room to bid me good night before she went out to an evening party. Her head shone with jewels that flashed as the firelight rose and sank in the room, a dark cloak shrouded her neck and shoulders, one hand held the edge of the door, and a great jewel gleamed on one of her fingers. She seemed to be looking at me.



THEN I TURNED STILL MORE TO SEE HER FACE .. WHICH WAS SO NEAR ME .. BUT .. IT WAS TURNED AWAY ..

I sat up in bed in a moment, amazed, but not frightened—for was it not what I had so often fancied?—and I called out to her:

"Mother, mother!"

At the word, she turned and looked on to the landing, and gave a slight movement with her head, as if to some one waiting there, either of assent or dismissal, and then turned to me again. The door closed silently, and I could see in the firelight, and in the faint glimmer that came through the other door, that she held out her arms to me. I threw off the bedclothes in a moment, and scrambled down to the end of the bed, and she lifted me gently in her arms, but said no word. I too said nothing; but she raised the cloak a little and wrapped it round me, and I lay there in bliss, my head on her shoulder and my arm round her neck. She walked smoothly and noiselessly to a rocking-chair that stood beside the fire, and sat down, and then began to rock gently to and fro. Now, it may be difficult to believe, but I tell you that I neither said anything nor desired to say anything. It was enough that she was there. After a little while I suppose I fell asleep, for I found myself in an agony of tears and trembling again; but those arms held me firmly, and I was soon at peace. Still she spoke no word, and I did not see her face.

When I woke again, she was gone, and it was morning, and I was in bed, and the nurse was drawing up the blind, and the winter sunshine lay on the wall. That day was the happiest I had known since my mother's death, for I knew she would come again.

After I was in bed that evening, I lay awake, waiting, so full of happy content and certainty that I fell asleep. When I awoke the fire was out, and there was no light but a narrow streak that came through the door from my nurse's room. I lay there a minute or two, waiting, expecting every moment to see the door at the foot of my bed open. But the minutes passed, and then the clock in the hall below beat three. Then I fell into a passion of tears. The night was nearly gone, and she had not come to me. Then, as I tossed to and fro, trying to stifle my crying, through my tears came the misty flash of light as the door opened, and there she stood again. Once again I was in her arms, and my face on her shoulder. And again I fell asleep there.

Now, this went on night after night, but not every night, and never unless I awoke and cried. It seemed that if I needed her desperately she came, but only then.

(Continued on page 25)

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THE THEATER OF THRILLS

BY KARL DAVIS ROBINSON

TWO scenes from the brilliant one-act plays at the Princess Theater—New York's latest venture in unconventional drama.

At the top of the page is shown Fancy, the changeable heroine in "Fancy Free," leading from the scene her own true husband. The reluctant husband and the lady of his latest choice had blundered into the same hotel where Fancy and her newest lover had repaired. At this close range, Fancy's proprietary interest in her lord returns, and she carries him away, leaving the two discarded lovers to effect a new liaison.

The scene below, from "Any Night," shows the consumptive street-walker of the play, and her tipsy old quarry, at the door of a Raines-law hotel. In a room there, she sits up half the night, while the old man is sleeping off his drunken stupor. In another room lie a hitherto innocent girl and her seducer. A fire, breaking out in the night, brings the four together. The old man, sobered now, recognizes in the young girl his own daughter. Firemen rescue the street-walker and the young man; but the father and the daughter remain to die voluntarily in the flames.





THREE times has New York tried to avoid the mediocrity and dulness of conventional drama by building theaters designed especially for plays of a more advanced type. The New Theater provided the plays, but a constant loss of money turned it into an ordinary play-house. The Little Theater, with its limited capacity and high prices, found a way of presenting the plays without losing money. The Princess Theater, following this lead, opened its doors, more than three months ago, with plays so unconventional as to be startling.

This is not the first theater confined to one-act plays. The "little theaters" of Paris have become famous. The Théâtre Antoine and the Grand Guignol were the models for the Princess Theater. Indeed, one of its plays, "Fear," ran for three hundred nights at the Grand Guignol before its translation into English.

"Fear" is the most thrilling of these plays. At the end of each of its two scenes comes a shooting so unexpected, and yet so inevitable, as to give dramatic point to the whole piece. A British official, stationed in a part of India threatened by cholera, is driven by heat and loneliness to put by his natural bravery for a cowardly fear of death by disease. Instead of nursing the comrade who has become infected, he shoots him to keep infection from himself. The play would end here but for the retribution that comes when the coward is shot, by order of a sanitary officer employing stringent measures, in the embrace of a cholera-stricken native escaped from the death cordon.

The thrill and shock of "Fear" is of the nerves, and reacts physically. While it is a study in abnormal psychology, it furnishes also a fine study in the psychology of audiences. The other plays thrill differently. "The Switchboard," a light and clever comedy, since gone to England whence it came, is the stage counterpart of a Helen Green Van Campen sketch. "Food" has its novelty in the burlesque worked out from the premise that food has, fifty years hence, become more rare than diamonds. The burlesque is extreme: The heroine sells her honor for an egg. "Fancy Free," like "Food" and "The Switchboard," gives variety and spice to the program, and prevents the two serious plays from overloading it. But "Fancy Free" is the most clever of the three lighter pieces. Its author, who wrote one of the season's successful plays, "Hindle Wakes," has given it the light, inimitable touch of French comedy or of the delightfully artificial comedy of the Restoration.

"Any Night" is, of course, the important piece. It may do its part to shock or thrill, by virtue of the frank treatment of a theme usually kept under cover; but its purpose is most serious. Its author, who plays the part of the inebriate old gentleman no less skilfully than he wrote the play, has the courage of artistic frankness. It is a careful sociological study, whose value is not lessened by fine artistic merit.

While the sensational may appear to predominate in the Princess Theater, there is more to be found there than a wish to thrill or shock. Strongly stressed periods and a heavy dénouement are in the nature of a one-act play. And the young playwright who is striving to get away from the deadening influence of conventional drama is apt to bring in with his unconventionality even more than the natural thrill and shock. The real worth of these plays is marked by a change in the character of the audiences. At first the high prices, and exclusion of the very young, made this theater an amusement for "smart" people. But lately the more earnest have been attracted. A sincere desire to couple artistic creation with the social forces which only can give it life, and to encourage American dramatists who would otherwise have no means of expression, is being met with a response that should insure permanence to this interesting theatrical experiment.

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THE LONG TON

BY CASPER DAY

"EVERYTHING goes, in the last week of mining," sang the big, hoarse voice of Entle, the driver-boss, as he tramped out on to the porch. "You come on, kid, in Stanley's place by half-past six, and I'll see some person takes you out to his branch. It's too bad about his leg. But worse things will happen. Just now we need the drivers, and you need the money; so, if your workin' pants looks sixteen years old, none of us won't ask whether you was born in 'em. You'll do. Them child-inspectors has too much gumption to go snoopin' round the coal-mines. They're stayin' home, telephonin' the teamsters, with tears in their eyes, to bring 'em an extry half-ton of chestnut to put away in the cellar for their kitchen stoves next fall!"

Stanley lay on a wide couch in the living-room of his father's house, a bundle of splints and bandages above his right knee evidencing that another boy must take his work to-morrow. Adam, aged twelve, and just through the babyish humiliation of chicken-pox, sat in a chair, swollen with pride.

"Me for it!" he announced.

"You're big for your age," Entle said tactfully.

Adam inflated himself another inch. No more chicken-pox, no more marbles, for him! Nor silly Third Reader and Counties-of-Pennsylvania and Drunkard's-Stomach. No longer would he be at the beck and call of a pack of teachers and mothers and sisters to be sent on errands! He was now a man. To-morrow he was going to take Stanley's name and Stanley's dollar eighty-seven three-mule job in the mines.

"To-night I'll learn him all about it, Henry," promised the disabled driver.

"Sure you can." And the boss banged the door, to hurry home to bath and supper.

Adam sat still, glowing inwardly somewhere in the district of his stomach, but affecting unconcern. He would cheerfully have broken both Stanley's legs himself for an hour like this and a morrow like to-morrow.

"They'll cod you some, with that swelled head you got," his brother commented from the couch. "Not's much as if they wasn't so rushed, though. Everybody's tired out."

Adam opened his lips to say "nobody daresn't do nothing to him"; but thought better of it. Men didn't like that. And he was now a man.

"Sam Turkas my runner 'll look out for you-all; it's his business to, and some more. And all the mules is good. Kitty leads, remember. She's all right ahead, but she'll kick the guts outen you if you hitch her next the car in Joker's place. She looks just the same as Joker, too, only for a scar on her left ear. So, when you hitch 'em, make sure. Tommy's second, and he's gray. You got to put a cushion in his bonnet, because he's got a boil between the ears this week and the leather'd rub. Can you remember that straight? Say it over!"

Adam's eyes shone. Could he remember it? "Aw, g'wan!" he scoffed.

"What's the first thing you'd do if you got lost in the mines?"

"See which way the air goes!" Hadn't a boarder taught Adam this when he was three? Gosh, Stan must think nobody had sense but him!

"What's the doors for?" Stanley shot at him.

"To get shut, o' course. Oh, say, you!"

"See you remember it and shut 'em, if you want to make a good miner," the elder pronounced. "There's been more men killed because some fool kids left the doors open out of laziness, and cut off the vent'lation, than would fill a grave-yard. You remember and shut 'em. And there's another thing. Underground, you got to stop your lyin'."

"Ask me no questions, I'll tell you no lies!" Adam grunted, much aggrieved.

It was a fact that he never told any of the pestering petticoated tribe on this street the truth about anything. For if they got one truth it only stimulated them to ask you a lot more personal questions. He had cultivated mendacity as an ornament, even as he watched his biceps grow, or as he would later cherish a delicate mustache. It was a fine gift of lying—and his own.

"No, sir!" cried Stanley, banging the sofa-frame with his fist. "You ain't up against a nest of schoolteachers any more. You cut it out. When you go down that shaft, you got to begin to think of other folks's side of it. Every person down there is as good as you. If anything happened you, they'd stand by you. So you got to stand by them. If you can't see that, kid, you ain't going on my branch to-morrow, that's all."

"How you going to stop me?" growled the boy. But he was deeply hurt.

"I'd send ma with a note to Henry. If I told the driver-boss you didn't never mean to answer a straight question straight, but aimed to fool everybody all the time for meanness, I guess he'd change his mind."

"You make a fella sick!"

"But you got to understand it, kid," the elder urged. "You see, you're all workin' in the dark. Suppose one person asks you a fair question, like did you shut a certain door, or how's the big pump running in the dip, or have you got his empty cars, or did you tell the comp'ny hands to send him out some timbers for his roof. He'll believe what you tell him. He ain't a woman sayin' 'Was our Ethel to school to-day in her best hat?' or, 'Who stole my milk-ticket, Adam Tolenkas?' He ain't a fool, nor he ain't expectin' to be lied to, and it's no game to make him believe just what you say. Only you wouldn't know which of your lies might kill three-four men. It ain't the same, quite, as runnin' a grocery store or buyin' rags and junk up the alleys. We don't do each other dirt in the mines. We wouldn't none of us be safe, if such a custom got started."

Adam swallowed hard.

"See?"

"Aw right. I'll tell 'em straight goods."

"That's the idea. That, and shut your doors. Now, listen here till I give you the lay of the roads and all."

Supper came. But, for the first time in his life, Adam regarded his meal with indifference. Afterward, in the middle room, he sat among the men who visited Stanley. They all talked together of the strike, and of bosses and powder-cost, and of how much the docking-boss took off young Simon Pitcavage's nineteen cars this week because his roof leaked, so that the coal was aslop in the cars as he packed it. At a dollar seven the three-ton car, and ten cars off for dockage. Young Simon's bride of a month was going to raise hell 'n' all when she saw his next docket. A man sold his liberty, didn't he, when he married a belle like Angelika?

Yes, said Adam, drinking in the good talk thirstily, so a man did. (Personally, he had little opinion of marriage. Marriage was chiefly to blame for bringing so many girls into the world; and it was because there were so many girls and women let loose on man's universe that men had to work so hard and undergo so many bothers to support 'em.)

And all the adult males in the room nodded at him gravely as he spoke it. He was grown up now, and they recognized him as a man in their midst. A glorious evening!

Later, Adam was put to school, and wrote with a piece of chalk on the black iron stove-pipe that rose to the ceiling.

"I've got twelve miners on my branch now, day shift," Stanley said. "Old man Puddick, the miser, has the best chamber, and he's Number 4. No person likes him. Bottles White and that there Simon we was just speaking of have got the worst rooms. Simon's 174; and that's the highest number in the whole mine."

"Bottles is 81," recited the pupil. "And they all got a right to four empties a day only if they can fill 'em; they daresn't keep two cars round the chamber the whole shift just to set on. And me and Sam has the say about who gets cars first, don't we?"

"Sure. And you unhitch Kitty mule and take her into the chambers to run a car out to the branch. She's fine at it. She knows. Where's the miner's ticket on his loaded car, on my road?"

"Tied on with string on a nail left-hand side on top."

"And what'd you do about it, first loaded car you take in the morning?"

"I put that there number down on my big sheet-iron, plain in chalk!" Adam declaimed. With a flourish, he turned and wrote upon the stove-pipe: "174." "Like that. And the second car after that, and the third. When there's four or five, that's our trip! I hang up my sheet-iron, and Sam and me we take the four cars 'bout a mile and give 'em to the lokie."

"And be sure you bring three-four empties back each trip, too, when you come, else you'll get an extra two miles walkin'. Last Sat'day I done eighteen miles, kid, reg'lar trips; and you bet a day like that tires you some! Snatch a ride when you can, but don't fall under the cars. Now, go on write out two more trips."

Adam inscribed numbers on the stove-pipe unfalteringly; his instructors in school would not have believed that he had such a head for figures! Stanley and the men looked on with approval.

"Sure. You keep 'em on your sheet-iron all day in the exact order you send out them cars in your trips, not hind side nor mixed. Sam Turkas, my runner, don't read nor write nor figure, so you have to. And I'll give you my time-book to carry in your inside pocket, and you copy 'em down into it in just the order they went out in, same as on the sheet-iron. Remember, in the breaker the docking-boss takes off the tickets in order straight the way they come. If you was to write 'em down careless and mixed, the pay-office is sure to notice, and blame it on to Sam and me."

Adam's whole being gripped these instructions. Muddle the record? Mix the numbers? Not he!

"First thing to-morrow, Henry Entle comes to you for it, and copies down in his book the cars I run out to-day before Joker handed me that kick. After he's wrote it in his book, you wash the sheet-iron clean; and next day he takes what you do to-morrow. See?"

Yes; Adam saw.

"But wouldn't my runner have to do a single thing, and me a-workin' all the time?" he objected loftily.

"Oh, he jumps them three-ton cars back on the track with a claw-bar when they skip the rails," a man of the circle contributed. "That's what you ain't the size to do, y'know. Sam can't help it that he ain't educated. He's a good runner, as you'll find."

And so, for half an hour longer, they stuffed his young brain with practical matters. He must never go without matches, a handful at least. He must never take chances on his lamp, but carry the tin oil-flask with him. He must never open a door of old workings, nor a door that the fire-boss had marked dangerous. He must remember where the drinking-water pipes came down, in case he had a scraped foot or a cut finger: the water in the ditches was sulphuric and poisoned a wound. He mustn't worry about ghosts and dead men; the anthracite cases of apparitions were really very rare. And lastly, if anything uncommon happened to happen, rely on Sam Turkas.

(Continued on page 21)

II

IT was dark when his mother waked Adam. He rolled over in bed and scraped his ribs on something hard. It was the handle of Stanley's braided leather mule-whip which he had taken to bed with him, as a girl takes her doll-baby.

Pink as a pearl was the March morning when Adam and four big drivers stood on the cage together and saw the yard-level rise up with instant suddenness to blot out vistas and the sky. The sensation of being lowered at speed, with nothing to hold on to, was disquieting to the new breakfast in one's stomach; but otherwise Adam was calm.

"Me for the third vein," he said, with an air. "Henry has took me on for our Stanley's place, 'cause it's the last two weeks of mining."

"I'm in the third."

"You want to go to the barn first and hitch up. I'll show you."

"Lord, I wisht I wasn't going in to-day!" yawned the tallest and thinnest. "I'll be terrible glad to go on strike and get rested up from the last two months, for one! Wisht I was Stanley, on a bed! Say, wait till you see what work means, that's all!"

The third vein was at five hundred and thirty feet; the cage stopped, and the footman let them through his gate. The seniors lighted Adam's lamp from theirs. They took him to the mule barn and gave him over to Sam Turkas, his runner. Thus the long day began.

It was an eighteen-mile day on their branch, nine trips of a mile and a mile back, and even the nooning cut short for the haulage crews. A desperate hurry possessed the whole mine; even accidents deferred themselves. The world was clamoring for coal.

Toward five, Adam had backed out the sixth car from Miser Puddick's chamber and chalked a "4" on the sheet-iron for the sixth time that day. And Puddick had the brass to be disagreeable about the service.

"Where you been? Cryin' for your bottle? Or scairt of the cars?"

"'Bout my business," Adam stated. "Why? Was you wanting me to find your specs for you, gran'-pop?"

Puddick switched out with a handy mining needle. Adam skipped, and the blow cut under him.

"Yah! Yah!"

"Well! You gimme another two cars, baby, and I'll let you go without the lickin' you need."

"You had six, you old panhandler. 'Sides, your laborer's gone home used up. You know why." For it was the miner's agreeable habit to work his man half to death with sledging and cleaning and loading. If Puddick gave an ounce of help, he extorted a cash refund on pay-day. If now he could load and send out a seventh car with the cleaned and broken coal which his helper had made ready, he would save for himself the whole sum of forty-five cents allowed the laborer per car, and could use the man for new work to-morrow morning.

"Six, says you? Seven! You been stealing one of my cars! I know you!"

Adam displayed the sheet-iron with its chalked figures.

"No, I ain't. Here 'tis, all straight. You can look."

"Seven, I say! Why ain't they got a driver big enough to know figgers?"

"Six, Whiskers!" responded Adam firmly.

"I'll break your back!" roared Puddick. "Seven! You're a thief—you know you be! If they got to put a liar on this road, why ain't they took a grown-up one?"

Rancorous from these indignities, but holding out firmly against the myth of the seventh car, Adam retreated from this chamber, and went on out the branch. The last place belonged to 174—that Simon Pitcavage who had married the belle. It had been one of the lesser interests of this marvelous day that Adam had found in Simon the nameless hero who had saved him from a watery grave last summer in the swimming-place up river. Simon, therefore, was his friend.

But the friend was sitting alone in utter depression on a heap of waste, while water trickled and dropped on him from the bad roof.

"What's eatin' you?" inquired the new driver. "Sick? You wasn't mopin' like this, 's mornin'. Get a move on and send out some coal, can't you? It's after four o'clock, and you only done three."

The young miner looked up.

"Oh, it's you again, is it? Why, what's the good? This here place is so slaty, I get docked three cars for mining three cars. My powder to-day comes to ninety cents, about. My dago's sick, and I been laboring myself; that's a dollar thirty-five I draw for the three cars. Powder out, I'm forty-five cents to the good. I might have to take sixty cents' worth to blow down what 'ud finish 'nother car, see? And then I'd have thirty cents."

"If they wouldn't dock you—"

"But they would!" Simon insisted, with a groan. "I would myself, if I was a docking-boss. This here is terrible bad coal. You couldn't blame him for seeing that, up in daylight. It ain't fit to mine. All it's good for is to sell to the local trade that's completely bug to buy anything!"

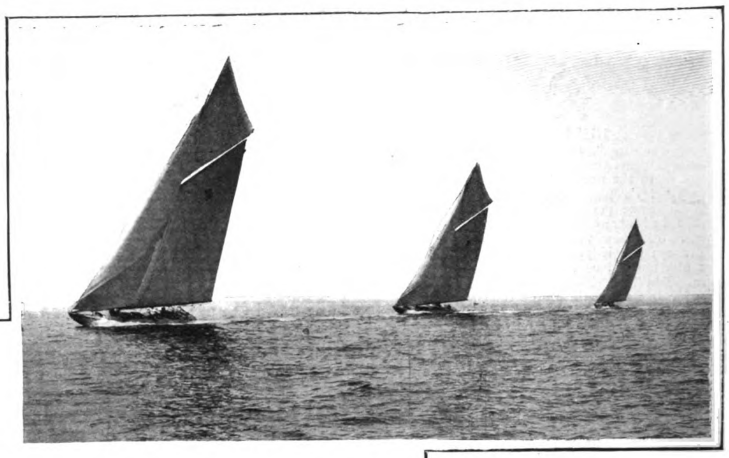
"You better have stayed a company hand." For

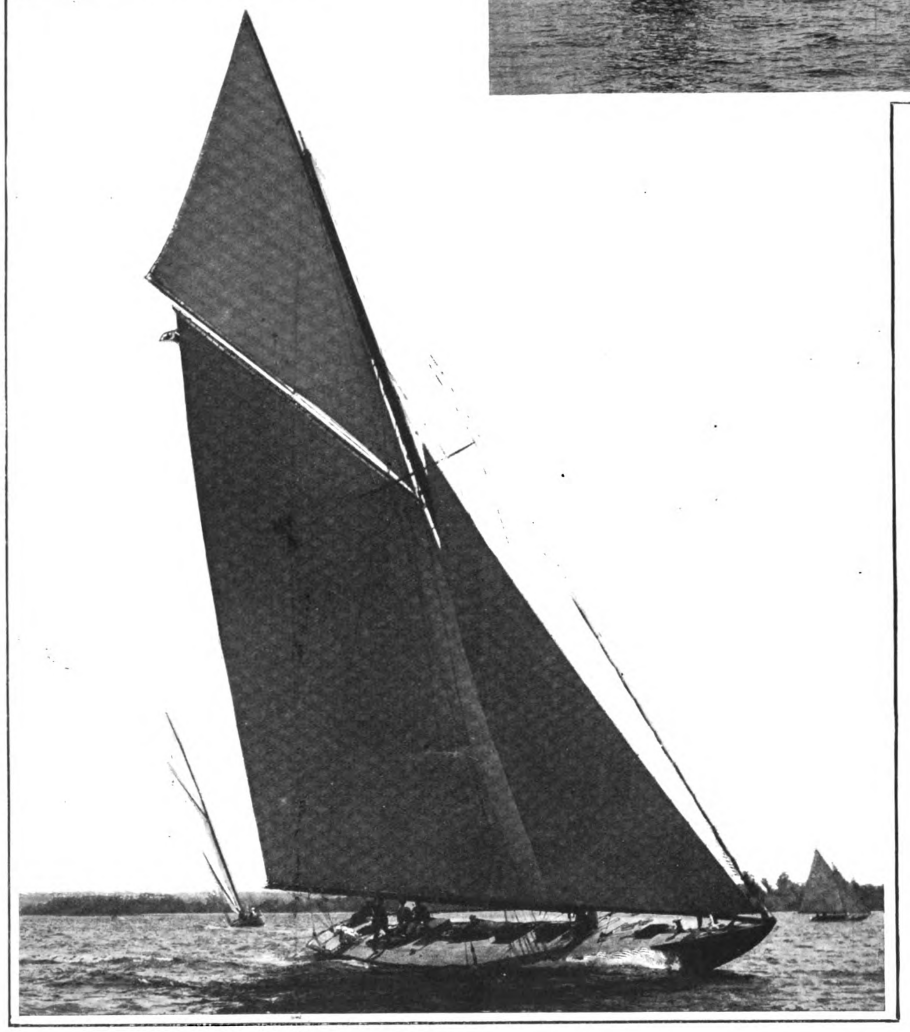
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THE SPORT OF THE MONEY KINGS

BY

HERBERT L. STONE





Nine multimillionaires of the New York Yacht Club are amusing themselves, this summer, racing their "one-design" 50-foot sloops in the waters of Long Island Sound. The owner, or his amateur representative, sails each race, and at the season's end prizes are awarded to the leaders in the series of some twenty-five races.

John P. Morgan, head of the great banking house, is seen sailing his own yacht, the "Grayling," at the left. The picture above represents the close finish of a race at Oyster Bay. G. M. Hecksher's "Acushla" is in the lead, Mr. Morgan's "Grayling" is second, and Harry Payne Whitney's "Barbara" is third.

The other six boats built for this series are owned and sailed by George F. Baker, Jr., of the First National Bank, W. E. Dodge, Pembroke Jones, C. C. Rumrill, Edmund Randolph, and R. N. Ellis. Most of these men are not only competent but expert managers of yachts — the present generation having been trained from boyhood to perpetuate the traditional sport of the Wall Street magnate.

IT has been a long time since a yachting season has been as interesting as the present one. This is due principally to the many new boats that have made their appearance, and to the formation of some new racing classes; but, above all else, its success can be laid largely, both directly and indirectly, to the new one-design class of 50-foot sloops promoted by members of the New York Yacht Club. Not since the same club brought out the one-design 30-footers eight years ago (which incidentally produced the keenest racing of any class ever formed) has such a large class been seen, both in respect to the number and size of the boats.

Nine one-design boats in the hands of experienced sailors will always produce the best of sport, and when the boats are 72 feet long over all, as are those under discussion, it is something of a trick to handle them, and it means that a man must be "on to his job" every minute. Incidentally, there have been but few one-design classes where the boats have been larger than these. The only ones that can be recalled are the 70-foot class, to which four boats were built in 1900, and the 57-footers, built in 1907.

There has always been some criticism of one-design classes on the ground that they do not produce as instructive or interesting sport as open-class racing, for the reason that the boats are all the product of one designer and that there is thus not the incentive for improvement in design and speed as where the boats are by different designers, each striving to outdo the other. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that, as far as the sport goes for those that participate,—and in the last analysis they are the ones most vitally concerned,—the best racing is had in one-design classes, where all the boats are identical and the result hinges on the skill and ability of the helmsman. This contention has been proved repeatedly in the New York 30-foot Class, in the 57-foot Class, in the Larchmont Interclub Class, and other one-design classes, and it is doubtful if any one who has raced in any of these classes would give up one-design racing for the uncertainty of an open class. As far as speed goes, too, it is probable that the boats of this new class are faster than anything of their size that has been built under the Universal Rule, and Herreshoff seems even to have improved upon himself in these boats, judging by their performance alongside of other boats of approximately the same size.

The promoters of the class were wise in putting in a provision that the boats were to be sailed by their owners or by their amateur representatives, thus keeping the handling of the boats always in the hands of an amateur. This in itself is an excellent thing, and the boats are just about the limit of size on which this could be done. The 70-footers, and even the 57's, are a little too large for one man to be in complete control, much of the work of trimming sails, etc., being necessarily left to others. Some of the men who own these boats are comparatively new at the racing game. Among these may be mentioned George F. Baker, Jr., and M. G. Hecksher, neither of whom has had much experience in boats of this size, while Pembroke Jones has not devoted much time to yachting since he sailed one of the old Newport 30-footers. With nine boats of this size coming down the line together, each scrapping for position, it will take quick thinking and skilful handling to keep them apart, and undoubtedly there will be many exciting and spectacular moments throughout the season just before the starting-gun fires.

The coming of this class in the New York Yacht Club ought to do a great deal for the sport of sailing, which in the last ten years seems to have been on the decline in this organization. Outside of its annual cruise, the New York Yacht Club regattas have been marked by a dwindling number of starters, until their races attracted less attention than those of many other clubs on Long Island Sound; but the coming of this new class, and the continued interest in the 30-foot class, seems to indicate that the racing spirit is again coming to the front.

A brief analysis of the new boats shows a good-looking hull, with a long forward overhang and a rather short after overhang, fair displacement (about 24 tons), sharp forward sections, and a tall narrow rig. The rig is of the prevailing knockabout type, with a single jib leading to the stem-head and the mast and topmast all in one piece. The rig is moderate and well inboard, with the exception of the club topsail, which is an immense sail, the yard being 35 feet in length and projecting some 15 feet above the topmast head. In the light weather of the Sound, however, they should be able to carry this easily.

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THE TRADERS IN WOMEN

The First Report of Mr. Rockefeller's Bureau for the Study of the Social Evil

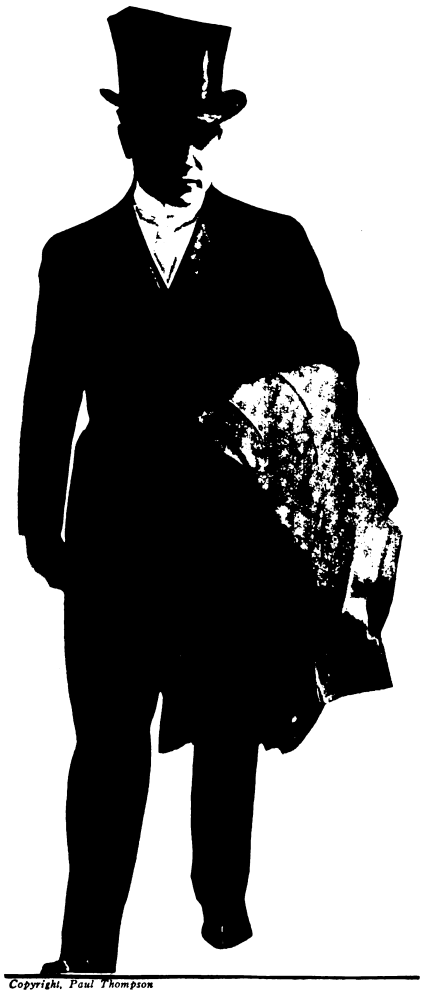
BY GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

Civilization is largely a state of mind.

For years we have approached the great question of the Social Evil either in ridicule, or disgust, or hysteria.

Mr. Rockefeller's Bureau of Social Hygiene is now approaching it in the modern scientific spirit. Its first report, based on the records of 15,000 girls, is unemotional and without recommendations, and lays the foundation for a sane treatment of this overwhelming problem.

Mr. George Kibbe Turner, one of the recognized authorities upon the white slave question, summarizes this report below for HARPER'S WEEKLY *readers.*



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JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Jr.

THE MULTIMILLIONAIRE SOCIOLOGIST WHO HAS ORGANIZED AND FINANCED A BUREAU FOR THE SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF THE SOCIAL EVIL

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Jr., was foreman, in 1910, of the Grand Jury investigation of the so-called "white slave" trade in New York City. That body recommended the formation of a commission to study this subject, and subsequently Mr. Rockefeller brought about the formation of the Bureau of Social Hygiene, of which he is chairman.

The most thorough and careful study of the social evil in modern times is being conducted under this body—a study backed by unlimited means, and pursued in the same sober and scientific spirit that has characterized the other philanthropic, educational, and medical work connected with the Rockefeller name.

First of all, a laboratory of social hygiene was established in connection with the New York State Reformatory for Women, for the study of individual women, and put in charge of Miss Katharine Bement Davis, superintendent of the Reformatory, and a member of Mr. Rockefeller's Bureau.

Then, in 1912, George J. Kneeland, who was in charge of the Chicago Vice Commission's investigation, was placed at the head of a general investigation of the conditions of vice in New York during that year, and, not long after, Abraham Flexner, whose investigation of American and European medical schools had given him an international reputation, was sent to study the problems of prostitution as it exists in Europe; and Raymond R. Fosdick, formerly commissioner of accounts in New York City, was later delegated to study the European systems of police—including, of course, their relations to the social evil.

The first fruit of this elaborate series of investigations is seen in the publication by the Century Company of the book, "Commercialized Prostitution in New York City," which gives the results of the study of Mr. Kneeland and Miss Davis.

The Army of 15,000 Vicious Women

THE investigation of Mr. Kneeland was confined to Manhattan alone, and describes conditions as they existed in 1912. The force of investigations could not hope to find all of the vicious resorts that were then operating; but they did actually establish, largely by personal visitation, the existence of more than 1,600 places.

"It is safe to say," the book declares, "that a total, in round numbers, of 15,000 does not overstate the number of professional prostitutes in Manhattan. This estimate does not include occasional or clandestine prostitutes; it includes those only who publicly offer themselves for sale in the public streets. This assertion is founded upon an actual count of 14,926 women made by investigators in Manhattan between January 24 and November 15, 1912.

The first part of Mr. Kneeland's report deals with a classification of the types of markets at which this army of women offer themselves. Its conclusion says: "It is surely no exaggeration to maintain that prostitution in New York City is widely and openly exploited as a business enterprise. The exploiters, the scenes of their operations, their methods, their associates, and their victims are all equally notorious."

The 1,600 places treated in the first chapters are vice resorts in the strictest sense. In the second part of the book, such places as the disorderly saloons and dance-halls are discussed, under the head of "Places Which Cater to Vice." There are hundreds of these. Of 765 saloons investigated out of the 4,600 saloons in Manhattan, nearly half were found to contain immoral women; of 75 dance-halls reported upon by investigators in the spring of 1912, only five were characterized as "decent." The excursion-boats—carrying tens of thousands every Sunday—were in many instances found to cater to vice.

But the great interest of the book naturally centers in the section devoted to the exploiters: the men—for they are largely men—who are held responsible for the conditions.

New York, Center of International Exploiters

THE present investigation, says the book, has established the fact that "the business of prostitution in New York City is exploited and, for the most part, controlled by men. The names and addresses of more than 500 men so engaged have been secured, together with personal descriptions and the records of many of them."

The magnates at the head of the business are first considered, under the head of "The Owner." "For several years," says Mr. Kneeland, "thirty one-dollar houses of prostitution in the Tenderloin have been operated as a 'combine' under the direct control of fifteen or more men. These individuals have been in business for many years in New York City, as well as in other cities both in this country and abroad. They buy and sell shares in these houses among themselves. The value of the shares depends upon the ability of the owners to maintain conditions in which the houses, being unmolested, are permitted to make large profits. The man who proves himself capable of acting thus, through business sagacity and political pull, is called 'the King.'

"The majority of men exploiters of prostitutes in New York City are foreigners by birth. Some of them have been seducers of defenseless women all their lives. The owners in question did not come directly to America. Some of them drifted to other parts of Europe with young girls, whom they had secured in the small towns or cities of their own countries. South Africa was a favorite destination. Their trail of seduction and corruption can be traced through Argentine, Brazil, Cuba, Canada, Alaska, and the large cities of our own country—San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Butte, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago, Pittsburg, Philadelphia. Finally, they realize their hopes in New York City. Here they have made a center, and from this center they go back over the old trail from time to time.

"If a composite photograph could be made of typical owners of vice resorts, it would show a large, well-fed man about forty years of age and five feet eight inches in height. His clothes are of the latest cut in design, and carefully pressed. A heavy watch-chain adorns his waistcoat, a large diamond sparkles in a black necktie, and his fat, chubby fingers are encircled with gold and diamond rings."

The Minor Traffickers

THE procurers—the typical "white slavers"—are shown in their operation upon steamboat excursions, in amusement parks and dance-halls, choosing "with almost unerring judgment the type of girl who may be pliable to their will." The career of the cadet is given as he rises, through the pool-parlor and the dance-hall, to his own management of a girl or a "string" of them, and the work of the women selected to manage houses is described. In the case of the "combine" in New York they were the agents of the men who own the places. "When an arrest has to be made, they are the ones who have to go to jail. The large majority of these were born in foreign countries. They have had years of experience in operating houses in many cities of North and South America and South Africa."

This commercial organization of vice resorts is blamed specifically for the exploitation of women. "Houses of prostitution can not exist," says the conclusion of the discussion of exploiters, "except through trafficking in women. As soon as houses are set up, an opportunity for trade is created. The proprietors give specific orders to the procurer—for young girls, for innocent girls, for blondes. The white-slave trade is, then, not only a hideous reality, but a reality almost wholly dependent upon the existence of houses of prostitution."

The Share of the Real-Estate Owner

INDIRECTLY, but almost as consciously as by the resort-keeper, the profit of the business is absorbed by the property-owner. In February, 1912, a woman investigator, visiting 122 real-estate agents for the alleged purpose of renting an apartment for immoral purposes, had only 17 outright refusals. The rent, in many cases, was openly advanced on the assumption that the place was to be put to vicious uses.

The shares in houses of prostitution were found to be sold only to persons well known to the owners, but there were various hang-outs where transactions of this kind went on. The meeting-places for the exploiters of this trade are many and well known, and form centers of the business. Sales of third interests in houses, ranging from $500 to $3,000 in price, were witnessed personally by the investigators of the Bureau.

The business is, of course, highly speculative—dependent upon many doubtful factors; but, with any chance for extended operation, it is wonderfully profitable. Investigators who frequented the "hang-outs" of the operators, and secured their confidence, reported some businesses running on the basis of more than $100,000 in annual gross receipts. The operator of the house not only receives half of this as his share, but gets back much more by many charges against the inmates for clothing and food. As against such receipts, the regular operating expenses are comparatively small—calculated at not over a quarter of the receipts, in tabulated estimates of a group of houses.

The Illiterate Foolish Girl

MR. KNEELAND'S investigations, as recorded in the volume, dealt quite largely with the commercialization of vice in New York. Miss Davis' study approaches the subject, naturally, from the standpoint of the girl exploited. Her statistics are taken largely from inmates of her own institution at Bedford; but she uses, for comparison, studies of other girls made in other New York institutions, and of some 1,100 street girls in New York City. Her conclusions are highly illuminating—especially in the case of the Bedford girls, who, being under extended observation, furnish a body of knowledge concerning the prostitute which is most important.

Her figures show several very definite facts. In the first place, the girls come into the life very young. They are seventeen years old, on an average, when their first sexual offense takes place; and eighteen years and ten months old when they begin their profession. They are surprisingly uneducated. Forty-five per cent. have never finished the primary grades of common school, and only seven per cent. have finished grammar-school. About a quarter are mentally defective. Only one in ten of the women medically inspected was free from venereal disease.

Miss Davis' figures throw most interesting light upon the theory of economic causes for prostitution now so commonly advanced. Whatever the indirect influence of poverty may be, it is quite clear that, directly, it does not appear as a great contributing force. Of all the girls examined upon this point, amounting to nearly 700, less than three per cent. gave poverty as the cause that led them into that life.

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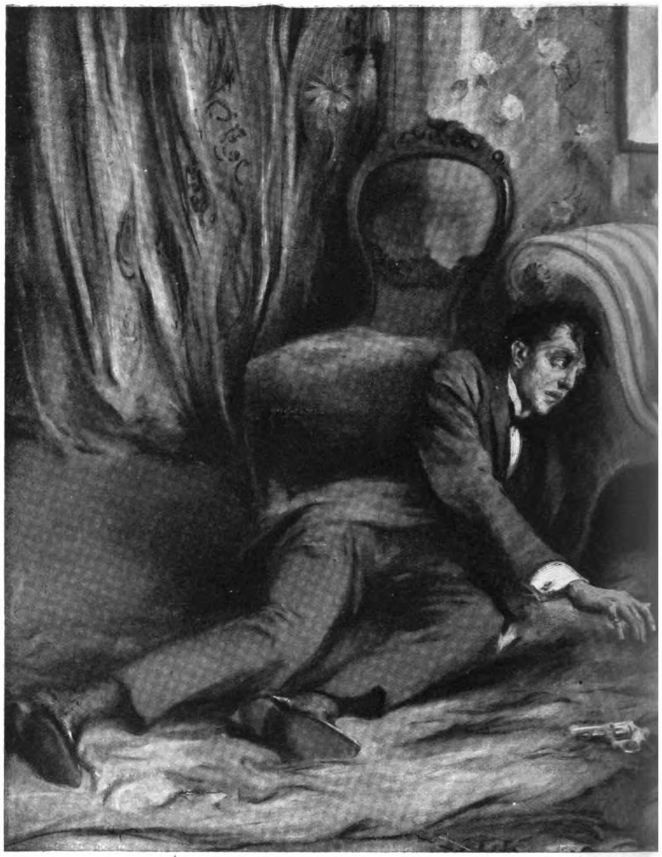
A great murder trial is a tragedy acted out before a nation. Romance, horror, sympathy hold its great audience — but principally the suspense over its outcome. Historic murder cases pass the unsolved riddle of guilt from one generation to the next.

All France was divided over the Chambige Affair. It was the subject of a widely read novel in a previous generation. It is still an unanswered doubt.

Was Chambige a genius in love, or a cruel madman? Was Madame Marlier a suicide, or the victim of the strange whim of a maniac?

Mrs. Lowndes' clear statement presents all the known facts in this historic mystery.

THE CHAMBIGE AFFAIR



"He was stretching out his hand for the revolver. 'Let m

ON one of those beautiful and pleasantly warm afternoons which often visit the north of Africa in the winter, a young Frenchman named Henri Chambige hailed a cab on the great square of the town of Constantine, the capital of Algiers. As it happened, the driver knew quite well who his fare was. This small, ugly, excitable-looking youth belonged to the ruling class in the colony; he was generous and kind-hearted, and, what to French people in any class of life would seem of more consequence, Henri Chambige, in spite of his being only two-and-twenty years of age, was already a distinguished literary man.

This afternoon young Chambige told the cabman to drive out to Sadi Mabrouk, a suburb of the town, to the beautiful villa of the Marliers.

The driver also knew all about the Marliers. Monsieur Marlier, a clever, good-looking man still on the right side of forty, was the chief engineer of the Algerian railway system; his wife, Hélène, was younger than her husband, and, in spite of the fact that her hair had turned white prematurely, she was still considered a very lovely woman. She was exceptionally kind-hearted and sweet-natured, a tender mother to her two little daughters, and a most devoted wife to her husband, to whom her marriage had been the outcome of a charming romance, for he had been poor, she rich, and they had waited for each other almost as long as Jacob waited for Rachel.



"Her touch filled me with joy and anguish. 'Pity me!' I cried. 'Yes, you may indeed pity me!'"

The fact that the cab-driver knew Madame Marlier is worth mentioning, for his subsequent evidence proved that, even among a class ready to suspect evil, Hélène Marlier was regarded as above suspicion.

To return to the fateful day when the mysterious tragedy took place which was to make the world ring with this poor lady's name. When he had arrived at his friends' villa, Henri Chambige went into the house, and after a few minutes came out again, accompanied by Madame Marlier and a woman servant to whom she remarked: "I am just going with Monsieur Chambige to his mother's villa. Please see that the children have their tea when they have done playing in the garden."

The villa to which Madame Marlier alluded was in the country, two miles from her house, and some time before she had kindly offered the owner, young Chambige's mother, to keep the keys and see that the place was occasionally aired and opened.

On the way to the villa Henri Chambige behaved in rather an odd way, or so the cab-driver thought. He began singing, at the top of his voice, a song well known in France, the first line of which may be translated, "Good-by, last morning of my life!"

When at last they reached the empty villa, Henri Chambige helped Madame Marlier to alight from the open carriage. "You will have to wait a little while," he said to the driver, "for we shall probably stay some time here."

The two went up the steps of the villa—young Chambige, the lad of two-and-twenty, and Madame Marlier, the charming, delightful woman of three- or four-and-thirty—and disappeared through the door. Then Chambige, turning, did a rather singular thing—he locked the house door behind himself and his companion.

And then began what seemed to the cabman outside an interminably long wait in the hot, still air, and as the minutes dragged on the driver's astonishment that his fare and Madame Marlier stayed so long in the house increased.

Suddenly, after two long hours had gone by, there came the terrifying sound of firearms.

Then, once more, dead silence.

Jumping hurriedly from the carriage, the man tried to effect an entrance into the villa, but the lock stood fast. Again he got up on to his seat, and again there came that sharp, thudding sound of shots; and a moment later two young men, friends of Chambige, came up to the door. They had hurried, in apparently breathless haste, and on foot, from the town of Constantine.

"Is Monsieur Chambige here?" they asked anxiously.

"Yes," said the driver. "He has been in there ever so long with Madame Marlier. A few minutes ago I heard shots being fired."

"We fear something terrible has happened!" they both exclaimed. "Will you help us to break our way into the villa?"

In spite of considerable difficulty, this was accomplished; and then the three men wandered through the sunny lower rooms of the silent house. There was no one there, and with beating hearts they went to the upper floor; and there, in the principal bedroom of the villa, a terrible sight met their eyes.

Lying on a couch near the bed was Madame Marlier, dead. Writhing in agony on the floor by her side was Henri Chambige, with blood streaming from two bullet-holes through his cheeks.

As they came in, he was stretching out his hand for the revolver with which his wounds, and the wound that had killed Hélène Marlier, had evidently been inflicted.

"Let me die!" he cried wildly. "I can not outlive her! Let me die!"

Needless to say, one of his friends snatched the revolver from his hand; and then the three men made desperate, futile efforts to bring the unhappy woman to life again. But she had been shot in the temple; death must have been practically instantaneous.

With bewildered horror and pain, they left the body of the unfortunate woman alone in the villa, and transported their friend, whose wounds they thought were far more serious than they turned out to be, back to his stepfather's house in Constantine, leaving word, on the way, at the Villa Marlier of the awful thing that had happened at the Villa Chambige.

II

JUDICIAL procedure in France is very different from that which obtains in any English-speaking country. In France, as we all know, the first thought of the examining magistrate is to get at the truth without any over-tender feeling for the life of whoever may or may not have committed the crime in question. Accordingly, within an hour of young Chambige's return to Constantine, he was being pressed with eager questions by the examining magistrate—who, by the way, was an intimate friend of Madame Marlier.

At first Chambige refused to say anything; indeed, he did nothing but repeat, in varying tones of anguish, despair, revolt, and longing: "Let me die! I only wish to die! Why did I not kill myself? How is it that I have outlived *her?*"

At last, however, amid sighs, groans, and tears, and speaking also with very great difficulty—for the wounds in his cheek, though not dangerous, were yet terribly painful—young Chambige told the magistrate an extraordinary, and to his listener an utterly incredible, story.

"I loved Madame Marlier," he said dramatically, "and she loved me! Rather than lead a life of deceit, rather than embark on an illicit love affair, we decided to die together—"

Now, the examining magistrate was not only Monsieur Marlier's intimate friend, he was also honorably attached to his friend's wife. It seemed to him inconceivable that the woman he had known so long as a loving wife, and as a devoted, over-anxious mother, could have loved this youth, who was not only

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die!' he cried wildly. 'I can not outlive her!'"

Marie Belloc Lowndes ranks second to no living writer in her understanding of the strange and erratic psychology of the tragedies combining love and crime.

Her brilliant and exciting novels, portraying these supreme catastrophes in human life, have made her reputation in two continents.

She is a keen student, as well as a graphic writer, and has occupied herself with the study of famous crimes all over the world. The results of the most striking of these is given in a series now begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY *with the story of one of the most celebrated cases in French criminal history.*

BY

MARIE BELLOC LOWNDES

twelve years younger than herself, but ugly and, as he now showed himself, without self-control.

"Impossible!" he cried stoutly. "Chambige, I am sure you are lying! Remember that you will have to prove that this incredible assertion of yours is true before the slightest credence will be given you."

But, though the worthy magistrate did not believe Chambige's story, the facts themselves spoke with a terrible, silent eloquence. Why did Madame Marlier accompany the young man to the empty house? How was it that there was no sign of a struggle having taken place? Indeed, there was actually a smile on the dead woman's face; she looked as if she had composed herself for sleep before the fatal shot was fired.

But we have all experienced the state of mind that makes us say, "I should not believe it, even if I were to see it with my own eyes!" Such was the noble, trusting attitude of Hélène Marlier's poor husband. From the first horrible moment when he learned the awful facts of the case, he behaved with dignity and restraint. He refused even to consider the question of his wife's dishonor; he denied with cold scorn the possibility of her having had an infatuation for a youth so much younger than herself. And his attitude was shared by Hélène's many friends and relatives.

On the other hand, Henri Chambige was not without his devoted allies. His own family declared him to be perfectly truthful. Friends of his traveled all the way from Paris to testify on oath that for the last two years they had been aware that he had a serious, absorbing love affair in his life, which had altered him from a rather fast, reckless young man to a sober, thoughtful worker.

The only proof he was able to adduce of the truth of his strange story were certain entries in his diary. For Henri Chambige, like many young Frenchmen of his type, kept a very elaborate diary, in which he put down, not only what happened day by day, but the state of his mind, heart, and conscience. But he was unable to show a single scrap of Madame Marlier's handwriting. The only missive he had ever received from her was a telegram of condolence despatched shortly after the death of his sister.

And now we must go back and consider how far the past life of young Chambige gave evidence supporting the strange story of secret passion which he invited in the elaborate account of his friendship with Hélène Marlier, written by him at the request of the legal authorities during the time which elapsed between the tragedy and his trial for murder.

Could he prove his story true, could he, that is, persuade judge and jury that Madame Marlier wished to die with him, his acquittal was certain, and he would have joined the long roll of Frenchmen who have thought the world well lost for love.

Henry Chambige was the only son of a well-known lawyer of Algiers. But his youth was shadowed by the fact that his father committed suicide.

He had, however, a fond mother, and, though she married again, the tie between herself and her son was in no sense weakened, and a large sum was spent on his education. He soon showed marked literary gifts. At the age of eighteen he published a volume of verse which was favorably received, and he began a curious philosophical work on the effects of the passion of love on the brain. In spite of his plainness and his delicacy of health, there was something very attractive about Henri Chambige's character, and he soon became a well liked member of Paris literary society.

On his twenty-first birthday his mother begged him to come and spend a long holiday with her at Constantine, where she lived with her second husband and with her young married daughter. It was then that there took place his first meeting with the woman who, according to his own account, was to exercise so terrible and so disastrous an effect on his life.

Madame Marlier and the sister of Chambige were friends, and the former frequently came to the house where the young man was spending the winter; but in those early days they seem simply to have formed a pleasant acquaintanceship. The young poet sometimes called on the Marliers, and was kindly welcomed by both husband and wife. And then, in due course, he went back to Paris.

Months went by, and in the following July the married sister to whom he had been so devoted suddenly died. Chambige hastened to Constantine in order to comfort his mother, and his friendship with his dead sister's one-time intimate friend became closer, the more so that the Marliers were themselves in the saddest mourning, for they, in the interval, had lost their only son, a child of three.

I saw Her again through a veil of tears [noted Chambige in his strange *apologia*]. The day after my arrival in Constantine she came to the house. I saw Her alone. It was as if I saw Her for the first time. I opened my heart and entreated Her to enter its inmost secret chamber. I revealed to Her my most intimate thoughts. She listened, full of silent, intense sympathy. And then she began telling me of her terrible loss and grief. She also allowed me to look into her heart. Oh, God! Oh, God! What would I not do to see you again, my Beloved!

And after that day—that day of revelation—we were never happy unless we were together. Sad and mournful were we when Fate drove us apart! Every evening I used to ride from my mother's villa to Her house, bringing her a bunch of lovely flowers. . . . But I never told my love; and then, one day, she saw that I was, indeed, unhappy. With an impulsive gesture, Hélène, my pure angel, put her hand on my shoulder in order to console me. Her touch filled me with burning joy and anguish. "Pity me!" I cried. "Yes, you may indeed pity me!" And then, suddenly, she told me that she loved me, and that she had loved me from our first meeting. . . . As for me, I fell on my knees, as I would have fallen before a saint from Paradise. . . .

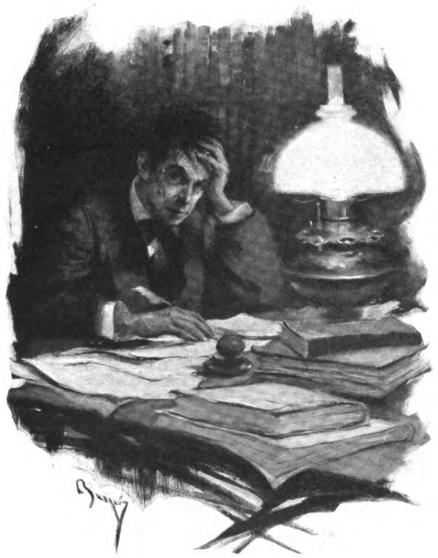
But Hélène thought our love was wicked. It was agony to her to feel that she was being, even in this comparatively innocent sense, unfaithful to her husband.

"I feel as if I must tell him the truth," she sometimes cried. But I implored her not to do so. After all, we were doing nothing wrong, and I told her that if she confessed the truth to her husband he would almost certainly suspect that there had been far more in our friendship than there had been. She then implored me to leave Constantine. I did so. . . .

There is no doubt that he did leave the colony abruptly, in spite of his mother's wish that he should stay on through the winter; further, several of his intimates testified that on his return to Paris the poet confided to them that he was in love with a married woman in Algiers, and that his passion was so absorbing that he could neither think nor work. He did not, however, tell any one her name.

Time went on, and in January Henri Chambige received a telegram informing him that his mother was very ill. He set off instantly, and arrived at Constantine to find her a little better. It was then, according to that strange, pathetic statement which formed his only "defense," that the pent-up passion in his heart and in that of Hélène Marlier suddenly burst forth. They felt that they could not again part—and part platonic friends.

Then came the fatal day when he was to leave Constantine for Paris. Early in the morning he rode out to her house to say farewell; for he was aware



"I saw Her again through a veil of tears" [noted Chambige in his strange apologia]

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that her husband was absent on business. They met, or so he said—her servants vehemently denied it—secretly, in the lovely garden of the Villa Marlier.

"I can not let you go again!" she cried, bursting into tears. "I would rather go away with you! Ah, if only I was as young as you are, we might begin life together—"

I fell at Her knees, intoxicated with joy and pride. "Yes," I cried, "let us go away! Only give me a few hours in which to find some money, and we will fly together."

And there is proof that young Chambige spent the rest of that morning and part of the early afternoon trying to procure a loan of five thousand francs, for he was accompanied during the whole of that fruitless quest by a young man, Paul Rieu, who was one of the two who followed him to the deserted villa and made the discovery we know.

This friend left Chambige for half an hour, and it was during that half-hour that the poet bought a revolver and some ammunition.

At last he came back to the Villa Marlier. He rushed into the house—we are following his own account—and told the woman he loved that, as he had not been able to find the money, he was going away—alone.

Perhaps my wild manner or some word or two I let drop filled Hélène with a terrible—a true suspicion.

"I know what you are going to do," she cried. "You are going to kill yourself! Rather than that, let us die together!"

Hurriedly she put on her hat and cloak, and it was at her suggestion that I told the driver of my cab to take us to my mother's villa.

During our last drive together she bade me sing, and as I sang she whispered to me what she had determined we should do. "You must kill me first," she murmured. "for you, being a man, have more courage than I. I ask you to promise me, by all you hold sacred, that you will kill me first.

And I gave her my promise!

We went into my mother's room, and there we sat down and had a long, ecstatic talk. I recited to her the verses I had written to her when we were far apart, and I reminded her of the many lovers who, since the world began, have died together. I also told her that all who had ever loved purely, passionately, as we did, would understand and defend us.

"The only thing that makes me miserable," she said, "is the awful thought of the way in which my death will dishonor my children."

"No, no; the whole world will admire us," I cried. . . .

Before preparing to die she said to me, very gently:

"I feel at once exquisitely content and exceedingly miserable. But I love thee—I love thee!" She herself arranged the muzzle of the revolver against her temple, and gave me the signal to pull the trigger. Then I turned the revolver against my own temple, but the Fates were cruel and compelled me to live.

So ended the sworn statement of Henri Chambige.

III

AND now comes the terrible mark of interrogation to which such varying answers were given. Did Henri Chambige *invent* the whole of this strange, sad story, from a morbid wish to become infamously famous?

Is it possible that Hélène Marlier, to all appearance an exceptionally happy wife and devoted mother, fell violently in love with a man of whom she had seen so very little and who was so much younger than herself? Further, is it possible that, discovering the young man's intention of destroying himself, such a woman as this would have insisted on their dying together?

"No; neither the one nor the other is possible!" So declared with one voice a formidable cloud of witnesses—including her loving, faithful husband, her mourning mother, her brothers and sisters, and her host of friends. They all declared that Hélène was kind to this young man, this hysterical, morbid poet, simply because he was the brother of her dead friend. Chambige was sad, delicate in health, and dreadfully sensitive. She allowed him to come constantly to her house because he was idle and she was good-natured. *Nay, more; she had even confided to certain of her friends that she found these constant visits of young Chambige a considerable worry in her busy, well filld life!*

And not only the friends and relations of poor Hélène Marlier, but all those in the colony who belonged to her own Huguenot faith, including her respected pastor, insisted on saying that she was incapable of having acted as this man declared her to have acted.

They pointed out that she was no actress, and that she could not have played the part that he attributed to her; for, whether she was or was not in love with Chambige, there can be no doubt at all that, during the months their intrigue was said by him to have lasted, she was behaving to her husband in every way as the fondest and most devoted wife. Besides this, she was in daily communication with her mother, to whom she was telling all the little details of her daily life, including her constant care of her little girls' health and happiness. True, she had felt terribly the death of her young son. But she was beginning to recover from her grief; and in one of her letters she had hinted that she hoped some day for another child—a boy.

IV

WE come now to the trial of Chambige for the murder of Madame Marlier. The court was filled with enemies, for every person present either regarded the poet as a hero or as a dastardly murderer, who, not content with killing his victim, had tried also to destroy her honor. The public prosecutor first put Monsieur Marlier into the box. Dressed in deep mourning but showing only restrained emotion, and carefully averting his eyes from the bowed figure in the dock, the husband of Hélène Marlier gave his evidence in measured tones.

"I can only affirm," he declared, "by all I hold most sacred, and before the God in whom I believe, that I am as sure as I am of my own life that my wife was faithful to me in thought, word, and deed during the whole of our married life. We fell in love when we were very young—she was only sixteen. She waited for me, although she had many offers, for six years, till I was well enough off to make a home for her. No woman was ever a kinder, a better, and a sweeter wife than she was to me, and that to the very day of her—" he waited a moment, and then deliberately uttered the word "murder."

"I do not wish to go into the question of young Chambige," he continued. "Chambige is a madman. I pity him as I do every lunatic who is afflicted with homicidal mania. I can not tell you why he has brought this disgraceful accusation against my poor wife, but I am sure that he is not able to help it. He speaks thus because he is distraught."

This evidence of Monsieur Marlier naturally made a very deep impression on the jury—it was so evident that he believed every word that he said.

Then the mother of the dead woman came and gave evidence. Speaking in trembling accents, and with far more feeling than the husband had chosen to show, she *assured* the jury that her daughter had been the happiest of wives, the most tender and careful of mothers, without a thought beyond her home and the interests of her husband and her children. She read to the jury the happy, cheerful letter which had been broken off in the middle of a sentence in order that Madame Marlier might accompany young Chambige to the fatal villa.

"You may wonder, gentlemen," said the poor woman, "why my daughter went off like that to his mother's empty villa with young Chambige. And yet the explanation is very simple. She had promised to look after the villa during the poor lady's illness, and, as young Chambige was leaving the colony that day, there were certain things of his which he wanted to fetch away. She was willing to go with him and to have the pleasant drive, for it was a very hot day. As to why he killed my daughter, I can only agree with my son-in-law. Chambige is a degenerate and a maniac."

And then there followed a long string of witnesses, including the servants of the dead woman. They testified that they had never seen anything in the least peculiar in her manner to the young man, and they also swore on oath that they had heard her more than once speak with annoyance of his constant visits. Indeed, she had actually given orders at one time that if he came in the morning, when she was busy with her accounts and household matters, he was not to be admitted!

Then the defense called Henri Chambige's relations and friends to testify to their high opinion of the young man's honor and truthfulness. Those of his friends who were able to swear that he had spoken to them of his love for a married woman in Algiers were listened to very coldly both by the jury and the public; for, whatever it may be in practice, in theory no man talks of such an affair, even to his closest and dearest friend. This unwritten law of honor young Chambige had, to a certain extent, broken; not to one, but to many, had he told of his love, his adoration of a married woman in the far-off colony where his mother dwelt. But he had never told any one her name.

At last, after eloquent speeches from both the prosecution and the defense—young Chambige was, of course, able to engage a great advocate to defend him, and it may easily be imagined how such a case would be treated by a Frenchman, how strong would be his appeal to the romantic sensibilities of the jury—Henri Chambige was solemnly condemned to death.

The sentence was, however, commuted, within a very few days of the end of the trial, by the President of the republic; and we can not doubt that to the end of time the *affaire Chambige* will remain one of the greatest judicial mysteries ever tried.

On the one side stands the young man's own connected and consistent account of a great passion which death alone could keep pure and untarnished. On the other stands the unanimous testimony of all who knew the hapless object of this passion—that she was incapable of a disloyal thought, and that, even supposing she had been stricken with so unlikely an infatuation, she could not have concealed it for a day from those around her, so frank, sincere, and womanly was her whole nature.

It is an interesting fact that for a brief time Chambige was what is called a "holiday tutor" in the household of "Gyp," the famous novelist. She formed a very poor opinion of the young man's mental state, and, shortly after the tragic events here related, she wrote a novel, called "Un Raté," in which she told the tragic story in her own way.



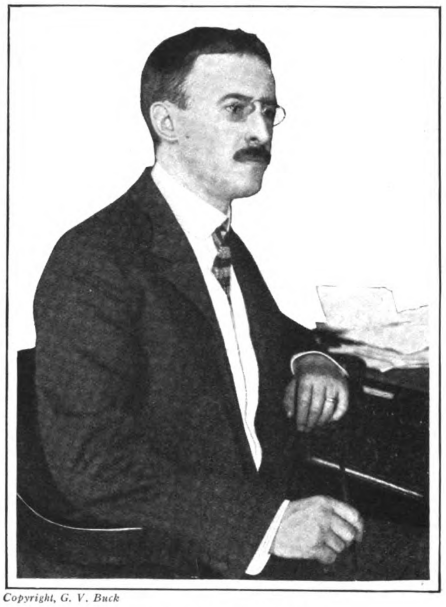
"'You will have to wait,' he told the driver, 'for we shall probably stay some time.' The two disappeared through the door of the villa"

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THE SECRET CENTER OF OUR GOVERNMENT

A Remedy for Inefficient Legislation*

By
HENRY L. STIMSON



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HENRY L. STIMSON
SECRETARY OF WAR IN PRESIDENT TAFT'S CABINET

WE are witnessing a great uprising of public opinion against the influence of wealth and privilege in the affairs of government. That uprising has been characterized more by the vigor of its expression than by the care with which it has studied out the evils against which it is directed. I believe that the great need of to-day is thoughtful analysis of the conditions against which we are complaining, and careful study of proposed remedies. It is always more easy to denounce than it is to guide. And there will be required most courageous leadership in order that the efforts of the people should be directed into channels that will remedy those conditions and not make them worse.

This criticism has, for many years, been directed at our legislatures, both federal and State. Our fathers used to speak of their representative assemblies as the refuge of the liberties of the people; there is danger now that we shall come to think of them as the refuge of the powerful special interests of business. As to our federal government, this feeling has been signalized this year by the final passage of a constitutional amendment changing the method of electing our senators. This change, which has been accomplished against all the inertia of our complicated system of amendment, has apparently been instigated by popular dissatisfaction both with the Senate itself and with the methods of the State legislatures in conducting elections to the Senate. The criticism is aimed rather impartially at both bodies. Simultaneously, many of our States have been changing the structures of their constitutions so as to deprive their legislatures altogether of final responsibility for some classes of legislation and to place it directly in the hands of the people, through the device of the Initiative and Referendum.

Limiting Our Statute-Makers

EVEN more striking than either of these two recent manifestations is the process of change which has been taking place for many years in our State constitutions throughout the country. We have been packing into those constitutions, in greater and greater quantity, matters which normally should be left to the legislature for treatment in the statute law. We have thus been limiting the matters with which our lawmakers can deal to an increasingly greater extent, until now most of our State constitutions, instead of being charters of government, have become a complex mass of detail statute law.

Our fathers used to demand in their constitutions that their legislatures should meet frequently. We now demand that they shall not meet so often. The constitution of one of our States still contains both of these inconsistent provisions, one adopted in 1776 and the other in modern times.

Before taking up a closer consideration of the subject, I wish to express my dissent from two methods which we commonly hear suggested for dealing with the trouble. In the first place, we often hear people say that the difficulty arises from the fact that we don't get good enough men to go to Congress or to our legislatures, and that the only remedy is to improve the quality of such members. I do not think that such an attitude is really helpful. When a system of government is shown to be regularly and continually producing bad results, there is little use criticizing the individuals who compose it; there is something wrong with the system. As Edmund Burke expressed it one hundred and forty years ago in his "Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontent":

"Where there is a regular scheme of operations carried on, it is the system and not any individual person who acts in it that is truly dangerous."

I believe that the individuals who compose the membership of our Congress and our legislatures are, on the average, not only fairly representative of the standards and character of our American life about them, but that the moral standards which they maintain and live up to in public life are rather higher than the moral standards of the business world about them. I believe that the fact that their labors produce ineffective and bad results is due, not to any general inferiority of their individual characters, but to the fact that they are laboring under a wretched and impossible system—a system which handicaps efficiency and patriotism and promotes selfishness and even corruption. I should also say here that, in whatever specific examples I may mention in this discussion, I am not making personal criticism of individuals, but merely citing instances which I believe to be typical of the results of a system.

In the second place, I wish to register my dissent from the view that we can make things better by taking legislation out of the hands of the people's representatives and placing it in the hands of the people themselves. However useful we may or may not think such a device as the Referendum to be for certain classes of questions, we must not forget that representative government as a whole is an evolution produced to meet the problems of a more complex age than the times when the people governed directly, through the Agora in Greece or the Witenagemot in Britain. Much of the difficulty of our present time has come from the fact that our own age is getting more and not less complicated, and that the representative system which we have is being overloaded by the pressure of new burdens. We shall not cure this difficulty by going back to the obsolete machinery of a simpler age.

I shall limit what I have to say to our federal lawmaking—to the executive and Congress of the United States: not because the evils there are worse than they are in our State governments,—on the contrary, in many respects they are not so bad,—but because of the fact that I regard the evils there as representative of a bad system which pervades both jurisdictions.

National Interests Subordinated to Local Interests

IN the first place, when we come to examine the work of our houses of Congress, we find that there is a strong prevalence in both houses of what we may call the local over the national point of view. In a body which is supposed to represent the nation as a whole, we find that the interests of the nation are being constantly subordinated to local interests.

We find, for example, that our army, instead of being concentrated and maintained at the places and in the manner recommended by the military authorities as most efficient and economical, is scattered throughout the country in numerous small and highly expensive posts, and that these posts exist to-day simply because the influence of the town or village or locality where they are placed, in having them maintained, outweighs the interest of Congress in the discipline and welfare of the army.

We find, again, that our Navy Department is spending millions of dollars annually in the maintenance of navy yards wholly unnecessary and unfit for our modern navy. A few years ago, when the attention of the Chairman of the Naval Committee of the Senate was called to the fact that the capacity of some of these navy yards was not sufficient to harbor a modern dreadnought, he replied that that was the reason why he believed in smaller ships; and the sincerity of his belief was evidenced by his official recommendation. In other words, instead of our navy yards being fitted to our navy, our navy must be fitted to our navy yards and to the interests of the towns around them. These examples are merely typical. If Congress will allow the special interest of a locality to trifle with such vital matters as national defense, what can we hope for in matters less vital?

The scandal of our public building construction is too recent and too constant to need emphasis. The Postmaster General wrote, in 1909, that more than twenty million dollars had been appropriated in that session for the construction of post-offices in small cities and towns where his department had made no recommendation for such buildings. The great work of improving our rivers and harbors has degenerated into a scramble for pork, and Senator Burton has recently protested against what he calls "piecemeal methods," and has pointed out that the most successful river and harbor bill, from a congressional standpoint, is the one which distributes most widely, and therefore most ineffectively from the standpoint of the work, the moneys to be expended.

Tariff legislation, instead of being the great national instrument for upbuilding the industries of the country which Alexander Hamilton proposed, has long been carried on as a systematic series of deals between various manufacturing districts, and the hostility of Congress to a more scientific method has been recently illustrated by its abolition of the Tariff Commission, which was seeking to raise tariff-making to a more national standpoint.

It is impossible to exaggerate these local characteristics of Congress. They pervade all that it does, down to the insignificant details of a congressman's work. He has become the attorney for his district. His political life is dependent on it. Under the deep-rooted traditions of our politics, if he fails to be returned in his district he can not run from any other district. He is out of public life. And this dependence upon a comparatively small locality, where he is at the mercy of comparatively few votes, controlled, possibly, by a single interest, tends to make him timid and subservient. Where the interest of the nation comes into conflict with the interest of his district, it must be sacrificed or he must be sacrificed. If he chooses to offend the nation for the sake of his district, there is no way by which he can be punished by the nation. To the nation he is not responsible, and he may be returned year after year in the face of the most flagrant disregard of national duty.

Our Congress is more local in its viewpoint even than the representative assemblies of other nations, notably England, where our rule limiting a member to residence in his district does not maintain, and where a courageous representative who has offended his constituency can still serve his country from some other place. There is, therefore, in the American Congress even greater need than in the case of other nations for machinery of operation which will bring to that body the national viewpoint which it otherwise lacks. When we examine its machinery, however, we find that, far from that being the case, the American system of lawmaking has discarded the principal national tonic upon which practically all other nations rely.

Our Executive should be the Leader of Legislation

IN other nations the executive is the leader of legislation. The man or men who are to be responsible for enforcing policies and laws take a leading part in devising and framing them. In the United States alone the executive is shorn of all chance for effective coöperation in the process of lawmaking, and, under the influence of a stubborn political tradition, he is jealously watched to see that he does not transgress this dead-line of separation. In other nations, the executive not only has the unquestioned and regularly exercised right to frame and introduce his own bills, and to support them upon the floor in debate, either in person or through his ministers, but in some classes of legislation his right of initiative is exclusive, and amendment of his measures is carefully limited. In England and, I believe, in all the self-governing English colonies, not only is the budget introduced by the government, but, while its items can, of course, be cut down by Parliament, no additions can be made to it on the floor without the concurrence of the government. Nor is such executive leadership confined to countries where the ministry are members of the Parliament, as in England. In Switzerland, for example, where the seven Federal Councilors who compose the executive are not members of either house of the legislature and can not vote therein, and in many other respects bear much the same relation to it as do our President and Cabinet to Congress, they nevertheless exercise tremendous power of leadership in legislation: they draft and introduce bills; they have the privilege of debate and are permitted to take charge of the conduct of their bills, and when amendments are decreed in the bills they are permitted to draft them.

Such coöperation results in bringing to the aid of the legislature the experience of men who, necessarily, view matters of government from the standpoint of the whole nation. Nowhere more than in the United States is the executive the representative of the nation at large. Not only do his duties impose upon him constantly the necessity of a nation-wide viewpoint, but he is, in this country, also directly responsible to the electorate of the whole people.

There is also a second phase of this separation which is most important. By depriving Congress of executive leadership in legislation, we leave it without any natural or normal leadership whatever. In such a body leadership is imperative. An enormous flood of bills pours into each of the two Houses of Congress yearly. Mem-

* Address delivered before the Law Academy of Philadelphia on May 27, 1913.

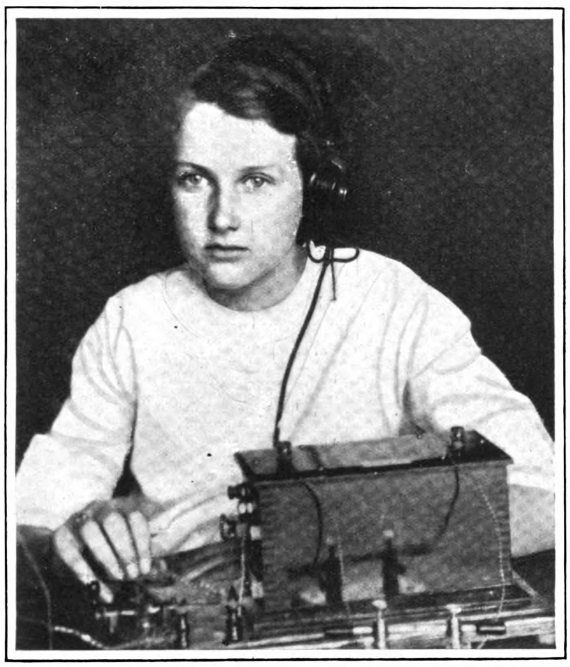
(*Continued on page 22*)

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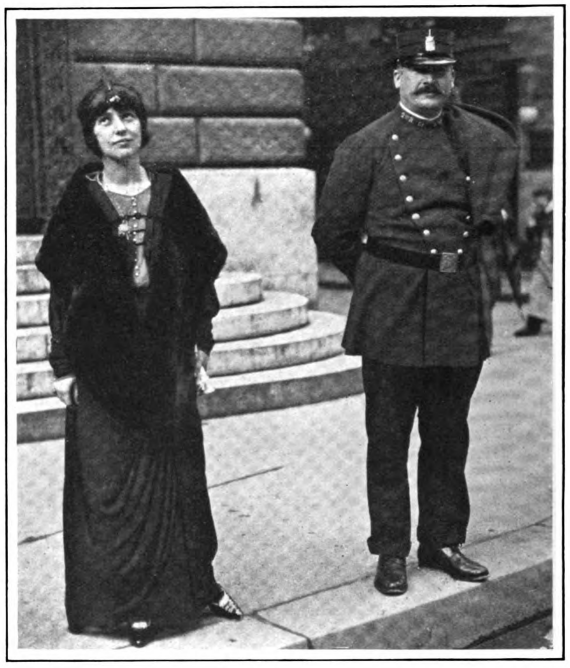
WELLESLEY'S ROBUST CREW

MAGNIFICENT SPECIMENS OF THE NEW WOMANHOOD, WHO HAVE CUT DOWN ALL PREVIOUS ROWING RECORDS FOR THE WOMEN'S COLLEGE IN RECENT TRIALS ON THE CHARLES RIVER



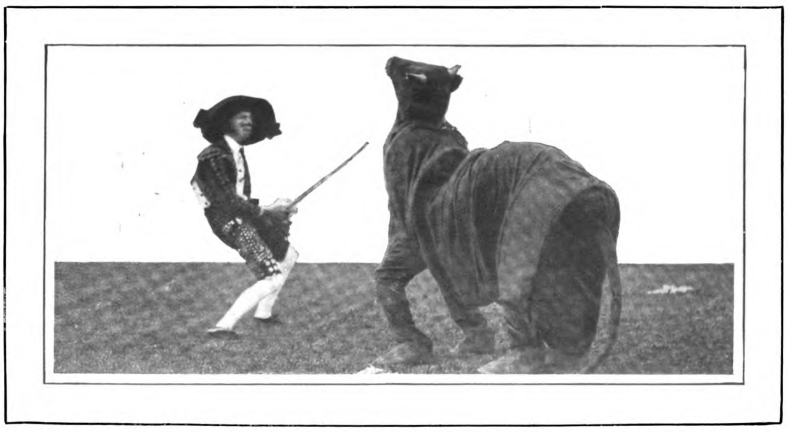
A GIRL PIONEER IN WIRELESS

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT HAS GIVEN ITS OFFICIAL WIRELESS OPERATOR'S LICENSE TO ALICE MCCONAUGHEY, A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD CINCINNATI GIRL FOR WHOM ELECTRICITY TAKES THE PLACE OF THE USUAL DOLL



EVELYN THAW INVADES EUROPE

THE PERENNIAL HEROINE OF THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER, PHOTOGRAPHED IN A PARIS STREET, BEFORE STARTING FOR HER APPEARANCE AS A DANCER AT THE HIPPODROME IN LONDON



"TOREADOR"—A COLUMBIA GRADUATION "STUNT"

WHILE DIGNITARIES RECEIVE DEGREES AND THE MAJESTY OF OFFICIAL COMMENCEMENT PROCEEDS, THE "OLD GRADUATES" RAMP TO AND FRO OVER THE CAMPUS IN MOCK BOAT RACES, PIRATES' SHIPS ON WHEELS, AND BLOODCURDLING "BULL-FIGHTS"

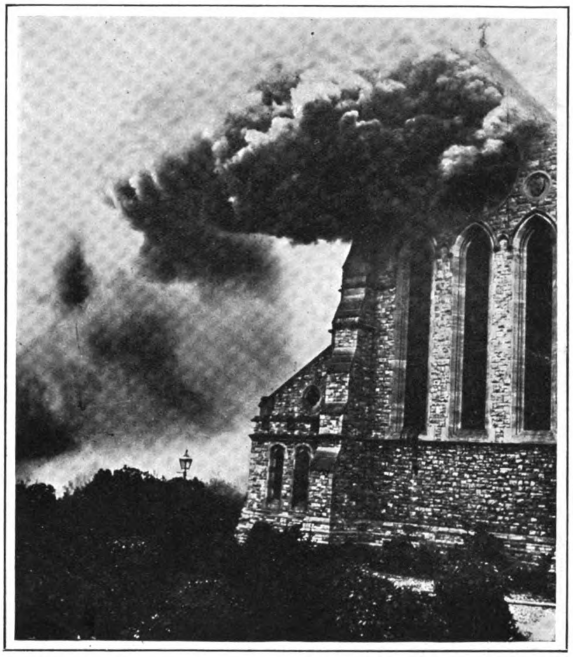
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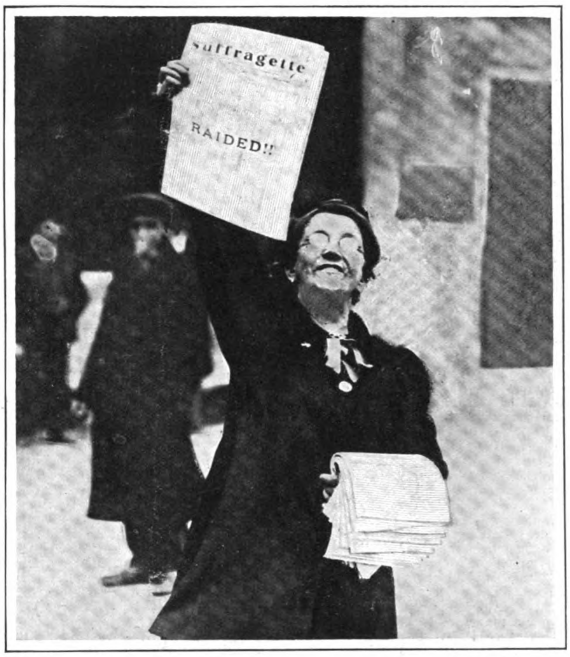


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AN ARTIST'S WAY WITH A MODEL

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG IN AN INTIMATE STUDIO PROCESS OF ADJUSTING HIS APPARATUS BEFORE DEVELOPING A NEW SERIES OF ILLUSTRATIONS





THE WAR OF THE SEXES

"FIRE"

CHURCH AT HATCHAM, A LONDON SUBURB, BURNED JUST AFTER THE RAIDING OF THE MILITANTS' LONDON HEADQUARTERS. CHURCH AUTHORITIES HELD THIS TO BE A STEP OF REPRISAL IN WOMAN'S WAR; ANOTHER BEING AN ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP ST. PAUL'S TWO DAYS LATER

"RAIDED"

ENGLISH "WILDWOMAN" CRYING OUT THE SUPPRESSED PAPER, "THE SUFFRAGETTE" — PRINTED WITH THE SINGLE WORD "RAIDED" ON ITS FIRST PAGE, AFTER THE CLOSING OF THE MILITANTS' HEADQUARTERS IN LONDON



THE PRESENCE OF ROYALTY

A STUDY OF TEMPERAMENT—MILD AND STRIDENT; STIFF AND FLORID. THE RULERS OF GERMANY AND GREAT BRITAIN IN THE FAMILY WEDDING PARTY ATTENDING THE MARRIAGE OF THE KAISER'S DAUGHTER IN BERLIN

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A CITIZEN OF THE ROADS

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON

THERE was disturbance in the very air of that May morning when the tramp appeared at the roadside and stared across the privet hedge at Mr. Cowen in his garden. Mr. Cowen had felt it from the moment he stepped into the open through the French windows of his breakfast-room; its briskness was in his nostrils, and it lent a new allurement to the far range of Kentish fields and hills which his lawn was designed to command. He was a plump, blond man, mild and responsible; though he was still young, his youth was tempered by a habit of gravity and a sober manner of life. It must have been the wine in the air that withheld him from ordering the tramp out of the landscape and carried him across the lawn for a closer look at the shaggy man of the roads.

"What is it you want?" he said.

The tramp saluted him with a finger raised to his hat-brim and a cheerful grin through his beard. Behind him there became apparent his family—a slender, slovenly woman who looked up at Mr. Cowen with slow brown eyes, and three staring children. There was a little hand-cart among them, loaded with their untidy belongings.

"Only just stopped for a minute," the tramp explained. "The kids has to have a rest now and then, sir."

Ordinarily Mr. Cowen would have bidden him rest somewhere else, but now he nodded. "I see," he said. "Have you come far?"

The tramp motioned with his head at the children. "Not what you an' me would call far," he replied. "But you know how it is with the young uns, sir. We slep' last night in the woods over by Offham, an' they'd sleep again 'ere if they 'ad their way."

In a brief vision, as it were, Mr. Cowen saw the seven miles of road between that spot and the woods by Offham, a road between high hedge-rows profuse in their consciousness of spring.

"And to-night?" he said. "Where will you sleep to-night?"

The big tramp—he was long and burly, like a sound tree—pointed with a quick hand to the line of the North Downs over Mr. Cowen's shoulder.

"We'll be passin' along the foot of them hills this afternoon," he said. "There's a fine bit o' country there, sir, an' a sort of a road——"

"I know it," said Mr. Cowen; "I know it. The old Pilgrims' Road to Canterbury."

"Yes—the Pilgrims'," said the tramp. "That's it, sir. It goes in and out through bushes an' trees, and there's 'ardly a bit of it that's not a good place to camp. There's little round black spots all along the side of that road, sir, for miles and miles, where people has lit fires. A grand bit o' country it is."

"Yes," said Mr. Cowen; "it's beautiful country."

The tramp's look at him had almost a friendly quality; when he spoke again, it was in a tone of confidence, as though a bond were newly established between them.

"Ah!" he said. "There ain't such another country in England, *I* know. A bit of a fire of sticks under a tree,—there's yew trees all along the Pilgrims',—an' a fine night, an' maybe"—he sank his voice cautiously, leaning toward Mr. Cowen in sly familiarity—"maybe a rabbit for supper, an' I wouldn't change to be a duke. We gets 'ard times 'ere and there, rotten 'ard; but along the Pilgrims' about this time of year a man forgets 'em."

"I see," said Mr. Cowen. And his habitual phrase, for once, was true. He did see very many things, and a sudden envious yearning that surprised him.

"You're not looking for work, then?" he asked.

The tramp laughed, and behind him the gentle, slatternly woman smiled also.

"I worked all the winter," said the tramp. "I did, honest. I had a job in the cement works at Strood. But now"—his eyes wandered again to the North Downs standing sharp against the sky, and he laughed once more.

"I see," answered Mr. Cowen, and hesitated. Then he put his hand in his pocket and found the largest coin he had ever given away in his life. A sudden delicacy restrained him from giving it to the tramp. He leaned across the hedge and held it out to the woman.

"They may be needing boots," he said, with a nod toward the children.

He lifted his hand in a gesture of acknowledgment to their thanks and farewells, and turned back across the lawn. At the steps to the house he paused and looked along the road. Their departing backs were toward him. The man was pushing the cart, with the woman's arm linked in his, and beside them the three children trudged gallantly. And their faces were turned to the Downs.

The elderly parlor-maid, who waited on Mr. Cowen at lunch, reported that he was "absent-like" at that meal. Thoughts and considerations waged an idle war in him, and with them there strove vague, hitherto undreamed-of impulses—a sense of unrest, an unsuspected capacity for discounting consequences. In that severe dining-room, under the eyes of the late Admiral Cowen, excellently done in oils, Mr. Cowen was struggling to a rebirth through the wreck of his blameless life and the débris of his careful training. While he helped himself to cutlets, he saw with the eye of the spirit beyond the well equipped table a fire of dry sticks under a bush, a mild night about and above, and a rabbit, irregularly procured, cooking at the blaze. It was at this moment, while the vision ensnared him, that the crisis came and passed. He had sat down a man of means, a person of consequence and consideration, a gentleman; he rose from the table stripped of it all.

There were sundry things to be done, and he set about doing them forthwith. He contemplated nothing absolute, no permanent change in his life. Three or four letters,—to his solicitor, to his bank, to his aunt in Scotland, and so forth,—and his way was clear. About four in the afternoon it was done, and he rang for his housekeeper. She found him standing by the window. He turned at her entry with a movement more abrupt than his wont. He seemed good-natured, too; bade her shut the door, and spoke smiling.

"I'm going away, Mrs. Mettle," he informed her.

"Yes, sir," she said.

"Yes," he went on. "I'm going in about an hour. These letters are to be posted at once, please."

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Mettle mechanically. "Did you say you was going to-day, sir?"

He nodded. "In about an hour," he replied. "You're surprised, Mrs. Mettle? Well, I'm afraid I can't explain, but what you have to do is look after things here, you know—keep everything in order and so on. Mr. Ward, my solicitor,"—he laid a finger on one of the letters.—"will let you have money for the bills and all that."

"Thank you, sir," said Mrs. Mettle. "And about packing, sir?"

"I'm taking nothing with me," said Mr. Cowen. "And I'm not likely to be back for some months. Mr. Ward will see to everything." He smiled at the perplexity on her face; hitherto his orderly habits had been a great comfort to her. "And that's all, thank you."

"Thank you, sir," said Mrs. Mettle automatically.

Outside the door she was struck through her bewilderment with an idea that Mr. Cowen was proposing to commit suicide. She put out a faltering hand to the door-handle. But the discipline of a lifetime asserted itself. It was not her place to interfere.

So, an hour later, when Mr. Cowen, in his oldest clothes, turned out of the gate into the road and set his face north, though there were wondering eyes that watched him, there were no voices to bid him think again. Peering through the curtain of her room, Mrs. Mettle saw him throw back his head like a man who laughs aloud, and pass with long strides into the unknown.

Spring passed, and after it went the summer, and there drew on a wet and mournful autumn. Instead of wine in the air, to exalt and betray men's wits, there was water to thin their blood and slacken their limbs. Through the chill of it, upon a gloomy evening, with his draggled coat collar upturned against a spit of rain that traveled with the wind, came James Cowen, making east from the inhospitable villages of Surrey. The sight of him would have stricken Mrs. Mettle to the heart. It was not the clothes, for clothes can be changed. It was the man. Of Mr. Cowen, man of means, there was nothing left. This wanderer, that came striding through the mud of Riverhead and turned up the hill toward Seal, had neither the person nor the demeanor of the studious gentleman whom Mrs. Mettle existed to serve and cherish. His face, where the infrequent lamps shone upon it, was hard and keen; there had come to light a harsh and predatory outline; and the line of the jaw, traced through the beard of a week, was sharp and abrupt. He breasted the hill like a man accustomed to travel afoot, walking with no grace of deportment, but covering the ground well and workmanlike. A policeman looked at him keenly as he swung past; men like that are the raw material of the policeman's trade.

It was at the last of the hills, where it shoots up steeply toward a tangle of wood, that James Cowen slackened speed. In the gutter a man was bending over something that breathed hard.

"For Gord's sake, mate, lend us a hand with this," he called.

James Cowen came close and made sure. It was the cheerful tramp who had spoken to him of the Pilgrims' Road nearly six months ago; but he was cheerful no longer. In the gutter stood the hand-cart, and in it, covered with old clothes and the like, lay the slender woman, her face, with its closed eyes, showing white and ghastly in the shadow. She seemed to be sleeping; her breathing was loud and painful.

"What's the matter with her?" he asked.

The tall tramp straightened his back with a sigh that was like a moan.

"I don't know," he said helplessly; "I don't know. She's bin like that, off an' on, for days. They wouldn't take us in down there." He jerked his thumb toward the town behind them. "So I'm takin' her over Rochester way, to have a try at the infirmary there. An' shovin' the cart up this 'ill has just about done me."

"Right," said James Cowen. "You'll be all right. I'll give you a shove up."

It was a strong man's task to thrust the cart and its burden even up that end of hill; but thews were not lacking for it. The past six months had stripped James Cowen of weaknesses only. He could put his strength out to good purpose, and he pushed the cart along without difficulty. At his side the tall tramp trudged with head drooped; of his old buoyancy there remained not so much as could furnish a hopeful word.

"Where's the children?" asked James Cowen. "I saw you once before," he added hastily, "and there were children with you—three of them."

"One's dead," said the tramp. "The other two—they're in good 'ands. She's got a sister married at Wandsworth; they're with 'er."

"I see," said James Cowen thoughtfully. They had mastered the hill, and before them lay the sad wet road that runs east between dripping woods. He continued to push the cart, though, and the other made no motion to resume his labor.

(Continued on page 24)

"It's hard on 'er," said the tramp suddenly. "She wasn't brought up to trampin', you know, an' she's never rightly got the 'ang of it."

He paused, muttering, while their feet squelched and sucked through the thin mud, and the light rain pattered in the trees. And then, while James Cowen pushed steadily, the tramp began suddenly to tell of his sweethearting, of the strange bond that had sprung up between the shiftless Bedouin of the roads and a silent, shy servant-girl in a country parsonage. He had come to the place from nowhere, and had been given a fortnight's work on the building of a village school. He had seen the girl first in church, prim and demure under the lamps. "It wasn't much like me to go to church, but there wasn't nothing else to do of a Sunday evening," he explained. He had sat across the aisle from her, and at the meeting of their eyes the thing happened. The ceremony, the stilted periods of the vicar's oratory, were but the vehicle in which their mutual interest had birth. "She was good-looking," explained the tramp, slowly flavoring that memory. And for her his long, lithe figure, his aspect of a man shaped by intimacy with a wide world, had their due effect. The parson, her employer, interested himself in opposing the affair when he heard of it, and by his attitude aided them to further color the splendor of it by a furtive departure by night, tiptoe and hand in hand. It amounted to an elopement. And then, with what was left of two weeks' wages for capital, they were married.

"An' so you see," the tramp went on, "it's 'ard on 'er, this sort of thing."

It was when they had passed through Seal that the woman woke and called in a feeble voice for "Tom." The big man was at her side in a moment.

"It's all right," he was answering her. "This chap's as good as they make 'em, dearie. He's been givin' me a 'and with the cart for a bit. You feelin' a bit easier?"

"Yes, a bit easier," she answered. "You tired, Tom?"

The tramp touched her face gently. "Not a bit," he answered stoutly. "We'll be campin' down pretty soon, dearie. You take it easy."

The woods thereabouts have many places where a man may lie up in fine weather; but there was weary hunting that night before they found an overhanging bluff with a slice of dry turf at its foot where they might have ease and shelter. Here their fire was built,—the tramp had the skill of a woodsman in finding dry fuel in the dripping undergrowth,—and there was an hour almost of comfort while the flames grew and rustled and cooked their meager supper. The woman, wrapped to the chin, sat on the ground and let her great, feverish eyes travel idly here and there until they fastened on James Cowen's face.

"I've seen you before somewhere," she said, with an effort at thought.

"Likely enough," he answered, on his knees beside the fire.

She shook her head. "I can't remember now," she said; "only—only there's something about you."

He laughed uncomfortably. "There's two shillings about me," he said. "I'll feed with you to-night, and to-morrow we'll feed on them."

He lay awake for a long time that night, watching, with a placid content more restful than any sleep, the slow death of the wood fire and the shifting shadows about. From time to time the sick woman talked aloud in her uneasy slumber; and at such times the big tramp would wake upon the moment and start up on his elbow. The fine, lazy rain never halted in its patter on the trees; the three of them were shut in and secure from a world of inhospitable wet. There was much matter for his thoughts. For him, as for all citizens of the highway, things had gone ill of late. He had known hunger, the chill of nights that grow colder through the dark hours, loneliness, pain. He had been in prison for a week at Guildford, on the lie of a shopkeeper; he had had to fight with hop-pickers, and been beaten sorely. By every indication of reason, he was overdue at his house below the North Downs, under the sheltering wing of Mrs. Mettle. The game was stale and profitless, empty of joy and illusion. He told himself that he had done and seen all that there was to do and see; now was the time to go back. But, even as he said it, he felt the impulse of rebellion. There were yet roads untraveled, back streets and byways unexplored, men unsampled. They called to the nomad in him with a sure appeal. And it was with a mind still undecided that he fell asleep, lulled by the rain and the slow click of the ashes as they sank and cooled.

He was waked in the gray, evil dawn by the tramp shaking him.

"What's the matter?" he demanded, sitting up.

"'Ave a look at 'er, will yer?" begged the tramp. "I'm scared, mate. She looks as if—as if——"

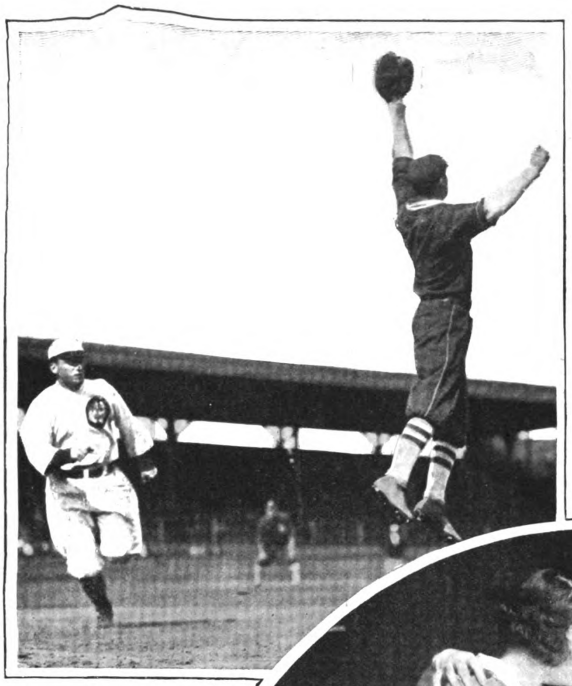
James Cowen bent over the sick woman. She opened her eyes and looked up at him. It seemed as if in the night her face had shrunk; it was newly wasted and thin, stamped with the true ensign of suffering. But in her eyes were wisdom and gentleness.

"I know you now," she said, while he looked. "I remember you now."

The shape of a smile curved her pale lips, and she gave him a barely perceptible nod. It was as though a ghost shared a secret with him.

The humor of the situation seemed to dwell with

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ACROBATIC BASE-BALL

Before First Baseman Derrick of the Portland, Oregon, team had come back to earth from this catch, the runner had reached his base



AMERICA'S POLO CAPTAIN

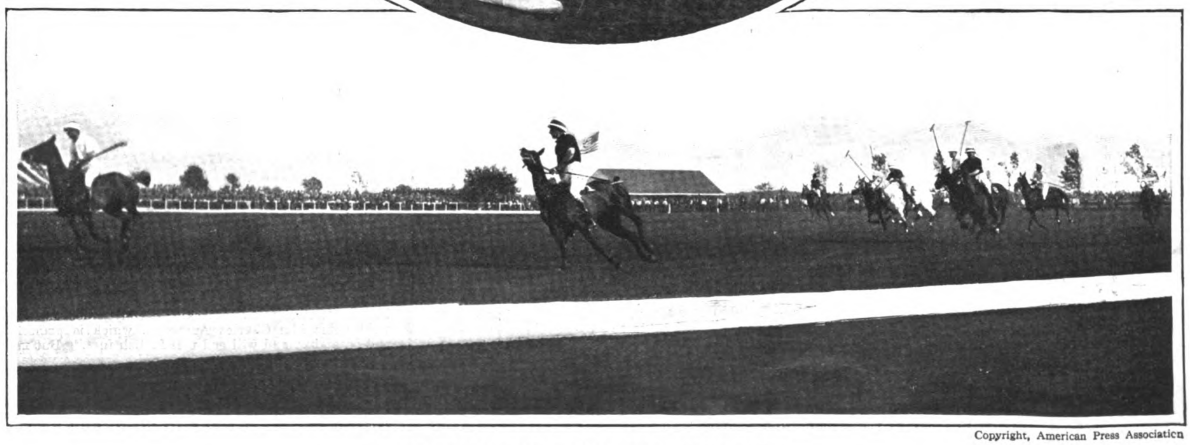
Harry Payne Whitney, the leader of the American polo team, was a member of the famous "Big Four" that defeated England in 1909 and 1911



Miss Burke has delighted many audiences with her depiction of the young and charming ingenue. This season she essayed the more serious rôles of Pinero's heroines in "The Mind the Paint Girl" and "The Amazons"

Copyright by Charles Frohman

MISS BILLIE BURKE AS "TOMMY" BELTURBET IN "THE AMAZONS"



Copyright, American Press Association

THE GAME OF DUKES AND MILLIONAIRES

Captain Whitney of the Americans leads Captain Leslie St. C. Cheape of the English team down the field in the first of the recent International polo matches, won by the Americans at Meadow Brook, Long Island, June 10.

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FLORICULTURE

INTERLUDES

LETTERS THAT NOBODY EVER WRITES

By Wilberforce Jenkins, R.F.D.

From a Contented Man to a Billionaire, Declining an Endowment

Farmleigh, *May 27, 19—.*

My dear Mr. Reddymun:

While I appreciate most thoroughly the kind thoughtfulness which prompted you last week to send me your certified check for one million dollars, I have, upon careful consideration, decided not to accept it, and I hereby return the same, minus, as you will observe, your esteemed signature, which I have cut off and retained for my autograph collection. Please do not think that I scorn your gift. I do not; but you sent it, to quote your own words, "to relieve me of my wants," and I feel that life would really not be worth while if I did not want anything. Half the pleasure of life, sir, lies in the pursuit of the unattainable; the other half in the winning of desired objects. Most of our most blissful dreams are inspired by the hopelessness of our unsatisfied longings. The acceptance of this million so kindly proffered would leave me with nothing to look forward to. The spur of necessity which gives zest to my daily labors would be withdrawn, and I should sink into a state of blasé indifference to the simplest joys of existence, a state that is characteristic, and the greatest curse, of the idle rich.

Believe me, sir, with assurances of high regard,

Very truly yours,

Abner J. Sazerac.

To a Taxicab Company from a Consumer

The Barsdell House, *June 3, 19—.*

Gentlemen:

I send you herewith thirty cents in postage stamps to square myself with your company for a service rendered the other night. I find, upon investigation, that your meter under-registered the distance traveled, and that the fare, instead of being $1.40 as indicated by the dial, should as a matter of fact have been $1.70. Trusting that you have not sustained serious losses from the sluggish action of your meters, I beg to remain,

Sincerely yours,

Horace P. Watkins.

From a Society Leader to his Tailor

The Crackerjack Club, *June 4, 19—.*

My dear Cuttaway:

If there is one thing under the canopy that I hate, it is a tailor's bill, and inasmuch as I intend to order a large number of suits from you during the coming summer, autumn, and winter, in order to rid myself of the annoyance of your periodical reminders of my indebtedness I hand you herewith a draft upon my bankers, to be placed to my credit on your books, for $1,000. As my suits are finished and delivered, you may debit the price of each against this deposit until my credit balance has fallen to $150, when, upon your apprising me of the fact, I will make another deposit with you of another $1,000, to be used in the same way and for the same purpose.

If this arrangement is not satisfactory to you, let me know by return mail, returning my check, and I will arrange to transfer my account to Messrs. Cuttem and Chalkem of London.

Yours,

Jonathan Van Dam.

From One Ex-President to Another

Sagamore Hill, *July 1, 19—.*

Dear old Bill:

Why not drop whatever under the canopy you are doing for a day, and swim over here to Oyster Bay, and let us have a good old-time kaloory and clam-bake together? The clams are running fine. If you'll promise on your heart to come, I'll ask Jimmie and Giff and old Perk to come and join us, and maybe Bertie Beveridge can be induced to come too. What say you, old Billikins?

Yours for clams,

Teddy.

From a Curist to the Authorities

Boston, Mass., *June 16, 19—.*

Gentlemen:

If there is a Committee of Public Safety in this city, may I ask you kindly to call their attention to my case? I have just returned from looking at certain of my pictures now on exhibition here, and it has suddenly flashed across my mind that I must have been stark, staring, raving mad when I painted them. Naturally, if I was that way once I am likely to become so again, and I owe it to myself and to my family to see that an official inquiry is made into my sanity before my apparent mania takes on more dangerous aspects than the mere spoiling of good pieces of canvas. I seek a public examination only because I fear that my own family physician, or some other acting on my behalf for pay, would be prejudiced in my favor, and, Cubist though I be, I sincerely wish in this matter anyhow to ascertain the truth, and nothing but the truth.

Trusting you will give this matter immediate attention, I beg to subscribe myself,

Yours most anxiously,

Zanypate Dotti.

From a Wealthy Parishioner to a Courageous Clergyman

Hilltop Hall, Crescentville, *June 8, 19—.*

My dear Dr. Slabsides:

I really must thank you for that wonderful pounding you gave me in your sermon this morning. The artistic way in which you hammered me, and the scathing denunciation you indulged in of me and my kind, were supremely fine. As an advocate of efficiency I like to see whatever is to be done at all done well, and while, of course, you made me wince as no man has ever winced before, the completeness with which you did the job gave me a positive thrill of pleasure. I must congratulate you also upon the great prominence the newspapers have given your attack upon me. It has advertised us both magnificently —in fact, my advertising manager tells me we couldn't have bought an equal amount of space for $100,000. As a consequence of your courage, I doubt not that the worrisome deficit in our church funds will be wholly wiped out by the contributions of outsiders who will now flock to hear you if you will only keep it up. Indeed, I feel so confident of this that I now make you this offer—I will pay off the deficit amounting to $10,000 to-morrow if you will agree to give me sixty per cent. of all collections taken at the services at which you attack my methods. I am inclined to believe that we shall both make money, especially if it is definitely understood that I will be in my pew regularly every Sunday morning while you rub it in. It will draw crowds. That sort of thing always does.

Let me know what you think of this by return, and believe me always, dear Dr. Slabsides,

Your wayward sheep,

Silas Moneygilt.

AN EASY JOB

"Well, Walter," said the friend of the family, "I see you are through college."

"Yes, sir."

"And are you making a living?"

"Yes, sir—a first-class one, too."

"Good! What out of?"

"Mother."

A CAUTIOUS MAIDEN

"Before I say yes, Henderson," said the fair maiden, "let me ask you—when we are married, are we to have a motor-car or a horse?"

"What's that got to do with it?" he demanded.

"Why, I want to know whether I am marrying you for wheel or whoa," replied the fair maiden.

NAMING THE BABY

First I thought I'd call him Cæsar; but my Uncle Ebenezer said that name was badly hoodooed—wasn't Julius Cæsar slain? Then I said, "I'll call him Homer"; but my second cousin, Gomer, answered: "Homer was a pauper, and he wrote his rhymes in vain." Long I pondered, worried greatly, seeking names both sweet and stately, something proud and high and noble, such as ancient heroes bore. "I shall call him Alexander—" but an innocent bystander muttered, "Aleck was a tyrant, and he splashed around in gore." And my aunts said: "Only trust us, and we'll name him Charles Augustus, which is princely and becoming, and will end this foolish fuss." But my Cousin James objected: "Nothing else can be expected, if you give him such a handle, but that folks will call him Gus." "Let us call the darling Reggie," said my cheerful sister Peggy, "which is short for Rex or Roland or some other kingly name." But my Uncle George protested. "Surely," said he, "you but jested; never yet did youth named Reggie scale the shining heights of fame." Thus it was for weeks together, and I often wondered whether other parents ever suffered as I did upon the rack. All my uncles and my cousins and my aunts gave tips by dozens, so I named the babe John Henry, and for short we call him Jack.

Walt Mason.

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THE LONG TON

(Continued from page 9)

Adam and the miner had exchanged names and biographies earlier in the day.

"Sure I had. But you'll see, if you want to get married! I had to have my own place. This looked to be good coal a month or six weeks ago. I made a fine first pay on it. But she run out on me into a bad patch, all streaks of slate."

"That's bad," said Adam.

By a curious coincidence, he too had known the tender passion. Only last November hadn't he given the adored object his twenty-five-cent three-blade knife, and a new goose-egg, and a fresh Angora cat-skin? Ah, me! And the lady of his heart had been that pretty Angelika whom Simon Pitcavage married just before Lent!

"Will your old woman raise the devil when you turn in a slim one?" Adam inquired, with careful detachment.

Simon was expected to say yes. But Simon said, "No. Only, with the rent and the strike and three of us to go on eating,—her old woman and Angelika and me,—I either got to go off from her and scab it, or she's got to go in the silk-mill and support me. Oh, Lord, why didn't I keep a saloon!"

Adam clucked with his tongue, a soft note of sympathy. "But say, Simon, as for scabbin', I wouldn't say a word about it if I was you. If you was to do it, you wouldn't want folks to suspect you had."

"Hell with folks! I wouldn't want *her* to suspect I done it! See?"

Oddly enough, Adam did see.

"And if I was to run away to a distance and go scabbin' to get money for her and me, I wouldn't let her know where the money come from."

"Where'd she think you was gone to, the whole time?"

"That's the rotten thing of it!" Simon exclaimed bitterly. "For there is some sports marries a pretty girl, and in a month or so off they run. And it's likely, out in Chicago or Denver or some'her's, they up an' marry another one. Now, me, I come from the other coal-field last July, and up here nobody knows me for a decent fella; and this February I got married to her. Well—what'll she think, when I don't explain nothin', only after dark I just scoot?"

"She'll think she dunno what to think," Adam suggested.

"No, kid. Some way, they don't. They always make out you've got tired of her, and you're after another girl. That's the wimmin of it."

"Gosh!" said the driver feelingly.

"She'll think I didn't like her, any of the time."

"Tell her she's pretty, why don't you?"

Even in his worry, Pitcavage had a short laugh for this counsel from the lips of babes.

"All the worse to tell her them things, and then skip out and leave her, ain't it?"

Adam recognized the vicious circle of this logic. He sympathized with Simon. Yet an interesting bright something gleaming in a puddle by his stone-heap distracted him.

The unregenerate old Adam had not intended to come down the shaft to-day at all; but to his virtuous double this sinful personality now joined himself.

"*Simon ain't looking. Snake it!*"

And the virtuous Adam acquired the glittering object easily. Soon after, he took his leave.

"*Finders keepers!*" prompted the old Adam.

The shiny things were on a string, seven pieces of bright brass or tin cut in an oak-leaf shape and stamped "174." They were the miner's tickets which Simon Pitcavage had had made for him at the company's blacksmith shop the day he got his work-place and his miner's number, weeks ago. Except for their number, they were identical with all the other tickets of that mine.

"Will I go back with 'em?" the virtuous Adam asked, seeking advice. "I'm kinda tired. And if he ain't sending out no more cars now, what's the use of me? He's got plenty more."

"*Keep 'em!*" the experienced wicked Adam instructed instantly. "*Use 'em. Old Man Puddick's sixth car ain't gone up.* It's nice coal. It won't get docked. Serve him right, too, for getting so sassy to a person! And you'll be doing a nice thing by Simon and Angelika."

"I won't," said the good mule-driver, turning and walking hastily back to the chamber.

Simon Pitcavage was filling his last car furiously with the best of the poor stuff that lay about in the water on his floor, packing it in with the desperation of a forlorn hope.

"Come with your mule in ten minutes and I'll give you the car!" he called to the advancing lamp. "It just struck me they couldn't dock me more'n the dollar seven per car; and, with Guido gone, I'd just as well send it up and get the forty-five cents more to the good."

"There, now!" said the old Adam to the tiresome rectitude of his double. "You needn't to cut the miser's six at all. *Just change them two men's tickets and let Puddick take the dockage!*"

"All right; I'll be here."

The boy walked hastily down the road to his waiting mules. The tickets were in his pocket and a plan was in his head.

He wanted to try it—wanted to very much. Should he? He got the virtuous sheet-iron in his hands and stared hard at it. That 4! That stood for Puddick. The numeral stood alone on a line by itself. There was plenty of room to the left of it. As the first number on the line, it stood for the front car of their eighth trip of cars, which would go to the docking-boss in the breaker-head in exactly the order which Adam the driver determined upon in the solitude of the third vein.

With a deft motion, Adam Tolenkas wrote "17" before the 4.

"Who'll know?" he muttered, jerking off the ticket stamped 4, and with a bit of Simon's own string tying one of the seven pilfered tallies in three figures to the nail in the side of the car. "Now I go up with Kitty mule an' get his, and put this here 4 on it, and run Thirty-one's car in between for a bluff in case that there boss is too well acquainted with 174's coal. Say, it's too easy! And Sam Turkas can't read."

Thus, by the decrees of Providence and the irrepressible genius of Adam Tolenkas, about three tons of the finest coal a docking-boss need wish to see was put to the account of the much-docked Simon Pitcavage, Angelika's husband; and Puddick the miser was penalized in due course a dollar and seven cents for sending up a messy load of trash.

III

THE five-o'clock whistles blew quitting time for Adam after a wonderful day. He was tired, but he grudged not one effort of the long series. Kitty, Tommy, and Joker he took back to the mule-barn, with Sam's help. Then he joined the crowd of laborers and boys who waited at the shaft in their vein—a time of talk and meditation which might well have been devoted to his sins, but which was in fact dedicated to what ma would have cooked for supper.

When he burst into the kitchen, whanging down Stanley's empty dinner-can, his hot tub of water was ready in the curtained corner behind the stove, and a smile replaced the gathering clouds of anxiety on his mother's face.

"Hello, kid!" Stanley called from the middle room. "How'd you make it?"

"Fine!"

"How many cars'd you send out?"

"Thirty-eight. Say, somebody, put my supper out where I can smell it! Nine trips. I like them mules. Speshully Kitty."

"Good work! Is your heels blistered?"

"I dunno," the youthful hero grunted, stripping himself to the waist and plunging head and arms into the grateful clean water. "Ma, get my clean undershirt! And scrub off me back! They told me to tell you, Stan, that they was glad you was hurted, for I was twicet as fast a driver as you."

"Holy cats, ain't he stuck on himself!" moaned the prostrate elder, while the boarders laughed.

"Which is the meanest mule in my branch?" Stanley demanded.

"Puddick."

There was instant laughter from the roomful of men.

"Did he cheat you a car?"

"The sneaky old devil always claims on a new driver a car or two more'n he sent out," a boarder said.

"I'm on to him," spoke Adam briefly.

"He didn't get nothing on you?"

"Gosh! You teach your granny to suck eggs!"

"Then that's all right," agreed Stanley, with some relief. "I remembered after you was gone that I hadn't put you wise to Puddick. It's lucky he didn't do you dirt to-day, you not being used to the mines at all. For to-morrow, you're on to him."

"I'm foxy gran'pa, I am!" proclaimed the modest infant. "Gimme a drier towel, somebody. This fell in the soup."

There were ten working-days left before Palm Sunday; and Adam's manhood grew like a miraculous gourd till it overshadowed the family and boarders. No more did he sulk; no more did he tie paper bags to cats, or steal hats and hair-ribbons from small fry and put them in Packer's mastiff's kennel, or sportively cut clothes-lines after dark. Instead he had become, as far as anybody could hear, perfectly upright.

(Continued on page 23)

His one secret underground sin, though, Adam hugged and cosseted. So mature was he now that he could even keep the secret of it without wishing to whisper it to Stanley. Time after time that week he exchanged tickets on the cars of Simon Pitcavage and miser Puddick. The "4" and "174" on his sheet-iron bulletin juggled themselves dizzily. Only his thorough novitiate in deception could have trained a twelve-year-old brain for such book-keeping; but always the records tallied with each other and the metal oak-leaves on the outbound cars. Nor was any injustice done the miners' laborers by his contrivances. Twice he stole outright a loaded car from Puddick, but it was each time an extra car for which Puddick would claim the loading charge himself. Generally, though, the boy contented himself with the exchange of one or two tickets a day to the profit of Angelika's husband.

"There'll be a dandy rumpus at the pay-window," the boy confided to Kitty mule in the solitude of the gangway. "But Puddick's knowed to be a cheater. And, 'sides, Henry Entle ain't going to tell the office Stanley's leg is broke and I was in his job. 'Cause them is the kind of things a office don't want to know.—Giddap!"

However, the avarice of Puddick settled all scores short of the pay-window. It happened on the last day of mining.

Because of the general expectation that the mines would be closed for months, no man wanted to sink precious dollars and cents in a whole tin of powder if his neighbor, overstocked, would sell him two or three or ten charges for the immediate work. A well-devised system of exchanges and written slips of acknowledgment spread through the mine.

Stingy Puddick, who had no woman or child dependent on him, was, of course, keener than any other to be rid of his last ounce of giant powder, his last cap and fuse. Few came to him to buy, so unpopular was he; and whenever he had blown down enough coal to keep his laborer busy without him, the miser undertook regular peddling trips through the veins.

"Naw, you don't, neither, ride on my car-bumpers!" vociferated Adam, the driver, outbound to the locomotive station with four loaded cars. "Darst he, Turkas? These three good mules is wore down to four cars now, 'stead of five or six. They ain't a-goin' to bust theirselves haulin' no dirty carcass of a miser! Get off there!"

"'S right," agreed Sam, the runner. "We don't ride no more ourselves. So you can't."

The mules were going at a walk on a slight up-grade. There was no air-door here for some distance; and Sam Turkas, walking at the right side of the track beside Kitty, the lead-mule, took time to bend down, stand on one foot, and examine the other shoe, which was hurting him.

Old man Puddick was at the right side too, well behind the creeping train. Adam, in the ditch at the left, saw him dash forward. With a powder-tin under one arm, the miner sprang upon the third car and sat on its edge, balancing. He yelled derision.

"Get off!" Adam shrilled, exasperated. "Nor don't you call me that, neither, you old penny-coupon-saver! Or you'll hear some the bad words *I* know!"

Old man Puddick, the silent, the mirthless, yelped in glee.

Sam Turkas looked up from his shoe, suddenly understanding. Once before the thing had happened. He remembered that the miser had come in to-day with a newspapered bundle. Old man Puddick had entered upon a solitary, economical, treatless, but thorough spree, up in his own chamber.

"Leave him be, kid. He's so drunk, we'd——"

The mules had gone along a few steps. Puddick came here within reach, and swung a furious kick. It took Sam in the throat. He dropped, with a splash, into the puddle.

Adam Tolenkas saw. In the dark his long mule-whip cracked. "Take that!"

"Yaow—ow!" wailed the drunken man at the bite of the terrible wire stingers in the oiled thongs. "I'll——"

"You won't!" gasped Adam. "It's my train, and I got the say, and— Whoa, Kitty! Whoa!" For the passenger had toppled over backward on a well packed car of coal, losing his poise; and at the whole-souled crack of the whip the three mules had begun to run away. "Hold on to the car, gran'pop! Whoa, Kitty! Whoa, you Tommy!"

"If you spill $2.60 worth of powder, you got to pay for it, remember!"



Good For Both

Parents frequently deny children the table beverage they drink themselves, because "coffee and tea aren't good for the little folks."

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INSTANT POSTUM

This new food-drink, made entirely from wheat and the juice of sugar-cane, is genuine nourishment, and has fine color and aroma.

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Experiment until you know the amount that pleases your palate and have it served that way in the future.

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THE SECRET CENTER OF OUR GOVERNMENT

(*Continued from page 15*)

bers have calculated that to allow even a minute's debate to each member on all of these bills would require, for the duration of a single Congress, nearly seventy instead of two years of life. Selection and preference among the measures is absolutely essential.

To make this selection our system imposes no definite or particular responsibility upon any one. We leave this body of more than five hundred men entirely alone, without fixing upon any one the duty of seeing that certain classes of bills of national importance must be considered first, and without giving any one the adequate power to perform that duty. Other nations, as I have just said, regard the fulfilment of that duty as falling normally upon the executive. So do we also in our private business. In our great corporations, some of which now far exceed our largest States in amount of revenues and disbursements, we act upon the principle of executive leadership. We never dream of excluding the president of one of our great corporations from the room of his board of directors. On the contrary, we believe there that the man who is to be responsible for carrying regulations into effect is the best man to lead in the work of framing them.

The President is the People's Protector

NOW, if we had been living in a country where there was no executive responsibility to the people created by the fundamental law, we should probably have evolved such an executive out of Congress, as has been done in Great Britain out of Parliament. In the course of time the leaders of Congress would, of necessity, have assumed the functions of administration as well as that of leadership in legislation, and the very exercise of such national duties would have developed them into national instead of local leaders. The tradition of local residence in the case of such leaders would, by force of necessity, have been brushed aside here, as it has been in England. But such an evolution in America is impossible. Our constitution provides us with an executive upon whom these administrative duties are irrevocably devolved, and in the growth of a century's political traditions, instead of this executive becoming atrophied or weakened in his position, his hold upon the people has become steadily stronger. The fear of our executives, which was prevalent a century ago and was frequently voiced by Mr. Jefferson, and which doubtless resulted as a reaction from the then recent tyrannies of monarchical government in neighboring countries, has now been succeeded by an entirely different feeling. Instead of looking upon him as a possible tyrant, as Mr. Jefferson did, we now look to our President and our Governor to protect the individual citizen against oppression from the huge combinations of private business that have grown up recently among us. He has become, more clearly than ever before, the direct representative of the public at large, the active exercise of whose power is made constantly more necessary by the increasing complexities of modern industrial life. So we may well put out of our head as visionary any possible evolution that would tend to displace from our constitution our modern elective executive and to replace him by some leader of Congress.

It being thus impossible, on the one hand, to develop an executive in Congress, and, on the other hand, we having stubbornly kept our present executive out of Congress, what has been the result? What method have we developed for performing this vital duty of sifting and sorting our attempts at legislation and bringing order out of chaos? We have produced a system of committee government under which a part of this selective process is ostensibly done by certain standing committees of the House and Senate.

The first characteristic of this development that we notice is that tremendous powers are exercised in secret, and by men who, neither as committeemen nor as congressmen, are responsible to the country at large. You are so familiar with some of the inevitable results of such a system that it is not necessary to dwell upon them. We have all seen cases of bills recommended by the executive, recommended by the platform of the party in power, earnestly desired by the people of the country at large, and yet which were stifled or distorted in committee. Again, when some joker has appeared in a bill which possibly completely thwarted its purpose, there has been no way to find out who is responsible for the joker or how to punish him if we could find out. Such a method of secret and irresponsible power is violative of the very first principles of modern democracy as we now understand it. As compared with the leadership of the executive obtaining in other nations, it substitutes a truly "invisible government" for the responsibility of an officer working under the scrutiny of the fullest publicity, bearing the mandate of the whole people and directly responsible to them.

In the next place, this system of committee government has not been efficient in performing its duty of supervising legislation, but, on the contrary, has been extremely inefficient. Nowhere has this been so clearly shown as in the case of our fiscal legislation: the one class of legislation in which, above all others, efficiency and businesslike methods should prevail. Let me run over briefly some of the most glaring instances of this inefficiency.

We Are the Only Civilized Nation Where the Budget is Unknown

OURS is the one country among civilized nations to which, as yet, such a thing as a budget is unknown. Practically every other nation, certainly every other first-class nation, has developed a system by which its expenditures are coördinated to its revenues. We have none. In substance, a budget is a program presented by the executive to the legislature, indicating how much money will be needed for the expenses of government during the coming year, and, if necessary, suggesting how the requisite income shall be raised. Only the fact that we are a young nation with boundless resources, and that our revenues have been increasing in spite of us, has saved us from coming to grief from such lack of foresight.

In Congress the function of providing revenues, and the function of making appropriations for expenditures, are divided between entirely different committees. Even the function of making appropriations is again subdivided among many committees and sub-committees, which make no effective effort at coördination. For example, the duty of making appropriations for the War Department alone is divided between no fewer than six committees and sub-committees of the House of Representatives alone; and last winter, when, on my own responsibility, I prepared a rough tentative budget for the use of these committees and presented it to several of them, I was told that it was the first time that these different committees had had brought to their attention the items of appropriation which were under simultaneous consideration by the others. Many of these items overlapped. For instance, appropriations for field-artillery ammunition were being made by two entirely distinct committees. The same was true as to barracks in the United States and barracks in Hawaii; emplacements for guns in the Canal Zone and emplacements in the Philippine Islands; at one and the same post, one committee was building the barracks and another the hospital; and similar confusion existed in many items. The result of such a lack of system is inevitable. Congress is at the mercy of any individual or private interest that can get before any of these committees and on an *ex parte* hearing impress them with the desirability of an appropriation. As a consequence, the sum total of our national appropriations is mounting higher and higher, and none are so frank to acknowledge their utter helplessness to keep them down as the chairmen of the congressional committees themselves. The ordinary course of an appropriation bill is so regular that it has become axiomatic. It is first reported by the Appropriation Committee of the House. On the floor of the House, additions are usually made to it which raise its total. It then goes to the Senate, is reported by the Appropriation Committee of that body at a somewhat larger figure than when it passed the House. On the floor of the Senate it is again swelled. It then goes to conference, and emerges from the Conference Committee much nearer the inflated senatorial size than even its size as finally passed by the House of Representatives.

Congress Almost Invariably Yields to the Senate

FOR right here we find one of the most amazing features of our lack of congressional system. Our fathers contemplated that the House of Representatives should hold the purse of the nation. Their constitution made it mandatory that revenue bills should originate with that body. Under the influence of our loose practice and lack of leadership, the Senate, being the smaller body and being governed by looser rules than the House, has virtually usurped control of fiscal legislation. Time after time we have seen the Senate and House with horns locked upon some item of appropriation which the Senate demands, which the House refuses—items which House leaders have gone so far as to denounce as "legislative blackmail"; and yet, the result is almost invariably the same: the House yields and the Senate has its way.

In August, 1912, Congress was kept in session for several days after the date fixed for adjournment because the Senate was engaged in the pleasing process of attempting to force down the throat of the House some venerable claims of certain States for services alleged to have been rendered to the United States government more than a hundred years ago.

Such legislative methods simply invite demands for improper favors. The secrecy of the committee room plays directly into the hands of the lobbyist and the corporate seeker for favor, while the lack of personal responsibility makes it impossible for the people to punish any one politically for the results of the system.

The evil effects of these methods are not confined to the relations of the two Houses to each other. While our Federal Constitution does not expressly provide for detailed executive coöperation during the process of lawmaking, it is most explicit in its provisions for executive concurrence thereafter, and the veto is one of the most important powers that it confers upon the President. The past two years have witnessed a series of attempts on the part of Congress to curtail this power and to force the President to accept measures of legislation which he would otherwise veto, by engrafting them upon important appropriation bills. These attempts have been greatly aided by the methods of the committee system. The whole phenomenon illustrates so strikingly the evils of committee government, and constitutes such a reversal of orderly and effective lawmaking as it is carried on by other countries, and as the framers of our constitution intended it, that it may be worth while to give the details of one of those attempts.

The Army Appropriation Bill of 1912, as passed by the Senate, having materially differed from the bill as passed by the House of Representatives, it was referred to a Conference Committee of the two Houses. This was composed of six members: three from each body. As usual with such committees, it met in secret and its members were pledged not to divulge its deliberations. When the bill emerged and was reported to the Houses, it contained two entirely new provisions that had never been before either House. One of them limited the power of the President in choosing his chief of staff for the army, and the other curtailed the power of the Secretary of War in dealing with the army post question, by referring it to a special board named in the bill. Both were thus limitations of executive power imposed upon the executive by Congress. They came to the executive like a blow in the dark. He was faced with the alternative of either accepting them or, by vetoing the whole bill, of leaving the army without pay.

Not only had the President, under our system, been allowed no voice, as would have been his right in other countries, to frame and introduce this appropriation bill, but it was now being made the vehicle for a curtailment of his constitutional power. The Secretary of War, whose department was vitally affected, had no right to utter a word on the floor of either House to explain its effect upon his administration. The only thing left for him to do—and it well illustrates the lack of all coöperative machinery between the two branches of government—was to borrow a room in the Capitol from a friendly senator, and there to interview privately such senators as should care to discuss the matter with him. In spite of his efforts, the bill passed and the President was forced to resort to his veto.

A Three Months' Delay in the Army Appropriation Bill

IF our legislative machinery had provided means for executive coöperation in open debate, I am convinced that such a situation would never have occurred. That there was no wide-spread support behind this attack on the executive was shown by the fact that no attempt was made to override the veto and the new appropriation bill contained none of the objectionable features. But it cost nearly three months' delay, and during that time the army and its vast interests were left to the mercy of temporary expedients for support.

I believe that by far the greatest part of the inefficiency and attendant corruption from which we are suffering in our federal and our State governments to-day can be directly traced to that venerable heresy which keeps the influence of our executives out of our halls of Congress and assemblies. That it is a heresy has been long and abundantly proved. That Montesquieu, who announced it, utterly misconceived the British constitution, of which he was writing, has been amply demonstrated by many writers, particularly by the brilliant studies of Professor Ford. The theory upon which it is based has been completely abandoned, not only in the government of which Montesquieu wrote, but in all other homes of effective parliamentary institutions. It lingers on here in the United States, the fount of most of our troubles, yet cherished as if it were a veritable ark of the covenant.

The harm that it is doing here is becoming constantly more acute. The legislative problems of to-day are becoming rapidly more complex. With the modern inventions of to-day, which dominate our transportation, our communication, indeed our daily lives, with the growth and consolidation of our methods of business, with the tremendous increase proportionately of city dwellers, with that development into what we call collectivism, the dependence of the people upon government and the necessity of more expert and more intelligent government is becoming more pressing every day. The acute crises of modern life are steadily making inefficient government more intolerable. An inefficient system will have its unworkability shown more pitilessly under modern conditions than heretofore. The inability of Congress, even with longer sessions and extra sessions, to get through its work is becoming more evident with each year. Very much of the congestion of its business, which is so complained of to-day, comes simply from the fact that under modern conditions a system without leadership is becoming daily more impossible.

A Measure that Would Destroy the Political Power of the President

MOREOVER, some of the agencies that used to lubricate its wheels can no longer be counted on for that purpose. It is an axiom of constitutional history that where, for any reason, coördinate action of the various branches of government is made difficult or abnormal, those branches will be made to work coördinately by violence or corruption. In the United States, in the past, the influence of the patronage of the executive has taken the place of legitimate influence in the legislature in order to make both branches of the government work together. Not only has the President used his patronage directly to get through legislation for which he was responsible, but to an even greater extent federal patronage has been used to cement together national party machines which controlled both the executive and Congress. We are now reaching the end of that régime. The extensions of the civil service are steadily reducing the limits of federal patronage. Twice during his term President Taft urged Congress to place upon the classified civil service substantially all of the presidential offices. Such a measure would at one blow destroy most of the enormous political power of the President. I believe it would be one of the greatest blessings that could come to good administration in this country. But, at the same time, unless this influence were replaced by other means, it would leave our lawmaking machinery even more unworkable than it is at present. If the President is to be shorn of his power to get through his measures by patronage, he must be given the power to get them through by other more proper means.

I think the foregoing marks the outline of our problem. We have deprived the process of lawmaking of its historical and natural leader, the executive, exercising his functions in the capacity of open debate and interrogation. In his place has come the secrecy of the committee room. We have eliminated the officer who is the representative of the whole people and who is responsible to them and who proposes legislation from their viewpoint. There has been left only a body representing an aggregation of districts; a body with whom the interest of the locality is sure, in the long run, to outweigh the interest of the nation; a body that can not readily or normally involve national leaders both because of the limitation under which its members are selected and because the administrative functions of the nation are constitutionally placed in other hands. We have eliminated the initiative of the executive, based on his experience with the requirements of national administration, and in its place we have obtained a selective process based upon the mutual bargaining between districts, which we know as log-rolling and the pork barrel. As a total result we have a situation which tempts the legislature to blame the executive for failure to enforce the laws, and which in turn tempts the executive to blame the legislature for improperly framing the laws—a deadlock which, in the face of the constantly growing need for more intelligent government, is becoming daily more impossible.

The solution of the problem is hampered not only by the persistence of a stubborn tradition, but by the

(*Continued on page 25*)

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THE LONG TON

(Continued from page 21)

"Nobody won't pay you a dollar for it, Tight-wad!" Adam trotted along after his train as fast as his tired feet would carry him over the coarse ballast. "I'll tell 'em on you, see? Sam had a paid-up union button, he had. And for that there dirty kick we'll make you put up something, too, before you get out of this shaft to-night!"

"Union! I never give 'em a cent yet! Never have. Never will. Never!"

"You will now!" puffed Adam Tolenkas. "There's noon an' the whole afternoon yet, and wait till I tell——"

Here a mighty spirit did not sustain Adam over an irregularity in the road. He stumbled, tripped on his own mule-whip, and fell flat. His cap and lamp went into the ditch, and a lump of something bumped his face cruelly.

After a half-stunned breath or two, though, he was able to light a match from his coat pocket. Crimson trickles down his shirt were more in evidence than his mine-lamp and cap. However, he presently had the light going again. He sat back upon his heels.

"Nose-bleed!" he said proudly. "Gosh! I won't do a thing to Puddick, will I? Oh, my, no! Say, who does he think is running trips on this road, him or me? Well, he ain't fell off yet, not if he has any deternating-caps in his pockets! Kitty mule must be up to the door. That'll stop her runnin' away till I come open it for her."

Shaken and gory, but quite himself, Adam hurried after his team.

Ahead the three mules stood, panting, and a heavy timbered door barred the passage. Kitty jerked her trace-chains impatiently, and nipped at the boy as he slipped by the drunken miner and got to her head.

"You old fool!" he growled to her in basso profundo. "Wha' j' you want to run your legs off for him yellin', hey? *He* ain't your boss. You an' me got work enough to do yet to-day to finish us in a walk. Ain't you wise to that?" He unlatched the door and put his slight weight upon it against the pressure of the ventilating fans. "Heave on it, Kitty mule! Push! Easy. There, now!"

The beast had the trick perfectly. The door swung flat back against the wall and balanced there. The three mules and four cars went through.

"Whoa, Kitty!"

But Kitty, for some reason of her own, never did stop when she went through this door. There was one more door forty-five feet farther on, but lighter than this. Beyond was nothing more up to the underground railroad yard where the lokie made up its loaded trains and shunted empties about on switches. Mule wisdom, evidently, held forty-five feet of gangway with two doors to be poor engineering.

"Whoa! Whoa! Jus' the same, it shows Stan ain't so terrible sure to shut that partic'lar door! *Will* you whoa?"

"Giddap, giddap, giddap!" howled Puddick gleefully.

A mine mule has neither reins nor bit; of driving, in the open-air sense, there is none. Kitty pricked her long ears backward from her leather bonnet and listened civilly to the boy; but all the time she was striding away from him. Tommy passed him, then Joker, then the first car. And just up ahead the other door was to be opened.

Why not leave this open behind the trip? It was so hard to move! And, coming back, Adam would have to wait till Sam Turkas or some man came along to open it. The lead-mule was trained to push, but to pull inward a door was beyond her accomplishments.

"Gosh!" spoke Adam, clapping a hand to his face. "Started my nose again! There's a light behind, comin' after us, too. Why can't that man shut it, if it's gotta get latched? Why couldn't I leave it for him? Hey?"

The last two cars rolled by the driver as he hesitated. He was spent and small and shaky, and the door was massive. Couldn't he leave it open, just one door, just once?

"He's real near us," continued Adam, watching the advancing light. "I wisht 'twas Sam. But Sam won't walk as fast as that no more to-day. It could be Wales, or Bottles White, or Simon, maybe. I wisht 'twas Simon. He'd tend door a few minutes till I got back. Still, Stanley said men got killed from us leavin' 'em open; so I——"

"Ya-ah! I can blow up the whole union by blowin' up this mine! And save money by it. Who says I can't?"

Adam wheeled. He saw, by the miser's own light, that Puddick had opened the powder-tin tucked under his left arm. He sat wabbling on the sharp edge of a car, lamp-weighted cap in hand, trying to fit the blazing lamp into the eleven-inch circle of the open keg.

"You fool, stop it!" shrilled Adam Tolenkas. "You'll burn the hide off Kitty, my mule! Damn your eyes!"

"Cry-baby!" At each wavering flourish the lamp came closer to the aperture. "You ain't the size to stop me. You an' the union together won't stop me! Yi!"

"If I runned in on him to blow it out," thought the boy, in one clear instant's vision as he measured the eight yards between them,—"I'm just tall 'nough,—he'd grab mine instead. Or maybe 'twould fall in the powder itself!" He gasped. "My, but he's terrible close to the team! He'll kill 'em, sure. I can't stop him!"

Hereat Adam, substitute driver-boy, was possessed of a mortal desire to run farther away from that powder-tin. With the wind at his back, he made two steps toward the blessedly open door, when down the road the bobbing light gave tongue in greeting.

"Hey, kid! Hey, Adam! That yourself!"

"It's Simon! Run—run! Fire!—Oh, why can't I make a noise? I got no voice.—My God, she'll take Simon too! I can't make him hear.—Simon!—I'm a-whisperin'. What'll I do? You always got to look out for the married men, in a danger."

For a choking instant, Adam was back in the cool, deep water of the swimming-hole of last summer, the white arm of Simon, the swimmer, shooting out of the smother to snatch him by the chin as his last glance of daylight failed.

"'More good miners have been killed with kids leaving doors open—' Stanley said so. Says he, 'What are the doors for?' And says I, 'To get shut.' Sure I will. Simon's a nice fella."

The fractional horse-power and the eighty pounds of Adam's manhood caught the edge of the heavy timbered door—tugged, lifted, moved it an inch—six inches. His nose bled, his ears drummed. It was so badly hung, that door!

But all at once it came free. The air took it. He lost his hold on the edge and fell stumbling, overbalanced by the impetus he gave. The plank slipped from him altogether—nearly closed the gangway. Then emphatically it banged once, and the rushing of the air stilled.

"That'll fix Simon. He won't get the force. I wisht I'd had the sense meself to get the other side!"

But, to make the best of the situation as it stood, the driver rolled hastily into the water of the ditch, jerked up his coat collar over the nape of his neck, crossed his woolen-clad arms over the back of his head to take falling stones and fire, covered his hands as well as might be in water, and waited. It is the pitman's way of meeting gas explosions, when one has a second's warning of the trouble.

Then, with an intolerable light, and some noise, and a crazy jolt, Miser Puddick's efforts crowned themselves. For the first time in years, he wasted something that was worth good money.

"I won't go home in it!" Adam Tolenkas vowed, as the cage came to daylight and he saw the ambulance backed up ready to the shaft. "You must think I'm a baby! When they took our Stanley home with his leg busted, how do you s'pose ma felt? Gosh!"

"'Tain't for you," Simon Pitcavage told him. "Puddick. He's burnt. It's his finish. He didn't have so terrible much powder in the keg, and what he had went mostly to flash. You're pretty near as good as new, only for a nose-bleed."

"How's my team?" demanded Adam, the torturer of cats.

"They have to shoot one, I b'lieve. But the gray and the lead-mule was old hands, and ducked, and they ain't much scorched. Queer, how they figure out the heat goes to the roof in the mines!"

They walked off the cage, they two and others, Simon supporting the boy by an arm. Adam was dizzy and sickish, from the powder-smoke or from nose-bleed.

"I like that there Kitty," he managed to say; and sat gravely down upon a convenient box in the dazzling sunshine of the colliery yard.

"Here's some tea," offered the rescuing Simon, unscrewing the cap from his own dinner-can. "Drink it. You ain't had your dinner yet, I don't suppose. It's half past one."

Adam's dignity was saved from a fainting-spell. Presently, with Simon's hand in his arm-pit, he managed to stump across the yard and down the road. And never once did Simon or any one they met entitle him "kid." It was now "young fella."

"I'd like to ask you one question," Simon began, after they had gone a long way. "I yelled out for you to wait for me, and you didn't answer back."

"There goes me nose again!" grunted Adam, limping haughtily around the corner into his own street.

"Did you know it was me? I seen you shut the door."

"That old sucker kicked Sam over backwards. Swatted him right on the gizzard."

"Did you know it was me? And you saw you couldn't get through yourself and still shove it home? Say!"

If anybody but his idol Simon had asked, Adam would have felt this kind of thing an unpardonable indecency, a violation of the seemly male reserves. Even for Simon he felt a little ashamed.

"Old skinflint won't care this time whether he makes a big pay or not! Serve him right, too, riskin' to kill folks, and packin' whisky to his room. No person that drinks on the job ain't fit to work in the mines."

Simon laughed—oddly, lightly, tenderly. He was not very many years past being a boy himself. No more was said until they reached the gate.

"Goin' back inside?"

"No, not to-day. I'm going home now to tell my girl something."

The secret of the juggled metal tickets was large in Adam's mind; but a dawning insight acquainted him that Simon Pitcavage had neither coal nor pay-slips in question now. It had nothing to do with business, the yarn the bridegroom was going home to tell pretty Angelika. Sentimental, purely! Adam looked down at the mud path, and kicked a picket with his mine-shoe, and knew that a horrible red girly blush was creeping up his even, you and me, young fella. I know neck under the mask of coal-dirt.

"I guess we're considerable more'n what you done—that there door. You ain't more'n eighty pound. I'm much obliged to you. Shake!" He extended a big, determined right palm.

Adam completed the salute shamefacedly. The matter of the tickets was an altruistic sin. Yet a sin it was, in his otherwise stainless record as a mine-worker. He felt that it was rather womanish and shabby to accept this master's approval without making a clean breast of the transaction; but, as Simon himself was the destined beneficiary, a clean breast was out of the question.

"I—like workin' in the mines," he faltered.

"Sure you do!"

"And I ain't—ag'in' killin' folkses, nuther!" mumbled Adam defiantly. "If 'twas my school-teacher, now, or ten of her, that Puddick hollered he was goin' to blow up, why,—I'd—I'd—Gosh! *You bet I'd help him!*"

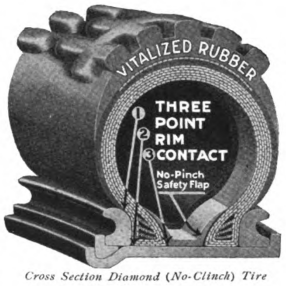
"Oh, no," spoke the friend, with serpent wisdom under his matter-of-fact manner, "you wouldn't. Mebbe you don't like her. But you'd remember the poor woman was only working at her job, same as a docking-boss or them disagreeable trades. You oughta just take the dockage the best you can. Ain't that so? Everybody has to take it."

"Not always!" Adam gloated, dashing for the house, lest he say too much. "Docked? No, siree! Not always!"

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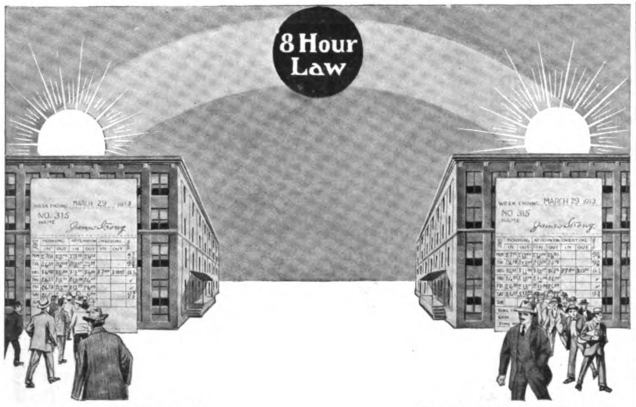
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A CITIZEN OF THE ROADS

(Continued from page 18)

her when they continued the journey. He and the tramp took turns in pushing the little cart, and from time to time she would turn her head so as to see him, always with that little smile and the same manner of sharing a joke with him. But it was manifest that her illness was heavy upon her. The raw air of the day set her coughing; she had fits of shivering under her coverings; and at such times her face would take on a pallor that was like nothing living. The little towns are strung on that road like beads on a string. Through their incurious streets and past the stupid stare of their shop-fronts they pushed their burden, mud from head to heel.

"We'll go through Wrotham," said the tramp. "It's time to buy some brandy, mate; you said you'd got two shillings. And then—and then we'll strike into the old Pilgrims'. It ain't the right weather for the Pilgrims', this ain't, but Lord! where else is there to go?"

"It goes to Rochester, anyhow," agreed James Cowen.

"Yes," said the tramp. "It's hard travelin', too, in the wet. But—but a man must 'ave some road to be fond of. And, comin' along through them villages, I've 'ad Pilgrims' in my mind all the time."

A motor-car, hooded against the rain, swished by them, drenching them in a shower of mud. The tramp wiped a blot of it from his face.

"No motor-cars on the Pilgrims'," he said. "You goes on your two feet there."

In Wrotham brandy was purchased and some food, and by afternoon the long, open roads were left behind them and the high, unkempt hedges of the Pilgrims' Way were to right and left. They were in familiar country now, not only to the tramp, but to James Cowen also. Where the road lifted upon a rise, he could see across the misty country the very row of poplars that screened the east side of his house. He saw them with a curious sense of unfamiliarity. The house they hid and the life it sheltered seemed infinitely remote, scarcely to be apprehended as things affecting him. He was sodden to the skin and sore-footed; his hands were chafed and painful from pushing the cart; and his body was one weariness. But he turned his face away from that far view quickly, and caught the woman's eye fixed upon him, with something satirical in its glance. He bent again to the dreary task of pushing.

But the labor was beginning to tell, and the woman, too, needed relief. It was for this reason that they camped early, in the hollow of a little old quarry, whose mouth looked out on all the spacious south. Through the mists that rose upon the fields there shone distant lights of villages and a little town. But now there was nothing cheery in their bivouac. The fire served only to light up their ill case. The woman, propped up beside it, stared with great, hollow eyes into its blaze; the tramp stared through it at her. And presently, with no warning, she dropped her face and began to weep. The tramp, her husband, sprang to her and put his arms around her.

"Don't!" he said, almost roughly. "Don't! There ain't a thing I can do, dearie. There ain't a thing I can do."

"I know it," she gasped, through tears she could not control, and clung to him pitifully. "I know it, Tom. But—but—the children!"

He held her tighter, kneeling so that she could lean against him. They were framed in the light of the fire, desperate and far-spent, against a background of gathering dark.

"I'm afraid," she was telling him. "I'm afraid I won't see them again, Tom."

"Don't!" he cried. "You'll see 'em all right, dearie. It's only—only the wet and the cold, dearie. You'll be better soon. Won't you?"

His big, hairy face, the face of a fighter, was looking into hers, a-quiver with all the agony of a man's impotence. She smiled weakly and sighed.

"Better soon," she murmured obediently, and her eyes closed.

The tramp remained motionless, holding her up, and there passed minutes of sickening silence. At last he laid her down, pillowing her with infinite care. He turned a troubled face to James Cowen.

"We're up against it this time," he said. "*I* don't know what to do."

"Perhaps she'll be better in the morning," suggested the other.

"Look at 'er," answered the tramp. "If only we was at Rochester."

"Well," said James Cowen, "we could push on, you know. We'd be nearly there by morning, if we pushed all night."

The tramp stared at him with knit brows.

"That's what we'll have to do," he said slowly. "Nothing else for it. But what kind o' man are you to 'arf kill yourself for two pore devils of strangers? Eh?"

"I'm a man like yourself," answered James Cowen.

"You come on me last night, an' I asked you to lend a hand," the tramp went on thoughtfully, in the deliberate tone of one who makes out a case. "I asked you to lend me a hand to get 'er up the hill. And since then you've been shovin' fit to kill yerself. We've 'ad your money; you're wet to the bone; an' now you'll go shovin' all night. Where did you come from?"

"Oh—out of Surrey," answered James Cowen uneasily. "It's nothing. Don't talk so much about it."

The tramp rubbed his sleeve across his eyes.

"I 'arf thought—for a moment—that perhaps you wasn't a man at all," he said, hesitatingly. "There's tales in books—an' in churches—"

He broke off, shamefaced and a little bewildered. The woman loosed her breath in a sigh, and his eyes turned toward her.

"I might 'a' known," said the tramp, after a pause. "Things don't 'appen like that nowadays. An' yet—this here's the Pilgrims'! There's queer stories about the Pilgrims'. Things 'ave been seen—why not? And if ever there was a time for—something to 'appen, this is it. Just think!" His big, hard face softened and grew dreamy in the firelight. "Just think! Supposin', now, we was to 'ear footsteps of somebody comin' along round by that bend"—his graphic hand pointed to the place; the gesture made James Cowen turn and look—"and out of the dark there was to come a—a angel——"

It was as though the word were a cue. The sick woman half rose where she lay. The rasp of her intaken breath sounded like a cry. Her thin face with its deep eyes fronted them.

"Tom!" she cried. "Tom! I want to see—the children—before—I'm gone."

The tramp sprang up, wild and helpless. Through his arms she cried again: "The children, Tom! I want—the children—before——"

He seemed to be trying to hush that cry against his breast, to stifle its poignancy with his strength. And over it he cast one beseeching call to James Cowen.

"If you can—if you are one of them—'elp us—'elp us!"

James Cowen in one of his pockets had a pencil. The wrappings of the food purchased in Wrotham furnished him with a piece of paper. He scribbled hastily.

"Here!" he said to the tramp. "Take this. Take it, I tell you. Go down to that town and give it to Doctor Pope. I'll look after her till you get back."

The tramp looked at it. "But will he—will he——?"

"He'll do all that can be done. Hurry!" He waved him away imperatively.

"Then," said the tramp, "you *are* one of *them!* I knew it!"

And he turned sharply into the darkness. The crash of his flying passage through the bushes receded. Mr. Cowen listened till he was out of hearing; then he sat down beside the sick woman to wait.

There were memories to keep him company, a regiment of strange companions inhabiting the night, the magistrate and the perjured shopkeeper in Guildford; wanderers in a score of roads, a whole population of the byways and hedges. They passed before him in review. His thoughts dwelt with them, not regretfully, now that the die was cast, for their part in his life would remain. And at the tail of them, bringing up the rear, the worthy figure of Mrs. Mettle crossed the field of his recollections. He did not look up till he heard below the roar of a fast automobile.

The doctor, with the tramp at his heels, came into the firelight. He gave one keen look at Mr. Cowen from under his shrewd eyebrows, and then caught sight of the woman. After that it was as though he had forgotten Mr. Cowen's existence.

Mr. Cowen watched him for a moment at his work; then spoke softly.

"Say nothing," he said. "I've come back. I'll be getting along now."

"I would," said the doctor curtly.

The tramp was intent upon his wife, and Mr. Cowen was out of sight before his departure was noted. But from the shadow below the Pilgrims' Way he heard the tramp's exclamation:

"He's gone—clean gone!"

"Yes, he's gone!" It was the doctor's voice that answered. "And now we'll get your wife into the car and take her to a bed."

Their feet sounded as they moved to lift her, but there was a pause.

"Was he," it was the tramp again—"was he a—a angel, sir?"

"He was a fool," replied the doctor.

"Eh? What?"

"I said yes," answered the doctor. "You asked if he was an angel, and I said yes. You take her feet now, and be careful."

Mr. Cowen laughed as he plowed homeward across a drenched field. The Pilgrims' Way was to have a new legend to add to its store—another Canterbury Tale, which should pass by word of mouth along its length from Hampshire to the east.

"Well," he said, as lighted windows came into sight before him, "at least I've been a success. I began as a gentleman; I graduated as a tramp; and, by George, I finish as an angel!"

Five minutes later Mrs. Mettle bade him welcome.

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MARY FULLER

in

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MY MOTHER

(*Continued from page 7*)

But there were two curious incidents that occurred in the order in which I shall write them down.

One night, as I lay in her arms by the fire, a large coal suddenly slipped from the grate, and fell with a crash, awaking the nurse in the other room. I suppose she thought something was wrong, for she appeared at the door with a shawl over her shoulders, holding the night-light in one hand and shading it with the other. I was going to speak, when my mother laid her hand across my mouth. The nurse advanced into the room, passed close beside us, apparently without seeing us, went straight to the empty bed, looked down on the tumbled clothes, and then turned away as if satisfied, and went back to her room. The next day I managed to elicit from her the fact that she had been disturbed in the night, and had come into my room, but had found me sleeping quietly in bed.

The other incident was as follows: One night I was lying half dozing against my mother's breast, my head against her heart, and not, as I usually lay, with my head on her shoulder. As I lay there, it seemed to me as if I heard a strange sound like the noise of the sea in a shell, but more melodious. It is difficult to describe, but it was like the murmuring of a far-off crowd, overlaid with musical pulsations. I nestled closer to her and listened; and then I thought I could distinguish innumerable ripples of church bells pealing, as if from another world. Then I listened more intently to the other sound; there were words, but I could not distinguish them. Again and again a voice seemed to rise above the others, but I could hear no intelligible words. The voices cried in every sort of tone—passion, content, despair, monotony. And then, as I listened, I fell asleep. As I look back now, I have no doubt what voices those were that I heard.

And now comes the end of the story. My health began to improve so remarkably that those about me noticed it. I never gave way—during the day, at any rate—to those old piteous imaginings; and at night, when I suppose, the will partly relaxes its control, whenever my distress reached a certain point, she was there to comfort me. But her visits grew more and more rare as I needed her less, and at last ceased. But it is of her last visit, in the spring of the following year, that I wish to speak.

I had slept well all night, but had awakened in the dark, just before the dawn, from some dream which I forget, but which left my nerves shaken. When, in my terror, I cried out, again the door opened, and she was there. She stood with the jewels in her hair, and the cloak across her shoulders, and the light from the landing lay partly on her face. I at once scrambled down the bed, and was lifted and carried to the chair, and presently fell asleep. When I awoke, the dawn had come, and the birds were stirring and chirping, and a pleasant green light was in the room; and I was still in her arms. It was the first time, except in the instance I have noticed, that I had awakened except in bed, and it was a great joy to find her there. As I turned a little, I saw the cloak that sheltered us both—of a deep blue, with an intricate pattern of flowers and leaves and birds among branches.

Then I turned still more to see her face, which was so near me; but it was turned away; and even as I moved she rose and carried me toward the bed. Still holding me on her left arm, she lifted and smoothed the bedclothes, and then laid me gently in bed, with my head on the pillow. And then, for the first time, I saw her face plainly. She bent over me, with one hand on my breast as if to prevent me from rising, and looked straight into my eyes; and—it was not my mother.

There was one moment of blinding shock and sorrow, and I gave a great sob, and would have risen in bed; but her hand held me down, and I seized it with both my own, and still looked in her eyes. It was not my mother, and yet was there ever such a mother's face as that? I seemed to be looking into depths of indescribable tenderness and strength, and I leaned on that strength in those moments of misery. I gave another sob or two as I looked; but I was quieter, and at last peace came to me.

I did not, at the time, know who she was; but my little soul dimly saw that my own mother, for some reason, could not at that time come to me who needed her so sorely, and that another great Mother had taken her place. Yet, after the first moment or so, I felt no anger or jealousy.

Then, I remember, I lifted my head a little, and kissed the hand that I held in my own reverently and slowly. I do not know why I did it, except that it was the natural thing to do. The hand was strong and white, and delicately fragrant. Then it was withdrawn, and she was standing by the door, and the door was open; and then she was gone, and the door was closed.

I know who she is, and, please God, I shall see her again; and next time, I hope, my mother and I will be together; and perhaps it will not be very long; and perhaps she will allow me to kiss her hand again.



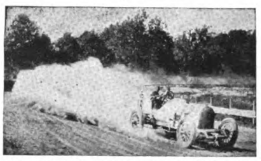
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THE SECRET CENTER OF OUR GOVERNMENT

(*Continued from page 22*)

natural jealousy with which a powerful branch of the government would regard any supposed encroachments upon its jurisdiction.

From the Secret Committee Room to the Open Debate

I believe, however, that there is no sound foundation for the fear that the reform in question would at all diminish the dignity or power of Congress. On the contrary, executive coöperation in legislation would enhance the importance and opportunities of legislators. Issues on public questions would become more clearly defined when presented as the program of an officer responsible to the public. The transfer of the real fight for and against them from the secrecy of the committee room to the open debate of the floor would necessarily evolve congressional leadership both in furthering the administration program and in calling forth an effective opposition to meet such a well defined and well espoused program of the administration. Congress would become a more truly deliberative body. It would be freed from many of the administrative burdens which its separation from the executive now tends improperly to impose upon it, and its attention and time would be concentrated upon the real purpose of legislation.

Fortunately, also, the main obstacles to reform in our federal government are not embedded in our constitution, and to get rid of them does not necessitate constitutional amendment. The framers of the federal constitution were not led into the position already taken by several of the States of following the theory of Montesquieu completely, and of declaring, as did Massachusetts and Maryland, that the powers of the legislature and the executive ought to be forever separate and distinct from each other. On the contrary, Mr. Madison, in "The Federalist," showed that, under the English constitution, the "executive magistrate forms an integral part of the legislative authority." But they did not provide in the constitution a regular or automatic method of coöperation between the two branches, and although, under the inspiration of Hamilton's genius, there was coöperation during the first administration of Washington, in a few decades the two branches gradually drifted apart. Federal practice succumbed to the fallacy which had swept through the States, and the modern system of committee government grew up. The problem now is to institute a proper practice against all of the oppo-

(*Continued on page 26*)

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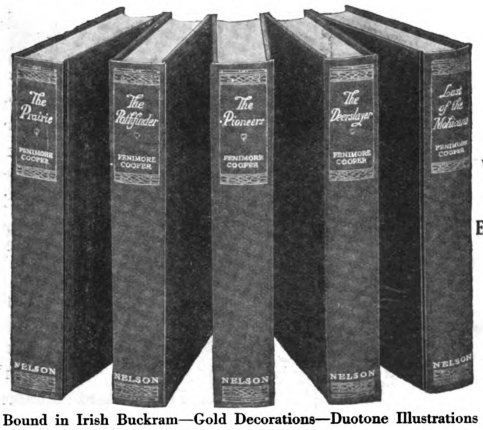
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THE SECRET CENTER OF OUR GOVERNMENT

(Continued from page 25)

sition and obstacles above mentioned. President Wilson, reading his message in person in the Hall of Representatives, finely vindicated the theory of coöperation, and made a return to the sound precedent of Washington; but, in order to make the reform permanent and effective, there is needed the careful construction of machinery by which coöperation will become normal and natural and not dramatic and extraordinary. To put the matter concretely, although I frankly recognize how tentative such suggestions must be, I suggest that the following steps be taken:

First: As to fiscal legislation:

(*a*) The President should be given the right, by statute, to prepare and introduce into Congress a budget setting forth an estimate of the expenses of the government for the coming year, as well as a proposal of the necessary new legislation, if any, which he suggests as proper to raise revenue for the purpose.

(*b*) His Cabinet officers should be given, by joint resolution or statute, the right to present and defend on the floor of the Senate and House of Representatives the respective portions of this budget pertaining to their departments.

(*c*) By statute or joint resolution, both Houses should be forbidden from adding items to the executive budget as thus presented, unless with the President's concurrence. Or, in the alternative, the President should be given the right to veto individual items in the appropriation bill.

Second: As to general legislation:

(*a*) The President should be given the right to introduce bills, and these bills must be given preference above all other bills, except appropriation bills, on the calendars of both Houses, and amendments to them be allowed only upon the floor of either House.

(*b*) The members of the President's Cabinet should be given, by statute or joint resolution, the right to appear on the floor and discuss these and other bills of general legislation so far as they affect their respective departments.

The foregoing proposals are sufficiently concrete, I believe, at least to invite discussion. No one of them would require constitutional amendment, with the possible exception of the proposal to give the President the veto power over items in the appropriation bill; and even for the existence of this power, though long unused, there can be made a strong argument from the constitution. Such power exists to-day in the State Constitution of New York.

For each of these proposals there are strong, indeed virtually universal, precedents in the practice of other nations. Even Congress itself, in the Sundry Civil Appropriation Act of March 4, 1909, partly opened the door to the entrance of the presidential budget, and President Taft made a courageous effort to enter therein. Congress has since attempted to shut the door, and insists on the old ineffective methods of estimate and appropriation.

The oldest standing order of the English Parliament, dating back to 1713, forbids members from adding to the budget introduced by the Crown, and this has been called by Mr. Ford "the great antiseptic of the English Constitution." He says of it: "It absolutely precludes log-rolling, and in so doing dries up the most copious source of legislative graft." No one who has witnessed the way in which an appropriation bill swells, on its passage through Congress, like a great rolling snow-ball can doubt the justice of that statement.

The proposition to give Cabinet officers the rights of the floor in debate and for the purpose of interrogation is one that has been discussed in Congress since 1864 and has been recommended to that body by one of the strongest special committees of congressional history. Bills to make the proposition effective are now pending before Congress. I believe that it would remove much of the present friction and jealousy between Congress and the executive departments; that it would greatly expedite consideration of legislative business affecting those departments; and that, beyond all this, it would bring into the tangled skein of local interests the viewpoint of officers charged with duties broadly national in their scope and character.

Taken as a whole, I believe that the adoption of a system based upon these propositions would introduce into our lawmaking the workable methods that have hitherto been lacking; would strike a death-blow at the power of wealth and privilege which clings around the committee room; and finally, by giving to the people of this country effective means by which their deliberate desires can be enacted into law, would terminate much of the dangerous criticism that is now aimed at our system of representative government.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

Vol. LVII No. 2949] WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1913 [10 Cents a Copy $4.00 a Year

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS
Frederick L. Collins, President — Arthur S. Moore, Secretary
Cameron Mackenzie, Vice-President — Horace W. Paine, Treasurer
McClure Building, Fourth Ave. & 20th Street, New York

Entered at the New York Post-office as second-class matter

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Entered at Stationers' Hall, London

COMMENT

BEGINNING with the issue of August 16th, Mr. NORMAN HAPGOOD will take charge of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Gettysburg

Last week was full of commencements. Next week has the greatest one of the year, the commencement of the second half-century after the battle of Gettysburg. Fifty thousand graduates of Gettysburg are expected and will be entertained by Uncle Sam, blue and gray without distinction—or perhaps, rather, all with like distinction.

This will be a very remarkable celebration. None quite like it ever happened before that we can recall, and this one can not be repeated. There may be future celebrations at Gettysburg, but the fifty thousand graduates will not be there again.

How great is the renown of that fight! Folks who are ever so weak in Civil War history, to whom all the other battles of it are no more than names, know Gettysburg in its details—"Culps Hill," "Cemetery Ridge," "Seminary Ridge," "Round Top" and "Little Round Top," the "bloody angle," and PICKETT'S charge. The reason is that the three days' fight at Gettysburg between great armies, well matched, settled the war. Before it the result was in doubt. After it, it never was. Union had won.

> Above the bayonets mixed and crossed,
> Men saw a gray gigantic ghost,
> Receding through the battle cloud,
> And heard across the tempest loud,
> The death-cry of a nation lost!

Lost? Yes, and of a nation saved!

It is the Gettysburg of the great battle, and Gettysburg of LINCOLN'S immortal address. Where else in our country is there a place quite so hallowed? Where else may a lover of his country so well go to learn the lesson of devotion, to catch the inspiration of high sacrifice?

It is to rejoice in the strength and the breadth of sentiment that has made the field of Gettysburg what it is; that has made it a national possession, sacred to all who died there, marked with their monuments and the records of their valor. It is a good place to go to; a good place especially to visit in these days of change and disturbance and restlessness, of innovation, and impatience of tradition, and of all curbs, and of duty itself. These are times when some of us feel a need to be reminded that our country has deep foundations, laid in true hearts, cemented by their blood. No one can miss that reminder at Gettysburg. No one can see that place and come away without a sense that what cost so much is worth keeping, nor without renewal of high conviction that it will be kept.

For the Banking and Currency Bill

If the President needed any defense for his insistence on making a beginning with the banking and currency question, anybody with sense could find it in the tremendous interest manifested in the subject, now that the press and public have a fairly definite proposal to deal with. The notion that it is a subject people don't care about is effectively dispelled. For the time being it has driven even the tariff into the background. It reveals itself as what it has been all along—the most fundamentally important issue awaiting the action of Congress. Even politicians have long conceded this, and that is precisely why so many administrations have shrunk from any real tackling of it. They have simply been afraid of it. Apart from any judgment of the President's views on it, he is entitled to the high credit of practically forcing Congress and the country to stop neglecting it.

So much is perfectly consistent with his remark that the bill to be offered to Congress is, in fact, "no man's bill." It was doubtless beyond his power to secure preliminary acceptance for a measure fully compassing whatever may be his own desire and ideal. But apparently he *has* secured immediate consideration for a measure which, if there is sense and virtue enough in Congress and the country, may be the basis of a sound financial system and meet our most pressing need.

What Will the Republicans Do?

There are differing accounts of the recent meeting of the executive committee of the Republican National Committee at Washington. Some indicate a strong sentiment for a national convention. Some indicate the contrary. Probably each paper's account takes its quality from the bias of the men whom that paper's correspondent happened to talk with after the meeting. Those who talked with Progressives got the idea that the party will openly purge itself. Those who talked with stand-patters got the idea that all the party has to do, and all it probably will do, is to wait until the Democratic tariff disgusts the country, and then, without change or effort, come into its own again.

We have full and wholesome respect for the power of the men who hold the stand-pat view. We even agree with them to the extent of thinking it useless and unwise for the Republican party to take any such action as would leave it indistinguishable from the Bull Moose party. We see no reason, moral or practical, for its attempting to beat the Bull Moose aggregation at their own game. If it tries that, we bet on the Moose. But we do see reasons why the party, in order to keep alive as itself, should do and do openly, by a national convention, the things which its more progressive leaders want it to do. Moreover, we think these reasons so plain and convincing, and the opportunity still open to the party, if it is wise and candid, so great, that we expect the progressive element to prevail.

That is to say, we expect the party, in spite of the temperamental stand-patters and the interested committeemen from the South, to make a reasonable response to actual conditions and to the demands of public opinion. We expect it to try and set itself right in respect of the practices which have been plainly condemned by the better people of the country, including a large part of its own membership.

The New Order in the Agriculture Department

The new Secretary and the new Solicitor of the Agriculture Department have been in no hurry to celebrate their accession to office. In view of the ordinary behavior of politicians they seem, in fact, to have been very unmindful of their opportunities. The country was not long ago all wrought up over the way Secretary WILSON and Solicitor MCCABE enforced, or left unenforced, the pure-food laws. Why on earth, therefore, did not Secretary HOUSTON and Solicitor COFFEY signalize their advent by sensationally reversing at once their predecessors' policies and summoning the press to take due notice of the change?

Probably because neither of them happened to be a politician. Also because both were more intent on doing their work well and thoroughly than on getting their names in the papers. They were not in office to judge their predecessors, but only to do their own duty as they saw it.

Apparently they *are* doing it; and one of the results is the astounding discovery that meats are foods, and that therefore the Pure Food and Drugs Act applies to them. The preceding administration had taken a different view, for no other discoverable reason than that there was, besides the Food and Drugs Act, a Meat Inspections Act. The new Secretary's curiosity being aroused—he is, we judge, not a vegetarian—the Solicitor went patiently to work to discover whether Congress, by passing two acts with the same general object, had meant to defeat that object. He could find no reason for so holding. The Solicitor-General agreed with him. There has accordingly been signed an order reversing the regulation of October 17, 1906, which practically exempted meats from the operation of the Pure Foods Act, and they will be henceforth treated like other foods. That is to say, the public will have the same protection against impure meat foods that it now has against other impure foods.

We doubt if the HOUSTON administration of the Agriculture Department ever does get around, unless incidentally, to passing judgment on the preceding administration. Come to think of it, however, that is not its precise duty. However, by doing its precise duty carefully and fearlessly, as in this instance, it will incidentally reveal to the country, in the really most effective way, how much there was the matter with the department before last March.

The Doctors, Government, and Public Health

Various recent happenings, especially Dr. FRIEDMANN'S interesting and instructive visit to these shores, made the course of the American Medical Association, at its annual convention last week, seem decidedly timely. With the venerable Dr. ABRAHAM JACOBI in the chair, it promptly addressed itself to questions of medical ethics.

That is a decidedly live question to-day and in America. Medically speaking, the code of HIPPOCRATES, which we believe is the earliest known treatise on the subject, is a thoroughly up-to-date campaign document. Fifty or sixty years ago, probably few physicians would have admitted that this ancient statement of doctors' duties was not generally lived up to. Maybe so; but we count it a distinct gain, not a loss, that our American doctors took last week a disturbed rather than a self-satisfied tone concerning the morals of their great profession.

They naturally discussed fake cures and patent medicines. We trust they will keep going on that line; for government, if scientifically guided and if it has the courage, can do far more than it has yet done to suppress such miserable depredations upon suffering humanity. But the association also came much nearer home. It discussed such practices as split fees, which, so far from being confined to medical and pharmaceutic outcasts, can be successfully followed only by "regular" physicians. In the stamping out of such practices medical associations can probably do more than government can.

But government and the profession must co-operate, wisely and firmly and thoroughly, to secure for us all that we have a right to demand from medical science. They must coöperate to get us rid of unequipped, commercial medical schools; to get us rid of half-trained practitioners. Dr. JOHN A. WYETH declared last week, in this journal, that of our graduate doctors, "even to this day, only one-tenth obtain first practice as internes in hospitals."

We have to-day in America as able physicians and as fine medical schools as there are in the world. But we have too many physicians and schools of the other sort. If both government and the medical associations do their duty—unfortunately government means both Congress and the legislatures—there is no reason why we may not after a decade or so feel as safe in calling a doctor anywhere as we should be in France or Germany or Switzerland.

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Diplomatic Appointments

The administration continues to divert accomplished and agreeable literary gentlemen from the amelioration of society at home to the edification of foreign parts. Starting with Ambassador WALTER PAGE, whose qualities, we read, are so much appreciated in London, the line now includes Mr. THOMAS NELSON PAGE, of Virginia, ambassador to Italy; Dr. HENRY VAN DYKE, of Princeton, minister to Holland; and Mr. MEREDITH NICHOLSON, of Indiana, minister to Portugal.

These are all appointments which, we judge, will be heartily approved both coming and going. The approval of Mr. PAGE found an expression last week when Harvard embellished him with her "LL.D."

For the Merit System but also for "Marse Tom"

It was unbelievable, though intimated in the Washington despatches, that the WILSON administration was going back on the plan of promotions for merit in our foreign service. We are glad the President has promptly denied it, not merely by words, but by actually promoting Minister EGAN from Copenhagen to Vienna. We trust and believe he will adhere to the principle still more closely in the consular service, where it is most clearly demanded by every consideration that appeals to common-sense patriotism.

Still, to be honest, we must confess some complacency with a system that permits the President to send THOMAS NELSON PAGE to Italy. No doubt an absolutely rigid system of promotions would have prevented that, as it would also have debarred IRVING and LOWELL and other American men of letters from delightful diplomatic assignments, in which they did us all much honor. Come to think of it, however, even the British system is not absolutely rigid. If it had been, they could never have sent us BRYCE.

"Mere Wealth"

In sending Mr. THOMAS NELSON PAGE as ambassador to Rome, President WILSON has for a second time shown his preference for personal distinction as against mere wealth in our diplomatic service.—*The Evening Post.*

Yes; but it is not necessary, in praising the two admirable PAGES, to disparage their pecuniary resourcefulness. We guess neither of them lacks due private ability to piece out the inadequate provision our government makes for its ambassadors. And "mere wealth," by the way, has seldom got the top prizes in our diplomatic service. It has often been a contributory factor in appointments, but rarely the governing consideration.

Commencement Jollification

The colleges have commenced again. A great deal has been said by the commencement orators, but what with the tariff bill and the currency bill and the boat-races and the ball games, a less proportion than usual of it seemed to come to general public notice.

Commencement has come to be in some of the colleges a much more highly organized festivity than formerly. At Yale and Harvard, for example, larger classes than of old come back, and give themselves to several days of prescribed entertainment. Then there is a very prevalent and growing fashion of uniform costumes, some of them very elaborate, for the classes returning to emphasize another five-year period, and to play hard and long seems the current disposition. Aged graduates read with wonder of the efforts of their younger brethren to have a good time, and watch their organized and costumed exertions with approval, to be sure, but not with much envy. But the current disposition is to hit the line hard in everything, and for the moment the pleasures of tranquillity are in less esteem than their merits warrant.

The Boat Races

Poughkeepsie had the best of the boat-races. There was not clear water at the finish between any two of the five leading crews there in the four-mile race. The final dispute between the two central New York crews—Syracuse and Cornell—was admirable racing. Conservatives may pluck up heart at the victory of Brother DAY'S young men.

At New London the four-mile race was a procession after the first mile, with Harvard quite hopelessly in the lead. Yale is still in the doldrums in her boating matters, and seems to be going through a period of experiment such as Harvard went through before her. The English stroke has so far done her no more good than it did Harvard. The crews that win seem to be crews trained and taught by professional oarsmen. There used to be, and still is, a sentiment that, though men could properly be paid to teach mental things in colleges, the lessons in athletic sports ought to be gratuitously imparted. That sentiment is not so strong as it was even among the considerate. The objections to professional paid teachers of such branches as rowing grows fainter, and the need of such teachers for crews that participate in such races as go on at New London and Poughkeepsie is obvious. Amateur coaches of the requisite ability can not, year after year, give the necessary time to their avocation. Some one must stay continuously on the job if rowing traditions are to survive and crews be properly taught.

A Liberal Southern College

Trinity College, at Durham, North Carolina, which lately received a million dollars, largely from the DUKE brothers, was a fit college to receive the gift, for several reasons. One was, that other large gifts, mainly from the DUKES, had preceded this one; it can be used, therefore, in carrying out plans already matured and which look toward kinds of work not possible to a poor institution. The other reason was that Trinity already has an extremely liberal atmosphere, and has already made itself a center of the best Southern thought. The "South Atlantic Quarterly" is edited and published there, and some years ago, in the case of Professor BASSETT, the college fought and won a good fight for intellectual freedom. It is one of many potent and practical educational factors in the South's ever-quickening renaissance. It is one of the places to which we may look hopefully for activities and influences that may possibly, while helping the South to still greater material prosperity, measurably guard it against some of the unlovely accompaniments of swift prosperity which the North and West have known.

Teetotalism Is Now Good Form

In connection with the comment on the "grape juice" state dinners at Washington, which have been criticised as hopelessly provincial, it ought to be said that abstemiousness in the use of alcoholic drink is not provincial in any sense. It is stated that a number of the crowned heads of Europe are teetotalers. Among those who drink no wines or liquors are mentioned the King of Spain, King FERDINAND of Bulgaria, Queen EMMA of Holland, and the King and Queen of Sweden.—*The Outlook.*

Another person "mentioned" as drinking no wine is Mr. BRYCE, in whose honor Mr. BRYAN gave his first grape-juice state dinner.

There is nothing provincial about voluntary teetotalism. What was criticised about Mr. BRYAN'S dinner was necessitated teetotalism.

In the Philippines

Harvard gave Bishop BRENT an LL.D., and he made a speech at the Commencement dinner at which he said:

We of this nation know full well that prior to the day when independence is a part of freedom there must come a period of tutelage and dependence. But we look toward a moment when our history will be repeated in the history of the people for whom we now stand sponsors; and until that day has dawned we shall continue our trust.

I have had a share, a small share, in this task for two happy, wholesome, difficult years, and I stand ready, should it appear to be my duty, to give the balance of my days to what is the most generous and single-minded service ever rendered by a strong to a weak people.

That is strong testimony to the merits of the work which is being done in the Philippines in the last twelve years, one happy feature of which, the bishop said, is that constructive work has always been kept above party politics. He spoke with enthusiasm of Governor FORBES, whose successor, indeed, will inherit a standard of devotion and efficiency not easy to maintain.

Disarming the Moros

General PERSHING'S campaign against the Moros was for the inforcement of a law of disarmament in Mindanao; very much such a law as our General Big Tim SULLIVAN provided for the city of New York. The Moros, who are the hereditary gunmen of Mindanao, had laid in a very nice line of new weapons since General DUNCAN thrashed them in the crater of Bud Dajo, and preferred to get some good out of them if possible. So they fought, and they are very interesting fighters, and have convenient natural defenses — usually extinct craters—which they use with skill. But in the end, after a season of very enjoyable fighting in which a large proportion of them are killed, they are cleaned out and compelled to respect the ordinances.

It seems wasteful to kill so many Moros, and it is very troublesome, besides, but what can you do? Possibly since they are so incorrigibly addicted to the use of weapons some of them might be used in military service, and for some others there is the example of JACK ROSE and the lecture platform. But the gentlemen on the ground should be the best judges of these expedients. Our old way with bad Indians was to round them all up and move them away from home to a convenient reservation.

Guam?

Perhaps it was not true, as reported last week, that Senator O'GORMAN has urged the President to appoint ex-Governor DIX, of New York, to be Governor-General of the Philippines. We did not know that Governor DIX would care for tropical responsibilities, but if he does, there's Guam.

Why not Guam, Senator?

Timely Words

Colonel ROOSEVELT spent several hours in Boston on June 16th, and became implicated in various commemorative exercises of the night before Bunker Hill day. In one short speech he is quoted as saying:

I will do all I can to get a square deal for every man, to put down injustice and wrong in high places in politics and business life, but it has to be done under the American flag, and not under the red flag of anarchy.

We welcome to this country every man who in good faith can come here and perform his duties as an American citizen, but he is not to war against our institutions. He is not to be disloyal to this country.

Those were timely words from him. They won't do any harm, anywhere, and in some quarters they may do some good.

Marse Henry's Condolences

Tennessee had eleven or twelve millions of refunding bonds to sell last week, and there were no satisfactory buyers. Marse HENRY WATTERSON offers his condolences:

Here we have the culmination of six or seven years of fake politics. Tennessee, the Magnificent; teeming with riches; abounding in the resources of wealth and credit; her resplendent history erect and her noble manhood intact, faces actual bankruptcy. And wherefore? Because, struck by a wave of religion and morals appealing to a universal sentiment, the people allowed themselves to be carried away by the single issue of temperance into the most intemperate manifestations. Excess rose to hysteria. The women and the children got mixed up with the preachers and the politicians—all under the prompting of the best intentions—until the business of government and the public integrity and credit became confounded with fake schemes of social regeneration.

Kentucky, through the same agencies, came perilously near the same fate. Rescued before we went quite over the dam, we still hang upon the edge of a fiscal whirlpool. Although we have little to brag about, still we are blood-kin and next-door neighbors, and therefore let us say, Kentucky mourns for Tennessee.

Since there is no provision made for receiverships for states, Tennessee will have another chance to sell bonds, and may offer a new lot that will seem more desirable. Marketable bonds and social regeneration must not be incompatible.

Japanese Pride

The Japanese feel that they are just as good as Europeans, and want to be universally accepted on that basis of valuation.

It is a proper feeling and to be respected. Very likely they are quite as good as Europeans. They may be better. But they are different. They were not minted in the same mint, and nothing can make them legal tender where a contract or a custom calls for Europeans.

That that is true, and it *is* true, implies no slight to the Japanese. They should not take offense because they are held to be "different." They value themselves as Japanese. They do not wish to mix their breed. We value and respect them as Japanese. But we think they are more valuable not mixed in blood with us, and that we are more valuable not mixed in blood with them.

Probably in their hearts they feel the same way about that, but naturally they do not like not being wanted.

Illustrious Aliunde

It was Mr. Justice BRADLEY, an illustrious member of the Supreme Court, who, speaking for that great tribunal, solemnly said, etc., etc.—*The Sun.*

No matter what he said. Times have changed indeed when the *Sun* speaks of "ALIUNDE BRADLEY" as "an illustrious member of the Supreme Court." Not that he wasn't, but it is so wonderful to any one who has read the *Sun* since the days of HAYES and TILDEN to see it so stated in that paper.

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The Secret of Happiness

THE pursuit of happiness is so general it seems odd that the secret of attaining it should not by this time be spread wide over the earth so that at last all men might be satisfied. But the difficulty would seem to lie not in the keeping of the secret, but in the extreme difficulty of acting upon it, once known. The demands of happiness are not so mysterious as they are difficult, seeming to run in direct opposition to the inborn inertia of men.

As to the secret, the sages of all the ages have been at pains to divulge it, and considering the abstract and intangible quality of the subject, there is surprising unanimity of opinion. It is quite certain that Christ had never seen the records of CHUANG-TZU, and that ST. FRANCIS did not study the works of EPICTETUS, and yet there is complete agreement among them all as to the nature of happiness.

Some four centuries before Christ there lived in the province of Meng, China, one CHUANG-TZU, whose given name was CHOW. He was a petty official, but such was the vast extent of his erudition that when he died he left writings to the extent of nearly 100,000 words, an astounding number for those more thoughtful days, and nearly as many as an average novelist now turns out once a year. Though the best scholars of CHUANG-TZU'S day could not confute his doctrines, they found it as difficult to apply them to any definite uses as men to-day find it to apply the beatitudes to ordinary life.

Still CHUANG-TZU did not fail to divulge the secret of happiness and to make it clear with parables, tales, and instances. He tells how, shortly after his wife's death, his friend HUI-TZU came to condole with him, but found CHUANG-TZU sitting on the ground singing joyously while he beat time upon a wooden bowl.

"To live with your wife and see your eldest son grow up to be a man and then not to shed a tear over the corpse, this would be bad enough," said HUI severely, "but to drum on a bowl and sing, surely this is going too far."

But CHUANG explained that though at the moment of death he could not help being somewhat affected, he soon remembered that his wife had existed, without form or substance before birth; that by a process of adding substance to spirit she had assumed form; that by virtue of a further inevitable and natural change, passing from one form to another, as summer follows spring, she had passed into eternity. Thus to go about weeping and wailing because the inevitable had happened would be to proclaim oneself ignorant of natural law. Therefore CHUANG-TZU refrained, and, singing, beat upon his bowl, knowing that the constitution of the universe would be unaffected by his tears.

Likewise he tells of a hunchback and a one-legged man who were resting near the tombs of departed heroes when they both broke out with loathsome ulcers in their left elbows. The hunchback asked his companion, "Do you not loathe this?" "Not I," replied the one-legged man. "Why should I? Life is a loan with which the borrower does but add more dust and dirt to the sum total of existence. And while you and I stand gazing at the evidences of mortality, if the same mortality overtakes us, why should we loathe it?"

This, indeed, seems to be one of the secrets of happiness: to accept with as little emotion as possible the inevitable flux of life. Indeed, SARAH BERNHARDT is still giving it to her readers to-day as one of the chief means to happiness.

There is not so much addition to the doctrine when, fifteen centuries later, the little brother of the poor who, with BLAKE, perhaps, was one of the two happiest of mortals that have existed in the modern world, told his companion LEO that pure joy lay not in any achievement whatsoever, no matter how noble, but in being able with patience and gladness to suffer all injustices, pains, insults, shames, wants, and disappointments of life. For only in inward fortitude lies happiness.

Whatever comes from the outside is uncertain and may have attendant evils to frustrate the benefits; only in the inner man is security and that which passes accident. It is in the inner life, in the "happy activity of the soul," that true shelter is. To walk undisturbed by luck, good or evil; to be unmoved by envy and covetousness; to feel strong still when we see our hopes frustrated as sheer futilities; to have but few ambitions, and those modest; to be more interested in the happenings of the moment than in hopes for the future; to keep one's deepest interest firmly fixed on largest issues—this is perhaps to attain happiness.

But there is another detail in the secret of happiness; happiness will not be sought after. She is utterly unlike the gods who wish to be supplicated and implored. She will come when and where she wishes and will not respond to open wooing. There is an old legend, repeated by ARIOSTO, of a tree, many branched and bearing most delectable-looking fruit, but if any greedy person shook the tree he found, to his consternation, that not the fruit, but heavy stones, fell upon him. Likewise it is rarely safe to shake the tree of happiness. If one grows impatient and shakes, there is no telling what may fall!

After all, happiness is a sort of by-product. When least expected, when we are most busy thinking of other things, she chances along sometimes, but greet her with delight and try to hold her and off she flies. Perhaps the reason is that happiness is akin to eternal things and will have none too much to do with mere mortals. Only when they are on eternal quests will she show her face, and then for none too long. And being so difficult of attainment, perhaps the only dignified and proud thing to do is to scorn her—then perhaps she may look in upon us for an odd moment so that we may know what she is like and may recognize her if she passes.

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

Correspondence

THE TRANSFER OF THE "WEEKLY"

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I was interested and impressed by the recent "valedictory" of our old-time editor of your newly acquired and time-honored journal; in which self-same valedictory there were mixed and varied notes of regret, of scorn, and yet of a certain degree of relief. For while, undoubtedly, both editor and publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY could not but feel some regret to thus sever their relations with a journal of so much merit, as well as the parting with old friends and admirers of the same, yet it goes without saying that there must be an accompanying measure of relief in such parting of the ways, when (as would appear from the valedictory in question) all the pains and labors, the expenses and responsibilities of such an undertaking as the publication and continuance of such a journal have been so unremunerative and in a sense thankless and unrequited.

And really one does not know which most to admire and respect—whether the frankness of the old régime, or the fearlessness and generosity of the *new*, in permitting such outspokenness. In any event it reflects credit upon both, and I assume that all loyal and intelligent old-time readers and subscribers will not only appreciate such candor, but will become the more reassured as to the continuance of HARPER'S WEEKLY on the old lines (viz., of moderation and dignity), in spite of admitted past "commercial disadvantages." For, however discouraging such admissions may appear to the new management, I think it must be allowed that HARPER'S WEEKLY still remains in safe literary hands; and it is highly probable that even "new departures," or "innovations," may, in such hands, prove more "profitable," without entailing any serious literary deterioration. For while it is all too true that the "reading public" of to-day is far different and inferior to the reading public of the earlier days of HARPER'S WEEKLY, I am pretty sure that there is a residue of intelligent and discerning readers who still appreciate sound principles and sane writing, and who care only for that, and nothing less or more! Moreover, it is quite possible that not only such *residue*, but great numbers of more superficial minds, may discover in a newly revised, or "transfigured" HARPER'S WEEKLY enough "variety" as well as of *solid matter*, to interest alike or in equal proportion, the shallow and the more discriminating minds of its many readers and subscribers. At least this is the trust and hope of

Yours, etc., EDWIN RIDLEY.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSION AND THE FULL-CREW BILL

BUFFALO, NEW YORK, *June 3, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your issue of May 17, 1913, under the caption, "The Story of the Full-crew Bill," you state what purport to be the facts in connection with the history of full-crew proceedings before the Up-state Public Service Commission. If the facts are to be given to the public, why not give them all? On the assumption that you would like them in full I make a statement of them as follows:

The leading case in the matter before the Up-state Commission was that of Evans against the Erie, decided November 26, 1907, when the Commission had been in existence about five months. In that case the Commission took the following position: "The Public Service Commission has power under Section 49 of the Public Service Commissions Law: 1. To require a sufficient number of men to be employed upon any railroad train to operate it with proper despatch and with due regard to the safety of the public and of employees of the company." In the case, after a careful examination of the facts, the Commission decided that an additional brakeman was not necessary and "that the work required of the men operating trains 3 and 5 upon the Erie Railroad is not more than can be safely and properly performed by the number of men employed thereon, and that another brakeman or flagman is not required upon said trains in order to properly protect the public."

The next case brought before the Commission was that of Evans against the New York Central, which is the case referred to in your editorial. In that case an order was issued by the Commission under date of September 29, 1908, which, after reciting in preamble that the New York Central is running trains with crews consisting of five men, and the trains are not properly equipped with sufficient number of men to run and control the trains, and that the work required of the brakeman and other employees on the freight and coal trains is more than the employees are capable of doing proficiently, etc., provides that the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad is "Ordered, to run its general freight trains on its Pennsylvania division between Dresden and Lyons with a crew of not less than six men (namely: conductor, engineer, and fireman, flagman and two brakemen), which is the regular equipment now used by that company for its general freight trains on that division between Corning and Dresden." This order was afterward modified to take effect on December 1, 1908. This determination was arrived at after a hearing and careful examination of the evidence and an inspection of the situation made by a Commissioner, and also, I believe, by an inspector of the Commission. A decision was reached by a majority of the Commission that an additional man was required, and it was so ordered. An opinion was prepared, but has not been printed, I believe. There was nothing in the opinion, however, which counteracted the conclusion arrived at in Evans against the Erie. In fact, the opinion quoted largely from Evans against the Erie to sustain the position taken. The only difference of view in the Commission was as to whether another man was required under the circumstances or not; a majority of the Commission decided that he was.

It is true that a motion for a rehearing was made by the Railroad Company, which was granted on the 9th day of December, 1908, but Section 3 of the order granting the rehearing provided: "That the order of the Commission entered herein on the 29th day of December, 1908, shall remain in full force and effect unless the same shall be superseded, modified, or abrogated by the Commission." Although this rehearing was formally granted, it was not pressed by the Railroad Company and no rehearing has ever been had. The Railroad Company, as soon as the order was served upon it, placed an additional trainman on the train and complied with the order in every way. There was no necessity for any further action on the part of the Commission.

The two cases above mentioned are all the cases, so far as I am aware, which have ever been brought to the attention of the Commission in connection with the full-crew question. The record shows that the Commission assumed full authority to put on additional men at the very outset and has been open at all times, and would be now open, to any application in an individual case to decide whether or not an additional man was necessary.

You say in your editorial that "the rehearing being dropped and the protested opinion being left unprinted, it was not made clear that the Commission was ready to force the employment of extra men where needed." The law of the matter is that an order of the Commission remains in force until it is abrogated or modified by the Commission itself, or set aside by the courts. The order of the Commission, in Evans against the New York Central, is now in force and the railroad is complying with it. There would appear to be no need of any further action in the premises.

I am, sir,

JOHN B. OLMSTED.

The fact remains that the rehearing was dropped and the protested opinion was left unprinted, and though the order of the Commission was carried out in the case mentioned, the force of that order as an assurance of the power and disposition of the Commission to deal with train-crew complaints was weakened. The order that remained in force, as Mr. Olmsted says, was a disputed order, enforced until its merits should be settled, but not of value as a precedent.—EDITOR.

FRUIT-FARMING IN CALIFORNIA

WEINER, ARK., *May 26, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Referring to the editorial "Is California Soft." It seems quite evident that the editor has never investigated southern California agriculture. The predominating industry of that section is citrus culture. Nowhere in the United States is agriculture so efficiently conducted as in the citrus orchards. The furnishing of plant food is almost an exact science. The economical use of irrigation water is conducted with greater care than in any other part of the United States. The control of insect pests is accomplished with the greatest efficiency. The purchasing of supplies and the marketing of the fruit is accomplished through the cooperative association with a minimum of expense and loss. Truly one can say the citrus orchardists use the greatest of intelligence in conducting their industry.

The writer visited the raisin district around Fresno. Here the complaint against Japs seemed general. The complaint was social and racial and not in any sense economic. The raisin-growers do not fear being undersold by the Japs. The friends and associates of small truck farmers are necessarily their neighbors. The Japs are a non-assimilative people. They refuse to be subjected as is the negro, and yet insist upon retaining their own customs and ideals. They demand equality and social recognition while yet remaining aliens. Their presence is a thorn in the flesh of their American neighbors. During the last few years several marriages have taken place between Japs and American women in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Denver, and other Western cities. They have in every case been fully as abhorrent to the minds of the American as a similar union between a black and a white would be to a Southerner.

The California farmers have decided that they will not permit a non-assimilative foreigner of different customs and ideals to invade their domain and force himself upon them as an associate and neighbor.

I am, sir,

LIN R. SMITH.

FOR SOLID SUSTENANCE

NEW YORK, *June 14, 1913.*

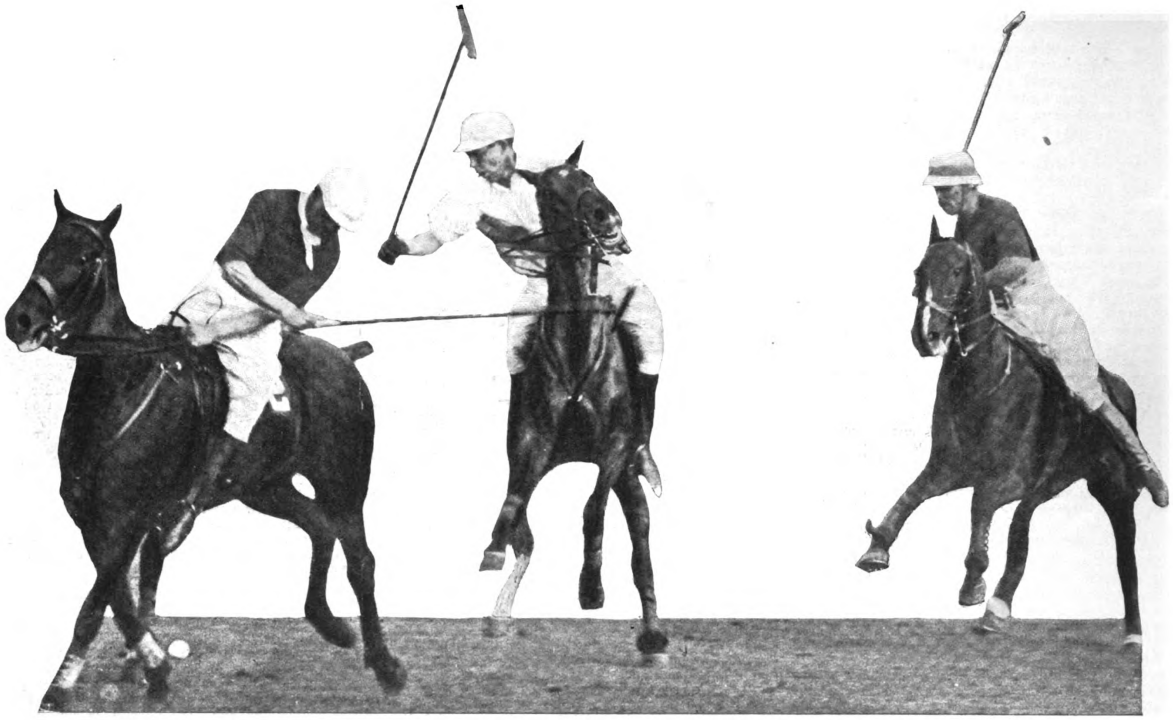
To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—As an ancient reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY, moreover an American who has fed on some of the best and too much of the worst between Passamaquoddy and Pasadena, as well as between Portland and Panama, I beg a boon of you. Entreat the hotel men of to-day to give us fewer counterfeit dishes with bogus French titles and more real solid American sustenance, well cooked and served piping hot, such as we used to get at the now vanished Astor House.

I am, sir,

W. O. I.

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IN THE HOT CHUKKERS OF THE LAST GAME

THE DASHING, ERRATIC, WOLFING PLAY OF THE AMERICAN TEAM CARRIED THE WONDERFUL HORSEMEN AND EXPERTS IN CONVENTIONAL POLO OF THE ENGLISH TEAM OFF THEIR FEET. "NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS," SAYS THE LONDON "TIMES," "MADE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN VICTORY AND DEFEAT IN THE EVENLY MATCHED TEAMS IN THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL MATCH"

THE POLO MATCHES—A REVIEW

BY GEORGE MARVIN

"KILL it, Larry!" yelled an ecstatic standee, as Mr. Lawrence Waterbury came whirling down the western boundary, beating Captain Lockett to the ball. And "Larry" killed it. A saber cut of a near-side shot, hit from a swerving pony at full speed, straight through the mêlée of legs and mallets clean between the goal-posts, and up went the red flag with America's second tally. Over on top of the east stand, unseen hands pulled down a big white 1 from the space on the score-board under "America," and set up in its place a bigger, whiter number 2 over against the empty blank space underneath "England." And the standee, who remained on his feet, was joined by some thirty thousand of his fellow countrymen and -women in a wild, roaring cry that sounded like the taking of a city or the first touch-down in a Harvard-Yale game.

"Larry" killed it. Less than two minutes before, "Monte," equally brilliantly, had killed it. Whithersoever that persecuted white willow ball flew or rolled about the field, there was a white-shirted Cossack wheeling to slash, and cut, and drive, and back it, in spite of all the blue-shirted British cohort could do. And then, just before the big gong clanged the close of that memorable seven and a half minutes, Mr. Milburn came through with a tremendous drive which lofted the ball high over the tops of the posts, but square between them, and shoved that number 2 off the score-board for a still more beautiful, smiling, victorious number 3. Only one-eighth of the game gone, and America three goals ahead, all the play in British territory, and an exhibition of such dazzling polo as to hold those pampered thousands breathlessly on their feet throughout the period.

Other things happened afterward. There was another game on Saturday. The "Big Four" became the "Big Five" when "Monte" broke his finger and Mr. Stoddard lived up to his opportunity. Qualities of patience and endurance were needed to supplement brilliance; luck wavered this way and that: but the die was cast, the answer was written, in that wonderful first period of the first game, probably the fastest period of championship polo ever played in this, or in any other, country. That was the international match. That is the story. All epitomized in seven and a half minutes of supreme effort by horse and man.

The London *Times* attributes the difference between victory and defeat, other ingredients being nearly equal, to what it calls "national characteristics." National characteristics stuck right out of that first chukker. The invading captains courageous played as well as they knew how. The "Big Four," during four periods at least of their glorious hour, played better than they knew how. Against any other set of men now in the game, the best judges of polo believe that the Hurlingham team would have prevailed. But in the first half of Tuesday's game they were hustled out of their true form and swept away by a pace and a degree of intuitive team play unprecedented in their entire experience. If you get four men hitting a polo-ball with the precision of billiard-players, and then turn them loose in something of the wild abandon of a Bedouin cavalry charge, no mere polo can stop them. It was a careful game against vivid war—military sportsmen against men exalted for the moment into sport-loving warriors.



Mrs. Elsie French Vanderbilt and Mrs. W. Goadby Loew under camera fire as they left the grounds at Meadow Brook

The Return to the "Big Four"

PART of the thrill—particularly of Tuesday's match, but pervading both games—came from the extraordinary reversal in form of Mr. Whitney's team. It is doubtful if the records of sport provide a more striking instance of "come-back." Most of us had journeyed down to Meadow Brook that first day in a fairly hopeful frame of mind,—such glorious June weather would have begotten an optimistic spirit in a cigar-store Indian,—but no one was really sanguine of victory. A chapter of changes and accidents had resulted in the old Meadow Brook four being chosen at the last moment to defend the cup which they had twice before won from England. But it was no longer the "Big Four" that it used to be. The Waterbury brothers were away off their game, and Mr. Whitney had not been playing within several goals of his rating. Even Mr. Milburn, in the general slump, could not be depended upon as the bulwark of defense he had been in 1911. This was the talk that went sifting around Long Island communities where these gentlemen are generally called by their first names, and like this were the rumors that found their way into the papers and into the betting odds on Wall Street: "Lo, the little touch, and youth is gone"; "You can't expect men forty years old to regain the supple form of thirty"; "This is simply another instance of a great past succumbing to the inexorable present: the Big Four can't come back."

The curious thing about all this kind of gossip is that it was really well founded. For several weeks before the international matches the individual members of the original Meadow Brook team had been playing so badly, or rather so far below championship form, as to weaken the confidence of the Polo Committee in them, and even to affect their confidence in themselves. Nothing is much more trying than living up to a great reputation; and very probably three members of the team had gone a little stale from too much responsibility and from having so much expected of them in every practice game during the long training period.

Nevertheless, about two weeks before the date set for the first international match, the Big Four was nominated to defend the cup. Realizing that Mr. Whitney, the Waterburys, and Mr. Milburn had had comparatively little practice together in their original order during the test matches, the committee believed that, with the advantage of playing together regularly again, they would regain their old form. But, to every one's surprise, such did not prove to be the case. The same men who had been below par individually seemed unable to get together as a team with every apparent condition in their favor.

In the meantime the English challengers had arrived, and in their preliminary skirmishing against fairly strong scratch teams were showing a degree

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CAPTAIN CHEAPE OF ENGLAND

THE GREAT NUMBER ONE OF THE FOUR BEST PLAYERS IN THE EMPIRE



ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY POUNDS OF MILBURN

AMERICA'S BIG BACK, AND THE BAY CHARGER ON WHICH HE MADE HIS FURIOUS RUSHES THROUGH THE FIELD

of team work and individual ability much beyond the form of the Hurlingham team which so narrowly missed lifting the cup in 1911. To see those four British cavalry officers romp through a well-mounted team of three-, four-, and five-goal men at Piping Rock or on the Phipps' field to the tune of seventeen goals to nothing, and then to see Meadow Brook making very hard going of it to win out against the same class of opponents, threw a good deal of consternation and doubt into what the sporting editor alludes to as "polo circles."

Unfortunately, there also grew up a feeling of opposition on the part of a few players who resented the idea of nominating the championship team on its reputation without sufficient regard to its recent performances. This feeling culminated in a hard test match in which a team of the leading substitutes, two of whom were internationalists, clearly outplayed the chosen defenders. Thereupon Mr. Whitney, whatever may have been his belief in the eventual resourcefulness of his team, out of deference to a growing opposition and the apparent proofs before the Committee, withdrew from the field and resigned the captaincy. The two Waterburys went with him.

On the following day the Polo Committee, of which Mr. Whitney is a member, nominated a new team made up of Mr. Stoddard, No. 1; Mr. Milburn, No 2; Mr. Keene, No. 3; and Mr. Malcolm Stephenson, back. Mr. Keene, who in 1886 had been a member of the first American international team, and who had again played against England in 1902, was appointed captain of this new defending four, which, barring accident, would have taken the field against Hurlingham on June 10. Purely as a matter of experience and individual ability, Mr. Keene richly deserved this honor. He is the only man in the country to share with the members of the Big Four the highest American handicap rating at nine goals, and he has, moreover, played consistently brilliant polo during the present season. Mr. Stoddard and Mr. Stephenson also, although officially rated at seven goals, were riding harder and hitting more accurately than either of the Waterburys or Mr. Whitney.

Thus matters stood, then, when fate intervened. Mr. Keene was thrown from his pony and broke his collar-bone. In the light of subsequent events, it was a fortunate accident. As certainly as Mr. Whitney's team would have been beaten had they turned on against England the kind of polo that led to the substitution of Mr. Keene's four, just so certainly would the latter have been beaten by the beautiful team-work of Captain Ritson and his brother officers on June 10 and 14. No team of stars, without a correspondingly high degree of team-play, could have prevailed against it; and Mr. Keene and his associates had had no opportunity to develop the kind of inter-reliance which will stand the strain of a championship match.

Now, it so happened that the very difficulties encountered in making the final selection of the defending team resulted in its favor. With the same fine sportsmanship which had prompted his withdrawal, Mr. Whitney now agreed to step back into the breach; but, as any combination of his team with that of Mr. Keene would have lacked even the degree of unity which was at that time accorded to the original Meadow Brook four, it was decided to put that team into the field exactly as it had defended the cup two years ago, that is, with Mr. Lawrence Waterbury at No. 1, his brother No. 2, Mr. Whitney in his regular position at 3, and Mr. Milburn at back. During the four days in which they had been relegated of their own accord to the substitute list, these gentlemen had enjoyed almost entire freedom from responsibility, and this mental and physical rest, coupled with the reaction from apparent failure to an eleventh-hour chance to vindicate themselves, seems to have had just the psychological effect needed to put all four of them on edge again.

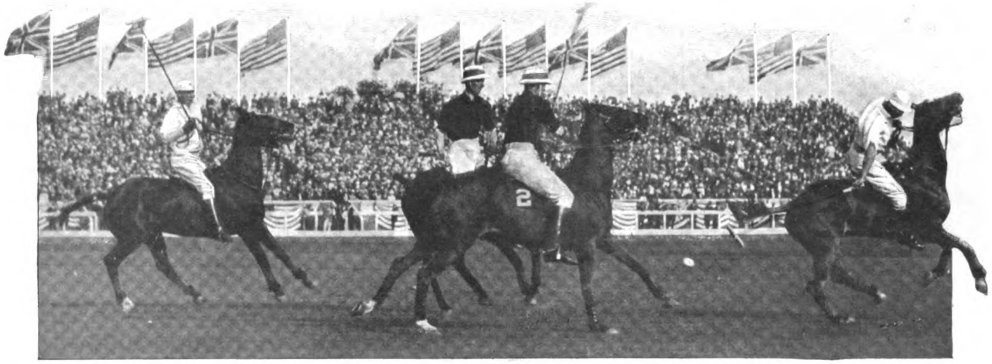
To say that the Big Four came back is to understate what actually happened. Never in their long association have they reached quite the plane of individual brilliance and team-play which they struck and maintained throughout the first four periods of the Tuesday game. No one in the stands was prepared for such wild coming back, certainly not the four Englishmen who hustled hither and yon, playing their best polo and finding it not good enough. For the spectators, added to the excitement of the game as a magnificent spectacle of horses and men in intense action, came the patriotic thrill in the same surprise which was upsetting all forecasts and carrying the redoubtable Englishmen off their (ponies') feet. That impression lasted. It turned doubt to confidence on Tuesday, and prevailed through the hot chukkers of Saturday's game, which was, so far as the score-board told the tale, practically a tie.

Costly Polo the King of Games

AMONG the forty thousand people who saw one or both games, probably not more than five or six hundred understood the finer points of polo as thousands of fans all over the country understand inside baseball, or stadiums full of alumni appreciate the details of American football. It is a pity, in many ways, that polo, which is really the king of all games, is, in the present organization of society, confined, almost necessarily, to the inordinately rich. Only at the times of these international matches is any general public interest and enthusiasm aroused in this country. At other times this grand sport thrives only in the mellow afternoon light which slants over smooth country-club lawns, or on some level prairie strip near a pony-breeding ranch, or now, in recent years, across the dusty parade-grounds of cavalry posts.

Who knows how many Larry Waterburys may be lost by the hardship of moderate means? Perhaps some super-Milburn is even now wasting ten-goal talents on golf or motor-cycling! However these things may be, the intense excitement which the game never fails to arouse in every kind of spectator, irrespective of class, sex, or previous condition of ignorance, is a sufficient proof of its real character. It is a dangerous game, and it is the fastest of games; it calls for courage, dash, resourcefulness, stamina—good qualities, those. When played with first-class ponies it is fifty horse-races rolled into one. The average healthy spectator recognizes and responds to these things, and any tyro who has eyes to see can make out, as in hockey or lacrosse, the main object and course of the contest.

Every one got the stirring spectacle at Meadow Brook; greater familiarity would soon beget a general appreciation of the wonderful skill shown in these international matches. For example, a great majority of the spectators missed the beautiful save made in the fifth chukker of the second game by Captain Ritson, when, in the last fraction of a second, he deflected a shot going dead between his own goal-



MILBURN'S FAMOUS BACK STROKE

THE GREAT AMERICAN BACK (AT THE RIGHT) FEEDING THE BALL THROUGH FREAKE AND CHEAPE OF THE BRITISH TEAM TO WHITNEY, THE AMERICAN CAPTAIN

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CAPTAIN RITSON AND HIS GRAY

THE ENGLISH FORWARD, ON A MOUNT AS SUPERNATURALLY CLEVER AS KIPLING'S "MALTESE CAT"

posts. In the final score that safety proved to be the quarter of a point margin by which his team lost the match, and with it the cup; but in making his shot the English captain saved his side an otherwise certain goal, thus really gaining three quarters of a point.

Individual Merits of the Players

THE perfection of Captain Whitney's all-round play also probably escaped general appreciation. Never a showy horseman nor a very long hitter, he is, when on his game, absolutely reliable. To an extraordinary degree the other three men rely upon him—upon his personality as well as on his steadiness in the pivotal position of the team. As in the cup games two years ago, so again this year he proved the mainstay of his four. Much of the Waterburys' brilliancy was due to their confidence in the unerring way he fed the ball up to them, and Mr. Milburn's great runs up through the field were always adequately protected by Mr. Whitney's falling back into No. 4's position.

The two Waterburys have been playing polo together since they were old enough to sit a pony and swing a mallet. Their team-play is intuitive. In the sixth period of Tuesday's game Mr. "Monte" Waterbury, in leaning forward to intercept a near-side shot by Captain Ritson, had the fingers of his right hand broken by the carry-through of the Englishman's mallet and was obliged to retire. Up to that time the play of the two American forwards had been nothing short of bewildering. It was like the mutuality of the right and left hands of an individual. Without any calling out, each seemed to know instinctively where the other would be and what the other would do. Naturally, the loss of such a perfect partnership in the attack might have proved disastrous—not because a substitute equally as good was not available, but because his substitution affected the other three players inevitably. Instead of a feeling of confidence and the automatic adjustment born of ten years' playing together in the same order, the other three men worried, and their play fell off correspondingly. Mr. Stoddard, who went in at No. 1, Mr. L. Waterbury falling back to his brother's position at 2, came cold into a furious game, and, with the attention of the entire field glued to him, he was very naturally nervous at first and missed easy shots. It took him to the end of the match to get really going; but in Saturday's game he more than redeemed himself, making four of the five goals scored by his side, two of them back-hand shots at difficult angles.

To criticize Mr. Stoddard in another respect is, at the same time, to praise Captain Lockett, the English back. The latter, while the Waterburys were both in the game, did not shine. One wondered how he got the reputation of being the best back in India. Toward the end of the first game Captain Lockett began to justify his reputation, and in the second game his defensive play was brilliant in the extreme. On Saturday he played very deep, and so was often able to overtake the ball unobstructed and to send it up the field by off-side back-handers so clean and easy that their length was astonishing.

In the corresponding position, Mr. Milburn's method in defending goal when unobstructed was to ride up with the ball on his near side and, turning in his saddle, send it back by a prodigious wallop across his bridle arm. Where Mr. Milburn excelled Captain Lockett was in his ability to more than hold his own in riding off, and in his accurate fore-handed hitting while making his famous runs up through the field on the offense. Mr. Milburn was beautifully mounted, especially on a big dark bay, looking more like a steeplechaser than a pony, which he rode in three chukkers of each game. It must have been a formidable sight to the Englishmen to see 190 pounds of Milburn borne by this race-horse come surging down on them. As one looks back over the two games, the figures that stand out most distinctly are Mr. Milburn on this charger, sweated black by its racing, and Captain Ritson mounted on a gray pony which played the game as nimbly and intelligently as the "Maltese Cat" in Kipling's famous story.

Mr. Milburn's play was wonderfully mobile. He was all over the field, always going at top speed, and yet hitting on both sides of his pony with equal sureness. Like the other members of the original four, he does not play conventional polo. In fact, if the methods of the Meadow Brook team had not proved so supremely successful they would be declared wrong. For example, Mr. Stoddard plays No. 1 position conventionally and properly, and for that very reason he bothered the English back, Captain Lockett, much less than did "Larry" Waterbury, who, instead of covering his man as he should according to the tradition, went wolfing around, keeping appointments with the ball in the most uncanny and irregular fashion. The English officers were past masters of conventional polo; what bothered them was the abandoned freedom of their opponents' play.

Ponies and Horsemanship

BUT in one thing the British were supreme. Their horsemanship was worth the entire price of admission. At the end of each chukker the British ponies must have had much more left in them than the American animals which raced them up and down that sixth of a mile of turf. They were more easily managed, spared by lighter hands and firmer seats. The Englishmen had a way of getting the utmost effort out of their mounts without working themselves. You would see a British pony going down the field, extended at a tremendous pace, with his rider a motionless blue figure upright in the saddle, while alongside raced some one of the defenders, arms, legs, and body in commotion almost as if he were himself running on his own feet. This beautiful British horsemanship probably had something to do with convincing several critics that the invading ponies were handier than ours. As for sheer speed, it seemed to me that we often had, at least in the second game, as clear advantage.

In the matter of ponies, however, all things considered, there was so little advantage one way or the other that no just grounds remain for attributing victory or defeat as in 1911 to differences in horseflesh. After all, a contest could hardly have been closer. A difference of two and three quarters goals in the total score of two games does not spell inequality. A very little turn of chance might have altered the result. Captain Cheape, who in many respects is the finest No. 1 playing the game, missed three goals by trying to smash them out from too far away, and Mr. Freake, the famous veteran who took Captain Edwards' place at No. 2 in the second game, lost two excellent chances to score in the final period. But similarly the American score might easily have been increased had not two noble tries for goal bounced the wrong side of the post after hitting it. Luckily, there have been no hard-luck stories, no post-mortems. The games were fairly won and gamely lost, and there is an end to the matter for the present. It was very pleasant to see instances of the cordial relations which have characterized this visit of the Hurlingham team. As Mr. Milburn sat on the ground after a spill, waiting for his groom to bring back his derelict pony, Captain Lockett rode up and poked him playfully with his mallet. When the cup was lost and won, Captain Ritson rode off the field hand in hand with Mr. Whitney.

And surely there was enough glory on that field for all the ten men who fought there. Never was more highly concentrated championship brought to an issue. Those men in the blue shirts were the pick of the British Empire, two of them all the way from India, the fittest survival of hundreds of polo tournaments.

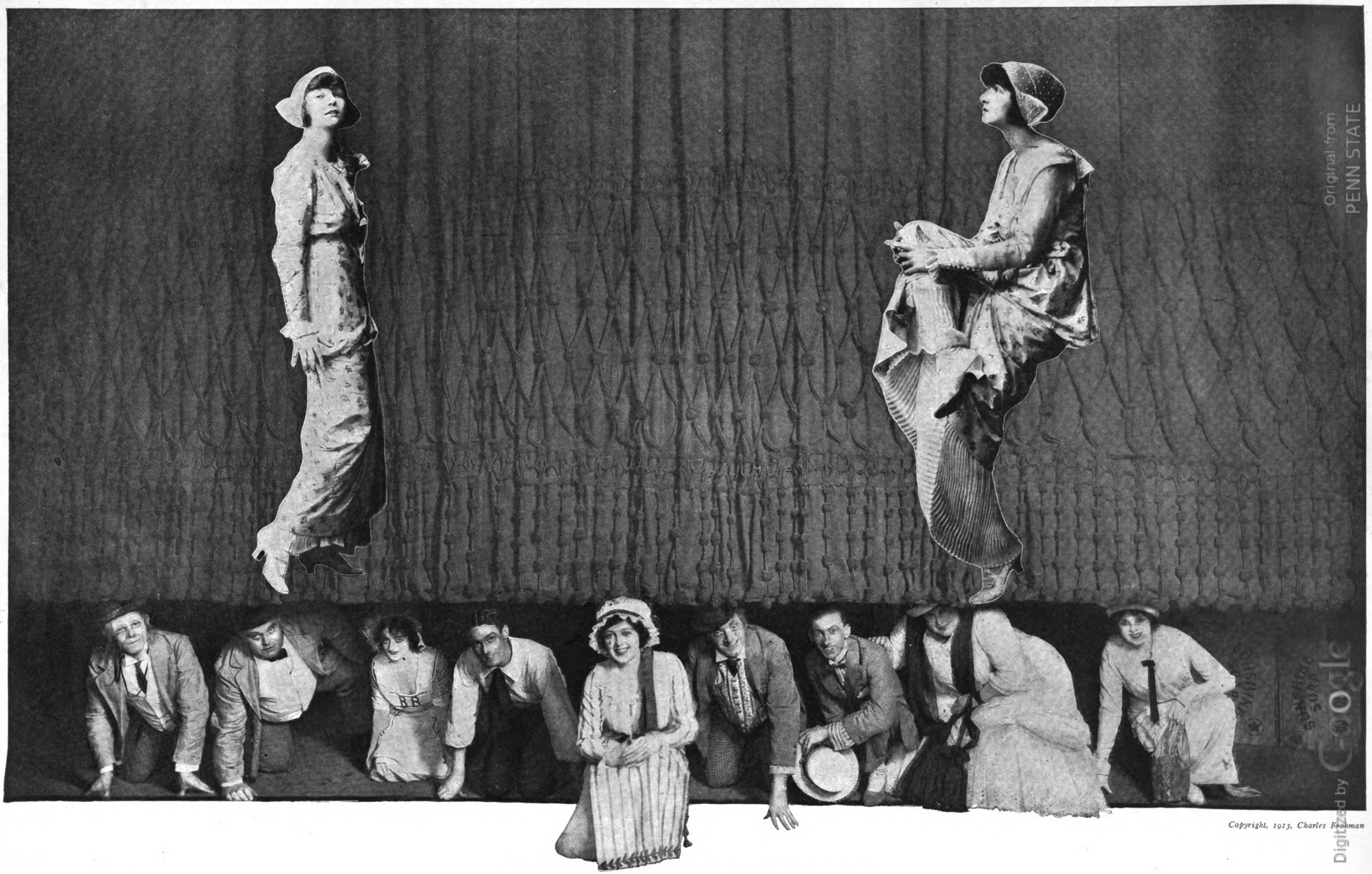
And the men all in white riding to meet them were our best in that particular pastime. The world was combed for those ponies. It was only a game, if you will; but it was a very supreme game. And where shall we draw the line, if we attempt to divide life between that which is a game and that which is not?



STODDARD GETS HIS CUP

MRS. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY PRESENTING THE AMERICAN PLAYER WITH HER INDIVIDUAL TROPHY AT THE END OF THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH

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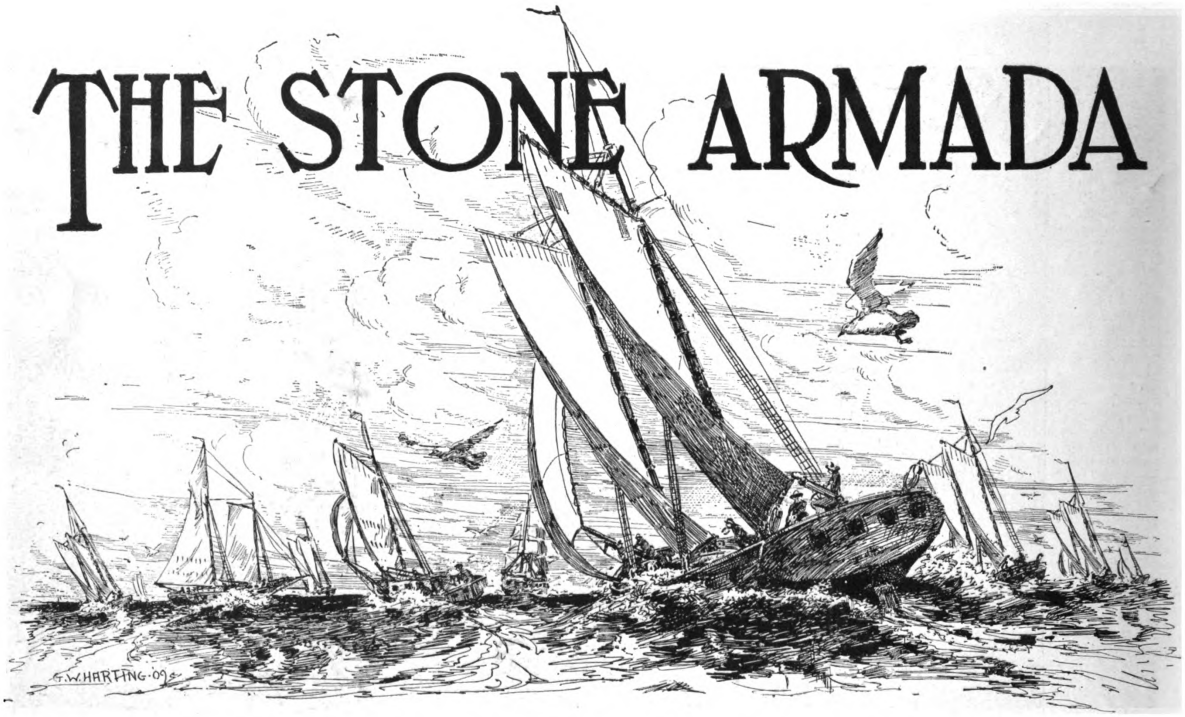
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AN UNUSUAL MUSICAL COMEDY CURTAIN CALL

Miss Julia Sanderson and her supporting principals in "The Sunshine Girl." Above, in two of her characteristic dancing poses, is Mrs. Vernon Castle, who, with her husband, has been teaching the newest dances to New York society at unprecedented prices

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THE STONE ARMADA



A Bit of the Secret Archives of the United States Navy Department

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER

IN the fall of 1861 there sailed from New England one of the most extraordinary armadas in the history of any country. Generally such movements are exploited in the press, and attract the attention of the world; but the Stone Armada, as it was called, was a secret movement, and a fleet of nearly fifty ships, representing the flower and decay of American shipping, was massed and despatched, in two or three squadrons, upon a secret mission. Even the crews did not learn their destination until the secret orders were read at sea.



"Seventy-five hundred tons of stone were bought and dumped into the ships of the Stone Armada"

There is at the present writing but one of the captains of the ships of the Stone Armada alive—Captain J. M. Willis, now eighty-eight years of age. From his statements and recollections the main facts of the following account of the Stone Armada are taken. His story affords the fullest account of the enterprise yet published, as, singularly enough, there are only meager details of the movement in reports and histories of the war, because the movement was kept a mystery. Even Dupont, who was blockading Charleston and Savannah, was doubtless amazed at the appearance of this Don Quixote fleet with port-holes painted on and an armament described by some of the Marblehead crew as a "rock-him-around-the-corner" proposition—referring to the fact that all they could do would be to throw rocks at the enemy.

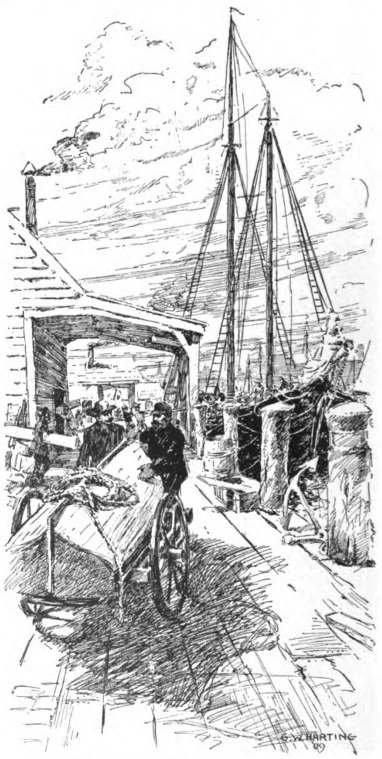
The genius who originated the Armada idea has been lost to fame, but the plan involved such a large expenditure of money, and was so elaborate, that it is only fair to assume that the Secretary of the Navy authorized it, especially as the Department records show that the Assistant Secretary of the Navy was in charge of the details and quietly carried out the movement.

At this period England was aiding the cause of the Confederacy in every way she dared, short of recognition. Vessels even large ships, were loaded with cannon, powder, muskets, blankets, and every possible article that the Confederate soldiers could use, and were sent over, consigned to various ports in South America or even in the United States, so that if overhauled by government vessels, they could not be taken. But all these vessels, and there were scores of them, carrying millions of dollars' worth of property, were headed for Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans, Mobile, or some other Confederate port. It has sometimes been said that the War of the Rebellion would have been nipped in the bud in its inception, had it not been for this covert aid and the money supplied the Confederates through the sale of cotton by means of English blockade-runners. There were thousands of Englishmen engaged in this business, and for several years after the fall of Sumter they laughed at the government, and played a winning game.

The writer at this time was at Fort Jefferson on Garden Key, and all New Orleans vessels made the sharp turn here to run between Key West and Cuba, either through the Bahama Channel or out through some of the channels of the island. The fort was a magnificent pile for the time, but when Sumter fell the armament consisted of one shot-gun, owned by an engineer mason named Scott, and consequently capture was daily expected. One of our favorite diversions during the next two years (between 1860 and 1862) was to go up on the parapet and see the swift Clyde River English steamers play tag with the *Sunflower*, the absurd gunboat of our fleet, stationed there. The *Sunflower* was a big New York tug upon which several guns had been placed, and she was under the command of Captain Van Syse, who had been a captain for years on the Mallory line between New York and Key West.

Captain Van Syse, a fine type of the merchant-service navigator, coaled at Fort Jefferson and made that harbor his headquarters. He was a constant guest at my father's quarters, who was the post surgeon and quarantine officer; and several times, when dining with us, the sentry on the parapet over our heads would sing out, "Corporal of the guard, post number one." The next sentry would take it up, and the cry would go echoing over the fort, which was half a mile around. We knew that this meant that he had sighted a privateer, and we would rush for the bastion stairs, while the captain of the *Sunflower* would run for the sally-port, jump aboard the tug, which was always ready, and steam out the southwest channel.

Though we always ran out to watch her bold advances, we never saw the *Sunflower* catch a privateer. Once she did chase one into the fleet off Key West. Futile



"'Nic,' he said, 'do you want a berth, short and sweet, and good pay?'"

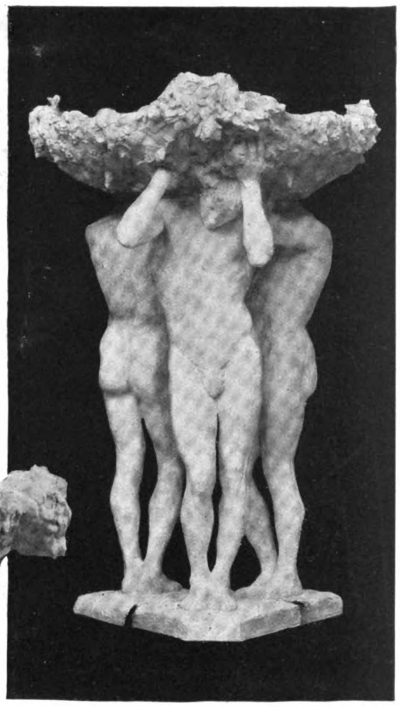
(*Continued on page 25*)

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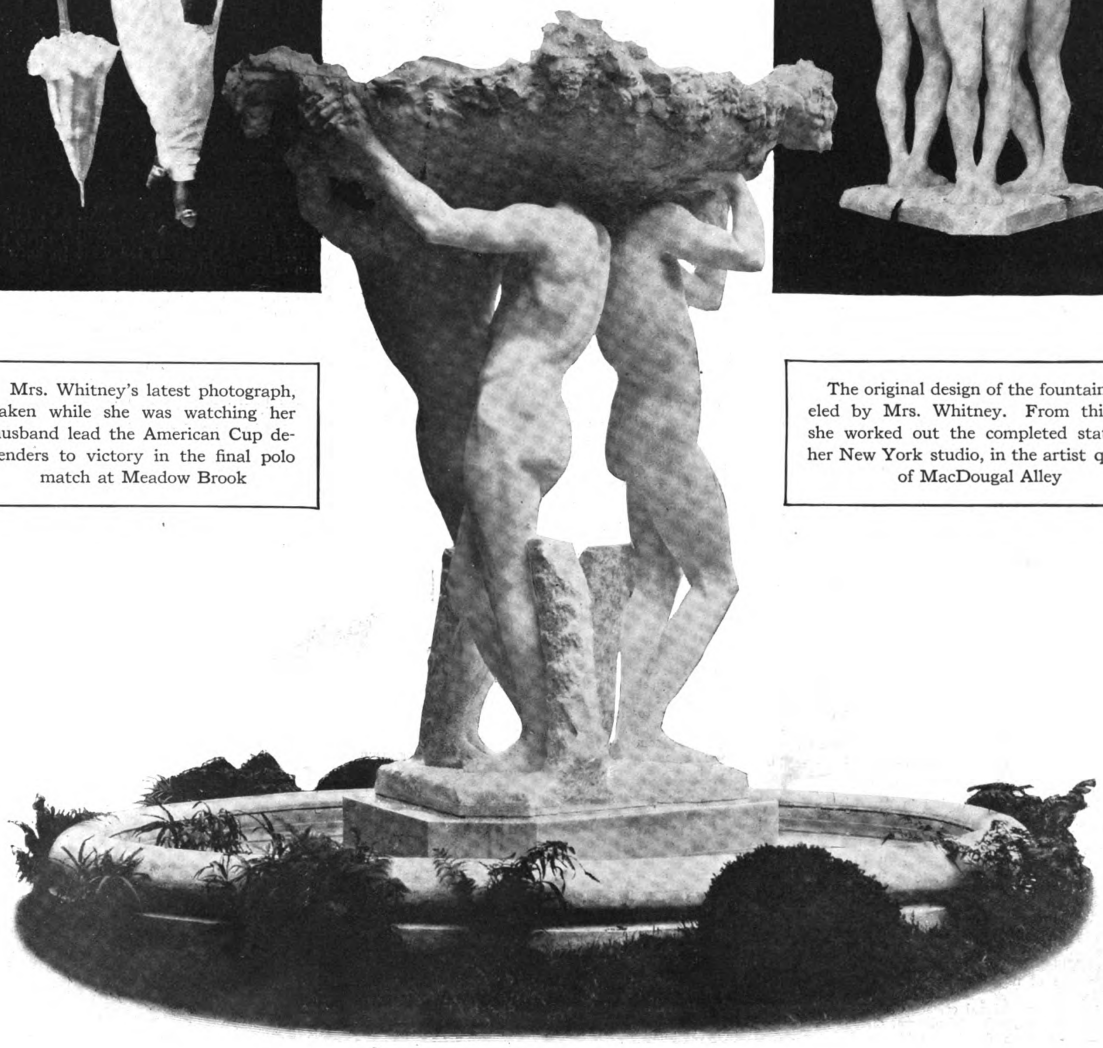
MRS. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY SCULPTRESS AND HER PARIS SALON FOUNTAIN



Mrs. Whitney's latest photograph, taken while she was watching her husband lead the American Cup defenders to victory in the final polo match at Meadow Brook



The original design of the fountain modeled by Mrs. Whitney. From this cast she worked out the completed statue at her New York studio, in the artist quarter of MacDougal Alley



A daughter of the Vanderbilts, the wife of the heir of a monumental Standard Oil, street railway, and tobacco fortune, Mrs. Whitney represents, as few other individuals do, the inheritance of the great kings of American business.

Some ten years ago she turned her attention to sculpture, working first in a studio in the New York Bohemian artist quarter in MacDougal Alley, New York, and for the past year in a magnificent studio built for her use, at a cost of a quarter of a million, on her country estate at Roslyn, Long Island.

Her fountain shown above was designed for the new Arlington Hotel in Washington, and exhibited at the Salon Artistes Français in the Grand Palais at Paris. It has just been awarded an Honorable Mention by the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts of France.

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THE PRASLIN MURDER

A Famous French Mystery Case

BY MARIE BELLOC LOWNDES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM BERGER



"The Duke hardly ever came home without receiving a harrowing, reproachful missive from the Duchess"

THE supposed murder of the beautiful, passionately loving Duchesse de Praslin by her husband the Duke is a story that might well have inspired Browning to write one of his great poems, or that might have added another set of verses to George Meredith's poignant study of married life, entitled "Modern Love." For the Duchesse de Praslin's only crime, in her husband's eyes, seems to have been that of loving him too jealously, and of making him aware, partly by reproachful speech and in pathetic letters, how keenly she felt the change in his attitude since they had been for seventeen long years the most blissful of married lovers.

There was, as we shall see, another woman in the case; and not the least strange and interesting part of the story is that of the connection of the Duke and of this woman, whom no reasonable being suspected even in France, where such things are easily suspected, of having done the Duchess any real wrong as a wife.

This story has a special interest for American readers, for the lady who was thus dragged into the awful drama ended her life in the United States as the highly respected and beloved wife of a prominent citizen of New York.

AT half past four one morning in August, 1847, a couple of workmen passing down the deserted Rue Saint-Honoré, lined on the Champs-Elysées side with magnificent private dwellings, heard piercing screams proceeding from behind the high wall of Maréchal Sabatiani's splendid town house. The Maréchal was a popular Parisian,—a survival of the glorious Napoleonic régime,—and his only child, as all the world knew, was the beautiful Duchesse de Praslin.

Though it was August, the château-like mansion was well tenanted, for the Duke and Duchess and their numerous children had arrived the evening before to spend a couple of nights in Paris, on their way to the seaside.

Those horrible, unnatural cries of agony and terror proceeded from the Duchess' bedroom, and two of the servants,—her Grace's devoted maid and the Duke's valet,—roused by the sounds, had risen in haste and rushed to her. To their horror and surprise, the various doors giving access to the suite of ducal apartments were locked. Behind these locked doors could be heard groans and sighs, growing weaker and weaker.

Now, the Duchess' bedroom, the principal bed-chamber of the house, was a magnificent apartment copied from Marie Antoinette's bed-chamber at Versailles. Of the four doors, one gave into the Duchess' boudoir; the second on to a public staircase; the third into a dressing-room; and the fourth door led into a small ante-chamber which separated her bed-chamber from that of her husband. This private ante-chamber could be reached by a small wood staircase from below, and it was up this staircase that the two servants finally raced breathlessly, to find that, alone of the four doors giving on the Duchess' bed-chamber, this door was unlocked.

"Madame! Madame! What is the matter?" they cried.

But there came no answering moan or sign. Cautiously feeling their way as they went, for the room was in complete darkness, they advanced into the Duchess' sleeping-apartment; and, as they advanced, there struck on their nostrils a horrible odor—the odor of freshly spilt blood.

With awkward, trembling fingers, the faithful maid—who had been with her mistress since the day when she had left this very house as a radiant bride of sixteen—opened the thick silk curtains. An awful sight met the eyes of the two servants.

Amid a scene of horrible confusion, heavy furniture upset, bed-curtains torn down, and splashes of blood everywhere, the Duchesse de Praslin lay dead. Clad in a blood-soaked night-gown, she was crouching against a low chair.

Neither the man nor the woman dared approach the prostrate figure; instead, they backed out of the room (noticing as they went that all was still in the Duke's bed-chamber), and roused their fellow-servants.

Soon the whole household was gathered in the great drawing-room, debating in quick whispers who should undertake to wake the Duke.

The problem was solved by their master himself. Suddenly he stood among them—a haggard, horror-stricken figure still clad in night attire. For a few moments those who crowded respectfully round him supposed him ignorant of the tragedy, for "What is the matter?" he cried. "What has happened to bring you all here?"

In accents of horror, the valet told that the house had been broken into by burglars and the Duchess murdered, doubtless with a view to securing her jewels, which were very beautiful, and which included a wonderful set of diamonds given to her mother, the Maréchale Sabatiana, by Napoleon and Josephine.

The Duc de Praslin at once ordered the police and doctor to be sent for, gave wise orders to the distracted household, and then, at last, made his way to his wife's room.

There his composure for a few moments broke down. "Alas! alas! My poor Fanny! What monster has done this thing?" In an agony of grief, he threw himself on the wide empty bed, crying out: "Alas! alas! my motherless children! Who is to tell them of the awful thing that has happened?" But he did not touch his wife's dead body, and finally leaving her where she lay, he retired to his own room.

A few moments later the police arrived, and then every member of the large household had to submit to a severe examination; for when such a tragedy takes place it is the inmates of the house who are first suspected, if not of having actually committed the crime, of having been accomplices and accessories.

What greatly added to the horror of this particular murder was the dreadful brutality with which the Duchess had been done to death.

The fine carved and gilt bed—which stood, as is the custom in French state bed-chambers, on a platform above the floor—was in fearful confusion, the pillows deeply stained with blood, as were also the curtains.

It was only too clear that there had been a terrible struggle between herself and her murderer. Not only had she received five gaping wounds, any one of which would have been fatal, but her face and neck were covered with scratches.

On first being attacked, the Duchess had evidently leaped out of bed to face her assassins. And, though already severely wounded, she had tried in the darkness to find the door to her boudoir, for round three sides of the great room ran bloody finger-marks.

And then she had been dragged violently into the middle of the room, for on various pieces of furniture were found strands of her long, beautiful hair.

THE only clue that the police found—but they attached great importance to it—was a pistol, on the handle of which stuck several of the Duchess' hairs and a small piece of skin.

At first it was supposed that the murderers had gained their entrance into the house by the garden giving on the Champs-Elysées; but all the gates on that side were found to be securely fastened.

After every member of the household had been questioned and cross-questioned with the pitiless intellectual ferocity usual to the French detective force, the Duc de Praslin was asked to tell what he knew of the events of the awful night.

And then came the first great surprise of the case. The Duke at once calmly revealed the fact that he had known of the murder before the servants had told him of it. Waked by his wife's screams, he had rushed into the Duchess' room, to find her dead. Stunned by the sight, he had gone back to his own room.

He also casually mentioned that the pistol which had been regarded as so important a clue to the murder was *his* pistol, brought into the room when he first heard the cries of his wife, and then forgotten by him in his horror and confusion.



"'Madame! Madame! What is the matter?' they

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This strange statement seems to have been at first received with respectful belief; and the next step taken by the police was thoroughly to search the servants' rooms. While this was being done, one of them was heard to mutter: "It would be more to the purpose to search the Duke's room."

This hint was acted upon, and the Duke's bedchamber was found to be in a very curious state. The fireplace was choked with papers which had evidently been recently burned. A silk jacket which the Duke wore at night, and which he had evidently tried to destroy, was also found in the fireplace. In the dressing-closet, thrust into a dark cupboard, was a dressing-gown which the Duke was known to wear, literally soaked in blood. As a result of these discoveries, the magistrate who had charge of the investigation was brought at last to realize that the only human being in the house against whom there existed any presumption of guilt was the husband of the victim!

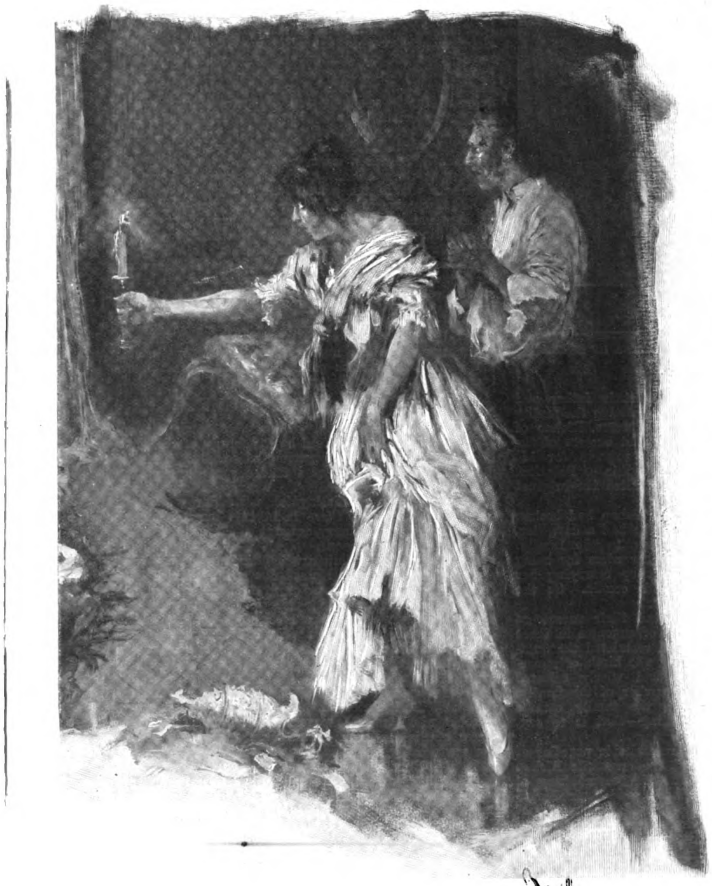
NOW, the Duc de Praslin was not only a great peer, descended from the oldest French nobility and allied, through his wife, to the powerful new Napoleonic caste, but he was also a man of high personal character. Heir to a great name and immense wealth, he had chosen, when only one-and-twenty, to make a "marriage of love." His family, it was well known, had not approved of his choice; for, though Mademoiselle Sabatiani was beautiful, accomplished, and also very wealthy, she belonged to that new nobility which was then, as now, despised by the old.

It was further known to the police—each Frenchman above a certain social status has every particular concerning his or her past registered in a *dossier*—that the Duke had shown himself not only a devoted but a most faithful husband.

It seemed inconceivable that such a man should have murdered the woman he had married for love, and who, still young, still beautiful,—she was not quite thirty-five at the time of her death,—was the mother of his nine children.

And so we can not wonder that the long day which had begun at four in the morning passed by with nothing done, save—alas!—that proofs accumulated with each hour against the Duke. For they found in his dressing-room a hunting-knife, a poniard, and a short sword stained with blood—in addition to the pistol which he had admitted having himself taken to his wife's room.

At last, to his deep revolt and anger, the Duke was made to submit to a close physical examination. It was found that his hands were covered with scratches, and that one of his arms had been bitten. All these proofs—for by now they were accounted to be proofs—were laid before the King, Louis Philippe. But the King hesitated to sign the warrant of arrest. It was a serious thing at this particular moment of French history, on the eve of the revolution of 1848, to order the arrest of a great peer on so terrible a charge as that of murdering his wife.



cried. But there came no answering moan or sign"

And then an examination was made of the half-burnt papers found in the Duke's chimney, and these at last provided what had until then been completely lacking, namely, a motive for the crime. These papers were found to be letters, and, together with others that were soon found both in the Duke's room and in the Duchess' locked desk, they made it clear that the unhappy woman had loved her husband so jealously as to torture them both.

"WHY, my beloved, have you changed to me? Why have you become, not only cold, but indifferent? Why have you taken away from our joint life all the happiness, the brightness of mutual love? You say you wish to be independent—but do you also wish to live alone? You say that I am unreasonable because I wish to share your sorrows and your anxieties. But it is you who are unreasonable in wishing to make of me a stranger. How long is it since you turned against the woman you once loved with so mad and absorbing a passion? I am filled with anguish—my heart is broken. You say you are grieved at seeing me look sad, but it is you—you, Theo—who have made me sad. You know—no one better—how easy it would be to make me glad. But you refused to do the very little that I ask. Am I not your comrade, the sharer of your life, the half of yourself, she who has the right as well as the duty of consoling you when you are sad and of laughing with you when you are glad? You were ill not long ago, and yet you refused to allow me to nurse you! Is it because I am violent that you avoid me? And yet, when I was a younger woman, you never minded my violence—my occasional bursts of bad temper!"

And then, in another letter:

"The last four months have taught me that I was wrong, unreasonable to try and force your confidence. I recognize how infinitely superior is your character and nature to mine; I only ask most humbly to go on sharing your life. I declare on all that I hold most sacred and most dear—my children—that I will henceforth only ask you for your love, your kindness. Forgive your Fanny any impatience or annoyance she may have caused you, Theo! I have heard it whispered that you were seeking distractions outside your home. Ah, my dear, no one will make you as happy as I made you happy in the old, old days. A man of your character, with your heart and your ideals, will never be content with low and venal loves. Your wife has no other happiness, no other ideal, no other thought in the world but you. Oh, do not shut your ears to her prayers, to her humble devotion. She loves you, Theo; and if only you will forgive her anything she may have done to offend you, she will never so offend you again.

"See her waiting day and night at your door, afraid to come in, afraid even to knock! Think of our blissful past; think of our children, whom we both love so dearly. And yet, Theodore, I have a right to be hurt, even to be jealous of my children, for you seem now to love them more than you do their mother. You are certainly more with them than you are with her. But then, you are never with her."

To a secret diary, which was found in their country home, the unhappy woman confided even more of her sorrow, shame, and jealousy. For a long time her jealousy was not attached to any one object or objects; it was only the cry of a passionate egotism, blended in inconsistent humanness with devotions and tenderness.

"Two years have gone by. All my hopes are now shattered. I feel that he has become quite indifferent to me. He simply no longer loves me. Sometimes he seems to me to feel a positive aversion for the woman he once loved so passionately. And then again I realize that he does not think of me at all—or, rather, he thinks of me only when I force him to do so by my cries and complaints.

"For many years I was first in his heart, first in his thoughts—ever in his thoughts. And then suddenly everything changed. And now it has grown worse. Until a few weeks ago, whenever he came into the house, however late, he always came in to see me for a few minutes. Now he goes straight to his own apartments. And yet, he promised me so faithfully at least to keep up these usual kindly ways of commonplace married life!

"I have kept a letter from him in which he says: 'If you will not come to me, for I dislike very much to be disturbed, I promise you I will come to you.' I kept my promise, for never once have I gone and sought him out when he was busy or tired; but he has quite given up coming in to me as he used to do. He does not even ask me for a cup of tea. We do not even breakfast or lunch together."

And then again:

"He goes out on foot, not driving or riding, as he used to do. If only I knew the truth, I should rest more calm. But, alas! I shall never know the truth; he is so reserved, so still, so secret."

Then follows a most pathetic entry:

"Theo has changed again. The other day he was really tender in his manner. He implied that he wished to change our strange way of life. But is this really true? Does he wish to restore me to my natural position as his wife and the mother of my children? Does he realize that if this comes to pass I shall not be content with anything less than all? *He will have to dismiss Mademoiselle D.*"

Here we mention for the first time the woman who was to play so disastrous a rôle in the last years of the Duchess' life, and whose existence undoubtedly contributed in a great measure to her death; that is, always supposing that the Duc de Praslin *did* kill his wife.

THE woman to whom the Duchesse de Praslin in her diary referred to as "Mademoiselle D." was Henriette Deluzy, governess to the children of the Duke and Duchess.

At the time that this lady had the misfortune to obtain what seemed so excellent a situation, she was a quiet, thoughtful, intelligent, and homely woman of thirty. She had been for five years in England, as the trusted governess of Lady Hislop; and when she came to France Lady Hislop gave her the highest character that one woman could give to another. Henriette Deluzy had a gentle, composed manner; she was a good musician; she knew several languages; and, above all, she was quite willing to lead the dull life that is the lot of a high-class European governess.

It was the Duke, not the Duchess, who engaged her. He explained that his wife was not in good health, and that he was thus obliged to concern himself with the education of their children. He offered Mlle. Deluzy two thousand francs a year, with the proviso that if she stayed with the family till the elder daughters were married she would receive a pension of fifteen hundred francs during the rest of her life.

The Duke made certain strict stipulations. The governess had to bind herself never to leave the children alone, and she was to have no holidays. No wonder the governess whom she was replacing drew for her a rather melancholy picture of the life she was about to lead. This lady also confided to Mlle. Deluzy that the Duke and Duchess were on very bad terms with each other, though outwardly united. But the new governess, being a sensible woman, did not attach much importance to this piece of gossip, since she did not suppose that she would have much to do, in a personal way, with the parents of her pupils.

But it is impossible to live in a household with two other human beings and not play some part in their lives. Very soon the governess discovered that she must needs take sides. The Duc de Praslin saw a great deal of his children; he took the deepest interest in their lessons, their games, and in the training of their young minds. The Duchess, it must be admitted, did none of these things. She passionately loved her children, but she was absorbed—as the letters and the diary we have quoted show—in herself, in her grief, in her jealousy and pain. And so, from the point of view of Mlle. Deluzy, the father was far more admirable as a human being than was the mother of her pupils.

Another thing. The Duke gradually found pleasure in the governess' intelligent conversation. Mlle. Deluzy cared for public affairs, for literature, for a hundred and one things that the ordinary pretty woman gives little thought to. And, as time went on, the father of her pupils spent more and more of his time in the school-room, and, when in the country, in walking with the children and their governess.

THERE was another complication in the unfortunate Duchess' relations with her husband. She became agonizingly jealous of the governess, though even she recognized that the Duke was not in love with Mlle. Deluzy. From being angered by the fact that the Duke had got into the habit of going out alone without saying where he was going, the Duchess now was furious because he stayed so much at home. Very soon we find her writing this secret in her diary:

"Were I to ask Theo to choose between myself and Mlle. Deluzy, I can not help thinking that he would choose her."

And again:

"All is finished. We have quarreled! How strange that he should now have such an aversion for the wife who loves him so purely, so tenderly, so devotedly! Doubtless my character is not a very easy one. But is not the state which I am in his fault? Yes, I sometimes act as if I were mad."

And then this outburst of anguish:

"When I walk to the front door through which you took me on our wedding-day, when I was so full of joy and love and hope—when I go into those rooms in which we dwelt together when you loved me, when you never liked to leave me even for an hour, a terrible feeling of agony, of chill despair, comes over me.

"Instead of fearing, as so many women do, old age, I used to look forward to the evening of our days. I used to think we would talk over our youth—that we would live once more in our children, and that in the end we would die and go to a better land together!"

And then, in a letter, we find the story of what must have been a dreadful scene:

"Yes, it is quite true! I did behave in a very

(Continued on page 23)

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THE SCIENCE OF BREEDING KINGS

BY

HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS





THE CZAROWITCH

A DEAD PRIEST WAS CANONIZED AND EVERY KIND OF SUPERNATURAL AID INVOKED FOR THE BIRTH OF A MALE HEIR BY THE CZAR AND CZARINA BEFORE ALEXIS WAS BORN IN 1904



A SEQUENCE OF ROYAL GIRLS

TWO OF THE FIRST FOUR CHILDREN—ALL DAUGHTERS—WHO DISAPPOINTED THE MELANCHOLY CZAR AND CZARINA OF RUSSIA

FOR the past thousand years the destiny of Europe has been largely in the hands of one pedigreed stock of the human family. It is called the breed of kings. This breed has had a monopoly of ruling by right of birth, somewhat as the thoroughbred horse has had a monopoly of racing by the same right.

At this moment, three pedigreed individuals rule over empires that jointly circle the world and invade both hemispheres, and that are peopled by more than six hundred million souls—one third of the total population of the globe.

It is not correct to say that the rule of these monarchs is merely nominal. They still exercise, or refrain at will from exercising, great power, and William II or George V or Nicholas II could personally plunge the world into war any day by a few ill-timed utterances. So the immediate future of the royal stock of Europe must be of compelling interest to every one who pays the slightest attention to world politics.

But, quite aside from this, the pedigrees of kings have importance for us all, because they are the only comprehensive human pedigrees that are available. A study of royal pedigrees enables one to test the laws of heredity in a unique way, and to draw inferences for the application of eugenic principles to humanity at large.

The Seven Dukes' Race-Suicide Pact

FITLY to introduce the subject, let me tell the story of how, through the practice of eugenics, an obscure German bishop became the father of kings. At the outset, the tale concerns seven brothers who along in the sixteenth century inherited a small ducal estate on the borders of the Black Forest. The estate included the free Hanseatic city of Lüneburg, and was large enough to have some significance in German politics, if undivided. But the brothers realized that if each were to claim a share in the estate its divided fragments would have little importance, either severally or collectively.



A POPULAR SPANISH POST-CARD

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN WITH HER BABY, THE PRINCESS MARIA CHRISTINA. THE TYPE CHOSEN TO BE THE MOTHERS OF THE NEXT GENERATION OF KINGS

So they held a family conclave, and decided that only one of their number should marry. The lot fell on the sixth brother, who accordingly chose a wife and in due course had a family of children. These children made among themselves the same compact that their father and uncles had made. The duty of transmitting the family name devolved upon one Ernest Augustus, Bishop of Osnabrück. The growing influence and success of the Bishop of Osnabrück enabled him to win for his wife a very extraordinary woman, Sophia of Palatine. And the son born of this union inherited the original estate, with sundry accretions.

But a brother of the Osnabrück bishop had broken his compact and also married, and he had a daughter, whose advent brought consternation to the family. Sophia of Palatine never forgave her niece for being born; but she solved the dilemma by marrying her own son to the offending niece, his cousin. So the family interests were again united.

What the ambitious brothers and their successors had done was to practise the art of eugenics in three important phases: (1) They had restricted the number of descendants, by preventing the birth of supernumerary children. (2) They had wisely selected able mates for the procreating member of the family. (3) And they had concentrated the family estates and talents by judicious inbreeding—that is to say, by the union of cousins.

Now note the sequel of this remarkable practice of eugenic principles. The son of the erstwhile Bishop of Osnabrück and his brilliant wife became king of one country (George I of England), and their daughter became queen of another (Sophia Charlotte of Prussia). Their direct lineal descendants to-day occupy the thrones of England, Germany, Russia, Denmark, Norway, Greece, and numerous minor principalities.

Now, the great majority of other lines of the developers of the royal breed have to adopt a different and less radical means of accomplishing the same end. This is the expedient of descent through primogeniture—that is to say, passing on the chief family honors and estates, undivided, to the oldest son. This familiar plan has the obvious disadvantage that the eldest brother may not be the ablest—a fact that has led to the overthrow of many a dynasty. But, in general, the rule has justified itself.

Five Hundred Years of Hohenzollerns

KAISER WILHELM II unveiled a few years ago at Brandenburg the statue of his Hohenzollern ancestor, Frederick I, in commemoration of the five hundredth anniversary of the day when that hero first made official entry into the territory as Margrave of Brandenburg, and thus laid the small foundations for the future greatness of that extraordinary family.

In the five hundred intervening years there has been no time when the male descendants of this first of the important Hohenzollerns have not occupied positions of almost steadily growing influence.

Out in the Tiergarten in Berlin you may see a long double row of statues of those successful princes of the ever-waxing dynasty of Hohenzollern. There are thirty-two of them, including such names as Albert Achilles, John Sigismund, the Great Elector, and Frederick the Great. They are an illustrious company. Nearly all were men of talent; some were men of extraordinary genius.

But, while Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany is amply justified in extolling his ancestors of the House of Hohenzollern, the student of heredity must instantly recall that in so doing the emperor is givin an utterly distorted impression of the totality of his heritage. It is as if a geographer standing at the delta of the Mississippi were to extol the waters of some single rivulet far off, let us say, in Minnesota, as the chief source and constituent of the mighty current.

Kaiser Wilhelm, like every other individual, is, ancestrally speaking, at the apex of a converging line of descent that includes more than two thousand individuals within ten generations.

And each one of these had, in the biological view, as direct and as potent a share as any other one in determining the personality of their common descendant who to-day proclaims himself a Hohenzollern. Were the Kaiser to do full justice to his ancestors, he must place in the Tiergarten, along with the statues of the great Hohenzollerns, effigies, among others, of William the Silent, founder of the Dutch Republic, and Frederick Henry, Prince of Orange; of Mary Queen of Scots, of the remarkable Eleanor d'Olbreuze and the amazing Catherine II of Russia; and of the man who is perhaps his own closest prototype in personality, Peter the Great.

Inbreeding Cousins for Genius

IT will be recalled that one of the important eugenic principles practised by the family of the seven brothers consisted in the mating of cousins. There is a popular impression that a tendency to degeneration results from this inbreeding. A study of royal pedigrees enables us to distinguish what share of truth and what of falsity there is in this impression, for there is an extraordinary amount of inbreeding in the royal families of Europe.

Let us take as an illustration the pedigree of that most illustrious of Hohenzollerns, Frederick the Great, traced through four or five generations. There is a double interest in this selection, not only because of the greatness of the subject, but because it includes the pedigree of the family of the seven brothers which supplied our text and, by the same token, a main stem of the ancestral tree of the chief rulers of present-day Europe.

The father and mother of Frederick the Great were cousins. Both pairs of his grandparents, in turn, were cousins; and his paternal grandmother was the sister of his maternal grandfather and the cousin of his maternal grandmother.

In the third generation of the four pairs of ancestors, one pair appears in both paternal and maternal strains, so that there are only six persons, and two of the six are brothers; so that there are only five ancestral strains of blood represented, instead of eight. The same sort of duplication occurred in earlier generations.

The diverse strains thus blended and interblended represent an amazing aggregation of talent. Frederick's maternal grandmother was known as the "Philosophical Queen." Her mother, Sophia of Brunswick, has been named as one of the greatest women of modern times.

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THE KAISER'S GRANDCHILDREN

THE TWO OLDEST GRANDSONS, IN THE DIRECT LINE OF INHERITANCE FOR THE THRONE

In the third generation we find also Frederick William, known as the Great Elector, the true founder of the greatness of Prussia; and Louisa Henriette of Orange, descendant of the Great William the Silent and the only less celebrated Gaspard II. The blood of William the Silent appears in three other strains of the pedigree, and that of Mary Queen of Scots in two strains. In a word, there is scarcely an undistinguished name among the forty individuals who represent Frederick's ancestors within five generations; and the fact that these are but forty, instead of the normal sixty-two individuals, in itself reveals graphically the extent to which the various strains of this distinguished ancestry are interwoven through an intricate web of inbreeding.

But note the result. The progeny of this extraordinary experiment in eugenics reveal, in the generation upon which our attention is focussed, not only Frederick II, one of that small select company of all time who by common consent are surnamed "The Great," but a brother Henry and a sister Amelia almost equally gifted, and another sister, Sophia Ulrica, who may be said to stand fully on a par in intellectual endowment with her illustrious brother, and who as Queen of Sweden was known as "the Minerva of the North," and became the mother of the famous Gustavus III.

Here, then, is an adequate and convincing demonstration that even the closest inbreeding does not of necessity produce degeneration; but that, on the contrary, it may be possible by such inbreeding to accentuate and bring to the surface characteristics of the highest and most desirable quality in the human breed, just as special qualities are accentuated and brought to the surface by the same method in the special breeds of domestic animals.

Inbreeding for Degeneracy

BUT, lest too sweeping a conclusion be drawn from this example of inbreeding for genius, it is desirable that we should at once turn to another royal pedigree and observe the effects of inbreeding where the traits combined and actuated are not chiefly desirable ones, as in the case of Frederick the Great, but include also those of mental aberration and physical and moral degeneracy.

Such a pedigree is supplied in the immediate ancestry of Don Carlos, the "madly depraved and cruel" scion of the Spanish royal house, a man who has been characterized as the most heartless and depraved individual in modern history.

A glance at the chart showing the ancestry of Don Carlos reveals that his father, Philip II, and his mother, Mary of Portugal, were at once first and second cousins, and that each ancestral stream leads quickly back to ancestors characterized as weak or cruel or mad. Joana, "the mad," appears twice in the third generation; and the insane Isabella four times in the fifth generation.

The interbreeding is so close and intricate that it would be difficult to characterize the relationship. In four generations there are only twenty-eight individuals instead of sixty-two! Thus a profoundly neurotic strain is allowed to become overwhelmingly preponderant by repetition. As Dr. F. A. Woods has said, it was as if the sovereigns of that time were breeding mental monstrosities for a bench show. Their experiment shows the eugenic principle inverted.

There is one feature of the pedigree of the depraved Don Carlos, however, that must instantly attract attention and excite surprise. This is the fact that there appear in the table, mingled with the names of the weaklings, the mentally unbalanced, and the morally depraved, the names of several famous characters, including Charles the Bold of Burgundy, Maximilian I of the Holy Roman Empire, Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholics, and the Emperor Charles V. What further excites surprise is that the names of Ferdinand and Isabella appear again and again in the fourth generation, and that in the case of Isabella there seems to be an alternation of generations between insanity and genius.

This suggests a valid foundation for the popular notion that there is an affinity between mental aberration and genius of a certain type. It suggests further that genius and mental impairment follow the same laws of inheritance.

Guinea-Pigs, Genius, and Insanity

THERE is a growing body of evidence to show that both views are valid. In recent years investigation has been made not only of the bad strains of royal pedigrees but of the heredity of genius and of insanity among people in general, and the result is that we are nearer an understanding of this hitherto obscure subject than ever before. The puzzling thing has always been that the children of the man or woman of genius very commonly have no genius; yet that they sometimes seem able to transmit genius to their descendants.

No explanation of this anomaly was forthcoming until recent studies gave a clue through the suggestion that genius is a unit character which acts in inheritance as a negative or so-called "recessive" character.

Let me illustrate in the simplest way. If a black guinea-pig of pure strain is mated with a white guinea-pig of pure strain (as in the notable experiments of Professor William E. Castle, of Harvard), all the offspring will be black, because, in the Mendelian phrasing, the quality of blackness or pigmentation is "dominant" or positive, and the quality of whiteness or lack of pigmentation is "recessive" or negative. But the black offspring carry the potentialities of the recessive or negative character in their germ-plasm, as proved by the fact that when they interbreed some of their offspring will be white like one of the grandparents. Thus the recessive character disappears in one generation and may reappear in the next.

Making the application, if genius is in reality a "recessive" unit character, a man or woman of genius choosing a mediocre or average mate will produce only mediocre or average children. But these children may, under certain conditions, produce offspring in some of whom the latent or recessive characteristics of genius will become patent and tangible. This will never happen, however, until the person in whose germ-plasm the potentiality is latent mates with another person having similar inherited potentialities.



THE RIDDLE AMONG MONARCHS

ALPHONSO XIII OF SPAIN, BRILLIANT, DARING, ECCENTRIC, COMBINES IN HIS ANCESTRY BOTH GENIUS AND INSANITY



GREETING THE SPANISH QUEEN

VICTORIA, WHO HAS INTRODUCED MANY ENGLISH CUSTOMS INTO SPAIN, MEETS THE PRESIDENT OF A SPANISH HUNT CLUB

Over and over again we find the descendants of the man or woman of genius manifesting no great talent until a marriage takes place that brings two such strains of latent genius together. It is as if the quality that makes for genius were a sort of explosive which must remain inoperative until a detonating spark is brought to it.

The lesson is obvious that a reappearance of genius may take place through the marriage of cousins, when otherwise genius might have no opportunity to manifest itself.

But—and herein lies the great danger—what is true of genius is equally true of the various neuroses, and notably of imbecility. An analysis of the table of the ancestry of Don Carlos brings out both principles perfectly. The blood of Charles the Bold and Maximilian I, blended with the blood of Ferdinand and Isabella, produced Charles V, one of the most imposing figures of the sixteenth century. But his son, mingling two strains of the blood of the insane Isabella, was himself half a madman; and when he married his first and second cousin Mary, descended like himself from the mad Joana, the result of the union could hardly be in doubt.

How to Forecast Your Children

THE great central lesson to be drawn from such tables of royal genealogy as those just presented is that the individual is only a link in a chain, and that the all-important thing is the family stock as a whole.

Individuals must differ among themselves in the same fraternity. The offspring must sometimes be in many ways different from his parents. But, rare mutations of "sports" aside, no trait can appear in any individual that was not patent in some direct ancestor.

Moreover, we may fairly assume that the main body of characteristics of any individual are manifest in some, at least, of his ancestors within at most four or five generations. Granted full knowledge of both maternal and paternal pedigrees as far back, let us say, as the great-great-grandparents, the student of eugenics may attempt with some confidence to cast the horoscope for the descendants of any given marital union, always remembering that it is fraternities as a whole, rather than individual members, to whom the predictions must be applied.

Emperor William's Brilliant Inheritance

WITH these limitations in mind, let us very briefly view the more important contemporary monarchs of Europe in the light of their pedigrees.

As to Emperor William II of Germany, enough has already been said to reveal the extraordinary character of his family history. His paternal stock is full of genius, for the most part unmarred by neurosis. The maternal stock brought through the daughter of Queen Victoria a strain of neurotic taint which had manifested itself in the insanity of George III and the imbecility of two children of a sister of that monarch. Mixed with the stable Hohenzollern strain, this neurotic strain should be momentarily subordinated.

On the other hand, the daughter of Victoria brought through a new channel elements of the genius of Sophia of Brunswick, which might very well serve as the detonating spark to ignite the genius of the Hohenzollerns latent in Frederick III. So William II has every hereditary warrant for his acknowledged abilities, and it would be strange if he were not the ablest prince upon any throne in Europe today. He is assuredly possessed of that almost abnormal fund of energy which is the sub-stratum of genius, but which, if ill coördinated, so often leads to mental overthrow.

In the case of George V of England we have to do with the German houses of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and of Hanover—for, of course, there is no English blood in the royal house that now occupies the throne of Britain. The house of Hanover, of which Queen Victoria was the last reigning sovereign, is often charac-



PRINCESS MARY OF ENGLAND

THE PRIM SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL WHO IS THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

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THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCESS

THE LIVELY WIFE OF THE HEIR APPARENT TO THE THRONE OF GERMANY

terized as essentially dull. Yet it had a strain of genius and a strain of insanity, the latter revealing itself with full force in the person of George III, the grandfather of Queen Victoria.

The house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, from which both Victoria's mother and her royal consort sprang, is remarkable for its virtues and its bent toward literature, science, and art. It has little true genius but almost no degeneracy. Its seat is a little Duchy in North Germany, comprising two or three tiny islands of territory the total area of which is only about nine miles square. Yet for two hundred and fifty years the family has maintained much the same traits for which Ernest the Pious was famed in the seventeenth century. The virtues of the family might be said to be bourgeois virtues, not without certain regal possibilities.

The Prince Consort Albert was typical of his race. His son Edward VII would have been in private life a highly successful merchant or business or professional man. But he had certain moral failings that perhaps revealed the blood of the early Georges, though he was quite free from outward evidences of the neurotic taint of the insane George III.

The Dangers for King George and the Czar in Insane Ancestors

THE consort of Edward VII, Queen Alexandra, came of mixed Danish and German stock, in the main fairly sound, but undistinguished. But there is one very bad spot in her pedigree, as revealed by the presence of Christian VII of Denmark in the fourth generation. Of him Dr. F. A. Woods says: "Among all modern royalty there is scarcely a feebler specimen of the human race than this poor little, half-mad, debauched king. His type of mind was so puerile, and his self-restraint so weak, that it seems only charity to consider him among the irresponsibles."

Christian VII was the son of a daughter of George II of England, and thus was first cousin to the insane George III and second cousin to the imbecile sons of George's sister Augusta, Princess of Brunswick. He had another first cousin of the House of Hesse-Cassel, who also died insane.

This obviously introduces a very undesirable neuropathic strain into the pedigree of the Danish princess who became Queen of England. Nothing tangible would perhaps be likely to come of it, however, unless blending occurred with a like strain from the other side of the house. But there was obvious opportunity for this in the offspring of Alexandra and Edward VII, great-grandson of the insane George III. What gives further significance to the matter is the fact that George V, child of this union, inherits his predominant physical traits largely from his mother, as is proved by his close similarity in personal appearance to his cousin, the Czar of Russia, who is the son of Queen Alexandra's sister.

In the case of the Czar himself, there are perilous possibilities in the fact that his paternal strain is markedly neurotic, tracing back through his grandsire, Alexander "the mystic," to the degenerate Paul I. Yet the descendant of Catherine the Great might also have the potentialities of genius. So far as can be judged, both George V and Nicholas II have escaped the worse possibilities of their heritage. Yet both have elements of instability, if not of positive neurosis, that their heritage amply explains.

In general, the most striking thing revealed by the pedigrees of the rulers of the three great European empires is their close similarity. If we print in parallel columns the names of the direct ancestors in the fifth generation of George V of England, William II of Germany, and Nicholas II of Russia, it will be evident at a glance that the three stocks are all but identical. All three are typically and characteristically German.

The Riddle in the King of Spain

ALPHONSO XIII of Spain doubtless presents the greatest riddle to the student of eugenics of any present-day monarch. His paternal heredity, beyond the second generation, is almost unqualifiedly bad. His paternal grandfather has been characterized as "a degenerate little fool." He married his cousin Isabella II, a woman notoriously dissolute.

The four paternal grandparents of Alphonso were inter-related in the most curious and intricate fashion. In the case of each couple not only were the mates cousins, but they also bore to each other the still more intimate relation of uncle and niece. Add that each of the four was individually either mentally weak or vicious and profligate, and that the ancestors of the fourth generation—who were actually only four individuals instead of eight!—may be described in the same terms, and we see that we are piling up an experiment in bad breeding that compares with the efforts in this direction of the earlier monarchs of the same line.

Yet it must be recalled that, in spite of this appalling pedigree, Alphonso XII, the father of the present King, was a fairly normal man mentally, though a consumptive. The explanation usually given is that Alphonso XII was probably an illegitimate child—an explanation that accords with the known traits of Isabella II, and which might be said to be almost required by the laws of heredity to explain the fairly normal personality of Alphonso XIII. If this view is accepted, what has just been said about the official pedigree of Alphonso XIII holds only for the family of his paternal grandmother; the other half of his paternal ancestral stream being unknown, but presumably far better than the legitimate strain. Certainly it could not be worse.

But, in any event, the mother of Alphonso XIII, Maria Christina of Austria, transmits to him the best strains of Austrian blood, traced back through the Archduke Charles to the famous Maria Theresa. That Alphonso inherits physical traits of his mother's family is demonstrated in that he has the famous Hapsburg lip, which may be traced through eighteen generations of Hapsburg descent from a fourteenth-century duchess. This strong infusion of good blood from the Austrian side might be expected to preponderate over the bad Spanish blood, producing in the person of Alphonso XIII a fairly normal individual, with latent possibilities of good or evil that might be realized in his offspring.

Royal Breeding for Stability

I HAVE not space to consider in any detail the minor principalities of Europe, nor even the great empire of Austria-Hungary and the kingdom of Italy. I can not pass the latter, however, without mention of the marriage of King Victor Emmanuel III, himself a worthy grandson of the rejuvenator of the Italian kingdom, to the rugged and lusty offspring of the warlike rulers of Montenegro. This constitutes a wide outcross, bringing in altogether new blood, and can scarcely fail to give added vigor to the strain. The results will be awaited with interest by those students of present-day politics who look for a rejuvenescence of Italian power in southeastern Europe.

As to the future monarchs of the chief principalities of northern Europe, whose pedigrees we have all along considered, it is obvious that their hereditary potentialities must depend in full measure upon their mothers, about whom nothing has thus far been said. The all-important question, then, is, What manner of mates have the present rulers chosen as royal consorts?

When we turn to the royal pedigrees to answer this question, the first glance seems to reveal a very favorable answer. It seems obvious that the consorts of practically all the reigning monarchs have been selected with an eye to eugenic principles. The basis for selection has seemingly been the idea that what is required of the monarchs of the future is not brilliancy, but stability; not capacity for great deeds, but sound judgment and common sense.

In proof that such has been the ideal that has actuated the royal matings, it appears that the mothers of the future rulers have been selected, without exception, from the North German strains of royalty, the stable character of which has been referred to. William II married a Princess of Schleswig-Holstein; George V a Princess of the House of Teck; Nicholas II a Princess of Hesse; and Alphonso XIII a Princess of Battenberg.

In each case the maternal blood has the same main origins. If we print in parallel columns the names of the respective ancestors of the fourth generation of the royal consorts, no one but an expert in genealogy would be likely to guess which list is which, and not even an expert could say which list is more preponderantly German. Nor would the case be greatly different were we to carry the analysis of specific pedigrees into the lines of the minor sovereigns of northern Europe.

"The Queen's Breed"

THE most striking single feature of such an analysis is the amazing frequency with which the direct descendants of the late Queen Victoria appear in these pedigrees. So noticeable is this that the entire strain of contemporary royalty throughout Europe has been picturesquely referred to as "the Queen's breed."

It appears that more than three



EDWARD ALBERT CHRISTIAN GEORGE ANDREW PATRICK DAVID—PRINCE OF WALES

IN THE ROBES OF HIS INVESTITURE AT CARNARVON CASTLE, WALES, JULY 13, 1911

(*Continued on page 24*)

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THE WONDERS OF THE THREE DONALS

BY SEUMAS MacMANUS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDMUND J. SULLIVAN

DONAL O'DONNELL was an able farmin' man who did a small bit of farmin' and a small bit of shepherdin'; and a small bit of tradin' at fairs—and he, with his wife Sorcha, lee-and-long miles from all neighbors, lived in the wild mountain Gap of Barnesmore in Donegal. No place was too wild for him, for he'd grown sour at the world, and taken a mighty dislike to all men—which led him an unhappy life.

There was a mornin' in the winter-time, and Donal got up before the screek of day; and, gathering with him a couple of score head of sheep, traveled out over the hills for Brockagh Fair, for to sell them. But, if he went out, he didn't cross the threshold till he first left sevair warnings on his wife Sorcha, as was usual with him, to be certain sure and allow no streelers nor strollers, vagrants nor vagabonds, to stop and take lodgings there—for Donal set small store on this kind of gentry. Sorcha, she promised.

Now, it wasn't a good day when Donal started, and it's little better but worse it got as the day wore: and the sleet that come down in the evening would drive through a door, you'd think—it was that sharp and bitter, and pelting so hard. And it would make the heart of a stone on the face of the mountain melt, for thinkin' of any poor homeless one that would be abroad in Barnesmore Gap upon an evening such.

Just at dayli' gone (twilight), Sorcha, who was doing little *timerishes* within the house, and sweeping up the hearth in front of a bright fire, heard a *tindherara* upon the door, and, going to it and opening it, she found there a poor, shivering old man with a pack on his back. And "The blessing of God be on this house and all in it," says he. "I'm a poor packman, and I'm storm-stayed in the Gap, and I'd be obliged if you'd give me a night's lodgin'."

Sorcha, she tried for to raise all the objections in the world; but the night was so cruel and Sorcha had such a soft heart, and the poor old packman pleaded so hard, and looked so pitiful, that she hadn't the heart in her for to shut him out in the storm, so she said, "You can come in and get a heat of the fire into your bones till my man Donal is near comin' home, anyhow."



"The stack was covered with little fairy men and women"

The old peddler thanked her, and prayed God to bless her; and came in, and made himself at home in the chimney-corner.

Not long seated was he till there was another *tindherara* beaten on the door; and, behold you! when Sorcha opened it, wasn't there another old man with a pack on his back, too, and he shivering and asking shelter from the storm, and a night's lodging, for God's sake. Well, poor Sorcha argued with him stiff; but, as she wasn't able to pluck up heart for to shut him out entirely, she bade him come in and get the fire into his bones afore Donal's time of comin'. And he came in and made himself at home in the other chimney-corner.

Lo and behold ye! not well seated was this second peddler till a third *tindherara* was heard on the door; and there was still another peddler begging shelter from the storm and a night's lodging, for heaven's sake. And, to make a long story short, Sorcha couldn't help but let him walk in also—that he might get a heat of the fire atween then and Donal's homecomin'. She warned them to make the most of their time, for that her man Donal heartily disliked all men—in particular, streelers and strollers of all sorts—couldn't bear them in his house, and would make fearsome scatterment of them if he found them. Plump in front of the fire this third man settles himself; and there the three of them sat, with their packs at their sides, every man of them smoking, and reeking great clouds, that you wouldn't know most which the smoke came from—their pipes or their sleet-steeped duds.

By-and-by there comes to the door another *tindherara*, far louder and wickeder than any yet; and when Sorcha heard it, and went and drew the bolt, who should step in but Donal himself, before he was expected! The look that come on Donal's face as he looked from one to the other of the three old peddlers, and seen what was before him, was a caution!

Says he to Sorcha, "I thought, my good woman, I warned you, before crossing the threshold this morning, to give house-room naither to streelers nor strollers; and is this how you've obeyed me?"

Poor Sorcha, she pleaded that, much as she wished to obey him, she hadn't it in her heart to turn away a dog upon such a night, let alone a Christian, and that she had only given them leave to come in and get a bit of heat in their bones atween their coming and his.

This mollified Donal but little; and he gave the three peddlers, he said, just a quarter of an hour to turn themselves at the fire, and do the other side, afore startin'.

They thanked him; and then he pulled forward a chair to the fire himself, and he lit his pipe and put speak on them; and he asked the first of them, him in the far chimney-corner, what his name was and what was he to trade.

"Donal O'Sheary by name, an' it please you," says the old man, replying, "and I'm a peddler to trade."

"And what's your name?" says Donal O'Donnell, says he to the old man in the other chimney-corner, "and what's your followin'?"

"Donal O'Neary by name," says he, "and I follow peddlin' for a trade."

"And your name?" says he to the man in the middle, beside himself, "and your profession?"

"Peddlin' is my profession," says he straight back, "and Donal O'Leary my name."

"Well, well, well, well!" says Donal O'Donnell, says he, "if that isn't the quarest thing ever I heard tell of within my lifetime; and I'm a middling old man now! Here's three peddlers of you come in, every one independent of the other, to my house in my absence; and every one of you is named Donal, and I Donal myself! If a quarer thing than that ever happened before, I'd travel a good bit to shake hands on the man who met up with it."

"Troth and," said the first old man, Donal O'Sheary, says he, "maybe it isn't far you'd have to go for that same."

"What do you mean?" says Donal O'Donnell, says he.

"I mane to say that I met with as quare myself—and quarer."

"I don't believe you," says Donal O'Donnell.

"And what will you owe me if I prove you mistaken?" says Donal O'Sheary.

"The sweetest of a supper and the softest of a bed," says the man of the house.

"Good!" says Donal O'Sheary, says he. "Then here's for my story."

Donal O'Sheary's Story

"WHEN I was a young man of one-and-twenty, my father he was a farmer on the banks of the Foyle, in Derry, and owned as fine and as kindly a farm as any was to be found between here and there—the Farm of the Fort, it was called, by reason that there was a lovely green Fairy Fort rising up sheer out of the holm in the farm's center. My father kept one servant boy and one servant girl, and on a May eve he says to myself, 'Donal,' says he, 'take the boy and the girl with you before break o' day to-morrow, and start off to the bog, and do a good day's footing turf, the three of you.'

"That was well and good. Before break o' day, just as my father directed, myself and the servant boy and girl were out in the gray twilight and facing for the bog. We had to pass by the foot of the Fairy Fort takin' a short cut across the farm, and, behold you! as we were passing it, doesn't Brigid, the girl, clap her hands and cry out, 'Och, see the lovely wee well!' And there, sure enough, was the loveliest little new well ever you rested your eyes on, bubbling up clear, where none of us had ever known before. Says Brigid, says she, stooping down on one knee, 'I'll have a sup out of it for good luck,' and in the palm of her hand she lifted a sup of the water to drink. 'I'll have a sup for good luck, too,' says Rory, says he, stoopin' down for another sup. 'Well,' says I, 'I'll not be behind either, and here goes for a good-luck sup likewise.' We were sthrivin' who'd be quickest to get the first drink. When we drank and stood up, we beheld the strangest happening that ever man beheld before; for Brigid was all at once changed into a brave-lookin' boy, and Rory transformed into a finely dressed, winsome young woman, and I myself changed into a priest! And when we looked around us, we found we were in a strange country entirely!

"Strange and very strange as all this was, curiously enough, it did not seem to be strange to ourselves. I was priest of the parish that I found myself in, and me doing my duties without no wonder in the world either to myself or to any of my congregation; all of whom I knew as if I'd been born and bred among them. The young man and young woman that had been Brigid and Rory, they fell in love with one another without loss of time, and they came to me to marry them; and I married them, and they contentedly began life as parishioners of mine. A model couple they were, more by the same token—and an example to all married couples under me: so that, often and often, when I was preaching on a Sunday, I held the pair up for a parable to my parish. They put in six happy years, and had half a dozen children born to them, that they reared up decently and well—a credit to their parents and the parish. And during the same six years I had plenty of work before me, I tell you, to manage a big, unruly parish—and hard I wrought at it. I christened and married hundreds, and buried scores upon scores. I was reforming my parish wonderfully, to the delight of my bishop, who prophesied that there was more than a chance of my filling his seat when he'd be called away. And he was an old man now.

"Well and good. At the end of this time I, one day, on my way home from a sick call, dropped into the house of the pair that had been Rory and Brigid, to see how they were coming on—as I often used to do. They said I was the very man in all the world they were wishful to see. Next morning being May-day, they were going to take a holiday to themselves, as they had not taken one for six years gone, and they were to drive to the Wood of the Five Oak Trees (a beautiful wood about five miles away), taking lashin's and leavin's of eatin' and drinkin' with them in order to spend a good, healthful, hearty, joyful day; and they wanted myself to join them. I consented.

"So, off we found ourselves driving at daybreak. And, in the very heart of the wood, we built a fire and made our breakfast. When we had made a hearty meal, the eldest boy, who had been running about, came in with the news that he had discovered the most lovely little fountain ever was seen, shooting high in the air and showering lovely spray for far and wide on all sides. We got up and went to view it; and, sure enough, it was a wonderful fountain, and one that, curiously, none of us had ever heard tell of in these woods before. Their eldest little girl had fetched with her a cup, and the water was so clear, and sparkling and beautiful, that she thought she'd like to taste it. She held the cup under the spray till it filled, and she handed round a drink to every one of us. It had the quarest effect you ever knew; for, every one of us got drowsy as soon as we had taken a sup of it, and every one of us stretched out, one here, one there, one yonder, saying we'd have three winks of sleep. We didn't sleep long till we woke up; and when we woke, where do you think we found ourselves but at the bottom of the Fairy Fort on my father's farm! And I wasn't a priest at all, at all, any longer, but only a farmer's son again; and Rory was the young man he had been; and Brigid the same young woman! And, stranger still, no one of us an hour older than we had been on that morning when the first happenin' here happened to us!

"There was never a well to be seen at the foot of

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the Fairy Fort; neither was there a fountain. And the three of us streeled home to my father, whose eyes stood out in his head to the size of small saucers as he questioned us where we had been since we went from home six years ago that morning? and how it was we all stood still at the same age as when we left? Since we went away, trace nor track of us had never been found, and it was concluded that all three of us had got drowned in a bottomless bog hole. We were prayed for as dead, he told us, and entirely given up for lost.

"I told the story just as it happened, and my father, when he heard it, wouldn't harbor in his house, he said, beings like us, under spells; for we'd bring him ill luck. So he turned us all out, and I for a while worked a day with this man and a day with that, till I earned the price of a pack. I bought



"Sorcha opened the door, and found there a poor old man with a pack on his back"

that; put it on my back; shook my feet upon the King's highroad, and have been traveling from that day till the storm drove me to your door, Donal O'Donnell, this night.

"There's my story for you. What do you think of it, my good man?"

"I think," says Donal O'Donnell, says he, "that it's the most wonderful thing I ever heard tell of in my life, and it beats out my wonder complete.—Sorcha," says he to his wife, "make Donal O'Sheary the best supper the house can afford; and prepare him the best bed."

"And now, boys," says Donal O'Donnell, says he, to the other two old men, "what do yous think of these wonders yous have heard? or did any of yous ever hear tell of anything to compare with them?"

"Indeed, and I did," says Donal O'Neary, says he.

"You did?" says Donal O'Donnell. "Upon my word, if you can tell me anything near as wonderful as either of them, I'll make Sorcha get you a good supper, and a good night's lodging, moreover—which I never did to streeler nor stroller in my life afore."

"Well and good," says Donal O'Neary, taking him at his word. "Then I'll tell you a wonderful happening that happened to myself and put me on the road a peddler; and when you've heard it you'll say I've earned a supper and a night's lodging."

"Come, then," says Donal O'Donnell, says he, "come, out with it."

Donal O'Neary's Story

"WELL," says Donal O'Neary, says he, "when I was a youth, I was the son of a farmer, in the land of Tawnawilly, in Donegal, who was famous for the raising of corn. There was no harvest that he wouldn't put five hundred stacks of corn into his haggard and there was no ware [spring] that he wouldn't put five hundred plough-horses into his fields. There was one particular harvest when he had, as usual, his five hundred stacks of corn stacked in the haggard, and thatched, and roped, and we were all settling ourselves down for a happy winter; when, what would you have of it, we, of a morning, found a stack clean missing and no trace of where it went, or how it had gone. On the next morning, behold ye! another stack was missing; and sight nor sign of a straw of it wasn't to be seen on the countryside. And the morning after that still another was away. It was the most wonderful thing we ever knew of; and the next night I said I'd sit up and watch the haggard; and, of all nights of the year, it was Hallow Eve night. Very good: I put a fine warm coat on me, and I stepped about in the haggard for the first hour or so; and then I crouched under one of the stacks till I would have three winks of sleep; but I was soon wakened out of this by finding the stack, that I lay under, shaking, and hearing a hubbub like a fair. Up I jumped, and, lo and behold ye! the stack itself was covered with little fairy men and women, and the haggard was filled with them, and so was the whole countryside, hill and dale, as far and far as my eye could carry, on that the brightest of moonlight nights. There wasn't a man less than a hundred thousand, and every one pulled a stalk of corn out of this particular stack; and, when he got it, he mounted it, same way as ye see little childre' mount a walking-stick, and saying, 'Up, up, my brave brown steed!' each stalk of corn swept off, carrying its rider with it. When they had all taken their stalks, and there was only a bare one left of the whole stack, I lifted it up and mounted it, and I says, as they did, 'Up, up, my brave brown steed,' and away with me!

"At the tail end of the multitude I swept through the air like a streak of lightning, traveling a hundred mile a minute. In very short time the whole host of us struck against the Himalay' Mountains in the Eastern world; and, at a word of command from the leader of us, a door opened in the face of the rocks there, and every one of us rode in, the door closing behind again.

"Such a great and gorgeous place as was within there, it surpasses me to describe to you. There was a dining-hall the length of the holms of Finn-Water, with tables that measured miles; and thousands upon thousands of candles in gold candlesticks, and dishes of all kinds of eatables under the sun, and decanters of all kinds of drinkables, laid out along these tables. To the feast every one of us sat down, and we ate and drank to our hearts' content; then the tables were cleared away, and, to the music of five thousand pipers and five thousand fiddlers, the dance begun. The beautiful fairy queen who had sat at the head of the tables, she came along and asked myself for partner. I objected, saying that, as it was now late in the night, it was time I was setting out for home; else they'd be missing me and not know what had happened. 'It's but young in the night yet,' she said, 'and there's a good moon besides. I'll only ask one reel, you and I, just to show these people how to do it. When it's over, we'll give you a horse to go home on that'll not let much grass grow under his hooves.'

"It wasn't an easy matter for me to refuse her, she was so beautiful and bewitching, and I'm afeared I didn't try to overpower her with objections. Anyhow, we both went out for a reel. All the others who were on the floor cleared off it and ranged themselves round the walls, for to watch the pair of us. A purty fair dancer I always was reckoned to be, although it's myself says it; but I never before made finer dancing than on that night; and, if I was good at it, maybe it's the fairy queen wasn't twice as good; so that the pair of us on the waxed floor was worth coming a hundred miles to see. To the admiration of that multitude and the paralyzing of the pipers and fiddlers, we footed it, the pair of us, hot and fast, for, I'm sure, little less than an hour, finishin' up with a flourish that would do your heart good, took hands and curtshied to all present, and retired to our places amid clapping of hands that was deafening.

"I asked her if it was long after midnight yet; and she said that it was just turned one and that I'd be safe at home in a very few minutes more. She made me promise for to come again the next night before she'd let me go; then she gave me in charge of a little man who led me out to the mountainside again, put a brave brown steed under me that was worth a hundred pound if a penny, and told me I was to keep the steed for coming back again every time I wished; and that, whenever I chose to come, I might be sure, since the queen had taken such a fancy to me, there would be a welcome and twenty before me.

"I thanked him, put spurs to my steed, and through the air with me at a hundred mile a minute; and it was hardly five minutes till I landed plump in my father's haggard; and when I jumped off my steed, meaning to lead him to the stables, I found I was holdin' a straw!

"Well, I was in consternation, you may be sure; but if I was itself, I set off to go into the house. Behold ye! when I came to the house it wasn't my father's long, low, thatched house was in it at all, at all, but a great big three-story-high house with a grand carriage drive up to the door. There was a big bull-dog chained close by, who made a dash at me, and, only his chain wasn't long enough, would have torn me to pieces. When he couldn't get at me, he began for to howl fit to waken the dead. A window was thrown up on the second story, and a man with a nightcap on his head and a gun in his hand, leaned out, and he yelled for whatever robber was there to get away or he'd blow his brains out.

"I went away as fast as I could; and me, as you may well suppose, lost in wonderment and feeling deranged in the head. I wandered about the country till morning; but, though I knew every field and every road and every hill and every stream, there wasn't a house in it that I knew at all, at all. Some of them were great houses built in the stead of the nice little thatch ones that I knew. Other houses I come to that had been great yesterday, and found them nothing but a few old stones on top of one another, and nettles growing over them! Then I surely felt there must be something the matter with me; but I waited till morning, and till people got about and were going to the fields. Not a face of all the faces I met did I know. I mustered enough courage, at last, to ask if this was the land of Tawnawilly I was in, and the parties I asked looked up and down strange, and said, 'Yes, stranger, it is. Where do you come from?' 'Stranger!' says I. 'Do you not know me—young Donal O'Neary, son of old Donal O'Neary, the warmest farmer in Tawnawilly?' They looked at me quare, and passed on, and I seen them shaking their heads and whispering to one another when I looked. Then I surely believed that my head had been touched. But I went into a very, very old kind of a cabin that, it seemed to me, I should know the looks of; and there I found a very, very old man on one side of the fire, and a very, very old woman on the other side, nodding across the hearth at one another, and they not less than ninety years of age, if they were a day. I asked them if either of them knew where I could find Donal O'Neary of Tawnawilly; and, when I said that, both of them looked up at me strange, and the old woman shook her head and said there wasn't now, nor never was, one of that name in the townland. But the old man, he said to me, 'Hold on, ye!' and he begun for to think; and he said, 'Yes, indeed, there *was* one of the name in this townland.' He turned to the old woman and says he, 'My poor old father (God rest him! he'll be dead fourscore years again' Candlemas) used to tell me, when I was a youngster, a quare story about one Donal O'Neary, who died fifty years before my father was born, and who had a son Donal, a fine, strapping young man, they said, who went out of a Hallow Eve night to watch the corn-stacks that were a-stealing from his father's haggard, and teetotally disappeared,—to what art or part nobody ever knew,—and no sign of him was ever seen more. The old man lived twenty years longer, a broken-hearted creature over the loss of such a brave son, and then went to a welcome grave.—Sure it isn't a legacy,' said he to me, 'you're going to look for from a man who is in his grave these two hundred years?'

"As the old fellow was telling me this story, I happened to see, forenest me, the wizened visage of another very old man. And, behold ye! wasn't it a looking-glass I was gazing into. It was my own face—a withered old man I found myself instead of the bright young fellow I thought to be in it.

"To make a long story short, the people in Tawnawilly came to the conclusion that I was a demented man, and they pitied me so much that I had to go from among them. I begged the price of a pack; for, old as I was, I wanted to earn my own living. I put it on my back and went out into the world.

"That," says he, "was a year ago; and I have been traveling and peddling since; till the storm drove me to your door to-night. And there's my story for ye."

"Well, well, well, well!" says Donal O'Donnell, says he. "I thought Donal O'Sheary's story was wonderful, but that one is ten times more wonderful still! Sorcha, will you get this poor old man the best supper the house can afford, and the softest bed?—For you've earned it," says Donal O'Donnell, says he, to Donal O'Neary.

"Thank you," says Donal O'Neary.

"I'm sorry," says Donal O'Donnell, says he, then, turning to Donal O'Leary, "to be making any distinctions; but I'm afeared, my good man, you'll have to go to travelin', as I don't suffer neither streelers nor strollers to remain over in my house, without very special reason."

"But if I could show very special reason?" say Donal O'Leary, says he.

"How?" says Donal O'Donnell.

"Tell as wonderful a happening that happened to me as any that happened to either of my namesakes."

"Well, if you done that," says Donal O'Donnell, "you'd have the best supper and the best bed my house could give—and be well desarvin' of them, too," says he.

"Well and good," says Donal O'Leary, "then hear to my tale:

Donal O'Leary's Story

"WHEN I was a young man," says he, "I was son of a farmer who owned a fine farm that ran by the white strand of Teelin. There was a beautiful day in harvest, and my father had a *methial* of men shearing corn. I was joined with the men myself, cutting away from early morning; and, tor'st twelve o'clock in the day my father said to me, 'Donal,' says he, 'it's drawing on time your mother would be making the men's dinner. Go home,' says he, 'and carry her in some water from the well on the strand.' I threw down my hook, and I went home; and my mother gave me a pair of water-buckets, and I went down, singing, to the well on the strand to draw a *go* of water. The water in the well, when I got to it, was so clear and so beautiful and so clear-looking that, leaving the buckets out of my hands by the well-side, I went upon my knees and stooped to take sup of it. But, as I went to drink, doesn't I see down in the well the reflection of the shore, and of the beautiful full tide that washed Teelin's white strand—and, coming sailing along the beautiful tide, a lovely little boat in full sail, that, faster than you could say it, sailed right into the strand below me. I jumped up, and there, sure enough, was the little boat just grating on the gravel. Down I ran to it, and began admirin' it, and then I stepped in to see what it was like inside; and the minute I got in, off sails the boat from the strand, and away with it



"I one day took a longing and felt a loneliness to see Ireland, and I kissed my fair bride good-by"

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PENN STATE

from the shore—away to the west'ard, carrying myself along.

"It was the smoothest and beautifulest sail ever I had; and so enchanting was it that I never felt one bit alarmed, though I seen Teelin' strand leave my sight; and Teelin's hills; and then the great mountain of Sliabh Liag, all sink away. For three days and three nights I went straight west, never knowing hunger nor thirst, but every hour pleasanter and lovelier than the other. On the evening of the third day a delightful green land rose over the water, and in short time we ran in on a dazzling white strand. A gorgeous castle with thirteen towers to it rose on a green knowe above the strand. I stepped from the boat, and marched up to the castle. The hall door was wide open and I walked in, and I found myself in a great and grand hall, where there were hundreds of the beautifulest damsels eye ever beheld; some of them combing their hair, and others of them embroidering on silks and satins; some of them reclining on couches; more of them in groups chatting; and still others singing and dancing to the most entrancing music ever was heard. But there was one damsel far beautifuler, and far, far grander than all the rest, sitting upon a golden throne at the head of the hall, with thirteen of the rarest of maidens to each side of her.

"When I come into the hall, she beckoned for me to approach her, and she set me on a silver throne beside her own golden one, and welcomed me to the Island of Fair Women. She begun for to discourse me in the sweetest tones and with the sweetest discourse ever heard on earth afore: and I didn't know one minute from another minute, or one hour from another hour, as I sat there, all enchanted, harkening to her. I could have listened for a hundred years as easy as an hour, and been as greedy for more at the end as I was at the beginning.

"However, she said that she and her three hundred fair damsels had long been waiting and wishing for me; and that it was she who had sent her magic boat to Ireland and to Teelin's white strand on the morning that she found me going to the well for water, knowing it would bring me back to her. At night, I was given a gorgeous room in that most gorgeous castle, and a bed where you'd sink so far in the soft down that you'd hardly know your way back to earth again in the morning.

"In the morning I was sitting beside the Queen of the Island of Fair Women again, she on her gold throne and me on my silver one, and hundreds of fair women through the hall, dancing and singing, and enjoying themselves in all manners of ways; and if I enjoyed myself well the first day, my pleasant discoursing with the Queen was double as enjoyable this day. For three weeks this went on, I wooing every day; and at the end of the three weeks we were married. And a wedding beautifuler or grander than what we had was never before known in the world: the festivities and rejoicings lasted nine days and nine nights, and the last day and night were better than the first.

"Well and good. To make a long story short, the beauty of that island was past all I'd ever dreamt of, and my days were all happier one than another with me. Beautiful birds of all the colors of the rainbow, and of the sweetest tones that man ever conceived, made music, day and night, in the woods. The trees drooped with very load of the rarest of fruits and of flowers; and the flowers on the ground were as thick as the heather on the mountain without. Every day that island was brighter and more beautiful than the day gone afore, and every hour was happier than the other hour. I knew neither worry nor care, and my mind was as care-free and gay as the gayest of the song-birds that sang in the trees.

"Months went past so; and years passed so; and scores of years passed so. And a family of thirteen fair children grew up round us, and were married, and had children again, that were, if such could be, fairer than themselves. The quarest thing was that, though many were born, no one ever died—all grew up to be beautiful young men and women; and halted there; for no soul in the island showed older than twenty-five; and youth was both on their cheeks and in their hearts.

"When I had lived a hundred years on this island, it was only like ten, so happy had I been. And when I had lived two hundred years, it was like twenty; and when I had lived three hundred years, I thought it hardly thirty, so full of joy and free from care was it.

"At the end of three hundred years, however, I one day took a longing and felt a loneliness to see Ireland and Teelin's white strand once more. I told this to my fair bride, and she objected. But the loneliness and the longing grew and grew on me, and I beseeched her and beseeched, till, at long and at last, she had to give in to me for peace sake, and allow me to go and satisfy myself with one good look at it. She had her magic boat prepared, and the sails set, and, after she had embraced and kissed me, she handed me into it, with many weighty warnings. The boat was to sail along the edge of Teelin's white strand, and give me a fair and full view of all. But, on peril of my happiness, I was on no account to step from the boat, or let foot of me touch earth. I gave faithful promise to observe all this. I kissed her goodby, and off the boat started, sailing fast and far. I sailed for three pleasant days and three pleasant nights, and, on a morning bright and beautiful, the boat bore in upon Teelin's fair strand, and coasted along it. It came opposite to our own little well upon the strand, and when I seen this beautiful little well I was filled with a great longing for to take a drink from it—a longing that I couldn't resist. I remembered my promise: but then, I said, I'd only just be one bare minute out, and no one would be the wiser. I'd run to the well, take three sups, and back again, satisfied, and happy at heart, and ready for another three hundred unfretting years in the Island of Fair Women.

"I threw out the anchor, jumped upon the strand, and away to the well with me. I went down on my knees to take my three sups; but, behold ye! as I did, what did I see shining in the well below but the shadow of the two wooden buckets that I used to fetch to the well before I left Teeling long ago; and, likewise, I sees the reflection of the tide, and, O Heaven save me! the little boat I had anchored sailing away out over it.

"I lifted up my head; and there, sure enough, by the well-side, were the two old wooden buckets, just in the very selfsame spot I had left them down when I stooped to drink here three hundred years before: and when I looked behind me to the shore, there was my beautiful little boat sailing away, off and off, fast and fast, and disappearing completely to the west'ard!

"I stood there for a good while in quandary, till, at last, I heared a voice calling loud and sharp to me, 'Donal, are you going to stay away all day with the *go* of water?' It was my mother's voice; and a mystified man was I. I took hold of the buckets in a sort of a half-dream, and I lifted them into the well, got the full of them, and traveled up, and walked into our own house. And when I came in, my mother scolded me and said, 'It's a shame for you, Donal, for taking ten minutes to fetch a *go* of water from a well that isn't fifty yards from the house hardly. The poor men 'll be late with their dinner.'

"When I came to myself properly, I tried to persuade them into what happened me; and they thought me gone in my mind. And the more I tried to argue the thing, the worse they believed me to be. At length, the very little children nicknamed me 'The Wanderin' Man,' and things got so uncomfortable that, before a week passed, I had to beg my father for the price of a peddler's pack. I bought it, and mountcd it on my back, and faced the world with it. And peddling I've been ever since, till the storm drove me to your door the night. And that's my story."

"Well, well, well!" says Donal O'Donnell, says he. "I thought what happened to myself was wonderful; I thought what happened to Donal O'Sheary more wonderful; and what happened to Donal O'Neary more wonderful still. But the happening that happened to you is the wonderfulest happening, surely, that ever I in my lifetime heard tell of: and you've earned a supper for a lord and a bed for a king.—Sorcha," says he, "pull down the table and put on plates for four and suppers for fourteen—the best the house can afford.—As long as I live," says he to Donal O'Sheary, Donal O'Neary, and Donal O'Leary, "I'll never again turn from my door a streeler or a stroller."

And, on behalf of all streelers and strollers, they thanked him right heartily.

The night was wilder and wilder without—one of the wildest nights that ever blew in the wild Gap of Barnesmore; but they didn't mind it one bit: they had made up their minds to make a night of it. And they divided the night into three parts. The first part of it they gave to eating and drinking to satisfaction; the second part of it they gave to story-telling and poem-reciting; and the third part of it they gave to sleep. And a more enjoyable night, Donal O'Donnell gave in, he had never enjoyed in all his born days afore.

When morning came, and they had all breakfasted heartily and well, they shook hands with and thanked Donal O'Donnell and his good woman Sorcha, and they mounted their packs, and set foot upon the road again—every man facing on his own path; and left Donal O'Donnell pining and longing for more streelers and strollers to come soon to his door again, seeking for shelter that they'd surely find.

And that's the end of the story of "The Wonders of the Three Donals."

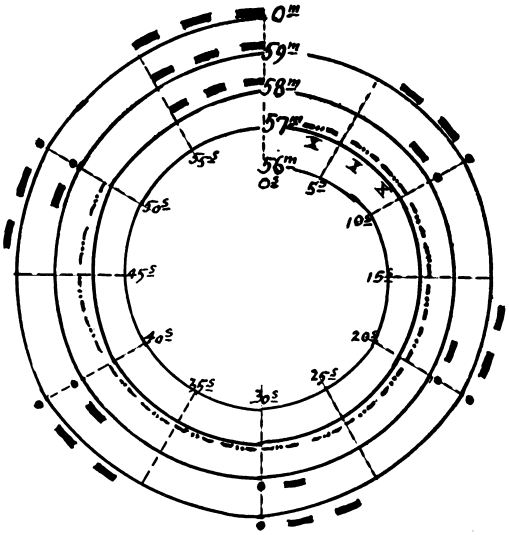
TIME BY WIRELESS

BY PROFESSOR DAVID TODD

SO great has been the progress in the development of long-distance wireless telegraphy that on the first of next July there will be scarcely any land of the globe, nor hour of the day or night, which will lack a standard signal from some one of a series of widely scattered stations, transmitted according to a consistent and carefully elaborated international plan. Three years ago, the French government led the world by sending out hourly signals from the Eiffel Tower, and soon created a demand for extension of the service. The German government followed with signals twice daily from Norddeich-Wilhelmshaven, and a series of American stations has gradually been established. Last year the leading governments were invited to send delegates to Paris for an international conference on radio-telegraphy. In especial, the problems were dealt with that concern the transmission of weather signals for the information of the seafaring world, and the distribution of accurate time for the particular use of navigators in finding the longitude of ships at sea, and for all the varied purposes that necessitate accurate time on land as well—regulating clocks, operating railways, and so on.

It was apparent that much confusion of signals was imminent without convention and agreement; and the Paris International Conference was called together at the psychic moment which demanded the universal adoption of a uniform scheme. First, a single prime meridian was necessary, and it was agreed by the conference that Greenwich time shall be used throughout. Even the French acquiesced in this. But do they find the mention of an English "First of Aries" so humiliating that they must still call it, not Greenwich time, as all the rest of the world does, but "Paris time *minus* nine minutes and twenty-one seconds"?

Next came the agreement among the delegates that no two stations shall transmit time signals at the same hour; and a further convention specifies that an identical wave-length, say 2,500 meters, shall be adopted by all stations. Chōshi, in Japan, has been sending out daily signals for the past six months, and this government will join with the others that are provided with powerful apparatus for long-distance work.



International Scheme of Radio-telegraphic Time Signals, effective July 1, 1913

Here follows a list of the stations that will be in active operation, effective July 1, 1913, together with the hours (Greenwich civil time) when their signals will be transmitted:

Paris, 0 (midnight); San Fernando (Brazil), 2; Arlington, Virginia (U.S.A.), 3; Manila, 4; Mogadiscio (Italian Somaliland), 4; Timbuktu, 6; Paris, 10; Norddeich-Wilhelmshaven, 12 (midday); San Fernando (Brazil), 16; Arlington, Virginia (U.S.A.), 17; Massowah (Erythrea), 18; San Francisco, 20; Norddeich-Wilhelmshaven, 22.

A signal by both day and night will soon be receivable at every point on the globe; and it is not at all difficult to understand the international scheme for sending these signals by reference to this unwinding spiral, beginning on the *inside* with the fifty-sixth minute of the hour, and going round the same way that the hands of a timepiece move. (See figure.) Each fifth second is marked off, from 0 to 55, and the radial lines drawn outward from them indicate corresponding seconds for all the minutes. So much for the diagram; but no actual message comes till 57 minutes 0 seconds. Then the sending operator begins calling x, x, x, repeated for 50 seconds in the Morse alphabet (*long, double short, long*); and followed by a blank from 50 seconds to 55 seconds, then by three *longs*, each 1 second in duration, the end of the last one of these three long signals marking 58 minutes 0 seconds exactly. Through the 58th minute there are five short signals, represented by the round dots, each on the exact tens of seconds, and each immediately preceded by a *long* 1 second in duration. From 58 minutes 55 seconds to 59 minutes 0 seconds the operator repeats the three *longs* of the preceding minute. During the 59th minute the five short signals of the preceding minute are repeated on the exact tens of seconds, but the signals of the 59th minute are differentiated from those of the 58th by *two longs* preceding each *short*. And lastly, from 59 minutes 55 seconds the three *longs* terminating this minute are repeated for the third time, the end of the last signal of this last trio marking exactly 0 minutes 0 seconds of the new hour.

This, then, is the scheme of time-distribution accepted and adopted by the Paris Conference; and the spiral makes it so clear that any one, even if unacquainted with the Morse code, can check his timepiece by it. In fact, the navigator, if only he has a Marconi receiver, can infer his longitude with a degree of accuracy which quite eliminates the running of his chronometer, an instrument of precision in undisputed sway of the nautical field ever since the days of Harrison and his famous voyages between London and Jamaica which won for him the longitude prizes of the British Admiralty.

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Scene from one department-store display representing a French wedding in all its details. The costumes are designed by the French milliner Leon Bakst

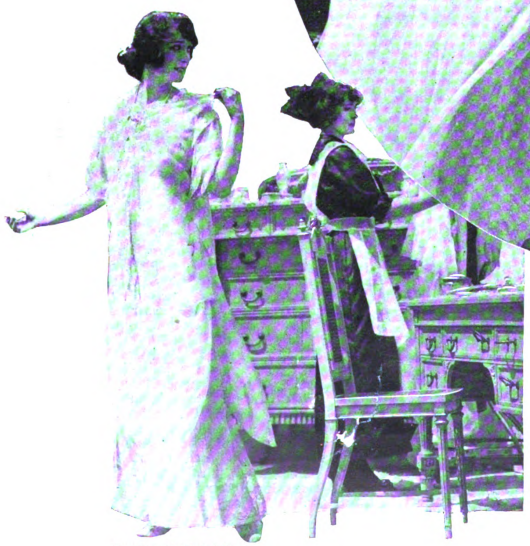
Courtesy of John Wanamaker

A NEW FORM OF THE THEATRICAL



Models displaying lingerie and caps for a "boudoir breakfast"

Courtesy of Gimbel Brothers



Courtesy of Gimbel Brothers

A skilled lady's maid demonstrating by pantomime, in one department store, the proper handling and care of lingeri:

ALL the arts of the most famous theatrical producers are now ingeniously employed by New York dressmakers and milliners to sell their luxurious and fabulously expensive gowns and lingerie. Above we have reproduced scenes from some of the concerns that have gone further than any others in this new form of merchandising.

These displays in some cases take the form of a parade of models, which, to a person who happens upon them, are almost indistinguishable from the chorus on the stage of a large musical comedy show.

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Courtesy of John Wanamaker

Scene representing a fashionable French watering-place in Algiers. Elaborate scenery is used, and attendants in native dress appear in the background

MERCHANDISING: STORE DISPLAY



A boudoir scene, designed for exhibiting negligées and cosmetics

Courtesy of Simcox

One large and famous dressmaking firm has a small stage, with a curtain in front of it, which, at a given signal, is raised and fifteen or twenty models, in different designs of new dresses, pass slowly and deliberately in view of the audience.

At some of these places, where the clientele is more intimately known to the management, cocktails and cigarettes are served. The cost of this plan for persuading women to buy clothes is enormous, and it is said that as much as twenty-five per cent. is added to the cost of gowns on account of the elaborate nature of the exhibitions.

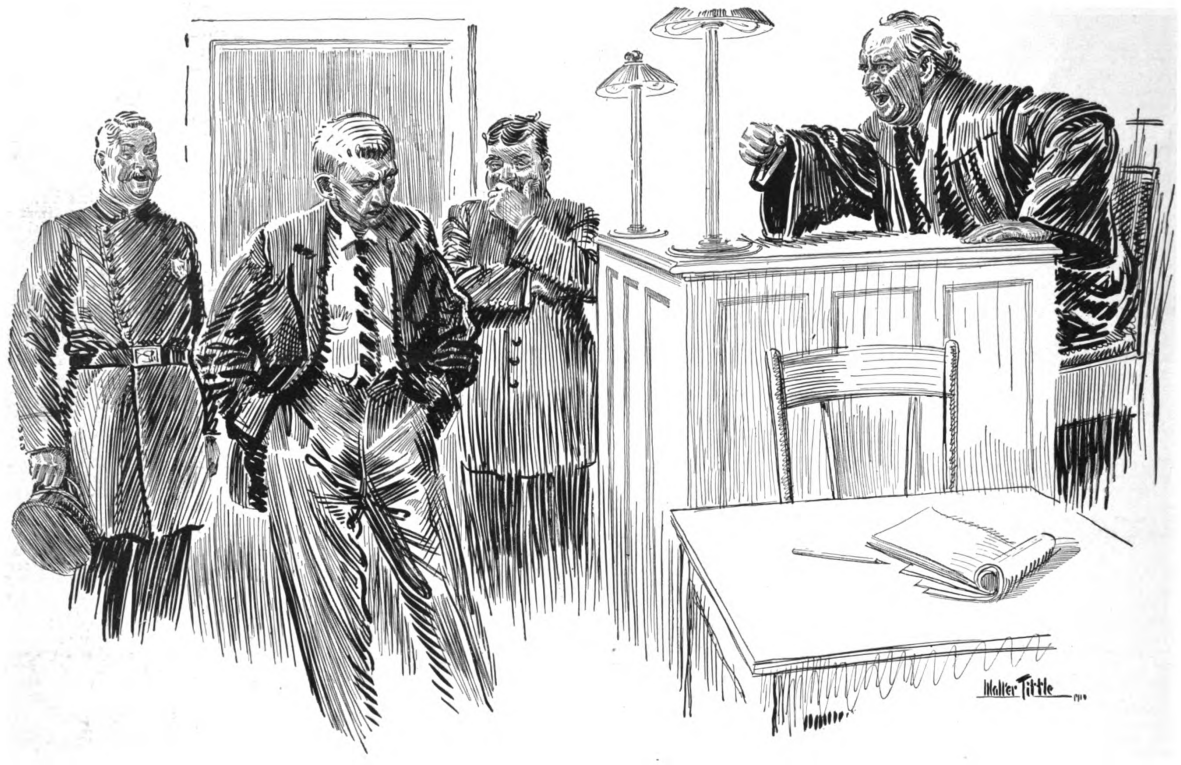


Courtesy of Louise & Co

Scene displaying parasols and hats in effective combinations of color and line, through the use of living models

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"You are sentenced to die in the electric chair—and if you don't stand straight and bear yourself more respectfully, I'll fine you ten dollars for contempt of court!"

INTERLUDES

ANECDOTES THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

By John Kendrick Bangs

DEMOSTHENES AND THE STUMP-SPEAKER

HE was a prominent dispenser of that particular kind of natural gas which flickers violently if not luminously on the political stump. Never having been convicted of anything, though suspected of much, he may be said to have been without positive convictions—a fact, however, which he artfully concealed beneath a thesaurian verbosity only equaled by the gustatory, not to say boreal, exuberance of a torrential delivery. How such a one ever happened to visit Athens, deponent saith not, because he knoweth not. Suffice it to record that this incarnate specimen of American hot air, while wandering about the ruins of the Acropolis one morning recently, encountered Demosthenes, rehearsing an after-dinner speech in the shadows of the Parthenon, whom he greeted with the enthusiasm of one brother meeting another.

"My dear colleague," he cried, seizing the great orator by both his hands, and shaking them so vigorously that the pebbles in the old man's mouth rattled like a handful of shot in an old tin can, "what a joy it is to meet you—a man not only after my own heart, but after whom I have been named by a select circle of admiring friends."

"Indeed," said Demosthenes, arching his eyebrows and eying the other closely. "Hoi Polloi! How very interesting."

"Yes," said the Stump-Speaker joyously, "it is true. I have been called the Young Demosthenes of the Saskatchewan. I, even as were you, am given to oratory, sir. Show me a welkin, and I will make it ring! Give me a verdured vale, and I will wake its sleeping trees! Give me a rock-ribbed hill, and I will cause it to echo with the verberance, and reëcho with the reverberance of my stentorian speech! Show me an eye that is dry, and with the tenderness of my pathos will I cause it to fill with tears! Lend me your ears——"

"Nay, nay, my friend," quoth Demosthenes. "Not that—you are long on ears already, good sir. But I will give you my attention, if only for a moment. I hovered about you in spirit several times while you were speaking in the last campaign, and after hearing you I floated sadly away into space, murmuring to myself: 'O Ganges, where is thy flow! O Niagara, where is thy torrential force! O Pierian Spring, where is thy limpid lucidity! O Time, where is thine eternal length! compared to this flow, compared to this terrific force, compared to this limping—I should say limpid—lucidity, compared to this never-ending, limitless, infinite continuity!'"

"No—did you really?" cried the Stump-Speaker, delighted with such high praise. "Praise from Demosthenes is praise from Saint—er—Saint—er—well, old man, it's some praise, all right, all right, and I thank you. But, nevertheless, none of us is perfect, sir. I realize, O my Master, that I have some faults, and now that we have met, I am going to ask some advice from you. They tell me that in the ancient days you improved the quality of your utterance by putting pebbles in your mouth——"

"It is true," said Demosthenes, with a pleasant smile. "Even as Brother Plutarch has observed in his admirable volume, 'Who's Who in Athens,' I did that same thing, rehearsing daily long speeches with pebbles in my mouth, plucked from the vagarious viaducts of the vicinity."

"And in my case, O Demosthenes," said the Stump-Speaker, "having heard my discourse, think you, sir, that *my* speech would be improved were I to fill *my* mouth with pebbles?"

"No, my friend," said Demosthenes. "I would not recommend pebbles for you, but rather——"

Here the noble Athenian hesitated a moment.

"Go on," said the Stump-Speaker eagerly.

"Well," said Demosthenes confidently, "if I were you, my friend, instead of pebbles I think I should fill my mouth with Portland Cement!"

Whereupon the great Athenian turned and walked away, leaving his chance acquaintance sitting upon the fallen, time-pocked torso of a shattered Apollo Belvedere by Phideas, pondering deeply upon his "concrete" suggestion.

A RURAL SOLOMON

"The court has taken your case into consideration, Mr. Slithers," said the Judge, at Slithers' trial for violating the motor ordinances at Crickett's Corners; "and, in view of what ye've said, and with some trewth, about the badness of our roads hereabouts in your sworn testimony, I've decided not to fine ye fifty dollars, as the law permits."

"That's very square of you, Judge," said Slithers.

"We try to be square, Mr. Slithers," said the Judge; "and, instead of the fifty-dollar fine, we're goin' to sentence ye to work on them roads for ten days, in the hope that your sooperior wisdom as a road expert will make 'em cornsid'rably better."

UP IN MAINE

"Is there any place around here where I can get my shock-absorber fixed?" asked Petlow, addressing the man in front of the rural garage.

"Wa-al—I dunno, Mister," was the reply. "This here's a Prohibition State, but I may hev some on hand for medicinal purposes, ef you're reely sufferin'."

THE COMPLETE TIPSTER

Now that scientific authorities on tipping after due reflection have decided that the basis of the tip to a waiter in a restaurant should be ten per cent. of the amount of the check, we have compiled for our own use, and for that of others who choose to avail themselves of its suggestions, the following Tipping Schedule, which we trust will add to the happiness of mankind in general.

For the Brush-boy, who has whisked the dust off a ninety-six dollar dress-suit, at 10%.....	$9.60
For the Hat-boy in the hotel, who has checked your eight dollar silk hat together with your wife's $1,000 panne velvet wrap, at 10%.....	100.80
For the Porter, who has carried your wife's trunk containing $1,500 worth of evening gowns upstairs, at 10%	150.00
For the Chambermaid, who has put your $5,000 suite in order, at 10%.	500.00
For the Janitor, who has shown you through the Woolworth Building, costing $10,000,000, at 10%.....	1,000,000.00
For your friend's Chauffeur, who has taken you for a ride around the Park in his $10,000 French car, at 10%	1,000.00
For the Pullman Porter, who has carried your hand-bag containing $2,500 worth of unpaid bills aboard the train, at 10%.....	250.00
For the Barber, who has given you a twenty cent shave, at 10%.....	.02
For the Postman, who has brought you a check for $100 from your uncle, at 10%.....	10.00
For the Clergyman, who has just married you to a Lady worth $2,000,000, at 10%	200,000.00
For a Taxicab Driver, who has just cheated you out of $13.50, at 10%..	1.35

TROUBLE AT THE GATE

"You can't come in here," said St. Peter, as the Sinner tried to bluff his way through. "Just listen to your record as taken down by the Recording Angel."

"I object to my exclusion on incompetent testimony," retorted the Sinner. "I have not been represented by counsel, and I insist upon my constitutional rights. The Recording Angel must be sworn, and submit to a cross-examination at the hands of my attorneys, before a jury of my peers!"

"Sorry," said St. Peter, "but the trouble with that is that all your peers are down below in the other place, beyond the jurisdiction of this court."

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THE PRASLIN MURDER

(*Continued from page 13*)

undignified and foolish way this afternoon. When I came in and found you *sitting* there, talking with Mlle. D., discussing your political future with a woman who is less than nothing to either *of us*, I confess I lost my head, and I admit that I behaved in a way that was undignified and foolish. I rushed out of the room. But what did you do? You followed me in such a state of fury that, for the first time in my life, Theo, I felt afraid—afraid of you, my only love. You came into my boudoir, and what did you do there? You broke a valuable object, a beautiful vase that you had given me when we were still happy together. Ah, yes, you did punish me, truly!

"The other day, when I went to see the Queen, her lady in waiting, that kindly Madame Dololieu, said to me: 'Your husband is very tenderly devoted to you, is he not?' And I had to say: 'Yes.' I had to smile."

WE learn little of the character and nature of the Duke of Praslin. The Duchess lives again in her pictures, letters, and in her diary; but the Duke remains an enigma. He does not seem to have answered any of his wife's outpourings or pleadings for sympathy. Had he done so, she would certainly have kept his letters; but only one scrap of paper in the Duke's handwriting was found after the tragedy, and, as we shall see, it contained but one terrible sentence.

It is clear that the Duke opposed, to all his wife's passionate appeals, what is perhaps the only weapon a husband so situated can use—the weapon of silent obstinacy. Only once is there a record of his having broken down, of his having shown the rage that possessed him; but it is significant that on that one occasion he lost all command of himself, and made his wife, as she says, for the first time in her life, afraid.

On all ordinary occasions it is plain that the Duke so treated the Duchess in public as to give the impression to those about them that he was still fondly attached to her.

She, on her side, kept her own counsel, and seems to have had only two confidants—a man and a woman of her own world. She received from them the sensible advice it is so easy to give in such a case, and so very, very difficult to follow. They told her what is so plain to the on-looker, namely, that no wife, no lover, ever won back or revived cooling affection by making scenes, by writing piteous letters, by showing himself or herself jealous.

But this advice, so kindly meant, and more than once conveyed in really fine and eloquent language,—for those were the days when people were fond of writing long letters to one another,—had no effect.

The Duke can hardly ever have come home, have gone into his study or even into his bed-chamber, without receiving from the Duchess—who, of course, was living under the same roof—a harrowing missive, reproachful, threatening, cajoling in turn:

"You told me the day before yesterday something which pierced my heart. You said that, as I had nothing to do with any of your public concerns, I had no right to share your intimate sorrows. Yes; you wish us to be real strangers the one to the other. If that be so, let me say adieu. Be happy, if you can be happy! You have our children—I have nothing! Your hatred has taken all from me! Perhaps I should say your indifference. I would rather be hated than suffer your indifference."

Again:

"I am dying of grief! For five long years, I have spent all my nights in tears, in convulsions of sorrow. Often I have had to bite my pillow in order to stifle my sobs, my cries.

"I have lost not only my husband but my children. I suffer the tortures of Tantalus. I am close to you all, and yet I am separated from you all."

WHY, it may reasonably be asked by those who think that law can alter human nature, did not these two unhappy people part? They remained united in appearance because the Duchess had no wish to leave the man she so passionately loved. More than once she suggested going away, and threatened to make a scandal. But, when it came to the point, she could not do it. Ever we find in her letters the pleadings of a woman who can not believe that she is no longer loved. Constantly we hear the cry, springing from her heart: "Something surely will happen to make you love me again, as you loved me once! It is impossible that you have changed as much as you seem to have changed!"

The Duchess became more actively jealous of Mlle. Deluzy, more and more determined that the governess should leave the house; and at last she took the grave step of asking her father, the aged Maréchal Sabatiani, to interfere in the matter. The old man wrote a very dignified letter to the Duke:

"The day will come when you will be sorry for having behaved as you are now doing. Surely it is your duty to consider your wife's feelings in so important a matter—to say nothing of the duty you owe to your daughters; for, however innocent you may be, there is no doubt that your relations to this woman are being very much discussed in your household.

"I am perfectly willing to do whatever is fair and right by this lady—indeed, I will myself settle so large a pension on her that she will no longer have to work for her living."

And very reluctantly, with a heavy heart, and one also full of the bitterest revolt and anger against his wife, the Duc de Praslin had to give way, and it was arranged that the governess should leave at the end of the summer term.

But the Duchess had won a sterile victory. The Duke sent her a letter consisting of one line:

"By your act you have spoilt my life."

And in her diary on the 17th of June, before leaving her country home for that fatal stay in Paris, the Duchess wrote:

"The only thing I can tell myself is that I did my duty, not only to myself, but also to my daughters. For a long time I hesitated. God knows I hesitated a long time before I allowed my father to act. Oh, God, I fear the future! How angry T. is! One would say that it is I, not he, who is guilty. Oh, God, I beg for you to open my husband's eyes! He is already weary of this woman. He is afraid of her. It is his pride makes him full of anger and rage. As for me, he will never forgive me. I fear that some day he will revenge himself on me. The pit which has been digged between us is becoming deeper and deeper. The future frightens me. I tremble when I think of it."

And just fifteen days before her foul murder she wrote:

"Nothing has changed. *She* has not yet gone. She has the father and the children entirely in her power. They are plunged in grief at her approaching departure, and I am made to feel a criminal."

MLLE. DELUZY left within a very few days after these lines were written, and then there happened a most extraordinary thing, of which no trace will be found in any of the public accounts of the tragic drama, but which is still whispered in French society.

Two nights before the family were about to move to Paris, the Duchess, who always slept badly, was heard by her maid to give a loud and terrible scream.

Without even waiting to put on a gown, the servant rushed to her mistress's room; to her amazement, she found the door locked on the inside. After a few moments, she tried the door again, and this time found it unlocked.

The Duchess was sitting up in bed, a look of awful fear on her face.

"What is it, Madame la Duchesse?"

"I had an awful nightmare,"—and the Duchess shivered. "In a ray of light cast by a chink in the curtain, I seemed to see advancing toward me the devil. He was dressed, as the devil always is dressed, in bright red from head to foot. I thought he was coming to fetch me! Then I heard a click—and he had gone, vanished into the wall!"

At the time that this happened the maid did not tell of the strange episode; for, of course, she thought that the Duchess had had an evil dream, and that in the course of her dream she had first locked the door and then unlocked it.

But a year later, when the doubly orphaned children of the Duke and Duchess of Praslin came back to their country home, there was found in a little cupboard which filled up the short passage between the Duke and Duchess' former apartments, a fancy dress worn by the hapless Duke in early youth. The dress was that of Mephistopheles—bright red from head to foot; and in its folds was wrapped a long poniard!

OWING to the Duke's high rank, and to the fact that there was only presumptive evidence of guilt,—for he continued, it need hardly be said, to deny with cold dignity the awful accusation brought against him,—he was not watched with the care he should have been, before being transferred from his own house to prison. And within an hour of his arrest he managed to swallow a strong dose of poison.

For a while nothing was suspected. The Duke grew very ill, but the police supposed this to be due to his agitation of mind, and so did (or did not!) the family doctor.

Meanwhile—for in France, as in England, a peer of the realm could only be judged by his peers—the French House of Peers was hurriedly summoned. It was agreed that six of their members should proceed at once to the interrogation of the prisoner; for by that time he was in a dying condition.

Six men of his own high rank, many of whom he had known since childhood, placed themselves round the bed on which the Duke de Praslin lay in agony; and the Lord Chancellor of the kingdom, Pasquier, began the interrogation:

"You know the awful crime of which you are accused? You know all the circumstances which have led to the accusation? I beg of you—I implore of you, Duke, do not tell a lie."

The Duke answered:

"I have not the strength to say anything. It would take a long time for me to tell you the truth, and nothing but the truth."

"You say that it would take a long time to tell the truth. We do not ask you to tell us the whole truth; we want only a 'yes' or a 'no.'"

The Duke replied:

"It requires great strength of mind to be able to say 'yes' or 'no' to certain questions, and it is a strength which I do not now possess."

"Well, tell us one thing. At what hour did you leave your children before the crime was committed?"

"It must have been half-past ten—perhaps a little earlier."

"What did you then do?"

"I went down into my bedroom and at once proceeded to bed."

"Did you sleep?"

The Duke sighed deeply and replied: "Yes."

"Had you made up your mind when you went to bed what you would do in the morning?"

"I do not know what you mean by asking this."

"When you awoke, what was your first thought?"

"I heard cries in the house, and I rushed into my wife's room."

The Duke moaned, and added: "Can not you wait awhile before continuing your questions? I feel so very weak."

"No; we must continue. When you went into the Duchess' room, you must at once have seen what had happened. Did you find her in bed?"

"No. I have already said that she was lying on the ground."

"Whence came the scratches and the bites with which your hands are covered?"

"They happened the night before. But I beg you to spare me these questions. I am getting weaker and weaker."

"You must feel very sad at having committed so awful a crime?"

The accused man made no answer, and indeed he did seem too ill to answer.

THEN came a question which involved another human being:

"Did you not receive some bad advice which urged you to this crime?"

And, to every one's amazement, he roused himself and replied in a strong voice:

"Nay, indeed! I received no counsel from any one. Who would have counseled such a thing?"

"Are you not devoured by remorse? Would it not be a certain relief to tell the truth?"

"I am without any strength to-day."

"You speak constantly of your lack of strength; but we ask you only to say 'yes' or 'no.'"

"If some one would feel my pulse, he would see how very ill I am."

"And yet you were strong enough just now to declare most firmly that no one had advised you to commit this frightful crime."

The Duke remained silent.

"We seek only the truth."

"On the contrary, you came here quite sure that I was guilty. It is impossible for me to change your view."

And, indeed, the unhappy man was so ill that the questioning had to be abandoned. All through the night he suffered tortures, but he made no sign.

In the morning, after he had seen his confessor, the Duc de Decazes was begged, by the Commission of Peers, to see him once more.

"I fear you suffer greatly, my poor friend," said Decazes.

(*Continued on page 24*)



Ready When You Stop

A food immediately ready for use. Add a little cream (or milk) and a sprinkle of sugar.

It is put up in double sealed packages—impossible of contamination from dust or moisture.

Post Toasties

the deliciously toasted bits of wafer-like corn are the food for picnics, auto tours and any kind of trips—and for the home.

Its convenience does away with a lot of bother to whoever prepares the meal.

The delightful flavor of Post Toasties makes new friends every day—and

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

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THE PRASLIN MURDER

(Continued from page 23)

"Yes."

"But it is your own fault, is it not, that you are suffering? You took poison."

Praslin did not answer.

"Is it laudanum you took?"

"No."

"Then you took arsenic?"

"Yes," said Praslin, lifting his head.

"Who got you this arsenic?"

"No one got it. I brought it from Praslin."

There was a moment's silence.

Then the Duc de Decazes said:

"Now is the time, now is the moment—for your own sake, for that of your name, of your family, as regards your memory, your children—to speak. The fact that you poisoned yourself is tantamount to a confession. A man who is innocent does not choose the moment when his nine children have been deprived of their mother to deprive them of their father. Admit that you are guilty."

Praslin remained silent.

"At any rate, do you regret your crime? Tell me that you regret what you have done."

The Duke, with an expression of terrible anguish, repeated only: "Do I regret?"

"I beg of you to admit the truth, to tell the truth. Receive the Chancellor and make him a confession."

Praslin hesitated. "No," he said slowly. "I am too feeble. Perhaps I will see the Chancellor to-morrow."

Decazes had not the heart to insist. And then he took down, at the other's dictation, a curious little statement, in no sense a confession:

"I WISH to say how much I regret I can not see my children before I die. I implore my family to be kind to them all. I have not time to make any arrangements as to money. I feel that my strength is going. I am happy to leave my children in the care of my beloved old mother. I beg them not to follow too closely the counsels of their uncles and of their grandfather Sabatiani. I left at home a will which I ratify. It is an old will. I am happy to think that my mother will be there to look after them all. I wish my sons to remain at school where they are."

"I ask you once more," he said, "if you are guilty of the crime of killing your wife."

"No, sir; I do not admit that I am guilty."

"But, if you are not guilty, why did you poison yourself?"

"No, sir; I am not guilty."

And then at last there comes in the name of the third person who unwittingly had played so great a part in the story.

"Did Mlle. Deluzy give you any advice which made you commit the awful action which we feel sure you have committed?"

And the Duke, dying though he was, raised himself to his elbow: "No, no! Mlle. Deluzy never spoke to me of such a thing!"

"Once more I ask you, did you commit this crime?"

"No, Chancellor. I can not tell you that I am guilty."

Half an hour later the Duke of Praslin expired in agony.

AND now the only point of interrogation that remains is Mlle. Deluzy. Under that quiet, correct exterior, what manner of woman was the governess?

For a while—indeed, for a considerable time—the French police were inclined to believe that she had been the Duke's accomplice. They even went so far as to think it possible that she had been in the house on that fatal night, and that she had actually helped to do the unhappy Duchess to death! As for the public, so exasperated were they that the market-women of Paris threatened to lynch her!

But, in spite of the deep prejudice against her, Mlle. Deluzy, by her calmness, her good sense, and her dignity, soon altered the point of view of those whose duty it was to investigate her part in the tragic story.

She answered every question put to her frankly and simply; and, though it was clear that she had a not unreasonable prejudice against the Duchess, she tried to be as fair as was possible, and in one of her answers we have what is probably the truest pen portrait of that unhappy woman:

"I do not wish to be lacking in respect to the memory of the Duchesse de Praslin; but, if you ask me for the truth, I will tell the truth. I do not accuse her heart; I do not accuse her sentiments—but she had a most difficult and unhappy nature. She was incapable of managing her children. When with them, she by turns irritated and spoiled them. She was feeble when she ought to have been severe; unkind when she ought to have been indulgent; cruel when she ought to have been kind. *She was far too preoccupied with the feelings that animated her for her husband* to give much thought to anything else in the world!"

Henriette Deluzy was kept in prison for three months, and in those twelve weeks of anguish and fear she changed from a young to a middle-aged woman. And then, at last, it was decided that, as there was really no evidence against her at all, she must be set at liberty. And a day or two after it was rumored that Mlle. Deluzy had gone to England. This, however, was not true. She stayed in France, under an assumed name, for some time, and then, on the advice of the celebrated Protestant pastor, M. Monod, who had been her valued friend for many years, she went to America, to take a place as teacher in Miss Page's celebrated school in Gramercy Park.

Time went on, and at the house of Miss Page Mlle. Deluzy made the acquaintance of Mr. Henry Field, who, though much her junior, fell in love with her.

And then came the painful moment when she had to tell him of her strange and dreadful connection with the Praslin affair.

The story made no difference to the young American's generous heart. She, however, considered him entitled to an impartial statement, and wrote to a noted French literary man, Victor Cousin. Giving him her lover's address, she begged him to write and tell him the truth.

"You know the whole story," she wrote. "You were even present once when I was being questioned by the police. You have read all the Duchess's letters, and those of my letters that were found. I do not ask for pity—I ask you simply to tell the truth as a man of honor."

M. Cousin wrote to Mr. Field, and very soon afterward the marriage took place.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Field took up their residence in Massachusetts, and the Frenchwoman became an intimate friend of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

She died in 1874, and after her death a book by her was published, entitled "Familiar Sketches of France," which is probably known to many readers of these pages, since it became very popular with American readers.



THE SCIENCE OF BREEDING KINGS

(Continued from page 16)

hundred near relatives of Queen Victoria are living, and that more than one hundred of these are her direct descendants. We find these direct descendants not only on the thrones of Great Britain, Germany, and Spain; but married also in the royal or ducal houses of Schleswig-Holstein, Schleswig-Meiningen, Hesse, Greece, Denmark, Battenberg, Russia, Rumania, Orleans, Anhalt-Dessau, and Sweden. The Queen breed is everywhere.

This wide diffusion of the blood of Queen Victoria has been considered a matter of gratulation for the institution of royalty in Europe. And, indeed, it has elements of favorable augury, both political and eugenic. But, on the other hand, there are elements of danger in it, which the eugenist can not well overlook. For the blood of Queen Victoria, it must not be forgotten, was half Hanoverian, and her grandfather was the insane George III.

Now, we have seen that the four chief monarchs under consideration — William II, George V, Nicholas II, and Alphonso XIII—all have the elements of insanity in their heritage within striking distance, so to speak. In accordance with what our studies of pedigrees have shown us about the possibility of lighting up an old neurosis by uniting two neuropathic strains, it is obviously desirable that the mates of all these monarchs should be free from a similar taint.

Yet a glance at the pedigrees of the royal consorts shows that each one of them carries strains of the same unfortunate neurosis. The Kaiserin Victoria Augusta, though in general her heredity is good, is descended in the fourth generation from the degenerate Christian VII. The Czarina, the Queen of Spain, and the Queen of England are all direct descendants of the insane George III.

So it appears that in the case of each of the chief monarchies of northern Europe, the heir apparent to the throne, while inheriting maternal blood chiefly of stable and normal strains of the breed of kings, inherits also a double neuropathic taint that might augur ill for the stability of his mental poise. The shadow of the insane George III lies across each royal pathway.

The Shadow of George III over Europe

NO American need be told that the neuropathic taint of George III, which found expression in the autocratic temper of his early years and the out-and-out insanity of his later ones, was largely responsible for the governmental attitude that estranged the American colonies and led to the overthrow of the institution of monarchy itself on the western hemisphere.

It would be a curious repetition of history if the same traits, transmitted by George III to his descendants, should lead to the same result in the great principalities of Europe. Yet this might readily enough come to pass, thanks to the scheming of George's granddaughter Victoria, the royal match-maker. For the spirit of democracy is abroad in the world, and the exaggerated ego of a George III at the helm of state of a twentieth-century nation would be an anachronism that not even the most submissive of European peoples would long tolerate.

From the American point of view, monarchy, in this age of science and progress, seems an anachronism at best. The attainment of the same point of view in Europe will be accelerated or retarded by the personal characteristics of the sovereigns that come to the throne in the ensuing generation. So the result of the most recent royal matings must be watched by the wisest among the statesmen of Europe, with interest not unmixed with solicitude.

The Beetle that Cultivates Mushrooms

ANTS are not the only insects that practise the cultivation of mushrooms, although for a long time it was thought that they were the only creatures of a lower order than man that possessed the intelligence to follow such an agricultural pursuit. Bouverie, the entomologist, has found that a certain woodboring beetle, known as the bostrychide, is as familiar with mushroom cultivation as is the species of ant of which so much has been written.

Professor Bouverie discovered that the beetles in question bore holes in wood and half fill them with a prepared fungus which makes an ideal mushroom bed. The garden is carefully spawned and in course of time the mushrooms appear. In this way the beetle provides itself with a food sufficiently tender for its feeble jaws.

Uncle Sam as a Solomon

THE departments at Washington are now and then called upon to settle petty questions of the most intimate personal nature. For instance, the Treasury Department once acted as judge in a dispute between man and wife.

This couple had had a spirited struggle for the possession of several bank-notes, each holding fast to the end of the "roll." A ten-dollar bill tore across the middle, and each contestant carried off one-half of it in triumph. Just here the Treasury Department was brought into the dispute. It received half of the bill from the wife, with the statement that the other half had been destroyed, and she requested a new bill. In a short time there arrived the second half of the bill from the husband, with a similar statement and request. As the government then had both ends of the bill, it rendered a Solomon-like decision and awarded five dollars to each of the claimants.

Sounds from a Rainbow

IT seems incredible that a beam of light could be made to produce sound, but such a thing can be done. A ray of sunlight is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel containing lamp-black, colored silk, or worsted, or any like substance. A disk having slits or openings cut in it is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light, so as to "cut it up," thus causing alternate flashes of light and shadow. When one places his ear to the glass vessel he hears strange sounds so long as the flashing beam falls upon the vessel.

A still more extraordinary effect is produced when the beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism, so as to produce what is called the solar spectrum. The disk is turned and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it. Now, if the ear be placed to the vessel containing the silk or other material, as the colored lights of the spectrum fall upon it, sounds will be given by the different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence in other parts.

For example, if the vessel contains red worsted and the green light flashes upon it, loud sounds will be given out. Only feeble sounds will be heard when the red and the blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel. Other colors produce no sounds at all.

Green silk gives out sound best in a red light. Every kind of material gives more or less sound in different colors and no sound at all in others.

Wonderful Dexterity

WHAT appears to be superhuman skill is at times attained by the training of a special sense or of special parts of the human mechanism. In this relation there is reported the surprising feat of a workman in one of the great needle-factories.

This workman took a common sewing-needle of medium size, one and five eighths inches in length, and drilled a hole through its entire length, from eye to point, barely large enough to allow the passing of a very fine hair. It is hardly possible to conceive of a more exquisite mastery of eye, muscles, and the directing brain.

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THE STONE ARMADA

(*Continued from page 10*)

attempts like the *Sunflower's* were doubtless repeated at Savannah, Charleston, Mobile, and dozens of small ports. Millions of dollars' worth of cotton went out on fleet English steamers, was sold in Liverpool, and with the proceeds English vessels were loaded with ammunition and other munitions of war, then ran the blockade and supplied the Confederacy with everything it needed to carry on the war.

IN 1861 the blockade-runners became so bold that the government made a desperate attempt to stop them. One effort wa saimed at Savannah and Charleston, and took the form of the famous Stone Armada, the organizing of which aroused great curiosity in New Bedford and other New England ports.

That the Armada was organized at New Bedford was due to the fact that rebel cruisers had paralyzed the whaling industry, and the harbor was filled with ships of all kinds and sizes, lying idle and not daring to go out. Richard H. Chappell, who had the matter in hand, bought up most of the idle vessels in New London, Providence, New Bedford, and Provincetown.

For less than $100,000 the government agent secured a fleet of twenty-three ships, equipped and ready for sea. Nearly all the vessels were sold just as they came from the whaling-grounds; the men merely stepped out of them, leaving everything. The work of preparing them for the voyage was in the hands of three experts, who docked the ships one after another, or four or five at a time, and prepared them for the trip. All the non-essentials were removed, though in some instances the ships went on their long voyage with nearly all their equipment. The articles not needed, such as extra boats and anchors, were sent ashore at New Bedford and filled an entire empty block. It was guarded by a gang of men, and for weeks was the object of profound curiosity and much speculation. The entire "mountain" was later sold at auction, and many of the old anchors are still to be seen about places in Bedford to-day.

The loading of this large fleet with stone but intensified the curiosity of the public. Over seventy-five hundred tons of stone were bought for the purpose, and when the ballast line was reached, and stone was dumped into ships up to the lower water-line, the citizens of New Bedford were confident that the rock was to be used on the Southern coast, where sandy beaches prevailed, to make forts.

According to Mr. Gifford, the farmers in the country had the chance of their lives to get rid of the glacial boulders that encumbered their farms. It is even said that a wag at Plymouth offered the famous rock at that place, if any one would come and get it.

On each ship, one piece of work was done in secret, and no one knew about it until the ships were ready for sailing, as only the master and mate of each ship were let into the secret. This was the making of the device for sinking, described by Mr. Gifford as follows:

"As fast as each ship was emptied she was fitted for convenient scuttling. About two inches above the light water-line a two-inch hole was bored in the counter, running completely through the side of the vessel. Into this from each side was inserted a plug, turning to a loose fit, and provided with a flange-head sufficiently large to close the opening. These two plugs were fastened together by a bolt passing through the center, held by a head on the outside, and by a wrench-nut on the inside. At the proper time the nails were unscrewed by the wrench made on them, the bolt knocked out, and the two plugs were allowed to fall out and let the water pour in."

The historical records of old New Bedford contain many records of the advance of the Armada from the pen of the only living master, Captain J. M. Willis, who is still an honored and venerable resident of New Bedford. On an old war map of Charleston harbor the line across the channel is indicated, and Captain Willis explains the mark as follows:

"The plan for closing the harbor was to place the obstructions on both sides the crest of the bar, so that the same forces which created the bar might be relied upon to keep them in their places; also to place the vessels checker-wise, and at the same distance from each other, so as to create an artificial unevenness of bottom resembling Woods Hole. This would give rise to eddies, counter-currents, and whirlpools, thus making navigation extremely dangerous. The placing of the vessels in the desired positions proved a difficult undertaking, but they were all sunk by ten o'clock, or were sinking."

A NEW and vivid description of the voyage of the Stone Armada is here set down as it came from the lips of one of the crew, Nicholas Plater, an old seaman who now lives in London.

"When the Civil War broke out," said the old sailor, who was then in his ninetieth year, "I had just returned from a whaling trip, and as I had been gone three or four years I had a comfortable sum coming to me, as you may imagine when I say that it took me ten days to spend it in New York. Those were the days when many a man landed on Water Street in the morning with three or four years' wages, and two days later awoke to find himself aboard an outbound ship and moneyless, and obliged to go in debt for his outfit. I was not, however, shanghaied; my shipmate and I were merely so glad to get ashore that we divided up with everybody that came along, and ten days found us broke, without a dollar.

"I knew that Nantucket, where I was living, was about east-northeast from New York, so we laid the course and started to walk it. But we kept too far to the south'ard, and after two days we ran into New London. By the end of the week we struck New Bedford, where we separated, my comrade going down to Sandwich on the Cape, while I began to hunt for a boat to get over to Nantucket, where I had a sister.

"While I was looking around I met William Huzzy, whom I had sailed under once in a whaling-brig.

"'Nic,' he said, 'do you want a berth, short and sweet, three weeks or so, and good pay?'

"I was ashamed to go home without any money, so I jumped at it, and with three other men he had in tow went around to an office and signed papers for a cruise on the bark *Potomac*, or any vessel the owners might select. After a night at a sailors' boarding-house, I was sent aboard an old hulk which the men swore was the original *Mayflower*, as there were men there who said their grandfathers remembered her when she had a poop as high as her foreyard, and she was old then. But I figured that she would hold together for a month anyhow, and we certainly were not going across the water in that time.

"When we got down the harbor, there was a fleet of twenty or more vessels of all kinds: barks, ships, brigs, schooners, old hookers made in the year one; some hogged; some with figureheads made a hundred years ago. Most of the vessels were painted in the old fashion, with square black and white ports, to scare pirates; and they certainly did look like a fleet of men-of-war; but they were nothing but a lot of old whalers, so saturated with oil that you could tell them miles off, down the wind.

"When I climbed the ladder I sighted an old shipmate, and he took me up to the forecastle, where five men were holding a meeting, and a sea lawyer was saying he didn't like it. No one knew where they were going, and each ship was not only in

(*Continued on page 26*)

BOTH GAINED

Man and Wife Fatten on Grape-Nuts.

The notion that meat is necessary for real strength and the foundation of solid flesh is now no longer as prevalent as formerly.

Excessive meat-eaters are usually sluggish a part of the time because they are not able to fully digest their food, and the undigested portion is changed into what is practically a kind of poison that acts upon the blood and nerves, thus getting all through the system.

"I was a heavy meat-eater," writes an Illinois man, "and up to two years ago was in very poor health. I suffered with indigestion so that I only weighed 95 pounds.

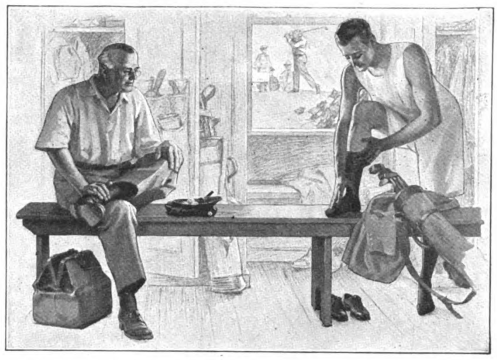
"Then I heard about Grape-Nuts food and decided to try it. My wife laughed at me at first, but when I gained to 125 pounds and felt so fine, she thought she would eat Grape-Nuts too. Now she is fat and well and has gained 40 pounds. We never have indigestion any more, and seldom feel the desire for meat."

A neighbor of ours, 68 years old, was troubled with indigestion for years, and was a heavy meat-eater. Now since he has been eating Grape-Nuts regularly, he says he is well and never has indigestion.

I could name a lot of persons who have rid themselves of indigestion by changing from a heavy meat diet to Grape-Nuts." "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of hum n nterest. ***

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We do our own mercerizing. Our process adds 22% to the yarn's original strength.

Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

For everyday wear, travel or exercise—tennis, golf, or dancing; for business men who walk a great deal; for strenuous children; for women who want *style* with more than a *day's wear*—Holeproof is the *logical* hosiery. 1,000,000 men, women, children and infants wear Holeproof today because of its wonderful quality.

You can get the sheerest weights if you want them—six pairs in any weight, guaranteed six months. If any wear out—if a single thread breaks—you are given new pairs free. This guarantee covers every stitch, not merely heels and toes.

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Holeproof in cotton, for men, costs from $1.50 to $3.00 a box of 6 pairs. For women and children, $2 to $3 a box of 6 pairs. For infants, $1 a box of 4 pairs. Above boxes guaranteed 6 months.

Silk Holeproof for men, $2 for 3 pairs. For women, $3 for 3 pairs. 3 pairs of silk guaranteed 3 months.

Write for free book, which tells all about Holeproof.

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Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada

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Write for the illustrated book that tells all about them, and write for the name of the dealer near you who handles them.

Holeproof Hosiery Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

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Additional Diamond advantages—Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact, No-Pinch Safety Flap for inner tube protection—and, if you wish, the now famous Diamond Safety (Squeegee) Tread.

So this time buy Diamond Vitalized Rubber Tires—you can get them to fit your rims from

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THE STONE ARMADA

(Continued from page 25)

ballast, but loaded to the guards with rock that was not worth a cent a ton. He said it looked queer—twenty-three ships loaded with rock, some so rotten their bottoms might fall out, going to sea together.

"The upshot of it was that we appointed the sea lawyer, whose name was Pat Gaffey, a committee of one to see the old man and ask what it all meant and where we were bound.

"Pat came back in about five minutes, and said that the skipper was ashore, and that the mate had threatened to break his head with a marlinespike; so we decided to keep quiet.

"This was the last of November in 1861. On the 21st, as I remember it, the old man came aboard and gave orders to make sail, and we saw a lot of the rest of the squadron were doing the same. I tell you, it was a fine sight. Our skipper was Captain Brown, and we got off in the lead, there being much spirit in seeing who would make sail first, and in half an hour a part of the fleet was under way and headed out.

"As we sailed past, Fort Taber fired a salute of thirty-four guns, and we replied the best we could by dipping colors and firing off whatever guns we had, as many of the whalers had been rigged up with one or two guns to beat off pirates.

"You can imagine that the crews of those twenty-three vessels were fired with consuming curiosity, as not a mother's son knew where we were going, or what on earth any one could want with all this rock. Of course rumors were rife. One was, that we were to engage a rebel man-of-war—to pretend to engage her, and run her down. Another was, that the rock was intended to build a fort at Sandy Hook, New York; and another was, that we were to build a dyke across New York harbor entrance to keep out the enemy.

"But we were all wrong We headed out, took a course to the south, and not until we were out at sea were the secret orders opened by the commander and the truth given out. The Stone Armada was bound for Savannah, to report to the commander of the blockading squadron, and it did not take much gumption to guess what all of this rock was to be used for. We were probably going to block up Savannah Harbor if some rebel vessel didn't run foul of us before. But we certainly put up a big bluff with our cloud of sail and our grim port-holes, and three or four miles off we looked as dangerous a fleet as ever sailed the sea. If a rebel cruiser had run near us, he would have smelt oil and bilge, and found out the deceit. Then all we could have done would be to 'rock' them; we had plenty of that ammunition.

"Our orders from Commodore Rodney French, who had been selected as the chief, were to get to Savannah as quickly as possible, and to make Long Island and keep inshore, as we were liable to run into a Confederate cruiser. But about half the skippers decided that they knew as much about navigation as the commodore, and they crowded on all sail and headed for Savannah, and the next day there were but four sail in sight; it was each man for himself. The next day we ran into a gale and got the ship down to reefed topsails, and she was that heavy that I was sure if she got into a heavy sea she would go down like lead. But we kept along, and the old hooker made good time, and in about two weeks we beat in from the Bermudas, where we had been blown, and came to anchor off Savannah.

"We got in, as near as I can remember, December 6th, neck and neck with the *Robin Hood* of New London and the old *South America*. The *Meteor* of New London had gone aground, and she was so heavy that nothing could be done; so they deserted her.

"The day we arrived, Admiral Dupont ordered the *Phœnix* handed over to the troops at Tybee, and they ran her ashore, head on, and used her as a dock to land the transport boats.

"All this time and for days afterward vessels came in, one by one and in pairs, but still Commodore French on the *Gardner*, the flag-ship, did not arrive, and for about ten days we gave her up for lost, as it was said she was so old she had probably shifted her cargo, got a list on her, and the rock had burst her seams.

"But one day we sighted the *Gardner*. She came slowly in, with all her flags flying, and rounded to in the midst of the fleet, and fired a gun. French was a great joker, and he had rigged up a canvas gun with a fore-topgallant-yard through it, and lashed a small brass cannon to this. As he dropped anchor he fired this gun, and at the same time loosened his pennants and flags, so that you would have thought it was Farragut himself.

"They told a lot of yarns about French. One was, that he signaled Commodore Dupont's flag-ship that 'Commodore Rodney French of the Stone Armada' had arrived, and was coming aboard to pay his compliments; and it was reported that Dupont sent a flag officer to ask who in —— Commodore French was.

"Anyway, we made a showing that, as I afterward heard, thoroughly frightened the people of Savannah. It was reported that the French had joined with the government and that the combined fleets were going to bombard every coast city. If they could only have seen us! We used to muster on deck, just for the fun of it, with whale harpoons and lances, and fire rocks at the sharks. It was a lively sight and there was plenty of excitement.

"The plan was to stop blockade-running. One night a big full-rigged English ship came sneaking in, and when the sun rose she found herself facing the fleet, and tried to get off; but one of the gunboats of Admiral Dupont's fleet caught her and captured a lot of English guns and ammunition intended for the rebels.

"Of course news was passed around, as we visited from one ship to another, and all went aboard the *Wabash* and felt a thrill of pride as we saw our commodore talking with the real Commodore Dupont, and the trim ship with her fine lines and polished brass, looking more like a modern yacht than a man-of-war. The sight took me so that I looked up the navigating officer and made arrangements to enlist as soon as we got rid of the Armada; and here came out a queer piece of news. This officer asked me where we were going, and said he knew nothing about us and he didn't believe the Admiral did; in fact, in some way, the Stone Armada had got ahead of its orders to the United States fleet, and Dupont didn't know anything about us, or what we were sent for; that's the story as we got it, though I was only a sailor and not consulted.

"We had a most interesting time for a week or so, visiting ships, going ashore, and watching the gunboats, supposed privateers. Every day the ships from the second fleet from New Bedford, that we had left behind, were coming in. They left about the 10th of December, or about two weeks or so after us.

"This section of our fleet was made up of the old *America*, *Margaret Scott*, the *Valparaiso*, *India*, and one or two others; and a few of the best, I think, were kept as hospital- and store-ships, and sent to various places. About the 18th of December we had orders to make sail for Charleston, South Carolina, and two days later the whole Armada, except the *Meteor*, *Lewis*, and *Phœnix*, arrived. We were all short-handed, so the crews of the *Wabash* and others, all that could be spared, were distributed on our vessels, and we sailed in and anchored in a line, according to orders from the commodore, directly across the channel.

"It seemed a hard thing to do, sink so many old whalers, every one of which had made history enough, in many seas, to fill a book; but that's what we were there for, and it took a lot of planning and work to get them right. When we were in position, kind of zigzag, the Old Man gave orders to unbend sails; they were put in the boats, and every man was told to take what he wanted. Some took harpoons, some lances, as the old ship was all fitted out, and everybody wanted a souvenir. When everything was ready and the officer from the *Wabash* gave the word, the mate went below; we heard the blows of a hammer, and in half an hour she began to list. We got orders to cut away the masts, and I cut the shrouds of the foremast myself, and two of us the mast, and wrecked her.

"It was a sight no one will ever see again. Some men were excited, some looked sorrowful, as ships were going down all along the line, masts and yards falling 'amid screams and yells and cheers, and the water leaping up as though from torpedoes. It looked as if there had been a great battle with smokeless and noiseless powder, and every ship seemed to have a way of her own to go down; one rolled over on her beam ends, some went down with a big list. When it was all over, all that remained of the Stone Armada was a long line of masts and rails, parts of poops, rising just above the water, which was covered with a maze of masts and rigging — a sight to remember. I saw sixteen or seventeen ships or barks sink in a short time. I never could understand why so much good property was destroyed. True, the ships were old, a lot of the stuff was poor, but the government made no effort to save a thing; even the sails, that were unbent at great labor, were loaded on one of the barks and the whole thing set afire. But nature seemed to protest at the wholesale destruction, and the old hulk smoldered and looked like a smoky volcano.

"The commodore had arranged to send all our people back to New Bedford, as that was in the contract, and after the job was cleared up we were all put aboard a transport and taken to New York. On the 15th of January I landed in Nantucket with money in my pocket and a yarn to tell that kept the old place alive for months; and I reckon they will still tell you there about the Stone Armada."

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PENN STATE

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

VOL. LVII] No. 2950 | WEEK ENDING FRIDAY, JULY 4, 1913 | [10 Cents a Copy $4.00 a Year

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS
Frederick L. Collins, President — Arthur S. Moore, Secretary
Cameron Mackenzie, Vice-President — Horace W. Paine, Treasurer
McClure Building, Fourth Ave. & 20th Street, New York

Entered at the New York Post-office as second-class matter

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Entered at Stationers' Hall, London

COMMENT

BEGINNING with the issue of August 16th, Mr. NORMAN HAPGOOD will take charge of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Taking Our Bearings Again

The good ship Tariff Reform is still coming along at a slower pace than one could wish, but in other respects her progress continues reassuring. For one thing, it is still uncommonly straight for the port originally announced. There has been no loss of her true bearings, and she steers true to the compass and the rudder. Better still, she has passed substantially undamaged some of the worst feared points in her course.

Speaking plainly, it is no small thing that the bill, having got through the House committee, the House caucus, the House itself, and the Senate committee, and being at this writing in the Senate caucus, remains indisputably what it was meant to be, a Democratic and decidedly low-tariff measure. It has only two stages and a half to go, and nobody can contend that its character or intent is seriously altered. Granted that there may still be dangers ahead, particularly on the Senate floor, this is the main comment that its present state is bound to evoke even from fair-minded opponents.

Not that the changes have been all unimportant; some of them have been quite important, and there are naturally two opinions about them. None of the bodies concerned has so far neglected to exercise its rights in the matter of amendment. But one can't help feeling increased hope that in this instance amendments may continue not to mean anything like emasculation or radical alteration.

On the part of the friends of the measure, criticism may be content to limit itself to urging a little more speed—and not to urge even that violently or angrily.

A Big Job But We Must Start To Do It

The Pork Barrel is strongly intrenched. That is a fact to be borne in mind by those of us who would like most to see its long reign ended. There is plenty of work cut out for us.

So much can be inferred by the defeat which, for the first time since his leadership began, Mr. UNDERWOOD met in the Democratic caucus when he proposed a budget policy to keep appropriations in bounds. So much can be inferred, too, without attributing all the opposition to mere keenness for pork. The plan presented would necessarily have somewhat curtailed the powers of the various appropriations committees, always jealously guarded. It may have seemed not the best budget plan, and there may have been gentlemen who doubt the values of budgets altogether. Members in caucus may have voted against it primarily for one or more of these reasons.

Still, their votes nevertheless indicate the difficulty of any real reform in appropriations, since it is hard to conceive of any effective plan to keep them in bounds and make them businesslike that would not be budgetary, and that would not restrain the separate committees, and it is also doubtful if any budget plan would meet fewer objections in the House than this one, which originated there and may, perhaps, be regarded as a sort of House substitute for Presidential proposals.

Perhaps Mr. UNDERWOOD may be more successful with some fuller caucus. The Speaker, it appears, is standing by him. Or perhaps a more acceptable plan can be worked out. In any case, the fight for reform simply cannot be abandoned. The evil is now too widely understood and condemned. It is too plain that the party in power, which almost invariably has promised economy, suffers too much by a system which keeps its leaders powerless to redeem its pledge against the selfishness of individual Congressmen of all parties.

The President and the Bad "Rider"

The President signed the Sundry Civil bill with the "rider" that appropriated $300,000 for certain specified expenses of the Department of Justice, and stipulated that none of this money should be used to prosecute labor-unions or farmers' organizations under the SHERMAN law.

The "Times" takes this action of the President hard. It says:

> Physical weakness is pitiable, but such moral weakness as the President exhibits in signing the Sundry Civic bill "rider" arouses other feelings than those of compassion. Mr. WILSON'S explanation—it is not an excuse—is a better one than we thought he could make. But that only heightens the discredit. There is natural distrust of a man who can command so adroit a pen for the defense of so bad an act. The act of signing the appropriation bill with this "rider" was bad, it was wholly bad, and no plea in extenuation can serve as a shield against the censure it invites. . . .
>
> He consents that the law shall be unequally enforced, he permits Congress to control his will and his act. Worse than all, he tells Congress that he will cheat it of its intent by using other funds for the prosecution of labor conspiracies and farmer conspiracies. That was not the purpose of the lawmakers. By this enactment Congress declared a policy, and by writing his assenting signature the President becomes a party to that declaration. If the enactment of the "rider" was a public crime he is an accomplice. Yet he assures the country that he will evade this new law which constrains him to the evasion of an old law. Seeking palliation he thus blunders into a double offending. He strips himself even of the excuse of expediency, for in proclaiming his purpose to use for these prosecutions other funds in place of the funds specifically denied to him he robs his act of its presumptive utility as a sop to organized labor and the farmers.

The "Times" seems to have mislaid its faculty of discernment. To scold is the privilege of a newspaper, but to scold effectively it is necessary to use intelligence. Let us see what President WILSON said about this matter:

> I have signed this bill because I can do so without in fact limiting the opportunity or the power of the Department of Justice to prosecute violations of the law, by whomsoever committed.
>
> If I could have separated from the rest of the bill the item which authorized the expenditure by the Department of Justice of a special sum of $300,000 for the prosecution of violations of the Anti-Trust law, I would have vetoed that item, because it places upon the expenditure a limitation which is, in my opinion, unjustifiable in character and principle. But I could not separate it.
>
> I do not understand that the limitation was intended as either an amendment or an interpretation of the Anti-Trust law, but merely as an expression of the opinion of the Congress—a very emphatic opinion, backed by an overwhelming majority of the House of Representatives and a large majority of the Senate, but not intended to touch anything but the expenditure of a single small additional fund.
>
> I can assure the country that this item will neither limit nor in any way embarrass the actions of the Department of Justice. Other appropriations supply the department with abundant funds to enforce the law. The law will be interpreted, in the determination of what the department should do by independent, I hope impartial, judgments as to the true and just meaning of substantive statutes of the United States.

The "Times" and the President are agreed that the item they discuss is bad. The "Times" says the President "consents that the law shall be unequally enforced," and "permits Congress to control his will and act." The President assures the country that notwithstanding the "rider" there is plenty of money to enforce the law impartially, and that it will be so enforced. Why it is "worst of all" for the President to tell the country that he does not intend to be governed by the "opinions" of Congress in instituting prosecutions under the Anti-Trust law we do not see, but the "Times" so holds, and it declares that by his signature the President made himself a party to a policy of Congress which, over his signature, he absolutely repudiates, and finally that he played bad politics.

Well, well!

We judge that the trouble with the "Times" in this matter is that it started out with the notion that Mr. WILSON was playing politics about that "rider." We guess that is not so; and that the truth is that the "rider" at first sight did not look quite so bad to the President as it should have looked, and that, seeing that it was an ineffectual provision, anyway, he agreed to sign the bill with it in, and felt constrained to abide by that agreement even after his opinion of the "rider" had become considerably worse.

If the trouble was that he did not begin in time to kill the "rider," that was, it seems to us, a mistake that is not inexcusable in a beginning President, new to his duties, and with a vast number of difficult matters to understand and decide.

And though that "rider" is something that Congress ought to be ashamed of, and that the President admits that he is ashamed of, for the life of us we cannot see how, under all the circumstances, it can do harm.

Good Motive But Bad Law

Here is a contribution made by the Finance Committee of the Senate to the UNDERWOOD tariff bill as it came from the House. A paragraph of the bill is extended as follows:

> No goods, wares, articles, and merchandise—except immediate products of agriculture, forests, and fisheries—manufactured wholly or in part in any foreign country by convict labor or children under fourteen years of age shall be entitled to entry at any of the ports of the United States and the importation thereof is hereby prohibited. Any shipment consigned for entry at any of the ports of the United States of goods, wares, articles, and merchandise—except immediate products of agriculture, forests, and fisheries—manufactured in any foreign country, province, or dependency where the industrial employment of convicts or of children under fourteen years of age is not prohibited by law shall be accompanied by an affidavit of the shipper of such merchandise or his legal agent to the effect that the merchandise covered by the invoice has not been manufactured wholly or in part by convict labor or by children under fourteen years of age.

Why do our friends who wish to protect children from too much work at too early an age contrive such indefensible means to effect their humane purpose? It is quite hopeless to try by a tariff provision to force anti-child labor and anti-convict labor laws on all the rest of the world. When we can take wise care of our own family in the matter of child and convict labor—something we have as yet by no means succeeded in doing—it will be ample time for us to exact a like benevolence from other countries as the price of permission to trade with us. The provision above could not be carried out, and an attempt to carry it out would be quite as likely to do harm as good. And it would still leave our ports open to rubber gathered at cost of whatever mortality and torture, and to a thousand other products of unwholesome or unfeeling methods. The way to regulate child-labor is by direct legislation. Most of the expedients that would accomplish it by indirection are striking examples of bad law.

The Sons of the Rich

The sons of the rich—arrogant, insolent, indolent, useless, without calling or occupation or profession—these are not only a nuisance to society, but they are a curse and a menace to the Republic. They toil not, neither do they spin, yet they eat the fat of the

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land. They are the parasites of civilization, drawing their nourishment, not from the soil, but from the bodies of others. They are the propagators of communism; they are the creators of hatred between the classes and the masses.

It takes a thousand men to support every idle millionaire. His houses, his yachts, his automobiles, his table, his gasolene, his gardens, his clothes, his wines, his cigars, his diamonds, his furs, his race-horses, his golf-links—all these are supplied to him by slaves who labor only for their bread.

These drones in society sap the substance of the poor; each one wastes more than a hundred families consume; by their extravagance they augment the high cost of living; they eat the steaks and the laboring man boils the bones.

So Justice WESLEY O. HOWARD, of Troy, to the Troy High School Alumni on June 25th.

Tut, tut, Judge! Haven't you pitched it rather high? Don't you generalize with somewhat too sweeping an inclusion?

Where do you find these idle fellows? There are some, of course; but you speak of the sons of the rich as though they were all of a piece.

Well, who are rich sons hereabouts?

For one Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR; for another, Mr. J. P. MORGAN; for another, Mr. VINCENT ASTOR; for another, young Mr. AVERILL HARRIMAN. Do you know these persons, Judge? The first, is he idle, arrogant, insolent, useless? The second, is he? The third at least is trying to find duty and do it; the fourth is young yet, but was the laborious coach of the Yale crew.

Rich men's sons, Judge, vary, very much as poor men's sons do. What they are and what they do depend on their birth and raising. Some of them are extremely valuable men; valuable enough to be worth considerable expense in up-keep. Money is a handicap in some respects, an advantage in others. There are plenty of pretty worthless rich people, sad to say, who are not worth their keep, but we should say that the worst people hereabouts are not those who have money, but those who have not and will do anything to get it. One of the most dangerous diseases society must cope with is money-hunger, and to that at least the rich are apt to be immune.

Talk that might be suitable from Miss ELIZABETHAN GIRLIE FLYNN addressing strikers is much less becoming in a Supreme Court justice addressing the graduates of a high school. From a judge one expects discrimination.

President Wilson Speaks Again

It is still half uncanny to take pleasure in a President's message. These documents have been used so long as endurance tests for reading-clerks, listeners, telegraphers, type-setters, and readers of newspapers that one marvels at President WILSON'S brief discourses to Congress like a hired man long used to "sinkers" who is suddenly served with edible pie.

We guess everybody by this time, and especially everybody in Congress, must be pleased with Mr. WILSON'S innovation of going over to the Capitol and saying what he has to say in good words with his own voice, and stopping as soon as he has said it. It is the way to do; the way, that is, for him. He is able to give the impression that what he is after is to discharge a duty and facilitate the transaction of important public business. That impression helps. Another President might not be so skilful or so fortunate. He might give the impression that he had gone over to the Capitol to show off, and that would hurt. But even legislators who are ready to attribute vulnerable motives to Mr. WILSON'S innovation must share gratefully the relief the innovation brings them, and get from it an effect of stimulation.

Judge Cohalan

Confession being good for the soul, we admit difficulty in being as scandalized as seems suitable over Judge COHALAN'S case. The facts alleged against the judge correspond so precisely with the suppositions we have always entertained about the means used by the abler Tammany magnates to make their livings that we have to nudge our conscience to make it feel a proper disapprobation.

It was a good deal so in the insurance investigations of years agone, when so many worthy men were jacked up for doing what was usual and had been usual for years. When it comes to appraising conduct in this world, there is a great difference between what is generally known and usual, and what can be proved in a court of law.

And really it is not so much Judge COHALAN who is under investigation—as, if a fairly promising candidate, it would seem, for rehabilitation—as the system in which he was a relatively governing cog and of which he is still a representative.

Kipling and Poincare

Our neighbor, the "Times," [illegible] the remark that KIPLING'S poem [illegible] pos of President POINCARE'S visit to England, was, whether or not he so designed it, a strong bid for the laureateship. With full admiration for Mr. NOYES, we haven't yet quite understood why the author of "The Recessional" should be accounted only a possibility for the post, even under a Liberal ministry.

But we can't agree with the "Times" that KIPLING has wasted his gift of "occasional" verse on a too insignificant occasion. One can recall far less important occasions that have evoked still better verse—even Elizabethan plays. It isn't a small thing that a President of France should come to England with such assurance of a truly national welcome as M. POINCARE had. Does it stand for less than HENRY the Eighth's visit to France, when he was welcomed by FRANCIS on the Field of the Cloth of Gold?

We trust it stands for a better promoted and more lasting friendship, anyhow. The Franco-English *entente* has lasted long enough already to prove its value to both countries and to Europe. It will not be lightly abandoned. And it is surely a picturesque thing also—a good theme for as noble verse as anybody can write about it. Consider, as KIPLING does, the centuries of bloody hate it seeks to obliterate. According to Lord ACTON, when NAPOLEON, with bowed head, was retreating from Waterloo, he was heard to say: "It has always been so since Crecy!"

It stands, too, in a way, for the most remarkable fact of recent decades in Europe; for the stability of the Third Republic; for a real democracy in France—a democracy that goes deeper than institutions, into the people's thought and ideals, and which thus makes of the French, long the most military of peoples, common-sense supporters of the cause of peace.

An Instance

Here is a little story from the news columns of the "Evening Post" of June 23d: Two Italian school-girls, fifteen and sixteen years old, left their home on June 8th, to look for vacation work. They did not return. Their friends and relatives searched for them, and the police were asked to help.

It was last night [June 22d] that a friend of the family caught a glimpse of the younger girl at a window of the Thirteenth Street house. The police broke in and found her naked. Her captors had taken away the girl's clothing to prevent her from escaping. She said that her sister had been separated from her a few days after their capture. She also explained that they had been lured to the place on the promise of work for the summer. The girl's sister, Josephine, a year older, is supposed to be in the same plight at some other address, possibly out of the State.

GIUSEPPE LONGO was arrested.

What will happen to GIUSEPPE? When will it happen? Will the other girl be found? When?

Such a story as that, from such a paper as the "Post," stimulates interest very much in such articles as that of Mr. TURNER, in the WEEKLY of June 21st, on the ROCKEFELLER report.

There seem to be a good many extremely bad people about this town and this country nowadays, who will do anything for money, and who require to be hunted down and out like bubonic rats.

Flying Boats

There is a new wonder in the world — our world of wonders — the flying boat, that skims along the surface of the water, rising at its driver's will hundreds of feet in the air, and then swooping down again and on. It was told last week how one of these wonderful toys jumped over a Sound steamer. Mr. OSCAR STRAUS has been taken out in one of them, and had his picture in the paper. "Wonderful," he cried, "absolutely wonderful! Too fine to express in words. It is undoubtedly the sport of the future. I can not tell you how secure I felt all the time we were out."

Very advanced world this is even now; and it is still moving at a good gait. It is thirty-odd years since STEVENSON said, "There is always a new horizon for onward-looking men." "Onward-looking" it was then; "forward-looking" Mr. WILSON has it; but the horizon keeps changing, and, lo! these flying boats against it now!

Of Welsh Descent

STEVENSON, discoursing about admirals, speaks of old-time hardships and narrow space on shipboard, and quotes from "Roderick Random" about "the cuddy inclosure, six feet square, in which MORGAN made flip and salmagundi, smoked his pipe, sang his Welsh songs, and swore his queer Welsh imprecations."

Welsh! To be sure. MORGAN is a sure-enough Welsh name, and presumably our late Mr. MORGAN was of Welsh descent, though in all the pieces about him we don't remember to have seen it noted. But it was worth remarking, for the Welsh are Celts, and a mighty interesting species of that breed, and have imagination, and are exceptionally prone to be religious. Most of the Celts are Roman Catholics, but the Welsh are mostly Protestants. The combination of Welshman and Connecticut Yankee, of which Mr. MORGAN was an instance, is one in which vision and practical efficiency are well entitled to be joined.

Mr. MORGAN was more attentive to his connection with Connecticut than with Wales, as appears from the rising hopes of Hartford to prospective importance as an art center.

Mr. FRANK SANBORN said the other day in a letter to the Springfield "Republican":

At Hartford a week ago I examined the libraries and art collections of that city, which are increasing at a rate which few but the favored citizens of Hartford know—and not all of them. Some of the best paintings of TRUMBELL have long been in the Wadsworth Atheneum, and now BENJAMIN WEST, an earlier colonial painter, is represented there (by the gift of PIERPONT MORGAN) in his full-length portrait by LAWRENCE, and one of WEST'S own cathedral paintings—"The Raising of Lazarus," which long hung in Winchester cathedral, for which it seems to have been painted. More of the art collections of Mr. MORGAN are expected at Hartford, and a fine marble memorial building is nearly ready for receiving them.

After the Era of Good Feeling

Of a truth these are scrappy times. The papers are full of thwacks and missiles; SULZER and MURPHY, McNAB and McREYNOLDS, LOVETT punching up LAUTERBACH, CONNOLLY after COHALAN, and all with tall head-lines and endless reverberations of print. All this in June when the weather has been moderate! What will it be in the dog-days?

The South for the Japanese?

A land agent, representing some of the California Japanese, recently inquired of Governor BROWN, of Georgia, whether that State's laws prohibited the ownership of land by his clients. Some of the Japanese themselves, not unnaturally, wanted to know also whether their coming would be displeasing to the people.

The Governor found there was no legal obstacle. He was silent on the other point. But the Charlotte "Observer," rightly remarking that it is quite as important as the matter of the law, is more outspoken. Its candor is wise. For if, after experience, Southern people should dislike having Japanese colonies among them, laws would be quickly forthcoming. Moreover, if it should be announced that a large part of the country, with cheaper good lands than the West, welcomed the Japanese, it would probably get them in considerable numbers. The "Observer" goes on, still very candidly indeed:

Would we like them? We would not. They are too industrious, too frugal, too efficient as competitors. They would inspire us with new love for the Afro-American. . . . Nor, even aside from their probable successes, would they fit well into our racial scheme of things. Their position between the white and the black would not be pleasant for them, and it would be a troublesome problem to all concerned.

Elsewhere, the "Observer" disclaims for Southerners any dislike of the Japanese, but there can be little doubt that its understanding of the South's "social scheme of things" is entirely correct. To maintain a contrary view would not be doing a service to anybody concerned, least of all to the Japanese themselves.

On the Side Lines

It must seem almost incredible to our Mayor that there could be so likely an exchange as that between SULZER and MURPHY, and he not in it.

The End of a Good Beginning

EDGAR GARDNER MURPHY, who died the other day, was one of the pioneers in a movement, hardly definable, but very real and effective, with which other Southern names than his will be more widely associated. It was the movement, following Reconstruction, to make a long stricken land a full partaker of the best there is in modern life. He fought for it in the pulpit, then on the platform and with the pen; and ten years ago he was well known. Then, however, came a long illness, and the inevitable gradual losing hold. But he will remain unforgotten by his fellow-workers and perhaps also by a few of the millions to whom the strength of his young manhood was, as the world goes, too unsparingly devoted.

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Are We What We Think?

It is an old maxim of the philosophers that a man is what his thoughts are. Even his world is hedged in by his capacity to conceive it.

"As what he sees is
So have his thoughts been,"

is the succinct repetition by Arnold of the truth older than Solomon's proverbs.

Yet is a man what he thinks? Is his whole life and his value to the world what his thoughts alone are? There is a modern tendency not so much to belittle the mere thinking process as to lay at least equal stress on what a man feels; what he comes at by intuition; what he accomplishes by mere ingrained habit, past training, and tradition. A man is a complex atom, and if he is what he thinks, he is a good deal besides. This helps to account for the startling difference between a man's theories and his conduct. And what vast divergencies there are between theory and conduct! Often they contradict each other with a flat-footed rudeness fairly alarming. One sees the great reformer, the friend of the downtrodden and the poor, merciless to his own servitors. There is the man who despises this world and the things of the world, carefully hoarding his fortune. And who has not seen the fragile, sheltered daughter of the rank and confirmed feminist and the capable, independent offspring of the man who believes the chief occupation of a girl should be hairdressing and the poising of a hat? It is a shocking gap that lies between theoretic principles and actual practical application.

A man is—all philosophy to the contrary—after all, not just what he thinks. Have we not known men who angrily and defiantly denied an intelligent Creator of the world, an upholder of an ethical standard in life, who yet moved reverently among their fellows, godly and recollecting, as if the all-seeing Eye were never out of their consciousness? And do we not know hordes of those who with the name of God and duty ever on their lips forget all obligation as soon as the words are spoken and laid to silence? The theory may be accepted, but it does not compel action. It is a mere dead thought, unproductive of anything but words. The gulf between what a man thinks and what he is becomes the greatest stumbling-block to the observer. If a given theory of life results in no compliant conduct, why take note of the theory? The most convincing thing in the world is a self-forgetting, useful human being who somehow adds to the joy of living. After all, we can only test a theory or a system of thought after the pragmatic method—how does it connect with conduct and with being?

But here one is face to face with a new difficulty, for the same theory results in totally different standards of conduct. One realizes then that a man is not necessarily what he thinks, but that behind what he thinks lie the compelling power of the habits of his ancestors; the quality of the blood in his veins; the words and looks, the gestures and vestments, of his whole environment; the tone of mind of his acquaintances, and the quality of heart of his friends. He is not only what he thinks; he is not even only what his environment thinks. He is made of all the past and all the present, and, consciously or otherwise, not the least little speck of living anywhere but alters his growth and reaction upon life. It is the old story of not a pebble thrown in the brook but the stars must tremble.

"Identity," thought Locke, "is just your chain of memories." But a man is more than that, and he is as much made of what he does not know as what he does. Just as his body is made up and handed down to him from generations he has never seen or thought of, so his identity and modes of reaction are given him from lives of which he has no conscious knowledge.

Indeed, even as we look as we can, so, largely, we think as we must. There are still those in the world, fewer than once, but still too many, to whom any change of method or new idea remains a personal insult. They are caught and caged in their remembered past. There are those who rush unthinkingly toward any and every future, provided only it furnish change, because the remembered past has been unbearable. And so we have the comfortable conservative and the suffering radical demanding his turn at release. The extent and power of our thought is conditioned by everything that has happened since ever the world began. And in despite of this we believe each man to be capable of becoming a free creator in an open universe. In each one of us there is some tiny deposit of the *élan vital* which may escape imprisoning conditions and go forth to twist and curb and mold the inorganic matter of life about us.

It is when a man comes to a very adequate consciousness of his chains, of where and how they fasten, that he can loosen the fetters and begin to think more freely. Then he takes his birthright in hand and forces from it more consciousness than the dead past intended.

But freedom consists first in understanding as well as one can what the birthright is, and what its powers and defects; then it consists in wilfully and consciously coping with these. To do this a man calls upon a deeper and profounder region of being than that of mere conscious thought. He must track his relations farther than conscious thought will carry. Just as his past brings him more than he can ever give account of, so does his freedom stretch beyond his grasp of it. Into a dark, mysterious, hidden region he must sink to find true power. Out of the depths he becomes a new creator. Having gathered and arranged and labeled all the possible data of his consciousness, he must plunge beneath to find all the veins of thought spreading even beyond his vision. Then the spirit inherits its own and becomes a free, romantic adventurer, making new worlds from the material at hand.

The fortunes that await the body are at best hazardous and destructive. Only the stretch and the reach and the beauty of the inward landscape can give man peace. And this landscape is not all constructed of thought. There goes to its making, feeling and the abeyance of thought. The outreach into the infinite is half blind intuition.

There has been published recently a pretty tale—fictitious or otherwise—of the greatest financier of these times, slipping away from his office to an empty chapel to pray and sing alone. He had all the materials that life could give, and, finding them insufficient, he sought a treasure otherwhere.

Whatever life offers, it is he who stumbles through the half-dark of thought, who finds at the end the horizon lit up by luminaries not of his creation.

To the end of time men will call up out of the depths to find the answer greater than their own thought.

L. C. W.

Correspondence

SCHOOLS AND READING

Washington, D. C.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—In "Children's Reading," an article appearing in Harper's Weekly for Saturday, May 31st, there are several statements which are untrue, in my opinion and from my own experience, having been to public schools in five Eastern States. This age is no more an age of less reading than any other preceding one. The children in the past who loved to read still live in the children of to-day, and they have ample opportunity to do so. It is due entirely to my schooling that I owe all the pleasure I have derived from the works of the old masters. For if I had not been made to read aloud in class one or two of their best books I would not have known what was in store for me.

The child has only to desire for more knowledge and it will be given him. Each school that I attended had a splendid library, and every Friday books were given out to those who wanted them. As we traveled a great deal, we could not carry many books with us; so it was the school library that furnished my *book* education, and many another child's, who had been given the taste for good literature and wanted *more*.

I am, sir,

Nancy Gordon Jones.

THE HARDEST BATTLE OF ALL

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I have read the battle of Antietam in your paper.

It is quite popular to abuse McClellan for Lee's escape. But what are the facts?

By a captured report of Lee's a few days before the battle it showed Lee had about 86,000 men. (See McClellan's report.)

It is ridiculous to say that the rebels had only 19,000 engaged at the utmost—to McClellan's 78,000 men.

If he had only 19,000 men, how could he have lost between 12,000 and 13,000 men in the battle—which is the fact?

In another part the writer says Lee had not over 43,000 men—if so many—to invade Maryland and Pennsylvania when he started.

As a matter of fact, McClellan did wonders in a short time.

He took the worn and defeated troops of the Army of the Potomac and of Pope, and *in seven days on the march* between Washington and Frederick, Maryland, created a new army, not well fed, not well clothed, nor well shod. There was not time between Pope's defeat and McClellan's advance to properly feed, clothe, and shoe the Union army. They needed rest then, but could not get it. In fact, McClellan did not have plenty of ammunition at the battle, for at the Burnside bridge a heavy battery was firing blank cartridges instead of shell and shot, having run out of the latter.

Lee's army at Antietam was the strongest and best army he *ever* had, and he had plenty of men on every part of the field; and in the afternoon of the 17th he had every man of Jackson's returned from Harper's Ferry; and further, Lee's advance and retreat in the first Maryland campaign was the most disastrous of any he encountered, except in the last days of the war, thanks to McClellan.

McClellan advanced in the open field, while Lee was on the defensive, and it takes three or four men to dislodge one in most cases under such circumstances.

Lee made blunders, too. If he had blown up the three bridges on his front and defended the banks, he could have made a stronger fight, and it would have taken days for McClellan to cross Antietam Creek, which he did, with Lee opposing, in one day because the bridges were intact.

Any one knows that Lee would have been an awful fool to start an aggressive campaign into an enemy's country (with an army of 78,000 or 80,000 opposing him), with 43,000 men; and every one knows Lee was no fool.

The writer was in Antietam fight from eight o'clock the night before, all day of the 17th, all of the night of the 17th, and up to twelve o'clock of the 18th on the firing line, without a cup of coffee or anything else, until the morning of the 18th, when a little coffee was brought up to the line; and his regiment has more dead in the Antietam National Cemetery than any regiment engaged in that fight. It lost sixty-two per cent. An illustrated paper published at the time did it the honor of illustrating the charge where so many lives were lost.

I am, sir,

James Barnes.

A private of the Ninth New York Infantry (Hawkins Zouves).

REBUKE

Sacramento, Cal.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—In an editorial in Harper's Weekly on May 3d I noticed your reference to "that somewhat bumptious commonwealth" (meaning California). I see also where you say Roosevelt saw "the need of meeting truculence with truculence" in dealing with California.

That editorial is full of misapprehensions, misjudgments, and misstatements concerning the Japanese problem in California.

Do you not think the bumptiousness is rather with you would-be mentors in the East, who understand not this Japanese question in the slightest, and yet act as though California is a naughty girl, and that your duty is to spank her?

We in California do not consider that we understand your New York problems as you do. And we are content to let you solve them in your own way for your own good, although several of them are international in their character.

But you New-Yorkers—with a dogmatism and a haughty air of superiority that might be irritating were it not so intensely ludicrous—lecture us like a high-school duchess reproving her kid sister.

Take a friendly tip: Either come over to California and see for yourself that of which you show you are densely ignorant, or else conceal that ignorance from the general public by refraining from discussing the Japanese problem in California.

For every editorial you publish upon the subject shows up the density of your misunderstanding like a river-boat searchlight exposing the mud banks of the Sacramento.

I am, sir,

Charles McClatchy.

MONEY AND MARRIAGE

Shamokin, Pa.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—A prominent church publication gives up a half-page of its valuable space to the condemnation of American girls trading their riches for poverty-stricken foreign titles, forgetting entirely that there is far more marrying for money both by men and women at home than abroad, and that more girls marry to better their condition than sell themselves and their fortunes for the glittering bauble of nobility. Indeed, it is doubtful if the girl who marries for money at home is not in the more deplorable condition of the two; to marry for money is a crime anywhere; to marry for money in this country, where fortunes change so swiftly, is worse than a crime; it is idiocy. It is literally only two generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves.

The man who is poor to-day may be rich to-morrow; and the man who is rich to-day is pretty sure to be poor to-morrow, especially if he has inherited the money. It is hardly too much to say that in marrying a girl may have her choice between whether she will be poor and wear home-made frocks and ride on the street-cars when she is young, and be rich and clothed in imported finery and ride in automobiles in middle life, or whether she will have imported French gowns and an auto, in her youth, and be pinched for the price of groceries in middle life.

It takes the poor and industrious young man, with a determination to get there and some talent, about thirty years to accumulate sufficient money to be regarded as well-to-do, and a spendthrift about half that time to get rid of a comfortable fortune; and there you are, and there his wife is also. At the time they were married neither Mr. Rockefeller nor Mr. Schwab could have showed anything like $5,000 a year income; neither could the most prosperous men of your immediate acquaintance, but many of their wives are sporting gold mesh bags to-day. This also is to be said against waiting for a man to have an income sufficient to support an establishment before marrying him. It is more fun to make a fortune than to spend it, and the woman who cuts herself off from helping her husband climb the ladder has missed the most interesting experience that life offers.

I am, sir,

M. L. F.

INFORMATION

Pontiac, Mich.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

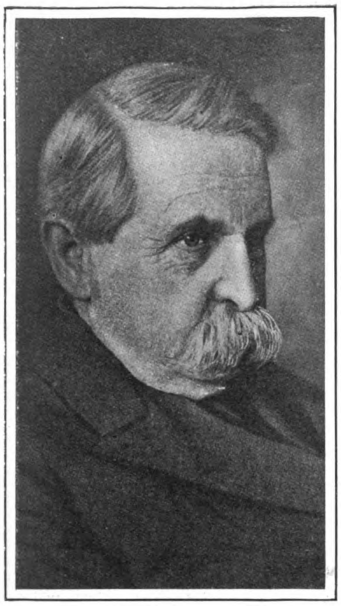
Sir.—In your issue of June 7th you refer to the "Iron Ore" as a trade paper, the inference being that it is devoted to the iron-ore industry.

This is not so. The "Iron Ore" is a general newspaper published once a week. It is called the "Iron Ore" because it is published at Ishpeming, a town in which there are a number of iron-ore mines.

I am, sir,

J. H. N.

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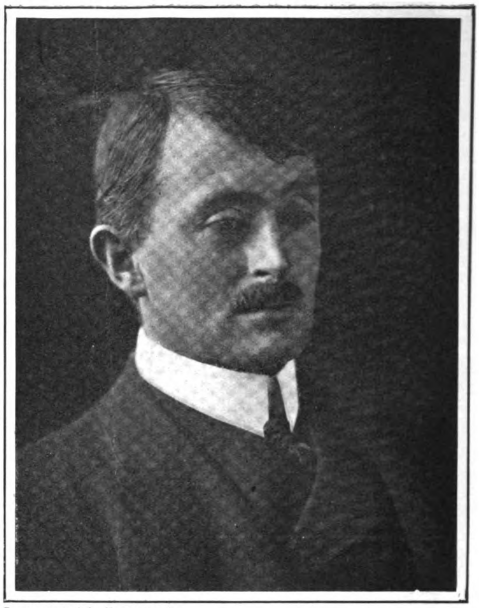


AUSTIN DOBSON

From "Ships"

They are grander things than all the art
of towns,
Their tests are tempests and the sea that
drowns,
They are my country's line, her great art
done
By strong brains labouring on the thought
unwon.
They mark our passage as a race of men,
Earth will not see such ships as those
again.

John Masefield



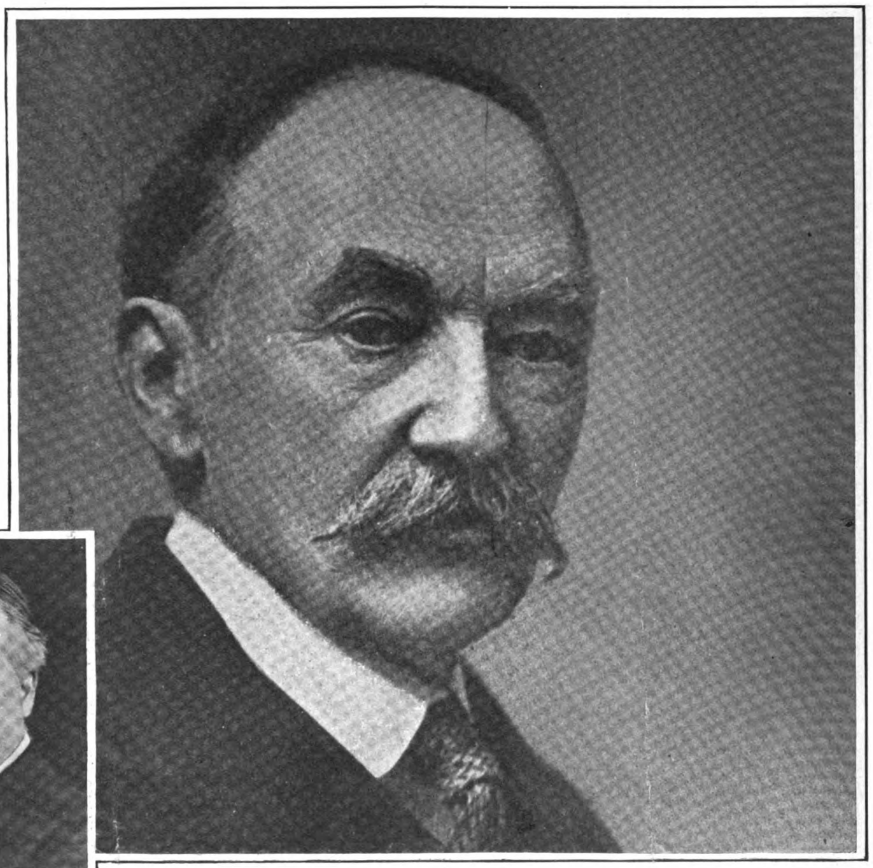
Camera-portrait by Hoppe, London

JOHN MASEFIELD

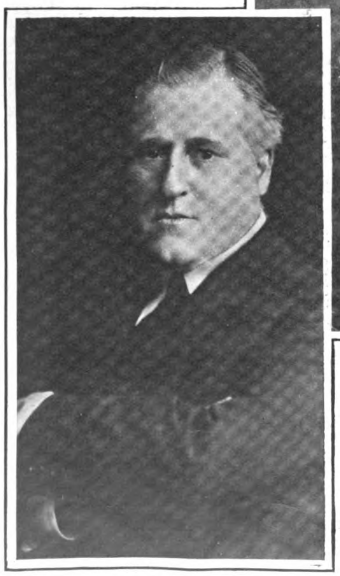
From a Rondeau

In after days when grasses high
O'ertop the stone where I shall
lie,
Though ill or well the world
adjust
My slender claim to honour'd
dust,
I shall not question nor reply.

Austin Dobson



THOMAS HARDY



WILLIAM WATSON

From "God Forgotten"

I towered far, and lo! I stood within
The presence of the Lord Most High,
Sent thither by the sons of earth, to win
Some answer to their cry.

—"The Earth, say'st thou? The Human race?
By me created? Sad its lot?
Nay: I have no remembrance of such place,
Such world I fashioned not."—

Thomas Hardy

From the "Ode in May"

Let me go forth, and share
The overflowing sun
With one wise friend, or one
[illegible] than wise, being fair.

William Watson

POETS WHO ARE FOR THE ENGLISH

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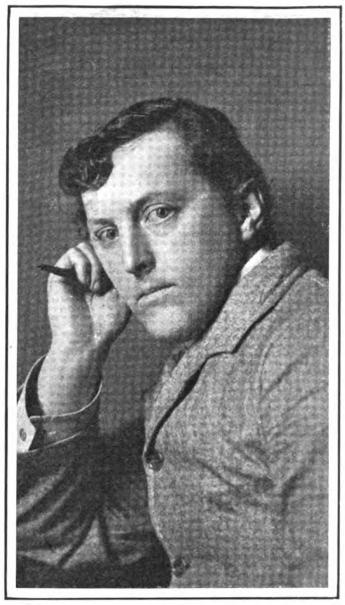


ALICE MEYNELL

From "The Lady of the Lambs"

She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;
She guards them from the steep.
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.

Alice Meynell

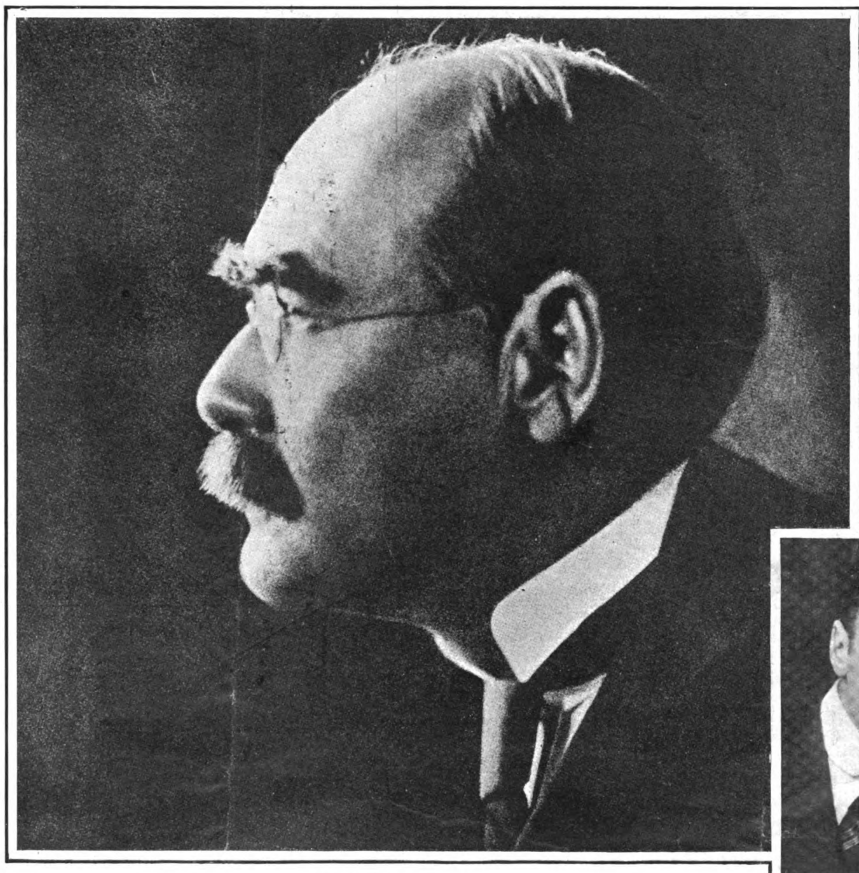


STEPHEN PHILLIPS

From "Christ in Hades"

Give me again great life! To dare, to enjoy,
To explore, never to tire, to be alive,
And full of blood, and young, to risk, to love!
The bright glory of after-battle wine,
The flushed recounting faces, the stern hum
Of burnished armies, thrill of unknown seas!

Stephen Phillips



RUDYARD KIPLING

From the "Recessional"

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Rudyard Kipling



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ALFRED NOYES

From "A Night at St. Helena"

I think that he is most a king whose mind
Is likest God's in power and in desire
Both to create and order; and this thought
Seemed like a clue in those old days. . . .

Alfred Noyes

TALKED OF LAUREATESHIP

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THE INITIATIVE AND THE REFERENDUM

From the Standpoint of Political Science

BY HENRY JONES FORD

Professor of Politics, Princeton University

"You couldn't pack a Broadwood half a mile—
You mustn't leave a fiddle in the damp—
You couldn't raft an organ up the Nile
And play it in an equatorial swamp.

"I'm the Prophet of the Utterly Absurd;
Of the Patently Impossible and Vain;
And when the Thing that Couldn't has occurred
Give me leave to change my leg and go again."

From the "Song of the Banjo" by Rudyard Kipling.

HERE is a suggestion of the fitness of things which one must have in mind to see in their proper setting the new instruments of rule to which the people are resorting. Kipling does not hold that, abstractly considered, the banjo is superior to the piano, the fiddle, or the organ, but only that it is handy when they are unavailable. If this distinction is grasped, wonder will disappear why Woodrow Wilson as a university president disparaged the initiative and the referendum, while as a statesman he now commends them. In the one case he had in mind general values; in the other, particular needs. These two points of view will serve to classify opinion. Those who approach the subject from the historical standpoint are apt to regard the initiative and referendum as dangerous tools of faction; while those who approach the subject from the standpoint of practical convenience in existing circumstances are apt to regard them as needful appliances for present use. In the current nomenclature of politics, the one side is denoted as conservative, the other as progressive. Much may be said upon both sides.

The Conservative View

AN argument advanced on the conservative side is that the means to which the people are now resorting would have shocked the fathers. The ideas of the fathers were formed upon the history of ancient democracies whose experience of direct legislation exhibited it as the road to ruin. Democratic government through responsible agency is a development of the nineteenth century, and the type was unknown to the fathers. Hence a broad and deep distinction was made between a democracy and a republic such as they proposed—a distinction still occasionally revived in judicial opinions.

Madison explained that by republic he meant "a government in which the scheme of representation takes place." Therefore the new government was not to be regarded as being in the same class with the ancient democracies in which the government was subject to the immediate direction of the people. "Such democracies have ever been spectacles of turbulence and contention; have ever been found incompatible with personal security or the rights of property; and, in general, been as short in their lives as they have been violent in their deaths." He declared that "the true distinction between these and the American governments lies in the total exclusion of the people in the collective capacity from any share in the latter."

Thus it appears that the distrust of democracy that pervades the writings of the fathers was based on ancient and medieval experience. Nowhere was there any evidence of democratic competency. Switzerland—now a shining example of the economy and efficiency of democratic government and the great source of inspiration to the direct legislative movement in this country—figured in the "Federalist" as a dreadful warning.

At that period De Lolme's "Constitution of England" ranked as a high authority. The author was a lawyer and publicist of Geneva, and the political troubles of his own country led him to write his treatise advocating the superiority of the English system of representative government. This work, originally written in French and published at Amsterdam in 1771, was translated into English and ran through many editions. According to De Lolme, the citizens of Geneva had been "stripped of all their political rights, and had little more left to them than the pleasure of being called a Sovereign Assembly when they met." At the same time, he credits them with having "preserved their liberty better than the people have been able to do in the other commonwealths of Switzerland."

This low view of Swiss political institutions is adopted in John Adams' "Defence of American State Constitutions," published in 1787. The attitude of popular sentiment at this period is indicated by Schiller in his youthful dramatic production, "The Robbers," in which one of the characters refers to the Grisons as "an Athens of scoundrels."

The notion that Swiss politics were corrupt continued to prevail, particularly as regards the Grisons, in which the referendum was compulsory on all acts and engagements of the government. Coxe's "Switzerland," the standard English authority up to the middle of the nineteenth century, speaks of the extraordinary prevalence of bribery and corruption in the Grisons. Brougham's "Political Philosophy," published in 1842, takes a similar view of Swiss politics. The apparent fa[illegible] of Swiss democratic institutions was the in[illegible] cause of a visit to our country of a noted [illegible] of the land of English critics of American [illegible]tions. Captain Marryat ended his "Diary [illegible] Continent" with the declaration that he should visit America for light upon the problem whether the faults of the Swiss are innate or due to their political institutions. Hence Marryat's "Diary in America," in six volumes, the publication of which began in 1839.

The modern reputation of Switzerland for good government has been established since the adoption of the federal constitution of 1848, introducing representative government of a peculiarly high and efficient character.

Although the reputation of Switzerland is now such as to secure respectful consideration for any of her institutions, the ancient reproach is not yet lifted from the apparatus of direct legislation which Switzerland has retained and systematized as adjuncts of her system of representative government. Instead of attributing to them the excellence of Swiss government, some students of political institutions are inclined to regard them as the dregs of ancient fallacies, whose noxious quality has been nearly all extracted, but which are a hindrance rather than a help to good government.

President Lowell, in his "Government and Parties in Continental Europe," makes a detailed survey of the workings of the initiative and referendum in Switzerland, and he concludes that "the idea of the right of everybody to take part in public affairs by proposing laws for the good of the country has something very attractive about it; but in practice it has not proved of value."

Woodrow Wilson, in his standard manual of political science, "The State," remarks:

"The Initiative has been very little used, having given place in practice, for the most part to the Referendum. Where it has been employed, it has not promised either progress or enlightenment, leading rather to doubtful experiments and to reactionary displays of prejudice than to really useful legislation."

As for the referendum, he says:

"The vote upon most measures submitted to the ballot is usually very light; there is not much popular discussion; and the Referendum by no means creates that quick interest in affairs that its originators had hoped to see it excite. It has dulled the sense of responsibility among legislators without in fact quickening the people to the exercise of any real control of affairs."

Swiss publicists themselves are not agreed as to the value of these institutions, and it is noticeable that those who approve them do so not so much on their positive merits as on their indirect results. In their actual operation it is manifest that they are a brake rather than a driving-wheel, or, using the slang of American politics, they are stand-pat rather than progressive agencies.

It is this operation that has commended the referendum to the Conservative party in England, while the Liberal party opposes it as a hindrance to popular rule expressed through representative institutions. It is just the other way about in this country, where the leaders of progressive democracy favor the institution, and conservatives oppose it. This striking difference is due to the fact that we do not have responsible government in this country.

Woodrow Wilson put the case exactly in his speech at Kansas City, May 5, when he said:

"If we felt that we had genuine representative government in our State legislatures no one would propose the initiative and referendum in America."

It is quite possible to be aware of the historic failures of direct legislation, and of its defects in Swiss use of it, and yet favor it in this country as a political agency for present use.

The Progressive View

TO view aright the new political forms now being introduced in aid of democratic progress, they should be considered with regard to actual conditions. We have to do with a political situation traceable to defects in our constitutional beginnings, which the fathers recognized but were unable to remedy. The American state was corrupt and incapable from the start, and this was the principal cause of the rapid progress of the federal movement that is the extraordinary characteristic of our history.

Such an achievement as setting up a workable national constitution by agreement is so out of the usual order that it has been exhibited as a miracle; but the miracle disappears when the actual situation is surveyed, and the fathers are seen working like shipwrecked passengers to run up a shelter, guard their valuables, and get the crew under control.

The debates of the constitutional convention give us ample revelations of their motive. They labored under alarm at the breakdown of discipline, as shown in the behavior of the States. Mercer of Maryland got down to the kernel of the business in hand when he remarked that they had to protect the people "against those speculating legislatures which are now plundering them throughout the United States."

The eagerness of the convention leaders to apply the curb was very marked. Hamilton's notion was that the federal executive should appoint the State governors. Madison's notion was that the federal government should have "a negative in all cases whatever, on the legislative acts of the States, as the King of Great Britain heretofore had." Jefferson, then in France, wrote to Madison that the instability of the laws was such an immense evil that "it would be well to provide in our constitutions that there shall always be a twelvemonth between the engrossing a bill and passing it."

But, as the convention went on with its work, the federal leaders found that they could not get what they wanted, but had to take what they could get, and what was attainable did not include reorganization of State authority.

Madison took his failure rather hard. Even in the midst of the campaign to carry New York for the constitution, he took occasion to declare that the people "will never be satisfied till some remedy be applied to the vicissitudes and uncertainties which characterize the State administrations."

In that Madison was a true prophet. The people have tried various remedies in vain, and have concluded that the political institutions which afflict them are incorrigible, and that the only hope of relief lies in taking the exercise of authority in their own hands.

In their search for an effectual remedy for the ills of their State administrations, the American people, from 1776 down to 1909, produced 127 distinct State constitutions. It is difficult to keep count of constitutional amendments, there being no general official record; but it appears that in the decade 1894-1904 a total of 381 constitutional amendments were proposed, of which 217 were accepted. In California alone 47 constitutional amendments were adopted between 1892 and 1908.

Throughout all this experimentation there has been a sorry contrast between constitutional pretenses and actual conditions. A better front has been put upon some things, but the corrupt nature of the system is unaltered. Even a critic so friendly in his attitude and so moderate in his opinions as Ambassador James Bryce resorts to such terms as "Stygian pool" and a "Witches' Sabbath of jobbing, thieving, and prostitution of legislative power" in discussing New York and Pennsylvania politics. In the latest edition of "The American Commonwealth," he says that he finds no occasion for any marked change in judgments upon the working of the State governments first made public more than twenty years ago. The general situation is much the same, "the factors working for good and evil having not greatly changed."

The progressive contention is that the initiative and referendum are to be valued, not upon their abstract merits, or upon their historical record, but upon their present availability. Talking about the superior advantages of representative government in our situation is like arguing the superiority of the organ or the piano to the man with a banjo in the equatorial swamp. The situation is such that positive advantages may be claimed for the initiative and referendum, as follows:

1. They avoid inequalities of legislative apportionment.
2. They escape legislative obstruction to constitutional amendment.
3. They provide means of political action apart from those controlled by special interests and free from the secret entanglements of the legislative committee system.
4. They make for more careful legislation.
5. They clear the way for a reorganization of public authority.

It is evidence of the actual remoteness of our State politics from representative government that not one of these points could be urged in Canada, Switzerland, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, or wherever else responsible government exists. The thing that counts in democratic systems is the election of the representative assembly. Senates, if they exist at all, exercise a purely advisory function. Executive appointments are not contingent upon their approval, and they can not subject public policy to their own views and interests. But in America they are still allowed to do these things.

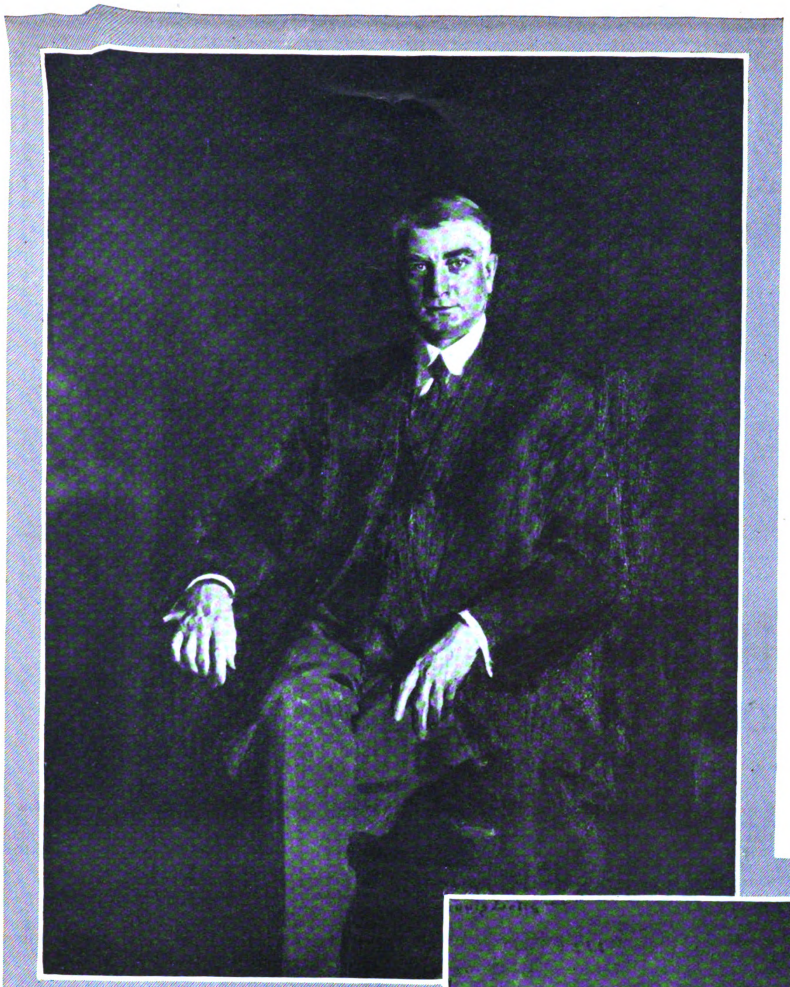
Old English Tory ideas survive in constitutional arrangements both as regards the composition and the functions of Senates. The favorite Tory assumption that rural communities are superior in civic virtue is deeply impressed upon schemes of representation, and inequality of apportionment is most gross in Senates where it is most dangerous.

To escape such subjugation, it is quite natural that the people should demand means of free action. Constitutional progress is better carried on by development of function than by change of form, but our State constitutions are so stiff and cumbrous that they need to be repaired and refitted from time to time, just as would be the case with human growth if plaster jackets were worn instead of clothes. Restraints upon the process imposed by constitutions, with the object of securing circumspect action, serve under existing conditions as means of obstructing or perverting reasonable demands. Opportunities for evasion and delay so abound that the people are impelled to seek means of action without the interference of State legislatures.

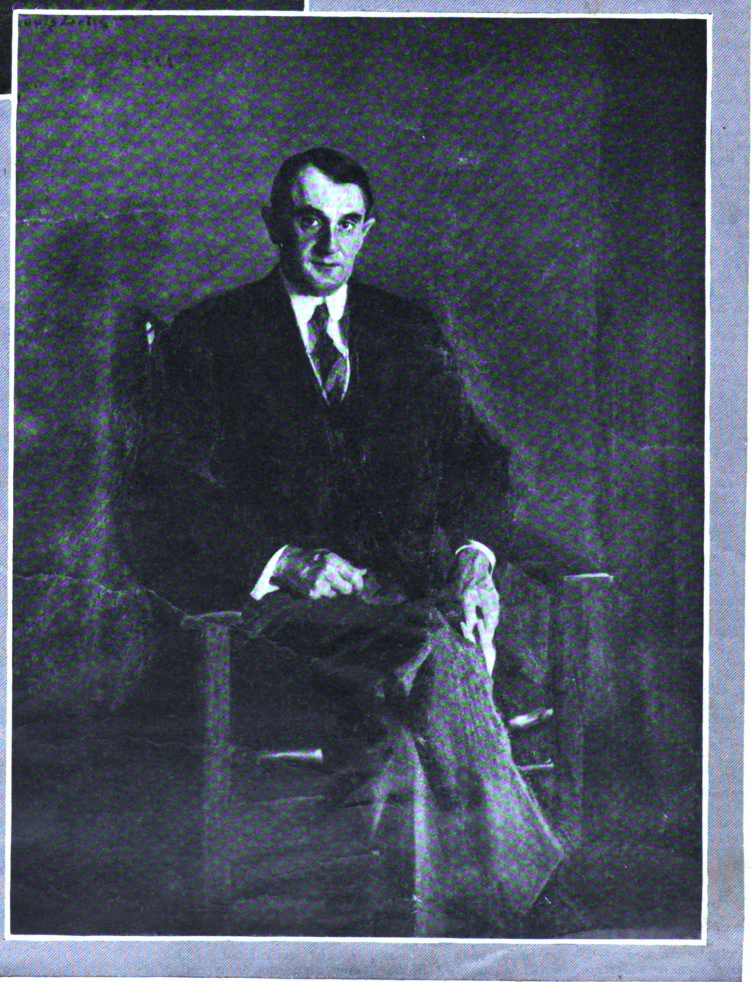
The claim that the new political appliances make

(Continued on page 26)

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AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE



Dr. WILLIAM JAMES MAYO

AND

Dr. CHARLES HORACE MAYO

OF ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA

Painted by

LOUIS BETTS

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THE TOSS-UP

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. N. MARCHAND

INTO the stagnant heat of the "Bald Eagle," right at the desert's edge,—heat that rendered languid even the forced profanity of the poker-players and flattened the beverages to tangless poison,—fell the mangled stranger, like a bolt from the blue.

Just how he came, or whence, who could tell? A groan, a gasp, a limping shuffle, a creak of the swinging back door, and there he was. A skeleton of a man, brush-bearded, overhung with rags, powdered with dust which had caked on face and neck and clogged his bloodshot eyes—eyes that lagged and blinked, half blind, wholly terrible. Into his matted hair he thrust his fingers; he swayed a moment, then, like an empty gunny-sack, flattened into a chair, fell face down across a table, gasped, "Water!" and thereafter grew very still.

One moment, no response. Then chairs scraped, necks craned, men crowded toward him; and, over all, rose the voice of Buck Dawson:

"Water—hell! Hey, Bo, a slug o' Five-X! Jump!"

But, as Bo Squires, behind the bar, stood rooted, Buck's own paw swiped up a long-necker, slopped four fingers into a fly-specked glass, and (just a second later, as Chato Andrews pulled back the stranger's head) emptied it down the blackened throat. Some of the stuff trickled through the man's beard and drizzled off upon his naked, bony chest.

Gulping, babbling broken odds and ends of speech, the derelict caved again. Two or three in the crowd tried to hold him up, but Chato interfered.

"Aw, drop him, you ring-boned pintos!" he bellowed angrily. "Kain't you-all see as how he's plumb winded? Let him rest, you, ef he 'lects to. Why—look a' *thar!*"

Staring, he pointed with a horn-like forefinger at the floor beside the stranger's right foot.

There, slowly widening, spread a trickle of blackish blood. They saw that the man's boot was all sodden and seepy, with a bullet-hole obliquely through the ankle. His trouser-knees were torn as if from crawling far, far, over rocks and sand. His hands were just one great articulated rawness—nails worn down to the quick, fingers stripped of their skin.

"Scratchin' fer water, where thar wa'n't none!" squeaked the voice of old Pop Hadlock. "What *in* Tophet has he went ag'in'?"

Chato whipped out a seven-inch blade and slit the cloth, exposing the lip of a ghastly tear in the flesh of the leg high up on the calf—a wound clumsily dressed with a band of shirting that had slipped half off.

Something like a communal oath of commiseration escaped the gang.

"*An'* he ain't bled to death yit?" marveled Dexter, of Tres Picos. "Well, durned ef he ain't got vytality! Reminds me of——"

"Here, Bo! One o' them 'ar towels!" Chato interrupted. A moment later he was kneeling to bind the gap. "Chuck another gargle inta him, some un!" he commanded.

Shorty McGeoch tried to obey; but the stranger, getting a grip on the table-edge, shook his ghastly head. They heard his breath catch. Up came his face, white as a clown's under its mottles of dirt.

Still blind-seeming, he bleared around. Then a sort of smile cracked his parchment lips, and he held up one hand as if for silence.

Shaking, it fell again, and with it the babel.

"What—what day—?" he whispered. It was hardly even a whisper; yet not a puncher in the Bald Eagle but heard its every syllable. "Boys, what day is—this?"

Blank astonishment; then Chato answered:

"Friday. Why?"

The stranger shook his head again.

"Three whole days since—I left him," they heard him mutter. Then, louder:

"Where am I?"

"Bald Eagle, at Rawlin's."

"Rawlin's? Then I must ha'—went north. Didn't couldn't—tell——"

His voice tailed off to nothing, though his lips still moved.

McGeoch brought the glass to the mumbling mouth. The stranger blinked.

"No, no!" he objected. "Water—that's all!"

"*Git* him some—ef you-all kin find any!" cried Chato. "No 'countin' fer tastes. Humor him, kain't you?"

With wolf-eagerness the derelict guzzled the lukewarm slop that Squires shoved across the bar to McGeoch.

"An' a riata," he continued haltingly.

"A—? What fer?"

"Why, to string—me!"

"*String* you?"

Dexter's voice was the only one that audibly gave vent to the universal stupefaction.

"Bug-house?" judged Dawson, behind his palm, to Shorty.

The stranger, blinking, trying to lick his lips with a tongue all swollen and cracked, coughed:

"A riata! Yes, that's what—I said. Reckon that's what I—lived t' git here—for!"

IT must have been a full minute by the tin alarm-clock back of the bar before anybody moved or tried to speak. Down dropped the stranger's head again. He lay there motionless, wheezing slowly, his hands still gripping the table.

Round him the cow-men ringed themselves, staring blankly. Chato rubbed the blunt nose that had given him his Greaser nickname. Pop Hadlock twitched his long mustachios. Shorty leaned an elbow on the table, and, his left hand on his cartridge-belted hip, bored at the man point-blank with eager eyes. The others, each in his own way, tried to digest that astonishing pronunciamento. Then out of the stillness rose Squires' judgment:

"I've seed 'em took 'most every way, by Judas Priest! but *this* sort o' bug has got *me* skun!" And on his hard, close-cropped skull his knuckles tapped out his opinion.

The stranger roused again. Into his forespent body the Five-X had whipped a little life.

"No, not buggy," he thickly articulated. "I ain't that, not by a million miles. Know what I'm a-sayin'. It's right, too. Strung I'd oughta be, an' must be—what's left o' me to string. Huh? Don't you git me lucid? With a hoss-rustler plumb virtuous beside o' me? Listen!"

THEY listened, hushed into tension. But for a time the stranger brought no words to utterance. He just sat there at the table, swinging a little from side to side, hands holding fast, eyes blearing. The blood-pool at his foot clotted and crusted. His face, beneath the beard and dirt, had gone the color of soggy pie-crust.

Pop Hadlock made as if to stir him in the ribs, but Chato stayed the old man's hand.

"Cut that!" he warned. "Kain't you-all let him tell it the way he 'lects to? We'll git it soon enough! An'——"

Breaking the silence where one heard only the deep breathing of the punchers and the tick-tack of the impertinent clock, the stranger blurted in a raw, hasty, inhuman voice:

"There was him an' me. Just us two—savvy? Jackman. That was him. I'm Ryerson. Sam Ryerson—yes, sir. Sam K."

A sort of wondering murmur hummed into audibility. Two or three of the men glanced at one another. And Buck Dawson, peering into the stranger's face, let his fist drop upon the table with a half-breathed imprecation.

"Sam K. Ryerson," the wounded man went on. "An' I ain't a-goin' to let nobody tie my laig up, nohow. Hell! What 'd be the use, when I'm done through with her? Sam K. I reckon you-all have heard o' me, down here south o' the Gila. Mebbe some o' you have even seen me, though you wouldn't noways place me now. No matter."

He lapsed.

"Go on!" growled Buck.

"Huh?"

"How *in* hell 'd you ever git here, hey?"

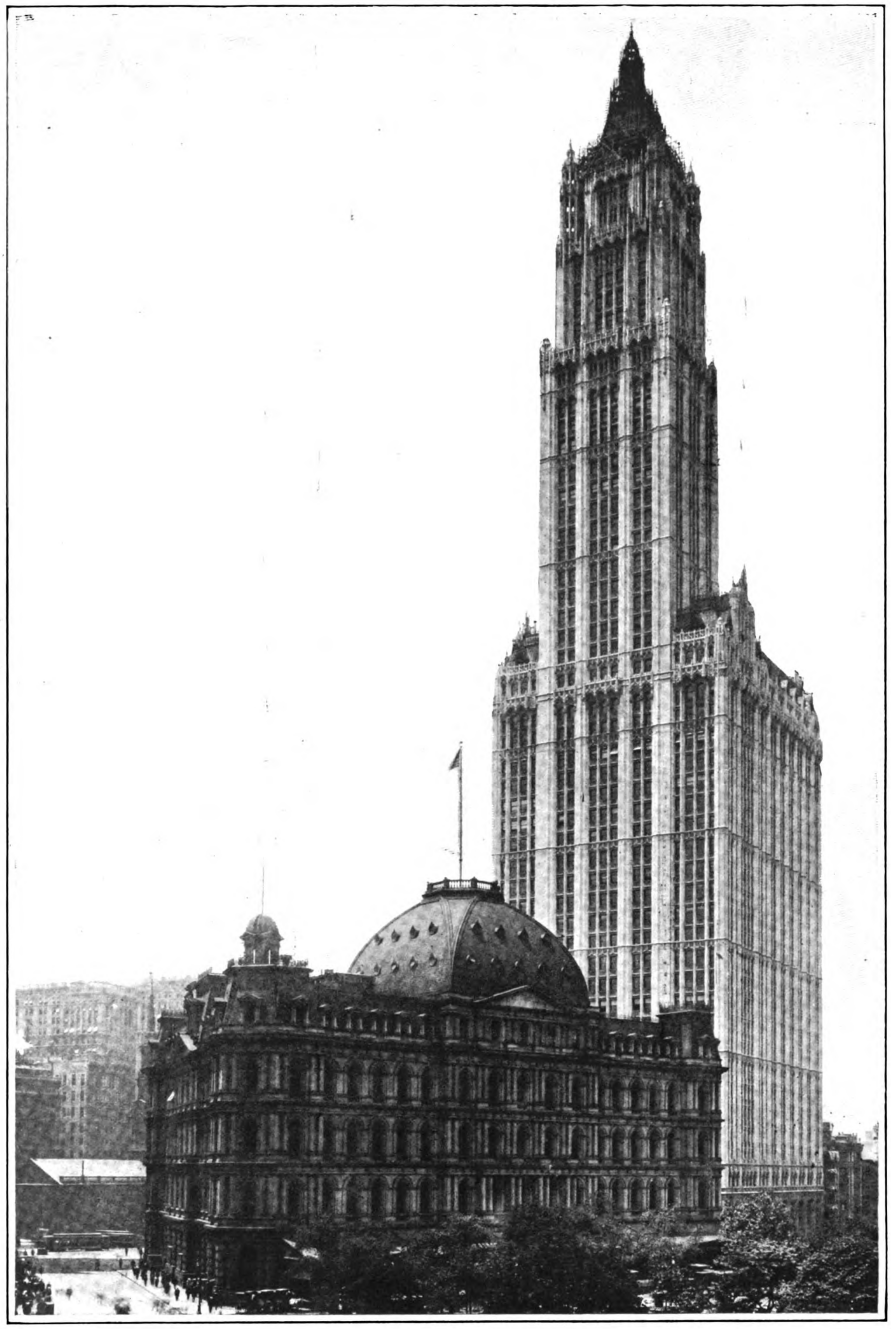
"Oh, that? Say, I dropped the faro a spell back.



"I goes fer to hit Tamale, an' hits my own self. Ain't that a joke, hey?"

(Continued on page 23)

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THREE BUILDINGS—THREE CENTURIES

PROBABLY nowhere else in the United States is there such an interesting juxtaposition of buildings as that of St. Paul's Chapel, the Post Office, and the Woolworth Building in New York City. The scene reproduced herewith is familiar enough to thousands of New-Yorkers and visitors to the metropolis, but how many have considered that these three unusual edifices not only stand for the Church, the State, and Business, but also represent, respectively, the past three centuries in the history of the city and the nation?

St. Paul's Chapel, the oldest church building in the metropolis, fittingly represents the eighteenth century. Completed during the Stamp Act excitement of 1765–66, it has been a place of calm in the midst of turmoil ever since. President Washington and Governor Clinton, worshiping within its walls, enjoyed temporary surcease from affairs of state, while, in all the years since, countless thousands of humbler persons, retiring momentarily from the rush and roar of the great city without, have been rested and sustained by a few minutes spent in this quiet sanctuary or among the historic graves in its church-yard.

The Post Office—or Federal Building—stands for the nineteenth century, in that it was completed in 1875; but many would not regard it as really typical of the architecture of that period. New-Yorkers are not particularly proud of this $10,000,000 pile of mixed Doric and Renaissance architecture, and it must be admitted that it is not, strictly speaking, a work of art. It occupies what used to be the southern point of the once beautiful City Hall Park, its massive bulk cutting off what formerly was a fine vista up lower Broadway to the splendid old City Hall. But there is talk of tearing down the "big, costly, and conspicuous" Post Office, and restoring the park to a measure of its pristine beauty as a civic center. Then the City Hall, which is considered an architectural gem, would be the more suitable representative of the nineteenth century in this interesting group.

The Woolworth Building, just completed this year, well represents the present enterprising century. Towering 750 feet above the street, it is the highest structure ever reared by the hand of man, save only the Eiffel Tower in Paris. Twenty-eight high-speed elevators are required to handle the traffic of its fifty-five stories. The owner of this $13,000,000 property, Mr. F. W. Woolworth, began his business career as a clerk in a small up-State city a little over thirty years ago. To-day he is at the head of a company controlling a chain of about 600 five-and-ten-cent stores, which prosper because they help the masses to buy economically in these times of the high cost of living.

Thus the Woolworth Building may be regarded as a vast monument to Thrift and to the Opportunity which is another name for America in this glorious twentieth century.

T. D. MACGREGOR.

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NOT PROVEN

A Famous Scotch Criminal Case

BY

MARIE BELLOC LOWNDES

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM BERGER



"Through the empty lamplit streets she crept quietly;

IN the long roll of murder mysteries, the case of Madeleine Smith must always take a conspicuous place on account of its intense romantic interest. Some features of the story would seem absolutely incredible if we did not know them to be facts.

But to what conclusion does all the evidence converge? Was Madeleine guilty, or not guilty, of poisoning her lover? Or must we, as the jury themselves did, give up the riddle and return a verdict of not proven?

Small wonder that for long weeks nothing aroused such interest throughout the British Empire as the fate of this lovely and accomplished girl. If guilty, she had proved herself capable of planning and of carrying out one of the coolest, most deliberate, and foulest murders ever accomplished, while her victim had once been the object of her devoted love.

Details of the story might well have made it difficult of discussion in an ordinary family circle, especially in the prim mid-Victorian age. Yet it burst through the conventions of even that period. All over Scotland, in particular, gently nurtured girls knelt and prayed each night, in an agony of supplication, that Madeleine Smith might be acquitted of the awful charge brought against her.

The greatest legal authority of that day declared that "never in a criminal case were the chances of condemnation and acquittal more nicely balanced." Yet so great was the dominant fascination and charm of the youthful prisoner that during her trial she received no fewer than seventeen genuine offers of marriage!

And when at last, after a most careful trial, the old-time humane Scottish verdict of "Not proven" was returned it was received with a mad outburst of cheering within the courthouse, while outside, among the tens of thousands who had assembled to hear it, hundreds burst into sobs of relief. It was said that never since the days of Mary Queen of Scots had such a scene of tumult been witnessed in Edinburgh.

ON a cold, fine day late in March, 1857, in the handsome drawing-room of No. 7 Blythswood Square, Glasgow, were a still young-looking mother and her elder daughter—Mrs. James Smith, the wife of a prosperous and noted architect, and Madeleine Smith, a beautiful girl of twenty, distinguished even beyond the confines of the city in which she dwelt for her exceptional loveliness, her vivacity, and her charm of manner. She was of medium height and especially graceful; her large, deep blue eyes were shaded by long lashes, and her whole being seemed instinct with health and the joy of life.

The mother's eyes rested very tenderly on her child, for Madeleine was about to leave the home nest—in fact, the date of her wedding had been fixed the day before. Her parents were delighted at the marriage, for their prospective son-in-law, William Minnoch, was not only prosperous in business, but he was also a man of character to whom they could with confidence intrust their beloved child.

The whole household were in a joyful busy state, and that perhaps was why Mr. James Smith came in and out of the drawing-room so often that day, addressing kindly words to his wife and gazing tenderly on the young daughter who was so soon to leave him.

As her parents' glances rested on Madeleine, they called to mind how well she had behaved some two years before, when to please them she had given up an unsuitable love-affair with a young foreigner named L'Angelier. Madeleine had shown herself a good, dutiful daughter on that occasion; for she had certainly been more or less in love—in so far as a child of seventeen can be in love—with Emile L'Angelier. Mr. Smith even recalled the words of the letter which Madeleine had written to the not very nice woman—a certain Miss Perry—who had acted as go-between and confidante in that unsuitable love-affair:

> My papa will not give his consent, and I am in duty bound to obey him. Comfort dear Emile! I had hoped some day to have been happy with him, but, alas! we were doomed to be disappointed. I hope and trust he may prosper. I am glad he is leaving the country, for it would have caused me great pain to have met him. Think my conduct not unkind. I have a father to study, and a kind father too.

Yes, in the eyes of her fond parents Madeleine had behaved very well over that matter—indeed, in a way that might serve as an example to every rebellious daughter. And while they were thinking of this, the door-bell rang.

"A visitor, my dear," said Mr. Smith, and, manlike, hastily left the room. A moment later Miss Perry, the very woman who played her questionable part in Madeleine's former love-affair, was shown in.

Mother and daughter glanced at each other. They could well have dispensed with a visitor this afternoon, and particularly with this visitor. Madeleine, indeed, looked a little troubled. They were but slightly acquainted with Miss Perry, and their only association with her was not pleasant; but they greeted her civilly.

After a few moments of aimless talk, the visitor exclaimed:

"Mrs. Smith, I had a serious reason for coming here this afternoon, or I would not have troubled you with a call. I feel that you and Madeleine ought to know that Emile L'Angelier is dead. He died last night, very suddenly, having sent me a message to say he was ill and desired to see me. But when I reached his lodgings he had already passed away."

There was a moment's pause. Then Mrs. Smith expressed her regret at the news. Madeleine flushed deeply, but did not seem more deeply affected. And Miss Perry, in some confusion, rose and stiffly took her leave.

The scene was characteristic. All three ladies in the painful circumstances showed a true Scotch reticence, and no word was spoken of past events.

But let us look into their hearts. Mrs. Smith, though rather shocked at her own feeling, could not help being glad that L'Angelier was dead. The episode of his love-affair with her daughter had caused the only cloud that had ever passed between herself and her elder daughter.

And Madeleine? What were her feelings on learning the sad news? Whatever secret was hidden behind those lovely, downcast blue eyes, we may suppose that she now only remembered that L'Angelier had truly loved her.

As for Miss Perry—well, she, it is clear, was seized with far more violent feelings of pain and distress, and her stiff behavior showed as clearly as the plainest speech how indignant she was at the coldness of both mother and daughter.

It is on record that Miss Perry lingered for a moment in the entrance-hall of Mr. James Smith's comfortable house, wondering whether Madeleine would run out after her to learn something more of the pitiful end of her erstwhile lover. And as she thus lingered, Miss Perry wondered uncomfortably whether she ought to tell the girl that certain letters had been found among the dead man's belongings. But Madeleine Smith remained upstairs with her mother, and so at last the door of No. 7 Blythswood Square closed behind the unwelcome guest.

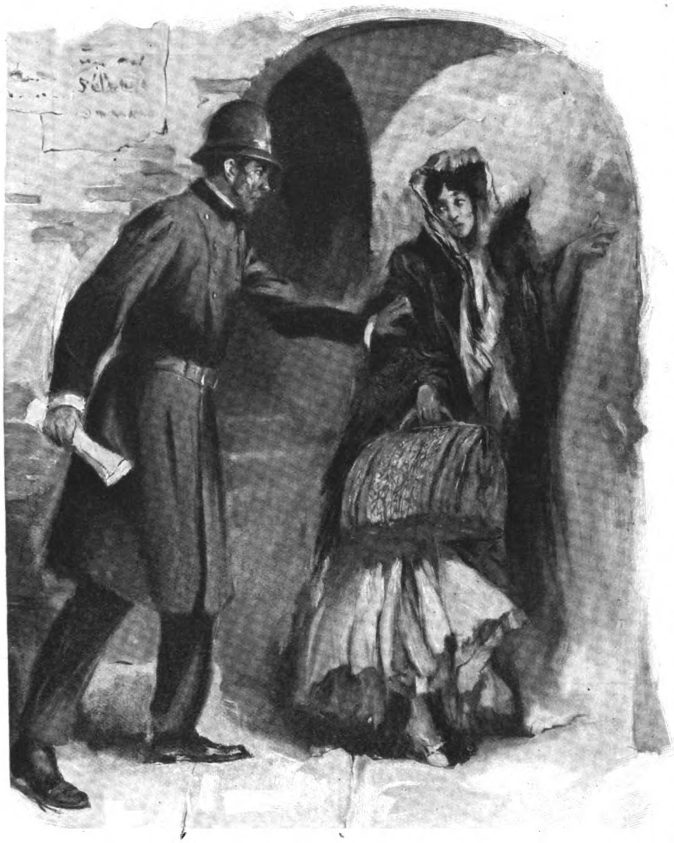
THE rest of the afternoon whiled itself away in busy nothings. The family—consisting of five bonny sons and daughters—met at the evening meal, attended family prayers, read by Mr. James Smith, and later bade one another good night and went to bed. Madeleine, and the little sister who slept with her, retired to the curious half-basement room where, by the young girl's own wish, she had always slept since the Smiths moved into their fine new house.

Next morning, at five o'clock, while it was still dark, Madeleine got up, hurriedly dressed herself, and slipped out of the house, taking with her only a



"He spoke to her, only to be spurned with proper dignity"

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. . . but the unhappy girl was not allowed to go far"

small carpet-bag. Through the empty lamplit streets she crept quietly to catch the early boat that was the first stage of the journey to her father's country house at Rowalyn.

But the unhappy girl—for henceforth we may truly call her unhappy—was not allowed to go far. By the time the sun had well risen, all Glasgow was ringing with the news that Madeleine Smith, the beautiful young daughter of one of the most respected citizens of the town, and the betrothed of another, had been arrested on the awful charge of "having on two separate occasions administered arsenic, or some other poison, to Emile L'Angelier, with intent to murder him, and of having actually murdered him on the second occasion."

AND now we find that the long train of extraordinary events which culminated in the death of the unfortunate L'Angelier sprang from a very trifling incident.

Strolling one day along Sauchiehall Street, the Broadway of Glasgow, a young Frenchman, employed in the humble capacity of correspondence clerk in a Glasgow business house, saw a surprisingly beautiful girl pass by. He spoke to her, only to be spurned with proper dignity. But, completely bewitched, he followed her, and discovered where she lived. Then learning that her name was Madeleine Smith, and that she was the daughter of a citizen of repute and substance, he left no stone unturned to obtain an introduction, and this was finally effected through the good offices of the Consul-General of France in Glasgow.

There followed a love-affair. The two met clandestinely at the house of L'Angelier's friend, Miss Perry, and a few love-letters were exchanged. One of these fell into the hands of Mrs. Smith, and Madeleine's parents—not unreasonably, when we consider the difference of position between their daughter and L'Angelier—put an end, not sternly but kindly and firmly, to the affair.

But L'Angelier was not minded to let go his beautiful prey so easily. Not only was he passionately in love, but a marriage with Madeleine Smith would lift him out of his lowly condition. He knew himself to be well educated, refined, and intelligent. Why should he not have the good fortune of the many business men who had found in a fortunate marriage the necessary lift up fortune's ladder? L'Angelier had already worked his way up from a poor and destitute position to one that was respectable and a credit to himself. He was liked both by his employers and fellow-clerks.

Once more he persuaded Madeleine to renew, and in much more solemn fashion, their clandestine engagement. Again they met at the house of Miss Perry, who delighted in the rôle of go-between. They spent blissful hours in the greater privacy, the free solitude, of the woods which abounded round the Smiths' country home at Rowalyn. And, finally, after their acquaintance had lasted rather more than a year, Madeleine Smith, by word and deed, completely committed herself to the young Frenchman, whom, in the extravagance of her devotion, she styled her dear and ever dearer "husband."

For a while, great as was the evil he wrought, L'Angelier behaved as a man of honor, according to the Continental code of honor, should behave to the woman who has given herself to him. Never, that is, by word or deed, did he betray the truth to those of his fellow-clerks with whom he was intimate. All that he confided to one or two of his friends was that he loved, and was beloved by, a young lady to whom he was engaged to be married.

In this dark story of secret passion and shame, yet another fact comes out clearly—namely, that Madeleine Smith, on her side, soon became passionately, adoringly attached to her lover. To this fact hundreds of letters testify, and in the long history of romantic love there is no more pathetic, no more passionately human correspondence than that of this Scotch girl of nineteen. It is a one-sided correspondence, for only four letters written by L'Angelier to Madeleine survive, and, as we shall see, they are not kindly or pleasant epistles. But, though she destroyed his letters, he kept every scrap of her handwriting, including the artless note in which she wrote:

I spent such a pleasant hour last evening reading your dear, kind letters. I began with that little note which you gave to Bessie [his little sister]. I often thank God that you gave me that note, or I should not have known you. I love you with my whole heart and soul. Believe me, beloved of my soul, to be your devoted

MIMI.

L'Angelier also kept—to his shame be it said—those of Madeleine's later letters which, according to the Lord Advocate, in his searching address at her trial, show "such an entire overthrow of the moral sense—the sense of moral delicacy and decency—as to create a picture which has never had its parallel in an inquiry of this sort."

But these were severe words and—in justice to Madeleine Smith, the fact should be quite plainly stated—only apply to very few of the letters that have been printed, not only in Great Britain and America, but in the Colonies, and translated into many languages. The vast majority—the unhappy girl had the misery of hearing them all read aloud in court—are those that any passionately loving but pure woman might have written to the man she loved. Here is a typical example:

My Own, My Beloved Emile:

I write for you to get my note on your birthday. My beloved, may you have very, very many happy returns of the day—and each year may you find yourself happier and better than the last. I trust, darling, that on your next birthday I may be with you to wish you many happy returns in person. May you, dearest, have long life. My constant prayer shall be for your welfare and continued good health. I must conclude with a fond, fond embrace, a dear, sweet kiss. I wish it was to be given, not sent. Kindest, warmest love to you, my husband dear. Love again from thy very fond, thy loving, and ever devoted

MIMI,
Thy Own Wife.

In yet another long letter she thus alludes to their forthcoming marriage:

Will we require to be married in Edinburgh, or will it do here? I fear that in Glasgow there are so many people who know me. But we must manage in some way to be united ere we leave town.

How kind of Mary Perry to take trouble with us! She must be a dear, good creature. I shall never forget the first visit I paid with my own beloved husband to the dear darling.

Sweet love, I adore you with my heart and soul. How are your mother and sister? Well, I hope, my own sweet.

Much more love, kisses tender and longing. I am thy own, thy loving wife, thy

MIMI L'ANGELIER.

AS is well known, the marriage law in Scotland is very different from that of most civilized countries. The fact that a single man and woman have pledged each other as husband and wife, with the knowledge of third persons, may constitute a marriage. We can not, therefore, wonder that L'Angelier, who knew that Madeleine had taken one of the servants in her father's house into her confidence, came to regard her as his wife by the law of Scotland, though it is doubtful whether a court of law would have held this association to be a "valid marriage by repute." But it is clear that Madeleine did not regard herself as his legal wife, in spite of her constant use of the word "wife" in her letters. This is proved by the following note, obviously written in answer to a jealous outburst on the lover's part:

My Own, My Beloved Husband:

Why do you say in your letter "If we are not married"? Beloved, have you a doubt but that we shall be married some day?

My kind love to your dear sisters when you write. They shall be my sisters some day. I shall love them if they are like their brother, my dear husband. I know you have but little confidence in me; but, dear, I shall not flirt—I shall only be pleasant to gentlemen. You must tell me at the end of the summer if you have heard anything about my flirting, and you will see how good your Mimi has been. Yes, I see you smile and say, "If she has a chance." Try and trust me—love me.

Beloved, adieu. God bless you and make you well, and may you yet be very, very happy with your Mimi as your little wife.

Kindest love, fond embrace and kisses from thine own true and devoted Mimi,

THY FAITHFUL WIFE.

In a postscript to another long letter she says:

True and constant shall I prove. Don't give ear to any report you may hear. There are several, I hear, going about regarding my going to get married.

Accept dear love, from thy devoted and loving, much attached wife,

THINE OWN MIMI.

I am thine till death do separate us.

Again, evidently in answer to some chiding word:

Beloved, Dearly Beloved Husband:

I am no longer a child, but be sure I shall be true and faithful wherever you are, dear love. Your income will be quite enough for me—don't for a moment fancy I want you to better your income. No, dearest; I am quite content with the sum you make. When I first loved you I knew you were poor. I felt I would be content with your lot, however humble it might be; with your home, in whatever place or whatever situation it is or will soon be. Never fear my friends and family will cast me off. If they did so, I should know they were not worth having. If they cast me off because we are poor, why, they will be much better away from us. If it is only for money that they love, their friendship is unworthy. I do not love you less because you are poor—no, I should love you even more, try to make you more comfortable, try to make you forget you are poor.

That her love was unselfish during those days is also made plain by the following:

Emile, you made me a rash promise in your last letter. You said that though I was dead you would never marry again, and this you swore. Emile, that was wrong. You must promise me that if I should die you will marry, and that as soon as you can. Is not a man happier with a wife? Is she not a happiness and a comfort to him, a solace in his sad hours, a help in his old age, a blessing to him if he has a family? No, darling Emile, I do not want you to promise such a thing. I think every man as soon as he has found his love should take her to wife. And, darling Emile, never repeat again to me that life is a burden to you. You have a wife who loves you fondly, truly—loves you with a heart which burns with pure love for you, my only love. When you are sad, think of your MIMI.

L'ANGELIER seems to have wished to improve the girl he loved. He evidently scolded her frequently, and found fault with her, for in the sweetest way again and again Madeleine deferred to his wishes, and assured him that she would follow his advice and try to make herself perfect—for his sake:

I am trying to break myself of all my very bad habits. It is you I have to thank for this, which I do sincerely from my heart.

But very, very gradually, we feel, as we read, a change in the tone of the girl's letters. "Yours with love and affection" takes the place of "Thy devoted, thy passionately loving wife"; and at last comes the first allusion to William Minnoch:

I did tell you at one time that I did not like him; but he is so pleasant that he has quite raised himself in my estimation.

And a little later, evidently in answer to a letter in which L'Angelier spoke jealously of the prosperous merchant:

I wept for hours after I received your letter, and this day I have been sad—yes, very sad. My Emile, I love you, and you only. It was Minnoch that I was at the concert with—see, I do not hide it from you. Emile, he is papa's friend, and I know papa will have him at the house. But need you mind that, when I tell you that I have no regard for him? I promise you I shall be seen as little in public with him as I can. I have avoided him at all times, but I could not on Wednesday night. So, sweet love, be reasonable.

But L'Angelier did not become more reasonable, and she still had only too much need to soothe him:

You ought not to believe any idle report. I know I talk to him—I could not sit still without talking a whole evening; but I did not flirt. There is a difference between flirting and talking. He was not with me last night.

And then, so strange and capricious is human nature, suddenly she wrote a few lines as loving as any she ever wrote:

Forgive me for all I have done to vex you, sweet love. I adore you with my heart and soul. I would be happy if I could see you for one hour. I am thy staunch, loving wife, thine own dear, faithful, true, and loving little wife, thy

MIMI L'ANGELIER.

P. S. I do so like the "Mimi L'Angelier." It is such a dear, pretty name. I love it so. A kiss—another.

But, after this final burst of adoring affection, once more the tone of Madeleine's letters cools; they are still, in a sense, loving and affectionate, but the tone completely alters:

I have never felt so restless and so unhappy as I have done for some time past. A dark spot is in the future. What can it be? Oh, God keep it from us! I weep now, Emile, to think of our fate. Alas! Alas! I see no chance, no chance of happiness for me.

L'ANGELIER'S jealousy grew and grew till it was a very upas tree, shadowing his love for the girl he named, in the one real love-letter of his which survives, "My beloved wife."

When the Smith family were in town, the lovers were able to meet only at night, and with considerable risk of discovery. Very early in the correspondence we find Madeleine firmly refusing to see L'Angelier, except when her father is obliged, by his work as an architect, to leave Glasgow for two or three days at a time. Then, and then only, did the girl consent, with the servant, Christina Haggart's, connivance, to admit her lover into the house. Even then, as can be imagined, their interviews were necessarily brief, and to Madeleine fraught with the dreadful knowledge that some trivial matter might at any moment bring her mother downstairs to discover the shameful truth.

Often the lover had to content himself with a whis-

(Continued on page 22)

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VAUDEVILLE INVADED BY THE NOBILITY

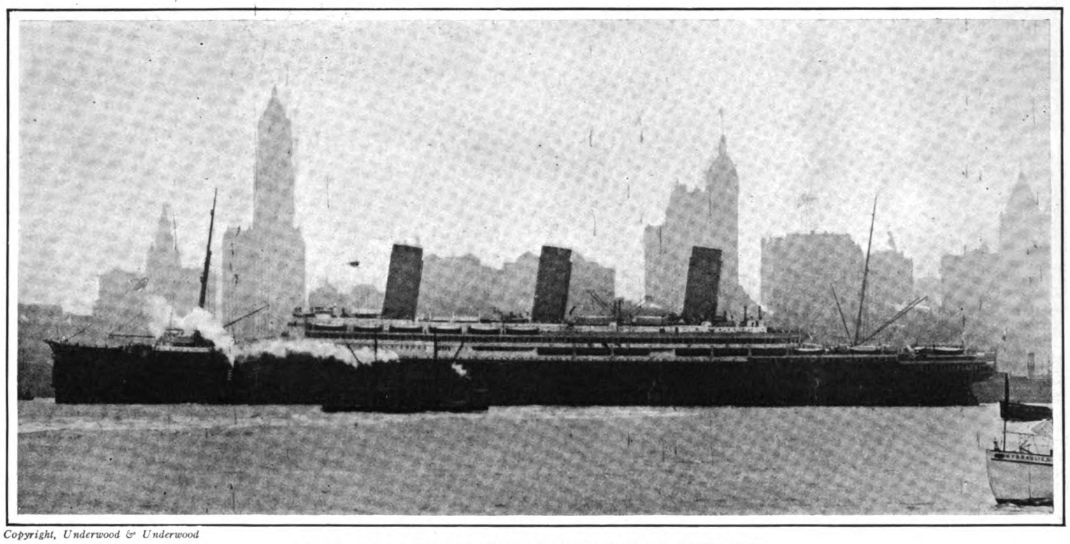
LADY CONSTANCE STEWART-RICHARDSON HAS BEEN APPEARING ON THE VARIETY STAGE IN NEW YORK IN A SERIES OF ECCENTRIC DANCES



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PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT

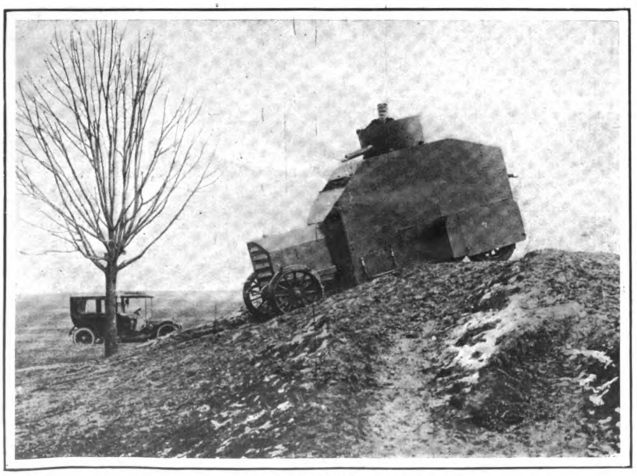
WHOSE BOOK, GIVING HER IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA AND AMERICANS AS OBSERVED DURING HER RECENT VISIT HERE, WAS WITHDRAWN FROM PUBLICATION BY THE WISH OF QUEEN MARY OF ENGLAND



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THE BIGGEST SHIP PASSING THE TALLEST BUILDING

THE "IMPERATOR" STEAMING PAST THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING ON HER FIRST AMERICAN APPEARANCE. THE NEW HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINER IS 919 FEET LONG, WHILE THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING TOWERS 750 FEET ABOVE THE STREET LEVEL. THE SHIP HAS ACCOMMODATIONS FOR 2425 PASSENGERS, BESIDES CARRYING A CREW OF 1180 MEN. SHE COVERED HER MAIDEN TRIP IN SIX DAYS FIVE HOURS AND FOURTEEN MINUTES



WAGING WAR IN AUTOMOBILES

THE NEW ARMORED MOTOR-CAR RECENTLY ADOPTED BY THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT. SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS ARE BEING CONDUCTED WITH IT ON THE HILLS OF TRIPOLI, AND THE MACHINES HAVE BEEN INSTALLED AS A PART OF THE REGULAR DEFENSE THERE

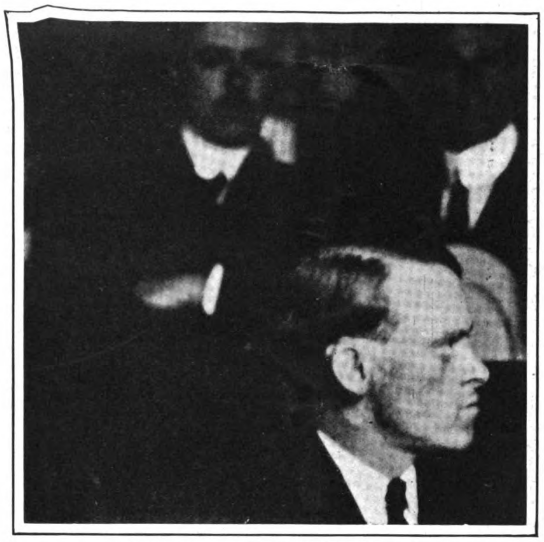


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VINCENT ASTOR AND HIS NEW MOTOR-BOAT

MR. ASTOR HAS SEVERAL BOATS AND THIRTY AUTOMOBILES—SAILING AND MOTORING ARE HIS TWO FAVORITE DIVERSIONS

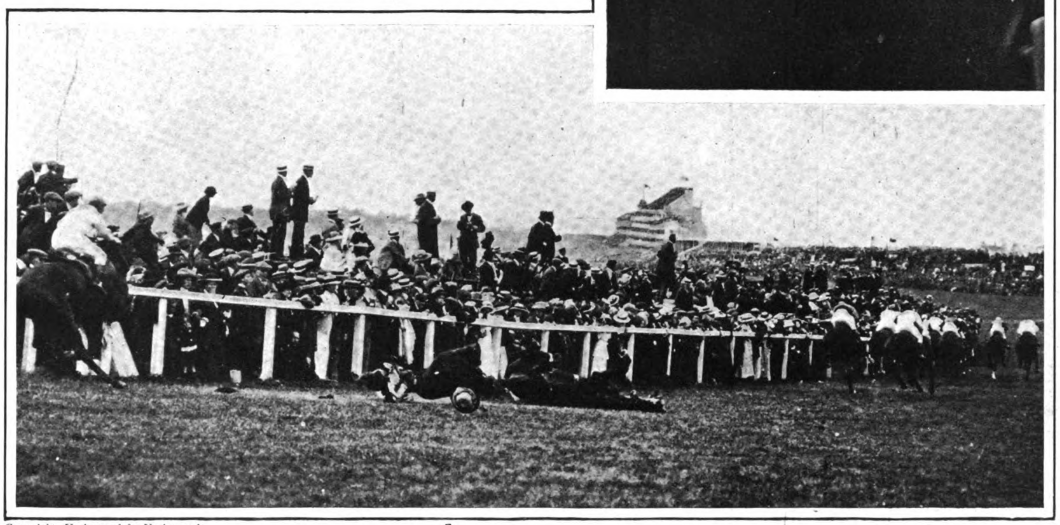
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DOUGHERTY ON THE WITNESS-STAND

THE "GREEN" ENGINEER OF THE WRECKED EXPRESS ON THE NEW HAVEN ROAD, TELLING HIS DRAMATIC STORY OF AIR-BRAKES THAT FAILED TO WORK, AND OF HIS INABILITY TO REVERSE THE ENGINE





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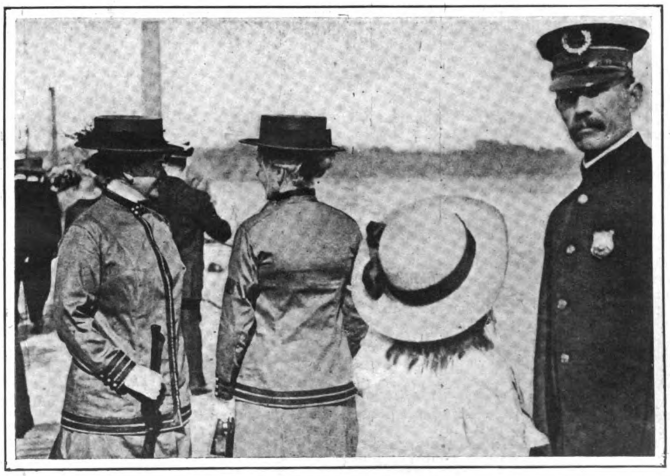
THE REMARKABLE ACCIDENT AT THE DERBY RACE

SNAP-SHOT TAKEN AT THE MOMENT THAT EMILY DAVISON, THE MILITANT SUFFRAGETTE, STOPPED THE KING'S HORSE, ANMER, RECEIVING INJURIES FROM WHICH SHE DIED A FEW DAYS LATER. ABOVE IS HARRY JONES, THE KING'S JOCKEY, WHO WAS ALSO PAINFULLY INJURED. THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN WHILE HE WAS RETURNING TO LONDON SHORTLY AFTER THE ACCIDENT



"EVERY MAN HIS OWN CHAUFFEUR"

HARRY LAUDER, "THE WORLD'S MOST ECONOMICAL COMEDIAN," BELIEVES THAT HALF THE PLEASURE IN MOTORING LIES IN DRIVING THE CAR HIMSELF



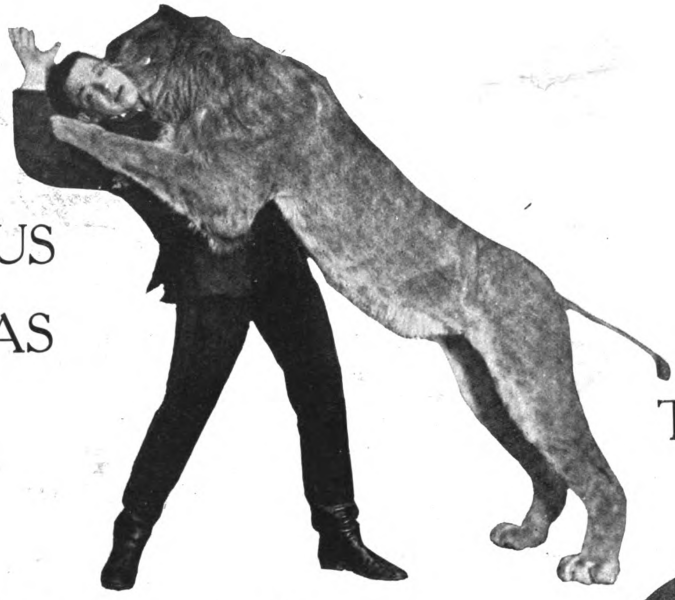
NEWPORT'S WOMEN POLICE

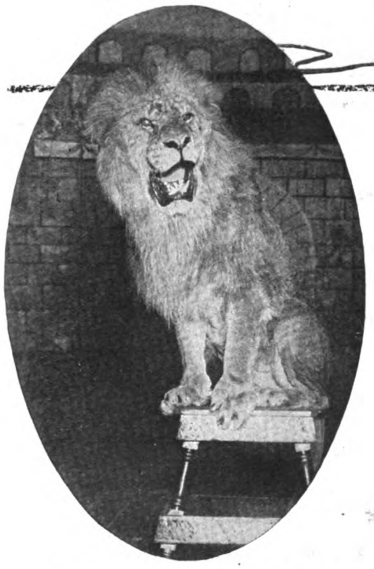
THE MAYOR OF NEWPORT HAS APPOINTED TWO WOMEN OFFICERS OF THE LAW. THEIR DUTIES WILL CONSIST CHIEFLY IN WALKING UP AND DOWN THE BEACH, WATCHING FOR "MASHERS"

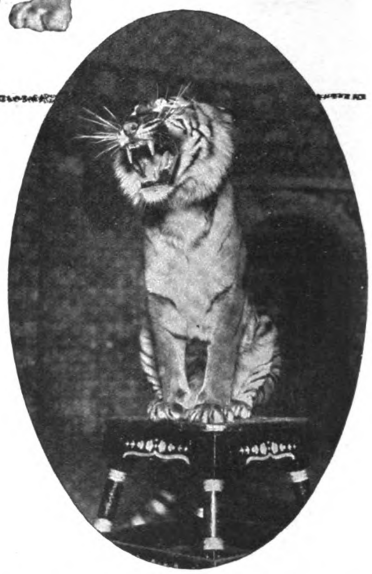
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DANGEROUS DILEMMAS OF WILD ANIMAL TRAINERS







BY ELLEN VELVIN

One of the foremost experts in this country on the handling of wild animals in captivity is a woman—Ellen Velvin. Miss Velvin has visited and studied all the celebrated collections of wild animals in North and South America and in Europe. She has known the leading animal trainers of the world, and has experimented under them and observed their methods. In a highly specialized branch of animal psychology—the psychology of wild creatures in captivity and under training—she has no equal.

In this issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY, *Miss Velvin begins a new series of articles, dealing with some of the most critical wild animal problems that have come within her experience.*

AMONG the many varied and peculiar occupations of man to earn a living, that of a wild animal trainer is perhaps one of the most unique. His work is unlike that of any other on the face of the earth; his hours are long and tedious; he lives in a constant state of excitement and nerve strain; and if he has the interests of his animals at heart—and no man ever makes a success of this peculiar calling unless he has—his work is never finished.

After a day of incessant activity—for trainers sometimes begin their rehearsals as early as four in the morning—he generally retires at about twelve o'clock at night, tired and weary. But at the slightest signal of uneasiness among his animals—and night is the restless time for the wild beasts of the forest—he is up and among them, with a light in his hand, quieting them and making sure that everything is all right.

The majority of wild animal trainers take such keen interest in their animals that they overwork. They watch with delight the progress of each animal; and when, after months of incessant labor, the success of an "act" is assured, they are as proud as a man taking his degree at college.

But a man must possess unusual qualities to succeed in this calling. The love of wild animals comes first, of course; but this is only a small item among the many other essentials. In the olden days it used to be considered that an animal trainer, or "tamer" as they were then so erroneously called—for no wild animal is ever tamed—must be a rough, strong, and somewhat brutal individual, in order to obtain any sort of control over the wild beasts.

Quiet Men Make the Best Trainers

BUT at the present time this idea has been dismissed entirely. It has been proved that those who have the greatest power and control over wild animals are the quiet, resourceful, and good-tempered people. A man must, in the first place, have complete control over himself, and must possess a placid disposition. A man who gets excited is worthless as a trainer. Excitement communicates itself to wild animals in a most remarkable manner, and one of the great factors in training is to calm, not excite.

Physical agility is also absolutely necessary—not a quick, nervous agility, for this the animal would not understand, but an agility that consists in quick, quiet movements and a lightning-like appreciation of the animals' varied moods and movements. Strength and good health, patience and plenty of nerve, are other essential qualities.

There are, of course, certain rules and methods of training wild animals; but, generally speaking, each trainer has his own peculiar ways and tricks of teaching them. What will succeed with some animals will not succeed with others. Each man must go his own way and do as he thinks best; and this is why it is sometimes so puzzling to the general public to realize all that the gestures mean.

As lions always played a prominent part in the exhibitions of the ancients, so at the present time they are, perhaps, among the most interesting of all the performing wild animals. The largest group of lions ever trained to perform together were the twenty-seven trained by Captain Bonavita, which were exhibited in all parts of the world. Captain Bonavita is one of the quietest trainers I have ever seen. Calm, placid, self-possessed, he would walk about among this herd of lions, speaking to one, touching up another who perhaps did not seem inclined to do as he was told, compelling a third by quiet insistence to mount his pedestal, making a fourth move one leg to show a good pose, etc.

Bonavita Disciplines a Refractory Lion

HE was in Richmond, Virginia, one day, teaching his lions a new trick. He thought he would give them one hour that morning, and another the next day, and so on. But, for some reason or other, one lion absolutely refused to do anything he was told. It is not always wise to force a lion when in this mood; but, turning to the others, Bonavita made them all get into certain positions, and then gave his attention to the disobedient animal.

For two solid hours the man and the beast defied each other. The lion would refuse, with a snarl; growl a little, make a rush forward, and then stop suddenly before the stolid figure of the trainer. Then he would walk round and round the arena in a slinking, sly manner, while the trainer turned round and round too, watching him until he must have been quite dizzy. After this the lion would sit down on his haunches for a while. The same thing would happen again and again. But he would not get up on the pedestal, which was the only empty one in the arena.

Meanwhile, the other lions became tired of sitting on the pedestals. Some of them yawned, some began to get down. And now came the great danger. Any trainer is supreme master while he keeps on his feet, but once down he has no chance whatever. It is the signal for an immediate attack, and the trainer was now likely to be knocked down at any moment. When one lion gets down, all the others follow, and, moreover, it is impossible to teach one stubborn animal while twenty-six others are parading round.

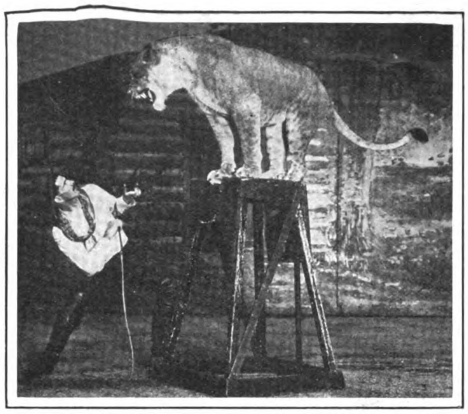
To give in now would have been fatal. So a signal was given, the arena doors were opened, and all the other lions were sent back to their different cages, Bonavita himself going with them, leaving the one lion alone in the arena. I was amused to see the lion, as soon as he was alone, go up to the very pedestal which he had so persistently refused to mount, and smell it carefully. As he smelled he growled. Then he walked round the arena, went up a second time to the pedestal, and smelled it again. After this he sat down, settled his head comfortably on his huge paws, and was half asleep when the trainer returned.

The same thing was repeated with the same results. The lion began to get excited and angry—he had not been punished in any way, but he was evidently tired of it; while the trainer was white and perspiring. At last the lion lay down again, and then suddenly, without the least sign of reluctance, got slowly up, stretched himself, walked over to the pedestal, and mounted it! There was no more trouble after this. He went to his cage like a lamb, and the next day, when told to mount, got up instantly, looking far away into the distance in that indifferent manner which all lions have.

Trapped in the Dark with Frightened Lions

BUT it was with this very lion—Merrimac—that Bonavita had such a terrible experience not long afterward. While putting his lions back, after a performance, the electric lights suddenly went out, leaving him in the narrow runway in total darkness with the lions. He was at the extreme end where there was no exit. As the other performances were still going on, the noise and confusion among the audience can be imagined. It was quite useless, therefore, to call or shout for help, as no one would have heard him. This was one of the most terrible dilemmas. Even had he called and had any one

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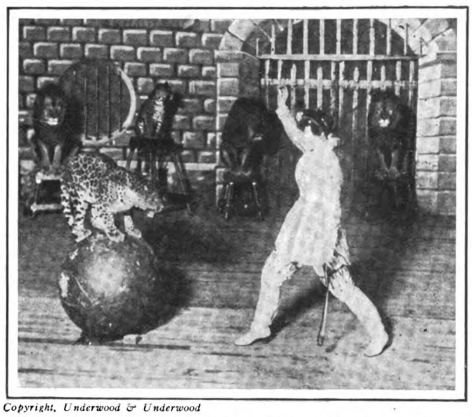


A dangerous act—putting a lioness where she can spring. This is one of the least showy and most dreaded parts of the performance

was Merrimac in the very act of springing! But the sudden brilliance of light, another crack of the club on his nose, and a peremptory order from his trainer so confused the lion that he turned round and went into his cage like a tame dog. With a supreme effort, Bonavita put the other lions in their cages, but was found soon afterward by a trainer at the entrance of the runway, in a swoon. The strain and effort had been too much even for him. It was considered by all the other trainers that he owed his life entirely to his wonderful presence of mind and his cool, quiet behavior.

Twenty-seven Lions Fight at Rehearsal

AT another time Bonavita had been putting all his lions through a rehearsal, when one of the lions suddenly appeared to discover that a strange lion had been



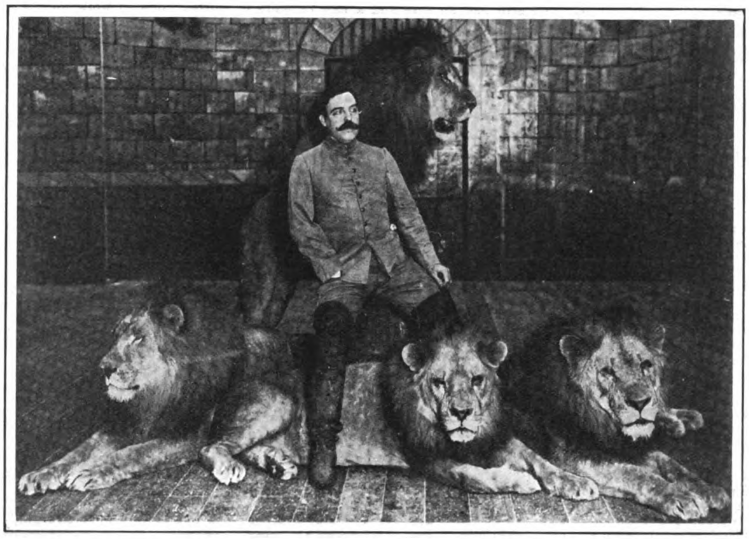
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Leopards are always unwilling performers, but their agility and intelligence enable them to achieve remarkable results

heard his cries, I doubt whether any man would have been found brave or foolhardy enough to venture in a dark passage with a number of frightened wild beasts.

Fortunately, Bonavita had his club with him, and this he kept swinging in a circle in front of him. He could hear, even in the midst of the commotion outside, the heavy breathing of the lions, and knew instinctively that one was moving toward him. When the club suddenly came in contact with something, and a roar followed, he knew that he had hit a lion, and that the lion must have been very close.

He dared not stop swinging the club for a moment, although his arms ached and he was getting exhausted. But when he struck the lion a second time, and actually felt himself touched by a paw, he determined to keep at it until he dropped. The danger was, however, that the lion would spring upon him. In this case nothing could have saved him, for the weight of the lion would have thrown him down. When he had become dizzy from the strain and the constant swinging of the club, the lights suddenly came on again, and there



CAPTAIN BONAVITA, THE "QUIET" TRAINER

Bonavita's specialty is the handling of large groups of lions—he has exhibited as many as twenty-seven in one act. Although he lost his right hand in one encounter with a lion, he is still one of the most skilful trainers in the world, owing his success to his extraordinary tact with animals

the act the trainer lashed his heavy whip, making it crack harshly, pulled the lions about (not hurting them, however), and generally made an exciting performance.

A Lady Who Feeds Her Lions by Hand

MISS CLAIRE HELIOT, although kindness and gentleness itself to her lions, always shouted at them. Never did she in any performance treat them quietly. She had a high, pleasant voice, but to keep up those somewhat shrill orders all through her performance must have been a great strain in itself. She explained it to me by saying that they could not hear her otherwise, while the band was playing.

And yet, downstairs, when she was talking to them, she spoke in the softest of voices, and petted them continually. She never allowed any one to feed them but herself, and let them actually take the meat out of her hands. It was a most dangerous and risky thing to do, and, as she gave it to them in very small pieces,—first ascertaining that it had been warmed to just the right temperature,—they sometimes grew very im-



One of the most difficult feats is to teach an elephant to stand on its head

in the arena just before. (All lions are fearfully jealous, especially of a newcomer.) The lion stopped his performance, got off his pedestal, went over to the corner, and sniffed suspiciously. This induced another lion to go over and see what he was sniffing at.

The first lion promptly turned round and bit the second. Needless to say, lion number two retaliated just as promptly, and before any one could realize what was happening, the whole lot had joined in and were fighting as fiercely and viciously as if they were in their native state. The trainer was in danger of his life every moment. He was likely to be knocked down and trampled upon; he was just as likely to be bitten and clawed as any of the lions, not to mention being lashed across the face with the hard, ropy tails of the animals, which give terrific blows.

Without a moment's hesitation, he began to climb and jump over the backs of the animals. More than once he nearly lost his footing; but he knew it was a matter of life and death, and, as so many times before, he saved his life by his quiet self-possession and pluck. He managed to reach the door at the back of the arena, and, once safely on the other side, there was nothing to do but to let the lions fight it out among themselves.

And fight it out they did, and a most sorry-looking sight they presented the next day, with bleeding skins and torn heads and noses, many of them half blinded from the swellings of their eyes. But they had relieved their feelings, and after that quieted down; and as soon as their wounds healed they became as good performers as before. It is a curious fact that lions generally have a good fight among themselves after an ocean voyage, and, no matter how seasick they may have been, they always appear to become more comfortable and contented afterward.

A curious contrast to Bonavita's training of lions is that of J. Glass, a trainer who performed with seven lions at the New York Hippodrome a short time ago. The lions belonged to the family of Lukens, and were big, well developed animals. But all through



It took Mlle. Allarty three years to train the only trick dromedary in the world

(Continued on page 25)

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BROADVIEW—A BOYS' COMMONWEALTH

BY

ELIZABETH HUNTER AND ARTHUR E. McFARLANE



The new school-boy

IN the autumn of 1909 Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, received a deputation from a commonwealth of which he had never heard before; and although that deputation consisted of a Governor, two Cabinet Ministers, a Councilor, and two distinguished private citizens, only the Governor was more than seventeen years old. Nevertheless, Sir Wilfred, being a Frenchman and a statesman, betrayed no surprise. As his visitors were introduced in turn, he received them with all the deference that the great State owes to the small one.

Here is the dialogue:

"Albert Joel, Councilor."

"Mr. Joel, this is *indeed* a privilege!"

"Harold Steele, Minister of Finance."

"Your visit, Mr. Steele, places Ottawa under an infinite obligation."

"Bert Ferriman, Minister of Athletics."

"Minister of—Athletics! In this hour I learn what the newspapers have been endeavoring to teach us for the last twenty years. What the Dominion, what every modern country, needs is a Minister of Athletics!"

And once more the Premier of Canada congratulated the Governor of Broadview upon being the head of a commonwealth so progressive, so truly representative, so manifestly inspired.

For its beginning, all this goes back ten years to the day when a certain big, beaming Canadian master printer, Christopher Joseph Atkinson by name, haltered himself with a nineteen-thousand-dollar mortgage, and gained possession of a small estate in a thickly populated quarter of Toronto known as Riverdale, with Broadview Avenue for its main thoroughfare. Riverdale, according to the Inspector of Public Schools, had more boys to the acre than any district in the city, and a great deal more than its share of juvenile delinquency. Well, Atkinson had an instinct for boys. For twenty-five years he had been teaching them in printing-office and Y. M. C. A. classes, in slum school and Provincial Reformatory. He had organized three hundred of them into a Boys' Brigade. He had studied them in practice and in theory; and he had come at last to feel that he had hit upon a big and basic idea for getting hold of them, for keeping hold of them through the danger years in a boy's life, the years from twelve to eighteen,—and for giving them in the mean time a kind of education which all his own life experience had taught him ought to be exceedingly well worth while. But a first condition was the assuming of that nineteen-thousand-dollar mortgage. He assumed it. His friends told him that he was simply "a great big fool." He answered that it would be a satisfaction, anyway, to be big in something. And with prayerfulness, a native and unconquerable hopefulness, and a capital that people laughed at, he went ahead and started the "Broadview Boys' Institute."

The property covered by the mortgage consisted of a large house and five and a half acres of land. More than half of the land he turned into an athletic field. He made it a good one, too, for he wanted it to be a magnet for every sport-loving boy in the district. It very soon became so. But the athletics may be allowed to go without saying. His accompanying move was to make the house itself a second magnet by offering it as a meeting-place for all boys who had *hobbies*—boys who kept rabbits, pigeons, bantams, or guinea-pigs; boys who collected stamps or coins, insects, curiosities, "specimens," souvenir buttons or post-cards. The bid was comprehensive, for he was for all sorts, and he got them all. Then he invited them to form themselves into "hobby clubs," each under its appropriate name. A two-dollar membership fee covered everything—and, where it was necessary, an opportunity was given to earn this.

Learning to Do by Doing

THE motto he had given his Institute was *Learn to do by doing.* And he designed to make it a miniature world in which the boy should, during his Institute hours,—after work or school and in the evening,—live the life of a boy in such a manner as to prepare him for the life of a man. The master printer believed that such hours could be made more absorbing, more engrossing, for both mind and body than the lure of gang or street-corner. And how far this "new way with boys," as he called it, was to be carried should rest with the boys themselves. Meanwhile he went to work to fence those boys about in a whole series of "holding-frames."

He still had an acre and a half or more of vacant land. He divided this into seventy-two ten-by-forty-foot "farms." Every boy who leased a "farm"—actual lease forms were used—might plant and grow what he chose, and have the free disposal of all the produce raised. Of course, only seventy-two boys could be accommodated. "If you want to get boys into anything," he explained, "make it *hard* for them to get in. Try to keep them out. Always have a waiting list." (It was not long since, by so doing, he had increased his Boys' Brigade membership from seventeen to three hundred.) And those farms were taken immediately. When they were once under way, he went back to organizing the Institute proper.

He had already been arranging for evening classes. Equipment called for more money. He still had a little of his own. And his printing, continued by day,—and continued, too, for the next five years,—would always give him more, but not enough. "I had to begin to go around with the hat," he said; "I learned to beg." And the master printer confesses that to learn to beg was the hardest thing he ever had to do. But in that Broadview district there were a lot of wise-hearted mothers who were getting to know him through their boys; and, joining together without regard to class or creed, they provided the Institute with furniture. Fathers took hold and contributed carpentering and plumbing and wiring. Wherever it was in any wise possible, the boys were made to do the work themselves. And in some of those class-rooms the home-made crudity of the equipment—much of it is still in use—tells its own brave and simple story as we can never tell it here. [illegible] memorable was the day when from Sir William Macdonald of Montreal came the gift of a twenty-bench manual-training plant.

With this installed, teachers volunteered, and one by one those classes opened. Besides manual training there was printing—because that was something Atkinson himself could teach; there were designing and lettering; typewriting and business correspondence; music; free-hand and mechanical drawing; wood-carving and clay-modeling; domestic science, even cooking. Insidiously drawn in by hobby club and athletic field, more than three hundred boys put on aprons. And founder and teachers set themselves to make their classes interesting.

The printers-to-be were allowed to print score-cards and badges and team schedules. Music was made to mean the formation of a Broadview Band and Orchestra. Drawing also meant prizes for the first wild flowers. At the manual-training benches were produced toys, games, book-racks, specimen cabinets—all of which belonged unrestrictedly to their makers. "In one way," says the master printer, "a boy is as bad as a man; it's just about useless to try to get him to work for nothing."

Cooking—by Lord Strathcona and Jimmy Pink

THE cooking classes, regarded at first by most of the boys as profoundly *infra dig.*, were given *their* grip by a succession of irresistibly delectable "Tuesday teas." They were prepared and served by the boys themselves, although under the direction of two women teachers from a big school of domestic science downtown. And, from table-setting to polite conversation, all was done as things are done in high society. In other words, every Tuesday tea was given a second value as a school of manners.

When, a little later, Atkinson had occasion to talk of his Institute to Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner for Canada in London, president of the Hudson Bay Company, and a great many other things, the Broadview man hesitated to speak of those cooking classes. But they were exactly what caught the



The boys eat out of doors under a big tent. Most of them know how to cook—when the domestic science course was opened, three hundred boys put on aprons



Every year a stream of boys from the manual-training class flows into Toronto's big printing and engraving plants, its machine and carpenter shops and piano factories

(Continued on page 24)

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THE INFALLIBLE FINGER-PRINT



The finger-prints

BY

ARTHUR B. REEVE



of the author

"SUPPOSE the telephone rang, and Brooklyn asked, 'Have you anything on 25 over 27, 10 over 1, 18?' What would you do?"

The speaker is a square-shouldered man with a kindly keen twinkle in his eye. He stands in a room where a double line of a couple of dozen or so fixed desks and chairs face him, like a school-room. On the walls are a blackboard, charts, and enlarged photographs, while at one side is a battery of stereopticons, indexes, and files.

The uninitiated visitor rubs his eyes at the sight of the "pupils" in this school-room. They are grown men, fine-looking, intelligent fellows. And the charts and photographs—they are not like anything he ever saw in a school-room anywhere else before. There are fragments of noses, ears, eyes, foreheads, mouths. There are curious collections of drawings, and enlargements of gently curving lines that resemble the scroll-like patterns on the old maps denoting the borders of bays, gulfs, and oceans. What are all these hieroglyphics—a physiology lesson?

The "scholar" jots down the cryptogram message; and there is no uncertainty in his manner or face as he does so.

"I should look in the twenty-fifth pigeonhole of the twenty-seventh horizontal row of the cabinet," he begins. "Under nine ridges on the right index finger, over on the middle, under on the left index."

So he rattles on.

Training Men to Hunt Men

BY this time the reader has no doubt got his bearings. This is not a class in physiology. This is the new school for detectives at the headquarters of the New York Police Department in the imposing new granite and marble building on Center Street. Captain Joseph A. Faurot, head of the Bureau of Identification, the expert on finger-prints, the portrait parlé, and all manner of latest ideas in identification and apprehension of criminals, is "quizzing" a class of detectives, who are studying in this unique school all the mysteries of the new idea in tracking criminals. This New York school, in which the course lasts some five or six weeks, is a replica and extension of one that has existed for many years for the training of detectives in Paris under the famous Bertillon.

Volumes might be written on the various "lessons" that are crowded into this short course in which practically the entire detective force of New York is being instructed. Most of it is so new that it has not yet found its way into text-books. This article, however, deals only with part of it—with the marvelous new detective chiromancy, with those ten indelible marks of identification, the infallible finger-prints.

In the history of modern scientific criminology there have been few advances that have had to fight their way more bitterly against prejudice and opposition, and yet have won more surely, than the system of finger-printing. And, more than that, the victory has not been confined to criminology. In all sorts of official and civil life the vogue of the finger-print is to-day gaining rapidly, in the army and the navy, in civil service, in banks, in business.

Photography has failed. Our rogues' galleries, important adjuncts as they still are, have proved to be nothing but nets with big holes of escape through which the clever crook may easily wriggle. The Bertillon system of measurement is all right, if the measurements are correct. But, as we shall see, the "if" looms large. It remained for the finger-print to accomplish what no other system had accomplished. Here, at last, is the system whose introduction marks the end of alibi and alias.

Mark Twain Popularizes the Finger-Print Theory

ONE of the clearest and most graceful expositions of the finger-print theory is that of Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson" in his speech in defense of the twins:

> "Every human being carries with him from his cradle to his grave certain physical marks which do not change their character and by which he can always be identified—and that without shadow of doubt or question. These marks are his signature, his physiological autograph, so to speak; and this autograph can not be counterfeited, nor can he disguise it or hide it away, nor can it become illegible by the wear and the mutations of time . . . This signature is each man's very own—there is no duplicate of it among the swarming millions of the globe!
>
> "Upon the haft of this dagger stands the assassin's natal autograph, written in the blood of that helpless and unoffending old man who loved you and whom you all loved. There is but one man in the whole earth whose hand can duplicate that crimson sign!"

Twenty years ago these facts were not so well known as they are to-day. Now almost any schoolboy knows, at least vaguely, that the surfaces of the hands and feet of men and monkeys are covered with minute ridges which form regular systems, though the ridges themselves are not always perfectly regular. These ridges are studded with microscopic pores, the raised entrances to deep-seated sweat-glands which it may be their purpose to elevate, as well as to aid the nerves in the sense of touch. As the late Sir Francis Galton, who may properly be called the father of the finger-print theory, put it, "Let no one despise the ridges on account of their smallness, for they are, in some respects, the most important of all anthropological data."

These ridges, it is interesting to note, are prominent on the hands and feet of the man-like apes, as well as on the under surface of the prehensile tail of many primates. They are, perhaps, a relic in us of our arboreal days, for they certainly enable us to get a better grip. If they are worn off the grip is bad, and they are most prominent on the hands of manual laborers. Moreover, in certain mild emotions it is the hands and feet that perspire, while the rest of the body is comparatively unaffected. The ridges probably act as little suckers, but not so as to render sluggish an attempt to release the grip. Air is let in along the depressions between the ridges, making possible quick movements.

For instance, it has been found that the fear of falling, as in our "falling dreams," automatically increases the exuding of perspiration. A slightly moist hand gives a better grip than a dry hand. Practically nothing, say the physiologists, has been added to the machinery of the emotions since our forefathers lived and fought and fled in the tree-tops. A damp hand then denoted fear. It does so to-day. And one of the very interesting appliances from the psychological laboratory which it has been proposed to use in the detection of crime, in a scientific "third degree," has to do with this fact of the damp hand.

How to Take an Impression

TO return to finger-prints. All that is necessary to take them is a piece of glass, or a piece of polished copper, a bottle of printer's ink, and a roller to spread the ink very, very thinly over the glass or metal. Carefully smoked glass may be used, as well as an ordinary inking-pad designed for rubber stamps; while several prepared papers have been placed on the market, with varying success.

In taking prints, the fingers must first be cleansed so as to remove everything from the hollows between the ridges. There are two kinds of impressions that are then taken, the rolled and the flat. If you place the right thumb with the nail at right angles to the flat surface on which you rest it, and roll it over, pressing only slightly on the bulb of the thumb as you turn it over through a half circle, you will have a rolled impression, giving the full detail of the marking as if a half cylinder has been impressed on the paper.

In taking finger-prints in the standard manner, the right hand is taken first, the thumb, index, middle, ring, and little fingers in order. This is repeated on the other hand in the same order, rolling from right to left on the right hand, from left to right on the left. Finally, at the bottom of a standard finger-print blank, the four fingers of the left hand are taken, and then of the right, holding them all close together and laying them simultaneously first on the ink-slab and then on the paper. These latter impressions are known as "flat" and are taken as a check against getting any of the separate rolled impressions out of order.

All Finger-Prints Run in One of Three Patterns

THERE are three general types of patterns in finger-prints, the arch, the loop, and the whorl, to which may be added a fourth known as the composite. In the arch the ridges run from one side to the other in parallel curving lines, making no backward turn, and devoid of twists. In some arches the center is raised like a tent, and they are known as "tented arches."

The loop has a pitchfork or hair-pin, making a complete turn, as the name "loop" indicates. Loops are never exactly parallel to the median line of the finger, but turn one way or the other. If the angle is toward the inner side, the thumb, it is known as radial; if toward the outer or little finger direction, ulnar, named after the bones of the forearm, the radius and ulna bones. Sometimes there are two loops, one in each direction, on one finger, known as "twinned loops."

In the whorl the ridges have a vortex arrangement around a central nucleus, the ridges making a turn through at least one complete circuit. In some cases there is a little "pocket" in the pattern of the print, either a central or a lateral pocket. Often two or more of the three general types are combined in one finger, known as a composite. There are also what are called "accidentals."

An Indestructible Signature

THE fine work comes in when the markings of a particular print are compared with those of another on file, to prove the identity of the two. For the most minute marks persist, the same, from the cradle to the grave. Fingers grow, but the convolutions of the ridges in childhood are the same in old age, except in size. Faces change, but not finger-prints. Galton once compared prints taken at all ages, and among more than seven hundred pairs found only one small ridge cleft in a child which in later years was apparently united, a change so small as to be negligible. The ridges are like threads in lace. Distort the lace as you will, the threads are still there in the same mutual relations. Fingers grow fat or lean; the patterns remain the same. Indeed, they do more than that. The general pattern is found in the fingers of the unborn babe, and has been studied accurately in mummies from Egypt, thousands of years old.

Identifying Jezebel

GALTON calculated that the chance that one finger-print would be the same as another was one in sixty-four thousand millions; that is, if the population of the world were forty times what it is, there would then be the probability of one person having finger-prints the same as another. Dr. Balthazard, the French medico-legal expert, recently presented to the Academy of Sciences some extraordinary figures to demonstrate the impossibility of error. If the population of the earth is taken as 1,500,000,000, and a generation considered as a third of a century, there would then be some 5,000,000,000 people each century, each with ten fingers, making 50,000,000,000 prints. By dividing each finger-print into one hundred squares, and calculating the possible combinations of variations in the ridges, he arrives at the conclusion that, theoretically, two identical finger-prints would be found only once during a period of years whose ciphers would take up a couple of lines of type—a period longer than that which astronomers estimate is needed for the sun to grow cold.

Thus, as Galton remarked, when Jezebel was devoured by the dogs and nothing of her was left but her skull, the palms of her hands, and the soles of her feet, so that no man might say, "This is Jezebel," in reality that was just how a modern scientist could have been sure that it was Jezebel!

London newspapers awhile ago contained a circumstantial story of how, at last, finger-prints had broken down. Finger-prints of a man accused of a crime were shown to a magistrate to prove that



New York bank depositors impress three fingers of the right hand on a card which is filed with the paying teller

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the man had been previously convicted. But it was also proved that this man was serving in the army at the time. A week later, however, finger-prints were vindicated. It was found that the man had stolen the proofs of service of another, and that he had never been in the army.

This was something like a recent case in America, where, for certain reasons, a man gave himself up as a deserter from our army and was sent to a Western United States penitentiary. His finger-prints were taken and referred to the War Department. There it was found that he had never been a United States soldier. Finger-prints convicted this man of innocence, and his scheme fell through. In fact, the system has time and again proved itself so infallible that a writer of detective fiction, in a recent story, could find no way in which to beat the system except to have the clever criminal cut off his fingers and grow new ones by the ultra-modern methods of the new surgery!

A Historic Finger-Print Case in India

AMONG the historic finger-print cases in India was that of the manager of a tea-garden in the Jalpaiguri district. He was found lying in bed, his throat cut, his despatch-box and safe rifled, and several hundred rupees had been carried away. The Indian police at once rounded up a number of suspects. The man had been a hard task-master, and it was thought that perhaps some of the coolies in the garden had murdered him. But, in looking over the ground, the police found suspicious blood-spots on the clothing of the cook.

Not to let any possibility escape, the relatives of a woman with whom the murdered man had had a liaison were placed under surveillance, as well as a servant whom he had once had imprisoned for theft, Kangali Charan. Besides these, a wandering band of natives excited suspicion. Further investigation, however, soon eliminated the band of natives, the woman's relatives, and the coolies. Inquiry showed that the servant had been released within a week, but had not been seen in the neighborhood. The cook asserted vehemently that the stains were of pigeon's blood from a bird that he had killed.

It so happened that among the papers in the despatch-box was a calendar in book form printed in Bengali. It had a light-blue cover, and on this cover two faint brown smudges appeared. Under the glass they were seen to be impressions of fingers, and the chemical examiner of the government demonstrated that they were marks of mammalian blood. The murderer or an associate had placed his bloody thumb on the book while hunting for the key to the safe. In the murdered man's own blood the murderer had signed the warrant for his own arrest. But who was the murderer, the cook or the ex-servant?

The central office of the Bengali police was appealed to, and they hunted through their classified finger-print records. The bloody fingers corresponded exactly with a set on file. Meanwhile the report of the chemical analyst said that the spots on the cook's clothes were really of pigeon's blood. Kangali was finally located a hundred miles away, and taken to Calcutta. There his finger-prints were again taken. The prints on the book, in the police records, and those taken after the arrest, all agreed. The proof was overwhelming—calculated by Sir Edward Henry at over one million to one against him. The judges convicted Kangali of having stolen the property, but held it unsafe to convict him of murder, as no one had seen the deed committed. To-day there would be no such hesitation.

The Convict in the Billiard-Room

THE first case in Great Britain in which the evidence of finger-prints was solely relied on to convict a man occurred in 1902. A billiard-room in a house in Denmark Hill had been broken into and robbed, and the thief had used part of a dust-cover in which to carry off the stolen property. There was no clue, apparently, to the murderer. But the police, in going carefully over the billiard-room, found that the woodwork of the window-frames had been quite recently painted and was not yet dry. On this newly painted woodwork they found the fresh imprint of a thumb. Sergeant Collins, one of the officers in charge of the records of finger-prints kept at Scotland Yard, who had had special training in the system, was at once notified, and he immediately photographed the single print—a slender thread, it would seem. Here were, not ten fingers, but only one. Still, there was no difficulty in deciding it to be a thumb, and the left one.

Four nights later a burglary was perpetrated in Herne Hill, and there the dust-cover that had been taken from Denmark Hill was left behind. It was clearly the same criminal in each case. Plate and valuables amounting to six hundred dollars were taken.

It would have taken a long time to go through all the records on file, laboriously comparing this left thumb-print with those filed. Fortunately, it proved to be unnecessary. The police knew the kind of man who would be most likely to undertake such a job, and among those whom they suggested was a man named Harry Jackson. His prints were already on file. The moment Collins saw them he knew he had the right man. But Jackson could not be found in any of his regular haunts.

Six weeks later, in the early morning, a noise was heard on the roof of a public house in Brixton. The constables were called, and a man was seen on the roof. They gave chase, and the man dropped a bag of tools that showed him to be a house-breaker. Over roofs, and finally into a garden, he was followed and captured. It was Harry Jackson.

So far the case had been ordinary enough. But it was novel in this respect—the single finger-print on the window-sill. That connected the man with two previous robberies. The sergeant at once compared it with the finger-print of the prisoner himself and the record on file. The three agreed absolutely.

But would the court accept such evidence? Would it go even as far as in the Kangali case? Here was evidence to establish identity of a kind never before used before a jury in an English criminal court. The prisoner stoutly swore his innocence. Nevertheless, the authorities went ahead and presented their evidence, photographs, and explanation to the jury. The court did accept the evidence, and about a month later, in spite of the man's plea for leniency, he was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude in the Old Bailey. The precedent had been set. The first man had been convicted in England by means of finger-prints alone.

Since then innumerable cases have occurred where finger-prints have identified and convicted criminals—impressions on plated ware, drinking-glasses, bottles, cash-boxes, candles. An empty champagne bottle on the dining-room table of a house that had been burglarized in Birmingham was found to bear a finger-print. It was sent to London. Within a few minutes a duplicate impression was found in the files, and the burglar was arrested the same day.

In another case two finger-prints on a wine-glass convicted a notorious criminal of a robbery of a West End house where he had paused long enough to help himself to a drink. A cash-box bearing a blurred finger-print was found in the room of a man and his wife murdered in Deptford. Two brothers suspected of the crime were arrested, and the finger-print of one of them corresponded precisely with that on the box. A curious case was that of a thief who climbed a ten-foot gate, but in attempting to reach the ground his foot slipped from the center cross-bar. He had been holding the spikes on the top with his right hand. The ring on his little finger caught on one of the spikes, and his weight, as he fell, tore the finger from his hand. The ring and finger were found by the police, an impression and a search revealed a duplicate record on file, and the man was arrested.

The "Candle Burglar"

CLEARING up the mystery of the "candle burglar" added to the fame of the new system. The man was so called because he always had with him a tallow dip. This case involved the robbery of a house in Washington Square, New York, and its solution hinged upon the sweaty imprint of a thumb left by the thief on a soup-ladle. Captain Faurot, who has a memory for finger-prints better than most people have for faces, noticed that the print had the peculiarity of three "deltas." There was no print in the file which corresponded. But some weeks later a man was brought in for loitering about a pawnshop suspiciously. He was finger-printed. At once the peculiarity of one print flashed over Faurot. This was the candle burglar—there were the three deltas. Rather than stand trial, the man pleaded guilty and was sentenced. The soup-ladle he didn't take because it was plated landed him in Sing Sing.

While John G. Milburn, Jr., son of the noted corporation attorney, and his family were in Europe one summer, burglars entered their New York house and stole a number of valuables amounting to several thousand dollars. They even looted a small safe. There was no clue to them except a print of some fingers on a Tiffany glass clock. This became known speedily as the "clock case." From the prints in the dust on the glass, "Black" Cohen was promptly identified by comparison with similar prints on record. He was arrested by the mere lines on his fingers, and confessed. The other members of the gang were gathered in and much of the booty recovered. In another case, the "bath-room burglar," who made a practice of climbing to the roof of extensions and thus getting in by an unlocked bath-room window, was captured.

One of the many cases with a queer little human-interest touch is that which centers about a cut-glass rose-bowl. Three years ago a house in Flatbush, New York City, was entered, and most of the contents of the dining-room were taken. A canary bird, freed from its cage, was flying about the room. But among the things left behind was the bowl, on which the detectives found a blurred finger-print. It was photographed; but, as nothing like it was found in the files, the detectives had to wait. Three months later, in another part of Flatbush, a woman was killed by one of two burglars who had broken into her home. Her son wounded one of them severely, and later both men were captured. The wounded burglar protested that he was not a professional, and declared that this was his first crime. But Captain Faurot quickly discovered the similarity of his finger-prints with those on the glass bowl. He proved to be a convict of long standing.

"Why did you release the canary in that other robbery?" shot out Faurot, when he confronted the wounded man with the evidence against him.

"Well," he replied slowly, realizing that the game was up, "I'd just done time up the river myself, and I hated to see any creature shut up."

So far, finger-prints had secured indictments and convictions after the criminal had confessed or corroboratory evidence had been introduced. But the first case in which finger-prints alone secured a conviction in New York, when offered in open court before a jury, was that of the Italian criminal, Carlo Crispi. One night a loft building on Wooster Street was entered. A glass panel was removed from the door in order to avoid setting off the burglar alarm. The burglar had taken out the putty and leaned the glass against the wall, so as not to break it and attract attention. Then he had opened the door and taken some hundreds of dollars' worth of goods. On the glass were found the imprints of three fingers. The criminal had left something behind that was as good as his card or even his photograph. Crispi was recognized through prints already on file, and was arrested. But, with forethought, he had prepared a very careful alibi, and protested his innocence vigorously. Several persons swore that on the night of the robbery he was at the theater with a party including his wife, that they had returned, and Crispi had gone to bed. The accused man feigned amusement when the glass and marks were produced in court. But Captain Faurot's testimony was a sensational feature. Still the jury appeared skeptical. The expert offered to leave the room, to let any one touch the glass, and then to pick him out from finger-prints. He did so, and one of those in the court-room touched the glass. From a dozen or two finger-prints of those in the room Faurot quickly decided who had touched the glass. He went on to show how many points of identity there were in Crispi's prints and those on the glass—sixteen in one finger alone. Crispi's amusement changed to wonder and wonder to despair. He visibly lost courage before the precise demonstration of the peculiarities of his fingers as duplicated in the prints shown on the glass, broke down, confessed, entered a plea of guilty, and was sentenced. His story of the alibi, perhaps to save his friends, was that he did go to the theater, return and go to bed, but that after his wife was asleep he got up and went out to do the job. Whether that was true or not, finger-prints proved one thing—Crispi was the thief. This case gave the authorities much greater confidence in finger-print evidence.

Finger-Prints on Objects Soon Fade

AS a rule finger-prints on objects are valueless, however, after a few days, often hours. For instance, in one case the New York police found finger-prints on a safe that had been broken into. They found that the fingers belonged to a certain man who had a police record. At the trial his lawyer admitted the finger-prints for the sake of argument, but contended that his client might have been at the place some time before the robbery on legitimate business. The police replied that it could not have been so, that finger-prints thus made would have faded away. A test was made. Fingers of various persons were placed on a safe, and then five days later the safe was examined. The lawyer was in high glee when Faurot dusted some powder on the safe and faint smudges appeared. But when the smudges were examined and photographed it was sufficiently evident that the prints had faded so that they were valueless. The lawyer asserted he could identify them, but when he tried he failed utterly. The man was convicted and the fact was established that at least on some substances the oil and moisture left by the fingers are not permanent. In this way the plausible excuse is destroyed that the accused may have visited a place long before the crime on legitimate business.

In one case an express package containing six thousand dollars was opened and part of the money abstracted. The thief had resealed it, but the imprint of one of his fingers was left in the wax. The company ordered impressions taken of the fingers of all its employees. One man refused and ran away; he was overtaken and prints were secured. They proved to be the same as those on the seal; he confessed and returned the money.

The Wide Use of Finger-Prints

NEW YORK is probably the first city to use finger-prints in the case of minor charges. In that city they are now used in the night court for women. Two years ago finger-printing was authorized for prostitutes brought into this court, and the magistrate now knows the previous record in every case before him. The record for sixteen months shows that 2,937 persons have been brought before the court on this charge, some as many as ten times. Prints were taken 5,257 times with 2,320 identifications.

The immigration authorities have tried finger-prints in order to catch foreign criminals, but discarded the system after a short trial, not because it broke down, but merely because the government force was inadequate. Other uses that have been proposed for finger-prints are on passports, in civil service work, and lately for insurance companies. In the latter case it is urged that the dead can be identified and substitution or fraud made impossible, since a dead man's finger-prints are as good as those of the living.

Savings-banks have pretty generally taken up the finger-print lately, in addition to signatures and other identification records to prevent forgeries and frauds. There are now scores of banks in New York and other sections of the country where finger-prints are taken when an account is opened or money withdrawn. In this case the system is a little different from that already described. An ink-pad is used and three fingers of the right hand only are impressed on a card, which is filed with the paying-teller. It has been found that bank employes learn the system readily, that depositors do not object, not even the women. It is a fine system for banks having many illiterate depositors and prevents many swindles. The American Bankers' Association has indorsed the idea, though when it was first proposed conservative bankers believed that there would be considerable opposition due to prejudice since finger-prints were used in police work. Prejudice has been easily overcome and depositors often, realizing the protection, have actually asked for this protection. It is said forgery insurance. There is no record of any one ever having forged a finger-print. It might also be valuable on letters of credit, and one lawyer suggested it for the testator and witnesses in signing wills.

Finger-prints are now used in one way or another all over the world, and the recent Men and Religion Movement went on record as favoring finger-printing for [illegible]. Captain Faurot suggests a central bureau [illegible] finger-prints of every one might be filed. With the growth in the civil and commercial use of finger-prints the "stigma" is rapidly passing away. If finger-prints were in general use there would be no [illegible] election frauds, no more unidentified dead and no one [illegible] of "lost identity." New uses for finger-prints are constantly being discovered, and students of the subject confidently believe that some day it will become universal.

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"Hey, there! you feller in th' air-ship! Shift that cloud over my farm. I need rain"

INTERLUDES

FROM A JESTER'S NOTE-BOOK

IT is hardly yet time to vex ourselves over Dr. Hillis' prophecy that a hundred and fifty years hence our children will all be bald as a billiard-ball, but we see no reason why in this moment of calm we should not suggest as a measure of relief that when the time comes the manifest thing to do will be to get them a cue. As the editor of London "Punch" will probably say when he hears of the forecast, there will be the deuce toupee if something isn't done.

A Boston newspaper has for some time now been engaged in a commendable effort to ascertain "what is the meanest job in the world." Frankly, we have no decided convictions on the subject, but we should say offhand that next to trying to live in New York on a Schoharie income, the meanest job in the world would be trying to write an acceptable account of a baseball game with the style of a Henry James.

A German scientist rises to remark that a particle of water before evaporation has been in the ocean for 3,460 years. This may be an interesting item of general information, but the only reflection it inspires in us is the thought that if it is true it is no longer strange that sea-water should not be fresh.

A glance at certain modern statues is convincing evidence that, however successful a sculptor may be in imparting spiritual beauty to a homely face, all the genius from Phideas to Barnard has been utterly unable to glorify what some residents of the Hub still call "pants." It is doubtful if Rodin himself, with his chisel and a block of marble of the finest texture, could evolve a pair of trousers that even a Cubist would regard as a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

It is said that King George of England and the Czar of Russia look so much alike that they can only be told apart by their uniforms. If this be true, King George will do well to decline all invitations from his imperial cousin to join him in a plunge in any of the old swimmin'-holes of the latter's domain. It is possible even for a king to rise higher!

The average cost of an A.B. at one of our leading Eastern universities has recently been shown by authoritative figures to be $4,370. That is some cost! Kipling is said to receive only a dollar a word for his writings, but here is an investment that comes to $2,185 a letter!

PLEASANTLY PUT

"YES," said Senator Graphtor, with a deep sigh, "I often yearn deeply for the joys of private life."

"Well, by George, Senator," said one of his fellow townsmen enthusiastically, "Nobody deserves to be returned to them more than you do!"

DOMESTIC AMENITIES

"IF I had known I was to marry your whole family," said Binks ruefully, "I'd never have wasted seven dollars on an engagement ring for you."

"No?" said Mrs. Binks coldly.

"No," said Binks. "I'd have bought a seventy-five cent belt big enough to circumscribe the whole crowd."

CONSISTENT

"Now, this car is so constructed," said the agent, "that it can't possibly turn turtle."

"Well, I should say not!" said Jinks. "At the price you ask for it, it oughtn't to turn anything short of diamond-backed terrapin."

HARD TIMES

"IT'S pretty hard making a living these days," sighed Hankinson.

"You bet it is," said Blithers. "Why, even the fire-insurance people are getting to be careful. A fellow can't get more than thirty thousand dollars' insurance on a carpet-bag full of paraffine and excelsior!"

A MARVEL

"I TELL you, that woman is a wonder," said the druggist, as Mrs. Shoppynge left the pharmacy.

"How does she show it?" asked Slithers.

"Why, she just bought a two-cent stamp, and asked me to be sure to deliver it at her house before twelve o'clock!" said the druggist.

QUITE APPROPRIATE

"COULD you board my chauffeur during the summer?" asked the visitor of the rural landlady. "Perhaps I ought to explain that he is a negro."

"Wa-al," said the landlady reflectively, "I hain't never took colored people yit, but I dunno—I suppose, owin' to the death o' my brother Jim last spring, a few black boarders wouldn't be onfittin'!"

CUPID À L'ANGLAISE

"WHY, Cupid," said Psyche, "what have you done with your bow and arrow?"

"Thrown 'em away," said Cupid. "I've joined the Suffragettes."

"Oh, now!" protested Psyche. "Suffragettes are just as susceptible to love as any other women."

"I know that," smiled Cupid. "But they don't use bows and arrows—they use bricks."

UNCLE SILAS' WISH

"I WISH ter goodness they'd hurry up an' settle this here question about whether I'm to keep the postmastership or not," said Uncle Silas. "Holdin' out this way ez long ez they hev, how am I ter know whether th' administration's goin' t' be successful or not?"

THE RECKONING

"How do you reckon these great profits in your crematory?" asked Jiggles. "On the value of your plant?"

"No," said the manager, with a grin. "We don't plant. We calculate our percentages on our gross urnings."

UNCONSCIOUS CONTEMPT

"THE way of the transgressor is hard," said the Justice, as he fined Bildad for exceeding the speed limit.

"Not around here it ain't!" retorted Bildad. "I never saw such mushy roads in all my life."

"Ten dollars extry for contempt o' court," said the Justice.

"Why, I haven't said anything *about you, Judge*," protested Bildad.

"Yes, ye hev," retorted the Justice. "I'm Road Commissioner here as well as Jestice o' the Peace."

CUMULATIVE WOE

"BUT I haven't got fifteen dollars," protested the victim of the law.

"Oh, all right," said the Judge. "That bein' the case, we'll have to attach your car for fifty dollars more."

"Fifty dollars more?" demanded the victim. "What's the authority for that?"

"That's the penalty in this State for bringin' short lobsters to market," replied the Judge, with a sly wink at the Sheriff.

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NOT PROVEN

(Continued from page 13)

pered conference at his beloved's heavily barred window, which was on a level with the sidewalk. L'Angelier used to slip his letters down, so that they rested just below the window, and he put them, at Madeleine's suggestion, in brown envelops, that they might not be seen during the time that elapsed before she could take them in unobserved.

One can imagine how intolerable grew such subterfuges to a sensitive, irritable man whose only wish was to make the girl he loved his wife.

And then, as was bound to happen, there came the fatal day when L'Angelier heard a rumor of Madeleine's actual engagement to Mr. Minnoch. This is first proved by the stern epistle of what a press copy was found among his effects:

Mimi:
There is a foundation for what I have heard. You often go to Mr. M.'s house, and if you were not on the footing reported you could not do so.

Mimi, place yourself in my position. Show me if I am wrong in believing what I hear. I insist on having an *explicit* answer to the questions you evaded in my last letter. I must try and find some means of coming to the truth. I do not wish you to answer this at random. Answer me this, Mimi: who gave you the necklace you showed me? Was it Mr. Minnoch? Is it true that you are, directly or indirectly, engaged to Mr. Minnoch, or to any one else but me? These questions I must know.

May God bless you, pet, and with many fond and tender embraces,
Believe me, with love,
Your ever devoted husband,
EMILE L'ANGELIER.

Madeleine *was* engaged to William Minnoch; the necklace in question *had* been given to her by him, and her betrothal to her father's friend was already being bruited about Glasgow. And one wonders whether the following letter was in answer to L'Angelier's accusing and probing note, or whether other letters had passed between them in the meantime:

Emile:
I felt truly astonished to have my last letter returned to me. But it shall be the last you will have an opportunity of so returning. As there is coolness on both sides, our engagement had better be broken. This may astonish you, but you have more than once returned me my letters, and my mind is made up that I shall not stand the same thing again. Altogether, I think, owing to coolness and indifference (nothing else), we had better for the future consider ourselves as strangers. I trust to your honor as a gentleman that you will not reveal anything that may have passed between us. I shall feel obliged by your bringing me my letters and likeness on Thursday evening at seven. C. H. [the servant who had been their confidante] will take the parcel from you. I trust that you may be happy, and get one more worthy of you than am I.

And in an immensely long postscript:

You may be astonished at this sudden change—but for some time you must have noticed a coolness in my notes. I did once love you fondly, but for some time back I have lost much of that. It is but fair to let you know this. It has cost me much to tell you. It is better that you should know. I know you will never injure the character of one you so fondly loved. No, Emile; I know you are honorable and a gentleman.

To this letter L'Angelier sent no reply, and the unhappy girl wrote the next day:

I attribute it to your having a cold that I had no answer to my last letter. I again appoint Thursday night, seven o'clock.

AND then, at last, he seems to have answered, not only refusing to return the letters, but threatening to take these straight to her father! In reply to that awful threat there came this agonized note:

Emile:
I have just had your note. Emile, for the love you once had for me, do nothing till I see you. For God's sake, do not bring your once loved Mimi to an open shame. Emile, write to no one, papa or any other. Oh, do not, till I see you on Wednesday night! It would break my mother's heart. I am the most guilty, miserable wretch on the face of the earth. When I ceased to love you, believe me, it was not to love another. Emile, for God's sake, do not send any letters to my papa. It will be an open rupture. I will leave the house. Do nothing till I see you. One word to-morrow night at my window, or I shall go mad. Emile, you did love me! I did fondly, truly love you, too. Oh, dear Emile, be not so harsh to me! Oh, Emile, pray for me for a guilty wretch, but do nothing. Ten o'clock to-morrow night, one line, for the love of God!

Tuesday morning.

I am ill. God knows what I have suffered. My punishment is more than I can bear. Do nothing till I see you. For the love of heaven, do nothing! I am mad—I am ill.

There is no doubt that an interview between the two did take place—in fact, the servant who had been their confidante admitted as much. But during that interview L'Angelier, who had always shown himself a man of determined character, absolutely refused to return Madeleine's letters, or to abandon his intention of marrying her. He plainly told her that he would not allow the engagement to be broken—rather than that, he would place her letters in her father's hands. Mr. James Smith, once cognizant of the correspondence, would have no course open to him but to allow his daughter to become L'Angelier's wife.

It must have been just after this secret meeting that Madeleine, for the first time in her life, made an attempt to procure poison. She instructed the page-boy to try and purchase some prussic acid, which she said she required as a cosmetic. But the boy was unsuccessful in his quest.

Again we have a despairing letter from her to L'Angelier, which, so urgent was her need, she sent by hand:

Emile:
I have this night received your note. No one can know the intense agony of mind I suffered last night and to-day. Emile, my father's wrath would kill me. You little know his temper. For the love you once had for me, do not denounce me to my papa. Emile, if he should read my letters to you, he will put me from him—he will loathe me as a guilty wretch. I loved you, and wrote to you in my first ardent love. It was with my deepest love I loved you. I put on paper what I should not. I did so because I loved you with all my heart. If he or any other one saw those fond letters to you, what would not be said of me? On my bended knees I write to you, and ask you, as you hope for mercy on the judgment day, not to inform on me. Do not make me a public shame. You may forgive me, but God never will. For God's love, forgive me and betray me not. For the love you once had for me, do not bring down my father's wrath on me. It will kill my mother (who is not well). I am humbled before you, and crave your mercy. Will you not keep my secret from the world? Oh, do not, for Christ's sake, denounce me. Shame would be my lot. I did love you, and it was my soul's ambition to be your wife. I asked you to tell me my faults: you did so, and it made me cool toward you gradually.

And then comes the piteous and quite true statement:

Emile:
I have suffered much for you. I lost much of my father's confidence that September. [This was when their first innocent connection had been discovered.] And my mother has never been the same to me. No, she has never given me the same kind look. For the sake of my mother,—her who gave me life,—spare me from shame. Oh, Emile, will you, in God's name, hear my prayer? I have prayed that He might put it in your heart yet to spare me from shame. I am humbled to thus crave your pardon. I blush to ask you. Oh, for God's sake, for the love of heaven, hear me! I grow mad. I feel as if death would indeed be sweet. Denounce me not. Emile, Emile, think of our love. Pardon me if you can pray for me as the most wretched, guilty, miserable creature on the earth! I could stand anything but my father's hot displeasure. If he is to get these letters, I can not see him any more. And my poor mother! I should never more kiss her. Emile, will you not spare me this? Hate me, despise me—but do not expose me. I can not, can not write more. I am too ill to-night.

M.

No word from another pen could paint as vividly as do these piteous letters Madeleine's state of mind. She was, as we know, and as L'Angelier suspected, actually engaged to Minnoch. But, reading these agonized appeals, we feel that it was not Minnoch whom she thought of when inditing them—it was of herself, and of her relation to the father and mother she fondly loved.

Was Madeleine Smith, by L'Angelier's harshness, fraught to compass the death of a man whom she had once passionately loved?

To that question no certain answer can ever be given, for now we are in a world not of reality but of conjecture.

The two met again, but what took place at the interview will never be known. It is clear that the quarrel was so far composed—incredible as it now seems—as to allay and lull to rest L'Angelier's jealous fears of Minnoch. And once more we find Madeleine, in her letters to the young foreigner, adopting her old tone of affection.

But all the time her engagement to Minnoch was becoming more and more known in the town. She was receiving the congratulations of his friends and of hers; he was daily giving her presents; at last there came a day when the date of the wedding was fixed—and still L'Angelier kept securely in his possession the wretched girl's incriminating letters.

AND now the curtain rises on the final act in the drama.

Early in March, while dining with his friend, Miss Perry, L'Angelier casually informed her that he was to see Madeleine the following Thursday.

It was on that very Thursday night that he was seized with a sudden illness. He lay on the floor of his lodgings, so ill that he could not call assistance for some time; and when at last his landlady came and heard his moans, she thought that he would die. At last, after much suffering, he was relieved, and at the time those about him supposed that he had had a slight attack of the cholera then rife in Glasgow. *But the symptoms were also the symptoms of arsenical poisoning.* However, he recovered so completely that he was out on the following Saturday.

On the next Monday—not before, be it noted—Madeleine is known to have purchased some arsenic at the shop of the family chemist. She asked for the poison openly, saying that it was required to destroy rats in her father's country house.

Meanwhile, L'Angelier had been informed that he ought to have a change, and Madeleine wrote:

Dearest, Sweet Emile:
I am sorry to hear you are ill. I hope to God you will soon be better. Do not go to the office this week. I have not felt very well these last few days—sick and headache. Every one is complaining; it must be something in the air! I shall not be at home on Saturday, but I shall still be sweet love, to write, even if it should be the smallest word. Do not come and walk about and become ill again. You did look bad Sunday night and Monday morning.

Miss Perry afterward asserted, in the witness-box, that just about this time L'Angelier and she held a singular conversation. He said his love for Madeleine was a fascination, and he used the strange expression, "If she were to poison me I would forgive her." And that was said, according to Miss Perry, in connection with the very serious statement that his illness had followed his taking a cup of coffee or cocoa from Madeleine's hand.

When L'Angelier was about to leave Glasgow for change of air, Madeleine made a determined effort to persuade the young man to go to England—she suggested the Isle of Wight. L'Angelier did not take her advice, and in one of the only four letters that were found in his handwriting he said:

My Dear, Sweet Pet Mimi:
You must not blame me for feeling hurt. Your letters are so short, without a particle of love in them. And the manner you evade answering my questions fully convince me that there is foundation in your marriage with another. I can not travel five hundred miles to the Isle of Wight and five hundred miles back. The doctor says I must go to Bridge of Allan. What is your object in wishing me so very much to go south?

Those who later became her ardent advocates pointed out, quite reasonably, that her object was to insure that L'Angelier should be far away while the marriage to Minnoch actually took place. Once Madeleine Smith was Mrs. Minnoch, it would have been the act of a vindictive fiend—and L'Angelier was no fiend—to have betrayed the correspondence to either father or husband.

But L'Angelier, as we see, refused to go away, and the unhappy Madeleine bought arsenic again—this time while out walking with a girl friend, and she signed the chemist's "poison book" with her own name.

AND now let us closely follow the doomed man—doomed, whether he was indeed done foully to death, or whether, as is just possible, he took his own life.

Receiving leave of absence from his employers, L'Angelier went to Edinburgh, where he saw some friends. While in Edinburgh he is said to have repeated the curious statement that he had been given a cup of coffee by an acquaintance and that illness had immediately succeeded.

"I do not wonder so much that I should be ill after cocoa, for I am not accustomed to it; but that I should be ill after coffee, which I take regularly, I can not account for," he is reported to have remarked.

He then went back to Glasgow, and seemed troubled to find no letter in his lodgings. He stayed at home all one day, and then at last he started for Bridge of Allan, and after his departure a letter did come, and was duly forwarded to him.

That letter was never found. Had it been found, it might have made all the difference to Madeleine Smith. But the envelop was discovered, empty, in his pocket. He came back to Glasgow earlier than his landlady expected him, and it was there that he found yet another letter, which he did preserve and which was put in as evidence at the trial:

Why, my love, did you not come to me? Oh, beloved, are you ill? Come to me, sweet one. I waited and waited for you, but you came not. I will wait again to-morrow night, same hour, same arrangement. Come, beloved, and press me to your heart. A kiss, fond love. Adieu, with tender embraces. Ever believe me to be your own ever dear fond

MIMI.

That letter, together with the empty envelop, was in the pocket of the dead man's coat; but no date was mentioned in the letter, and there was nothing to show which night the writer had meant by "to-morrow night."

On the Wednesday in that week Madeleine bought a third packet of arsenic, telling the chemist that more rats had been found in her country home. As Miss Smith had obtained arsenic before, and as she told her story without any hesitation, the poison was given her.

On Thursday night L'Angelier left his lodgings, in his usual health, a little before nine o'clock. He was seen walking alone in the direction of Blythswood Square about twenty minutes past nine. But after that moment nothing is known of him for five hours.

There was a policeman whose duty it was to pace up and down in front of No. 7 Blythswood Square all night, and he most positively denied that any one had lingered near the basement windows or even approached the house that night.

Between two and three in the morning L'Angelier came home, in such pain that he even lacked strength to turn the latch-key. He was doubled up with agony, speechless, parched with thirst, burning with fever. As the night went on he grew more and more ill: but while his kindly landlady was attending to his needs he said nothing as to where he had been or what could have caused his illness.

When the woman proposed to send for a doctor, he objected. But at last, growing worse, he suddenly cried out: "If he is a good doctor, bring him!"

The doctor contented himself with sending a prescription, and the landlady, thoroughly frightened by her lodger's condition, asked:

"Is there no one you would like to see, Mr. L'Angelier?"

He replied feebly: "I should like to see Miss Perry."

Miss Perry was sent for, but before her arrival he was dead.

And then there happened the very thing which Madeleine Smith had dreaded so unutterably. L'Angelier's body was scarcely cold before the letters she had written to him were discovered by one of the fellow-clerks with whom he had been intimate, and within a very few hours the whole correspondence had been placed before her horrified parents. It had, of course, also been shown to the police, for even a trifling examination had already made it clear that L'Angelier had died from arsenical poisoning.

IF Madeleine Smith was innocent, why did she leave her father's house secretly in the early morning after she had heard from Miss Perry's visit of L'Angelier's death? Was she driven to this incriminating step by sheer fear of arrest on the charge of murder, or by shame at the thought that now, at last, her clandestine correspondence would be seen by her father and mother?

Those who believed her innocent of the murder—and they were many—pointed out that when she was brought back and faced with the awful accusation of having compassed L'Angelier's death, her whole manner altered, and that at once she assumed the attitude of one proudly conscious of innocence! Further, when closely interrogated by the magistrate, she spoke with a degree of candor and openness which greatly impressed him. She frankly admitted that she had expected to see L'Angelier at her window the previous *Saturday* night; but she asserted that he had disappointed her, and that, as a matter of fact, she had not seen him for three weeks before his death.

Her statement was confirmed by the little sister who slept with her, and who declared most solemnly that Madeleine had not stirred during the fatal Thursday night when L'Angelier met his death.

Questioned as to the arsenic she had bought, she confessed that she had lied as to the purpose for which she required it, her real intention being to use it as a cosmetic.

For two months Madeleine Smith lay in prison while the case was being prepared against her. And then, on the last day of the June following the March in which L'Angelier's death took place, the trial opened amid a scene of the tensest excitement. The case had been transferred to Edinburgh, for it was not thought that a Glasgow jury could be impartial in a case so near their own doors.

The Lord Justice Clerk, the head of the Scottish criminal court, tried the case, assisted by two other judges. The greatest lawyers, the keenest forensic intellects of the day, were engaged either for the crown or for the defense; and, as the case proceeded, the excitement and suspense of Madeleine's advocates—and they were in the vast majority—grew almost unbearable.

It was said by an eye-witness that the prisoner stepped into the dock with "a step as buoyant, and

(Continued on page 26)

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THE TOSS-UP

(Continued from page 10)

All along o'—Jackman. Him an' me squared it an' took up with prospectin'. Got it? Lost! Burned, cooked, frizzled! An' starved! An' no water! Only them damn mirages—you savvy—lakes an' such, here an' there an' nowhere. An' turkey-buzzards, leetle specks of 'em, miles high, jest a-waitin', waitin'.

"Down on his knees—savvy? Clawin' at the hard bed o' the dry creek, rippin' his nails off. Tongue lollin' like a bust-winded cayuse, an' one hand *jest* a-goin' fer to grab one o' them little brown lizards out from behind a rock, 'cause, you see, we hadn't had one damn bite fer —oh, fer weeks, I reckon.

"'O you liz! Come yere, you little son-of-a-gun! I *need* you!' barks Jackman, an' snatches. But liz, she ain't there. Then I——"

DAWSON laid a hand on the bowed shoulders.

"See here, pard," said he, "'pears like there's a gap in your fences, an' your thoughts is some stampeded. Round 'em up, now, an' let's have it straight!"

The ex-gambler kept a moment's silence, blinking, while his mouth twisted into a dumb grin. Then, at last—

"Prospectin' with Jackman," he wheezed. "Say, where was I, boys?"

"Huntin' water," prompted McGeoch. "Cut that all out. Cut out lizards an' et cet. *We* know. Give us what happened. How you-all got that bum shaft." He pointed at the wounded leg. "An' Jackman, where *he* is!"

"Jackman—oh!" gulped the wreck. Then silence again.

"Must ha' crawled here, I reckon," he opined, brightening. This tangible reality cheered and steadied him. "Why, yes, sure!" he affirmed. "I sure *did* crawl. But that must ha' been after I went fer to shoot Tamale an' hit myself. 'Cause, you see——"

McGeoch shook him impatiently, despite Chato's growling prohibition.

"Say, *can't* you stick to it, pard?" he queried peevishly. "Here—take this!" And he proffered the glass.

This time the gambler accepted it eagerly.

"Why, I *am* a-keepin' to it," he protested. "Tamale, that's the burro, see? Well, after me an' her leaves Jackman—leaves him a-settin' in the sand, you savvy—an' strikes out—'cause, you see, Tamale can't carry us both——

"We gits lost, Tamale an' me does," he went on, after a pause. "Lost entire. Pretty soon I can't stand it no longer. I 'lights, an' pulls my gun.

"'Now, Tamale,' says I, 'you got blood in you, an' I'm a-goin' to have some. It's wet, anyhow.'

"So I shoots. But things is riprarin' so, round an' round like, that—damn *me* if I don't plug my own self plumb through the ankle. Ain't that a joke, hey?" He cackled into a laugh. "I goes fer to hit Tamale, an' hits my own self!

"Well," he went on in a dead voice, with singsong intonations, "well, after that, I passes away some consid'able. Next thing, there's that she-devil of a burro rippin' away at my laig with her yaller teeth, suckin' *my* blood. I has to plunk her five times—five, that's right—afore I drops her. Now, ain't that a——"

"What *happened?*" insisted McGeoch, voicing the universal eagerness, while Pop swore under his breath. "We-all ain't pinin' fer no news about burros—no, nor yet lizards or sich. It's you an' this yere Jackman we wants to hear about. Savvy that? How come *you* to git the critter, an' not *him?*"

THE ex-crook appeared to think for a moment, holding himself intent.

"Him?" he cried thickly. A faint flush oozed through his pasty skin. "Ho, ain't I told you *that* yit? Well, say! An' that's what I come fer! What—I—come—fer!"

The assembled punchers elbowed closer.

"There was Jackman down on his knees," recommenced the wreck, "an' *here* was a little brown lizard, back of a stone, so-fashion. Well—oh, say, I done told you that a'ready, didn't I? Excuse me, pards. After that, y' see, Jackman says to me, says he—

"'Sam,' says he, 'it ain't no use. We're done fer if we hangs together. But one of us might git away. One.'

"That's what he says, damned *if* he don't! An' I could prove it, too, if he was here, which he ain't. Well——"

"Yes, yes?"

"Well, then, so we talks things over, settin' in the alkali, an' agrees to split. One of us to take Tamale, you savvy. An' one of us, by that there same agreement, knows he got fer to cash in. Yes, sir; got fer to croak—pantin', tongue bloatin' out, skull crackin', brains oozin' out—same as 'most always happens when the desert gits a man—*you*-all knows!

"Well, then, which one is it a-goin' to be? That there's the question."

"'You go, Sam,' says he to me. 'You're younger 'n what I be. Ten year, meble more. Take the devil an' pull your freight,' says he. 'I'll stay.'

"'No,' says I. 'No. We-all can't settle it that-a-way. This yere has got to be done proper an' decent—done right,' says I. Yet, all that time, you savvy—well, wait. You'll see why I ast fer that there riata. Listen!"

"We're a-listenin'!"

"Keep right on. 'This yere has got to be done right,' says I. So I takes a quarter out o' my pocket. A quarter, you savvy? One what I'd had a long, long time. You bet I had!

"'Flip fer it?' says I.

"Jackman, he nods.

"'First go, or two out o' three?'

"'Two out o' three,' says he.

"He's lookin' almighty bad, Jackman is, an' he's tremblin' when he says that.

"'You toss an' I'll holler,' says I, an' hands him the quarter. He flips her with his thumb, O. K.

"Up she spins, flickerin' in the sun, an' down she spuds into the sand.

"'Heads,' says I, an' so it was. Jackman, he smiles kind of, an' pitches ag'in.

"'Tails!' I calls her, an' loses. Oh, yes, I loses *that* time, all right enough. You'll see.

"Well, anyway, this time settles it,' says Jackman, his mouth a-workin' so he can't hardly make no sound at all, but game, game! Well, then——"

THE voice of the narrator died down to nothing. Chato and Pop Hadlock spilled another drink into him, unresisting, and after a little while he went along:

"There was a little brown lizard, you savvy. *Both* of us tried fer t' ketch him, but——"

But the old man interrupted with: "Say, drap that varmint, you, an' give us the third toss-up, kain't ye?"

"Oh, say, I told you that already, didn't I, 'bout that there pestiferous reptile? Excuse me, boys. Where was I? Tossin' up—that's it. Well, then, Jackman spins her the third time, an' down she comes.

"'Heads!' says I."

The stranger stopped short. All about him, the silence became lethal.

Squires burst out: "An' it *was?*"

"Why, fer sure! Why wouldn't it be? Heads it was, all right, all right. So then me an' Tamale hiked. Jackman, he set still."

A long pause. Then spoke McGeoch: "Well, boys, that was sure rough. Rough it was, but sich like kain't always be helped in these yere parts. Our friend here seems to be a-sufferin' from a case of inflamed conscience. *I* think he done acted plumb justifiable, an' I motions we-all exonerates him. Ay, body differ?"

Up tottered the wounded man. By the table he stood, his lips writhen into a sardonic laugh, his eyes glazed and wide.

"Turkey-buzzards," he creaked. "Pickin' an'—pickin' away. An'—here's what—done—it!"

Into his pocket he fumbled a palsied hand, swaying the while. Out he fetched a coin.

"Look, you - all!" he shouted, as if with a last gush of breath; and flung the coin so high that it clicked against the ceiling-poles.

THEN he fell, knocking the table over. The glass spangled into slivers. In the hubbub, some one clapped a foot down on the gyrating coin and it spiraled over the floor. *And*, even before McGeoch and Chato had lifted the body, a cry went up:

"Gawd's sake! Look! Look a' yere!"

On to the bar, close beside where they had laid the ex-gambler, Hadlock slapped the quarter.

"Heads?" queried Squires. He turned it over.

"Heads ag'in! Heads! *Both* sides!"

Then, through the sudden hush, Chato gave judgment.

"Boys," said he, laying his ear against the derelict's chest and holding up a significant hand. "Boys, I reckon as how this yere deceased *has* saved us a power o' hard rope-pullin', after all!"

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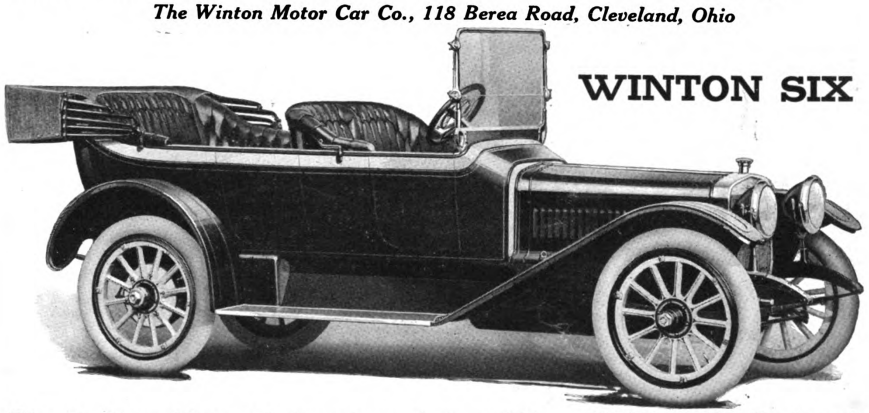
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BROADVIEW—A BOYS' COMMONWEALTH

(Continued from page 18)

great man's attention. In his belief, some knowledge of cooking was the one thing that almost every Canadian felt the need of sooner or later.

"When I was made Hudson Bay inspector," he said, "I found half our factors poisoning themselves three times a day, and wasting the Company's supplies in the bargain. As soon as I got back to Montreal, all the time I could spare from my executive duties I spent in a bakery. And I spent a good part of the following year teaching what I'd learned"; which, considering its source, is a very good testimony. But it can in no wise be compared with the testimony borne by the case of Jimmy Pink.

Jimmy Pink was a boy who had the misfortune to be the son of a Sunday-school superintendent. Jimmy had to go to church both morning and evening. One Sunday morning the thing seemed altogether too much for him. "If you'll only let me stay home," he said, "I'll—I'll cook the dinner. An' I can; I learned it at the Institute."

The roast was already in the oven. He could do no very great harm. When the family came home they found that dinner-table spread and decorated as it had never been before. With the roast there were vegetables, and an apple pudding, and half a dozen smaller things.

The Organization of a Township

BUT Atkinson was busily working up his "farms."

He had found out years before that as a member of an organization a boy has at least four times the lasting strength that he has alone. In him you may see all the cohesive power of the primeval clan. Boy gangs are natural. Accordingly those seventy-two "farms" were converted into the township of Broadview.

Five "Councilors" were elected, and a Reeve. (In Canada the Reeve is the township head; in Broadview he was also "J. P.," or Justice of the Peace.) They, in their turn, drew up a list of by-laws, and appointed a Path Master and Weed Inspector. Little more was needed. Take the boy whose farm has been a blight upon the field, and elevate him to the lofty and responsible office of Weed Inspector; as if by reflex action, his own farm became a model, and his standard for his fellows one of uncompromising perfection!

That township could be left to take care of itself and its organizer could go on to another and a much bigger step.

It was not taken at once. It needed three years of thinking and planning. But, in the end, the "township" became one province in the Commonwealth of Broadview, a Commonwealth modeled with due loyalty upon the Dominion of Canada. And Atkinson became its Governor-General, or, for short, the "Governor."

Now, it was not at all in Atkinson's thought to make Broadview a second George Jr. Republic. "Township" and "Commonwealth" alike were, as he first regarded them, in the scheme of necessary diversions—"holding-frames."

But were they?

There was the case—to choose one from many—of Chicky Marvin. The only proclivities he had manifested had been a desire to avoid all customary forms of labor, and an invincible yearning to hold office. And in his second year Chicky secured a nomination for Reeve. The one reassurance was in the apparent certainty that he would be defeated. But Chicky had made a study of practical campaigning methods, and he was elected. And his first hour in the judicial chair showed that the purple was all that Chicky's talents required.

"Five cents fer *you!* An' five cents fer *you!* And five cents fer you fer contempt!" he rapped out to a paralyzed group of his admirers who had attended court noisily to enjoy themselves. He made one of the best reeves that Broadview ever had. And that year likewise made all the difference in the world in the character of Chicky Marvin.

But a boy can be held only so long by *mock* things, and, as far as possible, its founder resolved to give Broadview *actuality.*

For the first Commonwealth election, ballot-boxes, old but genuine, were procured from the Toronto City Hall. In Broadview's first Cabinet, real and genuine were the powers of Premier and Secretary of State, of Ministers of Finance, Justice, Militia, Agriculture, Education, and Athletics. Above all, the Parliament of Broadview handled real money — seventy, eighty dollars in a single budget.

[illegible]'s Commercial Instinct

[illegible] of Jo's Rooney gave food for t. John was not the kind of boy who appeared to be either acute or deep. But he was both. John had been looking into the commercial possibilities of the Township itself. And one spring he told his father that if he would lend him five dollars he knew he could "make any amount" with it. To John's father five dollars was a good deal of money, but, on the advice of the Governor, John got it. And what he did was to go craftily about among his short-sighted neighbor farmers and buy up all their lettuce and radishes and green onions, at ten cents a row, as soon as they showed green above the ground. He proved to the sellers that they were getting nearly five times what they'd paid for seeds, while all they had to do was to keep on hoeing and weeding.

Then John went up and down in the district and got a list of customers—customers who would want something twice a week at least. Then he began to get together enough outside boys and soap-box carts for his purposes; if a boy could supply a dog as well as a cart, so much the better—for these boys were to do the delivering. By the end of the summer he had paid back his father, given presents to every one at home, bought himself a suit of clothes, and piled up a bank account of several dollars.

Teaching Company Management

NOW, this was scarcely a development which the Broadview man desired. But if the boy is really father of the man, it was something he must look for. It was undoubted that many of his boys would pass from Broadview into business. Could he not give them some practical grasp of modern business on its bigger and better lines? It was then early spring. A hive of bees was purchased and the Broadview Boys' Bee Company was incorporated and capitalized at fifty dollars, with the par value of shares ten cents.

As a Toronto stock-broker, who was brought down to the Institute to lecture, said, it is doubtful if a more perfect illustrative medium could have been hit upon. The bees went to work—the price of shares went up. Every week the hive was weighed; it was like a certified statement of weekly ore receipts—and the shares went higher. A period of rainy weather intervened, and it was impossible for the bees to get out; manifestly they must be living on the honey already gathered; the price of shares came down.

Meanwhile other companies had been organized. The Broadview Boys' Trading Company, the latest to be incorporated, which deals in Broadview buttons, "colors," souvenir post-cards, jerseys, sweaters, athletic goods, and the like, has been organized on a basis so solid that only a financial panic could shake it. And, in brief, the ups and downs of each successive company have been followed so absorbingly by the whole Commonwealth that the citizens of Broadview have acquired a knowledge of certain fundamental business verities not possessed by many elderly gentlemen who have seats on genuine boards of directors.

The feeling had daily grown stronger that a National Bank had become a necessity. A National Bank was, in consequence, established. Experts from downtown were delighted to show some of the more experienced company managers just how the books of a sound and up-to-date bank are kept; the ledgers were purchased, and qualified citizens of Broadview have been keeping them ever since.

The Moral Question

WE have spoken of the "danger years" in a boy's life, the years that lie between the ages of twelve and eighteen. It is only during these years that a boy is eligible for citizenship in Broadview. The Broadview man had known boys who had gone wrong at eighteen and older; but they were the exceptions that proved the rule. He had come to feel reasonably certain that if you can get hold of a boy at twelve or thirteen, keep him constantly occupied both in mind and body, and offer his individuality a chance to find its direction in life, you have him spiritually vaccinated against idleness and evil both.

But he wanted to make doubly sure. He had made liquor anathema, and banished swearing and tobacco. He had tried to permeate all the life of the Commonwealth with the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount. But, as every one who has worked among boys must know, there was in those "danger years" the necessity of [illegible] something else, of getting to the boy [illegible] much more vitally and intimately [illegible] out offending that [illegible] nature which [illegible] large, clean [illegible]

He thought long [illegible] it by giving his Commonwealth a secret society, a masonic order for boys—the "Diamond Degree." He himself became its Grand Master. Its officers met in secret conclave; its elect came together in suppers that might have disrupted Broadview if every citizen had not been given equal chance of winning a membership. For the boys got in by showing that they were "four-square." First, they must have reached a certain standard of body-building—a standard that any boy could attain by training; this regulation was leveled at the bookworms. Second, the boy must have read, within the year, four books designated by the Grand Master; this was meant for the inveterate sports who read not at all if they could help it. Third, he must have shown himself helpful to new boys and in all ways ready to do his part socially in the Commonwealth; this was aimed at the self-centered.

These were three sides of the "four-square." But the fourth meant more than all the rest. Behind the fourth side lay the spirit in the bush. The newly elect must, like the young knight of old, submit himself to a soul-to-soul examination by the Master of his order, and he must give his word that initiation into the Diamond Degree should be for him the casting out of all unworthiness, of all inward uncleanness.

The "Fall Fair"

DURING the early days of every September the multifarious activities of Broadview sum themselves up in a grand annual exhibition, the "Fall Fair." At the Fall Fair the Bee Company honey is placed on sale, and what remains of the "winter colony's" maple sugar. (For the boys have a maple-sugar camp about ninety miles north of Toronto.) There are lines of amusement booths and refreshment stands, and every afternoon there are sports.

After those Fall Fair days Broadview has enough applications for citizenship to congest its provinces to the bursting point.

Nothing has here been told of the league of mothers that has grown out of that first mother group that furnished the Institute; of the testimony borne in "fathers' meetings"; of the maintenance of discipline; of the inculcation of democracy—for Broadview is for rich and poor, good and bad, always providing that the unregenerate begin after having been given any possible chance to show improvement; of its "educational trips"; its companies of boy scouts; of its skating rink; of a score of things. Nor has anything been said of things planned for the future: a model "boys' room," to embody at the least possible expense every conception of boy happiness in a state of domesticity; a permanent summer camp, built entirely by the boys themselves; a small fruit farm, in which all the Province of Agriculture may offer postgraduate courses; a combination gymnasium and assembly in which all the citizens of Broadview may meet without going outdoors, as they are now compelled to do. These things will come with more money—of which, so far, Broadview has had a plentiful lack. Enough that it will be admitted, perhaps, that the Governor has built up a fairly elaborate system of holding-frames as it is. Broadview is now in its tenth year. It has never had a membership of less than three hundred. It has graduated more than a thousand "old boys." As it stands it ought to be able to give a reason for the faith that is in it.

The quality of "graduate" produced by Broadview's vocation classes has long since advertised itself so well that at all times the Governor has more positions waiting for him to fill than he has "graduates" wherewith to fill them. Nor are they errand- and office-boy positions. A steady stream flows from Broadview to Toronto's big printing and engraving companies, its machine and carpenter shops, its cabinet-making establishments and piano factories.

Yet the results most markedly significant come from the Township. Only a small number of its "farmers" have, as yet, reached real manhood. But already more than a score have left Toronto, going into actual farming for themselves.

But, more than all, the whole story is one more illustration of the latent capacity of the boy, when once he is given his chance—of his latent depths, his latent genius for organization, his latent instinct to respond to right principles of teaching and control.

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DANGEROUS DILEMMAS OF WILD-ANIMAL TRAINERS

(*Continued from page 17*)

patient and snatched at it. In taking a piece of meat, one day, a lion caught her hand. Instantly she shouted at him, whereupon he let go and she promptly hit him over his nose with her bare hand! She was wonderfully quick in all her movements, but she never grew excited or angry.

A great many wild animal trainers, however, pretend to be angry with the animals. Quietness with some of the wild creatures does not seem to answer in training. I notice that nearly all elephant trainers speak very loudly to their elephants. And with elephants, as with all other animals, each trainer has his own methods, and each animal has to be treated according to his own peculiarities. In Mr. Harry Mooney's herd of elephants in the Barnum & Bailey show there is one who, for some reason or other, can not bear to have his feet touched. His trainers know of nothing to account for this, but surmise that at the time he was caught he must have been severely cut with the ropes. When the time comes for getting their feet in order for the circus performances, there is the greatest difficulty in getting this elephant even to let any one brush off the dust.

Some elephants are very easily trained, and elephants are undoubtedly the most intelligent of all the wild animals. But they are very erratic. It is almost impossible to tell what an elephant will do at any given moment. Many cases have been known where, in the very middle of an act, an elephant has suddenly taken it into his head to go back to his stable; and back to his stable he goes, for nothing can stop him.

The Woman Who Tamed a Dromedary

MLLE. BLANCHE ALLARTY is unique as a trainer of wild animals, since she is, I believe, the only one who has ever been able to train a dromedary. This particular dromedary, too, has a most interesting history. His name is Cæsar, and he was originally the property of M. Ernest Molier, a well-known Parisian millionaire. M. Molier has the distinction of possessing the only absolutely private circus in the world. He keeps it for his own pleasure, and for the purpose of amusing his guests.

He it was who engaged Mlle. Allarty to train this dromedary, and, although she explained that she believed it to be almost impossible, M. Molier insisted on having it tried. It took exactly three years to train this animal, and the time, patience, and trouble spent on it can scarcely be imagined. All camels and dromedaries are vicious, bad-tempered creatures, in spite of their reputation for patience; and as their form of temper generally takes the shape of biting with their strong, sharp teeth, the greatest inconvenience attends the training.

To punish such an animal would be worse than useless. It would simply get into a towering rage, and probably bite and tear its trainer almost to pieces. Mlle. Allarty used to work with this dromedary hours at a time, talking to it, persuading it, giving it dainties in the shape of food, and all the time taking every opportunity of teaching it its various tricks. But M. Molier got tired of the dromedary after it was trained, and Mr. Frank Bostock finally bought it, and brought it, with its trainer, to the United States, where it was exhibited for some time.

How a Tiger Is Taught to Ride an Elephant

IT is, of course, a well-known fact that tigers and elephants are the greatest enemies to one another. And yet, several trainers have succeeded in actually making a tiger ride on the bare back of an elephant. The methods of doing this are tedious and take a long time. The first step is to bring the elephant in front of the tiger's cage, for half an hour at a time, several times a day. The tiger will immediately go forward, with a fierce growl, and try to strike at the elephant. Every time he does this he gets a sharp blow on the paw from the trainer's club—not enough to injure him, but just enough to make him realize that it is an unpleasant thing to do. In time he hesitates to strike at the elephant, and finally leaves off doing it altogether.

The next step is to fasten the tiger to the side of his cage by a short chain, and then lead the elephant into the cage and past the tiger. Naturally, the tiger immediately springs at the elephant, but gets a most unpleasant jolt from the sudden pull of the chain round his neck. After doing this once or twice he almost gets tired of this, and allows the elephant to go by him without even trying to put his paw forward to touch him.

After this, the tiger is placed on a platform—fastened—under which the elephant is led again and again, while the tiger looks down on his bitterest enemy puzzled and bewildered at his own helplessness. When this has been repeated a number of times, the tiger is finally taught to spring on to a saddle which is fastened to the elephant's back, and this is in many instances the most dangerous part of all. For, in all the other lessons, the elephant and the trainer have been protected, either by the bars of the cage, or by the chains which had fastened the tiger. But in this case there is absolutely nothing to prevent the tiger from springing on the elephant or his trainer.

But this is where the ignorance of animals comes in, which is the great protection of mankind. Having found himself thwarted in so many instances in what has always been so easy to him, the animal has by this time become so accustomed also to the presence of the elephant that he no longer tries to get at him or fight him, and his training ends in his kingly majesty riding meekly round and round the arena of a wild-animal show on the back of his bitterest enemy.

But, even in a case like this, everything depends on environment. A tiger and an elephant may go on performing in this manner, so contrary to all the laws of nature, and then, when something unusual occurs, the old nature of the wild beast will appear again, as fierce and untamable as ever.

An Accident in the Runway

THE most difficult feat in all wild animal training is teaching a group of animals of different species to work together. With every precaution, many accidents happen with these "mixed" groups. All wild animals are very erratic, and their wild nature blazes up at the most unexpected moments and always at any out-of-the-way occurrence. For instance, in one of the largest animal shows, the performance of the motley group was scheduled to come directly after the lions, and after the motley group came the little baby bears.

Although each act is carefully timed to begin and end at certain times to the minute, there will be occasional delays, caused perhaps by the unwillingness or wilfulness of one of the animals—and no trainer ever allows his animals to backslide. Each act must be performed every time, and in every detail. But any delay is most dangerous. Some delays are caused by the animals not going straight into their cages at the back, but either playing or loitering in the runway. In this case, the next performer can not let his animals out until the others are in, and the animals can not be hurried or forced into the cages. The runway is a narrow passage with only one exit, and no help can come to the trainer except through that exit, so that it behooves him to keep his animals in a good temper until they are safely in their own quarters.

In the instance I am speaking of, it appeared that the trainer of the motley group looked into the passage, and, seeing the way clear and the lion trainer in the very act of fastening the last door, went back and let out all his group. But, as it happened, the trainer of the little bears, miscalculating his time, and thinking that the motley group's performance was over, had also looked out and seen a clear passage; so, instead of waiting for his cue, which is an extremely strict rule in all animal shows, he promptly let his little bears out.

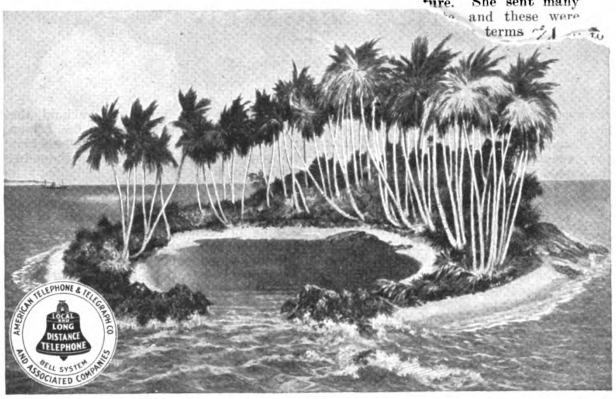
As each of these performing groups were at the extreme end of the runway, each trainer drove his animals quietly toward the center in order to enter the arena, and thus the two groups met face to face in the runway! There was a moment's pause, and then the first animal of the motley group, which happened to be a hyena, bit one of the little bears savagely. The poor little bear, an amiable Japanese, screamed with pain, and this was enough. In less time than it takes to tell it, the whole number of the various animals were fighting fiercely and desperately, while the unfortunate little bears got the worst of it in every way.

The trainers were fully aware of the frightful predicament in which they were: two groups fighting in the runway, with a full house listening to the uproar, and a probable panic at any moment which might mean the loss of hundreds of lives. Both trainers unhesitatingly risked their lives in their efforts to separate the animals and restore order, and it is a marvelous fact that in a few minutes, after firing pistols, opening the cage doors, and shouting orders, the animals were finally got into the various cages, and the situation was saved.

But the trainers and many of the animals were fearfully mauled, while one little bear afterward died. When it was found that in the confusion many of the animals had been put into the wrong cages, it was decided that it would be dangerous to change them until they had quieted down somewhat; and the disgust of one leopard, when she found herself in the hyena's cage, was shown unmistakably by her spitting furiously until she was once more put into her own. And yet, the very next day, when the motley group was turned out, and fears were entertained as to how they would receive one another after such a terrific fight, they all walked calmly into the arena, took their various places mechanically, and seemed to have forgotten all about it. But for several days, although each cage had been sprinkled with disinfectant and thoroughly cleaned, the various animals showed by their disdainful sniffings and angry growls that they still realized that another animal had been in their cages.

The Imitative Chimpanzee

PERHAPS the most human-like of all the trained animals of the present day are chimpanzees. Being extremely imitative, they readily learn tricks, and often do things which they are not taught by their trainers. For instance, the chimpanzee in the Barnum & Bailey Circus, when in winter quarters, watched his trainer one day making a rabbit hutch. The mode of sawing the wood into different pieces seemed to interest him greatly, and when the trainer went to his dinner, leaving the evenly sized pieces of board and the saw, the little chimpanzee set to work by himself, and when the trainer returned in an hour's time, he found two of his pieces of wood sawed in two, and the chimpanzee busily working away at another one with many grunts and sighs.



Coral Builders and the Bell System

In the depths of tropical seas the coral polyps are at work. They are nourished by the ocean, and they grow and multiply because they cannot help it.

Finally a coral island emerges from the ocean. It collects sand and seeds, until it becomes a fit home for birds, beasts and men.

In the same way the telephone system has grown, gradually at first, but steadily and irresistibly. It could not stop growing. To stop would mean disaster.

The Bell System, starting with a few scattered exchanges, was carried forward by an increasing public demand.

Each new connection disclosed a need for other new connections, and millions of dollars had to be poured into the business to provide the 7,500,000 telephones now connected.

And the end is not yet, for the growth of the Bell System is still irresistible, because the needs of the people will not be satisfied except by universal communication. The system is large because the country is large.

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NOT PROVEN

(*Continued from page 22*)

with eyes as bright, as if she were entering a box at the opera." And when called upon to plead, she answered in a clear, sweet treble: "Not guilty."

THE story that was unfolded has been set out clearly in the preceding pages; but it may be noted that the defense relied mainly on the fact that there was no evidence at all to show that Madeleine had had arsenic in her possession *at the date of L'Angelier's first illness*. Every chemist in Scotland had been visited and questioned, but the investigation yielded no result.

With regard to *motive*,—the cornerstone in every murder trial,—it was, of course, pointed out that no possible advantage could have accrued to Madeleine by L'Angelier's death, so long as her incriminating letters remained in existence, and in his possession.

Only twice during the nine days' ordeal did Madeleine Smith show the agitation and anxiety natural to the dreadful position in which she found herself.

The first time was when her one-time lover, William Minnoch, stood in the witness-box. He studiously avoided looking toward the dock; but the prisoner fixed her large blue eyes on him with an anguished expression while, in a low, pained voice, he told the story of their engagement, and read the rather prim little letters he had received from her.

The second occasion on which the unhappy girl broke down was when her ardent love-letters to L'Angelier were being read aloud in the monotonous voice of the clerk of the court.

During the long time the reading lasted, she hid her face in her hands, and her low, bitter sobs were audible throughout the whole of the packed court-house.

But when there came the long and terribly incriminating charge of the Lord Advocate, Madeleine's face did not move a muscle, and the pure fresh color in her cheeks came and went as usual. She also appeared unmoved during the splendid and eloquent defense. But the summing up by the Lord Justice Clerk moved her to keen attention—and well might she attend, for it was his duty to hold the balance true and even before the fifteen men who were there to decide whether she should go free or die a shameful death.

On the whole, it was thought that the Lord Justice Clerk leaned to the side of mercy. After going over the whole of the case as presented by the crown, he laid stress on the fact that L'Angelier at various times in his earlier life had threatened, and that most seriously, to commit suicide. Best of all, from the point of view of those who loudly declared their belief in the prisoner's innocence, he ended by laying special stress on the fact that there was no evidence at all to show that L'Angelier on the fateful night had been to Blythswood Square.

The jury retired. Madeleine, still composed, still with color in her cheeks, was taken below. Then slowly the jurymen filed back to their box, a great stillness fell on the courthouse, and the foreman's voice rang out: "Not proven!"

It is recorded that when the two fateful words were uttered, the prisoner's face broke into a bright, nervous smile, and that only after receiving the warm hand-clasps of her able defenders did she shed tears.

At the time, it was whispered that this verdict was due to the determined efforts of two jurymen, one of whom was convinced of the beautiful Madeleine's complete innocence of the charge, while the other put all his powers of persuasive eloquence to the task of convincing his fellows that, *if guilty*, she was justified in ridding the earth of so cruel and ungenerous a lover as L'Angelier had shown himself to be!

And it was this last view which was generally indorsed by the public.

MADELEINE SMITH henceforth passed into the merciful shade of private life. But it may be added that she became, in time, the wife of a wealthy Englishman, and that she led, during many long years, the placid, happy life of an exceptionally beloved wife and mother.

THE INITIATIVE AND THE REFERENDUM

(*Continued from page 8*)

for more careful legislation may startle those who approach the subject from the historical standpoint, as defect in that very respect has been the bane of processes of direct legislation in the past. How can such methods possibly compare in deliberateness with the operations of representative government?

The claim would certainly be absurd if genuine representative government were the standard of comparison, but we have to do with actual conditions under existing State constitutions. We debar the administration from submitting legislative proposals carefully digested under the instructions of actual experience and under the pressure of responsibility for results. The process is one of chance medley. Legislatures are inundated with bills and resolutions, the proposers of which scuffle for opportunity, and the usual method of enactment is by that swapping of votes known as log-rolling.

The British Parliament, with the affairs of an empire to manage, has about 400 bills to consider during a session; a Canadian or an Australian commonwealth, about 150. In Switzerland the administration draughts the laws, and, although legislatures meet several times a year, they meet, as a rule, only to consider business laid before them, and sessions last only a few weeks. Indeed, the Swiss legislative session is very much like the meeting of a board of directors, questions being discussed on their merits and the technical details left to experts.

In American legislatures, bills are introduced by the thousand, and at every session a sad mass of stuff is heaved upon the statute-books by the log-rolling process. It is frequently the case that the effect is quite different from the professed intention, and sometimes it is difficult to make any sense of enactments. Indeed, it would seem at times that the persons allowed to write the laws were not much above illiteracy. When the laws of Montana enacted during the session of 1907 were published, the Secretary of State felt impelled to prefix this notice:

"The within are exact copies of the enrolled laws as the same reached this office, and neither this office nor the printers employed in the work are responsible for the spelling or punctuation."

As compared with procedure having such results, the process of legislation by popular initiative may certainly claim to secure more careful consideration, and it is clear that the referendum may be useful in removing nuisances left by the regular legislative session.

The most important consideration of all is that the way is cleared for a reorganization of public authority. This is the constitutional significance of the direct legislative movement. It is a process of political liquidation that will continue until it rids the people of obsolete governmental forms incompatible with honest or efficient administration. It is necessary to go quite outside of these forms to secure thorough reform of government. This is no new thing in our history. The constitution of 1787 was the result of a movement started by voluntary initiative outside of the federal legislature and outside of the system provided by the Articles of Confederation. The time has come to subject our State constitutions to thorough reform, and the initiative supplies an agency which existing circumstances make practically indispensable. Movements are already under way to accomplish by this means a complete change of constitutional system.

The Prospect

THE fact that such possibilities of reform exist does **not** preclude possibilities of harm, such as have historically attended direct legislation. Is there any security, then, that practical results will not be evil, as they have been in the past? Sufficient at least, it may be said, to give assurance that, however revolutionary the process of change may become, it will be dry and not wet. Agitations conducted by the printing-press and decided in the quiet secrecy of the polling-booth are very different things from the tumults of the ancient forum, where the issue was determined in hot blood by the mob on the spot.

Nor need there be any fear of such consequences as ensued in revolutionary France. The American State, protected by the national government from foreign foes and from domestic insurrection, is in quite another situation from revolutionary France, made desperate by peril within and without. With us the life of the State is not conditioned on efficiency. The risk we run in adopting the new agencies is not that of disorder, but that of weakness and incompetency in the operations of government through the political importance conferred upon caprice, levity, and ignorance.

Evidences of this risk are already appearing, but, if the worst that can be alleged of the practical results of the new methods be compared with the known evils of the present system, the contrast is not to the disadvantage of the new methods. The prospect is that the course of events may somewhat parallel the experience of Switzerland—a period of corruption and demoralization preceding the formation of a system of responsible government that will retire from ordinary use the machinery of the initiative and referendum, while retaining them as available on occasion.

Genuine representative government is so immensely superior to all other forms of government that sooner or later the people will reorganize public authority upon a representative basis. The notion that the people must do everything themselves in order to control their affairs is never entertained in private business, and will not be in public business when the people see their way to installing responsible managers. The present experimentation will doubtless have varied results among the different States, but, when a good working system is developed anywhere, it will spread like the commission plan. A circumstance likely to be influential is the pressure of Canadian influence and example in the Northwest. The leakage of capital and population going on in Oregon and Washington to the advantage of adjoining Canadian territory is giving urgency to the need of reorganizing State government on the principle of efficiency.

The National Viewpoint

IT may seem to be discreditable to American capacity that we should have been so slow in getting our political affairs in order; but, if we avoid political mythology and take our views of American institutions from their history, this impression will disappear. The American people have all along been engaged in nation-making, which is the greatest political achievement that any race can perform, and the incapacity of the State has greatly aided the process.

There have been times when there was an almost general condition of bankruptcy among our States from sheer incapacity to manage their business. Had they had even approximately the business capacity of a German state, there would have been small opportunity for the development of that legalistic process of federal expansion which is the peculiar characteristic of our constitutional history.

It is difficult to realize how strange it is that juridical forms should supply a quick and effective substitute for the institution-building by blood and iron typical of European constitutional history. Even at the present time, the imperial government of Germany is incommoded in its functions by the fullness with which the states have occupied the economic basis of governmental activity. The imperial government to a large extent does not conduct its administration through its own officials, but depends upon the states to collect its revenues and enforce its laws.

According to statements made in the "Federalist," it was the expectation that this would necessarily be the case in our federal system. But throughout our national history, despite all changes of party control over the government, experience has shown that federal authority must act through its own agents in order to secure results, and the main occupation of our jurisprudence has been to systematize the process. The weakness and incapacity of the American State both created the need for the process and provided its opportunity.

When the events of our times fall into their proper historical perspective, the way in which State authority has been restricted to weak, disintegrated, transient forms, leaving the field clear for the expansion of national authority, may be regarded as a striking instance of instinctive sagacity such as Bagehot found to be so influential in the development of the English constitution. And it may appear as further evidence of this sagacity that—when the field of national authority had been fully covered and the weakness and incapacity of State authority had become an evil without compensating benefits—the people addressed their energies to the task of reorganizing their State governments so as to fit them for the performance of their proper functions. As the business interests of the country recover from the confusion and perplexity into which they have been thrown by the turn of events, their powerful influence may be exerted in aid of constitutional reform; for as time goes on it will become more and more manifest that the old system of controlling State authority by financing party organization is no longer workable.

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PENN STATE

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

Vol. LVII No. 2951] WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1913 [10 Cents a Copy $4.00 a Year

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS
Frederick L. Collins, President — Arthur S. Moore, Secretary
Cameron Mackenzie, Vice-President — Horace W. Paine, Treasurer
McClure Building, Fourth Ave. & 20th Street, New York

Entered at the New York Post-office as second-class matter

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Entered at Stationers' Hall, London

COMMENT

BEGINNING with the issue of August 16th, Mr. NORMAN HAPGOOD will take charge of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

At Gettysburg

The reunion at Gettysburg was a love-feast; very remarkable; very reassuring. The veterans truly had, as school-girls say, a wonderful time. They got together wonderfully; they were well looked after; there was an immense fraternization, and, hot as it was, there were hardly any fights. The tone of all the proceedings, as one reads of them, was patriotic and affectionate. Discourse was very free, too. Everything seems to have been talked about. There was no need to keep anything back.

These veterans who met fifty years after are representatives of a country that had thirty million inhabitants, and a very large proportion of them native born. They are doubtless more of a kind, more closely related in descent and inherited habits of mind, than an average fifty thousand men that would be gathered from all over this country now. But the veterans of the South are probably more nearly representative of the present population of the States they came from than the veterans of the North. As to that, the letter of Mr. MASON on page 5 is interesting. He points out that while the South in the last fifty years has increased in population at a faster percentage than the North, the South has bred its own increase, whereas the increase in the North has been very considerably an increase by immigration.

Maybe that is one reason why the South is advancing so fast just now toward political control of the country. Its white population is almost all of the old American stock, stimulated by its ideals, tenacious of its traditions, and earnestly interested in politics.

And that makes the attitude of the Confederate Civil War veterans the more important. We have seen them to be very mindful of past history, but unaffectedly reconciled to its verdicts; fraternal, affectionate, better united with the rest of the country than men of the South have been for almost a century. That betokens well for our country, and all the better because we may assure ourselves that the younger men behind these veterans of the South are like them, of the same stock and habits of mind, and inspired, we doubt not, with the same acceptance of accomplished history, and the same good-will.

President Wilson's Speech

When the prayer-meeting has opened with the Lord's Prayer, the brother who is called to follow next in oral supplication is entitled to feel that the standard has been set pretty high. So Mr. WILSON, following LINCOLN in an address at Gettysburg.

Yet there has not been since LINCOLN a President so likely as Mr. WILSON to reach high-water mark again in a Gettysburg address. And so there was a special interest and expectation to see what he would say.

His speech is full of distinction; a beautiful address which no speaker we think of could have bettered. Mr. WILSON followed LINCOLN in speaking what was in his own mind rather than what he might have been expected to say. It was his own message he carried, not so much to his immediate hearers as to all of us who read him; a lofty message; an inspiring summons to a difficult task.

Marse Henry Contributes

Colonel WATTERSON contributed last week (July 4th) a delightful discourse to the literature of Gettysburg—two double columns of the "Courier-Journal," but not a word too much. Marse HENRY never wrote more to the edification of his readers than he does now; nor ever wrote, perhaps, out of so wise and kind and philosophical a spirit.

One thing he said in his Fourth-of-July piece was that we are a wonderfully homogeneous as well as an uncommonly united people, and that the old tradition that peopled the South with Cavaliers and the North with Roundheads had mighty little real basis. The Americans, he says, were pretty thoroughly mixed, and he cites examples, to wit:

> WEBSTER had all the vices supposed to have signalized the Cavalier, and CALHOUN all the virtues claimed for the Puritan. During twenty years three statesmen of Puritan origin were the chosen party leaders of Cavalier Mississippi: ROBERT J. WALKER, born and reared in Pennsylvania; JOHN A. QUITMAN, born and reared in New York; and SARGENT S. PRENTISS, born and reared in the good old State of Maine. That sturdy Puritan, JOHN SLIDELL, never saw Louisiana until he was old enough to vote and to fight; a native New-Yorker sprung from New England ancestors. ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON, the most resplendent of modern Cavaliers—from trig to toe a type of the species—did not have a drop of Southern blood in his veins; Yankee on both sides of the house, though born in Kentucky a little while after his father and mother arrived there from Connecticut.

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON, a Connecticut Yankee once removed! Well, that is worth recording, though it will not surprise any one who knows much about the quality of Connecticut Yankees, and the people they have produced. General JAMES S. WADSWORTH, of Geneseo and Gettysburg, was one. His biography has just been published. Mr. J. P. MORGAN was another. A man of Southern birth lately said: "I didn't know how much aristocratic matter I had behind me until I had occasion to explore some of the old villages near Hartford and discovered the old homes in which some of my Connecticut forebears used to live. I had always thought of them before as very plain people."

Dig some more, Marse HENRY! JEFFERSON DAVIS might easily have derived from Vermont (where they used to raise very, very hard-shell Democrats) and General BEAUREGARD from the Aroostook.

General Meade's Fatigue

LINCOLN was deeply disappointed at MEADE'S failure to rush in and finish LEE'S army after Gettysburg. MEADE rested, and LEE retreated at his convenience. Whether MEADE was at fault, and if so how much, has always been much discussed. Perhaps the true answer is that given in a letter to the "Times" by Mr. ALBERT H. WALKER, who quotes Mr. HARDING, an intimate friend of General MEADE, who once asked the General why he did not pursue General LEE after Gettysburg. Mr. WALKER says:

> Mr. HARDING told me that General MEADE replied to this inquiry by saying that, at the close of the battle of Gettysburg, he was personally so exhausted of mental power that he could not think, and was temporarily deprived of the use of his mental faculties; and, being conscious of this, did not dare to take the responsibility of immediately conducting another battle, which would have resulted from a pursuit of LEE'S army.

That sounds very likely, and the army was tuckered out as well as the General. Still, it may be, as Mr. WALKER says, that

> If nature had happened to give to General MEADE the same power of indefinitely continuous, unexcited intellectual activity which nature gave to General GRANT, the rebellion would have been finally subdued in 1863, instead of in 1865.

But General MEADE, as it was, did a great work that will keep his name always in an honorable and distinguished place in history.

The Fourth in London

The London "Times," in a good-natured discourse, comments upon the significance of the Anglo-American Fourth-of-July festivity, which has become, it says, "one of the established functions of British life," and in which Englishmen cheerfully participate.

> It means in the first instance that they are celebrating the most tragic blunder in British history, and in the second that they are paying tribute to the memory of the man who brought Britain to her lowest depth of humiliation and impotence. It has come to be a sort of annual penance. Year after year this "old and haughty nation" dons the white sheet, and through the mouths of some her most eminent sons expresses open contrition for her share in the American Revolution. If our mistake was great, we have at least amply, sincerely, and repeatedly admitted it.

The "Times" is reconciled to the annual festivity, even so interpreted, and speaks gracefully about it; but its interpretation seems to need amendment. Englishmen and Americans celebrate the Fourth of July in London in just the same spirit that "Rebs" and "Yanks" have been celebrating the anniversary at Gettysburg. They do not so much celebrate victory as reconciliation and reunion. What is celebrated in London on the Fourth is not the distress of a mother, but the birth of a child; of a child born, not without tribulation, of British parents.

The Tariff—Changes and Riders

As the tariff bill goes at last to the floor of the Senate, two things stand out as unusual in its history up to date.

One is the comparative importance of the trouble due to changes and attempted changes in the schedules of duties. There is, of course, need of emphasizing "comparative." There was a stout fight over the very important items of sugar and wool, and plenty of other items were attacked. Of these others, however, not many were of any great importance, and not many were changed. Let us see: There was a change in the direction of free grains and free live animals to accord with free meats and free wheat—a good change; brandy for wine-making is to pay duty; wood alcohol is to be free; bananas to pay a less duty; unhappily, works of art below a certain age are not to be free, as the House bill promised; mutual life-insurance companies are to have some exemption from the income tax, and the tax is to favor married men.

Really that is about all one finds worth noting in the way of direct change in the bill considered as a revenue measure.

What one can't help noting, however—and this is the other striking thing about the bill's history—is the amount of effort expended in the direction, not of changing it exactly, but of enlarging it, of grafting on it features but slightly if at all germane to its proper purpose.

This may be said, indeed, to have begun in the original draft with the anti-*dumping* clause and the clause favoring imports *brought in* American bottoms. Both could be argued for as permissible in a tariff bill, since they took the form of raising or lowering tariff duties. But the plain object of the anti-dumping clause was not revenue, but protection, and that of the other was to aid, practically to subsidize, our merchant marine.

The later proposals have had still less excuse for seeking incorporation in the bill, whatever their merits when considered apart. The plan to tax down the output of big tobacco companies does not belong here. It belongs with the trust question, with the internal revenue question, perhaps with the question of our judiciary. So, too, with

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[redacted] regulate child-labor abroad, and [redacted] to tax all dealings in cotton futures [redacted]ent the only one of these enterprises which the bill actually has on board. They were not pertinent.

These things are really riders. They are attempts to overload the bill with extraneous matter. Its managers have therefore done well to reject them, as they did, with one exception, without consideration of their merits. The job was too big to be any further complicated. We shall hear more, no doubt, in the Senate debate, both of these and other additions in the shape of amendments, but they should be left for separate action. They ought not to be permitted to delay or imperil what is essential in the administration's design to meet the country's demand.

Putting Back the Tax on Art

Now as to the tax on art, the PAINE-ALDRICH bill did one thing commendable. It took the tariff tax off works of art more than twenty years old. Largely in consequence of that partly enlightened legislation, America is to-day far richer in great works of art than it was four years ago. The original UNDERWOOD bill went further and set us Americans free to acquire without taxation all the works of art, ancient or contemporary, that we can buy. The Senate committee and caucus have for some reason decided to tax the importation of all works of art less than fifty years old.

That is to say, we *suppose* there is a reason. But the only reason we can think of is revenue, and if that was the reason, then a tax on the older masterpieces would have been, as the *Outlook* remarks, far more logical. *They* are very costly; only wealthy men and institutions can afford to import them. Contemporary works of art are the only ones that moderately well-to-do people can buy. Protection, even if it could be considered in this bill at all, is out of the question. Of us all, none are so indignant at the idea of it as our American artists.

On the contrary, they deplore a policy which deprives American art students of opportunities to observe and compare which other countries jealously preserve for their youth of artistic inclinations. But that is as nothing to the mute appeal of millions of Americans, remote from our great cities, for the chance to see good pictures and statues which practically every French and Italian peasant, and many others, enjoy. If our statesmen think our people still undesirous of such enlightenment and high pleasure, then they are simply mistaken.

We trust Senator TILLMAN, of South Carolina, will repeat in the Senate debate the simple and admirable speech he made four years ago, after Europe had in his old age age taught him what art holds forever in store even for the life-long contemners of her offerings. If he does, and fails, then may Mr. UNDERWOOD and his House colleagues win in conference on the question of this particular amendment.

Misapprehensive

President WILSON will hardly know his New Freedom as described last week by Colonel ROOSEVELT at the Progressive clambake at Newport. The Colonel said:

> "The New Freedom" is nothing whatever but the right of the strong to prey on the weak, of the big men to crush the little men, and to shield their iniquity beneath the cry that they are exercising freedom. "The New Freedom" means nothing whatever but the old license translated into terms of pleasant rhetoric.

It looks a little as though Dr. ROOSEVELT had developed a conviction that Dr. WILSON was a quack. If so, it is a conviction that has as yet no great vogue among the Progressives. Most of them are able to detect in the ideas and purposes of "the New Freedom" something quite different from the freedom of the strong to prey on the weak.

States and Rates Again

North Carolina's rather remarkable effort to secure, by State action, changes in inter-State railroad rates affecting her interests, continues unabated. It promises to keep on till somebody learns something that may well prove worth while.

As yet the legislature hasn't met and the threatened retaliation on the railroads haven't been tried; but there was never before in the State such organizing for any purpose. The matter remains, as for months, the foremost topic in newspapers and at public meetings; and the debate yields interesting proposals.

One comes from Mr. A. J. MAXWELL, clerk of the State's corporation commission, who in a comprehensive study of the problem finds little hope in mere retaliation. If one State can use that, he remarks, so can all; and where is the State that thinks it gets the rates it ought to have? Neither would he appeal to the long-and-short-haul principle. That would not give North Carolina cities the low rates given to certain Virginia cities, their competitors, particularly to Norfolk. It would simply give more business to the short lines reaching those cities, taking it away from the longer lines, passing through North Carolina, which are now permitted to bid low for it, on account of water competition.

In a word, Mr. MAXWELL thinks the Virginia cities owe their low rates—perhaps the lowest in the country—to a real advantage of position, mainly due to the very extensive coastwise shipping of the Norfolk-Portsmouth group. He asks, therefore, why North Carolina cannot go to work and give her cities the same advantage by building up her own Wilmington to be a real rival to Norfolk. He proposes State aid to steamship lines and to any necessary railroads from Wilmington inland.

That is not a new idea, but it looks decidedly pertinent to other cases besides North Carolina's, and we should not be surprised to see it taken hold of in a practical way that will be new. There in the case of pretty nearly all New England, for instance—one can't help recalling what happened to the *Harvard* and *Yale* some years ago, and what has happened to various other merely private attempts to give New England the full benefit of her opportunities in coastwise trade. Could the same thing have happened if these had been distinctly State enterprises? Would not that probably have kept the railroads from so persistently absorbing them and even discontinuing them—not without detriment to the railroads themselves? Of course, too, the idea need not be confined to steamship lines, or to regions that have ports.

And of course it will take a lot of thinking over. We have had unhappy experiences with State aid and State ownership applied to transportation. All one feels like saying now is that the present state of our transportation problem, and the present popular mood, naturally evoke such suggestions as this one and may quite naturally lead to serious experiments with them.

Not the Only Powerful Appointees

The point seems well taken that power conferred on the Federal Reserve Board of seven members appointed by the President is not necessarily more liable to abuse than power conferred on a Supreme Court of nine members appointed by the President.

The British Liberals and Home Rule

Most of us admit that in important respects the English government beats ours. A general election over there much more promptly and completely puts in power the party favored by the people. Since the recent curtailing of the Lords' prerogatives—a revolution far bigger than most of us quite understand—the successful party has only to hold together to do almost anything it wills. With us, on the other hand, a successful party's leaders can not even get a budget respected, though their followers may control both Houses of our Congress.

The present Liberal government, though a somewhat unstable coalition at best, can and probably will get its Home Rule bill through, the Lords and Ulster to the contrary notwithstanding—the country itself, it is possible, now, to the contrary notwithstanding. The by-elections, indeed, make it impossible to doubt that there has been a big anti-Liberal reaction, but there is still nothing to force an appeal to the country, and the London "Times" rightly remarks that ministerial majorities, however discouraged, have lost the habit of disappearing until they *are* forced to go to the country. That really means that a general election yields not only more power, but a longer lease of it than with us.

Of course, with our regular and more frequent elections, we Americans may question if this is best; we may hold that the people ought to be oftener consulted. In this matter of Home Rule, however, Mr. ASQUITH and his colleagues have unusually good grounds for holding to their purpose—and therefore holding to office. Home Rule was most plainly in issue at the last general elections, and the policy was sustained. There is no real evidence that the present apparent reaction is due to that issue. On the contrary, there are good reasons to believe, as most observers seem to believe, that it is due mainly to other things, such as forced insurance and the Marconi scandals. When the Unionists send Sir EDWARD CARSON, Ulster's champion, to Scotland to speak for a dissolution, the Liberals accordingly do well to send Mr. REDMOND, rather than others, hard upon his heels.

The Liberals will be excusable if they hang on till they give Home Rule a trial, even if they have to hear as many cries of "Resign! Resign!" as Mr. BALFOUR heard before the last Unionist government went forth to overwhelming defeat.

A Stylish Embellishment for Amherst

It is proposed to erect an equestrian statue of Lord AMHERST on the campus of Amherst College, and a very handsome model has been offered. Mr. EDWIN D. MEAD says No; that Lord AMHERST had nothing to do with Amherst College, which got its name from the town of Amherst, which, to be sure, was named after Lord AMHERST. So Mr. MEAD would have the statue on the village green and not on the college campus.

He argues sensibly about it, pointing out that Lord AMHERST was an interesting historical figure, and that as military adviser to GEORGE Third he wrought, along with General WOLFE, to contrive that New England should be New England, and not New France. But put the statue on the common, says Mr. MEAD, and not on the campus, and he urges the Amherst alumni to have it so done.

Lord AMHERST, as he appears on a horse, in the model, is a mighty stylish man. Amherst needs him and ought to have him somewhere. For if there is any good thing that Amherst College lacks it is style. Merit she has aplenty.

The New Haven's Roses

Along the New Haven Railroad, west of Stamford, the company, fired by we know not what inspiration, has planted the sides of the road, especially the edges of the cuts, with pink and red rambler roses. There are miles of them, a beautiful decoration, and astonishing to travelers who are not much used to provision of beauty by railroad corporations. Those flowers, much more than all the embellishments of the Pullman cars, give the traveler a sense of being in a civilized country.

A New Laureate, Maybe

There are a good many employments, including some literary ones, in which a competent discretion is much more desired than outrageous talent. Perhaps that explains the report that Mr. ASQUITH has offered the British laureateship to Mr. ROBERT BRIDGES. Mr. BRIDGES is an experienced poet of mature years, and, we presume, of a discretion that inspires confidence that he will do his full duty by the royal family, without breaking out in any pæan to EMMELINE PANKHURST on the side.

The papers say he will accept the appointment, which attests his courage. It takes almost as much courageous consecration to accept the laureateship as to run for Vice-President of these States.

Syndicalism

Here is an idea about syndicalism, from a discourse by Mr. MINER CHIPMAN, of Boston, at the seventh annual sociological conference at Sagamore Beach, Massachusetts, last week:

> In a state of nature, a struggle for existence is a struggle for efficiency. Our modern industrial system has removed from man the incentives for efficiency, and life is reduced to a mere struggle for existence.
>
> When man put into the product of his labor his own thought, inspiration and ideals, the economic value of that product was the result of his individual efficiency. Man struggles for wages, not production, not efficiency. The industrial system leaves man in a position to either degenerate to a mere machine, or revolt. So-called social unrest gives us every assurance that man has no intention of degeneration. We may, therefore, view syndicalism and other revolutionary movements as foretokens of efficiency.

Syndicalism seems to be a sort of industrial gunpowder. Gunpowder is destructive, so, apparently, is syndicalism. But gunpowder has done a work in civilization. On the whole it has been a peacemaker.

Don't Skimp

Ten thousand dollars a year is not salary enough for members of a Federal Reserve Board. It is not necessary that salary should match responsibility, but it may very well indicate it. The man who is wanted may be willing to forego half of his income, but not two-thirds of it.

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The Value of Words

WORDS are at a bit of a discount just now, and there is a prevailing belief—however mistaken—that they are a mere means to an end—a conveyance for facts and fancies. Professor LOUNSBURY teaches us that it really matters very little how we use words, that one thing is about as right as another, and that language, like life itself, is in a continuous flux, so that if we shudder at the free interchange of the noun and verb by the bold and ready journalist, that is our foolishness rather than his. He is merely doing what has been done from time immemorial, and he has as much authority to "glimpse" and to "sense" as the conservative dealer in words has to "notice," "progress," or "advocate."

Still, words are like people. They have other qualities than precision and authenticity. They have glamour and color and texture and quality; they have associational value and breeding and environment. But, above all, words remain a matter for taste and judgment. The time may come when so many authoritative and eloquent writers of English will have "glimpsed" and "sensed" that no one will shudder at the words. But for the present they are *parvenus;* they are what a little boy of aristocratic tastes called "nouveau" and they bear about them all the unkempt appearance and ill odor of words striving by startling innovation to get into good society, but certainly not of the surety of having arrived.

It is difficult to say how a word receives its *cachet* so that it may enter the language of literature. Perhaps the best thing that could happen to a *parvenu* of to-day would be to have Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY introduce it into one of his exquisite essays; or to have Mrs. MEYNELL or ALFRED NOYES christen it by use. Then indeed it would be a word to set down in good society without a blush. But as yet none of these writers have "sensed" or yet "glimpsed."

The tendency to invent new words by turning nouns into verbs, and generally using words as if grammar and syntax had never engaged the attention of man, arises from two obvious needs: the need to hurry and the need to avoid the hackneyed. In a world fairly tumbling over itself to get anywhere except where it is at the moment, short cuts are the great necessity, so that any word formed to replace a phrase is likely to receive a welcome from the unfastidious. Whatever may be the quality of modern writing, the quantity of it is overwhelming. Any writer who earns his living by writing must do so by an output which in quantity would have staggered the writers of a slower age. Just think of the editorial-writers who turn out an essay a day for twenty or thirty years; or the book-reviewers who review a dozen to twoscore books a week!

Moreover, readers—the few that are left—are in a greater hurry than ever before. They want the goods delivered as straight as possible, and as quickly. If you can convey your thought in a paragraph of short words, so much the better. But what the reader of to-day will not bear with is having his attention strained or held long at any given point. MEREDITH, BROWNING, SWINBURNE, JAMES, PATER, and HEARNE sacrificed readers because of their devotion to words, and because they would write words faithful to the coloring of their own spirits. There is no doubt but that "Beauchamp's Career" is as interesting a political novel as SNAITH'S "Affair of State," but, being infinitely better written, it will also be infinitely less read. It is not a matter of substance at all; it is a mere matter of the more beautiful method which takes time to appreciate.

Perhaps Mr. HENRY JAMES somewhat overdoes the slow method when he announces a death by saying, "the extremity of personal absence had indeed just overcome him," but at least the phrase has individuality; and SHAKESPEARE conveyed the same idea by speaking of shuffling off this mortal coil, and the Bible, by yielding up the ghost. None of these phrases put haste before beauty.

To the average reader of to-day, however, any phrase that smacks of the street, of what one might call gutter-wit, would be, owing to the lost habit of reading, more quickly understood, and therefore more palatable.

Another method of avoiding the obvious and lending novelty to language is that of having recourse to a technical vocabulary, or of writing of one art in terms of another. But this again would mean an appeal to an historically and artistically educated public, and where is a large, educated public to be found? "It is impossible," said a really great American publisher, "to make money out of a really good book, because there are not one hundred thousand people in America who can read a good book." We look to France for literary culture above all other countries, and yet M. HENRI BERGSON said of MAETERLINCK that he was little read, and understood only by the more highly educated circles.

So words, as things in themselves, must be the luxury of the few; of those who still read poetry and old essays and the medieval mystics. It is the poets indeed who have deserved most nobly of words; who have chiefly endowed them with color and personality and associational value.

"It is really odd," said a young girl, the other day, walking through an old-fashioned garden, "how the flowers are so mixed up with the poets that you can not think of them separately. Who could see vine leaves and not think of Hedda, or lilacs without remembering Kew? If it is a bed of pansies you look at, you see Ophelia, face upward in the marsh in which Millais drowned her. The geranium flower always brings back the glass of water by Eveline's bedside. I never saw basil growing, but if one did and called it the basil-plant one would think of KEATS; but if one called it 'sweet-basil' one thinks of SHELLEY'S unknown Madonna."

It was quite true, only the thought might be carried further. For who looks at a growling, angry, northern sea thinks of SHELLEY; and if you see from a height a far-off, wrinkled sea you remember TENNYSON; and if you swim in the ocean you recite SWINBURNE. If you see scenery that reminds you of a garish postal-card, with a castle and waterfall and moonlight, you are back again with TENNYSON and

> "The long light shakes
> Across the lakes,
> And the wild cataract leaps in glory."

When you see buildings mirrored in water you are with SHELLEY again, as you are whenever you see tiny shallops in flowing water, and the big sea liners and coastwise steamers speak loud of KIPLING.

The heavens and the stars and the whole shifting scenery of the sky, clouds and moon and drooping sun, belong largely to MARLOWE, SHAKESPEARE, and SHELLEY; and skylarks and nightingales belong to SHELLEY and MATTHEW ARNOLD and GEORGE MEREDITH. The heavily gemmed heavens will always make one whisper of "patines of bright gold," and the dome of the sky rising in great curves from the horizon line will be "the cone of heaven." There are adjectives, too, that one can only use with the echo of a poet in one's heart. Who would say "daedal" or "hoary" and not remember SHELLEY; or subtle and sanguine and fleet without being consciously Swinburnian?

The words of the street may grow and change in form and content and lead the masses hither and yon; but doubtless there will always, too, be quiet shelters where thoughtful men will read their poets and learn to love strange words and beautiful, and find them valuable just for themselves.

L. C. W.

Correspondence

THE SOUTH AND IMMIGRATION

WASHINGTON, D. C., *June 21, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The editorial in to-day's issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY, entitled "The South and Immigration," accurately states the attitude of the South toward our "new immigration." As you point out, that section does not object to Northern farmers. It would be delighted with the diversion to the Southland of the over one hundred thousand good American farmers that annually cross the border to make their home in Canada. But, on the other hand, it is strongly opposed to the diversion or distribution of the present enormous influx of temporary aliens from southern Europe and western Asia. The reasons are many.

Some years ago the cotton-mill men, certain large employers, and the transportation interests secured the creation of a number of State immigration bureaus throughout the South for the purpose of bringing in "desirable immigrants" from abroad. The history of the South Carolina Immigration Bureau is typical. At great expense two ship-loads were brought, and carefully located by the State Commissioner of Immigration on the land, in the factories, and throughout the State. Most of the newcomers went to Chicago and New York City, feeling under no obligation for their free transportation. The farmers saw in the bureau a scheme of the mill men to keep down the price of cotton. The working people saw in it an effort to lower wages and to prolong hours of employment. In fact, the whole general public resented the project, and the State legislature promptly abolished the bureau and affirmatively forbade any State official "to attempt directly or indirectly to bring an immigrant into the State of South Carolina."

Not only have all other Southern State immigration bureaus fallen through with either by direct legislative abolition or the intentional failure of the State Legislature to continue appropriations, but most of the Southern State legislatures have passed memorials urging Congress to pass restrictive and highly selective legislation. The following, adopted by the State legislature of Tennessee is typical:

"Whereas the United States Immigration Commission, after four years' investigation and the expenditure of one million dollars, has made a forty-two volume report to Congress; and

"Whereas it is being proposed that the immigration evils from which the Northern States are suffering be relieved by diverting and distributing the aliens now crowding into and congesting the slums, sweat-shops, and city centers; and

"Whereas the Immigration Commission clearly points out that this is the only country with any considerable net foreign immigration, our laws and administrative policy are the weakest of any new country, and that 'substantial restriction is demanded by economic, moral, and social considerations,' and the illiteracy test is recommended 'as the most feasible single method of excluding undesirable immigration';

"Therefore be it *resolved* by the State Senate of Tennessee (the House concurring), that we hereby memorialize Congress to immediately enact some such illiteracy test as is recommended by the Immigration Commission, as is law in Australia, New Zealand, and other new countries, passed ... ure. She sent many ... along the lines of the Immigra...e, and these were ... gestions, and do not pass any ... in terms ... to the diversion and distribution of any kind of alien population that is now congesting the northeastern cities and causing so many evils there."

Such unquestionably represents the attitude of eighteen Southern States and Territories. These have received since the war practically no foreign immigrants, and the drift of Americans from other States into them have been almost equaled by the counter-drift of Southerners to Northern and Western States. Consequently, without any additions from the outside, the increase in population, as well as the growth of industry and material wealth throughout the South, has been at an even greater rate than has been that of the northeast with all its millions of people from abroad. The census statistics show that in population out of its own loins, labor supply, bank deposits, railroad mileage, mineral production, cotton spindles, valuation of property, and in every material and commercialistic way the South has increased at a faster percentage than has the North with all its influx of aliens, and where foreign immigration does seem to have been a substitution for rather than an addition to the native population.

The South seems to have been made highly conscious of that point of view by its experience with the enormous importations of one race, whose coming forced the less well-to-do farmers, who were not able to buy large tracts of fertile land and a considerable number of slaves needed absolutely to raise cotton with profit, into the hills and mountains, where they eked out a precarious existence hunting, fishing, moonshining, and the like, and from which they are now beginning to return to the towns and farms that cheap slave labor is no longer subjecting them to ruinous competition.

I believe the above explains fundamentally the reasons why foreign immigrants do not seek the South and why the South does not seek foreign immigration. There is perhaps one additional general fact that might clear the situation some. I refer to the fact that during the last ten years over ten million aliens entered the country, and apparently six million aliens left the country. For instance, in 1907 1,436,469 came, and the next year 714,828 aliens departed. That they do not return here again is shown by the fact that less than ten per cent. of those coming any year have ever been here before. The fact, too, that about six-sevenths are adult males, and that about nine-tenths of them seek the crowded labor and city centers, points to the same conclusion.

I am, sir,

JOHN D. MASON.

A BLAST AT NEWSPAPERS AND TRADE-UNIONS

PHILADELPHIA, *1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—No absolute monarch ever ruled his subjects more ruthlessly than the leaders of the labor unions do theirs. Disobedience to their decrees brings swift punishment in the form of social ostracism, bodily injury, and even death. Their openly avowed aim is to be able to refuse to all who fail to bow the knee to them all opportunity to earn a living. They stop at nothing to gain this end, and politicians and newspapers alike are so afraid of them that they dare not even comment unfavorably unless the act happens to be too outrageous to gloss over, and then they attribute it, not to the union itself, but to "strike sympathizers" or to "a few reckless boys in the crowd." Where, in rare cases, a union leader is brought to justice, both the newspapers and the politicians vie with one another in their efforts to exonerate the union itself, and to declare that only the leader in question was to blame. Up to the very moment of the confession of the McNamaras there was a nauseating concerted effort by the press and the politicians alike to prove that these unspeakable scoundrels and their backers were the innocent victims of a great plot by employers.

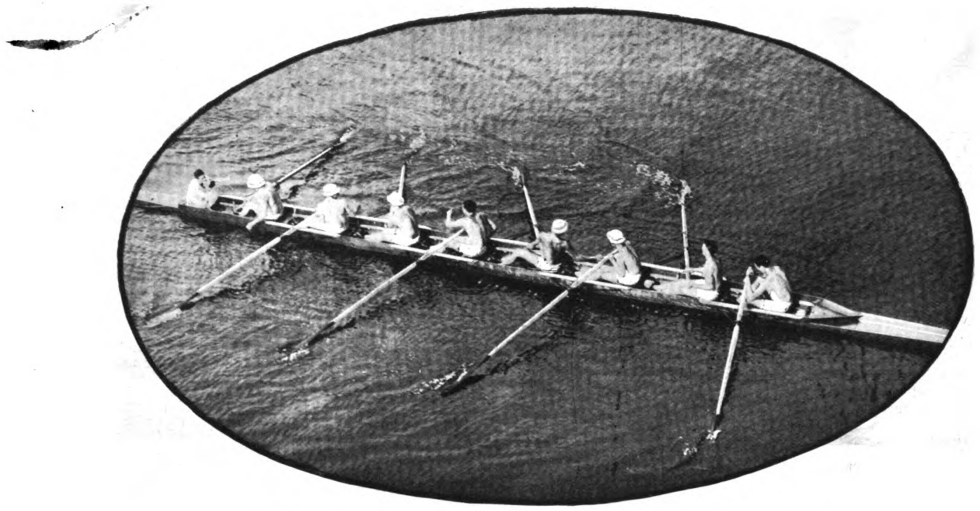
All the popular brag and bluster about the United States being a free country, the land of equal opportunities, is a pitiful absurdity that makes this country ridiculous in the eyes of all nations. With the politicians all terrorized by the unions and the newspapers, so that none of them dare think for himself or say what he thinks; when mere newspaper denunciation of a man in public life, no matter how unfounded, will sooner or later retire him to obscurity in disgrace, no man of high ability will accept public office. Even now the government of our cities, States, and nation is in the hands of demagogues, second-rate politicians, and a few honest fanatics who are quite as dangerous as their associates in power. This country is still moving only on account of momentum acquired during years of prosperity, and any great emergency will shake it to pieces like a house of cards. There never was a similar situation in the history of the world. There never has been a time when the masses lived so luxuriously and gave so little in return. Neither has there ever been a time when class hatred, envy, and discontent were more prevalent. Nor has there ever been a period in the world's history when the masses held such absolute sway politically. One feature of the situation that has no parallel is the fact that almost in the twinkling of an eye the rantings of the demagogues and "news" doctored to suit the momentary whim of the mob can be transmitted all over the country with a degree of publicity that it has never been even dreamed of in former ages. A sensational lie or half-truth has probably always met with eager listeners, but nowadays no one seems to care for the sober, colorless facts. By constantly catering to this tendency the newspapers have corrupted the great majority of our people.

"Whom the gods would destroy they first drive mad." I am quite aware that none of this is popular doctrine. Cassandra's warnings fell on deaf ears, for they did not tickle popular conceit; but please remember that in spite of the ridicule with which they met, Troy fell.

I am, sir,

FRANK JOHNSTON.

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The Harvard crew, just after winning from Yale by ten lengths at New London

WHY THE ENGLISH STROKE FAILS IN AMERICAN ROWING

BY GEORGE MARVIN

A Member of the Harvard Varsity Eight in 1898 and 1899

ENGLISH rowing, or rather rowing in England, has one advantage as a sport over rowing in this country. The men in the boats are allowed, by general consent, to win or to lose their own races. In this country, according to the reports, rowing races are rarely decided by the efforts of the crews on race day. The annual aftermath of Poughkeepsie and New London is prone to deal with those two regattas not so much as a sport as an exposition of exact science, ascribing victory or defeat to the merits or defects of a given "stroke," to the theories and personality of a given coach, or to the mechanical appliances of oars and rigging by means of which racing shells are made to move swiftly over the face of the waters.

A National Standard in England

THE reason for this difference is simple enough. In England every one rows, or tries to row, in the same way, according to the same generally accepted principles. Differing theories may prevail at Oxford and Cambridge as to training, table diet, or the exact width of oar-blades; but among Englishmen the game of rowing is standardized. By the same token, you will read the annual accounts of the Varsity race from Putney to Mortlake or of Henley Regatta in vain for expositions on the theory and practice of rowing. All that is taken for granted, and the story consists only in the moving recital of contests between crews of picked oarsmen, all hands endeavoring to do the same thing with varying degrees of success, and victory going to those fittest survivors who most highly combine the qualities of skill, courage, and endurance. Thus it was in the beginning, if we remember rightly; for in that first recorded boat race, faithfully reported by Virgil in his Æneid, the winning trireme crossed the line several galley lengths ahead because the crew most desperately "surged against" their oars. Although the competing ships were pulled, and hauled, and influenced submarinely by various unsportsmanlike sea deities, it is written that the victorious heroes "were able because they themselves thought (believed) they were able."

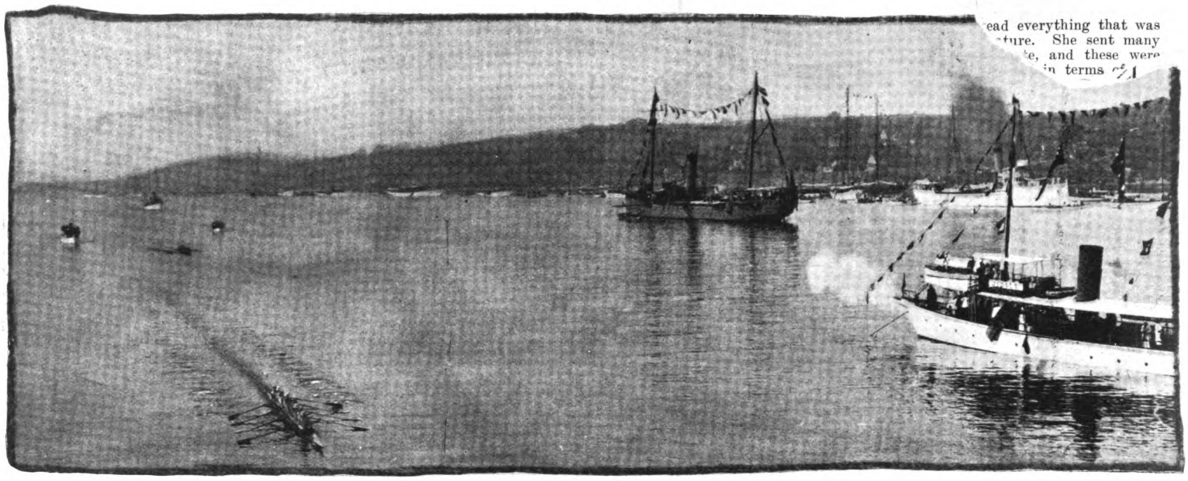
The Magic of the "System"

NO such simplicity or bowing down to tradition in these waters of the free. Yale used to win year after year because of the "Bob Cook stroke," a magical term in the early nineties; Cornell victories at Poughkeepsie are generally foregone conclusions because of the "Courtney stroke"; when Syracuse wins, it is the triumph of Ten Eyck; and Harvard's series of triumphal processions during the past six years are in large part rightly ascribed to "Jim" Wray. Each system has its partizans, unconvinced by the success of other systems; but, as a matter of fact, four-mile boat races are still won very often by the united and



The Yale varsity in the middle of the English stroke. The extra effort required by this stroke is not only unproductive of extra speed, but it can not possibly be maintained for four miles

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The spiritless finish of the Harvard-Yale contest showing the Elis hopelessly outclassed

sustained efforts of eight strong-backed, stout-hearted men.

Reverses of Harvard and Yale Crews Compared

CONSIDERING rowing purely as a sport, it is surely desirable to have boat races tests primarily of the competitors themselves. Nevertheless, the Harvard-Yale race at New London on June 20 makes a consideration of methods particularly appropriate because, this year, the race provided a complete contrast in boats, rigging, oars, and stroke. No matter how much the various schools of American oarsmanship may differ among themselves, as a whole they offer a fairly distinct contrast to English oarsmanship, which is, as has been stated, much more thoroughly standardized. This year, as formerly since 1899, Harvard rowed according to American ideas. Yale, after having lost to Harvard five years in succession, having dismissed one professional coach, and obtained no better results by a return to alumni coaching, adopted this year English rowing methods in their entirety.

Yale Disregards Harvard's English Experience

SIXTEEN years ago, Harvard, after a long series of humiliating defeats at New London, did precisely what Yale has done this year. Mr. Rudolf C. Lehman, at that time the most famous rowing coach in England, took charge of the Harvard crew and entirely Anglicized rowing at Cambridge. That year at Poughkeepsie, and the year following at New London, Harvard in English boats, with English oars rattling around in English thole-pins, rowed as crews in England row. And both years they were conclusively beaten by Cornell and by Yale. In those two years English methods were given a thorough trial at Cambridge, were found ineffective as means of winning boat races in this country, and were abandoned. To the writer, who was a member of the Harvard crew during those two years, the lessons of that experiment are almost as vivid now as they were then. It seems extraordinary that Harvard's experience should have been, as it seems, entirely lost on Yale, particularly since the conclusions as to the naturalization of English rowing, reached at Cambridge fifteen years ago, were heartily shared by Harvard's opponents, who then assisted in the June demonstrations.

Lower Efficiency of the English Method

THE chief defect in English rowing, as exemplified in this country, is that it seeks to achieve results in spite of lost motion and by a maximum of effort. The stroke that Harvard rowed in 1897 and '98, and that Yale rowed this year, is the most exhausting of strokes. Were the extra effort compensated by extra speed, the stroke might nevertheless be practical for a set of men who could maintain it over four miles. But such has been proved again and again not to be the justifying fact. No demonstration could have been clearer than that provided at New London this year. Any one without previous knowledge of oarsmanship could see a distinct difference in the rowing of the two eights as they struggled, at first side by side, and later singly, down the course. Those swinging bodies in the Yale shell described an arc much wider than the rhythmic figures in the winning boat. The Yale crew reached out until their backs were almost parallel with the gunwales of their shell, and then swung over backward until they lay in a semi-recumbent position.

And yet, that terrific and desolating heave did not send their boat as far each stroke, even in the first half mile of the race, as the answering and more elastic drive sent the other boat. The Harvard crew, sliding easily forward to the same point that Yale attained by strained reaching, applied back and legs together as they drove their oars through, finishing each stroke in a position from which they could recoil neatly back on the recover, without the useless extra effort of lifting themselves up by their abdominal muscles.

Exhausting Effects of the Body Swing

THAT extreme body swing means that the English tradition believes in thus accomplishing what most American rowing authorities believe can more economically be accomplished by a more equal coordination of back and legs. Thirty-two times every minute, during twenty-two strenuous minutes, the devoted men in the Yale boat were cramping their lungs and straining their muscles to a degree noticeably beyond the corresponding efforts by the Harvard crew. No wonder they fell steadily behind from the mile-flag on, and finished twelve lengths in the rear of a not particularly fast Crimson eight.

Yale's Loyalty to the Coaches

YALE'S defeat can not be ascribed to failure in carrying out their coaches' ideas. Mr. Harcourt Gold and Mr. Kirby, the two English coaches, admit this. Yale rowed the race out as they had been taught, and finished gamely, every man sitting up. It was a singularly fair test of method as well as of material. In addition to the extreme swing fore and aft, the Yale crew were rigged alternately across the boat in the English manner, a method which is supposed to give greater leverage in managing the longer, smaller-bladed oars of English make, but which, unless habitual, is apt to make men swing across the boat instead of straight up and down the keel. English thole-pins, with which the Yale shell was rigged, were discarded by Harvard in 1899 with real relief. They do not hold the leather "buttons" of the oars as neatly and firmly as do American row-locks, and no corresponding advantage has been advanced for them to offset their lost motion and extra friction.

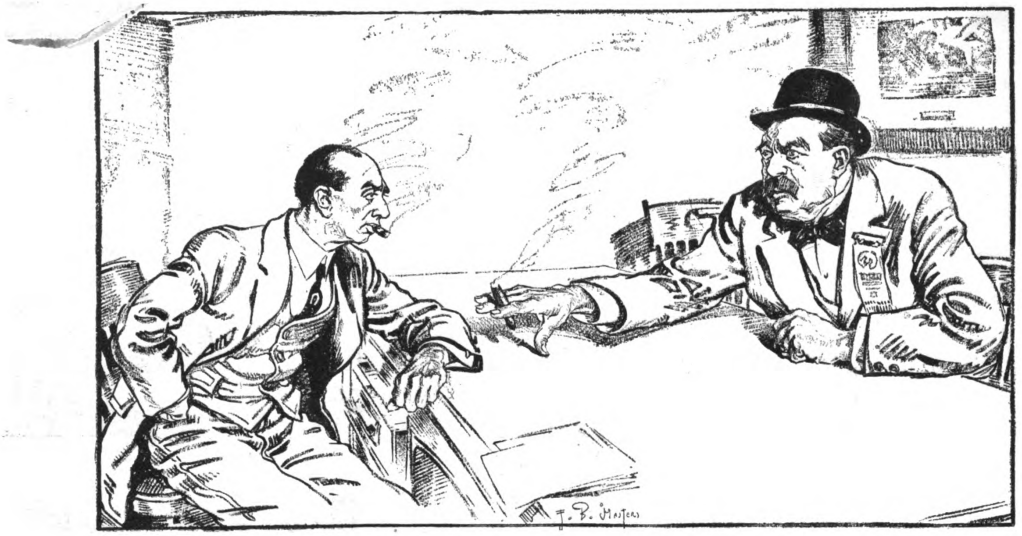
Ability and Unison the Prime Factors

IT was the opinion of many good judges at New London that this same Yale crew would have finished half a minute better, rowing a less punishing stroke and rigged in the American way. That must remain a matter of opinion. But it is confirming such opinion to remember that a Belgian crew has twice won the Grand Challenge at Henley, where the course is so short—only a few yards over a mile and a quarter—that "strokes" are of slight significance compared to sprinting ability and unison. Moreover, the Oxford-Cambridge records are made with a current and tide-way swifter than the stream at Poughkeepsie, and those races are rowed over a course so winding that position is a distinct factor in the result and violent racing bursts of speed are of almost equal value with sustained pace.



The Syracuse freshman eight, rowing in striking contrast to the awkward, enervating English style. These pupils of the veteran "Jim" Ten Eyck used the deliberate but steady and rhythmic American stroke

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"'Let me tell you, Hoff, they can convict grafters like you'"

"FOR FAILURE TO PROVIDE"

BY P. C. MACFARLANE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. B. MASTERS

"BETTER lay up a few judges for a rainy day, Hoff. That's my advice," said Larkin, the State Boss.

They were in a small committee-room just off the floor of the State Convention of the reigning political party.

"Why?" asked Hoff, the City Boss, a fox-faced Hebrew, who sat blinking vulture-like as he pondered. His present mind was to demand, as his next slice in the pie he and Larkin were cutting up together, the office of State Printer, for there was large graft there. The judges afforded no such possibilities, hence a scum of doubt filmed over his shrewd eyes, and he asked again, as Larkin remained silent and thoughtful, "Why?"

"Because," said Larkin, rousing suddenly out of the contemplative state in which he had been chewing his cigar since the last remark, "because, in the end, Hoff, they always get grafters like you."

Hoff flushed and straightened up with a start.

"No offense, you understand," apologized Larkin, seeing the movement, "but I mean it. Some day there'll be a new boss in the town. I don't mean, you know, that you'll just fall down, lose your grip, and hit the cobbles. You'll face a straight criminal pros; and they'll get you—get you dead. And you ain't got a friend on the Appellate Bench. Let me tell you——"

Larkin leaned over close, his cigar in his fingers, and the thumb of the hand that held it rapping for emphasis upon the little table between them.

"*They can convict grafters like you, Hoff.* Folk done it in St. Louis—stuck 'em big and stuck 'em little; but the Appellate courts turned 'em all loose. Skidooed one of them only the other day because the lawyers left a 'the' out of the pleadin's. Landis soaked the Standard twenty-nine millions, but the Appellate Court cut it to a whisper and come darned near sendin' Landis to jail for disorderly conduct.

"Same everywhere! They'll get you. They'll put up a case that twelve men locked up together can't get away from, no matter how much they want to. But with the upper courts it's different. They got time and lawyers to figure a way out for 'em and write the decision and put it in their hands, and all the courts has to do is to pass it out and stand pat. Take it from me, Hoff,"—and again Larkin grew confidential—"the Appellate courts of this State has jimmied more doors and windows than all the cons in both pens. You're goin' to need 'em; and my advice to you now is to let this Public Printer job, and the Surveyor-General's, too, go to me, and put a few friends of yours on the Appellate Bench. It's a mighty good investment, you'll find."

HOFF listened till Larkin had finished, and reflected silently. He quite agreed with Larkin as to the courts, but he did not agree for a moment that his power in the great city which he held in his hand could ever wane. Why, he was absolute master there. He killed and made alive; he plowed and sowed and reaped and garnered in every department of the city government; he made judges there, and juries, too. From all he got what results he would; and was it possible that things could ever be different?—that a grand jury would indict him or a police judge remand him?—a jury convict him, a court condemn him?—his juries and his courts? No, it was impossible. Success was his fetish. He worshiped it, and it could never depart from him. Some day he hoped to see Larkin himself skid wide at the turn while he took the rail and became State Boss in Larkin's place. Then he would make his mayor the governor and himself United States senator. So his imagination ran on before. Meantime he fouled his hands with graft, for it takes money to be a United States senator. And——

"BETTER have an anchor to windward, Hoff," urged Larkin.

"No," Hoff said decisively, contemptuously, after a moment; "don't need 'em. Give me the State Printer, so I can collect off the School Book Trust—and one judgeship, just to take care of my friend Monson."

"Short term do him?" asked Larkin.

"Yes," said Hoff carelessly.

"All right," said Larkin. "Who's your man for Public Printer?"

"Denny," answered Hoff through the smoke.

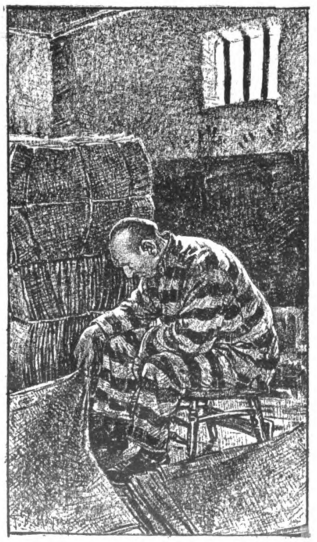
"Denny goes," declared Larkin, making a mental note. "And now here are my men for the District Courts of Appeals—Harrigan and Myers, long terms; Cone and Figelstein, shorts. Do you get 'em?"

"Yep," answered Hoff.

"By the way," asked Larkin, shooting over a shrewd, penetrating glance, "are you sure you can deliver on this judgeship?"

"Deliver?" asked Hoff in amazement. "Haven't I been delivering all the week?"

"Yes; but Marinetti—I hear he has promised his district to Blake, who is running against my man Harrigan. That's why I went and fixed it up with the farmers on the Surveyor-General—so I could have something coming on the judgeship if I needed it."



"He was thinking of Larkin's advice to him about 'rainy-day' judges"

Hoff flushed. He recognized in this both a taunt and a threat—a taunt in the suggestion that his power was not absolute in the city, and a threat that a combination was laid against him in the State. The taunt stabbed his vanity and hurt him some, but the threat frightened him. He never could understand these grangers. He never could do business with them successfully—political business. It was his weakness. In the city he was king. Get him off the cobbles and, to use his own expression, he was "lemoned." He knew it. With Larkin, now, it was different. He could cut bait with these barley-whiskers all day long while they fished, and at night put all the fish on his string.

Besides, Marinetti was always a possible snag in Hoff's pathway. He had taken orders hitherto, but, perhaps without intending it, had managed to cause Hoff the vague feeling that some day he would break. So Larkin's threat frightened him. But he bluffed.

"Marinetti?" he queried composedly. "Marinetti's eating at my crib, isn't he?"

"Aw—yes, of course," assented Larkin.

"Well, then, what's eatin' you?" asked Hoff insolently.

That bit of insolence seemed to win the day, for Larkin, appearing satisfied, arose and went out on the floor of the convention, where they were busying themselves with the final clean-up of the convention's work.

Hoff stayed behind in the little committee-room to receive his district leaders and pass the quiet tip on the judiciary. They came singly.

Last of all came Marinetti—amiable swaggerer, loyal, likable; biggest cog in Hoff's machine, and therefore distrusted of him; absolute master of the Sixty-second Assembly District, Superintendent of Public Works in the administration cabinet, and the most popular man in the city government. He was a native of Switzerland, big as a Holstein, with a large, hummocky face and a baby's complexion. Small blue eyes set in the upper corners of the face kept laughing watch over the Alpine jumble of features below, prominent among which was a nose stern and uprising like one of his native crags, and under the nose a long, narrow cleft that was a sparkling valley or a forbidding chasm, according as the Boss of the Sixty-second smiled or showed a fang.

"'SALL right," said Marinetti. "'S all right, except Harrigan. My district votes for Blake."

Hoff's eyes showed white.

"What?" he screamed. "*Your* district? When in time did it get to be your district?"

"About one number before it got to be yours," retorted Marinetti coolly. "I give you the Sixty-second sometimes when it suits me. You don't give it to me—never." The Switzer's great face hardened. Through narrow slits his beady eyes looked out, and his mouth had become a mere seam upon his face in the viselike compression of his determined lips.

Hoff next tried to reason with him. "We all stand together, don't you see?" he began. "Not to do so is disloyalty. There is only a swift kick for the traitor. Marinetti."—Hoff drew close and confiding—"if the Sixty-second should vote for Blake we should have to have a new Superintendent of Public Works."

Marinetti started as though he had been stabbed.

"So?" he breathed deeply. "So? I am the Superintendent of Public Works."

"Yes; but we can fire you."

"No," said Marinetti, with a dangerous chuckle. "You did not appoint me. Ernest appointed me be-

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cause we are old friends together—because we played the violin together when long ago, as boys, we came to this country, he from Austria and I from Switzerland."

"Ernest" was Hoff's mayor and future candidate for governor—when Hoff should go to the Senate—Ernest Mainz, who coupled an outward popularity and an appearance of probity with an inward baseness and greediness for graft that made him a most useful tool in his master's hands; and Hoff was his master beyond the lengths to which one man ordinarily gains ascendancy over the soul of another. Hoff knew Marinetti's faith in Ernest Mainz to be childlike. He seized the opening instantly, and came back through it like a flash.

"That's just it, Marinetti," he said. "What do you want to go back on your old friends for by voting your men for Blake? Ernest expects you to go for Harrigan."

Marinetti shook his head stolidly and was still, as immovable, as unchangeable, as sullen determination ever is. Hoff saw it, and let him go quickly.

AS Marinetti went out, Hoff, cigar suspended in fingers, stared thoughtfully at the closed door, still vibrating. Then he sent for the Mayor.

"You see him and fix it," was Hoff's laconic order.

"But, you see, you can't buy Marinetti when his own feelings are concerned," explained the Mayor. "You have got to give him a reason. That's the way I've always found him."

"Well, then, you give him a damned good reason, quick!"

The Mayor hurried away, and Hoff stepped out on the convention floor. He saw the Mayor take Marinetti aside.

Hoff's man Denny was nominated for Public Printer by acclamation while the Mayor was making known his failure to influence Marinetti to Hoff. "Can't budge him," he reported. "He's right on all but Blake."

Hoff ground his teeth in rage. What should he do? Tell Larkin? That was the square thing, obviously. But Larkin would sneer at him, and revile him, and order his men to turn down Monson.

There was Larkin over there, looking at him now. Did he suspect? No; he was calmly, placidly smoking, and listening to the nominating speeches. What a farce! Larkin and Hoff had already made the real nominating speeches.

Hoff thought a while in silence. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed. Hoff looked across at Larkin again. He was in the same position, only looking bored. Yes, the nominating speeches were tiresome.

"What 'll we do, Hoff?" asked the Mayor finally.

"Stand pat, Ernest," answered Hoff, chewing his cigar sagely. "Stand pat. We vote last. We've got Denny. We'll get away with Monson too. They'll never know till too late that we are shy eighteen on Harrigan. Larkin 'll throw his country vote to our man—all he can; and we'll throw our city vote to Harrigan and the rest—all we can. He can't kick on that, and we'll pretend to be surprised. We did the best we could; that's all."

Hoff glanced over and caught Larkin's eye upon him. With his hands in his pockets, the little Hebrew got up, his weed burning vigorously and jauntily uptilted, and walked deliberately across to where Larkin sat. The latter arose as he approached and leaned against the guard-rail that ran back of him, making way for Hoff at his side. Neither spoke. Each glanced the other casually in the eye, and then stood off, puffing contentedly and looking out on the convention floor. Everybody saw them, the Big City Boss and the big State Boss, who together ruled—a government of the boss, for the boss, and by the boss.

AFTER a few minutes, still without speaking, Hoff strolled leisurely back. The whole thing was a bluff—on the part of Hoff, to show that he was at ease and standing pat; on the part of Larkin, to show Hoff that his confidence in him was unshaken, and to convince the farmers that he and Hoff were in alliance. Then the balloting began. They called the roll of the counties alphabetically; and the chairman of the county delegation announced the vote—so many for each candidate. The vote had not progressed far when the Mayor remarked:

"Seems to me the country's going strong for Larkin's judges and light for ours."

"Wait," said Hoff. "These don't indicate anything yet. These are not Larkin's districts. This is just the barley-whiskers voting for Larkin's judges because they're up-State fellows, and against ours because he's from the cobbles. Wait till you come to the big towns in the rich counties. That's where Larkin's grip is strong. Then you'll see. Oh, he's a great boss, all right!"

But, as the more populous districts began to vote, they split most mysteriously, voting strong for the judges Larkin had named, and then scattering some among others, but not a vote for Monson. Hoff's face became pale. As the count progressed his wrath rose. He rushed across to Larkin.

"You double-crossed us!" he shouted.

"Nope," suggested Larkin calmly. "You slipped one over on yourself, Hoff. I found out Marinetti was goin' to fool you, and as it was only a matter of eighteen votes, I fixed it up with the farmers and was goin' to include your judge, too; but when I saw your kid-gloved Mayor talkin' to Marinetti, I knew you was on. I waited for you to wigwag me, and you didn't. Seein' you were plannin' to do me, I passed out the word to swit-swat you proper, and they're doin' it."

Hoff's eyes glittered.

"You pan-handler!" he shrieked in his rage; but suddenly he turned and quick as a flash darted across to the Mayor, who met him half way.

"Quick," he whispered. "Vote the whole delegation for Blake."

He had noticed that all along Blake had been picking up votes, ones, twos, and threes, and sometimes more; and in that brief moment he had swiftly calculated that to deliver the whole city vote to Blake, in addition to the eighteen Marinetti was giving him, anyway would elect him, defeat Harrigan, and turn the iron of revenge in the heart of Larkin. Hoff was indifferent to Harrigan, and he hated Blake; but he loved revenge, and was full of bitter enmity against the man whom he had sought to deceive, but who had instead deceived him. He gave the order, and ran back again to gloat over Larkin when that gentleman should discover what had been done to him. For Hoff had a melodramatic nerve.

"Hoff," said Larkin, by way of conversation,—for he was feeling extremely at ease with himself, and made it a point not to be angry with his brother without cause,—"Hoff! it is probably true that a man can't be successful in politics without being crooked; but you are too blamed crooked."

Just then the Mayor, with a flourish, voted the entire city delegation for Blake. A great roar of applause went up from the galleries, for Blake was a popular candidate. Blake was elected, Harrigan was defeated, Larkin had been beaten, after all, to this extent, and it was enough to disturb seriously his philosophic calm. A purple rage kindled on his face. His angry eyes showed white above the pupils. He leaned forward and gripped Hoff by the shoulders, shaking him like a rat.

"You little sheeny pup!" he hissed into his ear. "I'll take your sparkin' plug for this day's work. See if I don't!"

That was all. Larkin dropped him, and, turning, shouldered his way angrily in among his henchmen, who were trying to find out what had happened.

THE reaction came quickly to Hoff. The convention had adjourned for the noon recess in an uproar. The city delegates were wildly, ignorantly enthusiastic. They did not understand the play, but they knew that Hoff had broken with Larkin, had spilled a keg of nails in Harrigan's pathway, and lifted Blake into their own tonneau. Hoff—oh, Hoff was the clever boy! A handful of the wildest of them tried to lift him up on their shoulders. He did not look at them, even, but drove them off from him with curses. He was sick in heart. His grip on the State was gone. The vision of the north end of the Capitol had dropped beneath the horizon in a moment—and that fool Marinetti! Well, of course, Hoff himself might not have used the best judgment in handling the situation, but he had done what seemed the obvious thing at the time. And Marinetti! That stubborn, pink-cheeked dolt was the cause of all the trouble!

The Mayor, tall, black-bearded, slow to see, unmoved as Tell's hat in the market-place, paraded amid the throng. Hoff ordered him to heel with a disdainful glance. His own impatience could brook no delay. He was elbowing to where Marinetti stood, and the Mayor obediently followed. Marinetti was on a chair, a placid smile playing like a golden sunset over his great features, as he waved admiringly to his friend Blake in the gallery. Hoff nipped him sharply in the legs, as a terrier snaps at the heels of a grizzly.

"Get down!" he ordered sharply.

Marinetti got down and looked inquiringly at Hoff. He did not understand the vote of the delegation, but thought it was the Mayor's action, convinced, as he supposed, by his arguments that Blake was the man to go for. He caught sight of the Mayor.

"Good for you, Ernest!" he exclaimed, beaming, extending his great hand. "I told you Blake was a good fellow. I am glad you voted for him."

"You just cut that rot out, will you, good and quick!" snapped Hoff. "Ernest voted for Blake because I ordered it; and I ordered it to get even with Larkin for double-crossing us—and the whole miserable mess is on account of you. You haven't got any brains. Your head's full of limburger, or whey, or some other rotten, mushy thing. I'm done with you, Marinetti. You can pack your trunk. You're fired. To-morrow there'll be a new Superintendent of Public Works, and soon there'll be a new boss of the Sixty-second. That's all I've got to say to you. Come on, Ernest. I'm in a hurry."

HOFF got nothing more out of the convention. Things broke badly for him from that time on to the close. During the afternoon ugly rumors of disquieting revelations in the city, of councilmen entrapped in the act of bribe-taking, and stories of corruption that traced themselves to Hoff's door, were freely circulated.

Hoff brooded apart from his men, in the special train that late at night brought the city delegation home from the State Convention. The morning brought worse news. A secret investigation had been going on for months. Some of Hoff's henchmen had turned traitor. Others had been entrapped and forced to confess, involving him to save themselves. The leaders in the reform movement were revealed as a group of relentless and determined men who never turned aside from their aims, and they made their present purpose plain. It was to put Hoff behind the bars. The city was in a turmoil. The very cobbles jostled one another angrily as Hoff passed over them in his automobile coming downtown. He received the reports of his subordinates with mock bravado; but when they were gone, he stood alone in his private office and muttered.

"In a night, by God! In a night!"

So quickly had Rebellion raised her head. But Hoff was a fighter. He was rich. The ramifications of his corrupt machine extended in many directions. Many a social or commercial or political throne rested at least a corner on a Hoff foundation. So he prepared to fight. There was nothing else to do.



"He raved out the words of his threat, waving his great fists frantically"

BUT first he resolved to get Marinetti. This was both a matter of private revenge and of political discipline. He wanted no traitors in his camp. If there were such, the sooner they got out the better. So, from his office, he sent a telephone message across the street to another office, the door of which was by a political fiction labeled "Executive Chambers," and soon the Mayor appeared.

"Ernest," said Hoff promptly, "I've looked up the law. You have full power. You merely send word to Marinetti that he has been removed from office, and direct him to turn over possession to his chief clerk, whom you designate as the temporary head of the department. Then you send in the name of his successor to the council to-night, and they confirm it."

"But, Hoff," protested the Mayor excitedly, "I can't do that. I don't want to do that. It 'll make trouble for us. I tell you, it will. Besides, I can't do Emil that sort of a turn. He's with us. He stands with us now. We oughtn't to come it on him like that for just one bad turn. We'll admit we didn't show the proper consideration for his feelings."

"Feelings!" snorted Hoff. "What man's got any right to have feelings when the machine is at stake? No man. Not even you, Ernest. And the machine's at stake right now. There's one too many bosses in this town, and the name of the plurality is Marinetti. He's going out."

Hoff's tones were bold to boastfulness.

"Hoff," pleaded the Mayor, "don't make me do it; I couldn't. We played the violin together in New York when we first came over. We belonged to the Musicians' Union together. We do yet. When my children had scarlet fever and I was out of work, he stood by me. His wife and mine are climbing into society together. To-night they're going to Mrs. Sadler Harkins' ball. I made old Harkins throw in the bids for the two of them along with the bale of greens for the franchise. For God's sake, don't make me do it."

The Jew smiled again—smiled, and sneered at the heartless treachery and soft cowardice of the man. He had ceased to contend for his friend. No; he was willing to let him go, but he had pleaded for himself. He wished to be spared the embarrassment of throwing him out, though another might do so for profit in which he participated and he would not protest at all. So Hoff smiled and said: "All right, Ernest; I'll try and find another way out. But he must go: you are agreed to that?" He shot a keen glance at the Mayor, who looked relieved.

"Yes, I suppose so," he said. "You know, I always find you know best about these things."

(Continued on page 25)

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TAXATION BLUNDERS AND THEIR REMEDY

BY LEWIS JEROME JOHNSON

Professor of Civil Engineering in Harvard University

ONE fundamental blunder in our tax system is the assumption that the public must levy upon private earnings to pay its expenses.

This blunder springs from a failure to realize that the community has a natural revenue of its own—the annual rental value of the land apart from improvements. The value in question is simply the value of sites or locations due to nearness to centers of trade and population, to the presence of public improvements, to means of transportation, and to various natural advantages. It does not include the value of any improvements in, on, or under the land. It does not include the portion of the value of a given piece of land due to the expenditure of capital or labor on that land. It does include the value of the franchises of public service corporations. It is relatively very low in the case of farm-land, and correspondingly high in cities.

This great fund, technically called land value, measures the benefit conferred by society upon the holders, as such, of titles to land. It might well be termed the community-made portion of the value of land. Morally and equitably, it is public property, and should be used to pay the public expenses, just as an individual's earnings should pay his individual expenses. Its annual yield has all the characteristics of an automatic public revenue—except that it will not *quite* collect itself into the public treasury. It does, however, flow into plain sight within easy reach; but our unnatural tax laws permit its absorption by the individuals who hold land titles—a social blunder akin to permitting the absorption of the slave's earnings by his "owner." All we need to do to correct the present-day error is to increase our present levy upon land values. We would, at the same time, gradually reduce to extinction all other *revenue* taxes. Be it observed that this involves no abandonment of regulative or restrictive taxes, or of exemptions of land, as at present, in certain cases. Of course, it leaves our existing system of titles to land unchanged.

The adequacy of land values to meet all public expenses is sometimes questioned, but not by those who give due weight to the enormous land values in cities, towns, and villages. Be that as it may, however, the industry which now supports *both* the government *and* the land-owners could obviously support the government alone, and with no *increase* of load over the present, to say the least!

How to Cut Down Municipal Graft

THE laws that protect the private absorption of land values once abolished, and this public fund once turned into the public treasury where it belongs, all excuse for seizure of private property under the guise of revenue collection would varnish, and it is safe to predict that the practice would also disappear. The abolition of these two legal systems of plunder—that of the land-owners from the state and that of the state from the worker—would strip the skulking graft of the policeman or alderman and the smugger plunder of the tariff baron or franchise-grabber of their most potent ally. "Easy money" for some, under the law, suggests and often even condones "easy money" all along the line, law or no law. Hence the chaotic state of public morals which makes it so difficult to get the upper hand of corruption in business and politics. Not till the public has learned to recognize and respect its own property, and to respect that of individuals, can it hope for due respect on the part of individuals for public property and for one another's property.

Note carefully that it is not because land value is "unearned" by the land-owner that it should go to the public, but because it is created and earned *by the public.* This point is sometimes overlooked even by pretentious "experts," to the great darkening of their counsel.

Our present taxing methods are like transfusing blood into a man's arm while his own blood is streaming from a strangely unobserved gash in his side. But we have discovered the hitherto overlooked wound. We are getting ready to stanch it and perhaps to close it and let the patient thrive upon his own blood—to his advantage, not to mention those from whom blood is drawn. To the extent that we prevent the leakage of the natural public revenue into private pockets—by the increase of our present tax on land values—we do away with the need of transfusion. *i. e.,* the taxation of buildings, factories, stores, machinery, merchandise, railway equipment, live stock, personal property, and improvements of all kinds. And this, doubtless, is destined to be the plan of action.

The recognition of land values as a public fund, or at least as a specially appropriate source of public revenue, has in the last several years made a deep impression on legislation, not only in British Columbia and in New Zealand, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Australia, but in Japan, Germany, and England. It is what gives the Lloyd-George Budget its unprecedented social and economic significance. It has recently been urged in several English by-elections by Liberal candidates with such striking success that the taxation of land values can not fail to be adopted soon as a fixed and leading policy of the Liberal Party. So unmistakable is the trend that even the *Pall Mall Gazette* (Unionist) of June 28, 1912, declares that the "Unionist party must set itself to think out and proclaim a drastic but practical and equitable policy of land reform" as a counter-move to the Liberal tendency toward the taxation of land values. In the United States the proposal to exempt all personal property, buildings, and improvements, with a corresponding increase upon land values including franchises, has begun to make itself felt in actual politics. Last fall it was the object of significant, if for the moment unsuccessful, State-wide campaigns in Missouri and Oregon. California in the same election cast an encouraging vote for a measure for municipal home rule in taxation urged with similar intent, a measure since referred to the people again by an overwhelming vote of the legislature. The city of Everett, Washington, the fourth city of the State in size, by a two-to-one vote carrying every ward and precinct in the city, adopted a measure of this kind, under the label "Single-Tax Amendment," after carrying it by a slight margin at the previous election only to lose it by a court decision on a technicality. To be sure, office-holders, office-seekers, political parties, and pretentious "experts" looking only to what they think are immediate possibilities have, in this country, hardly taken note of these things as yet. What they have done has been, on the whole, to belittle or oppose. But the public is finding small satisfaction in following their past advice, and is learning to look for leadership to others less hampered and more far-sighted. The people are hence slowly but surely coming to see the momentous economic truth that land values properly belong to the public, and to show their new knowledge in their votes.

A second blunder akin to that of failing to recognize in land values a public fund, and one almost as bad, is the assumption that a tax is justifiable if only it is in proportion to ability to pay.

Evils of the "Ability-to-Pay" Doctrine

The current "ability-to-pay" doctrine fails because it makes no distinction between ability to pay due to having *served* the public and ability to pay due to having *plundered* the public. It undertaxes, and thus fosters privilege. It taxes, and thus represses industry. It makes of taxation a mere system of enforced charity, when it should be the honest, dignified collection of the public's own natural revenue. To the extent that this plausible system succeeds in taxing ability to pay due to useful industry, it is a system of crude spoliation, or, if you prefer, enforced charity—none the less demoralizing because legal. It produces the confusion of mind which leads to the advocacy of income and inheritance taxes as well as taxes upon personal property and buildings, and thus tends completely to undermine the security of private property, something it would to-day seem wiser to buttress than to weaken.

But the ability-to-pay doctrine has, of course, some truth behind it. Obviously no tax system could successfully fly in the face of this doctrine. The dismal failure of the present system is due partly to the fact that in actual working it falls and is bound to fall with great disproportionateness upon the poor, and thus *flies squarely in the face of the very principle which in theory is used to justify it.* Let us examine further into the land-value tax from this point of view. Would it not prove to be the long-sought tax—one proportioned to the shoulders that must carry it?

A tax on the value of land after deducting the value of all improvements is primarily and sufficiently justified as a tax in proportion to benefits conferred by society. It is merely a payment in proportion to obligation to pay. Land-owners now get these payments, and, so far as not collected in taxes on land values, keep them. A tax on this fund, with the discontinuance of all other revenue taxes, would therefore put taxation on the correct basis of *obligation* to pay for value received instead of on the sole basis of *ability* to pay. *It would also, however, conform to all in the ability-to-pay principle which is socially or ethically justifiable;* for the holding of land or franchises carries with it, as a matter of course, ability to pay in proportion as it carries obligation to pay, precisely as holding a ground lease carries with it the ability as well as obligation to pay a proper ground rent. And the enormous private fortunes at which income and inheritance taxes are aimed, with some show of wisdom, consist in the main of power to absorb land values, and would thus inevitably be reached by the new tax as far as they ought to be reached by any tax.

Why the Land-Value Tax is Needed

Thus the land-value tax meets the dictate of kind feeling that a tax should be in proportion to ability to pay, as well as the inexorable dictate of morality that it be in proportion to obligation to pay.

Some other merits in the system may be briefly suggested as follows:

Public collection of land values, through taxation, would build up a clear and sound conception of the distinction between public and private property. It would give us a tax that none could dodge or shift—a tax that could be assessed and collected with a minimum of expense, without inquisitorial methods, and with at least a reasonable approach to fairness and accuracy. We should have a tax having all the desirable features of income and inheritance taxes without their evil features. We should have a tax that would not penalize industry, thrift, or any other socially desirable activity, and that would discourage, instead of fostering, the great social wrong of holding *valuable* land out of use or inadequately used.

Owners of improved real estate, including farms, would usually be more than reimbursed for the increase of the tax on their land by the exemption of their buildings and of other improvements on or in the land, and of personal property, not to mention their individual share in the increasing prosperity. For example, a recent and doubtless trustworthy compilation from the official tax-books of Clackamas County, Oregon, shows that the 5,407 farmers of that county, exclusive of tenant farmers and those who hold *no* improved land—that is, the working owners of bona-fide farms—would pay 23.91 per cent. less in taxes on their property if only land values were taxed, the total tax levy remaining as at present.

To turn to an older community, Massachusetts, we find from recent valuations (1907, the latest at hand) that in the 284 small towns of the State (excluding the 70 cities and large towns) only about 20 per cent. of the whole *real estate* valuation is community-made, and hence taxable as land value as defined in this article. That is to say, in that State, under a system of purely land-value taxation, nearly or quite 80 per cent. of the value of all rural real estate besides all the personal property would be exempt from taxation. It is believed, upon careful analysis, that such a system of taxation, with a proper distribution of State expenses among the municipalities, would halve the taxes of Massachusetts farmers. Obviously, a system of taxing only the community-made values in the land would spell relief for the working farmer in any part of the country. He is the man who gets the minimum benefit from society, and is now taxed out of all proportion to the little benefit he gets—with a tax penalty lying in wait for every improvement he ventures to make. No wonder his children move to the city.

Effect on Farmers and City Workers

The farmer's case has here been given particular consideration, because he has been known to confound land value with land, and to assume that, because he has large holdings in land, he would be ruined by the new system. Misled by this error, he naturally opposes the proposal to lay all taxes upon land values. Other well-meaning folk are apt to think he is right, and some not so well meaning have selfishly encouraged him in his mistake. For his own good, and that of the rest of us, his not unnatural error needs careful pointing out. And the cause needs the farmer's votes as badly as he needs the cause. His advantage, in common with other workers, is, of course, clear when it is realized how very little land value he is now enjoying and how little of his property would be taxable under the new system. Note carefully that it is bona-fide working, producing farmers, those who farm farms rather than farm farmers, of whom we are now speaking. As to "farmers" who are primarily land speculators—that is another story.

As for workers other than farmers, their advantage in the change is even more readily seen. Owning little or no land, valuable or otherwise, there is no room for the peculiar confusion that besets the farmer. If a renter of real estate, as is usually the case, he would, of course, pay the tax on the land that he occupies. He would pay it, as he does now, through his rent payments, payments that are now as large as the landlord can exact, and that hence could not be increased by the new tax. The new tax would simply compel the landlord to give up to the tax collector a larger share than now of the public fund, land value; while the abolition of the tax on the house, together with an increased supply of houses, would force down the workers' rent bill. If the worker owns land, its location value in proportion to his other property is usually small. Then the removal of taxes on his necessaries of life—food and clothing, as well as shelter—is clearly all to his good.

Moreover, all workers, farmers and city workers alike, must gain from the increased demand for labor and consequent increase of wages through valuable land coming into use. And the lion's share of the advantage could no longer go to those whose contribution to the communal advance consists merely in owning the land that other people use.

The only persons whose incomes would be diminished, even temporarily, by putting all revenue taxes on land values would be the few whose income is derived predominantly from the unnatural right of living off the public fund, or who persist in injuring society by preventing the full economic use of valuable land.

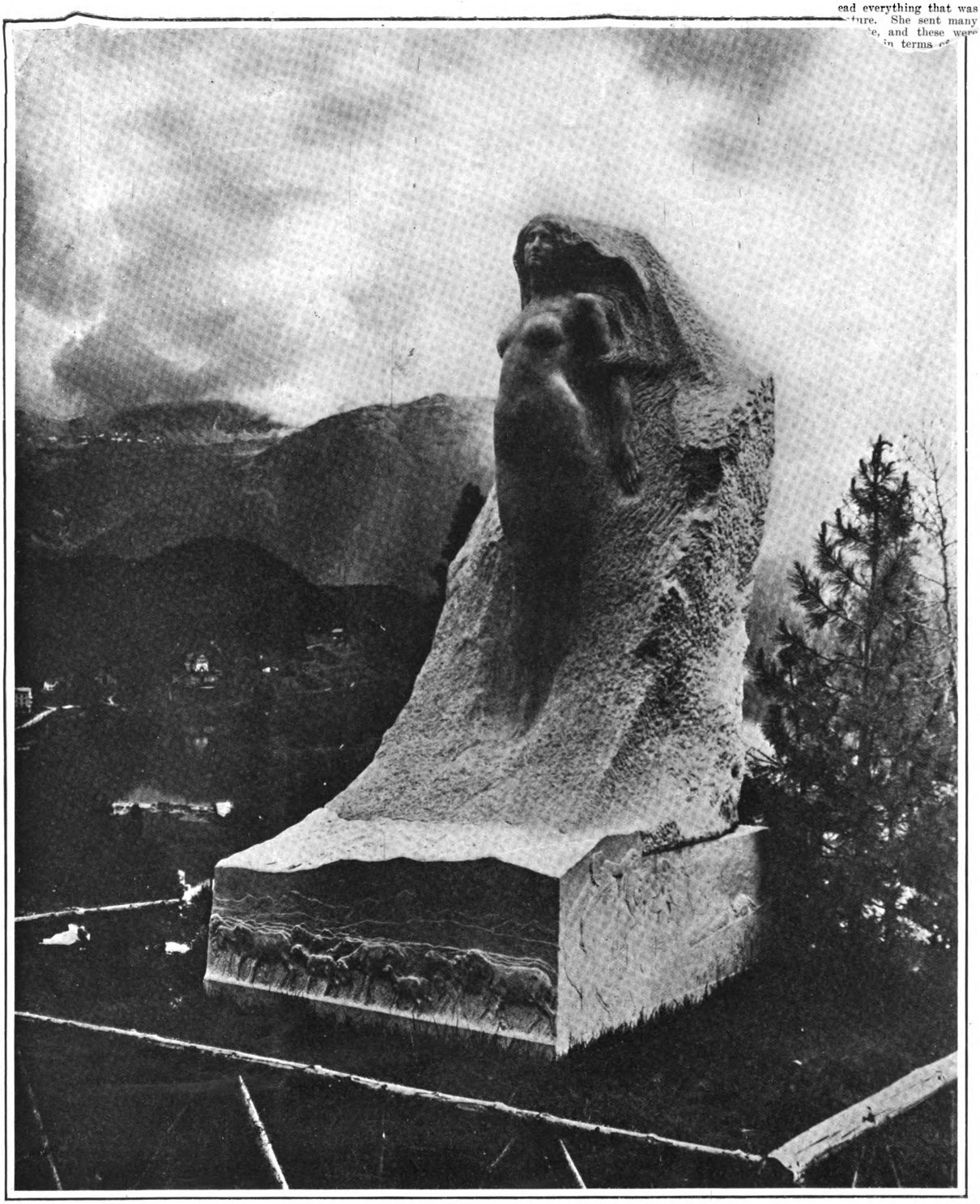
Like convalescence, the result is all to the good, and will be so regarded when understood—except perhaps by those who have come to prefer the life of an economic invalid and prefer to be waited on and supported by others. And it may safely be predicted that the good-natured, forgiving and forgetting public will never let even such undergo sufferings comparable to those now endured by the underpaid but frantically industrious poor.

To recapitulate.

Land values are a social product. They should be made by law, what they are by right, the sole source of revenue taxes. Two of the many advantages would be a rational tax system and a rising respect for true property rights, public and private. The latter alone might repay us for making the change.

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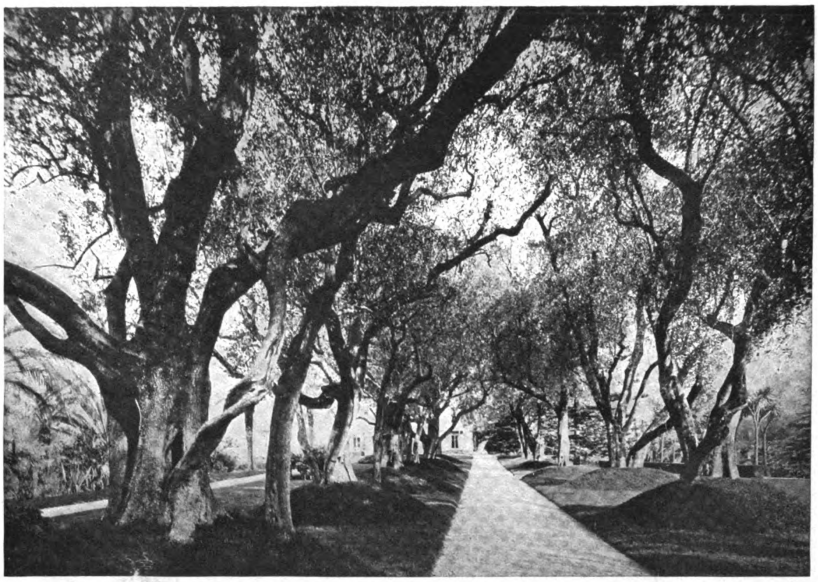
SEGANTINI'S MONUMENT IN THE ALPS

The monument to Segantini, the great Italian landscape-painter, just completed by the Italian sculptor Bistolfi. It stands on a mountain-top at St. Moritz, Switzerland, overlooking the country that Segantini painted. At the base of the beautiful figure of the Spirit of the Alps are bas-reliefs of Alpine mountain-scenes, typifying the artist's work

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Gardens of the Villa Liserb, the home of Princess Henry of Battenberg, where the Queen drove daily in her donkey-cart

QUEEN VICTORIA AS I KNEW HER

BY XAVIER PAOLI

Former Special Commissioner of the Sûreté Générale, Detailed to Accompany Royal Visitors to France

For twenty-five years M. Xavier Paoli held one of the most difficult and dangerous posts under the French government—that of guarding the European sovereigns who visited France and of answering for their personal safety. No man in Europe had better opportunity for observing and studying the rulers of nations at close range. His tact and fidelity won the confidence of the visiting princes whom he guarded, and he was admitted to their friendship and to the freedom of their households.

Among the many foreign sovereigns with whom Paoli was associated was Queen Victoria of England, who asked the French government that no one else should watch over her during her visits to France and to the French Riviera. Paoli's reminiscences throw new light on the character of the great English Queen.

MY duties as special commissary placed me in attendance on Queen Victoria during each of her later visits to France. I therefore had the opportunity of living beside her, as it were, of leading almost the same life as her Majesty, very nearly every year, for a varying period of time. I will not speak at length of the Queen's first holidays in the South of France. These were really but so many trials of the climate, and I should not have anything very striking or sensational to tell about them.



Portrait of Angèle Gastaud, the French peasant child, which was painted at Queen Victoria's order on one of her last visits to the Riviera

It seems that the Queen took a great liking to Aix-les-Bains from the start. She made three stays there; and there was every reason to believe that, charmed by the "Alpine graces of Savoy" of which Victor Hugo sang, she would never have thought of going to another part of French soil in search of a better springtime resort. She bought a large piece of land not far from Aix, and proposed to build a country house upon it. The whole district was delighted at the news that the Queen had become a landowner in that part of the country. Unfortunately, one of those small and petty differences which are always apt to arise where a question of property is involved, and which are generally settled in a friendly way, was exaggerated and embittered by local rivalries, with the result that the whole thing was spoilt. When her Majesty was preparing to lay the first stone of her French home, she asked the local authorities to make an alteration in the roads, for which she offered to pay liberally. Captious objections were raised; an attempt was made to turn the situation to account by imposing oppressive conditions upon the royal landowner; and this went to such lengths that the Queen ended by abandoning her project, selling her property, and taking leave for good of Aix-les-Bains.

AT that time the Queen of England had not yet quite lost the use of her limbs, and could still move about a little, with the help of a stick. This slow and painful method of progress soon tired her. She took long carriage drives, but what she really needed was a means of locomotion suited to easy and immediate use and requiring no great preparation. One day, as she was driving, with her suite, along the edge of the Lac du Bourget, she met a peasant approaching slowly in a little cart drawn by a donkey. The animal was still young, but so thin and so ill tended that he was nothing to look at. The Queen stopped her carriage and beckoned to the fellow.

"Would you care to sell me your donkey, my good man?" she asked.

Not knowing to whom he was speaking, the peasant replied, with the usual distrust that country people instinctively entertain for those who come from the towns:

"It all depends, madam."

"How much did you pay for him?" asked the Queen.

"A hundred francs—and he was cheap at the price."

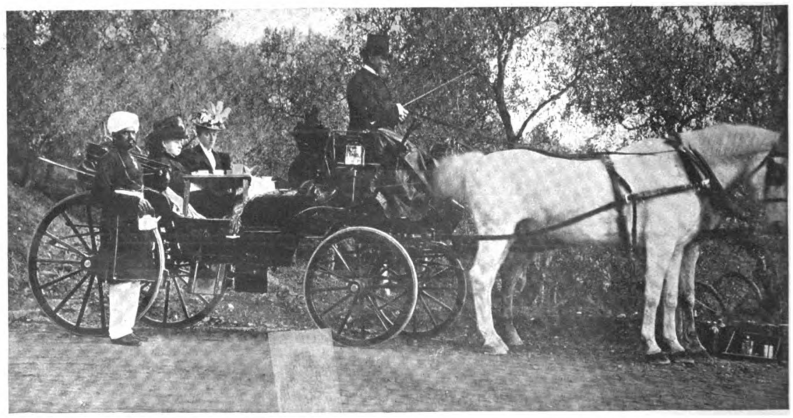
"I will give you two hundred. Will you take it?"

The peasant pretended to hesitate. I said, in my turn:

"You can buy two donkeys with that."

At last he made up his mind; the bargain was struck; and the donkey became the Queen's property, and was duly washed, curry-combed, groomed, and generally smartened up. Above all, he was better fed. Soon after, he was put to draw the Queen along the little roads and narrow paths which the carriage could not enter. Thenceforth, Jaquot, as he was christened, had an easy, gentle, and agreeable life.

When the Queen went back to Savoy, in 1890, it was decided that Jaquot should be taken with her on the journey. On the day of his return to Aix, the sly donkey proved that he had a good memory. He broke loose from the wagon in which he was carried, sniffed the air of his native land with delight, took his bearings, and scampered away before any one could lay a hand upon him, making straight for the stable where he had been so well cared for



The Queen taking tea on the highroad. Beside her is the Princess Victoria

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in the previous year. One of the Queen's equerries, on hearing the story, exclaimed, quite rightly:

"Now you will have to change your French maxim which says 'Silly as a donkey'!"

AFTER Aix-les-Bains, Queen Victoria went successively to Florence, Biarritz, Grasse, and Hyères, and ended by selecting Nice as her holiday resort. She was faithful to the Riviera for five years; and death alone prevented her from returning there, for, shortly before expiring, in one of those gleams of hope that light up so many death-beds, she exclaimed:

"Ah, I shall never get well except at Nice! If I were only at Cimiez, how soon I should recover!"

An old Nicene scholar of my acquaintance, who had made a far-reaching study of the archæology of the place, said to me one day:

"I suppose you think that this is the first time that an empress has been to stay at Cimiez; but you are wrong. There was one before the Empress of India, who also came here in search of peace and health. I hasten to say that I am not speaking of the day before yesterday. The Empress I have in mind was the Empress Salonina, the wife of Gallienus, who lived and reigned in the third century of our era."

The Grand Hôtel at Cimiez still exists as it was at the time of the Queen's stay. It is a very plain building. The Queen's emissary had hired the whole hotel for a period of some five weeks, at a price of about forty thousand francs. The hotel was arranged, with all speed, for the accommodation of its illustrious guest, and the Cimiez municipality gave orders for important road-making operations in the countryside. The neighboring landlords courteously offered to throw open their parks and gardens, and even to have breaches made in their walls, so that the Queen might feel at home wherever she went. In short, a general spirit of emulation prevailed.

Everything was done to make the royal apartments comfortable, attractive, and agreeable. A great deal of furniture was sent over from England, and especially a number of little ornaments which the Queen liked to see about her.

The sovereign's apartments occupied the right wing of the hotel. The bedroom was quietly furnished with a few chairs in thick velvet, a very fine Venetian mirror, and a mahogany bedstead.

The drawing-room was more sumptuously furnished, in solid mahogany, artistically carved; and the walls were upholstered with flowered hangings. Rich and thick curtains hung at the doors and windows. In the middle of the room stood the Queen's little writing-table, covered with papers and family photographs.

The dining-room looked north, and was very large indeed, so much so that, for private meals, the size had to be reduced by means of an enormous and very handsome screen. It contained a luxurious suite of furniture, tapestries, objects of art, and vases with flowers; and water-colors, etchings, and paintings by master hands.

The Queen's two daughters, Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Christine of Schleswig-Holstein, and the ladies-in-waiting, Lady Southampton and Miss Harriet Phipps, had their apartments in the left wing.

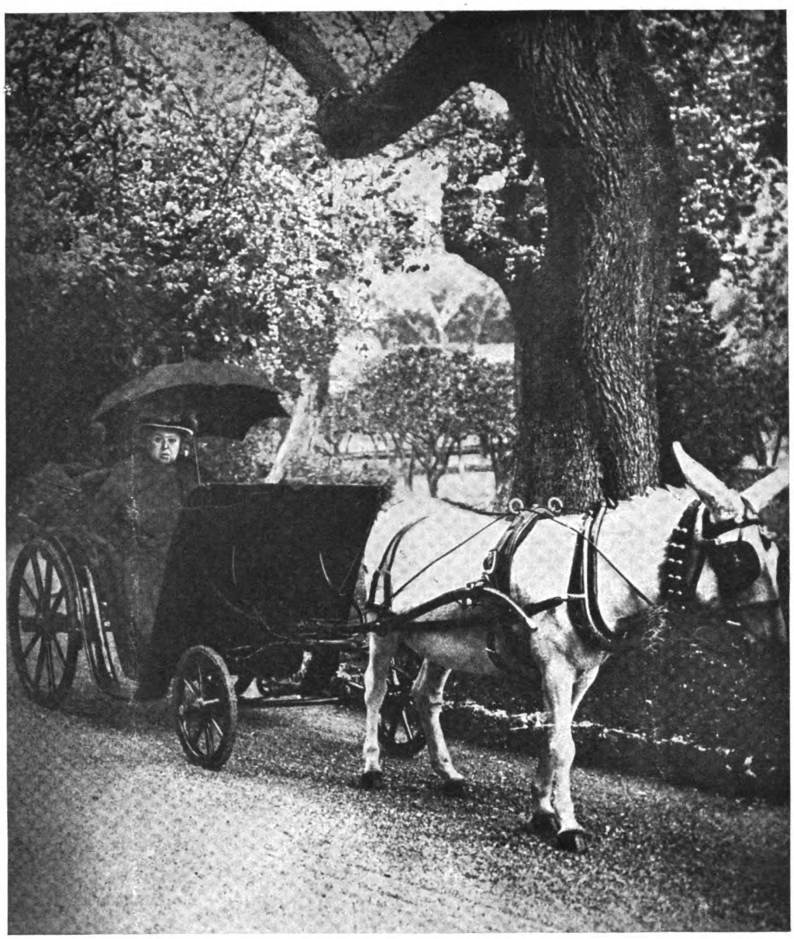
On the ground floor, on the right, two rooms were used as reception-rooms. On the left were the apartments of Sir Arthur Bigge, the Queen's private secretary; of Colonel (afterward Sir William) Carrington, her equerry; and of Sir James Reid, physician-in-ordinary to her Majesty. The remainder of the hotel was allotted to the different members of the suite.

This hotel formed Queen Victoria's first residence at Nice in the spring of 1895. The second was the Hôtel Excelsior-Regina, comprising altogether eighty large rooms, not to speak of a number of smaller rooms and dressing-rooms, which was let for the respectable figure of eighty thousand francs for the length of the visit.

The Queen's Indian Body-Guard

THE Queen's household comprised, in addition to the immediate members of her suite, a fairly numerous staff of servants, including a first waiting-maid, assisted in her service by several others; a French chef, M. Ferry, who had three or four lieutenants and a whole regiment of scullions under his orders; a coachman, an outrider, and a dozen grooms, besides the small band of Indian servants who, to a certain extent, formed a set apart.

I think that my readers may be interested in a few details concerning these last. They were a fine-looking body of men, Mohammedans from Agra and Lahore, clad in big turbans and cashmere garments of dazzling colors. They were a trifle fierce and shy, always very impassive in their demeanor, and quite taken up with the almost religious importance of their duties. They acted as a sort of private body-guard to the Queen. They enjoyed certain privileges, practised all the rites of their creed without restrictions, were thoroughly accustomed to discipline, and were faithful and devoted to their sovereign in life and death. The Queen also brought with her a Scotch gillie, who wore the picturesque costume of his native land.



Queen Victoria in her donkey-cart, drawn by Jaquot, the donkey bought by the Queen from a French peasant on one of her drives. Jaquot became the favorite of the royal stables, and the Queen took him about with her on her travels through France

All these servants had a great deal to do, especially on the arrival and departure of the royal party; for the Queen always carried nearly all of the furniture of her bedroom with her, including the bed and bedding, together with her own linen and plate and utensils and knickknacks of every sort.

The Queen usually rose at nine o'clock, proceeded to dress at once, and then took breakfast, which was laid in a small sitting-room adjoining her bedroom, and consisted of chocolate, coffee, tea, and various kinds of rolls. A dish of eggs was also served, prepared in a different manner every day; a dish of fried fish; grilled bacon; and Cambridge sausages. Let me hasten to add, after naming this substantial list, that the Queen ate very little, and selected one of these dishes at random, without showing preference for any in particular.

Victoria's Enormous Correspondence

NEXT came the turn of the mail-bag and the daily correspondence. As the Queen made it a rule to answer every letter at once that was worth answering at all, her two secretaries were kept very busy. She had to sign a number of papers, and allowed herself the time to read everything that was submitted to her for her signature. She sent many telegrams, both official and private, and these were nearly always couched in cipher or in terms of language agreed upon with the recipients. The Queen's correspondence was really enormous, and I think it will be interesting and amusing if I devote a little space to a variety of communications which her Majesty received in abundance. The more powerful you are, the more you are troubled with requests. Queen Victoria was no exception to this rule. Even when traveling, even when enjoying a holiday abroad, she received daily, in addition to her serious post, an innumerable quantity of letters emanating from occasional correspondents of every unexpected sort and kind.

These letters, I assure you, were very curious reading. They arrived from every point of the compass. They were obsequious or arrogant by turns, frank or crafty, clever or silly, satirical or threatening. The supplicants hit upon a thousand ingenious methods of calling attention to themselves. Sometimes they took the most finicking pains to write a beautiful hand; sometimes they illustrated their petitions with decorative designs. There were those who had their appeals written by children, hoping thereby to produce a more melting mood in the recipient. There were others who recommended themselves on the strength of quaint precedents. Some affected the most complete confidence in the success of their enterprise, as, for instance, an old man of eighty-two who wrote:

> How painful and repulsive it would be to me, who am so near the grave, to have to alter my high opinion of the royal magnanimity, generosity, and benevolence!

Others made a display of pessimism:

> If your Majesty does not lend an ear to my entreaty, there will be no resource left to me but to put an end to my life!

A correspondent at Bordeaux, who was under a passing financial cloud, cherished the hope that Queen Victoria would consent to pay his son's fees at the Bordeaux grammar school. A young man from Lorraine asked the sovereign to send him a bicycle.

Requests for postage-stamps and autographs were very frequent. Not a day passed but the Queen received some of these demands, which were often very impudent—such as that of a person at Nantes who had carefully drawn up an exact list of the stamps that were missing from his collection. The list filled many pages. There were also numerous entreaties for objects of every-day use, for clothes and linen.

Other correspondents offered to sell various knickknacks, and, of course, prided themselves on affording the Queen the opportunity of buying "a real bargain." Some of these did not even wait for an acceptance or refusal, but at once began by sending the articles and asking that they might be paid for or returned.

The Inventors

SPECIAL mention must be made of the inventors. Among the latter was one who asked for assistance and patronage in introducing a machine that would "instantaneously stop a ship in motion, and thus avoid those terrible collisions at sea which cause so many catastrophes." Another more modestly desired merely to manufacture an automatic toy of which he had long had the idea in his head. A third wished to sell a new engraved seal of his invention, that is to say, a sort of "huge, variegated display (!) seal of the Kingdom of England, formed with wax of different colors, endlessly varied and impossible of imitation."

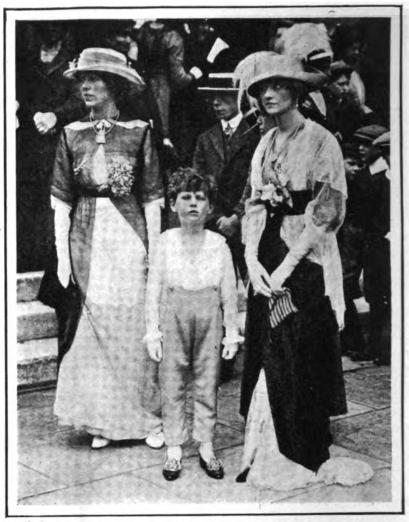
The women were even worse than the men, and they seized every opportunity, every fleeting actuality, to increase the urgency of their entreaties.

No one will be astonished to hear that poets figured largely among the Queen's habitual correspondents. I have lucubrations before me in which poetic frenzy is mingled with absurdity and even sometimes

(Continued on page 24)

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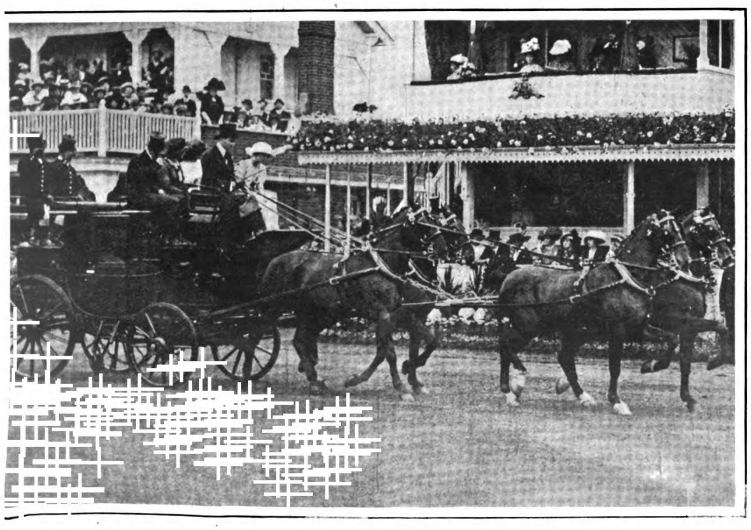


Scene at the wedding of the court favorite, Lady Mary Dawson, who married the master of the King's household



AT A LONDON SCHOOL OF BALLET DANCING

The little girls shown in these pictures are all advanced pupils. The upper photograph shows a finished dancer pirouetting in a difficult attitude, where the rapidity of her twirling baffled even the camera. The lower picture shows four pupils practising a ballet tableau at the finish of a dance



Alfred G. Vanderbilt, the only man who failed to salute the Queen while passing the royal box, in the coaching Marathon from Hyde Park to South Richmond, England

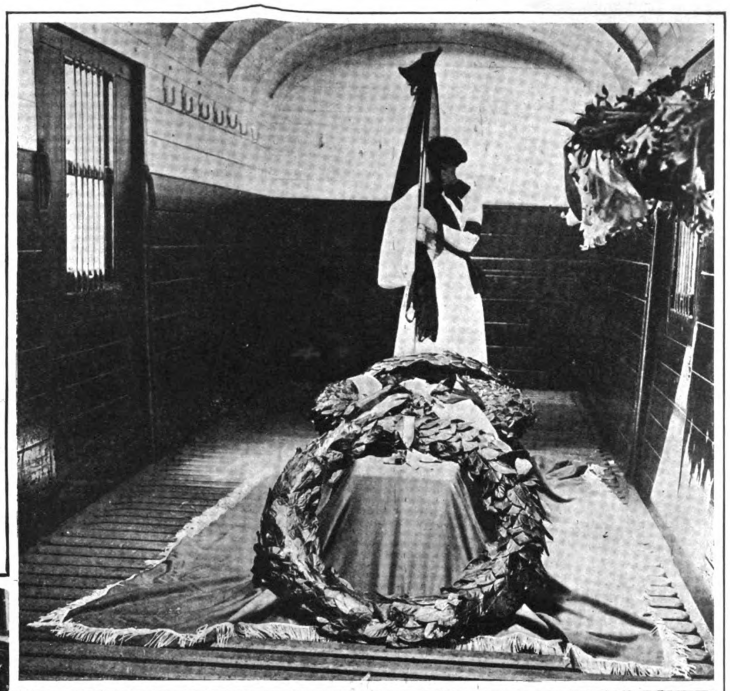


Miss Nancy G. Steele, the fiancée of Devereaux Milburn, and daughter of Charles Steele, of J. P. Morgan and Co.

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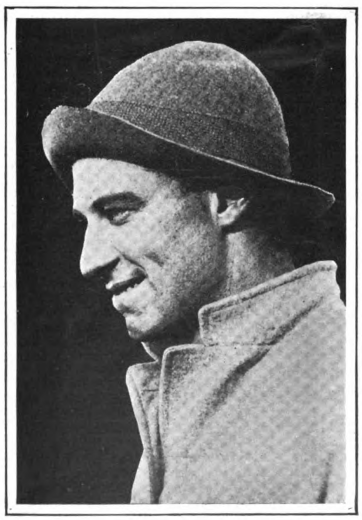
Miss May Etheridge, a London Gaiety girl, escaping from the crowd at the registry office where she married Lord Fitzgerald





MISS EMILY DAVISON'S FUNERAL

An interminable procession of suffragettes marched through the streets of London in the funeral train of Miss Emily Davison, who stopped the King's horse at the Derby race. Above is shown the railway carriage in which the coffin was carried from London to the cemetery. A militant suffragette stood on guard during the journey



Devereaux Milburn, America's famous polo back, whose engagement to Miss Steele was announced shortly after the international matches



Officer King, of the New York Central Park mounted police, vaulting over a trotting horse during one of the private drills

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A convalescent monkey. The wooden neck-ring is to prevent it from tearing off the bandages and splints

SURGICAL OPERATIONS ON WILD ANIMALS

BY

ELLEN VELVIN

THIS is an age for operations—especially surgical operations. In many cases, so it is said, these surgical operations are not really necessary. But there is never an *unnecessary* operation on wild animals—one may rest assured on that point. There are too many and too great difficulties in the way, not to speak of the expense and the danger to the operator, as well as to the patient.

In every case where an operation is performed on a wild animal, it means a choice between operating and killing the animal; and, generally speaking, wild animals are extremely valuable. So, in case of broken limbs, torn flesh, ulcerated teeth, ingrowing claws, etc., the animal is first of all given a little chloroform, then tied down securely, and the operation takes place.

All this sounds very simple and easy. But to those who have ever studied or had anything to do with wild animals the difficulties and dangers are only too well known. In the first place, it is extremely difficult to drug animals of any kind, especially wild ones.

Animals are often tied down without being chloroformed before a minor operation; but, in the case of its being obligatory to chloroform a wild animal, it is found better to put him into a traveling-cage, which is made so narrow that he can not move about in it. It is then possible, even when he constantly moves his head about, to keep a cloth saturated with chloroform and placed on the end of a stick constantly in front of him, so that he is obliged to inhale it.

When the animal is once chloroformed, no time is lost—not a moment. For drugs affect wild animals in different and most unexpected ways, and there is no telling at what moment the patient may wake up again. So the men rush forward with their ropes and forked sticks, fasten the animal securely, and then the animal surgeon does his business as quickly as possible.

He is never a minute too quick, for very often, almost before the ropes have been loosened, the animal is regaining consciousness; and many an animal has had to be left with the ropes still loose round him, in order that attendants might get out alive. In some cases the animals are furious with rage; in others, so dull and stupid that they scarcely wake up for the rest of the day.

Curing a Polar Bear of Ingrowing Toe-Nails

IT was observed some time ago, in the Zoölogical Gardens at Copenhagen, that a particularly fine polar bear was suffering from ingrowing toe-nails on its hind feet. This is a very common complaint with polar bears in captivity. It is well known, to people who have watched these bears, that, in turning round, they twist themselves right about on their hind quarters, and that in this and in nearly all other movements, except that of walking, they rarely use their hind feet at all. Owing to this, the nails, not having anything to wear them down, grow so long that they turn over and grow right into the soft pads of the feet, which is extremely painful.

In this case it was found that the claws had not only grown into the soft part of the feet, but had bored right through to the other side. The poor bear must have been in excruciating pain. A large transport cage was built, the dimensions being four feet six inches high, seven feet long, and only one foot six inches wide. The front of the cage was covered only with parallel bars. The object of this was to get the bear where the operators could seize hold of his hind paws without hurting him in a struggle to tie him down.

The bear was very unwilling to go into this narrow cage, but a tempting piece of fresh fish did the trick, and he was finally securely fastened in. The next thing was to have the cage, bear and all, lifted up on to two blocks, leaving a space underneath. Owing to the enormous weight, this was a most difficult thing to do, especially as the cage had to be tipped [illegible] in order to make the bear rest his paws on the bars. Then one paw was drawn through the [illegible] and fastened, the nails drawn out, and then the second paw was done in the same way.

After this the animal was put into a cage the bottom of which was lined with zinc about a foot high. This was filled with cold water, and in this the bear was made to stand all day. Fresh water was supplied occasionally, and—I believe—the cage was drained in the evening to give the animal dry quarters for the night. In a few weeks the bear was quite himself again, and appeared to have forgotten everything in connection with the incident. I mention this latter fact because in some cases animals not only resent being handled like this, but do not forget it, as in the case of a lion quite recently in Mr. Frank Bostock's show in London, England.

The lion had been suffering from an ulcerated tooth for some days, and it was hoped that by giving it soft food, like bread soaked in milk, etc., it would get over it. But when it was found that the animal was getting worse, that one side of the jaw was terribly swollen, and that the poor animal was starving for want of food, it was decided to extract the tooth. It was a fine specimen, and the owners did not wish to risk drugging it; so it was decided to extract the tooth without any anesthetics.

Accordingly, all the men in the show were told off to help tie down the lion with ropes to get it ready for the operation.

Pulling the Ulcerated Tooth of a Lion

AFTER tremendous difficulty,—it was found impossible to get him into a small cage,—when the men had attracted his attention in another direction by means of poking him with sticks, one leg was tied securely; and then all the men set to work, entered the cage cautiously, and, keeping clear of his head and feet,—not to speak of his ropelike tail,—caught his other feet in lassoes of rope; and he was finally on his back and ready for the operator.

No time was lost, and, in spite of throaty, furious growls and heavy breathing, the pincers were fastened round the tooth, a mighty pull was given, and, simultaneously with a roar from the lion, the tooth was pulled out. For a moment the lion seemed quite surprised,—probably at the sudden cessation of acute pain, for his mouth was fearfully ulcerated,—and then he tried to get up. He again seemed puzzled. But in a very few minutes his cords were loosened. He sprang on his feet again, but, beyond a heavy growl as the ropes were drawn out of the cage, he made no more complaint.

He was given a pailful of hot bread and milk, which he took greedily, although he snarled at the trainer who brought it, which was unusual, as he was the man who always fed him. Some one suggested that it was because the trainer had been the one told off to hold his head back with a forked stick while the tooth was drawn out. But another laughed at the idea, and said it was probably because his mouth was still sore and painful, which seemed to be far the most reasonable conclusion.

Though the lion quickly recovered, and was in the best of health again, it was noticed that he always seemed a little savage when he was fed. It was concluded that it still hurt him a little to eat. But there is a curious sequel to this story.

It is the custom in all animal shows for the trainers to go very early in the morning into the cages to clean them out. Accordingly, about five o'clock one morning, the trainer went in to clean out the cage of this lion before having his breakfast. It happened to be a peculiarly dark and dismal morning, and so all the electric lights were turned on.

The lion seemed perfectly quiet when the trainer went in—growled a little when the man made him move, but otherwise seemed in a fairly good temper. And then, suddenly, without the least warning, all the electric lights went out! And in a moment, with a furious growl, the lion sprang at the trainer, caught his hand in his mouth, and began to maul his arm! The man shrieked and tried to beat off the animal. As he was dragged to the floor of the cage by the lion, his final shriek and the lion's roar attracted the attention of the other trainers, who got the lights on, and one man, rushing in, fired off all his blank cartridges, thus cowing the lion long enough for the others to drag out the trainer, who was now quite unconscious and bleeding terribly.

A doctor was sent for, and he found that the man's arm was badly torn, and that three fingers of his hand had been completely bitten off. He was sent to the hospital, and was there many weeks. He finally recovered and returned to the show. But, as every time he went near that particular lion the animal showed great resentment, it was thought wiser to put him at other work. As he and the lion had been the best of friends until the tooth-drawing operation, there can be no doubt that this was the cause of the animal's change of feeling. This episode almost proved a critical operation for the trainer.

A Young Lion Who Operated on Himself

IN the Forepaugh Brothers' circus, at one time, it was noticed that a fine young lion kept his mouth a little way open and appeared to be in pain. After much difficulty, it was found that in some way a piece of sharp bone had got in between the lion's teeth, and was firmly wedged there, a good-sized splinter of it protruding outside his mouth. Drugs were out of the question with so young an animal; and when it was found that the poor little thing was unable to eat, and that it was starving to death, prompt measures were ordered to be taken. The young lion was to be roped, and then the piece of bone extracted.

But the animal was extremely nervous, and when one paw was tied, it was found that he was shivering like an aspen leaf and foaming at the mouth. His keeper, being very fond of the young animal, went into the cage, thinking to quiet and pacify him; but, most unexpectedly, the lion raised himself on his remaining three free legs and attacked the keeper savagely. The keeper was so surprised and off his guard that it would have fared badly with him had it not been for another keeper, who rushed forward with an iron bar to protect him.

But by this time the lion had worked himself up into a perfect frenzy, and, as the iron bar was put in front of him, he bit at it so savagely and vindictively that he snapped the piece of bone in his mouth. This eased the pressure, the remaining piece fell out, and there was now no need of an operation. The lion seemed just as much surprised as any one else, and licked his sore mouth and lips in a thoughtful, puzzled manner. Soon after, a bowl of warm bread and milk was given to him, and, after lapping up every scrap and drop, he settled himself comfortably in the cage, laid his big head on his fore paws, and, with a contented little sigh, went sound asleep, and slept for thirty-six hours! No doubt the poor animal was utterly exhausted from want of food and sleep; but he soon recovered, and grew into one of the finest lions in the exhibition.

When the well-known orang-utan Dohong, in the New York Zoölogical Park, was in his last sickness, it was thought that he was suffering from an obstruction caused by some foreign substance he had swallowed, for orang-utans will swallow anything sometimes, and outsiders are very mischievous in giving them things when they think no one is looking.

As, after the most careful watching, it was found that he could not live anyway without something being done, it was decided to try an operation in the hope that it *might* save his life, as he was a great favorite with the public and all the keepers. And with every care, and just as much preparation as would be taken for a human being, with several doctors present, he was given ether, which he took with rather a puzzled air, but quite placidly. The operation was performed, but there was no obstruction. It was found, however, that he had double pneumonia with several other complications, one of them being a suspicion of appendicitis—for, though it is not generally known, orang-utans have appendixes like human beings—and that there was no hope of saving his life.

It was felt, notwithstanding, that all had been done that could be done, and so his last days were made as happy and comfortable as possible. He never attempted to tear off the bandages after the operation, but was a model patient in every way. He would take his medicine, try to eat his food, and nestle up to his keepers in the most pathetic manner. But it was all no use. One of his keepers sat up with

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him night after night, and he had as much attention as any rich man, for his keepers were both devoted to him. When he died on the 25th of February, 1907, everybody in the Park was sorry, but Dr. Hornaday and the keepers were more than sorry; they were deeply grieved. It is wonderful how these big apes gain the affection of those who have anything to do with them. They are so intelligent, so affectionate, and so appreciative of any kindness that it is not to be wondered at. Few children have so much care and attention as some of these anthropoid apes.

A Struggle with a Vicious Llama

A VERY recent operation which took place in Mr. Frank Bostock's show was that performed on a llama. The circumstances were interesting and peculiar. This llama had conceived a great friendship for a sacred white donkey in the same show, and the two were therefore put together. The odd friendship was kept up for more than three years; and then, one night, these two erstwhile friends had a most terrific fight between themselves. When they were separated, after much difficulty, it was found that the poor llama had had one eye completely destroyed, and that its head and eye-socket were in a bad condition.

A first-rate veterinary surgeon was sent for, and the wound was thoroughly cleansed and disinfected, and the llama's head bandaged up most carefully. All this sounds very easy, but none except those who saw it can realize the amount of trouble and difficulty it meant. In the first place, the llama, to show his disgust and annoyance, was continually spitting at those around him,—a very unpleasant habit that llamas have,—and when any one attempted to go near him, he struck out viciously with his fore feet and tried to bite,—and llamas can give terrible bites. It took nearly all the men in the show and some outside men in the White City at Shepherd's Bush to keep him still while the veterinary did his work. Even then, one or two received kicks, and one was bitten slightly.

The poor beast presented a pitiful sight when it was finished, but as soon as it was over he grew quiet—evidently soothed by the local applications, for he must have suffered greatly; and after a few weeks, when the bandages were removed, the socket had healed. But it was found that his love for the white donkey had changed to hatred, and each time he caught sight of his former friend he became terribly enraged. Now he is always kept with his blind eye carefully toward the donkey.

A very common operation among snakes is to take out their loose teeth, or to feed them by artificial means. Nearly all snakes in captivity suffer from sore mouths, and it becomes necessary at times not only to take out the loose teeth, but to swab out the mouths with some disinfectant, and also to wash off the pieces of loose skin round the lips. That this is a very critical and dangerous operation, not only to the snake but to those in attendance, need not be said.

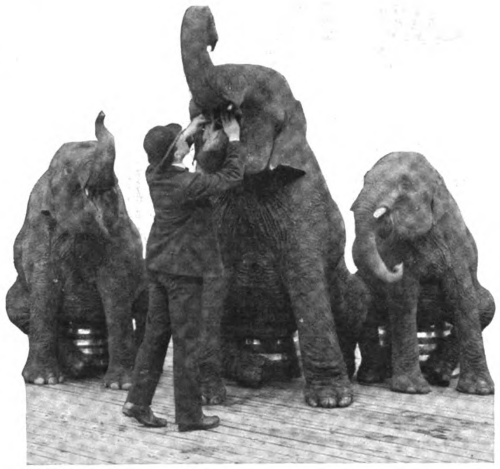
Removing the Teeth of a Python

A BIG regal python, for instance, which is about twenty-two feet in length and weighs two hundred and seventy-five pounds, is not only a cumbersome and heavy article to manage, but also a very dangerous one. It takes twelve or fourteen men to handle him and take him out of his cage. This is done by one man taking a large piece of coarse sacking, and, after the door of the python's cage is opened, throwing it without one moment's hesitation over the python's head, and then equally quickly seizing the snake by the back of his neck. And note here that should he *not* take hold of just the right place on the neck—the *front* instead of the back of the neck, for instance—he is as good as a dead man.

But, supposing that the man has caught the python in the right place, in the nape of the neck, with a quick movement he draws the snake's body forward; and, as he draws it, the other men come forward and catch hold of the snake's body at intervals of about a couple of feet, and hold on for dear life. Then, while the men are holding him, another man loses no time, but with a pair of pincers takes out the loose teeth,—they come out very easily,—swabs out the snake's mouth with some cotton wool steeped in disinfectant, and then puts in another lot of cotton wool saturated with listerine. And here, unconsciously, the snake helps in the operation; for he bites on the cotton wool in the most vicious manner, which is the very best thing he could do. After he has done this several times, the wool is taken out of his mouth with a pair of pincers, his lips are washed off and dried by means of more cotton wool fastened on the end of a wooden pole, and the operation is over.

I witnessed this operation myself at one time, and I can safely say that no one was more relieved at its ending than the men who were holding the python. They were all exceptionally strong and muscular men; but it needed great strength, great nerve, and cool presence of mind. For occasionally the python would resent being treated in this manner, and with a fearful and most powerful wriggle would send the men nearly off their feet. If they had loosened their hold, it would, in all probability, have meant the death of the whole lot of us. For what could any human being do in a comparatively small room with a twenty-two-foot python loose?

The men kept their heads *and* the python; but, when he was once more safely in his cage, and had slipped into his tank of water like an oiled eel, each man was streaming with perspiration and panting for breath.



Making an examination of a sick elephant's mouth. Elephants display almost human resignation in allowing the doctor to relieve their sufferings

Manicuring the Elephant's Paws

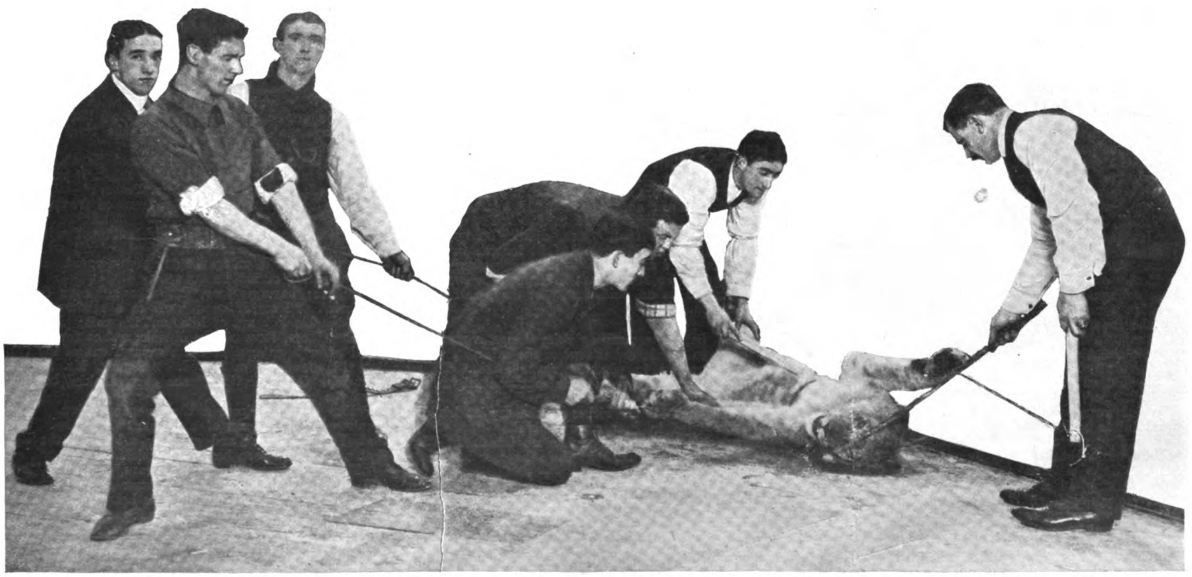
OPERATIONS have been performed on nearly all wild animals in captivity at one time or another—hippopotamuses, rhinoceroses, even elephants. There is one operation on elephants which is always performed at least once a year and sometimes much oftener in all zoölogical gardens, wild animal shows, and circuses. That is the simple operation of manicuring their toe-nails. In captivity, the elephant does not get enough exercise to keep his toe-nails worn down or the skin of his feet in good order; so it becomes necessary to cut and trim the toe-nails and cut off the superfluous skin that collects round his huge feet.

This is a very simple operation, and does not, of course, hurt the animal in the least, and most elephants stand quite still until it is over. But, in other cases,—all elephants being extremely nervous creatures, in spite of their enormous size,—the greatest difficulties are encountered because of the animal's timidity. One huge elephant in a Kansas show had always been considered one of the most gentle and amiable of his species, and not the slightest trouble was anticipated when the time came to cut his nails and trim his feet. But, at the very first sight of the knife, the big creature uttered a shrill shriek, trumpeted at the top of his voice, and, with his big body swaying from side to side, tore off, and not only ran out of the circus grounds, but all the way down the village street!

After much time and trouble, he was persuaded to come back, and soon became as quiet and gentle as before. The circus people waited a while, and then, thinking he had forgotten the incident, and wishing to get his feet into good condition, tried again. But just as soon as the elephant saw the implements, he uttered another shriek, at this time an angry one. He took up one of the men in his trunk, and tossed him away as if he had been a rubber ball; and this he did to each man in turn. And when the unfortunate men picked themselves up, terribly bruised and cut, they refused ever to attempt the operation again, simple as it was.

But in course of time the elephant's feet became very sore and the overgrowing nails caused him much suffering. So it was finally decided to try just once more to put his feet in good order. And, curiously enough, this time the elephant allowed them to do just what they liked, and stood perfectly still until the whole business was concluded. After that he always submitted most willingly to this operation, even lifting up his huge foot as if to help the operators.

But, among all the wild animals, there is one who can not be operated on. That is the giraffe. This curious creature, the tallest of all earthly inhabitants, is so timid and nervous that anything the least unusual frightens it. At one time, in the Zoölogical Gardens in London, it was noticed that a young giraffe seemed to be in pain, and it was decided to give it some medicine. Several keepers were called in to help; but, as they came in, the giraffe looked at them nervously with its beautiful eyes, trembled all over as if with ague, sank gently down on the floor of the stable, and died on the spot! No one had touched it; no one had hurt it in any way. It simply died from sheer fright.



"Brutus," a fourteen-months-old lion, being made ready to have an ulcerated tooth drawn. Not an anæsthetic is used after the animal has inhaled the anesthetic, for he may wake up at any moment

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HOW SATTIN CHAYTED MRS. MULDOWNEY

BY HERMINIE TEMPLETON

WHETHER 'twas the hard dhrinkin' of Pether Muldowney that first riled up the temper of Sarah Muldowney, or whether 'twas the crass tongue of Sarah Muldowney that started the hard dhrink of Pether Muldowney, the duckins the one of me knows. But this I do know—that the same matther was a daysputed pint that furnished raysons for many's the hot tongue battle betwixt the male and faymale sects of Ballinthubber.

Any time in the day, and sometimes late in the night, if one'd be passing the cottage of the Muldowneys, the hard words that they'd be hurlin' at aich other'd come flyin' out of the windies and doors like pavin'-stones. And, by the same token, if Pether was heart-sick and tired of the impidence and ballyraggin' of Sarah, sure wasn't Sarah herself kilt and perished with the worthlessness and owdaciousness of Pether?

Well, every day, long or short, must have an ind, as the saying is; so, one foine morning, what does Sarah do but pack up in a bundle all the duds she had in the wurruld,—and it wasn't such a killin' big bundle at that,—and, with her foot on the thrash-old and a hand on the latch, it's what she said to her husband:

"To the devil I pitch you, and all the Muldowneys—and hadn't one of my daycint bringin' up the hard luck to marry into such a family of good-for-nothin' tinkers. And I'm off now far over the mountains to my sister Peggy, who had the luck and the grace to marry into the rayspectable family of the O'Callaghans."

She shut the door quick then, the way she wouldn't be giving him the satisfaction of hearing the answer himself'd make. But she was sorry for that afther, bekase, as she wint thrudging up the road, she heard Pether back in the house roaring and screechin' with the laughter at some of his jokes, an' thin the heart was fair burning out of her to know what owdacious slandher the rapscallion had med up and said about her.

"Oh, wasn't I the bostheen of a fool to be wasting me chanst on him an' the loikes of him!—I that had ivery boy in the sivin parishes sthrealing afther me like a flock o' geese. But I'm done with him now. And I wisht I was Sayser's wife, so I do, so I could turn him into a pillow of salt. I'd sell him to Sattin for sixpence this minute, so I would."

THE words were no sooner out of her mouth than, pop! a wondherful thing happened. Believe me or believe me not, but it's no lie I'm telling ye. The road in front of her sphlit in two halfs acrass, and the ground opened before her, and up through the crack sprung a tall, dark, slim, illigant-lookin' juntleman, an' the bow that he med there in the middle of the road was aquil to the curtchey of a Dublin dancin'-mastlier.

"The top of the day to ye, Mrs. Muldowney, ma'am," says he, "an' I didn't hear quite plain the price you was settin' on your husband Pether. I'll pay you any raysonable sum for him, an' it'll be cash on the nail, ma'am. So spake up!"

While you'd be givin' two winks of your eye, Mrs. Muldowney was flusthrated. But it's she was the woman that was quick at a bargain and handy at turning a penny. And now was her chanst.

"I was just sayin' that I'd sell him to Sattin for one pound tin this minute. An', be the same token, who are you, sir, that comes poppin' up out of the lonesome road like a jack-in-the-box, frightenin' daycint women out of their sivin wits? I said two pounds tin—that's what I said."

"It's little matther what me name is, Sarah Muldowney," spoke up the dark juntleman. "You'll be inthrojuiced to me proper enough afther a while. For the present, it's satisfied yez'll have to be to know that I'll buy Pether from ye, an' I'll pay ye the two pounds tin in goold suverings the succond ye hand him into me power. Are ye satisfied?"

Now, the good woman, seeing how aisy Sattin was with his money, felt the heart inside of her scorching up with vexation to think she'd named so small a sum, so it's what she said:

"Troth, thin, I'm not satisfied. You have no idee how lonesome I'd be without Pether; an' what I'll do at all at all without him the sorra one of me knows. An' will ye hurry up now with your answer, for if any one of the neighbors were to see the both of us collogueing out here together I wouldn't give a button for me repitation. So, if ye're willin' to give the three pounds tin——"

"What!" shrieked the dark man, an' he guv a lep up intil the air. "Three pound tin, ye schaymer of the worruld! Ye said one pound tin at first."

"Tin fiddlesthicks! Three pound tin, and not a fardin' less. An' how dare the loikes of you be callin' a daycint woman loike me a schaymer," she shouted, purtindin' to be furious, and clappin' one hand in the other undher the nose of the stranger, an' she follying him as he backed step by step from her in the road. "Kape a civil tongue in your head while you're talking to a lady, whoever ye are, or I'll malevogue ye, so I will."

"Hould where ye are, Mrs. Muldowney," said the poor man, an' he backed up agin a rock. "I'll own I was a thrifle quick-tempered, but I me ant no offense, ma'am. And if you'll bring Pether to this spot on the morning of the morrow, and bundle him over to me here, I'll guv ye the three pounds tin, down on the nail."

At that, Sarah waited for no more, but off she skelped, and, without stopping to catch her breath, hurried by every short path till she came in sight of her own door. Then the clever woman slackened her pace the way she could be thinking and planning out some nate, cunning scheme to deludher her husband into going with her on the morrow.

JUST as Sarah left Pether in the mornin' that's the way she found him whin she opened the door—with his two feet upon the fender and his hands deep in his breeches pockets.

"Pether avourneen," she says,—and you'd think butther wouldn't melt in her mouth, her worruds were that swate,—"Pether," says she, "it's a foine job of worruk I have for ye up the mountainy way."

Pether straightened his back at that, an' took his hands out of his pockets. "Tut, tut! What's that you're sayin'?"

"I was sayin'," herself answered careless, readying the pot for the petaties, "that little Michael Callahan will be moving his private still from Chartre's wood to a fine snug cave up in the mountain, and he wanted the two of us to help him move the jugs of poteen. But, of course, you wouldn't want to be doing the loikes of that."

Pether was on his two feet in an instant, ivery hair on his head brustlin'.

"Death alive, woman!" he cried. "You'll be the ind of me one of these days. Sthop that hugger-mugger-ing in the corner, an' come on with me now, or he'll have some one else in our places."

It took all the wit and injanuity of Sarah Muldowney to kape her husband Pether in the house till the mornin' of the morrow. And thin, at the first shriek of day, they were off together, he flying up the road with all the strength in his two legs, an' she pelting breathless afther him. The two of them nayther sthopped nor stayed till they came within sight of the Poul a Phouca. An' there, be the powers, standin' in the middle of the road straight as a ramrod, with his arrums fowlded acrost his chist, stood the polite dark juntleman.

When our two hayroes came up to him, Sarah took Pether be the arrum the way she would be houlding him back, an' it's what she said to him:

"Yes, Pether asthore, the kind juntleman offered me three pounds tin for ye, an' I tuk it. An' he wouldn't give a penny more for ye, and I wouldn't take a fardin' less."

"An' now, Misther Muldowney," says the juntleman, "since you're paid and settled for fair and honest, will ye plaze put on that shuit of clothes that's lyin' there on the ground beside ye, an' we'll be off together."

Looking to where Sattin pointed, Pether an' Sarah spied a shuit of clothes made of iron, an' it sizzling red-hot in the grass, with the flamin' sparks coming out of the arrum-holes of the weskit.

Oh, thin wasn't Muldowney indignant! "So this is the foine, dhry, warrum job yez have fer me, is it. he says, nodding sarcastic towards the shuit. "Well, before I put on thim clothes, will some wan plaze expatiate to me where in the bounds of mathrimony it says that the faymale partner has a mortial right to sell her husband's four bones to Beelzebub?"

"An', if it comes to that," blustered Sattin, "if any one was goin' to sell ye, will ye tell us who had a betther right to do it than yer own wife? Didn't Joseph's brothers put sivin coats of paint on him an' sell him for a mess of porridge to the Agyptians? Answer me that!" Sattin cried, triumphant.

An' he swelled out his chist an' took a deep, proud breath.

"Oh, hasn't he the l'arnin'!" cried Sarah. "Why don't ye spake up, Pether Muldowney? Have ye the face to say that Lanty and Cornalius, thim two bagabones of brothers of yours, have more right to sell ye than I have?"

"How d'ye know they were goin' to sell me?" shouted poor Pether. "An' I don't know anything about Joseph an' his sivin coats of colors and his mess of porridge. Maybe porridge was scarcer than money in thim days. But I do know that the price of three pounds tin on me head is belittlin' an' insulting to a Muldowney. Ye shouldn't have taken a penny less nor six pounds for me, so ye shouldn't!" he says, vexed to the bone and turnin' hot on Sarah. "You an' your little three pounds tin! Sure, didn't Teddy Nolan only yisterday get foive pound eight for the fractious red cow that used to be jumpin' the hedges an' ateing the cabbages? To think that a Muldowney wouldn't bring as much as an ould cow!" he said, half cryin' with vexation.

WHILE Pether was saying thim things, a new idea came to Sarah, an' it's what she said:

"There's rayson in what he says, Sattin. Pether may not be worth six pounds tin, but you might well have guv it."

"He that has all the riches of the say at his disposhial," chimed in Pether, raysentful.

"Thrue for ye, Pether," spoke up Sarah, bridlin'. "I'm beginning to think that the schaymer has chayted us."

"I'll not stir a foot with him," says Pether, dayfiant claspin' his two hands behind his back.

"Small blame to ye if ye don't," says she, "afther the way he's thrated us."

"Why," says Sattin, "you owdacious ringleader of a woman!" An' the eyes of him were bogging with as-tonishment. "Ye offered to sell him to me for sixpence. I heerd ye well, though I purtinded not to."

"I didn't!" shouted Mrs. Muldowney, her two fists on her hips.

"Ye did, ye runnygade!" roared Sattin—an' the breath came puffing out of him in blue smoke.

"Oh, will ye listen to what he's afther callin' me! Oh, thin, Pether Muldowney," she says, turning bitther on her husband, "aren't ye the foine figure of a man to be standin' there in the middle of the road like a block of wood, listening to this sheep-stalin', undherhanded, thin-shanked antherntarian thrajuicing yer own wedded wife, and you not lifting a finger till him. If ye were worth two knots of sthraw ye'd break ivery bone in his body!" says she, beginning to whumper.

Now, whatever else might be said about Pether Muldowney, no one ever yet ac-cused the lad of being the laste thrifle mane-spurrited or backward in a fight; so, at the taunting of his wife, every dhrop of blood in the lad's body flared up intil his face, and what does he do but rowl up the wrist-bands of his jacket an' go squaring off at Sattin in the middle of the road.

"BEFORE we begin," says Beelzebub,—an' there was an anxious shadow came intil his eyes, for the Muldowneys as far back as any one can remember were raynowned gladiathors,—"before we attack aich other," says he, quick side-steppin' an' backing away from Pether, "do ye bear in mind that she thried to sell ye to me for sixpince!"

"Oh, murdher asthore, will ye listen to that! I didn't, Pether! An' what's his repitation for voracity ag'in' my repitation?"

At the mention of his repitation Sattin winched. "Will ye guv me back me three pounds tin, ye robber of the worruld?" says he, thrimbling with the anger.

"Tut, tut," cried Sarah. "We hear ducks talkin'! Didn't I kape my part of the bargain?" she says. "Isn't Pether there in the road ferninst ye? Why don't ye take him?"

Beelzebub had no time for rayply bekase Pether, with his two big fists flying round and round aich other, was dancing forward and back and cireling round and round Sattin from the right to the left and from the left back to the right ag'in, an' all the time makin' false lunges at the middle of the black lad's chist.

"Hould still, Pether Muldowney," cried the black thricksther, all out of breath. "Do you see who's coming down the road behind ye?"

At that, Pether and Sarah turned to look. Sure, sorra wan was there—but, as they did, crack! they heard the ground open, an' before they could twist their heads round again Sattin was gone.

The two hayroes stood a minute gaping at the spot where the innemy of mankind had disappeared. Sarah was the first to speak, an' it's what she said, taking hould of Pether by the arrum:

"Come on home avic! Did ye see how the conniving villain thried to chate us. Oh but yer the brave lad!"

With that, the two of thim, arrum in arrum as loving as a couple of turtle doves, wint down the road together, an' they never sthopped till they came to the big flat stone by O'Hanrahan's spring; then a sudden fear took the breath out of Sarah.

"I niver counted the shillings whin the ould targer handed thim to me," she says, "and how do I know whether he counted thim right. It'd be just loike one of his shameless thricks not to."

"We'll sit right down here on the rock an' we'll reckon thim together before we go a step furder," says Pether, anxious.

And so they did. And Sarah made a wide lap to hould the money, but with her hand over her pocket she hesitated a moment, for her mind misgave her that something was wrong. An' sure enough the poor crathurs got a bad turn, for when Sarah pulled out a handful of the money, it wasn't money at all at all that was in it, but only a fist full of bits of broken glass. An' whin the poor woman had her pocket emptied the sorra thing she had but a lap full of broken bottles.

WHILE the pair of thim, blazin' with anger, sat staring at aich other with red faces like a couple of thrumpeters, they heard down the road a wild screech of a laugh.

"D'ye hear him there?" whuspered Sarah. "Oh, the desayver of the worruld! D'ye think, if you were to slip back, ye might ketch him, Pether?"

Pether shook his head, and a troubled frown wrinkled his forehead.

"I misdoubt it," says he; "an' besides, I was just thinkin' what'll become of us at all at all whin he ketches the both of us on the day of judgment. I hate to be thinking of it," he says.

"Oh, no; have no fear, Pether avic," says Sarah, sootherin'. "I've hit on a jewel of a schame that'll break the black heart of him, an' it's this: Do you, Pether asthore, I've off the dhrink; an' as for meself, you'll niver hear another crass worrud out of me two lips till the day I'm buried. An' now, Mr. Sattin, what d'ye think of that?" she says, shakin' her fist down the road.

Pether gave his knee a thraymendous slap. "Oh, aren't ye the Phaynix of a woman!" says he. Wid that, he l'aned over and guv her a kiss on the lips that might have been heard three fields away.

"That's the furst in fufteen years," says he, "but it'll not be the last, by any manner of manes. Bekase I think the divil niver comes betwixt a man an' his wife till they l'ave off kissing aich other."

"Arrah, go on, ye rogue!" says Sarah, smilin' an' givin' him a poke wid her elbow. "Come along home now, an' I'll put on the kettle, an' we'll begin all over ag'in from this day out."

An' so they did. And, as I've often heerd tell, a daycinter, lovinger fambly wasn't to be found in the three counties.

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A NEW SCIENCE AND THE MAN WHO MADE IT

BY DR. HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS AND EDWIN T. BREWSTER

THE newest of all the natural sciences is physical chemistry. Geology goes back to the Greeks. Astronomy is as ancient as Chaldea and Babylon. But physical chemistry is commonly accounted to have been born about 1890: at any rate, Svante Arrhenius, who, most of all men, made it, is only fifty-four years old.

At the foundation of physical chemistry lies the theory of solutions—the explanation of what happens when the cook salts the broth. That does not seem an especially difficult matter: but the old chemistry could not explain it, nor the old physics. However, once given a sound theory of solutions, and some of its results are most unexpected. Steel, for example, is a solution, a solid solution of carbon in pure iron. So physical chemistry has, for the first time, put the iron industry on a scientific basis. As for the hundred branches of chemical technology, in Germany, where they are nothing if not scientific, the manufacturers hire university professors to lecture in the factories.

Geology has felt the influence of the new science, for deposits of rock-salt and veins of metals are the result of solution. Practically all drugs are solutions, either in the body or out of it; and so, too, are most poisons. So, too, are all the fluids of the animal body and the sap of plants.

Thus physiology, pharmacology, and toxicology come in for their share of aid; while scientific medicine gets help from three sides at once. Indeed, as we shall see later, there are those who maintain that even preventive medicine, the whole practice of inoculation and the treatment of germ diseases, is never to be thoroughly rationalized until it, too, is founded on physical chemistry and the theory of solutions. But one need not go on with the catalogue: there are not many branches of science nor many industries that do not touch solutions, in one way or another.

But, as the theory of solutions is fundamental to the new science of physical chemistry, so is the doctrine of "ions" fundamental to the theory of solutions. And when one considers ions he finds himself running far outside the limits of physical chemistry into meteorology, astronomy, solar physics, geophysics, not to mention radio-activity and the newest theories of the nature of electricity and the constitution of matter. In short, when Arrhenius developed the modern theory of ions, he made noteworthy contributions to several important industries and pretty nearly every known science.

What is an "Ion"?

ONE is tempted to define an "ion" as a very small particle of matter carrying an electric charge. This, however, will hardly do; for a charged dust particle is certainly not an ion. The particle must be far smaller than any speck of dust—must be, in fact, of ultra-microscopic size. On the other hand, one can not say that an ion is an atom electrically charged. To be sure, an ion often is a single atom; but quite as often it is two atoms, or several atoms, or a large group of atoms which cling together and carry their electric charge in common.

Perhaps, then, the easiest way to come at the idea of the ion is from the side of the new electron theory of matter. If we are to suppose each atom of matter to consist of a nucleus of "positive" electricity—whatever that may be—surrounded by some thousands of "negative" electrons, then we must think of ordinary matter as built up of groups of two, three, twenty, a hundred of such bodies—groups that are, in fact, the "molecules" of the old-fashioned chemist.

If, now, for any reason, such a group of molecule breaks up in such wise that each positive nucleus keeps its proper equipment of negative electrons, there are no ions formed, but only old-fashioned atoms and atomic groups. But if, on the other hand, the groups of atoms get so knocked about that some positive nuclei get more than their share of negative electrons, and some, in consequence, get less than theirs, then there will be two sorts of sub-molecular bodies. Such bodies are ions. An ion, therefore, is a part of a molecule that differs from an ordinary atom or atomic group in having too many electrons or too few. It has, therefore, an electric charge; and it is this electric charge that gives the ion those remarkable properties which it has been the task of recent science, in part, to investigate.

Arrhenius Finds His Ions in Battery Jars

NATURALLY, so peculiar an entity (supposing, of course, that it is an entity and not merely an ideal) has had a curious history. The great Faraday got a hint of ions, nearly a century ago, in a mysterious "fourth state of matter" which is neither solid, liquid, nor gas. Of late years the public has been hearing a good deal about ions in connection with ultra-violet light, X rays, B rays, cathode rays, and radium emanations; while the latest theory of fogs is that, in dust-free air, each little mist particle is formed about an ion of the atmosphere. But the man who set the ion theory fairly on its legs was Arrhenius, and he found his ions in battery jars.



SVANTE AUGUST ARRHENIUS

Who discovered the science of physical chemistry

He based his work on certain long familiar facts. Pure water is a non-conductor of electricity; so that, through water alone, no ordinary potential will send any appreciable electric current. Add any amount of sugar or of alcohol to the water, and it remains a non-conductor as before. But add ever so little salt or vinegar, and the current at once begins to pass. In general, all acids and alkalis, with their salts, and the common inorganic substances with which the chemist deals, belong with table salt and vinegar—are, in short, "electrolytes."

How Electricity Passes through a Liquid

TO explain this different behavior of these two groups of substances, the electrolytes and the non-electrolytes, Arrhenius supposes that neither salt nor vinegar nor any other "electrolyte" has, of itself, any more capacity to conduct electricity than sugar or alcohol. His theory is that a current passes through any liquid only as it is ferried over on ions. Salt "dissociates," in part, into ions, and these carry the current bit by bit. Sugar does not dissociate appreciably, nor pure water: neither, therefore, can conduct electricity nor form the efficient solution of an electric battery.

One must, then, form a mental picture of an ordinary solution that will be something like this: Sugar-and-water contains water molecules and sugar molecules. Salt-and-water, on the other hand, contains water molecules and sodium chlorid molecules; and, in addition, sodium ions with a positive electric charge, and chlorin ions with a corresponding negative charge. In short, the chlorin atom seizes upon one negative electron that properly belongs to the sodium. If, instead of sodium chlorid, one takes some other salt, like ammonium sulphate, $(NH_4)_2SO_4$, then the nitrogen and the hydrogen stay together and form the positive ion, while the sulphur and the oxygen take the negative charge. These charges are, of course, the sources of the electric current of a battery. Still, we need not assume that any dissolved substance is absolutely unionized; and we know that pure water itself dissociates slightly, with hydrogen for the positive ion, and for the other a compound of hydrogen and oxygen, the long familiar hydroxyl.

What Makes the "Strength" of Acids

LIKE many another great doctrine of science, this theory of electrolytic dissociation proved, as time went on, to have all sorts of important but unforeseen relations. It has turned out, for example, that apparently all chemical reactions are nothing more nor less than the interactions of ions. Certainly, a modern analytical chemist thinks little of the substances that he puts into his test-tubes, and much of the ions formed there. One would like to go on indefinitely with examples of the often remote ramifications of this ion doctrine. Two, however, must answer for the rest.

It has long been known that pure, strong sulphuric acid may be stored in iron vessels, while the same acid, weakened with water, will eat a hole through a stove. There are, in addition, many other cases of the same sort, all, until lately, unexplainable on any chemical theory. In fact, pure, dry hydrochloric acid will not even attack marble. In the light of the ion theory, one sees at once that the water-free acids do not dissociate; there are no ions, and consequently no chemical action. The addition of even a little water, however, allows the ions to form and the acid to show its latent strength. Indeed, it now turns out that the "strength" of all acids, and of other chemicals as well, varies precisely with the extent to which, under given conditions, they form ions.

Why Does Soap Clean?

OR, to select a still more familiar matter, until the rise of the ion theory so simple a thing as the cleansing power of soap remained one of nature's unfathomed mysteries. It is obvious enough how lye removes grease: the two simply form a soluble soap, which thereupon washes away. But proper soaps, containing no free alkali, have already taken up all the grease they will hold. How, then, do they take up more? One guesses at once that the soap ionizes; the fat ions remain in the water, while the lye ions form new soaps with the grease in the soiled fabric. There is just as much grease as before, only now it is in the water, not in the cloth. So the grease that floats on the water in the dish-pan is not all of it from the dishes; some is the original fat of the soap.

If the reader wishes to amuse himself further by solving long-standing puzzles by means of the ion theory, let him explain why the chlorid of cobalt is blue when dry or when dissolved in alcohol, where it does not dissociate, but red in water solution. Remember that the cobalt ion is red. Then guess why blue litmus paper turns red in acids. Given that the mercury ion is much more poisonous than the potassium ion, and that different substances under like conditions are ionized to very different degrees, explain why the cyanide of mercury is less poisonous than the cyanide of potassium. Then guess why we let the baby play with the paint-box, though there is enough cyanogen in the cake of Prussian blue, if it were completely ionized, to kill ten babies in as many seconds. There is simply no limit to the diverse puzzles that the ion theory solves. From our modern point of view, it is difficult to see how our predecessors, lacking it, could have flattered themselves that they had explained anything.

All this insight into the obscurities of half a dozen different sciences has come only after much hard work, and, as we shall soon see, after much patient waiting.

The Story of Arrhenius' Thesis

WHEN, something less than fifty years ago, Svante August Arrhenius made his appearance in the public schools of the little town of Wijk, in southern Sweden, he was a stocky, bullet-headed chap, solid and determined, and as thoroughly Swedish as his name. Like several other eminent men of science, and one or two poets, he has never, boy or man, quite looked his part. However, looks aside, there was never any question of the quality of his brain. By the time he was twenty he was in the University of Upsala, absorbing all the physics and chemistry that the university offered. Fortunately, Upsala is a large and famous institution, so that Arrhenius graduated thoroughly trained.

In 1883, when Arrhenius was twenty-four, he came up for his degree of Doctor of Philosophy. This doctor's degree is a curious old relic of the middle ages. The medieval doctor was a logician and disputationist, and before any student could become a doctor he had to announce his thesis, and maintain it in public debate against as many of the learned world as chose to come and argue with him. Nowadays, the old disputation has become an oral examination by the department in which the would-be doctor offers himself; while the thesis has expanded into a long dissertation, sometimes a whole printed book, on the special point that the student has investigated.

Arrhenius had no particular trouble with his examination; but when the department of physics encountered his thesis "On the Galvanic Conductivity of Electrolytes" it balked. This discussion, they told Arrhenius, might or might not be adequate for a doctor's degree—but it certainly had nothing to do with physics. Acids, salts, and alkalis, which were the subject of the paper, are chemistry. Let the candidate, then, take his thesis to the department of chemistry, and get that to give him his degree.

The chemists, appealed to, could do nothing more than the physicists had done. The thesis dealt with electric currents, and electricity belongs to physics, not to chemistry. It would be highly irregular for one department to express an opinion on a matter that clearly belonged to another. So they sent the candidate back where he came from.

The fact was, both departments were inclined to look askance on Arrhenius, and neither really wanted to approve his thesis. Indeed, if it had not been for one of the chemists, Pettersson,—who stood his pupil's firm friend, took up his case, appealed to the university, and in the end got an official decision that electric currents in salt solutions belong to chemistry,—Arrhenius might have lost his degree altogether. It was fortunate. The lack of that Ph.D. would have

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PENN STATE

changed the history of science. As it was, Arrhenius got his label—but grudgingly, damned with faint praise.

Still, after all, the university professors were right. Arrhenius' thesis was not chemistry, and it was not physics. What Arrhenius had done was to take a strictly chemical problem, the behavior of a salt solution, and apply to it the experimental methods and the extended mathematical treatment that characterize physics. It is precisely this method that has made physical chemistry. The materials of the new science are the familiar acids and metals of chemistry; its tools are the equally familiar graphs and thermometers of physics; its results are something entirely its own.

Working toward the Ion Theory

IT was by no means the first time in the history of science that a doctor's thesis has been the prelude to great things. Arrhenius had made a beginning of a new branch of science; he was well on the way toward the ion doctrine: but, as is apt to be the case with those who illustrate Dr. Osler's theory, his own ideas were by no means so clear as they afterward became, and he lacked the standing and authority to compel the attention of the scientific world. Meanwhile, Arrhenius had to make a living.

He followed, therefore, the usual practice for young Doctors of Philosophy, and became *privat-docent* in the University of Upsala.

For three years he lectured on physical chemistry—so much physical chemistry as there was then; and, between lectures, he worked away at making more. In 1886 the Swedish Academy of Sciences made him a grant for study outside his native country.

The European student has no college spirit. He migrates from one university to another for the sake of this, that, and the other particular set of lectures, as if he were buying things at a store. Arrhenius sampled Granz and Würzburg, Leipzig, and Heidelberg. Most important of all, he went to Riga in Russia, to be under Ostwald, and to Amsterdam for the sake of van't Hoff.

Both of these latter were young men, just under thirty-five, and so only six or seven years older than Arrhenius. Both, however, had "arrived" young. Ostwald was already known as a brilliant investigator, teacher, and writer; van't Hoff was already famous for work on the position of atoms in space, a study that was opening up a new department of science—stereo-chemistry. These three men together, Ostwald, van't Hoff, and Arrhenius, made physical chemistry. The studies of van't Hoff and of Arrhenius, made quite independently, turned out to fit one another like hand and glove; and whenever either of them made a new discovery, Ostwald licked it into shape, rushed it into a text-book, and simply made the scientific world understand it.

Arrhenius spent four years in study abroad. His friends were not strong enough to get him a position in a university; but they did succeed, in 1891, in getting him a chance to teach physics in the Stockholm Hogskola. Then Arrhenius, against strenuous opposition from the older men, got his appointment to the chair of physics in the University of Stockholm. But the University of Stockholm is neither a large nor an important university; and the new professor of physics, though he gave up lecturing at Upsala, was glad enough to keep on with his work in the high school.

Since Arrhenius was now officially a physicist, it was hardly the proper thing for him to do all his investigating in a field that had been officially declared to be chemistry. Fortunately, however, van't Hoff had already arrived at the modern theory of solutions—the doctrine that a solid dissolved in a liquid becomes a gas. This doctrine, one notes incidentally, is absolutely dependent, both for its proof and for its applications, on the validity of the ion theory. Thus, studies in the conductivity of solutions easily led Arrhenius to studies in the conductivity of flames and hot gases, problems that are clearly physics. Gases, it turns out, conduct electricity exactly as solutions do. If the gas dissociates, then the electric current crosses, ferried over on the ions. Otherwise—and this is most of the time—gases are non-conductors. The idea proves to be an important one. Among other things, radium emanations ionize the air; and, conversely, the increased conductivity of the air has become the routine test for the presence of radium.

The Ionic Theory of Thunder-Storms

FOLLOWING this study, from the middle to the end of the nineties, Arrhenius turned his attention to the relations of the ion doctrine to the physics of the earth and the air. Among other ideas, he developed an ionic theory of thunder-storms. The rain-drop, in dust-free air, it is now generally agreed, forms around a negative ion. The drop falls, carries the charge with it to the earth, and leaves the positive charge behind in the clouds. Thus arises the potential difference which by and by results in the lightning-stroke. It was an old idea of Arrhenius', developed in part even before he went to Stockholm, that one source of the ions of the air lies in the ultra-violet light of the sun, an idea that later investigation has abundantly verified. It then occurred to Arrhenius that, if ions play any part in thunder-storms, any sort of ionizing ray becomes a force to be reckoned with; so that possibly science has been somewhat over-prompt in deciding that the moon, just because it does not deliver any appreciable heat to the earth, can not possibly have any effect on the terrestrial weather. A laborious comparison of weather records and the positions of the moon did reveal an effect, slight to be sure, but still one more point to the credit of ions. From the causes of the glacial period to the nature of comets' tails, every thing was grist that came to Arrhenius' mill.

Naturally, a man does not do work of this sort without exciting remark, especially when he works out, mathematically, the very least detail, and one shows how it fits equally detailed facts of observation. Most of Arrhenius' researches touched, in one way or another, upon electricity; and electricity is just now precisely the thing that the world wants to know about. Moreover, Ostwald, who had changed from Riga to Leipzig, had joined van't Hoff in publishing the *Zeitschrift für physikalische Chemie*, and was pushing his missionary work with his usual energy.

Arrhenius Wins the Nobel Prize

SUDDENLY, with the beginning of the twentieth century, Arrhenius "arrived." In 1901 he was elected to membership in the Swedish Academy. A few years more, and he was member of half the learned societies of Europe, and respectable and orthodox science had taken to itself heretic and heresy. In 1902 came another high honor—the Davy medal from England; and the next year, two years after it came to van't Hoff, a higher still, the Nobel prize.

Nobel, who was himself a Swede, made his fortune in dynamite, and left most of it to found five yearly prizes, three of which go to men of science who have made important discoveries. His idea was to encourage able but comparatively unknown young men; and, since each prize amounts to some $40,000, it usually does have that result.

Between cash and credit, Arrhenius was able to free himself from the drudgery of teaching and devote nearly all of his time to travel and to study and to the all-important work of research.

Naturally, much of Arrhenius' work has been in the highest degree abstruse and technical. Indeed, it is not too much to say that there is so much mathematics in some of it that even his fellow chemists, since chemists are apt not to know much mathematics, have had difficulty in following him. There are, nevertheless, two aspects of his work that are of wide general interest. One belongs to the time, at the end of the last century, before his reputation was made. On the other he is still engaged. Together they exhibit something of the range and power and significance of the modern doctrine of ions.

Some Unsolved Problems in Astronomy

THERE are some half dozen unsolved problems of astronomy which appear to have no connection with one another, save only that they have baffled astronomers almost since the beginning of the science. There is, to begin with, the problem of the nebula, which shines by its own light, as if intensely hot, and yet actually is as cold as liquid air. Then there are the sun's corona, the zodiacal light, the aurora borealis, and the mysterious spot of light in the sky opposite the sun which, for lack of any name in English, is usually called by its German name, *Gegenschein*. Lastly, there is the the comet's tail, which, as the "greyhound of the abyss," comes up out of the depths of space, trails out a million miles behind it; but which leads the way as the comet retreats; and, when the comet takes the turn around the sun, swings through a half circle in a few hours. These all, I say, have been complete mysteries. Not only, however, has Arrhenius explained them all by means of the ion doctrine; he has explained them all at once.

The electro-magnetic theory of light, which Clark Maxwell developed before Arrhenius had finished his school days, has one peculiar corollary, the doctrine of light pressure. It follows from the accepted theory of light that all light waves push upon the surfaces upon which they fall, something as a sea wave presses upon the face of a break-water. Naturally, this pressure is immensely minute and quite negligible in the case of ordinary bodies. Nevertheless, as a sea wave which has no effect on a headland will yet most grievously knock about a pebble, so the push of a bright light will move a solid particle, provided that such particle has a diameter something like the fiftieth part of that of a hair.

This suggestion of Clark Maxwell, Arrhenius worked out in this wise. The atmosphere of the sun boils up over the sun-spots, and is ionized, as any gas would be, by the heat and the ultra-violet light. Thereupon the negative ions, precisely as in an ordinary fog, become centers of condensation; and inevitably such of these solar fog particles as are sufficiently small are driven away by the pressure of the sun's fierce light. They stream away into space in straight lines, each a little solid particle of the sun's substance, built round a negative ion, and having, in consequence, a negative electric charge.

This condition of things, therefore, is extraordinarily like that of a common Crookes tube when the surgeon is using the X ray to examine a broken leg. There is the same stream of minute particles negatively electrified, and shot out with velocities running into the thousands of miles per second. For Arrhenius, therefore, the visible universe is a gigantic Crookes tube, in which the light-pressure of the sun operates the cathode ray.

Near the sun, this solar cathode ray appears as the corona. Farther out, where the stream thins out to less than one particle to some fifteen cubic yards of space, there is darkness. Close to the earth, the ray is again visible as the zodiacal light. Such portions of the ray as come still nearer to the earth electrify the atmosphere and produce magnetic storms. Indeed, the magnetic storm on the earth lags behind the solar disturbance which, aside from any theory, is known to cause it, by just about the interval required for the electrified particle to travel from sun to earth.

Moreover, as these streams of ions come into the magnetic field of the earth, they are bent like any cathode ray; and, turning toward the north magnetic pole, form the northern lights. In fact, the likeness of the aurora to the shifting light of a Crookes tube in action is most striking, even to the dark space around the pole.

But, naturally, only a minute portion of these particles of matter hit any of the planets. Such as happen to strike the nebulæ cause them to glow, another phenomenon of the Crookes tube; while those that encounter one another, or the like particles which stream out from the other fixed stars, collect into masses and become meteorites.

Explaining the Comet's Tail

AS for comets' tails, they are for Arrhenius another case of Crookes tubes and cathode rays. The comet boils off hydrocarbon vapors on the side next the sun; there is the inevitable ionization and the resulting electrified fog. This, thereupon, streams off under the pressure of the sunlight until it thins out to a few particles to the cubic mile, and becomes that strange "negative shadow," the comet's tail. The moon has no tail because it has no atmosphere; but the earth's tail, mostly hydrogen and helium, and always on the side away from the sun, is the faint *Gegenschein*. Even the fact that the planet Jupiter appears less red in sun-spot years, finds an explanation.

So much, then, for the earlier work which "has swept the heavens clear of mysteries." There remains an aspect of the ion doctrine on which several eminent scientific men are now at work, and of which no man can guess the end.

Arrhenius Turns to the Problem of Life Itself

ELECTROLYTES, we have seen, are substances which, in solution, are separated, at least in part, into electrically charged ions. But sea water is such an electrolyte; and in consequence half the living creatures in the world spend their lives amid a sea of electrified ions. The other half have their tissues bathed in little private oceans of their own; for blood and lymph are also dilute electrolytes, pretty close in composition to sea water. Such animals, then, as do not swim about amid charged ions, have their bodies filled with them. Thus the ion doctrine touches upon life itself.

Jacques Loeb, then of the University of Chicago, now of the University of California, and one of the earliest disciples of Arrhenius among physiologists, took up this side of the ion question in the middle and late nineties. A series of truly epoch-making papers, "The Physiological Effect of Molecules Electrically Charged," "On Ion-Proteid Compounds and their Rôle in the Mechanics of Life-Phenomena," with many more like these, culminated, so far as the public interest is concerned, in Loeb's discovery that by increasing the number of certain ions in sea water he could at will produce living sea-urchin larvæ from unfertilized eggs. Since then, other discoveries, quite as important though less sensational, have followed in rapid succession. In fact, the side of the ion doctrine which touches on the properties of living matter has made a new era in general physiology. One is tempted to linger over the muscle of a frog's leg, dosed with lithium ions and so made to beat rhythmically like a heart: or little salt-water minnows, brought up amid an excess of magnesium ions and so having one cyclopean eye in the middle of their foreheads. But we must pass to matters in which Arrhenius had a more immediate part.

It is fundamental to Arrhenius' idea of ions that the rapidity with which any chemical will act upon another, should depend upon its "strength"; and that this "strength," as we have seen, should be nothing more or less than the extent to which this particular substance becomes ionized. It turns out, moreover, that with all electrolytes the dissociation increases with a rise in temperature. The somewhat complicated rule which enables one who knows a "reaction velocity" at any temperature to predict it at any other temperature, is universally known as the law of Arrhenius.

This law of Arrhenius is turning out to be of the highest value in general physiology. Arrhenius worked it out for chemicals in a test-tube; but it holds also for many, possibly for all, vital processes both of plants and animals. Thus, the rate of the heart-beat in cold-blooded animals, and the rate at which the nervous impulse runs along the nerve, both follow the law of Arrhenius, while just at the present time almost every month brings still other examples to light. More and more the complex vital processes are being brought under the simple laws of physical chemistry.

Arrhenius is not the man to keep his hands off problems like these. Characteristically, he has turned first to the most obscure and confused of all questions in sight, the behavior of the antitoxins and their allies.

The Duel between Ehrlich and Metchnikoff

WHEN it comes to explaining the curative power, let us say, of diphtheria antitoxin, there have been from the beginning two schools. One, led by Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute, long known to the public through his studies in the causes of old age, holds this immunication to be altogether dependent on the fact that it occurs in the tissues of a living creature.

The other school, led by Ehrlich, of side-chain theory fame, holds the matter to be merely one of common chemistry. Some six years ago it occurred to Ehrlich that the way finally to make an end of Metchnikoff was to get Arrhenius to examine the whole question, from the point of view of a physical chemist. The resources of the Danish State Serum Institute were placed at Arrhenius' disposal; and there, as he has had opportunity, he has been working ever since.

So far as this particular point is concerned, Metchnikoff was soon disposed of; and Arrhenius then turned his hand to Ehrlich and certain of his pet theories—a procedure which did not please Ehrlich at all. Arrhenius' hope was to replace by a few clear and simple principles a whole group of theories, hypotheses, and explanations which seemed to him, as he said, "to have no advantage, to mean no more than the relation of the simple fact itself, besides

(Continued on page 25)

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"For the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters, under their skins"

INTERLUDES

FROM A JESTER'S NOTE-BOOK

THE man who invented cold storage is eighty-five years old. This fact in itself should be a sufficient refutation of the libel that a majority of the fresh eggs now current were laid in days prior to the War of 1812.

Since a recent very pertinent pronouncement from the White House, a good many statesmen at Washington who are desirous of standing well in the eyes of the Administration have been anxiously seeking rentable houses without any lobbies to the front door.

A German Militant Suffragette advises her British sisters to burn their husbands' dinners and breakfasts. This is not half so effective as the American plan under the operations of which a good many really fine women burn their husbands' money.

The authorities up at Newport are said to have placed two policewomen in charge of affairs on the Newport beach. We do not credit the rumor that this concession to the ladies is shortly to be followed by an order requiring that all the waves that break on the beach shall be marcelled.

Ex-Speaker Cannon has been heard from again, having been spiked only officially. This time he announces that, now that Illinois has granted the suffrage for women, it is a fine time for good-looking men to run for office. This is really the first complete act of renunciation on Mr. Cannon's part that has ever come to our notice. Let the good work go on!

An interesting item in the newspapers informs us that out of seven hundred members of the San Francisco Dish-Washers' Union one hundred are college graduates; and another item in the same journal asserts that a college education is worth $25,000 in increased earning capacity. If both these items are true, they must be some eaters out in San Francisco to require an investment of $2,500,000 on the dish-washing account alone!

A correspondent wants to know the correct pronunciation of the word Faneuil in Faneuil Hall. Frankly, we do not care to commit ourselves definitely on so important a matter; but we can say properly to our correspondent that upon a recent visit to Boston we heard the word pronounced by natives in such a way that a newspaper poet would be justified in using it as a rhyme either for "tunnel" or "flannel," so we presume that is about the way it really should be spoken. But why refer to it at all in days like these, when everybody seems to have forgotten it altogether?

In a list of the twenty greatest women in history recently published, we find such names as Marie Antoinette, Madame de Maintenon, and Cleopatra; but no reference whatever is made either to the lamented Carrie Nation, whose ax was quite as famous and much more effective than George Washington's hatchet; or to the late Cassie Chadwick, who as a "doer" of men, if not deeds, has had no rival since the days of Delilah.

In laying our belated wreath at the feet of the Kaiser, who has recently completed his twenty-fifth year of service as a German leader, we have only to say that a rain that bade fair to be just one thunderstorm after another has turned out to be nothing more than a refreshing shower, for which the whole world has reason to be profoundly grateful.

SUPERFLUOUS

"I SEE," said little Binks, "that the Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois wants to have newspaper reporters licensed."

"Humph!" said the Genial Philosopher. "Seems to me the general run of 'em take too much license as it is."

ON ELECTION DAY

"Is this the polling-place?" asked Mrs. Slithers, over the telephone to Bumps's Butcher Shop, where the voting was going on.

"Yes, madam," replied the inspector.

"Well, I'm Mrs. Slithers, of number ninety-seven Garraway Street. I just wanted to tell you that it is raining so hard just now that I can't think of going out, so will you please cast one straight ticket for the Progressive Party for me? And, while you are about it, ask Mr. Bumps to send me up four pounds of liver, two pounds of chops, a dozen fresh eggs, and——"

But—would you believe it—that rude politician actually hung up the receiver, with a bang!

AS TO BACHELORS OF ARTS

A YOUNG man has just been denied his Bachelor's Degree by Columbia College because he had not passed his swimming examination, as required by the rules of the faculty of that institution of light and leading. In all other respects he had proved himself a capable student; but, after four years of shivering hesitation on the brink of the swimming-pool, he had not felt himself wholly prepared *vi et armis* to propel himself from one end of the tank to the other, and in consequence he flunked at the emergent moment. We notice a disposition in some quarters to find fault with the collegiate authorities for withholding the young man's degree on any such score; but the more we think of it the more are we convinced that the faculty are not only wise in making this requirement, but would be wiser still if they carried the principle still further. It is their job to fit the young committed to their care to fight the battles of life in the larger world, and it is clear to any man of ordinary common sense that a youngster who can't swim eighty-six feet in real water would have no chance whatsoever on Wall Street, or in the Social Swim as it is now constituted, and to indorse him as fit for the struggles of existence would be most improper under all the circumstances of modern life.

But why swimming alone?

With New York's gunmen in considerable numbers shooting real bullets at real people out of real guns, and Suffragette ladies hurling bricks with no mean accuracy in many quarters of the world, why not have a course in dodging as well as in swimming? In view of the sudden changes of base required of men in modern politics, why should a student who can not turn a complete somersault at a moment's notice be indorsed as a capable person, fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils? In view of the swift pace of modern life, why should the ability to swim eighty-six feet be regarded as a sole test of a man's capacity to keep up with the procession, with no requirement that he be able to run a hundred yards in 10¼ seconds? Considering conditions in the subway during the rush hours, wherefore mere swimming, when everybody knows that the only thing under the canopy that can carry a man successfully through that ordeal is a complete mastery of the arts of butting, shoving, and gouging?

Truly it is all right to insist that a man be able to swim before certifying him to the world as a Bachelor of Arts; but the idea that anybody can get along in the world as it is constituted to-day without dodging, sprinting, gouging, scrouging, and turning handsprings like a professional, is quite preposterous.

If Dr. Butler does not believe this, let him talk it over with the Mohonk Conference, and with his friend the Kaiser, on his next annual visit to both these institutions. We miss our guess if they don't both tell him there's something in it.

THE MORALS OF MARCUS O'PTUTT

TRAVEL, my son, may broaden your intellect, as some wise sayers have said; but take it from me, who have wandered much, that it is not likely to increase the circumference of your purse.

Seeking the unattainable, friend Sossius, is an unprofitable venture; wherefore never contend with a woman for the last word. She will have it, even if it requires a P. S. to get it in.

I, who have been thrice wedded, and speak therefore from experience, my dear Cassius, do hereby admonish thee that the wise youth before asking for a maiden's hand will first make inquiry as to the cost of gloves.

When you find your fame rising higher and higher in the days of your youth, O Sempronius, do all that lies within thee to keep it down, lest in your later years you shall bend beneath the strain of keeping it up.

Knee-breeches, Suetonius, are dangerous adornments for ambassadors whose limbs are bowed, since they afford his adversaries ample opportunity to see through him, and not infrequently serve to place his understanding in an unfavorable light.

As I have gone through life, Brother Quintus, I have observed that a gassy tongue is a sure indication of a light mind, the which sheds no illumination whatsoever, save that which brings into bolder relief its own opacities of thought.

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PENN STATE

AMANDA

BY

KATHARINE BAKER

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

"THE Duchess of Altschloss has left her son's capital, and is now at Royat-les-bains. She has lately been troubled with a slight bronchial affection, which, it is hoped, may disappear before the date set for the marriage festivities of the Duke, her son. The preparations are said to be beyond——"

At this point the cabbage boiled over and smelled to heaven, whereupon Amanda, reluctantly laying aside her newspaper, went to the rescue of the dinner.

"By George!" said Mr. Wood enthusiastically, as he ate, "Amanda certainly is the boss cook! This sausage-and-cabbage combination beats the world. We must have some when Bartholomew comes to dine."

Amanda beamed. She was waiting at table—there was nobody else to wait. Mrs. Wood looked scornful. Her American husband often annoyed her by exhibiting plebeian tastes. She was too young to know that all husbands have plebeian tastes.

"Do let us give him something thoroughly vulgar and coarse," she commented. "So American!"

"It was always the favorite dish of my fath—" began Amanda indignantly; then, checking herself, she left the room.

"No," retorted Mr. Wood to his wife's remark; "let us send around to Buzzard's for a plum-cake, serve it with tea, and imagine we have given a man something to eat. That would be the English way."

"Amanda is really intolerable, with her impertinent habit of breaking in upon the conversation at table," responded the lady, changing her point of attack. "I can't think why you ever engaged her."

"Best to be had at the price," he answered cheerfully. "As far as that goes, I can't see that she has any faults. But at two pounds ten a month some might reasonably be expected. If you can do any better——"

SHE could not, and not so well; wherefore Mr. Wood had some weeks earlier spent an arduous day examining applicants, until Amanda presented her ruddy countenance. Mrs. Wood was not much of a housekeeper. Her chief claim to distinction, after her prettiness, was that she was third cousin to an earl. This fact was of no interest to the earl; indeed, he did not know it; but it was the pride and despair of Mrs. Wood's life. In the daughter of a country clergyman, and later in the wife of an energetic young American striving to introduce a California champagne to an indifferent world, this lordly connection had served only to arouse desire unappeased.

"Have you noticed how all the journals are filled with the marriage of the Duke of Altschloss?" she inquired over the coffee. "Hand me those newspapers, Amanda. Listen. 'The Dowager Duchess of Altschloss is indisposed, and has gone to Biarritz for an indefinite stay. Rumor has it that the Duchess is more irritated than ill, and that the cause is to be found in the approaching marriage of her son, the reigning Duke Leopold, with the Princess——' You're not listening," she broke off. "I'd like to marry a reigning duke myself."

"I wish I knew a few to impress Bartholomew with," ruminated her husband, who pursued his business meditations everywhere, in the American style. "He's a born toad-eater, or tuft-hunter, or whatever you call it. (Yes, take the cup, Amanda; I'm through.) Genuine German Jew, that fellow. But he can introduce our brand into every decent hotel in London, if he takes it up. If I can get him to dine here next week, will it suit you? I must go up to Scotland for a couple of days, but we can do it when I get back."

"SO you are going to Scotland!" said Mrs. Wood petulantly. "I wish I were going somewhere! Men can always call it business."

He rose and touched her shoulder with boyish embarrassment.

"Why, girlie," he said, "I'd love to have you; but, honest, I haven't got the money to do it the right way; and you wouldn't like any other way, would you, now? But when we put this deal through——"

She shook off his hand.

"Oh, we can't afford anything, of course. A Bloomsbury flat and one servant, and the Crystal Palace for diversion—I suppose that's your idea of fitting circumstances for me. I never see a soul. If it weren't for Bertie Bibbins——"

"That pale-ale Johnnie!" began her husband in anger, and then closed his mouth so tightly that he bit off the end of his cigar.

"If being a Johnnie means having a motor and giving dinners at the Carlton, then I wish all the men I know were Johnnies," said the spirited Mrs. Wood; and Mr. Wood retired into his soul, there to lower darkly. "He wanted to buy me a fan-chain at Streeter's to-day," she continued tauntingly, "the sweetest thing in baroque pearls. It was twenty pounds. I didn't let him. I knew you would fuss. It was a perfectly darling chain."

"I do prefer to buy my wife's jewelry myself," remarked Mr. Wood, grandly oblivious of the fact that he had not bought and could not buy any. She forbore to remind him of this. Perhaps a guilty feeling that Mr. Bibbins' attentions had been overwarm inspired her unusual magnanimity.

Amanda heard. "Poor boy," said she to herself, as she set the dining-room in order. "Baroque pearls are common enough. Yet he can't even buy them."

Amanda had a great fondness for Mr. Wood. He resembled a young lieutenant of hussars whom in earlier years she had loved, but, on account of the difference in their stations, vainly.

AMANDA'S room was in the angle of the inner court, and the building adjoining it was of no pretension. The apartments therein were not only smaller but more contemptible in every way. Amanda leaned from her window. A pretty, tidy girl's head emerged from the one opposite.

"It was splendid, Amanda," announced the smiling head. "Thanks ever so. My irons never stuck once. You know everything."

"How goes it with the uncle?" inquired Amanda.

"I haven't heard yet," admitted the girl. "But I expect news every day. This is the longest time he has ever left me, and I have been with him two years now." Amanda's discouragement was evident. "He will come soon," persisted the girl.

"I suppose so," granted the cook. "But a month is too long for a girl to stay alone. He doesn't do right."

"He wrote."

"Once. Well, you have sense enough to take care of yourself. What have you for dinner?"

The girl laughed softly. Amanda was certainly aggressive.

"Jam," she confessed, "and tea."

Amanda groaned, then produced a plate of cabbage elaborately ornamented with sausage links.

"Eat this," she commanded.

"I'm not hungry."

"You ought to be."

"Mrs. Wood might not like it."

"Rubbish!"

"To tell the truth," said the girl, "I can't bear cabbage."

"All my life long I have been annoyed," said Amanda, "by people who would not say what they meant." And she set the plate aside.

"You're so dictatorial!" murmured the girl, unafraid. "You are the kind of cook one reads about, that makes everybody mind. You might be the Duchess in 'Alice in Wonderland.' Oh, have you read the *Queen* about the Duchess of Altschloss? Her son is going to marry a German princess, and she hates German princesses, and she's gone off to Vichy and pretends she needs the waters for lumbago. It says she always loved to go about incognito, but her husband used to object, so she could do it much. She's a splendid cook, too. Here it is. The woman next me on the bus left it when she got off."

Amanda took the *Queen* from her amiable neighbor, and read the article with interest.



"He tore the covering from a parcel. It was a cake from Streeter's"



"Now was Amanda alone, and for some minutes the sense of anti-climax possessed her"

"Through her paternal grandmother, the Duchess is a great-granddaughter of the eccentric Czar Paul of Russia, who was murdered for his liberal tendencies by the reactionary nobility. She inherited vast domains in the petroleum district near Baku on the Caspian Sea, and is immensely wealthy in her own right. The Duchy will be shorn of much of its splendor if the son's adverse counselors drive the mother to tighten her purse-strings. . . . An incognito is the Duchess' favorite whim. . . . She reads Karl Marx, is an admirer of Herr Bebel, and holds, it is said, startling socialistic views—views which her husband during his lifetime repressed with difficulty, driving her to turn her overflowing energies into the domestic channel. . . . She has with pride offered to the Czar and the Kaiser bread made by her own hands——"

BOND STREET was crowded. A stout, homely, middle-aged woman, who had the air of regretting her rashness, entered Streeter's. She was evidently unused to shopping. The haughty clerks gave very perfunctory attention to her demands.

"Those are rather costly," said one, with easy insolence, when she asked for pearl fan-chains. The woman fixed him with an icy look, drew from her shabby black bag two handfuls of coin, and pushed them toward him. The abashed salesman produced the chains. She chose one. Two fashionably dressed women, passing, stared curiously.

"My dear," said the elder in a clear undertone, "there, if you please, is the missing Duchess of Altschloss."

"But she's at Peterhof, because the Czar relies so on her advice. The *Times* this morning says so. And there is an official announcement that the son's marriage is off, and she will go back as soon as the Czar is willing!"

"Did you notice all that Austrian gold on the counter? Besides, I've seen her at Sandringham."

"Give me my parcel at once," said the stout woman authoritatively.

The assiduous clerk obeyed.

As she stood on the curb waiting for an omnibus, a cab containing two men passed. A keen, blasé face was thrust out, lightened with interest, and was withdrawn.

"There stands the Duchess of Altschloss—on the sidewalk," said Sherlock Holmes to his companion.

"Looks like a washwoman," said Dr. Watson distrustfully.

"Proof number one, my dear fellow," answered Holmes. "But did you not remark her left boot-heel, as the wind exposed it? Only one man in the world puts on a heel like that, and he is the court bootmaker of Altschlossenburg. I had a pair of his boots in evidence, I remember, in the strange case of the Lithuanian Margravine's lover. You must hear that some day."

Long before the end of these garrulous remarks the cab was out of sight, but the first words had been quite audible. Much discomposed, the woman hastened to Oxford Street, and by that thoroughfare of farthing laces and sixpenny frocks made her safer way to Tottenham Court Road.

AMANDA, returning home after an airing, found a message from Mr. Wood awaiting her. He knew better than to expect his wife to take a real heart interest in the cuisine.

"Most important have champagne iced right Bartholomew dinner to-night," read the message.

Mrs. Wood stood beside her mirror, tying a veil

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PENN STATE

over shining eyes and cheeks flaming pink, when Amanda came to her in perplexity.

"Mr. Wood sent word about the dinner to-night, ma'am. I didn't know it was to be to-night. There's nothing ready."

"I don't care. I forgot to tell you. Don't bother me, Amanda."

Amanda looked and felt a housewife's disapproval for this shallow creature, but she preserved her patience.

"Shall I order dinner from a restaurant, or will you, since you are going out?"

"I certainly shan't attend to it. I don't care whether they have any dinner or not. I'm going out for the evening. I——" She stopped. Her fingers shook a little as she gathered up her purse and a hand-bag.

"When her husband's future depends on her good sense," said Amanda gravely, "a wife must not consider foolish pleasures."

"How dare you!" exclaimed Mrs. Wood, turning swiftly. "You forgot yourself, Amanda. It is not a cook's business to give her mistress advice."

"A cook," said Amanda boldly, "is a woman, and a queen is no more. You have a good husband. You owe him a duty. If two love each other, and the man is honorable and generous, that woman is one of God's fortunate ones."

"This is beyond everything!" broke out Mrs. Wood. "You are discharged. Oh, I don't care whether you go or stay. No wonder I can't endure a place where even the servants lecture. I am going myself, and I am not coming back, and you might as well know it. Now leave the room. You annoy me."

AT this thrilling moment the knocker sounded, and Amanda, hastening, admitted the villain, who was, of course, Mr. Bertie Bibbins, perfectly inoffensive in appearance, if vacuity be not offensive. He stood awkwardly enough in the pretty drawing-room, waiting for the lady, who came hurriedly to meet him.

"The car's below," announced Mr. Bibbins.

She gave him a pallid smile.

"Well, then, I'm ready." The electric call buzzed loudly. "Wait a minute; I'll see who wants me."

She sat down at the telephone-desk, took up the receiver in tremulous hands, and listened a moment, while Bertie swung his idle arms. Then the telephone crashed to the floor.

"Amanda!" she cried in a voice of horror. "He's dying! He's been killed! Jack is dying, Amanda! I must go to him."

Amanda entered stolidly, picked up the fallen telephone, and sought enlightenment from the other end of the wire.

"I say," said Bertie. "What bally rotten luck! Will it make any difference?"

"Any difference!" cried Mrs. Wood. "Simpleton! Will it make any difference to me if my husband dies? You might show a little common sense!"

"Oh, come now!" deprecated Bertie.

"Don't speak to me!" she replied. "I hate you. I never liked you. It's your fault. Jack was too good to me. I needed some horrible brute to teach me how dear he was. I——"

MR. BIBBINS looked uncomfortable and foolish. Amanda laid down the instrument.

"Mr. Wood isn't dead. He isn't badly hurt. The train was wrecked near town. He is in a hotel near Hatfield—the Salisbury Arms. You would better go in Mr. Bibbins' motor."

Mrs. Wood flung her arms about Amanda, then vanished from the room with flying skirts. In wretched indecision Mr. Bibbins started to follow; but Amanda interposed. Admirable was Amanda's behavior upon this trying occasion.

"Wise young men who have motor-cars *und so weiter*," said she, "marry wives of their own. Thus there is no scandal, and children make one happy."

In Mr. Bibbins' empty features conviction installed itself, lending them a certain attraction.

"By gad, you've got good sense, Amanda!" he informed her, and so departed. Not until he was rolling homeward in a hansom did the memory of caste occur. "And she was only the cook," he reflected. "Jove! it was pretty impudent in a cook to tell me that."

"Beg pardon, sir?" inquired the cabby.

"Oh, nothing."

NOW was Amanda alone, and for some minutes the sense of anti-climax possessed her.

"There is nothing left for the old cook to do but to pack her chest and go," said she to herself, and went slowly to her room. She called from her window to the little neighbor: "I am going to-night."

The little neighbor paled, and seized Amanda's hand across the angle of the court.

"But why?" said she.

"The master is hurt, and the mistress has gone to him, and I am discharged."

"It is terrible," said the little neighbor. "And you have no place. Will you come and stay with me, Amanda? Until you can look around?"

Amanda thanked her and refused.

"Then—wait—" She disappeared for a moment in her room, and returned with a shabby little purse. "Won't you please let me lend you—I have a sovereign. Please borrow it, Amanda. My uncle will be home in a day or so, and I shan't need it, and you've done everything for me. Haven't you taught me clear-starching, and how to make march-pane, and everything?"

"I haven't taught you good sense," said Amanda angrily, "if you don't know enough to keep your last pound in your pocket instead of offering it to other people's cooks. Good-by." And she withdrew violently.

ON her knees before the huge, gray-painted wooden chest, the kind favored by emigrants, she began to fold away her possessions. Her hand touched a little leather box. She drew it out, opened it, and with warm approval considered the face of the young lieutenant who had so strongly resembled Mr. Wood.

"Ach, the poor children!" she murmured regretfully. "He will recover—but the business!" And then she remembered the imminence of Mr. Bartholomew, and the neglected dinner. Amanda laid down the portrait, went to the window, and called her neighbor again:

"If you will help me and not ask silly questions, come at once," she said.

What were Amanda's plans I am not at liberty to divulge, but the little neighbor came and helped.

After midnight Amanda knelt once more by the gray chest and resumed her interrupted packing. The soft voice of the girl next door came through the window, calling, "Amanda! Amanda!" in deep distress. Amanda rose, sighing ponderously.

"Herr Gott!" she said. "'Tis an eventful day," and sought the window.

The girl was in tears.

"Such dreadful news!" she said. "My uncle was in the wreck, and was killed. There was a message when I got back. What shall I do?"

Amanda looked at the pretty, innocent, despairing face.

"Is there no one else?"

"No one."

"Will you come with me?"

The girl turned eyes of perfect confidence.

"Oh, Amanda, will you have me?"

So they passed together out of Bloomsbury and the workaday world.

MR. WOOD was convelescent. In honor of this and of the new partnership, the Woods were dining with Bartholomew the Jew at the Carlton.

"By the way," said Mr. Wood, throwing a magnificent envelop on the table with studied carelessness, "the merits of our wines are beginning to be recognized. There is an order from the Court Chamberlain of the Duke of Altschloss for fifty cases of champagne. Rather a decent order, that. I can't think how we came by it."

"Evidently your friend the Duchess has more influence over him as to wines than as to wives," suggested Bartholomew. "She showed me a ripping miniature of him that night when she did the honors for you so delightfully. You're in luck to have such a woman as that stand your friend in need."

The Woods gazed mutely at each other.

"As for the Duchess herself," continued Bartholomew, "I have never thanked you enough for the charming evening she gave me. Superb woman! The dinner couldn't have been better if the Carlton had served it outright, and you have a devilish pretty little waitress. I declare, I could hardly remember to be sorry for Wood's accident."

He rose to speak to a passing acquaintance.

"What do you think?" inquired Mr. Wood.

"I think he's crazy," responded Mrs. Wood placidly.

But Mr. Wood told her to think again. He himself fell often into meditation during the rest of the evening. He did not explain his musings, however, till after Mrs. Wood had done a little explaining herself.

AS they drove back to Bloomsbury, Mr. Wood thrust his hand into his overcoat pocket.

"Jove, I forgot to open this," he said, and tore the covering from a parcel. It was a case from Streeter's. Within the delicate box was coiled a chain of pearls.

"My chain!" cried Mrs. Wood. "You darling!"

"I didn't buy it," said the truthful husband; then, by the fugitive glare of street lights, he deciphered the accompanying card: "For the mother of the heir."

"I don't know what it's driving at," he added wonderingly.

"I don't know who it's from, but it's mine," answered Mrs. Wood, with unwonted softness.

And then, after he had recovered his wonted poise, and more too (for he took on a subtle resemblance to a pouter-pigeon), he took his turn in elucidating mystery. It was not a very full elucidation, to be sure, but he had, in his own terms, gotten the main fact dead to rights; and the main fact was enough to set up Mrs. Wood for life with conversation about her friend the Dowager Duchess of Altschloss.

THE BEST WORM LOZENGES for CHILDREN are BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS. 25 cents a box.***

CUBS' FOOD

They Thrive on Grape-Nuts.

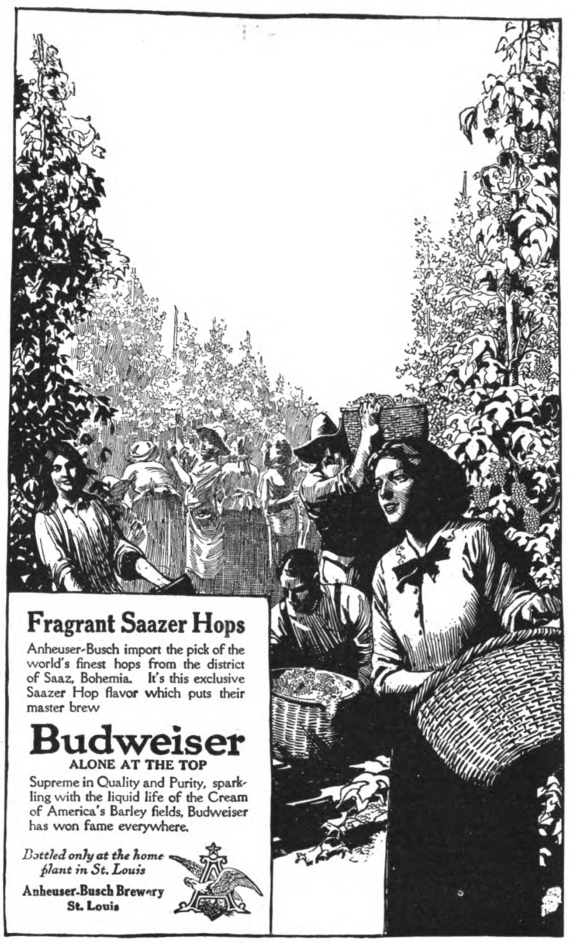
Healthy babies don't cry and the well-nourished baby that is fed on Grape-Nuts is never a crying baby. Many babies who cannot take any other food relish the perfect food, Grape-Nuts, and get well.

"My baby was given up by three doctors who said that the condensed milk on which I had fed her had ruined the child's stomach. One of the doctors told me that the only thing to do would be to try Grape-Nuts, so I got some and prepared it as follows: I soaked 1½ tablespoonfuls in one pint of cold water for half an hour, then I strained off the liquor and mixed 12 teaspoonfuls of this strained Grape-Nuts juice with six teaspoonfuls of rich milk, put in a pinch of salt, and a little sugar, warmed it and gave it to baby every two hours.

"In this simple, easy way I saved baby's life and have built her up to a strong, healthy child, rosy and laughing. The food must certainly be perfect to have such a wonderful effect as this. I can truthfully say I think it is the best food in the world to raise delicate babies on and is also a delicious healthful food for grown-ups as we have discovered in our family."

Grape-Nuts is equally valuable to the strong, healthy man or woman. It stands for the true theory of health. "There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. ***



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Anheuser-Busch import the pick of the world's finest hops from the district of Saaz, Bohemia. It's this exclusive Saazer Hop flavor which puts their master brew

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ALONE AT THE TOP

Supreme in Quality and Purity, sparkling with the liquid life of the Cream of America's Barley fields, Budweiser has won fame everywhere.

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Marrying at Sea

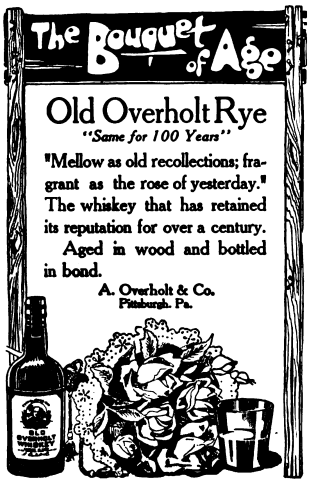
THE captains of British war vessels are authorized by law to act as marriage "registrars," and the wedding ceremony may, therefore, take place on the high seas or on board an English man-of-war on a foreign station, subject to certain prescribed modifications. These indicate that the legality of the marriage depends on the commanding officer's compliance with the conditions of the Foreign Marriages Act of 1892, which, with very slight differences, conform to the conditions as to age, consent of parents, false oaths, residence, etc., applying to marriages in the United Kingdom.

Although no one may question a captain's authority to perform at sea the marriage ceremony, or likewise to perform such service on board a British vessel on a foreign station, if any of the provisions laid down are not fulfilled the Secretary of State for the Home Department has the power, by means of a warrant, to vary or annul the marriage performed under the act. But, in the case of such a marriage, the captain who acted as "registrar" is protected from any disastrous consequences ensuing from his act.

Before the passage of the Act of 1892, commanding officers of war vessels and merchantmen celebrated marriages on board under an old act, and the marriage was of necessity confirmed on arrival at the nearest port by the British representative there. Where there was no diplomatic or consular representative, the captain was empowered to act himself as consul and confirm his own deed.

In the merchant service of Great Britain, the skipper enjoys even greater power. He is not obliged to return a certificate, the only compulsion on him being the necessity to "log" the marriage in his official log-book, where it may be entered between reports dealing with the vessel's provisioning, her course, the weather encountered, the ships spoken, and the many other details of the log.

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QUEEN VICTORIA AS I KNEW HER

(*Continued from page 15*)

with genius—that is to say, commercial genius. One set of verses was pinned to the following note, addressed to the Queen's private secretary:

I shall be really grateful if you would present my last poem to her Majesty and ask her to send me a small order for my first-class champagne.

The Red-White-and-Blue Cat

FROM the poets to the eccentrics is but a step. It was taken by the writer of the following incredible and yet absolutely genuine letter, in which I have changed nothing except the signature:

ALGIERS, 2 *April*, 1897.

About a year ago I was told that any one procuring a cat of three colors, red, white, and blue, for her Majesty the Queen of England would receive a million francs as a reward. I have encountered many disappointments in the intervening lapse of time; but I refused to be discouraged, and I believe that I at last possess a cat that will meet your wishes. If it suits your Majesty, as you are at Nice just now, I propose to bring the cat myself. That would give me the pleasure of making your acquaintance, and I should be able to thank you from the bottom of my heart.

Pending a favorable reply, would your Majesty be so good as to let me know if this means of carriage has your approval? The cat will require attention during the crossing, and I dare not trust it to the charge of any one but myself.

Awaiting your Majesty's reply, I beg to remain, Your obedient servant,
WIDOW F. G.

Real madmen also pestered the Queen. A certain Comte de C—— invited her to order her government to replace him in possession of his "Egyptian crown." Another lunatic believed himself to be the son of the Queen of England, and suddenly took it into his head to assert his rights, I am bound to say, in very respectful terms:

Madam and Dear Mother:

I hear that you are in France at present, and I therefore hasten to write and ask you to give a little thought to me, your son, whom you abandoned in India. I can not go on living in Africa, where I suffer all sorts of wretchedness. Please send me some financial assistance to enable me to live as I ought to live, that is to say, as a son of the Queen of England ought to live.

Hoping, dear mother, that you will have the kindness to satisfy my request, I send you a thousand kisses.

Your son who still loves you,
D—— BEN A——,
ORAN (*Algeria*).

These few examples, which I could have easily multiplied, are enough to give an idea of the importance, the diversity, and the eccentricity of the contents of her Majesty's "official" mail-bag during her visits to our country. There was no replying to all these letters; it was really impossible.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

The Queen's Routine

I RETURN to the daily employment of her Majesty's time. The Queen first took the air at eleven o'clock, when she went for her quiet drive, without pomp or circumstance, in the little donkey-carriage, round about the royal residence, in the beautiful gardens of Cimiez, or, more often, in the delightful grounds of the Villa Liserb.

The Queen seldom went back to her hotel before one o'clock. Luncheon was served in the big dining-room at two. This was the old Queen's chief meal during the day. The bill of fare generally consisted of fish, joints, poultry, game, vegetables, and sweets. From time to time the French cooking was varied with national dishes. The Queen received a few visits after lunch, but very hurriedly, for she was eager to start on her afternoon drive. Tea was taken in the carriage, which stopped for the purpose at five o'clock. The Queen returned to the hotel at about six o'clock in the evening in March, and at seven o'clock in April, that is to say, just before dark.

After a short rest the Queen sat down to dinner, which, though usually timed for half past eight, was seldom served before nine o'clock. Her favorite soup was a *crême de volaille*, which was served specially for her every day. Her Indian cook also sent up a dish of his own preparing. But, apart from this and an occasional English dish, the fare at the royal table was invariably French. As a final detail, I must add that, in addition to the courses mentioned on the menu, there was a side-table always laid in the dining-room, copiously furnished with cold meats, at which every one helped himself at any time that he felt inclined. The Queen herself, on returning from her drive, used often to go and take a cup of clear chicken-soup, which, in its jellied form, was both dainty and substantial.

Her Majesty usually left the dining-room at ten o'clock; stayed for a little while in the drawing-room, listening to Princess Beatrice play the Queen's favorite pieces on the piano, or to talk to her suite; and then retired to her room, taking with her a lady-in-waiting, to whom she gave instructions for her private correspondence. The lady-in-waiting withdrew at about eleven, and the Queen was left alone to write her journal with her own hand. However tired she might be, she remained faithful to the old, fond habit of setting down her impressions day by day. These were always clear, lively, and glowing, written in an elegant style, and sprinkled with curious anecdotes.

After this work, which was sometimes prolonged until after midnight, the Queen rang for her waiting-women, undressed quickly, and went to bed.

From the death of the Prince Consort onward, Queen Victoria had ceased to give much thought to her appearance. I shall not, therefore, be able to speak at length on the subject of dress. The Queen wore none but black clothes, very simply cut; large hats of felt or straw, according to the season; and plain tulle caps indoors.

For big dinners the decoration of the tables was very carefully done. The menus, printed in French on tasteful cards, usually comprised six courses. The Queen, I must say, did not like sitting long at table. Her private meals never lasted for more than three quarters of an hour; and the official dinners themselves rarely exceeded an hour.

Bernhardt Plays for Victoria

QUEEN VICTORIA always interested herself in the pursuit of art. In the spring of 1897, Sara Bernhardt, whom the Queen had never seen play before, was asked to give a performance at the Hôtel Excelsior. It took place in the large reception-room, at one end of which a stage had been improvised. There was no attempt at scenery,—a screen represented the wings,—for everything had been decided at the last moment and done in feverish haste.

Bernhardt had elected to play André Theuriet's "Jean-Marie," in which she took the touching part of Thérèse. She had a great success. The sovereign congratulated her in flattering terms, and presented her with a magnificent bracelet set with a rare pearl, and also gave her her photograph, with a gracious inscription. Sara Bernhardt wrote a line or two in the royal album; and the Empress of India seemed to set great store by the autograph of the queen of art.

Never have I seen a more unanimously courteous, a more sincerely respectful crowd than that which gathered daily along the road which the Queen of England passed. This crowd consisted not only of English gentry, of well-to-do idlers from all countries making holiday on the Riviera; it also contained numbers of people of humble station, men in employment, laborers, peasants, old men, women, and children; and these were quite as eager to cheer the Queen. The Queen, however, did not like cheers or noisy manifestations. The public respected her wishes, and contented themselves with taking off their hats; and the royal carriage drove between the rows of sight-seers amid a soft murmur of friendly voices.

Policing the Donkey-Cart

I MUST admit that I felt a certain anxiety each time that we went out driving. True, I had the greatest confidence in the good feeling of the inhabitants of Nice. On the other hand, I knew that a fluctuating and cosmopolitan population such as that of this favorite resort might easily contain elements of disorder. Knowing beforehand the road that the royal carriage was to take, I used to send well trained detectives to go on ahead. These adopted the dress and manners of tourists. And along the road I posted plain-clothes men under my orders—men who commonly served as rural policemen, and who, unobserved by the public, informed me from place to place of anything that was useful for me to know. Thanks to these simple precautions, and without any further display of force, the Queen was able to go for innumerable drives during her five stays at Nice, not one of which was ever spoiled by the slightest vexatious incident.

The Queen certainly did not like rain, but she was not afraid of it. More than once, refusing to sacrifice her drive, she went out in uncertain or threatening weather, and returned to the hotel in a pelting rain-storm. Even in such cases, she preferred to put up an umbrella rather than to have the carriage closed. She wanted air and space at all costs. The most boisterous wind had no terrors for her. The cold alone was her enemy, for which reason she always wrapped herself up closely, notwithstanding the mildness of the climate, with the special object of obviating the disadvantages of her enforced inactivity.

Although the Queen displayed a marked preference for excursions to lonely places far away from town, she nevertheless did not disdain to show herself in the streets of Nice when starting and returning from her drive. She went further, and occasionally took part in the life of the town. She was interested in its local customs. She honored its festivals with her presence. Nice has kept up a few old traditions, a few popular celebrations, which every season stimulate the curiosity of its visitors in the highest degree. I must mention the *festins*, which are fairs of a peculiar character. Each quarter of the town, each village in the outskirts, has its own. The most frequented are the *festin des reproches* and the *festin des cougourdons*.

The *festin des reproches* is held at Cimiez on the first Sunday in Lent. In the old days, young couples came to make mutual admissions to each other of faults committed during the excesses of the Carnival. They confessed their misdeeds ingenuously, scolded each other for form's sake, attended a religious service; then they all spread over the market-square, shaded with magnificent olive-trees, over the arenas and the neighboring paths, where the couples became reconciled, kissed, and broke the traditional *pam bagnat* together.

The *festin des cougourdons* also takes place at Cimiez, on the 25th of March, the feast of the Annunciation, or Lady Day. It is the most important of all the fairs; and more than twenty-five thousand visitors come to see it every year. There is one great sea of booths and rustic stalls. The Queen was very fond of this original exhibition. Almost every year she went to make purchases there with the princesses; and you can imagine the stall-keepers' eagerness to attract her attention to their wares, to obtain the favor of "purveying" to her Majesty. On her second visit, she was not a little surprised to find that a large number of gourds, or *gougourdes* (whence the name of the fair), were adorned with her arms or covered with inscriptions in her honor. My sleeve was pulled on the left; a voice cried in my ear on the right:

"Have this one too, M. Paoli! Look, here's a fine one!"

And they filled my arms with gourds. The Queen laughed merrily to see me grappling with the salesmen and especially the saleswomen.

"You will have to buy them all!" she said.

I certainly did not buy them all. I took time to make my choice, and tried to please every one a little. But I can truly say that the Queen of England was a good customer—and a greatly regretted one to-day—at the *festin des cougourdons!*

The Queen Goes to an Unknown Funeral

QUEEN VICTORIA was exceedingly good-natured and kind. Her heart was easily touched by human wretchedness. But it did not pay to deceive her: her object was to relieve poverty and unhappiness, not to encourage vice. I was often the witness and the agent of the Queen's charity. Many a time she reproached me for being too circumspect.

"It is better to make a mistake in the direction of generosity," she used to say. "It is better for one's peace of mind, M. Paoli."

She was also not too proud to do needlework and knitting for the poor.

She once made the acquaintance of a poor mother of a family, Mme. Bessick, in whom she took an interest ever afterward. The Queen happened to drive by the little house occupied by this humble workwoman, who, though she had only one lilac bush in her garden, picked all its blossoms to present them to the sovereign. This was how Queen Victoria came to be interested in Mme. Bessick; and the lilac bush was subsequently tended with grateful and touching care.

One day her Majesty was driving with Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Lady Antrim, when she suddenly caught sight of a small knot of people proceeding along the road a little ahead of us. She at once beckoned to me to come to her, and asked:

"What is that over there, M. Paoli? Is it a procession?"

"I rather think that it is a funeral, Madam," I replied. "But your Majesty will be able to see it in a moment."

It was, as I expected, a funeral: but the humblest, saddest, poorest funeral imaginable. Just a few persons walked behind the hearse, without trappings or wreaths, which was carrying the corpse of a peasant to the cemetery. The Queen thereupon had a touching inspiration. Instead of trotting briskly past the procession, she ordered her coachman to drive on slowly till he came up with it, and then to fall in behind and follow it until the roads separated.

On one or two other occasions her Majesty openly manifested her respect for our funeral ceremonies, either by joining the procession or stopping her carriage to let the funeral pass.

Queen Victoria and the Peasant Child

THE Queen adored children. Here is one anecdote among many which I could tell. In April, 1899, she was returning from a drive, when she saw a troop of children who seemed to be escorting a little girl of eight or ten years of age. The child was carrying an enormous bouquet of flowers. The Queen stopped the carriage.

"Your flowers are very pretty, dear," she said. "They are as fresh as your cheeks. I thank you. But what would you like me to give you in return?"

"What you please, Madame la Reine," lisped the child.

"Well, then, as you are so pretty, I will have your portrait painted."

And that was how Angèle Gastaud, the daughter of poor peasants, came to have her picture made by that excellent pastellist, Albert Perrot.

Among the humble and grateful protégés of the Queen of England, I must mention the old legless beggar who sat in a primitive vehicle drawn by two big dogs. The Queen was interested in him because of his infirmity, and also because of the love that he showed for his dogs. One day the royal carriages were returning to Nice. I stopped, as usual, to give a few coins to the poor old man, and resumed my place in the procession. Soon after, I heard a regular concert of barks and the noise of strident wheels violently dragging along the road behind me. I had hardly time to look round, when the cripple's little conveyance dashed past my landau, and the beggar, madly urging his dogs, began to race against the Queen's powerful thoroughbreds. The primitive go-cart succeeded in passing the Queen's carriage; and the triumphant cripple waved his cap, shouting at the top of his voice:

"Long live the good Queen!"

Then, darting along at full speed, he rode into Nice well ahead of all of us.

Even indoors, her Majesty was readily accessible to poor people. Every year she received deputations of the populace, including a deputation of the fish-wives.

I could speak for ever of the Queen's goodness of heart. She was amiable and charitable to all. As for myself, I can not find words in which to express my sincere and profound gratitude for her kindness to me. One year I had fallen ill. Every morning, before seeing her doctor on her own account, she sent her doctor to me to examine me. As soon as I thought that I was better, I appeared in her presence again; but the Queen looked at me and exclaimed:

"What are you doing here, my poor Paoli, with a face like that? There's no service for you to-day. Go and take a rest."

And I had to await my complete recovery before I was allowed to resume my functions.

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FOR FAILURE TO PROVIDE

(*Continued from page 9*)

So the Mayor, by Hoff's order, took a hasty trip to the Atlantic seaboard. It was a part of the scheme to get Marinetti without embarrassing the Mayor. Hoff's plans were laid, and he was at the station that night to see his Honor off and wish him a pleasant journey. He could not help it that Marinetti came too, running up, flushed, out of breath, holding a wet copy of the latest edition of the evening paper in his hand. He could not help it that he overheard Marinetti's anxiously pleading voice, hoarse with excitement and haste and nervousness, voicing his fears, as he rested a heavy thumb on the name of Sullivan, who had that day, by the Mayor's act and Hoff's order, been appointed acting Mayor, and would have the power of official life and death over all executive appointees.

"He'll do me! He'll do me!" Marinetti was saying.

"Don't you worry about that! Don't worry," the Mayor assured him. "I've fixed you all right."

"You bet he's fixed him," said Hoff to himself, feeling the surge of anticipated vengeance.

THE next morning, in his office, Hoff was chuckling over the knowledge that Marinetti's head was rolling in the political gutter.

In the midst of one of his earlier chuckles, the door burst open unceremoniously, and Marinetti himself strode in. Ordinarily he did not have much color in his face. Now he was white to ghostliness. His small eyes were close drawn, so that only a glimmer of light appeared, but awful angles of intensity converged round them. A faint hair line marked the terrible compression of his bloodless lips. His cheek-bones, wide and prominent, now loomed above knotting lumps of muscle that told how terrible was the contraction of his jaws in their set firmness of unshakable resolution.

Hoff looked at him calmly yet anxiously. The giant lowered down upon him, his form shaking with the fury of the storm of anger that swept over him and which he was struggling to control.

"Hoff," he said at last, trying hard to be calm, "when Ernest hears about this he'll come home—he'll turn around and get home quick, and together we'll put you where you belong."

"Ernest!" jeered Hoff, snickering derisively. "O-ho! Ernest? Why, Marinetti! Ernest was in on the deal. He went away so I could kick you out!"

FOR a moment Marinetti stood bolt upright, his head drawn back and down at the base, and his form quivered from top to toe like a man who had been dealt a death-blow. Hoff looked intently at his face. It was fascinating in its contortions; then for a moment was gray and smoldering like a fire. After that the explosion came.

"You lie!" he roared, with all the pent-up vehemence of his soul, and, purely as an incident of his emotions, his great fist, which, sledge-hammer-like, had arisen above his head, descended, dealing, also as an incident, a perfectly murderous blow.

Hoff drew back quickly. A leaf above the tier of drawers in his desk was out. The blow fell upon it, breaking it to bits, with a crash that echoed like an explosion.

Frightened completely out of the player-actor pose that he strove to maintain, Hoff sprang up in alarm.

"God, man! Are you crazy?" he asked.

Marinetti looked surprised at his own violence.

"I would be," he confessed hotly, "to crush you like an egg-shell as I might, and came near to doing, when—when there's an easier and better way. Oh, I'll crush you, all right. There'll be a new boss in the Sixty-second, did you say? No. But there'll be a new boss in the city, Hoff, for I'll put you out of here, and I'll put you in somewhere else. Oh, I'll put bars between you and the sunshine, Hoff. Bars! Bars! Bars! *Bars!* Good steel bars, and stone walls, and turrets, and guards, and Winchesters. Oh, it 'll be hell, Hoff, but you'll get it. You'll get it!"

Marinetti was foaming at the mouth as he raved out the words of his threat, waving his great fists frantically. Tears of rage and hate were venting themselves upon his cheeks. He lurched about like a ship in a storm, seemed to feel for the door, and then strode out.

Hoff, who had arisen, sat down weakly, white and nervous. He was just getting control of himself when Larkin strolled in to see about a spur-track franchise he was interested in getting through the council.

"Well, Larkin," Hoff said, their business finished, "I've fixed the man that fixed us down at the convention—Marinetti. You know, he was really to blame for it all."

"Yes, you've fixed hell," said Larkin in disgust. "Your jig's up, Hoff."

"Up?" queried Hoff. "I'm just getting fixed solid."

"Nothing to it. You're done for. You got some money out of the game, a few hundred thou' all right, and a hell of a lot of revenge; but that's all, except a few score years in the pen. They're comin' at you from all around, Marinetti with the rest. When the play gets strong enough, Ernest will side-step you, and you ain't got a friend where you need 'em—on the Appellate Bench. You got an undying enemy in Marinetti; you ain't got no friend in me unless I get mighty positive orders from above, and I don't think I'll get 'em; and even Blake, the man you elected to the District Court of Appeals, is the only man that couldn't be bought or beaten into doing a thing for you. You've short-circuited yourself, Hoff. I smell your hide already."

A suspicion entered Hoff's crafty mind. "Larkin," he asked, "are you in this fight against me?" His anxious eyes seemed to feel themselves testingly over every feature of Larkin's face.

"No," responded Larkin frankly. "It's 'hands off' with me. If you win out, I do business with you. If you don't, I do business with the man that does. See?"

HOFF saw, but doubted still. Cold sweat stood out on his brow. He thought of the threat Larkin had made the week before at the convention. The State Boss divined his thoughts.

"Oh, I did say I'd take your sparkin' plug; but you can keep it for a while yet—for as long as—you can," he drawled, rising to go.

There was a patronizing tone in Larkin's answer that was maddening, and Hoff forgot his fear in anger, an anger that was childish in its boastfulness and lack of discretion.

"Look here, Larkin," he blazed. "You needn't crow. I'll win this fight here in town, and then I'll go out in the State and put you on the mat. Talking of sparking plugs, I'll take *yours*—and when you want to use it, you'll come to me for it."

Hoff's manner was insolent, but if Larkin's phlegmatic soul heated at the words, his placid, ample features did not betray it.

"So long, Hoff," he murmured smoothly. "We ain't very pleasant company for each other this morning, I don't guess," and went away, leaving the little Jew unpleasantly agitated.

HOFF'S agitation grew with the days. The tidal wave of reform, rising higher each week and rolling inshore steadily, threatened everything. The waters were up to Hoff's neck. Presently they were gurgling about his ears. He heard a jury—one of his own, too (Great God! what treachery!)—pronounce him guilty of extortion; and one of his own judges, cringing as he did so, yet spoke the fateful words that marked out for the erstwhile ruler of the city a stiff prison sentence.

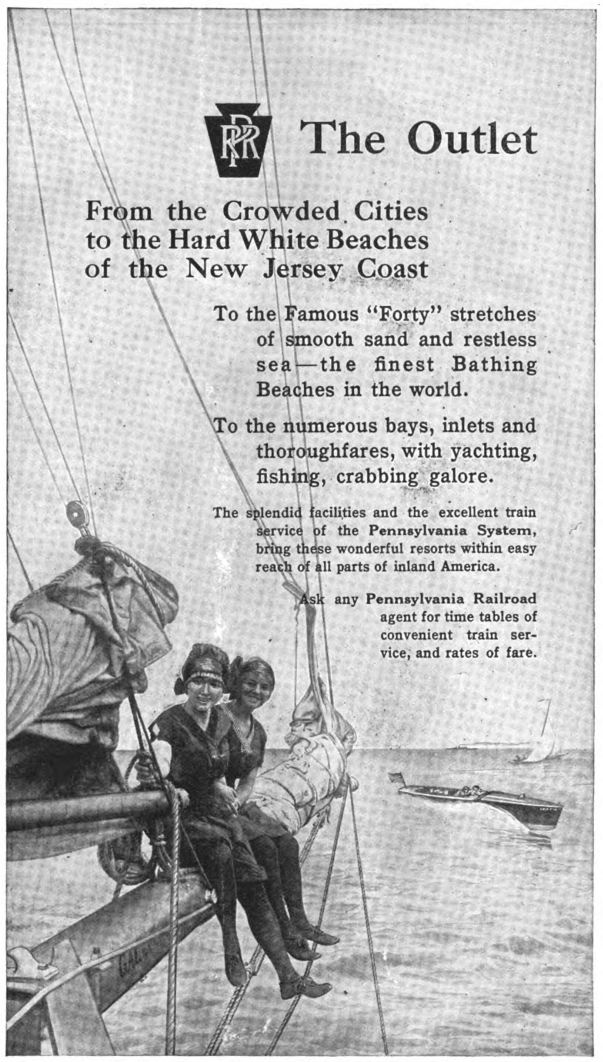
The flood waters were rising higher. They danced before Hoff's eyes, and as they surged to engulf him, he saw on the wave, like a full moon, grinning in yellow, fiery derision, the great circular face of Marinetti. Marinetti, the fiend! He was dancing for joy. He was at the bottom of all this. He it was that really opened the flood-gates to that incoming wave of reform. It was he put the bloodhounds of the prosecution on a trail that was hot enough to lead some whither.

But the wave surged higher and engulfed the Mayor; surged higher still, and the face of Marinetti suddenly changed from gaiety to gravity. Gray with apprehension, sick with sudden alarm, Marinetti felt something pulling at bottom, and he too disappeared beneath the eddying currents—all because of a little overzeal in having voted for his candidate, Blake, in his district, the Sixty-second, a man who had been dead since the spring before.

"THREE years," the judge said to Marinetti.

The Mayor had five coming to him, and more indictments. Hoff had five chalked up against him, and a perfect cloud of indictments. But he was cheerful. His attorneys were preparing an appeal, and he confidently expected a new trial. This was denied, much to his surprise. But the Mayor got a new trial, and Marinetti. Each walked the streets

(*Continued on page 26*)

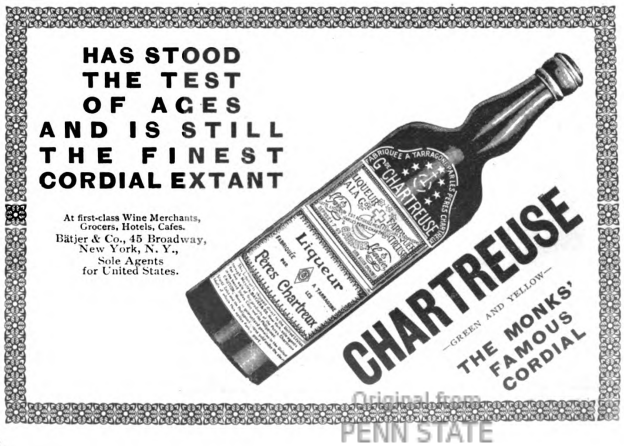


A NEW SCIENCE AND THE MAN WHO MADE IT

(*Continued from page 20*)

being much more difficult to remember." All his work, therefore, in this most obscure field has been founded on the idea that poisonings and digestion, the behavior of toxins and antitoxins and anti-antitoxins, all receptors, amboceptors, epitoxins, sensibilitators, side-chains, toxoids, syntoxoids, toxophors, and the rest of Ehrlich's theoretical briar-patch, reduce themselves in the end to simple and well-understood laws of physical chemistry as applied to dissociated solutions.

He has not yet convinced the world that he is right; for he has been at work only six years, and the matter is one of enormous technical difficulty. He has, however, made up his own mind on the subject, and that has usually meant that the scientific world is on the point of changing its mind to fit. If he can do for immunization what he has already done for certain parts of chemistry and of astronomy, and bring to order, under a few clear principles, the whole mass of discordant facts, there will not be much left besides accident and old age for men to die of. In the meanwhile, for those who are interested in the progress of science, Svante August Arrhenius will be a good man to watch.



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and did business, and waited for the reform tide to ebb, as, indeed, it was already doing — trickling away through every gutter of prejudice, every storm-drain of public sympathy, and every line of the old established sewer systems of private selfishness and public indifference.

But Hoff could not get a new trial. He was a cunning lawyer himself. He employed others. They resorted to every subterfuge. They tested every link in the chain that bound him. Hoff poured out money in golden streams — money, money, and then more money. Lawyers, detectives, politicians, publishers found Hoff money cached all around them, and right readily they accepted it, and right eagerly strove to recompense their benefactor, all without avail.

Marinetti sneered openly. Between Hoff and the Mayor had grown up a coolness. In sending back the Mayor's case for retrial, the Appellate Court had demanded as necessary to conviction certain evidence that seemed impossible of production. Hence the Mayor was on good terms with himself. He looked forward to acquittal.

Finally Hoff's attorneys gave up. His was an unpopular cause. In the end it was only a losing game, and no man of sufficient ability to help him cared to jeopardize his future longer by remaining in the case. They deserted, one by one.

ON the morning of the day when the last of his attorneys gave up the fight, Hoff knew that in the afternoon he would go aboard the train and take the short and terrible ride to—ugh! His thoughts refused to pronounce the word to each other. The sunshine and the breeze and the fog and the blue waters — to give that up for reeking steel pens where human cattle chafed in hellish hatefulness!

And the city, the streets, the dancing lights, the clang of bells and clatter of wheels, the whir of his motor-engine, the gape of the crowd, the adulation of the great ones who had eaten out of his hand—to leave it all for the cold, dark cell, for the lock-step and the rule of silence, the monosyllabic oaths and the polysyllabic soul-mutterings of a striped and driven convict; to pass from being a man who ordered lives to be a man whose life was ordered, and ordered by sullen-faced, ill-conditioned guards, low-browed "muts," many of whom he had secured positions for in the prison régime because they had done his machine some service in a pinch and were too vicious to be awarded places among the natural order of human beings. Ugh! But a thousand shudders availed nothing now. The inevitable was there before him—locks and bars and a felon's stripes. A felon? Was he a felon? Good God, was he?

He sent for Larkin, and Larkin came.

"Larkin," he said, "you were right that day, down at the convention. The rainy day has come, and I haven't got a judge. Though I would have had at least one if it hadn't been for Marinetti."

"You would have had in spite of Marinetti if you hadn't been so damned crooked with me," interjected Larkin disgustedly.

"Well, never mind that," said Hoff weakly. "I'm here now. You were right. The Appellate courts won't do a thing for me. My last chance seems gone—*but it ain't.*"

A choking sensation that marked the last fluttering of a feeble hope came into his throat. "I've got one hundred thousand salted down that nobody knows anything about. I'll give you the key to the box, Larkin; you can have it all: only go to the District Court and get them to open up my case again."

Larkin looked at him as at a man beside himself.

"Hoff, you're a fool," he said. "Don't you know you can't *buy* judges like that? You got to *own* 'em."

"Well, you *own* them," murmured Hoff weakly.

"Yes, but not for you. We can't trust you. We may have helped Marinetti and the Mayor a little," and an upper eyelid drooped cunningly, "but we can't trust you—you ain't even straight with yourself. You held us up at every turn, and then stuck it into us when you got the chance. You are just naturally so crooked that in this crooked country you got to go to that crooked pen; and I happen to know, from friends of mine that 've been there, that even the pen's crooked."

"BUT," pleaded Hoff, "you could get me out of there. You can reach the Governor for a pardon."

"Yes; and whenever I do he will remember that fourteen thousand we had to pay your hungry gang at this State Convention, and say: 'No; let him stay there till he works out them fourteen thousand.' Besides, Hoff, I don't know that we care so much about havin' you out. You've performed the 'Little Hebrew's Pipe Dream' about as long as we cared to see it on the boards."

Hoff turned on him in rage, unable to endure this taunt. "That's it," he shrieked. "You was afraid of me. You had to come to me, and you didn't like it. I kept you on your knees, damn you, and you know it, and that's my crime—independence — that's why I go to the pen!"

"Oh, no," said Larkin, drawing on his gauntlets, for he was driving his own car that morning; "that ain't your crime, Hoff. You was convicted of extortion, but your real crime"—he was thinking of his advice to him about the rainy-day judges—"your real crime was '*failure to provide.*'"

And to-day Number 23,132, a fox-faced Jew, big-eared, with short, thin stubble on his head, and wide, horizontal stripes in his coarse shirt and trousers, with a fierce discontent in his soul, moiling his brain over the count of a pile of bags in the jute-mill, is convinced that Larkin spoke the truth. He can answer his own question now. Was he a felon? Yes. And his crime was *failure to provide!*

The Eating of Poi

POI is the national dish of the Hawaiians; and a poi supper is an event long to be remembered by foreigners admitted to participation therein. Poi is made from taro, a big, coarse, dark-skinned vegetable, grown under water, the size and shape of a large sweet-potato. The taro is pounded until it becomes a coarse, moist mass, and is then left to ferment.

When poi is served, each guest bathes and dries the right hand, and then proceeds to dip the index-finger of that hand into the mass. There is quite a knack in the operation, and it is always necessary to instruct the novice that there is absolutely no need for one to move his arm, but simply the wrist.

One removes his finger at the same time that his neighbor does. On the finger of the skilful operator there will be a pear-shaped ball of poi, but the clumsy one's fingers will simply be thinly veneered with the substance. Then, if the stranger ask what was the matter with his movement, he will be told that he held his finger too straight. He must crook it a little, and turn his hand, not too fast, with a wrist movement only.

Curious Adaptations to Want

MUCH has been said with reference to the adaptations in nature to the wants of mankind. Another point of view shows the same facts as evidence that man has adapted himself to the varying conditions of life.

An exception to what is regarded as a general law is found in the distribution of fishes. It is observed that in the warm waters of the Nile, for instance, fish of many kinds abound, but that they are all of poor quality. Indeed, the same might be said of the fish in all warm waters. Very few varieties, competent authorities assure us, are fit for the table.

Now, it happens to be the case that in hot climates the lighter sorts of food are most in demand. The human system does not need in the tropics the meats that so largely compose the food of men in colder regions. The sending of fish from Norway to the countries about the Mediterranean is one of the oldest branches of trade in the history of commerce.

Where the fish was of good quality the population was scanty, and, on the other hand, where the population was numerous the fish was poor. It seems to be a reasonable inference that both men and fish have sought the portions of the globe where the conditions of life were most favorable to them respectively.

Uses of Wire-Glass

WIRE-GLASS is said to be both burglar-proof and fire-proof. In the first case, the wire netting embedded in its center can not, it is claimed, be broken or cut noiselessly, so that entrance by means of doors or cellar coverings of this material by thieves is rendered difficult, if not impossible. Such glass is, however, more often employed for fire-proofing than for other purposes, and it enters largely into the construction of elevator doors, partitions, windows, etc.

One expert, who has tested wire-glass up to 1,700 degrees Fahrenheit, keeping it at this high temperature for half an hour at a time, states that at the first rush of heat the glass crackles, but that the netting holds it together so that flame can not pass through. It will, it seems, hold flame up to the melting-point, which is different in different kinds of glass, since some melt at 1,000 degrees and others withstand 2,000 degrees successfully. When a stream of water is turned on wire-glass that has melted almost to the running point, it immediately solidifies, so that it is a material well suited for elevator shafts, where a sudden rush of flame would crack ordinary glass and admit fire to all floors.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

VOL. LVII No. 2952

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1913

10 Cents a Copy
$4.00 a Year

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS
Frederick L. Collins, President — Arthur S. Moore, Secretary
Cameron Mackenzie, Vice-President — Horace W. Paine, Treasurer
McClure Building, Fourth Ave. & 20th Street, New York

Entered at the New York Post-office as second-class matter

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Entered at Stationers' Hall, London

COMMENT

BEGINNING with the issue of August 16th, Mr. NORMAN HAPGOOD will take charge of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A Report on New Haven

The Interstate Commerce Commission, having examined into the condition and recent proceedings of the New Haven road, has made a long report which contains these passages:

> The present management started out with the purpose of controlling the transportation facilities of New England; in the accomplishment of this purpose it bought what must be had and paid what must be paid. . . . Any betterment of railroad conditions in New England must begin with the assurance that the New Haven management will act not only prudently, but, above all, within the letter and spirit of the law.

That is to say the New Haven must give up trying to be a monopoly and be content to be a railroad.

It is a step in that direction that Mr. MELLEN has resigned the presidency of the Boston & Maine Railroad, though that road is still a part of the New Haven system and may continue to be so. A government suit to undo some things that have been done by the New Haven is likely to be another step. But the way out is not at all clear yet. There has been cruel wastes in the pursuit of monopoly, but there has also been good work done. There is an enormous property, heavily burdened but not overwhelmed, with obligations. The commission finds that the physical plant of the New Haven has been very well maintained; that its passenger service is the best, barring accidents, that comes into New York; that passenger fares are lower in New England than elsewhere in the United States; that its freight service is almost as good as that of the Pennsylvania and equal to that of the Baltimore & Ohio; that the passenger service of the Boston & Maine has improved under New Haven's management.

The commission thinks the New Haven should get rid of its trolley lines, but it does not recommend the separation of New Haven and Boston & Maine. Its general conclusion is in these words:

> It would seem to be perfectly apparent that, if this monopoly is suffered to exist, there must be somewhere a power of regulation which is coextensive with the monopoly. In other words, the federal government must assume jurisdiction over the maintenance and operation of these railroads in so far as may be necessary to secure to the public a proper service.

Judge Cohalan

A legislative committee has heard evidence about Judge COHALAN and his dealings with Mr. CONNOLLY, and found favorably to Judge COHALAN. The proceedings, on the whole, seem overmuch directed to the dissipation of the claims of Mr. CONNOLLY to be a righteous man. That is well enough, but the public is more interested in the Judge than in his accuser.

Farmers' Loans and Government

The visit of our Agricultural Commission to Europe is an incident thoroughly representative of the time. Coming at last to recognize that our resources of arable land are limited, though still far from being fully used, or even fully occupied, nothing is more natural than that we should inquire of older peoples how they make the most of lands that have been cultivated for ages. We are simply fulfilling, in this and other ways, the prophecies of MACAULAY and DE TOCQUEVILLE and BRYCE and others who have understood how much the frontier has had to do with our prosperity.

Our commissioners should learn much, particularly about the proper care of land. In Ireland, Sir HORACE PLUNKETT alone should prove worth the going there to see—all the more so because he has been over here and looked into our own agricultural ways.

As we understand it, however, this commission, a government affair, wanted especially to learn about the devices of European farmers for borrowing money cheaply by combining to secure credit. Something may, no doubt, be learned about that also. Some of the European loan associations have had considerable experience, which may well be worth studying.

We shall, however, leave something better left unlearned if, because our commission is governmental, and has been made much of by foreign governments, we get the notion that financing agriculture is a proper governmental enterprise. It is not so considered in Europe. There is no reason on earth why it should be so considered over here—any more than that government should finance any other form of private enterprise. There is every reason why our farmers should, like those of various European countries, combine and cooperate to get lower rates on the money they need to borrow. The rates many of them pay are still, for various reasons, too high. There is no reason, either, why government should not coöperate, and no doubt that government, State and national, will readily enact any legislation needed to facilitate such combination and coöperation. The principle of it is already successfully exhibited in our building and loan associations. We are not even without examples of it among the farmers themselves. But it would be anything but a service to farmers to spread the notion that this is something for government itself to do. Government probably can not do it. It certainly ought not to do it. It will do more harm than good if it ever seems to attempt anything more than to procure information and offer plans which will aid farmers to do it for themselves.

Don't Look Qualified

Governor SULZER'S nomination of CHARLES J. CHASE, of Croton, and WILLIAM E. LEFFINGWELL, of Watkins, to be members of the Up-State Public Service Commission has not been received with favor. Mr. CHASE is a locomotive engineer; Mr. LEFFINGWELL is a hotel-keeper and an energetic Democrat. Both are worthy men, so far as appears, but there is a scarcity of fact on which to base belief that either of them is qualified for the fifteen-thousand-dollar job he has landed.

A Fight Behind the Barn

The Balkan fighters do not advertise. The newspapers, as a rule, are disgusted with them, and inclined to let them proceed, unheralded, the way gone by the cats of Kilkenny. That is all the papers can do, for the Balkan brethren seem to have little more concern for the hopes of correspondents than the Japanese had in their war with Russia. Accordingly, up to the time of this writing very little has got out about the fight between Bulgaria and the Greeks and Servians. But it seems to be a very earnest fight, directed to the enforcement of a joint resolution of the Greeks and Servians that Bulgaria shall not hog all the best of the loot distrained from Turkey.

It must be admitted that the late allies do wisely to minimize publication of their differences. If they can fight them out behind the barn of Europe and reappear with a settlement, it is the best way. To appeal to arbitrators would be to risk the loss of the whole disputed spoil. They can trust no one, not even one another. It would be a great missionary work to send a company of experienced arbitrators to the Balkans to help those impulsive and afflicted people divide their winnings. It could be done. Our own great country has the necessary men. For, after all, where is there such a company of practised deciders as our umpires of baseball? It is sorrowful to think how much good a few of them could do in pacifying the Balkans if the Balkans would only submit to their judgment.

Meanwhile we know very little about what has happened. What is much more unusual, hardly anybody pretends to know. The editorials in the papers, though from habit sapient, are from necessity not only vague, but brief. One gathers only that there has been savage fighting, probably on a big scale, among the allies of yesterday—Bulgaria alone on one side, Greece and Servia, with little Montenegro sympathizing, on the other—over their spoils. Bulgaria seems to have been getting the worst of it, and finally Rumania has cut in, declared war on Bulgaria, and crossed her border. So it looks like success for the effort to make Bulgaria listen to some reasons.

And that is very necessary, for permanent peace for such a region as the Balkans can hardly be attained without the utmost attention to the claims of race in any partitioning of soil, difficult as that may be. Religions, too, must not be neglected. Their collisions have filled countless graveyards. But nothing is quite like blood for stirring men up to pride and ambition and combativeness.

The Underworld of National Politics

Although averse to anticipating the outcomes of judicial inquiries, we make bold to do so in the matter of the lobby investigation. We confidently predict that the Senate committee will find that there is and has always been a lobby—no, a lot of lobbies—at work on national legislation. We predict that the House committee, if there is one, will arrive at the same astounding and horrifying conclusion. President WILSON will accordingly not be impeached for calling attention to something that exists not merely in connection with our national legislature, but with every other legislature in the country, if not in the world. We are almost, in fact, tempted to predict that no minority report will try to define "lobby" in such a way as to exclude, say, the representatives of the sugar people and of the National Manufacturers' Association.

Really, the most surprising thing about the whole business so far is the apparent surprise occasioned by it. Were there any among us who actually doubted if there was such a thing as lobbying? If there were, then let us all follow in a way the Senators' example. As they solemnly reported to what extent they had individually been lobbied, let us all ask ourselves whether or not we have ever attempted any lobbying. A lot of us will be surprised to have to admit the extent of our endeavors in that line.

This is not meant as making light of the inquiry or of the specific disclosures before the Senate committee; of course, when we speak of lobbying as well-nigh universal, we make the term cover practically all forms of private influence upon legislators, no matter to what ends directed.

Some of the revelations have indeed been surprising; Mr. LAMAR'S telephonic impersonations especially, and many of MULHALL'S still unconfirmed confessions. But are they not surprising mainly because we haven't thought much about the matter? Ought we not to have remembered that every conspicuous man and every important event in politics is hungrily watched by sharpers and adventurers, obscurely trained, like common thieves or pickpockets, to get their living from them? Do we not know, from mere knowledge of human nature, that politics always has an ample

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underworld of its own? Surely we do not need to go to Washington to find that out; one's own city or town or village is quite sufficient, if one keeps one's eyes open, to prove it.

Investigating underworlds is troublesome business, and seldom more than moderately successful. But it is often best, and sometimes necessary, to undertake it, notwithstanding. One smiles at the Senate's original idea of covering in two weeks the entire underworld of national politics. But the investigation is started, and it will find no logical place to stop until it is, humanly speaking, complete. To be that, it must examine *every* form of influence on the government that is not entirely public.

At Keokuk, Iowa

Doubtless the aeroplane at present stands for the future to more minds than anything else does. It came superbly heralded and imagined. There was probably never a time since men began to have visions at all when they did not imagine the ultimate future, in this world or the next, as more or less a period when men should fly.

Think of comparing the realization of that dream with a mere prosaic dam — a thing that men and beavers have patched up immemorially!

But think of the Keokuk dam, across the Mississippi—and then think again. Think of the enormous power, which is also heat and light, which by long patience and industry, and brains and will, has been thus forever captured and tamed to the uses of millions. Think of what the "white coal" of little Switzerland already does for her, and of the immense river force of the two Americas, as yet hardly challenged—and of many other dams the Mississippi itself can leap without the slightest impairment of its energy! Remember our vanishing forests, our recklessly increasing coal consumption. See if it does not look reasonable to conjecture that the rivers may yet yield us, in the long run, more of power and achievement than the air can — more than anything else, indeed, until such time as we harness the tides.

The Mayor and the "Movies"

Mayor GAYNOR'S defense of the "movies" before the owners and exhibitors thereof had a decidedly favorable reception. Even when he paid his respects to the clergymen and others, "who are much better than the rest of us," and who said some of the "movies" were bad, that broad-minded audience remained admirably complacent. The first thing we know the Mayor will be telling the bakers to their faces that bakers' bread is all right, or the undertakers that, say what they please, there's nothing like a real handsome funeral.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, the Mayor was, in the main and on the whole, dead right about the "movies." Of course, there may have been and may still be some bad ones. The creators of them are artists after their kind, and all kinds of artists occasionally offend people's moral senses and present things that children would be better for not seeing. There is need of some supervision, no doubt, particularly in this country, where children see pretty nearly everything their elders do. But "movies" offend far less and less often than other kinds of shows. As the Mayor remarks, parents and uncles take children to them much oftener than to other shows, and the managers of the "movies" know it. They are not eager to risk half their patronage from devotion to realism or artistic freedom or any of the other things that mean over-exciting passages in books or questionable scenes on the stage.

To tell the truth, "movies" are at present so simple and cheap and enjoyable that we almost hate to see their higher possibilities studied. We almost hate to hear that a "movey" opera has been written. We are almost loath to see this new amusement of the people taken hold of by fashion and high art. We can't help recalling what the regular stage was when it was simple and popular, and what fashion and conscious art did to it when they got hold of it.

Are We Americans Impatient?

Plenty among ourselves, and most foreigners, seem to think so. We are certainly often in a hurry; go fast, eat fast, (most of us), make quick decisions, in many ways show our love of speed, of expedition. While a few visitors have lately demurred to the charge, most visitors have found our cities in a perpetual state of rush.

But is that quite being impatient? Do we not, on the contrary, actually show extraordinary patience in what we often submit to in order to secure expedition itself. Some foreigners have even found us culpably patient with overcrowded trains and street-cars, for instance.

Haven't we also shown a good deal of patience —wise patience, perhaps, but patience none the less—as a whole people? Maybe California will be cited to the contrary but did the rest of us show many signs of excitement? Maybe the abrogation of the Russian treaty is mentioned, but it is only fair to recall that that treaty was pretty old, and that the discontent with it was fairly old, too, and among some of us very acute.

Anyhow, Mexico is enough to set against these instances. We repeat, patience has probably been wise, but we have certainly shown it. Two administrations, though both seriously troubled by Mexico's state, have waited and hoped steadfastly. Texans of the border have complained, not without reason, but the country has not once got really excited, the hand of government has not been forced.

It has been, in truth, a remarkable patience, and a creditable.

Eugenic Marriages

A news item from Lynn, Massachusetts, notes that a clergyman there who announced in May that he would marry no one who could not bring a health-certificate from a doctor has since had no applications for his services as a marrier.

That is natural. People about to marry are not going to bother to get certificates of health because this or that clergyman thinks it suitable. If this detail of eugenics is to work at all, it must be part of a license system, enforced by the civil authorities.

The New Broom in California

Miss HELEN TODD, of the California Civic League (formerly State Factory Inspector in Illinois), has been in these parts on business connected with a Federal suffrage amendment, and makes interesting assertions about the effect of woman suffrage in California. She says:

> The right to vote has positively given the woman of forty a new lease of life. Her husband is just beginning to reap the rewards of industry. He is sought to serve on committees and the school board. The wife's work is over—she has servants to do it now. Her children are away at school or at work.
>
> Suddenly an entirely new field of usefulness has opened to her. She is getting a new bonnet and attending council meetings. She is talking politics at teas and sewing societies and at home after dinner.

Among the laws which women have caused to be passed in California are "a minimum wage commission with power to investigate books of any business and appoint a trade board for each industry." Also a law for pensions for widowed mothers. Of another law, she says:

> The health certificate law, which the women advocated, required medical examinations of both women and men before marriage, but as it was passed by the Legislature it applies only to men.

She tells of other laws, and goes on to say:

> The men are still back of the women to advise them, but the women are doing the hard work. At the last elections we could not furnish enough women speakers. They were wanted at every gathering, and voters could not be attracted to meetings without them.

California is going to be—is already—a very interesting subject of study for Eastern people. Travel should set strong toward "the coast" this coming year. There is much to see there and much to discuss.

Every Man to His Trade

Report says Mr. BRYAN will start out this week on a six weeks' lecture tour in the West, leaving the helm of State in the competent hands of Professor JOHN BASSETT MOORE.

It seems unusual, but probably no one will object. Mr. BRYAN is a very unusual Secretary of State.

Useless Army Posts and Navy-Yards

Secretary of War GARRISON starts this week on a five weeks' tour to inspect army posts. This trip, says a Washington despatch, "is preliminary to a plan for the elimination of the many useless army posts and the concentration of the army in less scattered units upon a military instead of a political and 'pork barrel' basis."

People who read the papers know about these useless posts, most of them survivors of frontier-day conditions, which are now rated as the greatest source of waste and inefficiency in the army. Not only does it cost much m[illegible]s to maintain them, but our little army is sp[illegible]t all over the country, in bunches too su[illegible]or advanced military instruction, in order t[illegible]here may be soldiers and bands in all these li[illegible]posts to give entertainment to the neighbors [illegible] help local trade.

It is hard to get rid of them and save this expense, because behind every one there is a Congressman who objects to anything prejudicial to the interests of his district. Mr. GARRISON knows this difficulty, but he has hopes. He will go as far as the powers of his office permit to cut off these suckers and distribute the army on a military basis. And what he can not do himself, he hopes Congress can be induced to order done. And though Congress has refused before now, he is going to try again and try hard.

We wish that Secretary DANIELS showed as much zeal in getting rid of the useless navy-yards as Mr. GARRISON does about the useless army posts. Brother DANIELS thinks more in terms of voters than Mr. GARRISON does. He seems disposed to cleave to the useless navy-yards that cost so much and do so little, and of course he finds Congressional support for that disposition.

Rumania and Caviare

Rumania, having crossed the Danube in force, it behooves us perhaps to know her better. She has waded into Bulgaria, it seems, to possess herself of twenty-five hundred square miles of territory which, she holds, were coming to her by previous agreement with Bulgaria as a reward for remaining neutral during the Turco-Balkan war.

Which looks as though Rumania was fairly keen at a bargain.

We have a diplomatic acquaintance with her and send a minister—at present Mr. JACKSON, of New Jersey—to her capital, and pay him ten thousand dollars a year to be polite in our name. Mr. KNOWLES, of Delaware, who now represents us in Bolivia, was Mr. JACKSON'S predecessor in Bucharest, and it is at his suggestion, the papers say, that Secretary REDFIELD and Fish Commissioner SMITH are about to stock the Delaware River with three car-loads of Rumanian sturgeon. As we all know, sturgeon produce caviare, which is now pretty dear, so that you pay a dollar at a restaurant for just a little. That is one reason why there are no sturgeon left in the Delaware River, nor yet in the Hudson. They have been fished out, and largely for their spawn. If Mr. JOHN BIGELOW were still alive he would remind us that there were plenty of sturgeon in the Hudson River when he was a boy, but that then the Hudson was a clean river. But now it isn't, and very likely the Delaware isn't, either, and perhaps the Rumanian sturgeon may not like it.

But, anyhow, it is creditable to Mr. REDFIELD to make this effort to bring caviare and the simple life a little closer together, and perhaps if the imported sturgeon do flourish it may help Congress to see that ministers and ambassadors are some good and to vote them more liberal allowances.

The Tall Gray Hat

> The gray tall hat was a popular thing in this country in the '70's, as many a reader will remember.—*Springfield Republican.*

Alas! not "many a reader."

Some readers.

To be sure, there were 50,000 veterans at Gettysburg, and they remembered the sixties, let alone the seventies. But the country was scraped to get them. Comparatively few people remember the tall gray hats—gray *plugs*, if the *Republican* will excuse us—of the seventies. But they were fine hats, and if, as our neighbor hears, they have returned to earth this year in London, it is a good thing, and makes for peace and settled order, and we hope they have come for a long stay.

The Hon. JOHN G. CARLISLE, of Kentucky, used to live and move in such a hat. So did all the college boys who could raise the necessary money. The gray top-hat is the lawful descendant of the old and beautiful bell-crowned gray beavers of the days of the great-grandfathers of such of us as had them. They never should have lapsed. It is a good sign if they are back in London this year, and may be seen in New York next year, and in Philadelphia and Chicago, maybe, in 1915. Any embellishment that man can put forth he should put forth now. He never was so on trial. There never was so much doubt, among persons competent to enforce their doubts, whether he is either necessary or desirable. If he can attain even a decorative value he had better reach for it. The girls of late have seemed to monopolize all the sensations of apparel. If Destiny has thrown back the gray plug like a life-preserver to disappearing man, he had better scramble for it. He needs all the helps there are to keep his head above the great flood of rivalry, and disparagement that surges on to sweep him out of sight.

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The Decay of Reading

THERE is no doubt in the mind of any careful observer but that the age of reading is over and some one should chant its dirge. The age when most of us led a double life, the comparatively trivial life of our own daily affairs; our tasks and pleasures, our thoughts and affections; and that far grander life alongside where we lived with the great thinkers and wielders of words.

Like all things mortal, reading has run its course. Beginning as a wide-spread general cult with the invention of printing and the great subsequent outburst of expression during the Renaissance in Italy and the Elizabethan period in England, it probably reached its culmination in the Victorian era and then began to die slowly by suffocation.

But what a period that was when every one read! Who has not heard his grandmother tell of the time when "Pickwick Papers" was appearing in some English magazine and when the impatient readers hastened down to the arriving steamers to get the next instalment of the magazine, and then, because no one could wait to go on with the book, how the whole family gathered round the lamp-lit center-table while one read aloud. To know in those days how Sam Weller, Rebecca, and Quentin Durward and Amelia were faring was a part of life, a necessary enlargement of experience and fulness of being. How every one reveled in "In Memoriam" and, alas! also in the "Idylls of the King." In those days, too, reading had a certain distinction. It was a mark of birth and breeding; it meant a cultured and leisurely background instead of being, as it is to-day, the cheapest of all diversions. It meant in those days that the farmer in his shirt sleeves was more than a generation back of one. To-day it usually means that one can not afford a motor-car, boats, and a country place. Instead of a distinction it is perhaps the most plebeian of pursuits. If one puts the culmination of the reading period, the height of its fullest glory, at about 1860, the first sign of decay came when dilettantism entered; when reading took the form of narrow cults and fastidious, eclectic taste. In 1868 and later SWINBURNE was an Oxford cult, and later on OSCAR WILDE was another. The exquisite and rare in reading, on the one side, and the technical, on the other, took the place of the broad, normal reading which by reflecting enlarged life.

The next step in the downfall of reading was specialization. The multiplication of books was so phenomenal that one who desired to excel could do so, not as an all-round cultivated human being, but only as a specialist—one who concentrated on a given form or department of literature. The general reader ceased to exist for general reading and literary knowledge was no longer a mark of culture, but a mark of lazy drifting, of filling up leisure with no objective point in view.

Then, too, a general reader was totally out of touch with his generation. Men were not concerned to find out what others had thought so much as to live themselves. If this was the tendency just after the glorious early eighties, the period after the advent of nineteen hundred was the final filling in of the grave of the noble old habit of general reading.

"One way to dislike literature is to read newspapers and magazines," as JOHN AYSCOUGH has told us. Printing is now used for a totally different purpose than the perpetuation of literature. It is now used to convey information. Technical books, books of direct and useful information, guide books, expense books, histories, political doctrines, all these books for specialists are written, published, bought, and—one will not say, read—but used. News is flashed round the world, especially idle and vulgar gossip and details of crimes. Current fiction, which is a kind of opiate to while away dull moments or to put the sleepless to sleep, still has a vogue. But the book which reflects life in its entirety has no public; witness the microscopic circle who have read the novels of MEREDITH, JAMES, CONRAD, and GALSWORTHY. Not one of these writers could support himself by his books. MEREDITH was a publisher's adviser until toward the end of his life he inherited money. None of the other three has depended entirely upon his normal literary work for support, and this is because there are not enough general readers left in the world to profit by its great thinkers.

One of the great American publishers has set it down as established fact that there are not one hundred thousand people in the United States who can read a good book. On the other hand, living, in the sense of multiplied experience, has enormously increased. People compass the face of the earth and hasten hither and yon, seeing the world and the peoples of the world. A leveling process is spreading. Differences of taste, of standards, of life and habit, are smoothed out. Everybody is more or less alike the world over, and everybody is doing and feeling, at the expense of thinking. The only thinking effectively done is specialized and departmental thinking. In philosophy one gets Pragmatism or anti-Pragmatism, the new Realism or the old Idealism and factional discussions and verbal quibbles. In religion one comes upon innumerable warring sects and emphasis upon half-truths. But one has but to turn back for an hour to old books of broad and general wisdom to realize how technical and unprofitable for the nourishment of the life itself is modern technical philosophy and sectarian religious. Compare the general effect on the spirit of PLATO'S *Dialogues* or the *Discourses* of EPICTETUS with RUSSELL'S *Philosophical Essays*, though these are among the more inspiring of modern essays of the sort. One comes from the latter having criticized a way of thought, but from the former one comes refreshed by the life more abundant.

As to poetry, which is sublimated religion and philosophy, it is a great question whether it will keep life in its body another century. It is a fact that poets have to pay to have their work published. MEREDITH paid for every line of verse he published in book form. BROWNING for over thirty years paid for his. If men of such profound genius, making the supreme gift to the race, must pay publishers and editors for the privilege of giving, it is but natural that the minor givers should pay. The reason they pay is that reading as a habit is in the sere and yellow leaf. No one has time to read.

This age has many gifts: wireless and aviation, motor-boats and motor-cars, every possible invention to facilitate notion. It is, as President FINLAY told the graduates of a boy's school, the tele-Victorian age, the age of the conquest of distance. But the near things, the closeness of family ties, the roots struck deep into the little plot of soil, the ancestral homes, the fuller consciousness of the slower processes of growth—these have gone by the board with the decay of reading.

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

Correspondence

INS AND OUTS OF LIQUOR LAWS

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, *June 17, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—For a good many years I have admired HARPER'S WEEKLY for its ability to put a whole lot of meaning into a very few words, and I do not think that this ability was ever better displayed than in the following sentences:

"It is not enough for a liquor law that it should mean well. It must do good or die."

I believe that if the prohibitionists could be persuaded that goodness must go hand in hand with common-sense we would be very much farther advanced toward the solution of the liquor problem from the legislative standpoint, but I am convinced that the majority of those who believe that widespread prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages consider it rather creditable to themselves to discard logic and the lessons of past experience.

It has been the custom of anti-prohibitionists to refer to the prohibitionists as fanatics, and while I will not deny that there is evidence of fanaticism in the utterances of the prohibitionists, there is at the same time ample proof of a canniness that is characteristic of very shrewd men or cunning lunatics. This canniness is exemplified in the almost weird attitude of the prohibitionists in regard to the purchase, possession, and use of alcoholic beverages.

In your editorial, entitled "The Liquor Laws That Miss Their Mark," you speak of conditions in Texas and the injustice that is done in attempting to prevent members of German clubs from enjoying their favorite beverage, beer, in company. However, there is no law in Texas against the use, purchase, and possession of liquors, and while there may be spasmodic attempts to interfere with the personal freedom of some of the German clubs, there will be no effort to prevent the use of alcoholic liquors by the German-Americans or any other citizens of Texas outside of the insane and penal institutions.

Texas recently gained a good deal of notoriety through the passage of a "temperance" law. The Legislature passed and the Governor signed, however reluctantly, a measure to prevent the shipping of liquor into the "dry" counties of Texas, but the prohibitionists who were pushing the bill took cognizance of the fact that Congress had passed a bill over the President's veto, preventing the interstate shipment of liquors into States that had laws against the shipping of liquor into "dry" territory.

Having this national law, the Webb law, in mind, the prohibitionists added to the bill the proviso that interstate shipments of liquor were not to be interfered with.

In other words, Texas has prohibited the shipping of liquor from the "wet" parts of Texas to the "dry" parts of Texas, and has created thereby a market for liquor-dealers located outside of the State of Texas, and providing, of course, a sure and certain channel whereby the demands of the consumers in Texas for alcoholic beverages shall be supplied.

South Carolina has a law against permitting the shipping of liquor into most of her counties; however, there are several counties into which interstate shipments of liquor are not permitted, but in each of the counties from which interstate shipments are barred the State has dispensaries to provide for meeting the demand of the people for liquor.

In North Dakota certain newspapers are making the claim that the State-wide prohibition law of North Dakota is being violated by liquor-dealers in Minnesota and other "wet" territory, but these papers have overlooked the fact that the prohibition law of North Dakota was passed by prohibitionists, and that this law was so drawn as to make the interstate shipment of liquors into North Dakota legal. The same is true of other "dry" States.

In Kentucky we have a law against the shipping of liquor into "dry" territory, but it is expressly provided that one may carry into "dry" territory alcoholic beverages not only for himself, but for his friends, and the Court of Appeals has decided that liquor may be shipped from other States into "dry" counties for personal use.

That the Webb law has had some effect in this State is due to the fact that the law to prevent the shipping of liquor into the "dry" parts of Kentucky was passed long before the Webb bill was ever heard of, and the Legislature has had no opportunity to amend the State law.

Maine and Kansas are veterans in the prohibition column, and have piled law on top of law in futile attempts to make the mere prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages appear to lessen the consumption of alcoholic beverages in these States, but liquor can be shipped legally to individuals in either of these States after all these years of misdirected effort.

In a magazine article Dr. Henry Smith Williams hit the nail squarely on the head when he said that prohibition owes its continued life to the fact that it does not prohibit.

I have had the pleasure frequently of asking the prohibitionists why they did not offer laws to put penalties of fine and imprisonment upon the user, possessor, and purchaser of liquor in prohibition territory. I have been informed that it is not the purpose of the prohibitionists to prevent the use of alcoholic beverages, but merely to prevent the legal manufacture and sale of these beverages.

In other words, they are asking the people of this country to accept the illegal manufacture and sale of liquor in lieu of the legal manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages. They have the audacity to ask the government to give up $200,000,000 a year revenue, to confiscate the established property of men now engaged in the legal manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages, and they demand this loss of revenue and this robbery of citizens in the face of their own acknowledgment that a law that would prevent the purchase, possession, and use of alcoholic beverages would break down the whole prohibition movement in America. I am, sir,

T. M. GILMORE,
President National Model License League.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE AND MEXICO

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, *1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In a recent leading article you say, speaking of the Monroe doctrine:

"One has but to contemplate what might, what surely would, have happened in South and Central America during these many years but for the restraint enforced by our great declaration, to appreciate the magnitude of the indebtedness of the feeble sister republics to our own powerful nation."

Now, will you allow one of the readers of your periodical, one who has hardly missed a single number for nearly forty years, so state in its columns his dissent with above proposition.

The Monroe doctrine, like the Constitution of these United States, is no doubt a wise and venerable institution. Both instruments in their time were the best product of patriotic human thought; but is it not about time to consider, speaking of the doctrine, whether it still fulfils the noble purpose of protecting the feeble sister republics and incidentally how far does it promote the interests of the United States and its citizens?

As to the Central-American republics and even as to Mexico, the most enthusiastic adherents of the Monroe doctrine concede that they are republics in name only. In fact any one who would care to inform himself would find that they are the most badly governed countries in the world. They are governments by revolution and some of them have become and are becoming governments by assassination. Republican government in countries where a white minority has to continuously struggle with aboriginal races for the supremacy is an impossibility.

Take Mexico. It is little more than a century since it declared its independence, which it attained in 1821. Has it had during all these years a republican government in any true sense. The nearest it ever came to republican ideals was when it elected Madero by what was considered an honest election. But even this election was tainted by the foisting of Pino Suarez as vice-president on the unwilling electorate.

Revolution had followed revolution until the French intervention. The United States, living up to the Monroe doctrine, made Napoleon the Little abandon Mexico, and the Mexicans executed their emperor. An interval of relative quiet under Juarez and Lordo de Tojada, even that interrupted by the turbulent activities of the then revolutionary and later pacifier Porfirio Diaz, and then the thirty years of tranquillity under the last-named president. Diaz was called President; the word sounds so republican. But every one knows he was actually governing more absolutely than the Czar of Russia or the Sultan of Turkey. He established order and tranquillity; but did not know how to give perpetuity to his government nor wise economic laws, nor how to maintain justice between rich and poor, and the greater part of Mexico rejoiced when revolution called him to account.

Now did the United States act so very wisely when it compelled the abandonment of Mexico by the French and its return to republican form of government? In view of the uncompromising stand which this government takes against intervention, one must be excused for doubting it. It is perfectly right when it shrinks from the task which a doctrine like that of Monroe imposes, of maintaining lawful and responsible republican government from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn; but then let it fish or cut bait and renounce a doctrine which threatens to let relapse into the deepest barbarism the richest part of a continent.

Give the rest of the world, give the colonizing governments of Europe, a chance. These, with no dog-in-the-manger policy as the Monroe doctrine implies to prevent them, will soon look after law and justice in those countries, they will not be prevented by politicians' talk about a dollar policy, to stand behind their countrymen, and if need be establish stable governments which will not alone benefit themselves, but the whole world with them, and none more than these very United States, which would gain ten times more by maintaining commercial and political relations with actually civilized populous communities, than it does now by trying to keep up paternal relations toward them.

OLD AND FAITHFUL READER.

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HENRY WOODRUFF TELLING ONE OF HIS FAVORITE STORIES TO "OLD BILL" BOWNE, THE OLDEST FISHERMAN OF SIASCONSET

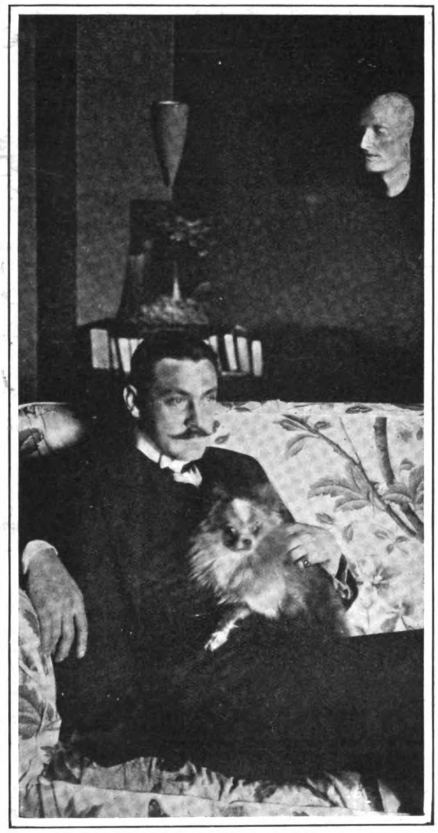


BERTHA GALLAND AND HER SCOTCH COLLIE IN THE BAY WINDOW OF HER SUMMER COTTAGE AT SIASCONSET

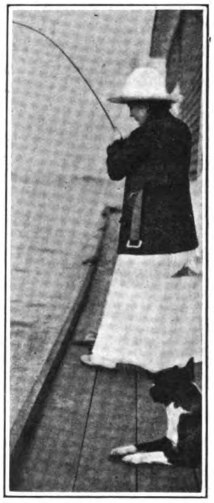
WHEN THE ACTOR



JOSEPH KILGOUR PREFERS TO FISH FROM THE BEACH AT SIASCONSET, WHERE THE WATER IS DEEP NEAR THE SHORE



JACK BARRYMORE IN HIS HOT-WEATHER HOUSE ON LONG ISLAND



CHRISTIE MACDONALD MOORS HER LAUNCH TO THE DOCK AND FISHES UP AND DOWN THE LONG WHARF



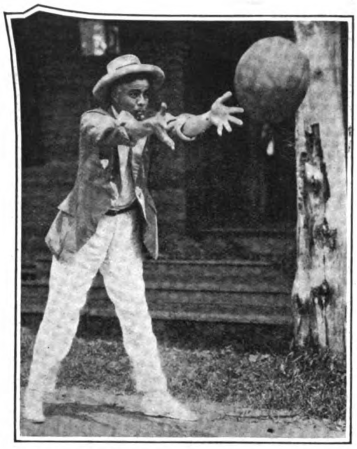
ROBERT HILLIARD DELIGHTS IN PLAYING BASKETBALL IN THE EARLY MORNINGS WITH HIS BIG COLLIE



ALLA NAZIMOVA, IN THE GARDENS OF HER PORTCHESTER COTTAGE, HAS TRAINED HER FOX TERRIER TO POSE AFTER HER OWN STYLE

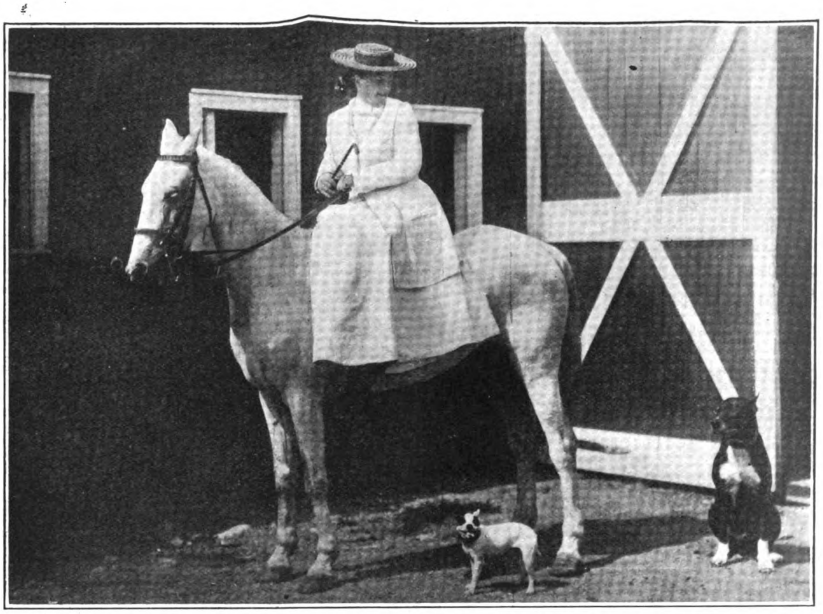
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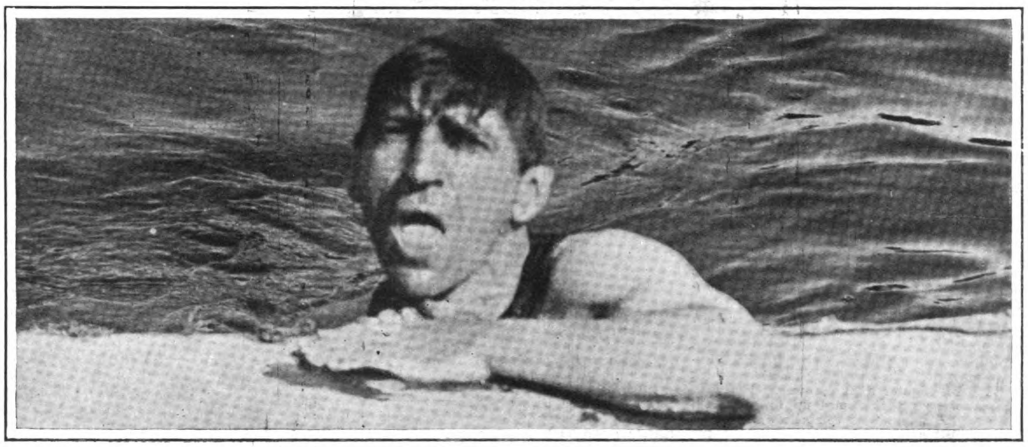


VINCENT SERRANO'S ONLY MEDICINE IS THE MEDICINE-BALL, WHICH HE TAKES IN DAILY DOSES

REALLY PLAYS



BLANCHE BATES STARTING FOR A HORSEBACK RIDE FROM HER OSSINING BUNGALOW



GUY BATES POST'S FAVORITE SPORT IS SWIMMING IN THE WATERS NEAR HIS SUMMER HOUSE AT WINSTED, CONNECTICUT



MR. AND MRS. DEWITT C. JENNINGS FIND PLENTY OF RELAXATION IN THE HAY-FIELDS

Paul Thompson



LOTTA LINTHECUM AND MRS. LOUIS WHICHER



ONE OF NAZIMOVA'S HOBBIES IS RAISING PRIME WATERMELONS



OTIS SKINNER AND HIS DAUGHTER AT THEIR SUMMER BUNGALOW

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THE STRIKER

BY

FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH



"He herded them like sheep toward things he saw"

"ALL or nothing!"

Bull neck and heavy jaw, Donnelley did not look the orator. Nor was he until, as now, the heat of speech was on him. Then the veins of his throat swelled to thick cords, and his voice, ringing stern challenge, thrilled those who heard it.

Their pulses throbbed hard and their Celtic blood ran hot—these miners of Lead Creek were a sympathetic audience. Sympathetic because they reverenced this master organizer who spoke of principles as dear to them as religion. A rough-clad crowd in the garments of their toil, hard-faced, the faces lit with earnestness, they packed the low-roofed hall. They cheered him eagerly.

"All or nothing! We make no compromises, boys!"

His full face flamed. It was a well-fed face, a face grown stern with purpose, masterful, intolerant. His head went back; he squared his big, thick shoulders like the fighter that he was. His eyes swept the sea of eyes that flamed up to him from the seats below. His very look compelled. He drove them to it, and his whole frame shook with the conviction that to drive them thus was right. He herded them like sheep toward things he saw—which things they could not see—for purposes they knew not. To him they were in their entirety—a unit to be handled for his cause.

They listened to the hot words as they fell. Their hot intolerance, fed by long years of bickerings with the company and fattened by these months of open battle for the wage they sought, became white-hot. He ridiculed the compromise that had been offered them; they laughed with him, derisively. Compromise! Their hard hands clenched; their booted feet stamped the floor; their big chests tightened as they growled that they would starve first.

IN this way Donnelley, the great organizer, drove that Lead Creek union toward the vote, and paved the road toward future things. Thus he made possible the next step which he had planned for his faction in the body of organized labor. This vote must come, that other things might follow,—all incidents to shape a campaign's end. Like a good general, he saw these large things clearly, unmistakably. Erect upon the platform, he looked down over these many toilers, and beheld them as a crowd—a giant ready to obey him.

The giant seethed with the aroused emotions of individuals, fanatics in their cause. Suddenly they sank to silence as the organizer raised his hand. Tense-faced, they waited now to give their vote.

NONE of them felt the anxiety to announce his convictions more keenly than Dennis Foley. His thin form had swayed before Donnelley's eloquence like a tree before a wind. His union card was in the pocket above his heart. He gripped the bench lest he cry out his "No!" too soon.

He sat in the crowd's thick, his lean back bent, his long arms rigid at his sides. His thin face was alive with eagerness; his eyes hung on Donnelley. He had a quick face, mobile, with a long upper lip, and a pair of eyes that cried the heart's deep feelings from their depths. This was his first strike. He had been a steady man; had done well; married; bought a cottage organ for his wife; and settled down to wait for children. When the walkout came, they too had cut out butter, beef, and other luxuries; and she had been as glad—or said she was—as he to take war's fortunes. Even now, sitting bent-backed, he thought how proudly he would tell her of the speech of Donnelley and of his vote. A moment later his shouted "No!" welled upward in the diapason that shook the rafters.

They left the hall slowly, Donnelley the organizer, and his audience, the organized. The latter spread, scattered in groups, in pairs and individuals. The men talked of many things, of long months yet ahead, of relief funds to come, of hard, lean days. And some whispered of ugly deeds. For these Colorado miners, as intolerant in their views of principle as old Scotch Covenanters, were men of action, and saw but a little way ahead.

Dennis Foley went home to his unpainted board cottage, where his wife sat by the silent organ. He told her of the vote; praised Donnelley as only loyalty can praise. And she agreed that it was right.

Donnelley went to his hotel, lighted a thick cigar, and planned. He knew what must come now. Policy demanded it. That multitudes become intolerant of foolish capital, martyrs must be made. Puffing his black cigar, seeing humanity in masses, he took no thought of individuals like Dennis Foley.

Two weeks later the inevitable arrived. The thing took place one sullen afternoon—a rending roar, a building torn to fragments, a cloud of bricks hurled skyward, a fog of dust above a rubbish-heap, and groans of buried men. Those who had watched the strike had expected rioting. This dynamiting paralyzed them all. But the arrival of State troops hard on its heels was a climax which none of the wise had doubted since the taking of that vote. Donnelley saw it with the satisfaction of a man who watches his machinery working. The soldiers came in two khaki-clad regiments; they swept the streets of Lead Creek clean. They piled the sweepings—Donnelley's audience—into one place, and held them there, stockaded, guarded by a ring of bayonets.

THE strike was over, lost, a dead cause gone forever. And now began the sowing of the seeds for future crops of radicals in Labor's world, the creation of the martyrs.

For many days the miners of Lead Creek wallowed in the packed inclosure where the soldiers held them. During many nights they tried to sleep upon the tramped and reeking earth. Among them, Dennis Foley ate his hard-tack, shivered, and breathed pestilential air, and wondered how his wife might live. He cherished carefully his union card.

At length the strikers were deported, under martial law. The soldiers penned the prisoners in cattle-cars and shipped them to the boundary like loads of slaughter-destined sheep. At the depot, standing in the huddled ranks of his fellows, Dennis Foley glimpsed his wife outside the line of bayonets. She smiled at him—a smile of hope and love and encouragement. She could not kiss him, for the soldiers stood between; but he took with him the caress of her worn eyes.

It was a somber journey. The jolting cattle-cars lurched cruelly, and the human freight cursed the machinery of man-made law for many weary miles. From mountain grades the train plunged down to



"He reeled and sank upon the dripping pavement"

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the foot-hills, then swept out to the broad country of the prairies. And ever, as it went, there rose up through its iron roar into the meeting wind a sullen murmur of anathemas that never ended. After the wider reaches of the flat-lands had showed for some time between the wooden slats, the cars stopped with a whine of brake-shoes on heated wheels. With bayonets fixed, the soldiers lined up by the track-side; the doors slid open; the miners emerged.

Brown-ranked, the regiments stood on Colorado's boundary. The ragged strikers went before them across the grassy prairie toward the east. They went slowly, for most of them were weary and many were sick, retreating to a country which they did not know. Dennis Foley, stumbling as he walked, felt through his numbed soul the surge of a great pride for his principle. Like others in that ragged company, he wore his union card as a badge upon his hat.

ONE night, two years later, when rain was whipping through a tawdry, red-lamped by-street of a smelter town, Dennis Foley plucked the sleeve of a belated workman, home-bound to his fire.

"Please, Mister," he began, and ended with a hard, dry cough. Rain streamed from his hat-brim to his bowed shoulders; he shivered at its clammy touch. He looked eagerly into the face of the man whom he held; but the other shook himself loose and hurried on; and Dennis Foley slunk back into the shelter of the eaves whence he had emerged, a sinister shape among the shadows.

Blacker than usual the shadows lay this night. The heavy rain half drowned the rays of the red electric lamps. Beneath its flood, patches of gaudy color had become dull blots; it whipped the litter underfoot to pulp; the very air was sodden with it. Somewhere sounded a thumping piano; through the darkness came the wailing echo of a woman's mirthless laugh. Otherwise the place was silent, save for the rush of the falling water.

A thin-robed woman crossed the roadway to the wall where Dennis Foley stood, and opened a door close beside him. In the flood of yellow light that came now from within, her garments showed clinging to her. The rain had streaked the rouge upon her sunken cheeks. She was one of that dreary company who live in glare and noise by night; but, like the street, she had now lost everything except her tawdriness. Dennis Foley coughed by the wall's edge. She turned her head,—the movement was as quick and avid as that of a prowling cat,—and she saw him standing there as one who waits.

"Hello," said she—and her tone hardened as she added an endearment.

He did not answer, for the cough was on him; it gripped and shook him to the bone.

She stood fast, her hand upon the door-knob, her head turned toward him tentatively. She waited for the fit to pass, that she might give him opportunity to say what she anticipated from all men who came there. Thus she stood until the seconds went to minutes; and he still bent before the cough's evil weight, supporting himself by one hand upon the wall. Then her look changed and she dropped the knob.

"Man," she cried, "you're sick!" She seized him by the shoulder and half pushed, half dragged him within her door. There he revived somewhat, and sat huddled in a chair close to the stove while she brought him a glass of liquor. She watched him drink it, saw the flush come to his wan, tight cheeks; and some of the hard lines of her face began to relax a little.

"Where are ye from?" she asked at length. "What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"Lead Creek," he answered huskily. "But I've been all over pretty much of late."

Behind the huskiness she caught the peculiar treble of his voice, the high note common to the Irish underground. Like all the West, she knew the history of Lead Creek. "Ah, yes," with understanding. "Ye were black-listed."

He nodded. "I've been on the bum two years."

She was looking gravely into his face. It was as white as hers where the rain had washed away her rouge. Something in the gaunt eyes appealed to her, and she said decisively: "You've got to stay an' dry yerself."

He remonstrated weakly, giving his reasons. She laughed—it was as hard and dry as his cough. "It don't make no difference," she answered. "There's few out with this rain, an' God knows you're welcome. How come you here?"

"I thought," said he, "there might be some wan who'd be afther slippin' me a four-bit piece an' not missin' ut. I got a chanct to ship out fer some hard rock work to-morrow; but I need the raise of a dollar fer the empl'yment office people, d'ye see." He fell to coughing again. "'Tis from batin' trains," he explained. "I can't get a job noways now. Things is different now than they was before the strike."

SHE drew up her chair so that she sat on the other side of the stove from him. The world-old fellowship between those whom the world has buffeted made him as glad to tell his story as she was glad to listen. First of all he showed her his union card. Greasy with long thumbing, cracked from wear, his eyes lingered on it with a faint pride and, beneath the pride, a half-puzzled expression. Holding the card in both thin hands while he talked on, he glanced at it occasionally with that same odd look, as one who worries over something he would like to understand.

It was not like the old days, the days of roaring quartz camps, high wages, and wanted men. The companies had their innings now. They picked the miners carefully, with system; they knew who worked for them. Since that somber evening when the brown-ranked soldiers had watched the forms of the strikers become dots against the prairie's sky-line, he had wandered far and asked for work in many places. Seeking the steady job, the chance to make again his home, he had answered questions put by many foremen, had showed each of them his union card. Always the same; they had told him to go on.

Full camps and waiting men—he came to one after another. Curt inquiries, frowns when they read the name "Lead Creek" upon the little pasteboard. The Cœur d'Alenes, Rossland, Butte's pocked hillside, Idaho, and Washington—none gave him sanctuary from gaunt Necessity that followed at his heels.

"We'll have no agitators here," they said where unions once had ruled. The greatest copper camp of the West he saw filled with idle men, who formed in long lines every morning to get tickets permitting them to ask for work. Most of these, he learned, had drifted hither from labor troubles.



"She was looking gravely into his face. It was as white as hers wnere the rain had washed away the rouge"

ONCE he got a job at a smelter, loading cars. The fumes of mineral sickened him until he had to leave. For wandering and privation and lack of nourishment had now combined against his lungs. He was no longer the man he had been. Years in underground passages whose damp air had come thousands of feet from compressor valves had sowed the seeds of "miner's consumption," which usually means quick consumption. Now the malady came on.

It weakened him as he sought doggedly for the toil which he was unfit to stand. Sleeping behind hoboes' camp-fires, with tie-piles for shelter against the night wind, hurried the disease. For he traveled now with tramps. At first—at the outset of his journeyings—his union card had got him many rides at the hands of friendly brakemen. As time went on, such cards became numerous. Derelicts from Eastern labor troubles, discouraged workers, and professional vagrants used them for begging devices.

"When I showed mine, they kicked me off." He bent his troubled eyes upon the pasteboard in his hands.

A member of that vast army of homeless wanderers who sprinkle the country's width, he shared their treatment. In one Western city he was arrested and served time in a fetid jail. Making his way across the mountains, he reached the Pacific coast, then in the grip of a raw, clamp winter. The police again found him an idler upon the streets. This time he got a chain-gang sentence. He fell, one day, beside the rock-pile, and finished his term on a jail hospital cot.

Weak and gaunt, he turned his face toward the South. It was now a race against sickness, a plod-

(Continued on page 25)

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THE ERA OF THE PACIFIC

BY JOHN L. MATHEWS AND GERTRUDE S. MATHEWS

THE opening of the Panama Canal will become an epoch in our history. From it we will date a new era—the Era of the Pacific. The new doors swing wide to the Western Ocean. The nations of the Atlantic will turn to the new route for the spoils of the Pacific, which they have long been pursuing by the old paths of trade through Suez, around the Capes, and even by the Isthmus of Panama and the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

The United States has built this waterway. The people have paid the bill. Most essential, now, is its operation on such lines that the common people will share its benefit. What they are going to get, not alone on the seacoast but all through the country, is a question to which they have a right to demand an answer.

What Will the Canal Do for the Common Man?

IT is easy to see what the still solid trusts and the scarcely diaphanous dissolved trusts are going to secure as their share of the partition of the fabulous trade of the Pacific. What the independent manufacturer, who wants to start in the export business, to use his enterprise in the new trade, will gain, is another problem, and an extremely interesting one. Home industries should boom at the instance of new opportunities. Every man should feel the reflex of prosperity due to the increase in manufacturing for the foreign trade. Extraordinary business openings lie in wait for the producer. There were never before so many chances put in one prize package and offered to him free.

Lower prices in home necessities will be a great gain for the common man. Living should become in some degree easier. Every one in the country should be directly benefited with regard to the amount he can buy for his money.

Why?

We are to have free ships under our own flag for the foreign trade, and free material and cheaper prices for coastwise ships in our own yards. We are to give free passage to these home-built ships in the intercoastal trade. We have the jurisdiction to guarantee that there will be cheap rates. We can assure freedom from every domination, if we use common sense and enforce our laws. We have the ability to develop the numerous opportunities that offer when we have dug the Canal and secured direct intercourse between the two oceans. As a result, the cost of transportation and prices on some things must drop together.

The Ship a Glorified Market Wagon

OUR greatest motor unit is the ship. In the days of the New Era we shall see steam give place to producer gas or oil in the propelling engine. The ship is a glorified market wagon, delivering our household goods. Just as no department store could get trade if it had no wagons, so no nation can master commerce unless it has vessels, the essential means of domination.

Ships ply the sea as the wagons ply your street, as familiarly as the motor delivery car which glides swiftly up to the curb at your apartment door. The ship is the receiving car of the storekeeper who supplies you, and brings him wholesale goods on wholesale terms of transportation. Any change that lowers the post of transportation on goods shipped to him should in some measure lower the price on these same goods sold to you, whether they come from home ports or a foreign land.

Suppose you live in New Whatcom on Bellingham Bay, in the State of Washington, and the ship comes to your port with cargo from Boston or New York. Under the old system, her contents would be lifted out at the Isthmus, loaded into cars and carried across, dumped into another ship, and sent up the coast with perhaps two weeks' expensive delay. Until four or five years ago, when the government took control of the Panama Railroad, there was a transcontinental railway monopoly that prevented any freight for the people's use going this way. Even now, thirty-five days is a quick journey. In the New Era it will come in seven or eight days from the eastern port down to Christobal and enter the Canal. An uninterrupted eight-hour journey through Gatun Locks, the Lake of the Chagres, and Culebra, then down through Pedro Miguel and Miraflores to Balboa, will bring it into the calm Pacific. Without toll or needless delay, it will speed away up the coast to New Whatcom—in twenty-two or twenty-three days, all told, a saving of from twelve to fifteen days.

Into this ship have gone all sorts of household and farm necessities, to be widely distributed, ten thousand tons being a fair cargo even in the present trade. Baby-walkers, as the bill of lading calls them, knocked down,—not the baby, but the walker,—hose, garden and lady's, bee-smokers, honey-extractors, nightgowns, haberdashery, princess slips, buttons, wall-paper, bathroom fixtures, and soap, agate-ware, naval stores, shoes for horse and man, electrical appliances, and quantities of plows and tedders, jeans, cotton shirts, and toy bull-mooses are all stowed in the same hold.

$25,000,000 a Year Saved in Freight Charges

GOING out in the old days at a cost all the way up from sixty cents a hundred pounds to two or three dollars, now many rates will be cut in half, and the rest down at least thirty per cent. Twenty dollars a short ton was a fair charge under the old rules; now the average will be not more than ten and on some loads eight dollars, a saving of approximately one hundred thousand dollars on a cargo.

Such a delivery load might be dropped off at several ports and reach a wide territory; the low sea charges even now absorb the land rate from fifty to one hundred miles from the ports into the hinterland.

Our intercoastal traffic already has attained in four years one million three hundred thousand tons a year by the two routes, Panama and Tehuantepec. When the Canal is open, it will rise in both directions to three times that, with a saving of not less than twenty-five million dollars a year to the people who pay the freight. Our intimate friend, the ship, will carry back in her capacious hold a thousand tons of wine in casks, five thousand of barley which now goes to Europe around Cape Horn, because of the high rail cost to Central and Eastern breweries; two or three thousand tons of flour in sacks or barrels; and a thousand of case goods—raisins, canned fruits and vegetables, and condensed milk. This is all profitable freight, even at a low rate, for the East or for the Gulf ports and the cities up the Mississippi Valley. On this return trip the saving would be nearly if not quite as high.

On another trip the ship might go filled half between decks and half in the hold with lumber; and with Arizona copper ingots, Hawaiian sugar, or Imperial Valley cotton picked up at San Diego packed solidly in the remaining space.

Putting Fresh Fruit on the Tables of the Central States

REFRIGERATOR ships will bring your grapefruit. They will get a million tons of the trade East in citrus and other fruits through Panama. At present the railroads add on to the highest possible transportation rates extortionate charges for icing cars, taking all the traffic will bear. The intercoastal refrigerator service will be a novelty in that trade, but it is certain to come. The government has such a service now to the Canal, and it is highly successful. In general use, this will place many table delicacies—olives in bulk, oranges, fine grapes, strawberries, cantaloupes, and other fresh fruit—in eastern and central towns at prices proportionate to those in California, some varieties at seasons when they can not otherwise be had at all.

Our cargoes in the foreign trade have been carried in foreign ships for decades, and the price of transportation set by their owners. Agreements existed to charge us higher rates than they charged their own countries for greater distances, and, because of the enormous cost of ships built inside the tariff, we were unable to compete with them.

Now that we are to carry it ourselves and make it our business to handle it cheaply and effectively through the Canal, we will find that every part of the country has some product which it already exports that will find a new market at lower cost of transportation, and that generally its old trade will be benefited and increased in the same way. Let us consider, first, the trade between the opposite sides of our own country and South America which will surely benefit from the new crossing; for an example, the flour trade of Portland, Oregon.

As one ascends the Columbia River, far beyond the Dalles he comes into what appears to be a desert reaching around a bend into the Snake River country. In the eyes of an Easterner, the great bluffs that he sees across the river from the north-bank road seem crowned with yellow sand. As he looks at it, over a rise and into view a pair of horses shoulder-deep in the apparent sand, then another and another until sixteen teams sweep down the gentle slope, dragging behind them header machines, gathering the monster heads of golden wheat of this northwestern country, hulling and sacking them as they go. The revelation contains a marvel.

Portland Will Grind Wheat for the World

DOWN the very road he is traveling and the one on the opposite bank comes this wheat to Portland, where it is ground into flour and shipped in chartered vessels to Japan, China, and the west coast of South America. Much of it still goes raw abroad; but the time is coming for Portland to mill this all herself. When Panama opens, she will find an unlimited new market. She will have a clear route from her own docks to northern and eastern South America, Colombia, Venezuela, the Guianas, up the Amazon twenty-five hundred miles to Iquitos, a city of twenty-five thousand people in Peru. She can compete with Argentine in Brazil. Italy and the European ports up to Copenhagen will be open to her. In the West Indies she will find a growing trade. If she lands at La Guayra, she can return with choice coffee and with alligator skins, quinia sulphate, and many other products ready for use or for manufacture. She can make the circuit of the Caribbean on such a trip, and, returning, secure her final cargo on the west coast of Mexico at the deep ports of Acapulco and Manzanillo, where she will find more good coffee, rubber, and cocoanuts.

Portland's coffee is now largely delivered and sold in New York. It is then either shipped expensively overland, or goes in a steamer, by the Isthmus of Panama, for ten dollars a ton, having already cost five dollars and a quarter to move from Brazil to New York. The Portland boat, picking up better grands at primary price, would dispense with the middleman altogether. The freight would be not more than four dollars a ton, plus fifty cents a weighed ton toll at Panama—a saving of four or five cents a pound in the purchase, and half a cent additional on the freight. It would probably eliminate also considerable charges for storage and insurance while it would have been in New York. All this should be a saving to the consumer.

(Continued on page 25)

Haverhill, Massachusetts, Will Shoe South America

TO show how the use of the same crossing will be profitable in the opposite direction, we take Newburyport, Massachusetts. Its neighbor, Haverhill, makes a specialty of fine shoes for women, the most acceptable of our exports to Spanish America. Duty there is charged by weight, and cheap, heavy shoes pay more than fine, light ones. Therefore, the heavy ones are made at home with antiquated implements or shoe-machinery they get from Germany. The high-grade stock is imported from the United States. Suppose Haverhill barged her shoes down the Merrimac to ship-side, and sent them away with other New England items, such as fountain-pens, clocks and watches, electric machinery, cotton piece goods from the river valley, and some of Jeb White's home-made tools from the Deerfield Valley. Salted cod from Gloucester and jute bags from Newburyport might help to fill the spaces in the ship's hold.

Going down the west coast with these articles, her first port of entry will be Guayaquil in Ecuador. She will find a railway in operation leading up a valley in the Cordilleras eight to ten thousand feet high, to Quito, the capital, with populous cities on the way. The ship goes on down to Callao, Mollendo, and Ilo in Peru, then on to Arica, Pisagua, Iquique, and Valparaiso, delivering goods for both Chile and Bolivia. The average rate to-day on all classes of goods from New York, where the trade is concentrated, comes pretty close to fifteen dollars and fifty cents a ton. When the canal is operating, the carrier from Newburyport will be able to make an uninterrupted journey, except for replenishing fuel and supplies at the Isthmus, and deliver the freight for no higher average than seven dollars a ton in Ecuador, seven and a half in Peru, and eight in Chile, saving on her ten thousand tons about eighty thousand dollars. On her return cargo of nitrate from Chile, copper, cacao, coffee, and sugar from Peru, dividivi, fustic, and Panama hats from Ecuador, she will save an equal amount. This kind of direct interchange will not be general until ships are more plentiful.

Our New Markets in Australia and China

AN important new situation in our shipyards tending to solve this ship problem is created by the Panama Canal Operating Act, by which every item we need for the construction of ships can be admitted free of duty. The workingmen who build them will still draw American wages. Under the pressure of this new provision our coastwise ships are already cheaper, while vessels for the foreign trade are being built in our own yards, a rare event in the past generation. The Steel Trust now sells the builders their materials at the same price they have been asking in Belfast. This is part of our preparation for fair-play business through the Canal which should give Americans individually increased prosperity.

Each locality having secured its markets and its return source of materials, the economy of direct shipments is evident. The countries along the west coast of South America are not the only markets. Other young nations are growing up. Australia and New Zealand will in time become independent. Australia is already a dominion like Canada. All of these three have a large and flourishing trade. Across the sea China confronts us, newly revolutionized to first-of-January calendars and dictagraphs, sanitary plumbing, and other paraphernalia of civilization. Her trade is certain to achieve enormous proportion. Japan has rubbed her eyes open, and has become a member of the family of powers. She supports a sturdy merchant fleet, and is selling her line of goods with increasing skill. The Philippines and Java, Borneo and New Guinea, the Celebes, Siam and India, Indo-China and Sumatra, Singapore and the Straits Settlements have all rich prizes for which we must contend.

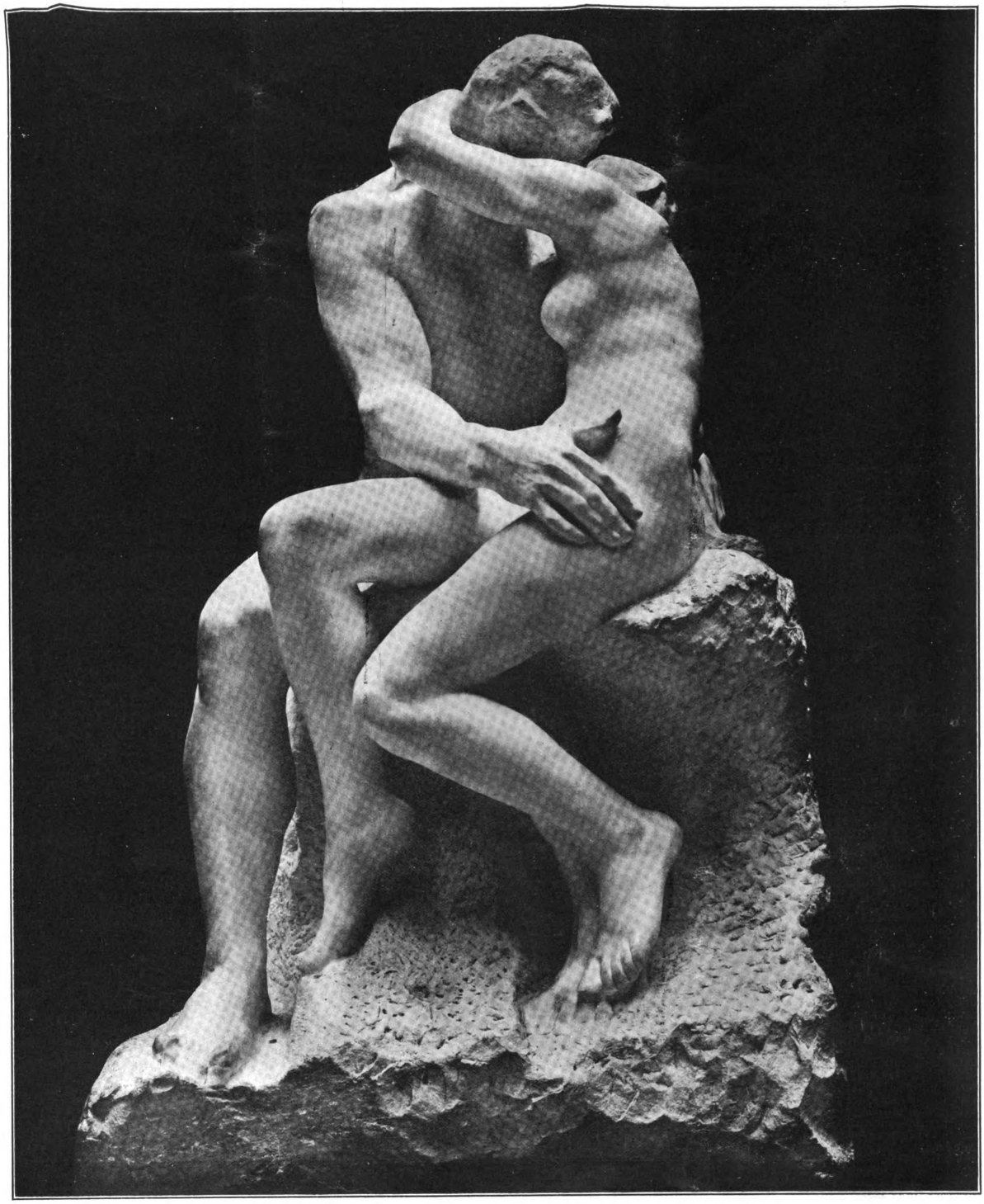
All of these countries trade not only with us and with each other, but with the big and little nations of Europe. That trade which has heretofore been the exclusive property of our Atlantic and Gulf coast now will be shared by the Pacific States. Not only flour to Italy, but competing with Italy in northern Europe in such commodities as olives in bulk, cargoes of canned salmon from Alaska, fine wines from California, and by extending the refrigerator service we will create a market for the finest fruits in England, Germany, France, and the north countries.

Cargo for cargo, they can trade with us in the middle far West, where they have never traded before—chestnuts, fresh and dried, from Italy and Germany; fine cheeses, sardines and anchovies, and quantities of sausage; silks and linens, paper pulp, potash, and many other necessary things with which we are not sufficiently supplied. These increased connections mean cheapness to the consumer and enormous development of industry which will increase his buying power.

Breaking the Monopolies

WHAT we may further hope to get depends upon the changes effected in certain economic conditions. We are suffering at the hands of various monopolies outside of our own country. All over the world we

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"LE BAISER," BY RODIN

MOLDED of snow-white marble, her arm draws down his head.
Over them both hath genius a mystic stillness spread.
Curved of the purest beauty, her face and her bosom rise.
Tender his touch upon her, reverent, strong, and wise.
And their kiss creates a rapture wherein all discord dims,
Miraculous with harmonics as the music of their limbs;
Poignant as utmost anguish, of utmost bliss the flower;
Immaculate and immortal in love's most tremulous hour!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

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FROM THE JUNGLE TO THE ZOO

BY ELLEN VELVIN

Author of "Dangerous Dilemmas of Wild Animal Trainers," "Surgical Operations on Wild Animals," etc.

IT is extremely difficult to realize, when watching wild animals lying quietly in their cages in the Zoölogical Gardens or in some wild animal show, the many and various troubles—the frightful dangers, even—which not only the animals, but those who have had the labor and expense of bringing them to their present condition, have been through.

It may perhaps be mentioned that invariably, when a wild animal show or a zoölogical garden gives an order for the purchase of wild animals, the order is made subject to an agreement that the animals purchased shall be delivered in "good condition." As a matter of fact, wild animals on their first arrival are scarcely ever in a good condition, and it is a most difficult thing to present them in even *fair* condition. They always suffer from extreme fear and terror during the first months of captivity. In addition to this, they are confronted with an absolutely new method of living, a new method of feeding, a new environment—an awful one to the animals accustomed to perpetual freedom. They suffer from the discomforts of travel, from the close confinement, from the change of climate. Everything is entirely different in every way from what they have always been accustomed to.

To begin at the beginning—a lion is born in the thick of the jungle. Great care is taken by the parents that the cave they choose for their home is large and shady, and that it is close to water. The lions are then able to prey on the deer, antelopes, giraffes, etc., that come down to drink at eventide; and the dampness caused by the close proximity of water keeps away the innumerable insects, ants, gnats, and flies that are so terribly trying in hot countries.

These caves are most cleverly hidden—so cleverly that it is almost impossible, in some cases, to tell that there is any cave at all. In many instances the thick interlacing branches of the wild olive and mastic trees form such a thick arch in front of the cave, that hunters pass the opening again and again without seeing it. This delicate arch keeps the lion's den beautifully cool and shady; it also affords him privacy, and the advantage of being able to see his enemies without their seeing him.

In this luxurious retreat the lion and lioness, with their cubs, make their home. They sleep nearly all day long. But at night, when the fierce rays of the sun have died down and the cool evening shadows begin to appear, they saunter forth in search of food, which they generally have little difficulty in finding.

And then into this jungle, one day, come some hunters of wild animals. They know there are certain lions in the vicinity, and also know there are young cubs. It is difficult enough to hunt wild animals for what is called "sport"; but that is mere child's play compared to capturing wild animals alive, and not only alive but practically uninjured. For an injured animal is practically valueless. Such an animal it is almost impossible to deliver in good condition.

Taking a Lioness with Cubs Alive

TO capture lions alive, the best way is first to take the cubs. It is needless to say that this is one of the most difficult feats of all. Natives are sent out in various directions to find signs of a lioness with cubs. Should they find these signs, they call to one another by peculiar cries, each cry having a certain significance. They then meet at a chosen place, and follow up the trail until they come to the lair. They do all they can to entice the mother and cubs outside; the next move is to capture the lioness. But a lioness with cubs is a dangerous beast, and many a man has lost his life in trying to do this.

There is a story of some hunters who, trying to entice a lioness outside, told one man to go to the back of the cave and fire off a gun at a given signal. But the lioness crept quietly out at another entrance, and, while the unfortunate man was waiting for the signal, she sprang on him and killed him. Those, in front, having no knowledge of this, wondered why he did not fire, and two men went round to see. They were met by a furious animal, and had not their cries brought the others quickly, there is no doubt that they also would have fared badly. As it was, the lioness



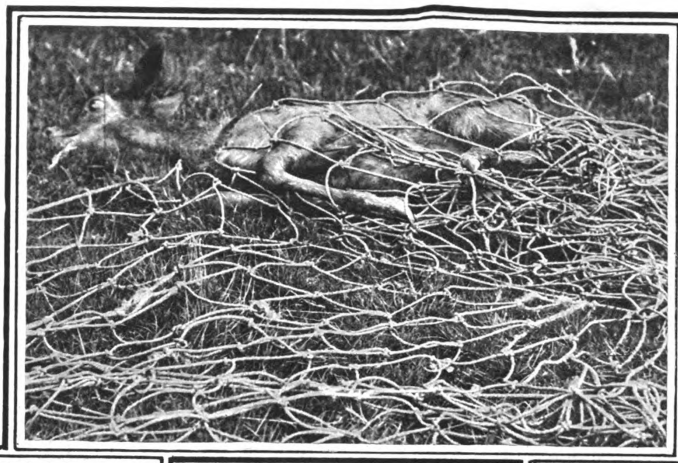
Young female elephants, called "koomkies," are trained to entice wild elephants into the stockade. Using all their tricks and blandishments, the koomkies lead the strange elephants into the inclosure. They then trumpet as a signal, and the natives come and close up the entrance

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was killed, and they got the cubs alive.

But capturing cubs is no easy matter. Young lion cubs, especially forest-bred animals, are so strong, fierce, and savage that great care has to be taken. They bite, scratch, and tear with their sharp claws in such a vindictive manner that they can inflict terrible injuries. All lions have curved claws, and these claws, which are driven in straight, are always drawn out curved. Terrible gashes in the flesh are the result. Moreover, all wounds from wild animals are exceptionally painful, and take a long time to heal.

The best way is to throw nets or sacking over the heads of the cubs. In struggling, they get themselves entangled, and after they have tired themselves out, the nets are loosened, and they are



An antelope caught in a net—one of the most common devices for catching an animal without injuring it. An injured animal rarely survives transportation



Great difficulty was experienced in getting this elephant to enter a freight-car. After the men had spent several hours urging him to walk up the inclined plane, he pushed it away and climbed into the car without help



Goats and dogs are used as foster-mothers for young lion cubs while they are being carried into captivity. This dog brought up two lion cubs, but seemed relieved when its task was completed

him until he has quieted a little. There are many other effective means of catching wild animals. In some cases, inclosures are built, formed of bamboo and covered with netting, into which all kinds of wild animals are driven by the natives, who form in a ring, with flaming torches. Once in, the animals can not get out. The bamboo is not sufficiently strong for them to climb over; it bends with their weight; and they are then thrown back again. The net is too high to reach; and so there the animals stay until, hungry and thirsty, they are driven into cages and taken away by trained elephants.

Trained elephants also entice their own kind into these inclosures. Young female elephants are specially used for this purpose. The elephants, which are called "koomkies," are sent out into the forests, and when they meet a strange elephant they use all their tricks and blandishments upon him. As soon as he is interested, the koomkie leads the way toward the inclosure, and the big elephant follows meekly and stupidly. As soon as the treacherous little koomkie has caught a prisoner, she trumpets a little, and the natives come and close up the inclosure.

Other wild animals are caught in different ways, the most modern being by lassoing. The first polar bear ever caught by a lasso (by Mr. Paul Rainey) is now in the New York Zoölogical Park. And the first lioness ever caught by a lasso (by Buffalo Jones) is also in the New York Zoölogical Park. Some excellent moving pictures are being shown in London at the present time by Mr. Paul Rainey and Mr. Cherry Kearton. In these pictures we see all sorts of wild animals being caught by the lasso—the lioness I have just spoken of, a huge rhinoceros, a wild boar, a tiger, a giraffe, and others. The giraffe picture is very funny. The poor animal seemed so surprised and puzzled that he stood quite still, only occasionally giving his little wisp of a tail a sharp twist!

When a dealer in wild animals has caught a number of animals of all kinds, he next turns his attention to the consideration of their transport. And this is one of the most serious things in the whole business, from the financial point of view.

The Journey Across the Desert.

THE traveling is generally done at night, for the fierce sunlight of the tropics makes traveling almost impossible in the daytime. The two great fundamental difficulties of transporting wild animals across the desert are the intense heat and the great scarcity of water. Extreme precautions have to be taken to guard against water famine.

With a large consignment of wild animals, the larger animals are generally driven first, each attended by several men. An elephant will sometimes have as many as four or five attendants, according to his size and disposition; a giraffe three or four; ostriches, antelopes, giraffes, zebra all have their keepers or caretakers, while hundreds of sheep and goats go with this unique procession. The sheep are sometimes used as food for both men and animals, while the nanny-goats supply the milk for the young animals. This last is a most important item, for many of the younger animals are entirely dependent on this food alone.

Most of the camels travel together in pairs, while the smaller animals, like lions and tigers, baboons, panthers, cheetahs, etc., are carried in roughly made but strong wooden boxes. These boxes are placed on the backs of camels; and here, again, is one of the great trials of a young or newly captured wild animal. For the awkward gait of a camel causes a most uncomfortable motion, and the constant shaking, the sudden jolts when the camels kneel down and rise up again, are most trying to these wild creatures, who have never in their lives known any other movement than their own natural walking and leaping.

The start is made early in the evening, and about midnight a halt is made while the animals are fed and watered. Some of the drinking-places are from forty to fifty miles apart, so the greatest care is taken of the carried water; small amounts are dealt out to each man and animal as if it were the most costly champagne. All the animals are attended to most carefully, some being rubbed down, others being combed, while those in the cages are made as clean and comfortable as possible.

Lions and Baboons Suffer Most from the Heat

BUT very often, in spite of the greatest care, a large number of the poor animals die before reaching their destination. Although all the animals come from a tropical climate, the fierce heat kills many. In their natural state the animals know how to take care of themselves, and during the heat of the day hide themselves in the cool shade of the jungles, and come out only at night. Baboons and lions, especially, seem to die from the heat more often than from any other cause. The poor lion, coming from his cool, damp cave, where he has been accustomed to lie luxuriously on his back and sleep all day long, suffers cruelly. In his small, cramped traveling-cage his limbs get numb and stiff; he gets no exercise whatever, and he is in strange surroundings which are terrifying to him. The intolerable heat prevents him from getting any rest or sleep during the day. And at night the fearful jolting begins. No wonder, then, that even if he survives the terrible journey over the desert he is in a most forlorn condition on arriving at the ship's side.

The embarking of some wild animals on board ship is a trying busi-

put into a strong cage specially provided. They are allowed to get very hungry, and are then taken to some goats in full milk, which have been procured in readiness; and the little cubs are fed by these foster-mothers until they are old enough to eat a little meat.

Goats and Dogs as Foster-Mothers of Young Lions

SOMETIMES, when goats are not procurable, spaniels or setters are provided who act as foster-mothers. But although in these cases, and also in many zoölogical gardens and wild animal shows, dogs have been used for this purpose, and although in a few cases they appear to be attached to their foster-children, they generally show a marked uneasiness, and it always appears to be a great relief to the dog when the mothering business is over.

In capturing full-grown lions, of course different tactics have to be used. As a rule, large traps are planted in the trail of the lion, where his spoor has been found. A very easily made trap that is often used is quite square, one side lifting up on a spring, just like our old-fashioned mouse-trap. A piece of fresh bullock's or antelope's flesh is put in as a bait, and this will often tempt a lion inside—when down goes the door, and the animal finds that he is a prisoner.

But lions, like all the cat tribe, are very crafty and cunning. They are also terribly suspicious. And after watching a lion patiently for hours at a time, thinking from his actions that he is just about to enter the trap, many a hunter has felt sick with disgust and disappointment to see the lion, after thinking it over, walk heavily away.

Tigers are caught in various ways. One plan is to smear the leaves of the plantain and sycamore or any broad leaves with some sticky substance. The moment the tiger puts his foot on these leaves, his fate is settled. Like all the cat tribe, he at once puts his paw over his head to get the sticky substance off. Not being able to do this, he rolls on the ground, thus covering himself all over with the leaves, and getting more and more angry and furious as the leaves get into his eyes and make them smart, and also partially blind him. The natives then come forward and cover him with nets, drag him into a cage, and leave



Young alligators being hatched in captivity by means of an incubator

(*Continued on page 25*)

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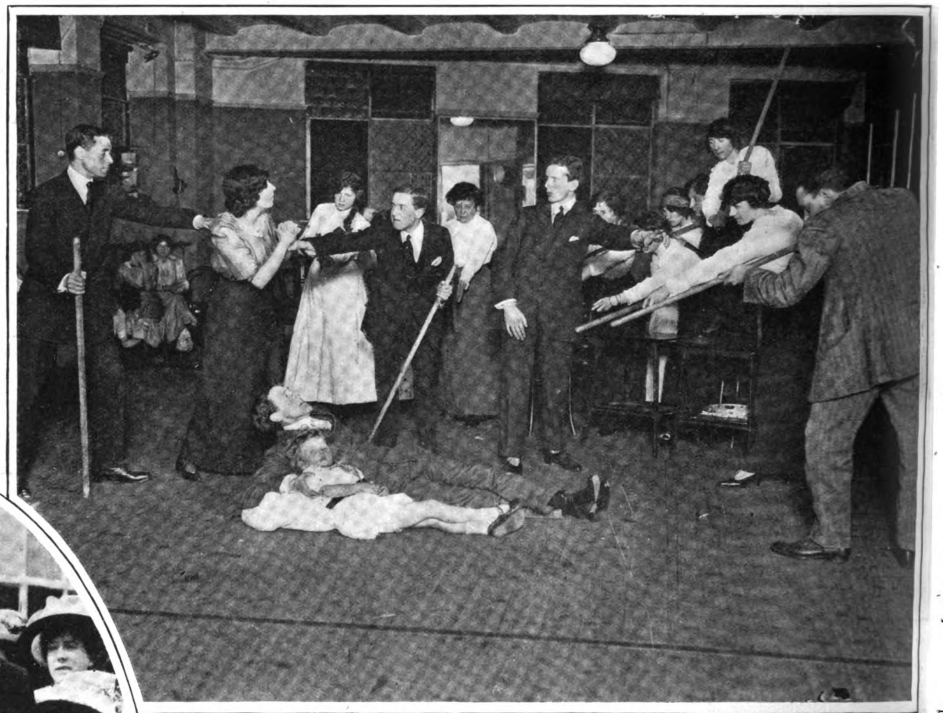
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Atalanta pausing in her race to pick up the golden apple

AMERICAN WOMEN REPRESENTING A FRIEZE OF GREEK SCULPT
WOMEN HAVE FOUND A NEW RECREATION IN THE STUDY OF RHYT

PAVLOWA OPENS A GARDEN PARTY

The première danseuse étoile of the Russian Imperial Ballet opened the festivities at the annual fête of "Our Dumb Friends League," held in the Botanical Gardens in London. Although a native Russian, Mlle. Pavlowa prefers to live in England, and her residence, Ivy House, is one of the show places of Hempstead. With her own company of seventy ballet dancers, and her dancing partner, Laurentius Novikoff, Pavlowa begins a six months' American tour, by permission of the Czar of Russia, on October 17







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Training novices to act for the "movies" at a London cinematograph
"guns" of their enemies. On the left a "trance" scene is being rehear

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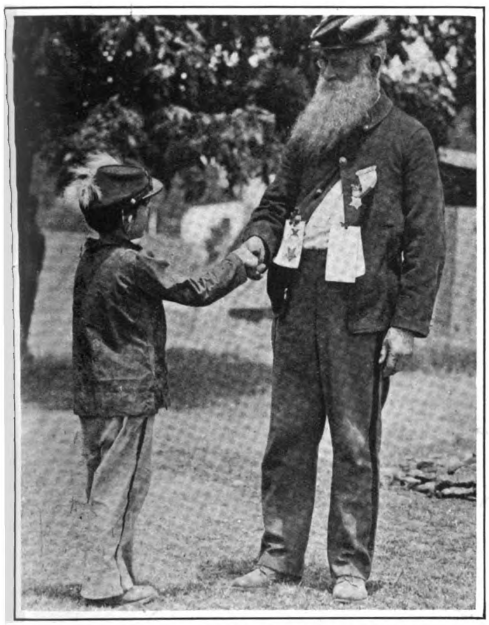
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"The Spirit of the Mist," enveloping the land with her haze



"VETERANS ON THE BATTLEFIELD"

Merille H. Frease, a survivor of the renowned Bucktail Brigade, which occupied Devil's Den at Gettysburg; and Russell Johnson, mascot of the G. A. R. Encampment



TWO WOMEN PIONEERS

Miss Millie Mills, the fifteen-year-old conductor of an English motor-bus, and probably the only girl in Great Britain licensed to operate a motor-bus for public conveyance. Miss Mills is also an expert mechanic

Miss Mary L. Jobe has started on a solitary expedition to explore southern Alaska and northern British Columbia. She will be accompanied only by two Indian guides. Miss Jobe is professor of history in a New York normal college





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hool. Above, a little girl and her father are being saved from the while the women posing before the mirrors are studying expression

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男爵三井八郎右衛門氏



Baron Hachiroemon Mitsui, a banker worth $40,000,000, who was educated in the United States. His title came to him in recognition of aid given in the war with China

RICH MEN OF JAPAN

BY

ALLAN L. BENSON



藤田傳三郎氏

Denzaro Fujita, who looks like Lincoln and acts like Schwab. He takes contracts from the government and is the Emperor's political adviser

安田善次郎氏



安田善次郎氏

Zenjiro Yasuda, who is Rockefeller, Morgan, and Russell Sage at his prime, rolled into one. At the age more than seventy, he is the most powerful banker in Japan, and the only man who can raise $50,000,000 upon a day's notice

"MR. ROCKEFELLER," said a Japanese banker, "has been likened to a stomach. Whatever he takes in he digests—and his most important actions are usually not visible to outsiders.'

The remark was made in discussing a great Japanese capitalist, Mr. Zenjiro Yasuda.

"Mr. Yasuda and Mr. Rockefeller are much alike," continued the banker. "Mr. Yasuda also works like a stomach. His early history, too, is not unlike that of Mr. Rockefeller. But there the resemblance ends. Mr. Rockefeller is broader — wider — than my countryman. Mr. Rockefeller has surrounded himself with an able staff, some of whom are as well known to the public as he is himself. Mr. Yasuda has no such staff. His own brain is the only great brain that is working for him. What he himself can not think of isn't thought of."

Morgan, Rockefeller, and Russell Sage in One

AMERICA never heard of Mr. Yasuda. America—speaking broadly—has never heard of any of the enormously rich men of Japan. Yet America's lack of knowledge is not the fault of Mr. Yasuda or of his fellows. Mr. Yasuda began, as early as did Mr. Rockefeller, to practise some of the principles that have made Mr. Rockefeller world-known. They have not traveled in parallel paths, because they have not lived in parallel countries. Mr. Yasuda has reaped part of the crop of power that Mr. Rockefeller has reaped, without being as great as Mr. Rockefeller. Perhaps that is because Mr. Yasuda, in some respects, is the greater of the two. He is greater in the sense that he has more sides. Rockefeller is Rockefeller, and no more. Yasuda is Rockefeller, Morgan, and Russell Sage at his prime, rolled into one. He is not as great as these three together, but he partakes of the qualities of each of these three. He is like Rockefeller in his youth and early manhood, like Russell Sage in middle life, and now, in his old age, when a growing country has given him elbow-room, he is most of all like Morgan. For the Japanese banker who likened both Rockefeller and Yasuda to stomachs was in error in assuming that because of this single point of resemblance Yasuda resembles Rockefeller more than he does any other great American financier. Yasuda is Morgan done in Japanese.



At the age more than seventy, Mr. Yasuda is the most powerful banker in Japan. Not the banker with the most dollars, but the banker with the greatest genius behind his dollars. In mere cash he ranks far below Japan's richest man, precisely as the late J. Pierpont Morgan, in mere cash, ranked below Mr. Rockefeller. But Yasuda, like Mr. Morgan, has a genius for controlling the money of others. His personal fortune is only $15,000,000. The wealth that he controls runs into the hundreds of millions. He controls the greatest chain of banks in Japan. He is the man to whom all Japanese go when they want to finance a big undertaking. And he is the only man in Japan who, upon a day's notice, can raise $50,000,000 in cash.

The father of this great Japanese was the serf of a feudal lord. Yasuda, as a boy, struggled as the boy Rockefeller never thought of struggling. And, now that he is old and rich, he has the Rockefeller fondness for telling stories of the time when he was young and poor. He has written the story of his life, and the facts that follow are from his own account.

Copying Books at 1 1-2 Cents a Hundred Pages

YASUDA was born in 1838 in Toyama. He was the only son among five children. His father belonged to the military class. He appears to have had ideals. Though he was the serf of a feudal lord, he was ambitious for his son. He taught his son that merely to live was not enough; that animals and birds live, but a man who really lives must achieve something, and that industry and thrift were necessary to achievement. Yasuda's father was both industrious and thrifty, but he could save nothing. His income from his feudal lord was too small and his family was too large.

The elder Yasuda gained permission from the feudal lord to cultivate a little garden on his own account. The boy Yasuda, who was then ten years old, was pressed into service as an assistant gardener. He worked cheerfully, but not contentedly.

"I soon began to wish," he says, "that I might find some more profitable means of employment."

His wish was fulfilled. He found a job that brought him almost a cent a day. The job was copying books. For every thirty-three pages that he copied he received half a cent. Here, indeed, was an opening! There was a great demand among the Japanese people for books containing accounts of the lives of ancient warriors. The art of printing was very little practised in Japan, and hiring copyists at less than a cent a day required a smaller investment than buying printing-presses. Yasuda liked the work, and prospered at it. He kept himself supplied with pocket-money, and divided the rest among his sisters.

Yasuda's first step up the stairs of success came when he transcribed the life of Tai Ko, the Japanese conqueror of Corea. He received so much inspiration from the words he copied that he saw in himself the possibilities of another kind of Tai Ko. Tai Ko, like himself, had been the son of a poor farmer. For seven years he fought in the army, under the orders of others. Then he moved up to the top, and made others take orders from him.

"I was tremendously impressed," said Yasuda, "by the exploits of this great man. The rise of a mere farmer's boy to the rank of the greatest general of Japan was, of course, due to his extraordinary genius; but I did not fail to note that, instead of going upward at a single bound, his advancement came as the result of a slow, orderly process of achievement."

Yasuda's next lesson came when he was sixteen years old. He saw a banker visit his father's master. According to the custom of the time, when a person of inferior rank bade adieu to a person of higher rank, the inferior person removed his sandals and, rain or shine, squatted in the street to salute his superior. The lord, of course, outranked his banker; but little Mr. Yasuda was shrewd enough to notice that the lord accompanied the banker a little way on his return journey, removed his sandals, squatted in the street, and saluted him. Yasuda quickly reached the conclusion that the lord owed the banker money.

"This incident," said Yasuda, "gave me some conception of the power of money. It also created in me my first great desire to be wealthy. I resolved, at all costs, to become rich—to have a thousand dollars—which, at that time, was regarded as great wealth."

He looked about him for means to achieve his desire, but he saw no opportunity for more lucrative employment as a wage-worker.

"I reached the conclusion," said he, "that I could gain wealth only by becoming a merchant. I therefore determined to give my life to business."

Yasuda's Rules for Growing Rich

THERE was no business around Toyama. All the business was in Tokyo. To reach Tokyo a traveler must pass through several provinces. Upon entering each province, he must have a passport. Yasuda could get passports only with the consent of his father; and he was so sure that his father would not give his consent that he never took the trouble to ask him. Instead, he determined to run away, planning to reach Tokyo without passports by traveling through the mountains.

"One morning in October," he says, "I left my home. In order to become rich, I knew I must have great determination. So, at the outset, I made the following resolutions:

"To abstain from all drink for five years.

"To be extremely thrifty, even after I had become rich.

"Never to depend upon others; never to lie; never to wrong others."

But Mr. Yasuda's "great determination" was coupled with a great philosophy and a great prudence. Knowing nothing about mountain trails, he was soon lost.

"And realizing," he says, "that without life I could do nothing, I returned home on the second day, much crestfallen, confessed to my father what I had done, and asked his permission to go to Tokyo."

Yasuda had been right about his father. The old gentleman would not give him permission to go to Tokyo. The boy waited three years, and then ran away again. In the meantime, he had made himself more familiar with the geography of his country. Fourteen days from the time he started, he trudged







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into Tokyo, with more than half of the twenty-nine cents with which he had left home.

Yasuda's first employment in Tokyo was as an apprentice for a wholesale toy shop. His work was to deliver toys, carrying them in a large basket on his head. He chose this occupation because he believed that his future success as a merchant would depend upon his knowledge of the city and the people. He retained the position for three years. By that time he was ready for a larger field.

Saving on $3.50 Wages a Year

YASUDA found a larger field in a store that combined the selling of groceries with the buying and selling of foreign coins. His wages were $3.50 a year. His master supplied him with food and a place to sleep; but the boy had to pay for baths, hair-dressing, and clothing.

Here the memory of Tai Ko again piloted Yasuda to wonderful success. He recalled what Tai Ko did when his master, according to invariable Japanese custom, removed his sandals upon entering a building, and left them outside the door. Faithful little Tai Ko always put the sandals in his bosom to keep them warm.

Outside the toy shop and the grocery there were many sandals. The sight of so much footwear instantly recalled to Yasuda the fidelity of Tai Ko. There were too many sandals for Yasuda to put in his bosom; but he did the next best thing, and arranged them neatly, pair by pair, in rows.

"Other boys had been asked to do this," said Yasuda, "but had grumbled. I did it not only without grumbling but without being asked. In all other small matters, I worked with the same fidelity. So pleased was my master that when, at the end of my third year, I wanted to leave his service, he offered to increase my wages to six dollars a year."

Yasuda remained another year. Then the desire to go into business for himself became too strong to resist. The time seemed propitious. Tai Ko had served seven years as an underling in the army before he took command. Yasuda had served seven years as an apprentice in Tokyo.

Yasuda left his job in the grocery, and sold all of his clothing that he could spare. With his savings, the sum amounted to $27. He rented a store for sixty cents a month. His former master gave him credit for a stock of groceries and foreign coins. Also, he hired an office-boy and a woman to cook.

"Every morning," says Yasuda, "I arose at four o'clock, and swept and sprinkled the street, not only in front of my own store, but in front of the stores of my immediate neighbors on both sides of the street. Then I built a fire in the kitchen, and awakened the cook and the office-boy. As I worked in the same faithful way in all things, I soon became well liked. People came from quite a distance to buy at my shop."

A Wife Who Wore Nothing But Cotton

YASUDA opened his store in March. At the end of the year his business showed a net profit of $68. His success was the subject of general comment. Friends advised him to marry. The advice seemed good to him. Yet he did not immediately act upon it. Yasuda-like, he was cautious in this matter, as in all matters. Love didn't trouble him. Money troubled him—money and the things that make and save money. The Yasuda wife must be no mere beautiful bit of black-haired pink, clad in rustling silk. She must work hard and live cheaply.

"As I must continue to work," he declares, "I demanded, for one thing, that the woman whom I should marry must take the place of the cook, and, in my absence, look after the store to the satisfaction of the customers. Also, for the time being, she must wear nothing but cotton. I married my present wife when she accepted those conditions."

Such is the story of Yasuda's early life as he tells it himself. The rest of his story is a part of the financial and commercial history of Japan. From a grocer and a money-lender, he became exclusively a banker. From the owner of one bank, he became the owner of two and three and four and more. From a mere owner of banks, he became the controller of banks that he did not own. By the time he was fifty, he was a millionaire. Wealth rolled in upon him. His four banks had grown to fifteen, with a combined capitalization of 25,000,000 yen (a yen equals one dollar), and aggregate deposits of 100,000,000 yen. He had banks in the old capital of Japan, banks in the new capital of Japan, banks in all the big cities of Japan, and banks in Corea. Yasuda, the banker, had become too big for his country—too big for two countries. He needed a larger field in which to put to work his rapidly increasing horde of money.

Yasuda did what Rockefeller did, what Morgan did, what Ryan did, when each of these men was called upon to meet a similar situation. Yasuda "spread out." He took the money that he made in banking, and reinvested it in other lines of business. Like Morgan and Ryan, he put money in the capital stock of life-insurance companies. In a little while he controlled the life-insurance business of Japan. Then he added fire and marine insurance. Yasuda's life, fire, and marine insurance companies now have a combined capitalization of 13,300,000 yen and a reserve of 10,000,000 yen.









But the success of Yasuda's new investments, in a way, only increased his difficulties. Precisely as banking had yielded him more profits than he could reinvest in banks, insurance had yielded him more profits than he could reinvest in insurance companies. But the business of manufacturing linen seemed to need his surplus of both genius and money. The linen industry of Japan was in the same condition that the steel industry of the United States was in before Mr. Morgan shook it into shape. Unorganized competition was wearing out the competitors. Yasuda combined the principal companies into a corporation capitalized at 6,400,000 yen, and put the industry on its feet.

A Japanese Real-Estate Success

YASUDA next turned to the earth itself as a promising field for the reinvestment of profits won elsewhere. He invested heavily in Tokyo real estate, and organized the Tokyo Building Company. The building company quickly proved to be an enormous financial success. Yasuda built no skyscrapers, but he dotted the hillsides with working-men's cottages. He never ran short of hillsides; but, in the course of time, the supply of working-men fell below Yasuda's ability to build houses. Yet Yasuda did not stop building. He extended his operations to include Tientsin, China.

Tientsin has a large foreign population that is not content with either Chinese architecture or Chinese construction. Yasuda, while visiting Tientsin, had noted the opportunity for Japanese architecture and Japanese construction. At the time when he saw the opportunity he could not take advantage of it. But Yasuda was never known to forget an opportunity to make money. Thus it came about that when he was looking for an undertaking in which to reinvest his banking, insurance, and linen profits, he remembered the real-estate possibilities of Tientsin.

Now, Yasuda the builder had much use for nails. He bought from competing manufacturers at the best prices he could get. But the best prices he could get were not good enough for him. Somebody seemed to be making a profit from him. To keep this profit, Yasuda built a nail factory. And, while he was about it, he built a factory large enough to supply not only his own demands, but part of the demands of others.

Of course, such widespread operations raised Yasuda's fame as a financier to the first rank in Japan. He had not the most money, but he worked the hardest with his money. He was not the greatest banker, so far as mere dollars were concerned; but he was by far the greatest banker as far as activity, enterprise, and power were concerned. Men soon learned that if there were bonds to float, a railroad to build in Manchuria, or any other great business venture under way, it was always best to see Yasuda. He was the strong, energetic, progressive factor in Japanese financial affairs. He was awake and daring—not foolhardy, but daring. He would take a chance.

An incident that occurred ten years ago illustrates the manner in which he sometimes backs his own judgment against the judgment of others. Certain men who associated themselves under the name of the Hansin Trolley Car Company had obtained a franchise to build an electric line from Osaka to Kobe, a distance of twenty miles. After they got the franchise, they discovered that that was all they could get. No banker would put up as much money as they wanted. No banker had much faith in the project. Every banker knew a lot about jinrikishas, and no banker knew much about electricity; that is, no banker except Yasuda, and he was too busy with other affairs to give the subject attention.

Things drifted along for a year or two, and the men were in danger of losing their franchises. Yasuda heard of their plight and sent for them; told them the terms upon which he would furnish the money; drove a hard bargain; furnished the money—something like a million; built the road and — made money.

Yasuda always drives a hard bargain, whether he is buying a railroad or a railroad ticket. A Japanese banker who has traveled with him in Japan told me the following instances. On one occasion, he and Yasuda had but little time in which to catch a train. At the station, an employee of Yasuda had bought the tickets. He handed the tickets to Yasuda with some change. There was not much change, because the tickets were for only a short distance, and cost but forty cents each, and Yasuda had not given the servant much money. But when the change was handed to the great banker, he counted every piece; moreover, he found the change short. The employee, who was unknown to the ticket-seller, had failed to present a certificate which would have entitled Yasuda, as stockholder in the road, to a discount from the regular rate. The loss was not much,—perhaps five or six cents,—but Yasuda felt it. He seared the employee with good, vigorous Japanese language, which, he explained to his fellow banker, was only to teach the employee a useful lesson. But the banker says he scolded because he felt the loss.

Yasuda Gives a Banquet for Sixty Cents

FARTHER along on the trip, they came to the capital of a province, and Yasuda invited the governor to dinner. When a governor is invited to dinner by a traveler, the spread is usually given in the banquet-room of the best restaurant in the town. Waitresses and geisha girls are hired, at an expense of six cents each.

There were no geishas at Yasuda's dinner to the governor. Nor was the dinner given in the banquet-room of a restaurant. It was served in solitary state in Yasuda's room at a hotel. Yasuda's room was approximately twelve feet long by ten feet wide. The function was all over in twenty minutes, and the bill for the three men was between sixty and seventy cents. The cost of entertaining the governor in the banquet-room of a restaurant, with special waitresses, geisha girls, and wine, would have been perhaps five dollars.

Yasuda every month calls together the members of his own family and all of his employees who are in Tokyo, and gives them advice. Some of his employees cynically say that he never gives them anything else. He has formulated rules for the guidance of both his family and his employees. Upon his family he urges harmony and thrift. Upon his employees he urges industry and thrift. To his employees he pays the lowest wages that are paid for similar services in Tokyo. Other bankers hire many graduates of business colleges. Yasuda hires, for the most part, untrained men and women, who will work cheaply.

Like most men who have become rich, Yasuda has not resisted the temptation to tell others how to amass fortunes. A few years ago he wrote the following "Advice to Young Men":

"I want to give some advice to young men, based upon the experience of fifty years.

"Those who want to go into business should first give careful attention to the line of business in which they will be most likely to succeed. Many a man fails for trying to do something that he can't do, while neglecting to do something that he could do.



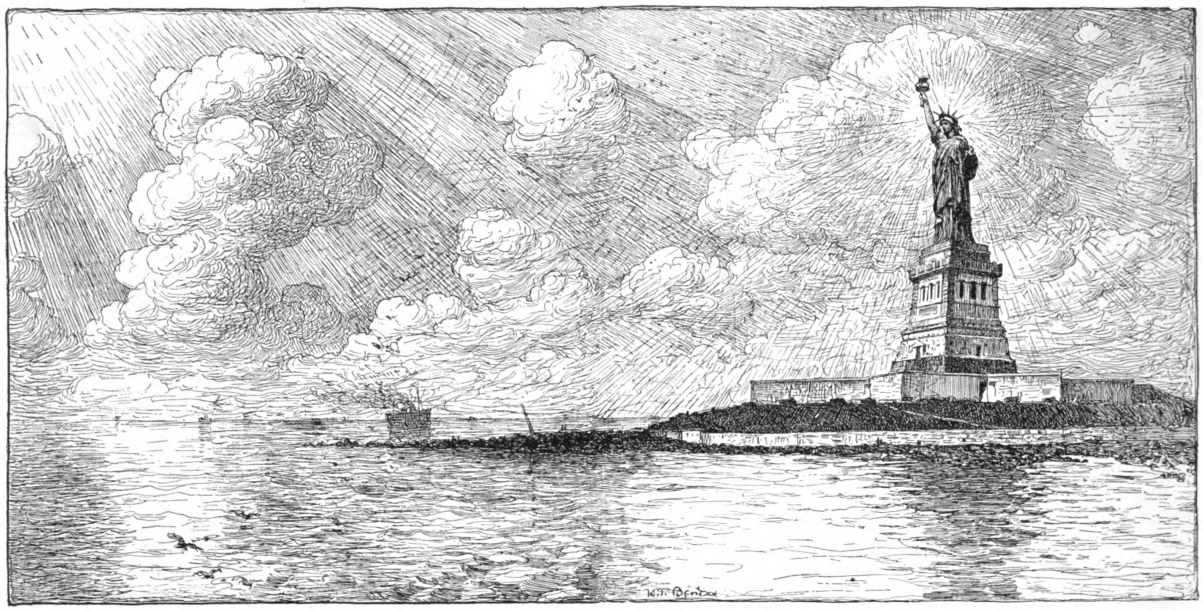
Baron Kichizkemon Sumitimo, the Japanese copper king, who is considered a "progressive" in that he has introduced many advanced European customs into Japan. He likes to be referred to as a social regenerator and reorganizer



The Japanese Rockefeller, Baron Hisaya Iwasaka, who inherited steamship lines to America, Australia, and Europe worth $80,000,000. He was educated in England and America, and built battleships for the Russo-Japanese war

(*Continued on page 23*)

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WINGS OF THE SPIRIT

BY LUCILLE BALDWIN VAN SLYKE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

NASIF sat on the hillside and dreamed. The sky was like lapis-lazuli; the sun blazed high above the cedars of Lebanon and flashed upon the sapphire sea beyond. Below him shone the squares of the housetops, deserted in the noonday, but when the sun was low they would ring with laughter and music. All around him were grazing the flocks of his master, heavy with fleece, dragging their broad brown tails patiently. But Nasif saw them not. He was staring at the sea far beyond.

The pet sheep, gay with beaded magenta tassels, tinkling its little copper bells, trotted clumsily, with the queer barrow-like wheel beneath its sagging tail, to rest its head upon the shepherd's knee. But Nasif did not heed. His red shepherd's cap had fallen from his dusky hair; his cloak of blue flapped loosely in the breeze; and he dreamed—he dreamed of the ships upon the sapphire sea.

He murmured passionately,

"O ships!"
"O ships that sail to freedom!—
Nasif longs for thee——"

His voice stopped impatiently; he frowned and beat his heavy wooden clogs impatiently upon the stones.

He cried again,

"O ships!"
O ships that sail to freedom,
The heart of a boy longs for thee——"

And he stopped again, this time to smile with the joy of creation.

"The heart of a boy longs for thee
As a maiden longs for her lover."

Over and over he murmured his dream as a child cons a lesson; for he loved the sonorous lilt of the words. Presently he took his odd little reed pen from the ink-horn that he had carried in his girdle ever since his school days in the house of the Maronite priests, and there in the noonday sun he wrote down his dream of the ships, his pen lingering lovingly over the graceful Arabic lettering.

When it was done, he rose up and hid it in a sheep's skin in a hollow tree with all his other dreams—the dreams of the heart of a boy. There were dreams of the morning, jubilant with hope; there were dreams of the noonday, ardent with longing; there were dreams of the evening, fraught with ineffable sadness—queer little fragments of verse, crude and halting, yet lovely, all of them crying for liberty and freedom, all of them youthfully tragic.

SUDDENLY he heard the sharp yelping of his Kurdish dogs. Shaggy and black as young bears they were, frantically bounding over rocks. The boy shaded his eyes from the sun and looked searchingly down the pathway. He put out his left hand and grasped his crook; his right hand flew to the knife in his girdle, for he could see a man clambering up the hillside. As the traveler drew nearer he dropped his hand from his knife. He could see that the man wore European clothes—perhaps it would be some one from the mission. He hurried forward to meet him.

"Bass baqua!" he called impatiently to his dogs, and the yelping ceased abruptly.

"'Ow to do!" he yelled proudly in English. "'Ello, sir!"

The stranger laughed uproariously and cried out in Arabic: *"Nasif El Shekkour! Nasif El Shekkour! Salim Aleik!"* [Peace be unto thee.]

Nasif stopped short in amazement. Surely this was the voice of his friend, Jebbour Shemaun, who had run away in the springtime three years before! They sprang into each other's arms, the slender boy in rough shepherd's clothes, the sturdy young man, stiffly garbed like the English. Their words tumbled recklessly, now Arabic, now English. Questions leaped out unanswered, because the two must stop to clasp each other's hands.

"I have mourned thee as dead!" cried Nasif passionately. "I have longed for thee always. I have——"

Jebbour laughed, his strong white teeth flashing. "Nasif," he answered, "I haf also longed—where evaire thad I ees, me, I theenk—whad mighd Nasif be doin'. Een thad land of Ameer-ca, you haf my heart on a streeng!"

"Ameer-ca!" gasped Nasif. "You haf been een Ameer-ca!"

"Een Ameer-ca—the gem of the ocean!" laughed Jebbour, waving his hat oratorically. "Seet down while thad I tole you. The seats ees free," he teased; "don' hang on a stra-ap!"

Nasif paled angrily.

"I haf nod the profeeciency thad I ondestan' so mooch ee-diom," he began stiffly. "I theenk we weel haf to talk een Arabeeck."

"La tawakhizna!" [Don't be offended!] Jebbour interrupted. "Eet ees so mooch joy to see you thad I laugh too mooch. Seet down."

AND all through the long afternoon they sat, pouring out their hearts to each other, drinking in each other's words, while Jebbour told the marvelous tale of his wanderings—how he had crept as a stowaway into a ship at Beirut, how he had worked his way across the seas to New York, and how he had prospered there as a clerk in an Oriental bazaar.

"Now I haf coom back," he boasted proudly; "I haf foun' my mothaire an' my sistaire; I weel take them to thad land. Syree-ah—I lofe her—but—but" And Nasif's hand closed over his friend's in ready sympathy; for Jebbour had fled from Syria, an outcast, because his father had been hanged on a false charge of treason.

"For thee—weeth thy fathaire so honored an' hees great flocks to sustain thee," began Jebbour, after a moment of silence, "Syree-ah mus' evaire be fair; but for me——"

Nasif sprang up quickly; he was quivering with emotion.

"Haf you nod heard?" he demanded. "Haf you nod heard, Jebbour? Abu Nasif, my fathaire, ees dead—of a fever he ees dead las' year. Butrus, the tax-gatherer, haf put before the governor of Beirut a false bill of the possessions of my fathaire. He swears thad my fathaire ees made over to heem all hees flocks, hees 'ouse, an' hees lease to hees land!

"An' we may do notheeng. We haf journey to the governor, but he weel nod leesten ad us. Ad me he weel nod leesten—he say thad I am onlee sees een year attain, an' too young thad I ondestan' beesness. Ad my mothaire he weel nod leesten—he say: What do woman know of these affair?' An' when thad Abu Abdu, the brothaire of my mothaire, ees go an' beseech—eet ees also een vain—the governor haf heem arres' for deesturbance!

"Butrus, then, haf take away our flocks; he ees to-day dwellin' een our 'ouse. These here are nod the flocks of my fathaire thad I watch—I am onlee a hired goatherd—me, Nasif El Shekkour——" He flung out his arms passionately. "Allah has send me onlee sorrow and theengs woeful!"

"Thad's fierce!" exploded Jebbour. "Thad's damn fierce! Thad's jus' leeke theengs go een thees land! Een Ameer-ca you could haf Butrus put up een the To-ombs!" He nodded solemnly. "That's whad you could!"

"Eet ees nod thad I am a coward!" broke in Nasif eagerly. "Often here een the silence I theenk me 'ow I weel keel Butrus. Whad eef I do?" He shrugged his shoulders. "Then weel I myself be keeled, an' also put een a to-omb leeke as he. An' 'ow weel Umn Nasif, my mothaire, live eef thad I go dead?"

"I nod mean thad you keel any man," explained Jebbour politely. "Eet ees nod of a grave I speak, but of a jail—eet ees a jail by p'leecemans guarded. The weecked leeke Butrus ees all lock up een the To-omb een N'York—an' eef they grow still mor' weecked they ees put een a dungeon call Seeng Seeng. The good"—his teeth flashed joyously—"the good haf no trouble een Ameer-ca—they always geet all thad ees comin' ad them!"

"Eet ees nod so een thees land," answered Nasif sadly. "Eet ees nod onlee me an' my mothaire. Umn Nasif, thad suffer. Ali an' his brothaire haf been lock up een prison; Nicola"—he drew a long, shuddering breath—"Nicola—they haf crucify! Efery day we haf hear of some one thad ees suffer eenjus'ice." He stretched out his arms pathetically. "I weep for us all, Jebbour—thees ees a mos' cruel land!"

Jebbour put his arms across the boy's shoulders sympathetically. "Coom back weeth me!" he pleaded. "Come back weeth me, Nasif El Shekkour!"

"Do nod temp' me," begged Nasif. "Thad ees all thad I theenk of sometimes. Onder the skies an' the stars, I long an' long to go. But 'ow weel my mothaire live—'ow weel I myself go? I haf nod yet enough monee thad one may go. I theenk I weel nevaire haf enough!" he ended despondently.

"Thad's all righd," interrupted Jebbour, a gleam of business coming to his shrewd eyes. "Thad's all righd, Nasif. Leesten ad me. You speak ver' nice En'leesch—weeth mooch profeeciency. Tanous, who sell the teeckets ad the ships, he weel geeve you a chance to go as escort for many of those thad may nod speak En'leesch. I myself weel speak ad heem of you, an' I myself weel make up the res' of whad you haf een monee, thad your mothaire may go also. Thad's all righd—thad's ver' swell, eh?"

Nasif stared at him, his dark eyes growing wide with hope, his broad nostrils dilating with emotion.

"Je'bour! Jebbour!" he breathed in Arabic. "Art thou in truth my friend or only a dream?"

And Jebbour put his hands upon the boy's shoulders again; his own eyes were shining with joy.

"Eet ees the sures' theeng you know," he laughed. "Eet ees whad we een Ameer-ca say ees a cinch!"

THE pet sheep, long neglected, playfully pushed his head against Nasif's knee. The boy stared down at the gayly decked beast and sighed.

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"Weel you fin' flocks thad I may ten' een N'York?" he asked anxiously.

Jebbour's guttural laugh rang out upon the hillside until the Kurdish dogs sprang up in wonder, and the silly sheep stopped their incessant grazing to stare; he laughed until he could laugh no more and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Nasif! Nasif!" he stammered. "'Ow thad ees funnee! That ees the mos' funnee theeng thad I haf evaire hear! Eet ees comic leeke a the-ahtre. Oxcuse thad I laugh, bud"—he rocked himself in anticipatory glee of the great joke he was about to utter—"leesten ad me. Nasif El Shekkour, *eet gets my goat to hear of flocks een N'York!*"

Nasif sighed wearily. This was idiom too subtle for his comprehension; he only knew that he could not endure mirth in such a time as this.

"Do nod laugh," he begged tremulously; "eet ees nod funnee for me. 'Ow weel I live? 'Ow weel Umn Nasif, my mothaire, live? I can nod go; I mus' stay where thad I may fin' bread!"

Jebbour's laughter ceased, and he contemplated the sheep thoughtfully; when he spoke, he spoke in Arabic.

"Nasif," he asked, "do you still write in Arabic, as you did in our school days? Or have you forgot, now that you have learned English? Do you make poems and songs as you used to do?"

Nasif hung his head.

"I nod write een En'leesch," he whispered; "thad ees too hard for me. Bud een Arabeeck"—his eyes kindled—"een Arabeeck—yes! Eef I could nod!—ah, then there weel be no joy een my heart!"

Jebbour sprang up excitedly.

"Then thad's all righd," he cried out. "Thad's ver' nice! You weel haf one nice job. You weel write—you weel efery day write for *Lisan El Hal* [*Tongue of the Times*]. Thad's the mos' bes' Arabeeck paper een N'York. Me, I know Elias Tabet, thad eeditor. Believe me, Nasif, he haf sometime pay one man so mooch as ten dollar een one week. For heem weel you write, an' thus weel you live!"

Nasif gazed at his friend blankly, and then stared across the sea, now purple and gold in the setting sun. The sunset breeze came out of the west and sighed through the cedars. The sheep were drawing nearer to the fold, the wee lambs whimpering beside the ewes. But the shepherd had forgotten them. His dark eyes overflowed; he flung himself into Jebbour's arms and wept.

"Allah has sent thee!" he cried. "Allah has sent thee, a deliverer! Jebbour Shemaun, thou art the savior of my soul!"

Jebbour patted him tenderly.

"Save tears for times of sadness!" he said naïvely. "Thees ees a moment for laughin'!"

Nasif lifted his head, the light of joy shining through his tears. Far out upon the sea the sails flashed like copper in the sunset. The boy stretched out his hands to them, and his dream of the noonday came back. His lips moved silently.

"O ships that sail to freedom,"

he murmured. The cadence of his song swept through his soul like fire.

"O ships that sail to freedom!"

he cried in ecstasy.

"Wings of the soul art thou!
The heart of a boy longs for thee
As a maiden longs foor her lover.
The soul of a man goes out to thee,
O ships that sail to freedom!"

II

THE stairway was very dark, but at the top the light shone brightly through the letters on the translucent glass of the door. The double lines of delicate Arabic lettering were as clearly marked as the blunt English below them, and they both announced that this was the office of *Lisan El Hal*, and underneath in smaller script was:

"N. E. Shekkour, Editor."

A visitor sprang up the stairway briskly, like one accustomed to the passage. He was stout, he was panting with excitement, and he burst through the doorway without knocking.

"Nasif!" he cried sharply, letting the door bang shut in the evening breeze, "you ees th' beeges' fool een N'York!"

The man at the littered desk lifted his head and smiled. He was still very boyish. His tumbled hair and dusky eyes were as lovely as a woman's; his olive-tinted skin gleamed softly in the shaded green light; but his lips and jaws were so stern that they seemed almost ugly, and there was the glint of battle in his eyes.

"Haf a chair," he said politely. "Eet ees warm for you to stan', Jebbour."

Jebbour sat down heavily. He was no longer slender; he was very fat, he was very prosperous, he was crafty and shrewd, and above all angry.

"Ees eet for thees thad I haf eenves' my monee?" he thundered. "Ees eet for thees thad I haf——"

"You haf the preeveelege thad you weethdraw your monee," suggested Nasif quietly. "You haf a righd to do so."

"*Schud!*" cried out Jebbour. "Thad ees mor' fooleesch yet. Who weel believe thad I haf? Evaire deed any one believe een thad othaire case thad I was nod responseeble, thad I deed nod approve of your veesionary scheme? You an' your 'Freedom for Syree-ah'! You an' your mectin's thad cry, 'Down weeth the Sultan!' Thad's whad ees eenjure my business t'ousan' dollars' worth, two years ago! An' jus' thad I am gettin' over thad ole fooleeschness because thad people ees nod longer remember eet, whad does Abla, my sistaire, tell me? Thad you ees about to naturalize—thad you weel tell efery one thad they also should do thad!"

Nasif was very quiet; he shut his jaws tightly and nodded.

"I haf mooch gratitude of you, haf I nod?" demanded Jebbour scornfully. "I take you, a goatherd off the hillsides an' pastures, seven years ago; I geeve you a chance to live. When thad I haf monee save, I buy for you thees paper. When thad my sistaire ees grown I haf promise thad you may marry weeth her. And efery time thad you mighd help me, whad do you do? Some fooleesch theeng thad hurt my business fierce! Thees time you shall nod! Eet shall nod be permit! I weel nod allow thad you do any mor' of such fooleeschness!"

Nasif arose, very tall and very slender, his eyes flashing hotly.

"Thees time I weel do as I haf always," he cried clearly. "I weel do as I weel! Do you nod know een your heart," he went on more quietly, "thad you an' your business interests ees as notheeng compare weeth the good of our people? Ees eet posseeb' that you theenk eet ees mor' necessary thad you should sell your mecserab' treenkets out of Syree-ah eento N'York than thad the hearts of our people weel be free? Ees eet——"

"Eet ees!" thundered Jebbour wildly. "I am nod buyin' an' sellin' thees theengs thad you call hearts—I am sellin' merchandise thad I buy een the Orient; an' I am the owner of the beeges' Arabeeck paper een N'York Ceety! An' you know, Nasif El Shekkour, thad thad paper can nod offend Turkey. Where weel my business go eef eet goes? You weel haf me nod onlee refuse entrance ad the ports of Turkey—you weel haf me condemn by proclamation!"

HE crept over and turned the key in the door; his voice sank lower.

"Let us ondestan'," he whispered. "See whad I haf receive thees day."

He unfolded the papers and spread them out upon the desk. Nasif bent over them, exulting unconsciously in the beautiful Arabic script, and slowly read the letter that had come from the Maronite priest in Beirut:

My patriarch empowers me to say that unless the attacks in *Lisan El Hal* against his Imperial Highness cease, you, Jebbour Shemaun, principal owner of that paper, and one Nasif El Shekkour, editor of the same, shall both be condemned under article 66 of the Criminal Code, and shall be arrested by any official of the government, military or civil, if you ever come within their jurisdiction. If, however, you will promise to stop attacking the Turkish government and earnestly urge the loyal support of all good Syrians, the matter of the exit and entry of your goods from and to this port will be amicably arranged, and I am fairly safe in promising you that within six months the title of Bey will be conferred upon both of you.

Nasif put the paper down, the light of battle shining in his eyes.

"You see," whispered Jebbour stealthily, "you see whad you haf been doin'! I haf nod mean to show you thees, bud I haf becoom so angr-ree thad I can nod hol' myself—me—an' on my way to talk ad you I buy a paper. What do I see? Eeditorial thad say we can nod evaire hope thad een our lifetime theengs weel be better on thad othaire side of the sea! Thad freedom for Syree-ah ees a vain theeng—thad eef we weel stay ad thees land of Ameer-ca, onder the protection of thees star-spangl' flag, we mus' swear allegiance to eet!

"*Schud!*" sputtered Jebbour. "Thad ees pretty talk for a man thad a leetle while back ees yellin' 'Freedom for Syree-ah! Freedom for my people thad I lofe!' You haf nevaire hear me shoutin' such fooleeschness! Me, I know thad een all land eet ees the same; eet ees each man for heemself—you ees onlee a veesionary fool! An' eef I deed nod always take care thad your fooleeschness ees explain, where would you be? Back tendin' goats on mountains een Lebanon—jus' where ad you were seven years ago—hungree an' poor!

"Now, whad you goin' to do, eh? Accordin' to the size of hees carpet weel a man stretch hees legs, an' your carpet, Nasif El Shekkour, ees mooch smaller as you theenk! Eet eesn't beeg enough for such a fooleeschness."

He was tramping wildly about the little room, flinging his fat arms excitedly. "Now whad you goin' to do?" he demanded menacingly, as he stopped in front of the desk.

"What I choose," answered Nasif steadily, "nod whad any man weel say ad me! We haf talk too mooch, us, I theenk. I haf tole you I weel be ver' happy to pay to you all thad you haf eenves' een thees paper—weeth whad I haf an' whad I may borrow of my friends, I weel do thad to-morrow. Bud I weel nevaire say to any man whad I weel print een thees paper. When thad I hear of outrages and massacres, thad ees the work of the Sultan, an' I weel say thad to my people—thad he ees a weecked man an' mus' die—thad hees governmen' mus' be attack!

"Eef any time I can make those people see eenjustice, I weel do eet! Eef eet seem to me thad Syree-ah nod know how to rule herself, thad she need the protection of the powers,—the banishmen' of her misrulers,—thad I weel print een beeg, ver' beeg letters. An', now thad I see thad eet ees wise an' just thad I take my naturalizin' papers here een thees land that haf sheltered me, I weel tell efery man thad I haf an' thad I theenk he haf a righd to do thad also! Thees you weel know now, Jebbour Shemaun!"

Jebbour eyed him craftily.

"Thad ees ver' well," he answered slowly; "bud you mus' stop an' theenk of the othaire side two moments. Suppose thad you do becoom Ameer-can—'ow can you help these people thad you say you lofe? Eh? Surely, eef thees people thad ees een N'York can prosper an' go back an' build nice 'ouses een Syree-ah, an' live there, an' teach the people good government, they weel haf mooch power—eh? Suppose thad you do as

(*Continued on page 24*)



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THE PLAYGROUND OR THE SCHOOL?

BY WOODS HUTCHINSON, A.M., M.D.

IT is natural to have a high opinion of the work of our own hands. The children of our brains are as surpassingly fair and as boundlessly promising as the children of our bodies. That which comes of itself through the bounty of nature we have little opinion of; partly because, through sheer mental inertia, we think nothing about it, and partly because it cost us nothing. There is a world of wisdom in the quaint saying of that rural philosopher, Josh Billings, "Whut people gits for nuthin they gin'rally vallies at about whut they give for it." And yet, the most precious things are those that cost us nothing, like air, sunshine, and water; and we never value them until, by our senseless worship of the things of our own creation, like houses and streets, we are in danger of being deprived of them.

Even so it is in our estimate of the playground as compared with the school-room, or the school of play as against that of desks and blackboards. The one is our natural heritage, and we take it as a matter of course, holding it at best in a sort of scornful toleration, never dreaming of its priceless value. The other we have made ourselves at much pains and with infinite stupidity. Moreover, it has cost us money, that most precious of all earthly things, and, like Aaron's golden calf, we have made it into a fetish, and bow down and worship before it. The gods of our own making are those we most devoutly worship.

Grass and Geraniums Instead of Children

THE popular idea of a playground is simply an open space surrounding a school building and required to set off its proportions to due advantage. If there happens to be a spare corner of this that can be utilized for the children to play on, well and good; if not, they must be satisfied with the street. Worse yet, in our absurd worship of the defects instead of the merits of our educational systems, such portions of it as might have been valuable for play purposes, if they happen to lie prettily toward the street, are seeded down to grass or disfigured with flower-beds. Grass and geraniums are very pretty in their place, but to see them growing as a substitute for children makes one's fingers itch to get at them with a grub hoe. Grass growing in a school yard is as severe a reflection upon the intelligence of the community as its appearance in the middle of the main street would be upon its commercial prosperity.

In short, we are worshiping and exalting to the very heavens the little ten or fifteen per cent. of finishing and varnishing of body, mind, and character which we have invented ourselves, and ignoring or depreciating the eighty or ninety per cent. which the great silent forces of nature carry out without our help.

I have no hesitation in declaring that, under modern conditions, the playground is far more important than the school-room, and that, if I had to choose for my child between a school-house without any playground and a playground without any school-house, I should unhesitatingly select the latter.

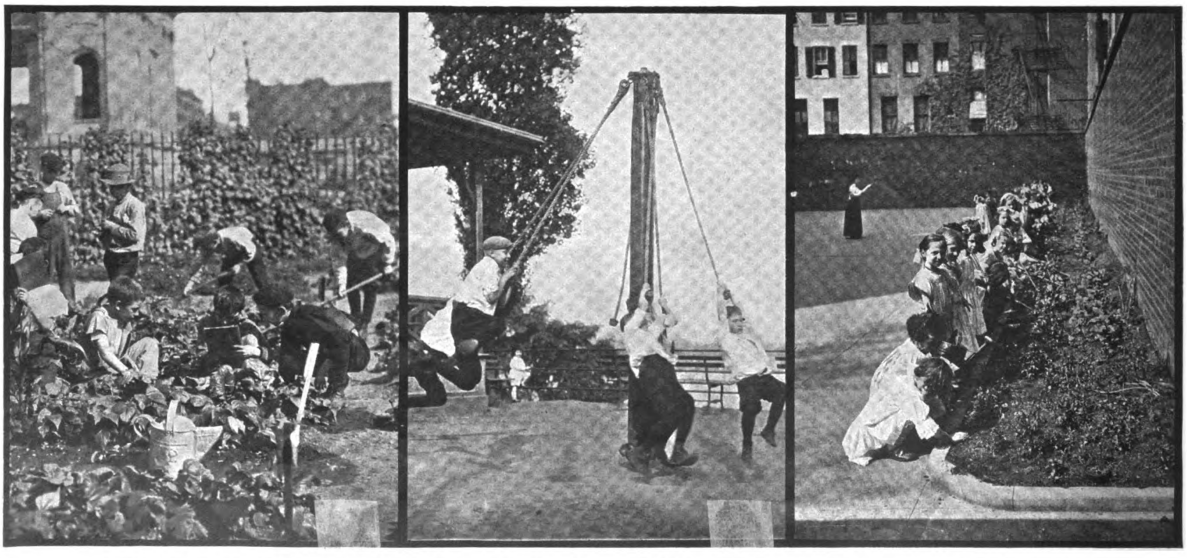
The chief trouble is that we attach far too narrow a meaning to the term education. To "get an education" is to go to school, and so persistently have we concentrated our attention upon this small percentage of the whole that we have come to regard nothing as education except what is got in the school-room. The education of a child begins with his first cry and continues until he is thirty or forty years of age. His school life touches, on an average, only about ten years of this period, and, counting vacations, only about one third of his waking hours during this ten years.

The problem of the old education was how to make the training of this one third of ten years, or one ninth of the total period of education, as different as possible from the remaining eight ninths. The problem of the new education is to make it as completely in harmony as possible. Stripped of its externalities, this is the battle between the classical and the modern view of education—between the classics and the sciences.

The Battle Between the Classics and the Sciences

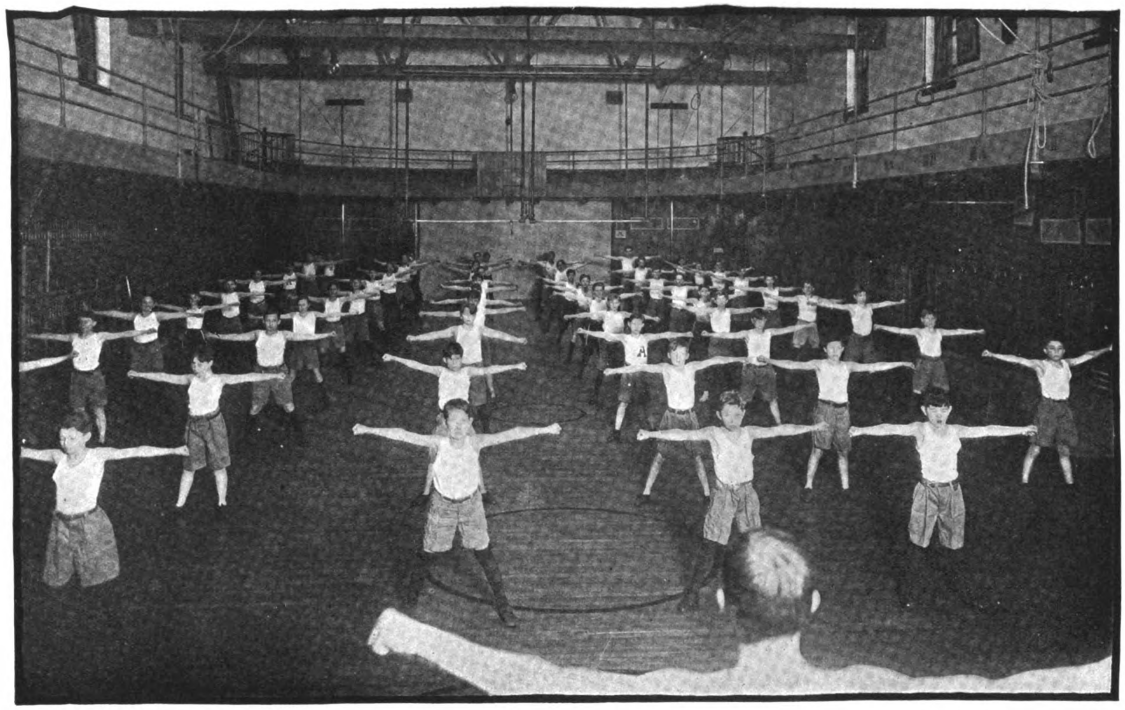
FROM the point of view of the scientist, the aim of the old classical education, which we have slavishly followed until within the past quarter of a century, was to make, *not* a worker, but a scholar and a gentleman. There is truth in the general complaint that the old education spoiled men for manual labor—it was meant to. Its deliberate aim was the creation of a class that should be marked by its superiority to the rest of humanity, and the chief value of its interesting product was that he was "different." It accordingly laid great stress upon those subjects which were not only of no use,—perish the very thought of such profanation,—but of no interest except after prolonged training in enduring them. Hence the classics easily won first place in its curriculum. It had no intention of increasing either the happiness or the efficiency of the great mass.

The battle between the classics and the sciences is one between two totally different ideals. The ideal of the classics was culture, superiority. The ideal of



"Here in the playground the chief credit is given to initiative, vigor, and individual aggressiveness. The picture on the left shows the boys playing in their garden, subconsciously studying the ever-changing processes of nature. The single-rope swing in the center teaches some of the primary principles of physics. While the girls on the right are exercising their instinctive reasoning in garden-making"

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"The tendency of the entire massive system, with its large classes, its drill, its discipline, is to make puppets out of children instead of live men and women. It crushes individuality, promotes uniformity, and dwarfs the reasoning powers"

the sciences is service, brotherliness. As one of the means to the symmetrical development of human powers, the scientist has no quarrel with the classics. As an idol to be worshiped or a shibboleth to be set up, he has nothing but a sledge-hammer, and never will have as long as two fragments of the image hang together.

The first step toward making this one ninth of our education harmonious with the other eight ninths is that the school-room should recognize its limitations. This is precisely what it is most unwilling to do. There are few dissenting voices among those who have made a careful study of both the physical and the mental aspects of the problems of education, that a large share of the boasted triumphs of the school-room have been achieved without its aid—in fact, some of them in spite of it.

But the blind conceit of the school-room is something almost incredible. It insists upon full credit for the whole mental and moral development of the child, and the utmost that it can be brought to do as regards his physical development is to grudgingly grant an hour or two of daylight per diem to be "wasted" in play. It regards itself as broad-minded and even generous when it concedes certain little skimped-out hours, called recesses, for the gratification of the play instinct. And it usually fights vigorously against every attempt at reducing the term of the child's daily imprisonment at hard labor, and of rationalizing the methods of study and the curriculum. The child was made for the school-room, and wherever the interests of the two appear to clash it is so much the worse for the child.

Worse than this, the spirit of the school-room—which is, of course, a direct inheritance of the monk and the priest, who were the earliest formal teachers—not only refuses to harmonize with the natural instincts and tendencies of the child, but regards them as injurious and to be corrected at every possible point.

The child takes to play; therefore he can acquire merit, both mental and moral, by being shut up indoors five hours out of his available eight. The child loves to be in constant motion; therefore it is meritorious to sit perfectly still, as near upright as possible, without even the God-given privilege of wriggling. The child sees through a thing like a flash, then tires of it and wants to go on to something else. The average grown-up thinks that the child is just as slow and stupid as he is, and insists that it is for his good to be compelled to stick to a subject at least ten or fifteen minutes after he has tired of it.

School Hours Might be Cut Down Fifty Per Cent.

THE superiority of the playground over the school-room for the physical development of the child is so obvious to all except the teaching force that it needs no support or even illustration. The chief function of the school-room in the physical development of the child is a negative one—to keep out of its way as much as possible; to perform its proper and necessary share in education, with as little interference with its natural life in the open air as can reasonably be planned.

Nearly all intelligent students of the problem, whether from the hygienic or the pedagogic point of view, are now unanimously agreed that the present school hours are unnecessarily and irrationally long—that they might be cut down from thirty to fifty per cent., not merely with benefit to the health of the child, but with an actual increase in the rapidity of his mental progress. Children who are kept out of school altogether until nine or ten years of age, or who, on account of health, are allowed to attend only half time, one session a day, are almost invariably not only up with children of their age by their thirteenth or fourteenth year, but usually a little ahead of them; and I have never known a "half-timer" of this sort who failed to keep up with his or her class.

The must stubborn opposition to the shortening of school hours comes, not from the teachers, but from the intelligent tax-payer who wants to get the value of his money, and from busy mothers who want the children taken off their hands. The school of play would meet both these objections.

Part of the money a school of play would cost in playgrounds it would save in school-houses, as these could be used for two, even three, relays of children each day.

We are trying to teach altogether too much in the school-room nowadays, crowding the child's mind with an over-amount of superficial information upon an absurd variety of subjects—as if it were a case of now or never, and we were provisioning him for a caravan journey through an intellectual desert all the rest of his life.



"The moment the children begin to use their hands to some purpose, even if it is only to dig holes in the sand or to make mud-pies, their minds are beginning to improve"

(Continued on page 25)

The New Idea in Education

THE idea of the new education is exactly the reverse—to teach the child the use of the tools of his mind, and make their use so interesting to him that he will go on and learn new trades and new accomplishments of his own accord. Instead of impressing him with the ridiculous man-milliner's idea that his education is finished when he graduates, it teaches him that his education began long before he entered the school-room and will continue for decades after he leaves it. How to give education this carrying power, so that the boy or girl will not only be in love with it, but will go on with it after commencement without even feeling the break, is the vital pedagogic problem of the day.

Nowadays the admission that a given method is physically superior carries with it at least a presumption of its favoring mental development also. Whatever attitude we may take in the old-as-the-world squabble about the superiority of mind over matter or matter over mind, it is universally admitted that mind has a broad and most necessary material or physical basis. The tools of the mind—the eye, the ear, the hand, the memory, the brain, and the nervous system—are supplied by and made of matter; and to keep them in the best possible condition, both of vigor and of keenness, is only common prudence. But the relation between the two goes much further and deeper than this, and when a child is developing his body in vigorous muscular play or healthful and reasonable amounts of bodily labor, he is developing his mind also.

The very first thing that is done with defective children, in our intelligently devised modern schools for their care, is to try to teach them the proper and purposeful use of their hands and limbs. The moment that one of them begins to handle a knife or a pair of scissors or a saw to some purpose, or even to dance gracefully, his mind is beginning to improve.

Muscular Training is Mental Training

IT is astonishing how long and completely we have managed to shut our eyes to the fact that a large part of so-called muscular training, whether in the shop or on the playground, is really mental training. Give a boy, for instance, two or three pieces of board, and tell him to make a box of certain dimensions out of them. Instantly he takes out his rule, and proceeds first to calculate with his eye which of the pieces would be best suited to make the bottom, which the sides, which the top. These visual estimates are verified by actual measurement.

Then begins the problem of getting them together. First, they must be sawed to precisely the right dimensions and at the right angles in order to make them fit together. For this a so-called "true eye" is required, and comes only by repeated experiences. Then, when they are to be planed and trimmed down, the direc-

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Only the Brave Deserve the Fare

INTERLUDES

LITERARY NOTES

MESSRS. TINKER, BELL AND COMPANY announce for publication this fall a volume of poems entitled "Chirpings of a Jail-Bird," by Thomas Maginnis, late of Willamensing Prison. Mr. Maginnis was recently pardoned while serving a fifteen-year sentence at Willamensing for second-story work, by Governor Google, who was moved to clemency by the author's sonnet, "The Eternity of Beans," which appeared in *Wimple's Magazine* last May. Mr. Maginnis's verses were all written between-meals at Willamensing, with the end of a burnt match on the walls of his cell, and are said to reflect with considerable power the atmosphere of his environment.

"Great Mugs I Have Lathered" is the title of a volume of reminiscences of Washington life shortly to be published by the Dubbs Publishing Corporation of Weehawken, written by G. Rastus Dusenberry, the octogenarian barber of the New Squillard at the Capital. The reminiscences are said to be very racy, and give intimate portraits of eminent statesmen Mr. Dusenberry has shaved during the past sixty years. The chapter on "Chins, Past and Present," in which Mr. Dusenberry contrasts the motive power of modern orators like Bryan, Sulzer, and James Hamilton Lewis with those of Webster, Stephen A. Douglas, and other famous spellbinders, is said to be most stimulating.

The popular series of papers entitled "The Confessions of a Cop," written by Officer Number 987609-876, of the New York Strong Arm Squad, presumably a *nom de guerre*, which have been running for the past two years in the *Hectic Magazine*, will be published this autumn in a fresh and larger edition by Messrs. Muckh, Rakh, and Company, of West Philadelphia. Seven editions of this interesting work have already been bought up *en bloc* by certain individuals mentioned in the chapter on "Great Grafters at Home," presumably for private distribution.

Professor Dubbleigh Slabsides, of the University of Journalism at Congo, New Hampshire, will issue his delightful lectures on "How To Make Fresh Humor Out of Antique Jests" in book form next month through the Jay Press of Watkins Glen. Those who heard Professor Slabsides' informal talk before the Rockernegie Institute of Humor last winter on "Originality Through Research" will be delighted to hear that this lecture, revised and improved, is included in this little volume, which is to be the first in a series of text-books to be published under the editorship of the distinguished Professor of Parasitic Literature.

Henry Wintringham Botts, until recently a conductor on the Broadway surface cars, has written and the Bumpleton Publishing Company are about to publish "The Punched Nickel—a Romance of To-day," that is said by those who have read it to be a notable addition to American literature, if not indeed the long-looked-for American Novel. The story is, in fact, a chapter out of the author's own life, and tells most naïvely of his own courtship and marriage of Mrs. Templeton Squidge, the widow of the millionaire California Junk Contractor, whom Mr. Botts met for the first time on the car he was conducting at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway, permitting her to pay her fare with a punched nickel, contrary to the rules of the company, whence the title of the novel. The readers of the Bumpleton Publishing Company say that Mr. Botts' style flows limpidly along, quite suggesting a New York trolley-car in the easy rhythm of its movement.

IN MERRIE ENGLAND

"I LIKE you, my boy," said the Cautious Father, "but when you ask me for my daughter's hand I must ask the question—do you think you can support her in the style to which she is accustomed?"

"Well," said the young man, gazing thoughtfully at his toes, "if she will go off on a hunger strike once in a while I think I can manage it."

FROM A JESTER'S NOTE-BOOK

WE started to write a Sonnet on the extraordinary phenomenon of a Butterfly Seen On Broadway the other day, but when we came to think the thought over it didn't seem so much of a phenomenon, after all. Broadway and Grub Street, in the last analysis, aren't so very far apart!

Our idea of the most futile proceeding in the world is that of an Indian tracking a bald man through the dense and thorny underbrush of the forest, up steep hills, through deep vales, across parching deserts, and over raging torrents, in order to add the fugitive's scalp to his collection.

Bildad says that "if you want to pull the leg of a man with a cork limb you'd better go armed with a corkscrew." We mention this observation of his merely to show the depths of imbecility to which an ordinarily intelligent clubman will descend under the influence of a prolonged spell of hot weather.

A Chicago lady says that every human soul has a tree affinity, and that the trees themselves have their likes and dislikes. We do not know just how true this little bit of philosophizing may be; but, for ourselves, we must confess that, while we try always to be the soul of honor, and to consort only with lofty spirits, when it comes to trees in the summer-time we have a distinct preference for those of shady character.

A Newport hair-dresser is said to have announced that she will shampoo her customers' heads with a vacuum-cleaner. There is a more or less subtle implication here that we really prefer not to dwell upon; but, just the same, we wish the same instrument might come into use in the barber-shops of some of our State capitals!

Women's clothes have always been more or less symptomatic of the condition of the money market, so it is with some apprehension that people who live on borrowed capital learn that next year the ladies' skirts will be tighter than ever. This would seem to indicate the imminence of some pinch!

A New Jersey Historical Society has erected a marker on the field of Monmouth where General Washington swore so effectively at General Lee. It is good to mark these historic spots, but in these utilitarian days how much more appropriate it would have been had these good people built a dam in the Delaware that could have been turned to some real account!

The Post-office Department has substituted the head of Jefferson for that of McKinley on the postal cards, which is perfectly proper. The Democratic party has a perfect right to spread the fame of its own bright particular stars, but, after all, what good old-line Democratic postmaster will take pleasure in canceling the noble features of Jefferson? Truly, it would have inspired more zeal in the subordinate staff had they put the lineaments of Rutherford B. Hayes thereon.

It has just come out that there is only twenty-three cents' worth of copper and nickel in four dollars and fifty-five cents worth of five-cent pieces—almost the precise proportions of the relative amount of Wurzburger and froth in the average glass that made Milwaukee famous.

It is all right to say "see America first," but, after all, it didn't seem to do Columbus much good. A dozen or more active-minded individuals who came along considerably later seem to have got all the cream in that particular cocoanut.

AT THE CAUCUS

"MADAME PRESIDENT," said Miss Matilda Battleface, rising and addressing the chair, at the caucus of the United Sisterhood of Suffragette Progressives, "I move you that, in the interest of economy, this caucus place in nomination the same ticket we had last year."

"I don't see exactly where the economy comes in, Miss Battleface," said the Chairman.

"Why," said Miss Battleface, "I understand from the secretary that we still have on hand ten thousand unused ballots left over from the last election, and by nominating the same ticket we shall save printing a lot of new ones."

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RICH MEN OF JAPAN

(Continued from Page 17)

"Having selected a business, a young man should strive to develop to the utmost the quality of determination. By so doing he will strengthen his will power and his self-control. Also, when he determines that a certain act is best to do, he should act on his conviction. I have found that the best way is to set a date for doing anything that I may believe to be advantageous, and on the appointed day to do it. Otherwise, the thing may never be done. This quality of determination is, I believe, the attribute that differentiates the successful from the unsuccessful man.

"In whatever business a young man may engage, he should be scrupulously honest and absolutely faithful to duty—as he should be honest and faithful also while working for others. Such habits soon become part of his nature, and quite a profitable part, too, when he is in business for himself.

"Also, young men who desire to be successful in business should resolve to content themselves with the essentials of life, and discard the vanities. This may seem commonplace advice, but it is not. I have practised it for fifty years, and I know.

"Don't depend upon others. Others may fail you because they are not as interested in doing for you as you should be in doing for yourself.

"Don't go into debt. If it is hard to pay to-day's bills to-day, it is not likely that it will be easier to pay to-morrow's bills and to-day's bills to-morrow. If your expenses are too heavy, cut them down.

"Save money always. Emergencies will surely arrive in which your thrift will stand you well in hand. Misfortune may come, and your savings will keep you from going into debt. Good fortune may come, and your savings will enable you to take advantage of business opportunities that would otherwise be beyond your reach.

"Any young man who will follow this advice will have a bright prospect."

This great Japanese financier has almost no amusements, as we understand the word. He has no automobile (though his son has one); plays no golf, though there are two courses near Tokyo; owns no yacht or summer home. He likes to invite a few friends to his tea-house,—a structure on his grounds apart from his house proper,—and there, for a few hours after their tea, tell them where and for how much he obtained each piece of ancient china or other bric-à-brac with which his house is decorated. Also, he likes to sing primitive Japanese war-songs. He has a strong voice, with little trace of music in it. When he is not chatting in the tea-house, or singing, he is, in his leisure hours, usually playing "go"—a game resembling chess. Most frequently he loses, but he is a good loser. With Yasuda, to lose is only to obtain a stronger desire to play again. Thus, the play often lasts until far into the night.

The Japanese Rockefeller

FOUR other Japanese share with Yasuda the financial honors of the kingdom. He does not share with them—they share with him. Most of them are richer than he is, but no one of them is so interesting as he is, because none of them has struggled so hard and accomplished so much as he has. The Japanese Rockefeller, Baron Hisaya Iwasaka, was born to the financial purple. And financial purple is interesting; but it is not so interesting as rags or homespun made into purple—made into purple with the sweated blood of the wearer; made into purple with the sweated blood of those who paid tribute to the wearer. In other words, while the world is interested in money, it is more interested in money and a man.

The Japanese Rockefeller is more interesting than many inheritors of the financial purple, because he has done something besides spend his money. Yet he is the Japanese Rockefeller only in the sense that he is the richest man in his country. In other respects he more nearly resembles George Gould. Both inherited their wealth. Both know how to handle what they inherited. Gould's legacy was railroads; Iwasaka's was steamships. The fortune of the family of which he is the head is estimated at $80,000,000.

The Baron was born in 1865. He is the son of the man who created the Japanese mercantile marine. Japanese merchant ships that the elder Iwasaka built ply the waters of the seven seas. Among the most important maritime corporations founded by the father is the Nippon Yusen Kaisha (Japanese Mail Steamship Company), whose ships steam between Yokohama and Seattle. Other lines controlled by the Baron extend to Melbourne, Bombay and Antwerp. The Iwasaka coast steamers go to every important port in Asia. The Baron is also extensively engaged in banking, mining, importing, exporting, and general merchandising. Like the great fortunes of America, the Iwasaka fortune is branching out until it is in contact with trade at almost every point.

In his fondness for mechanical pursuits Iwasaka doesn't resemble Cornelius Vanderbilt—Mr. Vanderbilt resembles him. Mr. Vanderbilt invented an improved firebox for a locomotive. Not only can Iwasaka own ships, but he can sail them, and, if necessary, build them. Iwasaka not only owns mines, but he has the technical knowledge that is necessary to conduct great mining operations. A Japanese banker is the authority for the statement that if Iwasaka were poor he could earn a good salary in any of the businesses in which he is engaged.

Iwasaka was educated in America and England. He dresses in European fashion. So does his wife. They have four children, two of whom are daughters. He was created a baron at the close of the war with Russia. The title was part of the pay he received for building war-ships that made good. No country gives a title to every good shipbuilder, but, in spite of these accomplishments, Iwasaka is interesting chiefly because he is Japan's richest man.

The Emperor Invites Fujita to Make Shoes for his Army

DENZARO FUJITA would be interesting even if he were Japan's poorest man. Fujita has done a number of things that were worth doing, and done them well. Fate made him look a little like Abraham Lincoln. The busy big brain at the top of his short, frail body has made him act a good deal like Charles M. Schwab. Fujita and Schwab were both born poor—Fujita in 1841. Fujita and Schwab are both in the iron and steel trade. Fujita and Schwab both take contracts from the government.

Fujita knows what it means to make a fortune, lose it, and make another. Fujita is not only a good steel man, but a good mining man, a big banker, and a bigger politician. When he talks politics, the Emperor often listens. When the Emperor talks politics, he often talks through Fujita. So do the Emperor's ministers. That is why all the people of Japan listen when Fujita talks politics. They always half suspect that he is speaking for the Emperor. All of which constitutes a good deal of eminence for a man who was born well down toward the bottom of the social pit.

If it had not been for politics, Fujita might still be where he started. The movement to overthrow the shogun and restore the present dynasty gave him his opportunity. Fujita became a political agitator, declaiming mightily against the shogun, pleading powerfully for the man whom he regarded as his rightful sovereign. If the shogun had won, Fujita might have been invited to commit suicide. But the shogun did not win, so the Emperor invited Fujita to help make shoes for the army.

Fujita was able to accept the invitation. As a contractor, he had saved a little money, and with this money he established himself in the shoe-manufacturing business. Many shoes were required to keep the Japanese army shod. There was a little profit on each shoe, and Fujita prospered.

The Emperor approved, and added to Fujita's profits by giving him contracts to help clothe and feed the army. A little later came a contract for ammunition. Then contracts came so rapidly that they outran Fujita's financial resources. So, in 1873, he brought in fresh capital by organizing a company to manufacture the supplies required by the government.

The company flourished, and Fujita flourished more than anybody else in the company. He was the largest stockholder. Profit piled high. New contracts came from the government: contracts for erecting public buildings; contracts for building breakwaters; contracts for erecting bridges; contracts for anything Fujita could do that the Emperor could turn his way. Fujita was a multimillionaire. From every point of view his patriotism had paid.

But prosperity brought its perplexities. The problem that confronted Yasuda, Rockefeller, Morgan, and Ryan arose to plague Fujita. Where should he reinvest his profits—the profits from his contracting business that his contracting business could not absorb? In banks? Very well. Fujita established banks. The banks made money. The more money the banks made, the larger became Fujita's problem: where should he reinvest his profits?

Twenty years ago this question came to Fujita, and he answered it by investing heavily in copper lands. He had what appeared to be a bonanza. No mines were in operation on his properties, nor was the ore especially rich, but the ore-carrying rock was of great extent. Once he began to take out ore, he could go on for a lifetime. Profits would roll in for a lifetime—so Fujita believed.

"The Man Who Lived 1,000 Years in the Mountains"

THE shafts were sunk, the machinery was installed, and the ore was taken out. But the ore that came from the depths was not so rich as the ore that came from nearer the surface; it was just enough leaner than the other ore to convert a mathematical profit into an actual loss. But Fujita, having a strong heart, plunged in instead of backing out. Money was hurled after money. Development work went on wherever it appeared that mining operations might pay. Development work went on until Fujita became first a light borrower and then a heavy one—went on until Fujita's creditors called a halt by refusing to make more loans.

Fujita was confronted with bankruptcy. Bankers were beginning to come, almost every day, to inquire when they could get their money. Some men might have shot themselves. Some men might have tried to rob somebody else. Fujita remained calm. Already the possessor of the greatest collection of Japanese pictures,—a collection valued at $1,000,000,—he chose this moment to buy more. With business at a standstill, he had time to turn to art. Pictures soothed. Certainly, he permitted nothing to ruffle him. If a banker came in anger to claim his own, he departed in peace without his own. Fujita's calmness seemed to inspire calmness in those who were not calm. Rich men came to believe in him as the poor people believed in him when they called him "the man who has lived a thousand years in the mountains and a thousand years in the sea." The poor people meant by this merely that Fujita was a man of vast experience, who had absorbed much general information. Such a man could be depended upon to do anything that could be done.

Fujita lived up to his reputation. He had a little luck, but he was entitled to it. About that time, improved methods for the reduction of copper ore were introduced in Europe and America. Fujita heard of these methods, sent an engineer to investigate them, installed them, and made his low-grade mines pay big profits. His fortune is now estimated at $10,000,000.

Young Sumitimo Inherits $40,000,000 from a Stranger

FUJITA, of course, was lucky. Improved smelting methods saved him. But how inconsequential seems his good fortune in comparison with that of Baron Kichizkemon Sumitimo, born poor in 1864, who is now worth $40,000,000.

The Baron's name, when he was born, was not Sumitimo. It was Sionji. The Sionji family had much blue in the veins, but little yellow in the purse. No family, except royalty itself, was more aristocratic. The various members were received at court by the Emperor. Marquis Sionji, formerly Prime Minister of Japan, is a brother of the present Baron Sumitimo.

This is how the Baron came to change his name: In 1892, the head of the great house of Sumitimo—one of the wealthiest in Japan—saw that he was about to die. He had two daughters, but no son. In Japan, no money is ever left to a daughter. If a rich man have no son, custom requires him to adopt one. Also, custom requires him to cut off the daughters with nothing and leave the adopted son everything.

Sumitimo did so. Young Sionji, then twenty-eight years old, favored once by fortune when he was born into the zone of a throne, was chosen to inherit $40,000,000 worth of copper mines, banks, and warehouses. One of the copper mines—the Besshi, on Shikoku Island—is said to be of almost fabulous richness. Nearly pure copper is found in layers. The mine has been extended until it runs under the sea, with the visible supply of copper as great as ever.

But Baron Sumitimo mines no copper, directs no banks, nor does anything else in the line of business. He has selected a gentleman named M. Suzuki to do all of these things for him. The Baron turns his talents to more congenial callings. In a way, he is a sort of social regenerator or reorganizer. It occurred to him, for instance, that the Japanese formal dinner was not as it should be. Perhaps he did not approve the fashion of sitting four or five hours at table. Maybe he did not approve of the employment of geisha girls to wait upon and entertain the guests. These speculations are those of a Japanese banker—not mine. At any rate, the Baron, a few years ago, astonished Osaka, where he lives, by giving a great dinner in European style, with no geishas, and the time cut to an hour and a half.

Japanese refer to this innovation as an



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"There's a Reason"

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indication of the Baron's "progressiveness." He gave another similar indication when he brought to Osaka, as the governess of his children, a woman who had been an attendant upon Queen Victoria. The Baron and Prince Simazu were the first Japanese to employ European governesses.

The Story of the Three Wells

BUT the Sumitimo good fortune has lasted for only one generation. The good fortune of the Mitsui family has lasted hundreds of years. "Mitsui" means, in Japanese, "three wells." Tradition has it that there were three open wells on a single farm; that a poor ancestor of those who now bear the name of Mitsui happened upon the wells; that he peered into one of them, and found it to be the treasury of a band of brigands; that he removed the gold, thereby becoming enormously wealthy, and was ever afterward known as "Mitsui."

The Mitsui family has so long been rich that no one knows when it was poor. Nor does anybody know how rich is the present family, which consists of eight members. A well-informed Japanese told me that Baron Hachiroemon Mitsui, the head of the family, was worth $300,000,000. Another Japanese, who seemed equally credible, placed the Baron's fortune at $150,000,000. The representative of one of the greatest banks in Japan said they were both wrong. He said the Mitsui family might be worth $150,000,000, but that the Baron's fortune was not more than $40,000,000.

The present head of the family was born in 1857. He was educated in New Brunswick and the United States. The title of baron came to him in recognition of aid given to the government during the war with China. The Mitsui Company, of which he is the head, is engaged in banking, shipbuilding, exporting and importing, and general merchandising. The company has branches in the chief cities of the world. But the Baron, like Mr. Sumitimo, has only a languid interest in business. The board of directors of the Mitsui Company is the real administrative force of the corporation. What little business the Baron does is transacted in his house.

Mitsui, like Yasuda, is fond of singing ancient Japanese war-songs. Unlike Yasuda, Mitsui's voice is not bad. Yasuda roars — Mitsui doesn't; Mitsui, in fact, sings quite well.

In considering these rich men of Japan, this thought comes: We learned only yesterday that the Japanese can sail and shoot, make and sell. To-day we know that they can accumulate great fortunes. A generation ago, the world's richest man was in Europe. Now he is in America. Will he always be in America or Europe?

In Tokyo is a street that is called "Kabutcho." In it are the banks and the stock exchange. It is the Japanese Wall Street.

WINGS OF THE SPIRIT

(Continued from page 19)

I say ees good—and tell all thees seex t'ousand Syree-ans thad ees een N'York thad they weel lofe their lan' an' nod meddle weeth the theengs of the Turkish government—the Sultan weel make you a Bey, an' by an' by you weel go 'ome to Lebanon to live—an' build for you an' Abla a ver' nice 'ouse weeth glass weendows—an' there weel you an' your sons dwell een honor een your ole age——"

NASIF drew a long breath and shut his eyes. He and Leila—darling, slender little Abla—and their sons dwelling in Lebanon!

Jebbour watched him closely, and then leaned back and sighed with relief.

"Now you see, eh?" he continued softly. "You go geet thad contrac' thad I haf made weeth you las' year, you seelly boy! We weel say thad I weel geeve you a mor' better salary, eh? An' then we weel go up ad my 'ouse an' see Abla. She ees waitin'—I tole her I ees breengin' you back for some Ameer-can spoonin', eh?"

Nasif got up very slowly. His dark eyes were filled with wonder and questioning; he sighed heavily. He fumbled clumsily at the drawer that held the contract. It would not pull easily, and when he tugged, it fell with a bang that sent all the papers slipping loosely over the floor. Jebbour, with much puffing, helped him gather them up.

"You ees all righd," he chattered, "when thad I tole you, Nasif; you ees leeke a seelly seeep eef I don'. Seems thad efery time thad I leave thees town you ees go off een some fooleeschness—*schud!* Thees time you geeve me a fierce scare!"

"I onlee try to theenk out whad ees bes'," answered Nasif wearily. "Jebbour, eet ees an awful theeng eef we do nod theenk out whad ees bes'."

"Thad's whad I ees tellin' you," asserted Jebbour jocularly. "Thad's whad I tole you when I feerst coom een thees room to-night—you ees so veesionary thad you can nod hardly tell whad ees bes'."

Nasif was picking up the last paper of all, a dingy thick piece of paper covered with Arabic scrawls. Across the top, in flourishing script, was written:

"A Dream of Nasif El Shekkour, Shepherd of Roma, Lebanon."

N. E. Shekkour, Editor, spread it out on the littered desk under the swinging electric light, and stared at it.

"'O ships that sail to freedom,"

he read,

"Wings of the soul art thou!
The heart of a boy longs for thee
As a maiden longs for her lover.
The soul of a man——"

NASIF got up swiftly and went over to the window. Never had the great city below him seemed more like a dream, not even on that first day when it had dazzled his boyish eyes. The dingy bit of paper made him a child again—a child on a hillside in Lebanon, cruelly oppressed. And this city of gleaming towers and bridges, spangled with glittering lights, was only a fancy. He stared past the lights toward the dark waters of the bay. Out there was the Liberty—the great statue that his boyish eyes had adored on the wonderful day when he first beheld it. Suddenly the city was no longer a dream; it was a wonderful, living creature that had held him and protected him, that had given him the freedom that his whole being craved. He wheeled abruptly upon Jebbour Shemaun.

"Tempt me not!" he cried out clearly in Arabic. "Tempt me not with your bribes of things that may be! Shall I sell my right to think, for a house in Lebanon? Shall I sell my right to speak, that I may be called Bey? Shall I, who have tasted freedom, tell other people that it is an idle thing—that they must stay in slavery? Jebbour, I will not!"

Jebbour gazed with terror at the sudden change in the man. "Do you mean thad you weel nod do whad I say?" he screamed.

"Me—I weel do as no man sav'," announced Nasif proudly. "From thees ver' minute I am Ameer-can ceetizen! Bud always weeth lofe unalterab' for my people who haf fled from a cruel land! I weel nevaire lie ad them, thad you may sell mor' treenkets. I weel nevaire lie ad them, thad I may live een a fin' 'ouse and wear fin' raiment. I weel nevaire lie ad them,"—his voice trembled,—"thad I may buy fin' theengs for Abla, star of my life, nor for any sons thad may coom to us een the days hereafter. An', whadevaire you may say, you or any othaire man,"—his words rang out valiantly now,—"eet weel nod alter me. I haf determin', Jebbour Shemaun!"

JEBBOUR sprang up wildly. He cursed as his Arab forefathers had been wont to curse upon the desert; he raged as an angry man rages when he knows he is thwarted; his guttural words tumbled raspingly, a jumble of Arabic and English. But Nasif sat unmoved, almost smiling—and in the midst thereof reached for a cigarette, lighted it, and watched the smoke slip out of the window and lose itself in the night.

"I weel be your enemy all the days of my life!" screamed Jebbour. "I weel make trouble pursue you——"

"I haf lofe you mooch as a frien'," replied Nasif calmly; "I weel honor you now weeth as mooch hatred as you deserve."

"I weel nod allow thad Abla weel evaire speak weeth you again," retorted Jebbour craftily.

"I weel nod onlee speak weeth her; I weel marry weeth her," answered Nasif. But his heart within him grew cold with sudden dread, for he knew that Abla must do as Jebbour willed.

Long after the door had banged, he sat alone, gazing out into the night, a curious light of victory in his beautiful eyes. Suddenly he reached across the desk and clasped the bit of paper reverently.

"The soul of a man goes out to thee—"

he murmured.

And then he tried it in English, smiling whimsically and sadly, as one smiles at some playful memory of one's beloved dead.

"Weengs of the speerit you ees,"

he faltered softly, his eyes upon the gleaming waters of the bay,

"Weengs of the soul you ees,
You boats thad breeng men to my ceety!"

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FROM THE JUNGLE TO THE ZOO

(Continued from page 13)

ness for both animals and men; but with the caged animals it is comparatively easy. The cages are hoisted by a crane into the hold of the ship, and the animals begin their sea voyage. Many exciting adventures take place on this embarkation, even with the caged animals. The traveling-cages being made of wood, the animals occasionally manage to break out.

On one occasion great care was taken in hoisting a big Nubian lion over the side of the ship. On the way up, the cage, owing to some unexpected jerk in the machinery, was thrown against the side of the ship; but things soon righted themselves, and the cage was safely lowered into the hold, and another animal hoisted up in the same manner. It was only when one of the attendants was seeing that the fastenings of the cages were secure that he saw that the first lion's cage was empty! On examination, it proved that the wooden bars of the cage must have been splintered in the blow against the side of the ship, and no doubt the lion, frightened and struggling to get out, had broken through and fallen into the sea. A search was made, but not a sign of the lion was to be seen. Whether he had, in the meantime, swum a little way out to sea, and then been drowned, could only be surmised.

Nearly All Wild Animals Get Seasick

NEARLY all wild animals are seasick, but they are not dangerously ill. After the first day or two they eat their food, and sleep fairly well. The close confinement, however, always tells upon them, and a dealer is thankful when the ship reaches its destination.

But this is seldom the destination of the animals. There is generally a railway journey after that. This does not take very long, but there are many and great difficulties attached to it. Very few wild animals will enter a railway truck. Those, of course, who are in cages are simply hoisted in by cranes or pushed in by trolleys. But the larger animals, such as elephants, camels, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, giraffes, etc., who are expected to walk in, nearly always refuse to do so.

A heavy, strong platform is placed from the door of the truck to the ground, forming a little incline; but few animals, especially elephants, will venture on it. In one case, a trained elephant was sent into the car first, in the hope that the wild elephant would follow. But the wild elephant stopped dead and threw his trunk up, but made no further movement. Every inducement was offered him, but with no success.

After two hours' hard work, when the men were exhausted and streaming with perspiration, the elephant suddenly put down his trunk, lifted up the inclined platform, and threw it away. Then, lifting up first one huge foot and then another, he quietly walked into the truck.

Before sending wild animals on a railway journey, great care is taken to provide each animal with a specially strong cage. For lions, tigers, leopards, pumas, cheetahs, etc., cages made of very hard wood, generally teakwood, are provided, barricaded with iron bars. Over all this is put strong wire netting. This is for a double purpose. It prevents the animals from stretching out their paws and clawing the attendants, and also prevents injury to the animals.

Bears' cages are made of teakwood, lined with sheet iron or zinc. The claws of all bears are so strong and long that, even with all these precautions, a bear will sometimes get his claws in between the zinc and the boards and tear it up. Seals and sea-lions travel in wooden boxes, from which they are let out occasionally to take a dip into some tank. Of all the wild animals, however, giraffes are the most difficult to crate.

How Giraffes Travel

A FULL-GROWN giraffe will stand from eighteen to twenty feet high; but as no hold in any ship is as high as that, and as the railway tunnels are also not high enough, it is impossible to make the crates as high as that. The only thing for the poor giraffe to do, when traveling, is for him to lie down and stretch out his long neck as best he can.

At the end of the railway journey, the animals come to their last little trip, and this on the conveyance that takes them to the Zoo. On arriving there, the very greatest care is taken of them. They are taken out of the cramped traveling-cages, and put in comfortable, roomy quarters; clean bedding and water are given to them, with plenty of fresh beef or mutton. Added to this is an occasional head of either a sheep, ox, lamb, calf, or chicken—heads of anything being looked upon by the carnivora as great delicacies.

The larger animals are given large, airy quarters and plenty of food—hay, grass, grain, vegetables, or whatever is their particular kind of diet. The primates—hay, fruit, nuts, bread, etc.; the larger apes, such as orang-utans and chimpanzees, eggs beaten up in milk, with other dainties. The giraffes have to be most carefully fed, as their digestions are extremely delicate.

At first the animals may refuse to eat, and be worried and uneasy. But the cool, fresh air, the quiet, space, and cleanliness, not to mention the plentiful supply of good food, soon make them better and more at ease. The one great factor, too, is that at last, after perhaps an entire three months, if not more, the constant movement in which they have been living is stopped, and they are able to walk about and sleep without being tumbled from side to side or jolted continually.

THE STRIKER

(Continued from page 9)

ding, stubborn effort to reach a milder climate before it was too late. Sometimes he rode on roaring car-trucks; again, he lingered in some tramps' camping-ground, hiding his union card lest some mendicant companion steal it from him while he slept.

In the dry air of the inter-mountain country, he had felt his strength come back again. But yesterday he had been full of hope. Then he had reached this city; and the rain had overtaken him. But he would make it now.

"Only I got to get the dollar first, to ship on," he ended.

"I'd stake ye to it, if I had it," she said. "But I'm in hard luck, too. Times is hard."

He thanked her with Irish fervency. The liquor and the room's warmth had brought their good effect. "I'm able to go now," he told her.

"Better stay," she advised. "You're in no shape to be about, a night like this."

But he shook his head. "Mebbe I c'n raise the dollar yet. I'll make another try."

She wished him luck from the doorway, and he bent his thin shoulders against the slanting rain. The wind had a colder touch, and in the paths of light beneath the arc-lamps white flakes showed among the driven drops. He coughed, but hurried on, thrusting the union card into an inner pocket of his coat.

He found a broader street, where men passed even at this hour. Block after block he walked, keeping close to the sheltering walls, emerging from their lea occasionally to pluck some passer by the sleeve. But his "Please, Mister," fell always on deaf ears. He never got a chance to finish the petition. At length he was not able even to begin it; for the raw air had cut his lungs until his cough racked him and he staggered. Suddenly he reeled and sank upon the dripping pavement.

A policeman, making his slow round, found the huddled figure, and seized the tattered coat in the belief that he had come upon a man stupefied by drink. Lifting the light frame in one huge hand, the officer, unversed as he was in illness, saw what made him diagnose the case at once. The next day consciousness came back to Dennis Foley with the feel of blankets, the penetrating odor of antiseptics, and the moaning of sufferers. He knew that a city's hospital had him again.

THE days went by. He lingered, flitting now toward strength, and now slipping back into death's borderland. In those intervals when his senses told him of the things about, he sometimes saw the undertaker's men bear their long wicker basket to one of the near-by cots and lay it down; then depart, bending to the basket's newly acquired weight. He knew the time was near when they would come thus for him.

He hardly cared. The listlessness of great weakness was enwrapping him. Yet he remembered with sorrow that it would be very hard to die alone. That memory made him beg paper and a pen; and he spent painful effort scrawling half a dozen lines. When the letter was done, his head fell back.

One afternoon he wakened from his lethargy and looked up into his wife's worn eyes. She was sitting beside his bed, bending over him. He noted weakly how she had aged in this, her youth.

"Annie," he whispered, and his eyes yearned up to hers.

She bent the closer. "Denny boy!" she said. Her fingers—they were calloused—caressed his hair.

"I done the best I could," he breathed. "I couldn't make out."

Swiftly she brought her lips to his.

Soon afterward his lips grew still.

THE same night Donnelley spoke in a packed hall. Big-bodied, full of face, he talked as he had talked in many cities. And, listening to him, men felt their hearts grow stern; they became intolerant. For he told of Lead Creek. He used, right carefully, all the incidents he knew. He used them for the cause—his faction's cause, his cause. Men knew it as his cause. Lead Creek had made him mighty. A leader in Labor's war. His plans had come through.

THE ERA OF THE PACIFIC

(Continued from page 10)

come upon the great syndicates of London and Hamburg, combining to control the output of certain valuable mines or crops. They force us to buy our share—and not the best share—in Hamburg or London. Up to now they have delivered it, at their will, in any of our ports, which they, not we, designate. These monopolies should be broken. It is time we stopped dealing with Hamburg and bought everything directly of the producer. We should deliver it to the American consumer ourselves, in the most economically devised way for reaching the largest number.

The Decline of Great Britain in the Pacific Trade

GREAT BRITAIN has reached her climax in the Pacific trade, and will in a relatively short time begin to go down. With her own colonies she is secure until they take a notion to be independent; but even with them she may lose. Almost her entire business is buying raw material, manufacturing it, and shipping it back. Australia will manufacture her own wool and sell it to England; India will get free from the burdening tax on cotton products, and join Japan in manufacturing cotton for the Orient, so that Manchester will get a smaller and smaller supply of the staple. China will eventually make up its own silk and sell it finished. Germany is building up by sheer might. Uncle Sam is piling stone on stone with the rollicking spirit of a growing youth, like the rest of the Pacific. We ourselves are only half transformed. But England has only two sources of support—her coal mines and the cotton and wool mills—one paying royalties and the other dividends. They will not support her when South America and the adolescent nations of the Pacific have matured and have their own wares to sell.

With the decline of Great Britain, the rise of the United States to supremacy in Pacific commerce is reasonably assured. Who shall say what nation ultimately will contest our advantage? If we consider territory, location, maritime tendencies, nature of production, type and civilization of people among the new countries, those powers which we now view as potential candidates for future trade honors equaling our own are Australia, Canada, Japan, and "Yellow America" or China.

There are upon the sea routes of trade that bind the continents together, and upon which pulse the life of nations. We will create five new routes through the Gates of Panama: one to the west coast of South America, a second to Australia and New Zealand, a third to the Philippines and Oceanica, a fourth to the East Indies and southern Asia, and the last of all to China and Japan. The world afloat will pass this way. Through the Canal will sweep a peaceful navy of ships of noble burdens, swiftly increasing, connecting by new paths the Occident and the Orient, white men and yellow, temperate and tropic regions, acting as carriers for the peoples of the earth.

We have created a seaway, a portal of first significance to the world. We have played a part in the conquest of an ocean. We have established a new epoch of trade and economics which will affect the lowliest man or woman in our most remote hamlet. We have forged a link in the chain of commercial power of the United States.

The continental barrier has fallen. The New Era of the Pacific has begun.

THE PLAYGROUND OR THE SCHOOL

(Continued from page 21)

tion of the grain and its character must be carefully taken into account, so as to work with it instead of against it. Knots and twists in the wood must be put at points where they will least spoil either the appearance or strength of the box, and must be carefully allowed for when attempting to plane and finish it.

Then comes the nailing of the sides together, the calculation of the angles at which the nails must be driven, the keeping them out of the line of the grain, so as to lessen the danger of their splitting the wood and the direction in which strains are most likely to come upon the joints that they form.

The mere training of awkward hands and fingers that are all thumbs to carry out these plans is less than half the battle. Almost any one can learn to saw off a board to a certain length, drive a nail after a fashion, and to push a plane; but to do all this so that the results will "gee" is a vastly more difficult accomplishment, and one which, to a certain degree, is born and not made, and which some luckless individuals seem never able to acquire even by the most prolonged training. Carpenter work, in fact, is a training in practical geometry—the science of planes, lines, and angles; and the higher grades of success in it depend entirely upon aptitude for this kind of mental training.

Or, watch a boy play ball. He is at the bat, and the leather sphere comes whizzing toward him. The mere muscular ability to "swat" it over the fence is nothing. It is the capacity to land on it that counts. And that landing is an almost purely mental process, involving a fine calculation of curves, of angles, and of the difference between real and apparent rapidity. To be a sixteenth of a second out in this practical mathematical calculation means to have a strike scored on you. To be off two degrees in the angle of incidence means a foul and a probable "out." To make this calculation more difficult, another process must be kept going at the same time. At the same time that the batsman is thinking with his eyes and his arms about reaching the ball, he is thinking with his legs about getting to first base with as lightning-like rapidity as possible the instant that the joyous "sock" runs up his arms.

Nay, more; from the dullness or "swipiness" of the shock, he automatically decides whether he must pitch head foremost for first, or strain every nerve to live as far as second. Once started, even in his wildest haste, he must keep his eye on two distinct things at once,—his enemy on second base and the fielder with the ball,—and be ready to check his mad career with a jolt that seems likely to dislocate half his bones if he sees the sphere coming back with dangerous quickness. Here, again, quickness of eye, coolness of judgment, ability to balance probabilities and choose the lesser of two risks are the real science of the game, the things that make the difference between the scrub and the champion.

Almost any "dub" can knock a ball far enough for a home run if he can hit it, or stop the longest fly if he can get his hands squarely in front of it. But it is the ability to calculate accurately and act swiftly, so as to make these two complex curves meet at precisely the proper angle and time, that makes the player.

So far from the time that the boy and the girl spend on the playground being wasted, from a mental point of view, it is

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PENN STATE



the most effective and fruitful time of their lives. A large part of the greatest difficulties of the school-room have been created by itself from its irrational determination to teach things to children in advance of their ability to use them. One of its principal functions at present is teaching the seven-year-old facts and relations that the child would learn for himself at twelve or thirteen if let alone.

Could anything be more absurd than to teach an unfortunate child of eight his Euclid, making him commit parrot fashion the celebrated problems involving right angles and perpendiculars and planes and parallelograms and parallelopipedons, when, by simply giving him a board and a saw and telling him to make something that will square with itself and the universe, he will learn all about the realities of this important science, and come to you asking for the names of them and how they are related to one another. Many an unfortunate youngster has slaved over these wretched terms with about as little rational idea of what it was all about as had the Dublin fish-wife when Daniel O'Connell paralyzed her flow of Billingsgate and reduced her to tears by denouncing her as "really little better than an isosceles triangle, and having, if the truth were known, a parallelogram in her garret."

Children Could Teach Themselves the "Three R's"

AS for the painful struggles with the sacred multiplication table, to say nothing of division and fractions, just leave them alone until the sweet season of marbles and peg-tops has come round a couple of times, and he will come to you with tears in his eyes, begging you for the information that he needs in his business with jack-knives and alleys and willow-whistles. In this century of commerce, you couldn't keep a boy from learning addition to his own pile by subtraction from the other fellow's, or increasing his own profits by reducing his rival's to an exceedingly vulgar fraction, by main force.

Similarly, a child brought up under average modern conditions, with books, papers, and pictures lying all about, would learn to read of his own accord just to find out what things about him meant, with a little intelligent assistance at the right moment, before he is seven years old. Writing might perhaps have to wait a little longer, until it was necessary to indite notes of undying regard to pretty Susie Johnson; but it would come with a rush then.

In fact, the trinity which we have so long worshiped as the chiefest and most important feat of education proper, the sacred "Three R's," are a part of the natural response of the young of the human species to their modern environment. What the school-room does for them is to inspire a strong dislike of them in the youthful mind by teaching them from two to five years before it is ready for them.

That the child would also of his own accord come to request information in geography, history, botany, biology, geology, and the higher mathematics, and, through the medium of the story, literature and belles-lettres, is obvious without argument. In fact, there is only one thing that he would not become if left to his own devices, with a little intelligent assistance at the critical moment, and that is, a good classical scholar. But this is precisely one of the advantages of the playground.

There is absolutely nothing in human needs or interests which corresponds to or yearns for the third declension or finds any fascination in the conjugation of irregular verbs.

The open mind of the child is immensely interested in things of the past—stories, legends, and fairy tales. And in so far as the classics preserve the memory and the history of two of the noblest and most to be remembered periods of human development, they will meet with a cordial response in the natural instincts and have an honorable place in the most rational and scientific scheme of education. Moreover, barren of all practical results and wasteful as an expenditure of energy as is the study of conjugations, declensions, genders, and numbers which civilized speech has discarded utterly and will never come in bondage to again, the fixity of attention required in mastering them, the keenness of observation, the delicate accuracy and precision of speech obtainable by means of them, are unquestionably a mental discipline of considerable value.

The Moral Superiority of the Playground over the School-Room

PARADOXICAL as it may sound, the moral superiority of the playground over the school-room is even greater than the physical. Both of them are important schools of character-building. The omission of either would leave an unbalanced make-up. To allow one to dominate or overrule the other would be equally injurious.

The virtues of the school-room are many, but they are chiefly negative and—with no disrespect intended—feminine. The characteristics that win the highest marks, the best standing, the most favor, are docility, adaptability, a putty-like plasticity, a willingness to accept authority and neglect reason. For this reason, girls usually make a better average standing in the school-room than do boys, because they are better imitators, quicker to take the color of another's personality, to study and adapt themselves to the peculiarities and even defects of those in authority.

The negativity of the virtues of the school-room is something simply appalling when they are dispassionately regarded. To sit still, to make no unnecessary noise with either tongue, hands, or feet, to open the mental beak and gulp down patiently the intellectual worm presented, without dreaming to question its shape or flavor, to as promptly regurgitate the same worm in precisely the same condition in which it was swallowed, on demand—this is the whole duty of man. As the charming old distich used to run, "Hold up your head, turn out your toes, speak when you're spoken to, blow your nose."

The tendency of our entire massive system, with its large classes, its enormous buildings, its mathematically accurate grades and divisions, its drill, its discipline, its senseless examinations, is to make puppets out of children instead of live men and women. This is not so much the fault of the teaching force as of the school boards and the apathy and lack of intelligent interest on the part of the general community. Moreover, these wholesale methods save money.

A certain amount of this, of course, is necessary in the fitting of children to adapt themselves to working and living with others, to fit into the niche which the community has more or less marked out for them to occupy. But it has been carried to a ludicrous and senseless extreme. The tendency of the system is to crush out individuality and promote uniformity, to dwarf the reasoning powers and to encourage a blind obedience to authority without question of its inherent rightness or sanction. Instead of promoting courage and independence, it fosters cowardice, both intellectual and moral.

It will readily become apparent, to any one who studies this vaunted discipline of ours in actual practice, that it is carried out and persisted in, not for the benefit of the child, but for that of the teacher. At least two thirds of the force that keeps school discipline what it is, is that it saves trouble for the teacher in handling the large mass of irrepressible young units that he or she has to deal with. I have even known teachers and superintendents who bitterly objected to too frequent recesses, because it made the children so much more difficult to handle. They seemed, in fact, to prefer to get them into a semi-narcotic condition, poisoned by their own carbon dioxide into a state of half hypnotized placidity, and to hold them there as long as possible. Ten wide-awake, live children will keep any teacher's hands full. Forty semi-comatose ones can be handled by the average hack product of our teacher mills. The only shadow of excuse for these monster and monstrous classes is the "economy" of our wholesale public-school system.

For all this flabby-bodiedness and plasticity, the keen air and the red-blooded Gothic morality of the playground is the finest possible corrective. Here the point of view is absolutely reversed. The chief credit is given to initiative, vigor, individual aggressiveness. But this is by no means allowed to run to injurious or brutal extremes. The necessity of team work comes in promptly in correcting. If a boy is to win more than a very moderate amount of respect and fame, it must be done, not by the hardness of his own knuckles or the vigor of his own cerebrum, but by his position as the head of a team or a gang.

The boy who wants his own way all the time is as promptly and vigorously downed and the nonsense thrashed out of him on the playground as anywhere else on the face of the green earth. If he wants to dominate, he must first of all convince the other fellows that his plan is usually the best, and, second, allow them such privileges and advantages under his rule as to make it worth their while continuing in feudal fealty to him.

Nor is there anywhere an atmosphere in which a higher value is accorded to moral manliness and truthfulness. The boy who will lie for any cause except to protect his fellow against the common enemy is looked upon as little better than an outcast. A thief, or, in the language of the day, a "swiper," is given the shortest possible shrift.

The Attitude of the Boy and the Man Toward the "Squealer"

WE have, I think, greatly undervalued the inherent morality of the playground and of the healthy boy or girl because its spirit runs to some odd and bizarre extremes at times—for instance, in the horror and execration displayed toward "peaching" of any sort. This, though it seriously interferes at times with school discipline, is an obvious survival of the old clan fealty, of standing together at whatever cost against the common enemy. Indeed, the boy has almost converted his teachers in this respect; and in the new schools, which are run for the children instead of the children being run for the schools, no boy or girl is now required to inform or tell tales upon a comrade. And, of course, in practical life, the attitude of the average man in business or professional circles toward the "squealer" is almost precisely that of the small boy.

With a similar blindness, because the boy is not able to extend his primitive code of property rights to public utilities like watermelons and apples, we think that he is inherently dishonest if left to himself. But, after all, how much further have we got in our grown-up code of "honesty as the best policy," and how many vague regions are there in the moral consciousness of all of us, especially in the realm of unexplored territories or undeveloped franchises, where we feel ourselves to be in the charmed region of Kipling's seal-poacher when he declared that "never a law of God or man runs north of Fifty-three"?

As a matter of fact, boys and girls are by nature both truth-tellers and honest. And the more they receive of the bracing schooling of the playground and the less they hear of the cant of their elders and the pretty copy-book mottoes of the school-room, the more likely they are to be confirmed in this bent.

As a school of courage, of manliness, of truthfulness, of fidelity to your friends and to your verbal agreements, as a training in self-control, in knowledge of your fellows and ability to work in harmony with them, it is infinitely superior to the artificial hothouse atmosphere of the school-room.

But, says our critic, with an air of triumph, there is one lesson it never can teach, one thing that can be learned nowhere else save in the school-room, and that is, the gift of dogged persistency, of perseverance, of doing the thing that it is necessary to do, whether we like it or not. To this I would reply that the playground does teach persistence and perseverance, but not of the character taught by the school-room. Both the method and the incentive adopted in the school-room for teaching perseverance and industry are artificial and irrational. The reason why you slave over your uncongenial task in the school-room, committing to memory, parrot fashion, terms of whose meaning you have not the faintest conception, or facts for which you have no present or can see no future use, is simply blind obedience to authority. The incentive that is offered is the favor of that authority and consequent approval and promotion. The good that you may be getting out of the process does not enter into your calculation, for it is beyond your conception.

In real life, on the other hand, the heaviest toil, the most untiring and unremitting exertion, is expended for the sake of what you can win by it. It may be only the comparatively sordid and crude prize of bread and butter, of a sufficient wage to keep body and soul together. It is commonly given, however, combined with this, to achieve the triumph of accomplishing something, of improving on what has been done before, of doing a better job than somebody else. The question promptly resolves itself into the problem of how a man or woman is to be trained in doing that which they are either compelled to do from stern necessity, or led by the desire to succeed, to improve, to create something, by being simply given the facility of doing what they do not like to do and do not in the least understand, at the command of some one in authority.

The Habit of Industry

AS a matter of grimmest fact, nine tenths of us are compelled to form the habit of industry sometime in life, whether we like it or not; and what is the use of borrowing trouble and anticipating discomfort of this sort from five to ten years ahead of the proper time? The child of eight and even of twelve or fourteen years of age is simply appalled at the idea of having to work from morning till night six days out of the week and twelve months out of the year. When he gets his man's strength or skill, such toil comes to be made a comparatively natural and enjoyable exercise of his proper powers. But why disgust him with it in advance by compelling him to do things that he takes no interest in and can see no sense in, and telling him that this is the sort of thing that he will have to continue doing all his life?

The only point of similarity between the way children do tasks in school and men and women do their life tasks in later years is that they are both under the stern necessity of doing them. The spirit of the toil is totally different in the two cases. The toil of the adult is for a definite, perfectly natural and comprehensible purpose, and in seven cases out of ten is sweetened by a sense of increasing skill, of accomplishment, and of service to the race. The tasks of the child are sheer mortification of the flesh, done to acquire merit and favor in the eyes of incomprehensible grown-ups, whose ways are not their ways. Because a child, most commonly a boy, will not work in this slavish, irrational way at the crack of the educational lash, he is frequently put down as stupid, and later turns out to be one of the masters of his time.

In fact, one of the most interesting features of that wonderful industrial development which has occurred within the last fifty years has been the clear recognition of the fact, by its most successful captains, that work must be done in the spirit of a game in order to be most successful. Match one gang of workmen against another, match one furnace in a steel works against the rest, get the men to racing and competing, fill them with an *esprit de corps* and a pride in the success of their own team or establishment, and then, and then only, will you get not only the best quality of work but the largest output.

The greatest master of steel-making that the United States has seen, "Captain Bill Jones" of Pittsburgh, who actually increased the rate of output of the Carnegie works first six and finally twelve fold over what it was originally getting out of the same number of men, had this for his chief motto, that the men must be made to work as if they were playing a game. The second was, that they must have a short eight-hour day in order to keep them fit; in other words, to give them proper time for healthful recreation.

To give a boy or a girl an overmastering interest in his or her subject, especially if the hope of finding out something new or improving on known methods can be added, is to go much further to guarantee habits of industry and enthusiastic hard work than merely to teach them that as a matter of religious duty they must work so hard so many hours every day.

All great employers of labor know well this last class of workmen and workwomen, and their language about them is simply unprintable. In England he is known as a "blanked board-school product." The man who does his work simply because it is his duty to do about so much, and who takes no interest either in the work or interests of his employers, is the individual who is promptly unloaded from the pay-roll whenever slack times come.

In fine, the great play instinct, intelligently followed and assisted, will lead the child to full stature and the highest type of manhood and womanhood, physically, mentally, and morally.

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PENN STATE

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

VOL. LVII No. 2953

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1913

10 Cents a Copy
$4.00 a Year

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS
Frederick L. Collins, President — Arthur S. Moore, Secretary
Cameron Mackenzie, Vice-President — Horace W. Paine, Treasurer
McClure Building, Fourth Ave. & 20th Street, New York

Entered at the New York Post-office as second-class matter

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Entered at Stationers' Hall, London

COMMENT

BEGINNING with the issue of August 16th, Mr. NORMAN HAPGOOD will take charge of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Mexico

NOBODY disputes that Mexico is in a bad case. The chief question is: How much worse must she be before she is better? Her railroads run uncertainly or not at all. Her business is pretty much at a standstill. The HUERTA government seems not only unable to keep order, but unable with increasing weakness. There is talk that Mexico if left to itself will soon split into three parts, with separate governments and separate alliances.

Appeal is made to Washington to do something. It is represented that the failure hitherto of our government to recognize the government of General HUERTA has restricted the power of the HUERTA government to borrow money enough to put down the other revolutionists. It will be recalled that President WILSON had this Mexican problem handed to him warm off the fire by his predecessor, and that his decision was not to recognize the HUERTA government until it had been indorsed by a vote of the Mexican people. That decision was well regarded by the country when it was made last spring, and still has ample support in public opinion. Whether recognition by our government now would do HUERTA any good is a question; whether immediate recognition of HUERTA would do Mexico good is another question. President WILSON wants more information before taking further action. At this writing Ambassador WILSON is on the way to Washington to tell the President what he knows. Until he makes his report there is not much to say. The problem is big, difficult, and pressing. It is the problem of helping to provide the best obtainable government for people who are not able to provide good government for themselves, and who seem able to agree on nothing except opposition to interference from outside.

Mr. Bryan Lectures

Report says Mr. BRYAN will start out this week on a six weeks' lecture tour in the West, leaving the helm of State in the competent hands of Professor JOHN BASSETT MOORE.

It seems unusual, but probably no one will object. —HARPER'S WEEKLY *last week.*

We guessed wrong about nobody objecting. There has been a good deal of objection. There are those who think objection a mistake, because the more of the business of the Secretary of State Mr. BRYAN is content to leave to Dr. MOORE the better. But there it is. The papers disposed to the habit of finding fault with Mr. BRYAN are at it hard, and the papers that want to support him are mostly regretful and apologetic. It does not seem to impress everybody as suitable for the Secretary of State to be out lecturing for money during his term of office. There has been so much muttering that Mr. BRYAN has explained that his salary as Secretary does not cover his living expenses, and that he is unwilling to draw on his savings, and must just give a few lectures, while his colleagues are on their vacations to keep himself in funds.

It is true that even on a grape-juice basis he can not live in Washington as a Secretary of State is expected to live, on $12,000 a year. The salary of his office should be about double what it is. A great many people in the country do not know and will not believe that that is true. They have no experience of life that qualifies them to appreciate how the Secretary of State ought to live, and what it costs to do it. But Congress ought to know. The members of Congress live in Washington, and can discover by observation and comparison what manner of housing, housekeeping, and hospitality the Secretary of State is in for, and how much salary he should have to meet it. If any one thinks it undignified for the Secretary of State to be out on the lecture platform, let him speak to Congress about making a proper provision for his official needs. Mr. BRYAN on the Chautauqua circuit will be a good object lesson on the inadequacy of the present provision by Congress for some of the high officers of government. The Justices of the Supreme Court, the Vice-President, most of the Cabinet officers, the ambassadors, and some of the foreign ministers are all underpaid.

But all that is only to say that Mr. BRYAN ought not to have so plausible an excuse for lecturing. It is not really a good excuse. Mr. BRYAN knew what the Secretary's salary was when he took the place. It is a matter of taste, opinion, and custom whether a Secretary of State should lecture for money. The sentiment that he shouldn't seems to be quite strong. It is entirely Mr. BRYAN'S own lookout as a politician to judge how strong it is and whether it is worth heeding. In all matters of taste he is apt to follow his own judgment, and no doubt he can continue to do so as long as he is sustained by a sufficient popular backing. But it may be with the oratorical art as it is with the sword, that they who live by it shall perish by it.

Keep Them, for the Present

For our part we do not expect to discharge Mr. BRYAN for this exercise of his judgment. It is better to give all the members of the present Cabinet ample time to find themselves and their whereabouts. Some of the neighbors seem overeager to give notice to most of the members of Mr. WILSON'S official family. The *World,* for instance, thought Mr. MCREYNOLDS ought to get out because of the CAMINETTI case, and take with him Mr. Secretary WILSON. The *Sun,* on July 13th, had three columns about Secretary DANIELS and what hob he is raising with the Navy; we forget who was crying the other day that Secretary MCADOO ought to have the decency to resign because of something he had done wrong. But it is too soon to set about making a new Cabinet to suit critics. There is too much else to be done and the President needs help too much to spare any one who can help him.

Mr. BRYAN seems entirely disposed to help him, but it is doubtless very much more to Mr. BRYAN'S taste to help him on the lecture platform than in the State Department. Any man would rather do something he knows how to do than something in which he has less skill. The complaints about the condition of business in the State Department would be terrifying if it were not that there were complaints very like them in the last administration when Mr. KNOX used to spend his summers at Valley Forge.

Good Work All Round for Arbitration

It is hard to find fault, and few indeed even seem to find any, with the way the threatened strike on all the Eastern railroads has apparently been averted. On the contrary, there is praise on all hands for SETH LOW and the Civic Federation, for President WILSON, for both Houses of Congress; commendation, too, for the railroad presidents and the union heads who took part in the White House conference; and Secretary WILSON, by his ready acceptance of the legislation he had opposed, has handsomely atoned for any mistake he may thus have made.

To avert the strike and secure arbitration in this instance alone was amply worth the exertion of all these co-operators to that end. The public, the railroads, and the men who strike have all learned what ills and suffering every big railroad strike entails; and this promised to be the biggest yet. But more than that was accomplished. We can hardly doubt, since railroads, unions, and the Civic Federation agree on the point, that the swiftly passed amendment to the ERDMAN law decidedly improves it. If it merely renders it more acceptable to both the usual parties in such disputes, that of itself is a very big gain.

We are glad to believe there were still other gains. Every conspicuous instance of choosing the peaceful instead of the destructive way of settlement strengthens the habit and makes both sides so much less ready to force the fighting. Once again, too, the interest of the public, the right of the public to be considered and heard, is emphasized.

At this writing, only two things seem in any way to cloud the prospect of a peaceful settlement. One is the refusal of the Erie Railroad to go into any arbitration or be bound by its results. The other is the demand of the managers for the railroads that certain grievances of their own, and not merely those of the conductors and trainmen, shall be considered.

We can only trust that Erie will reconsider, or that mediation and arbitration as to the other roads will proceed notwithstanding. As to the managers' unexpected move, while we should all deplore its in any way obstructing a prompt settlement, may there not be in it something the future will profit by? It certainly seems to indicate a fuller acceptance of the arbitration principle than railroad heads have made in the past. It would certainly be a gain if, committed to the principle, the roads should hereafter, whenever they want to *lower* wages or to restrict privileges, first seek impartial arbitrament, instead of acting first on their own judgment and then waiting to see whether the men will accept, strike, or ask for mediation.

The Tariff—Feared and Hoped-for Changes

Public opinion, if we may judge from the papers, has got pretty clear as to those features of the tariff bill as it now stands which are still open to what may be called practical controversy; that is to say, as to those provisions which one may reasonably hope to see changed without any general or radical changing of the character of the bill.

From the very start, of course, those of us who keep the past in mind have understood that the chief danger to the bill's fundamental aim and enterprise lay in Senate amendments, accomplished in the old log-rolling fashion. Those of us who want to see the bill succeed and that aim attained, that enterprise accomplished, have accordingly been gratified to note how keenly mindful of this danger the bill's managers have been, and how wisely, on the whole, they have striven to avert it. They were wise, we think, to try and commit Democratic Senators not only to the whole bill on the final vote, but against amendments not accepted by the Finance Committee. They were equally wise not to insist on too hard-and-fast a form of commitment. It was good and loyal management, and Senator SIMMONS and his colleagues deserve to be praised for it.

Assuming, however, that their plan succeeds, it will plainly make rather difficult the few changes which friends of the bill would like to see; for there seem only two ways to accomplish them—by the assent of the Committee of Finance or, later, by the action of the Committee of Conference. Clearly, then, the provisions of this character which stand the best chance of getting changed are those which are themselves changes from the original House bill.

It is fortunate, but it is true, that the two provisions of the bill as it stands which have provoked the most opposition from Democratic, low-tariff sources, are, in fact, amendments to the House bill, and there are therefore two chances to get rid of

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them. They are the tax on dealings in cotton "futures" and the duty on works of art.

Art Works and Cotton Futures

It can hardly be held that either or both these features of the bill must be either retained or dropped in order to keep it substantially what it was designed to be. With or without them, it will, unless otherwise changed, remain a remarkably honest bill and the first real low-tariff bill since 1857. That is an admission gladly made, since there is no denying that there is Democratic division over these two features. There must be Democrats who like them, since here they are by the sanction of a Democratic committee and caucus. It is equally indisputable that Democratic and low-tariff men and newspapers deplore them.

As to the tax on dealings in cotton futures, we have already mentioned an objection to it that would have been, when it was first proposed, quite sufficient to justify summarily excluding it from this measure. It is not a tariff duty and has no logical connection with any kind of tariff, either protective or for revenue. But it is in the bill now, and probably there is no way to shorten the debates by excluding a discussion of its merits. In that discussion, a kind of moral sentiment, sustained by the views of some cotton-growers as to their interest in the matter, will combat a settled business usage and the very substantial interests of many cotton-merchants and cotton-manufacturers. All that is too great a matter for right handling here. But if it is wise for this bill to dispose of contracts for future deliveries of cotton, then it is hard to see why it ought not also to tackle similar operations in grain, which are quite as common and extensive.

As to the duty on art works less than fifty years old, it is unquestionably a tariff on imports, but we are still waiting to hear any other reason for its appearance. Meanwhile, reasons in plenty continue to be given, particularly by American artists, why it is unwise. The society of Beaux Arts Architects, for instance, has carefully explained that the demand for their work and that of other artists in this country is increased, not lessened, by bringing in freely the work of their fellow-artists abroad. Indeed, it seems simply a question of whether the economic or the esthetic consideration is the stronger ground for opposing a policy so amazingly in contrast with that of other enlightened peoples.

But let us repeat: The managers of the bill have done well indeed to bring it so far along with so few things in it that any large number of its friends feel bound to oppose.

Foss, Canada, and Reciprocity

Governor Foss of Massachusetts has again given the country something to think about. Congress and the economists may well think about it seriously and for some time, even if they forget about Governor Foss.

The Governor announced that he was going to move to Canada a large part of the great manufacturing plant which he heads, and at the same time reiterated, presumably as the reason for this step, his objections to the tariff policies of both the Republican and Democratic parties. As there was a strike on at his Hyde Park works, he not unnaturally criticized the labor unions, too, but hardly as if they were a controlling consideration with him.

The controlling consideration, apparently, is that our tariff-makers, both Republicans and Democrats, have neglected reciprocity; that they have done and are now doing practically nothing to secure concessions to our manufacturers from foreign tariff-makers. Hearing, later, that Washington proposed to investigate his plant in the hope of suggesting plans for greater efficiency, as in the case of concerns that dread importations, the Governor said that that fear was not bothering him. His trouble was not with the letting in of foreign goods but with the foreign tariffs, like Canada's, that shut him out of foreign markets, which he and other American manufacturers, having amply supplied the home market, simply must now get into, even if they have to leave this country to do it.

Quickly enough, it forthwith appeared that Charles S. Bird, recently and prospectively the Progressive rival of Mr. Foss for the governorship, and also a great manufacturer, has for years had a branch established in Canada. Then some government statisticians gave out figures to prove that these cases are anything but exceptional; that in recent years about half a billion of our capital has been invested in Canada, much of it in manufacturing enterprises.

Clearly, here are facts worth thinking over, quite without reference to the Foss view of them. Mr. Bird, on the other hand, finds in them no good reason to oppose the Underwood bill, which the country has demanded. He merely suggests that if we had had a tariff commission all along we might now have more reciprocity. The Foss view does indeed take on a certain plausibility when one recalls that the real beginning of free trade for England was Huskisson's reciprocal trade treaties, not Peel's abandonment of the corn duties. But in our case it was unquestionably our own stubborn adherence to Republican high protection which really erected that very Canadian high-protection wall which is now so troubling our manufacturers—many of them the very men responsible for our short-sighted course.

Governor Foss will have done a service if he evokes practicable plans to help our manufacturers into more and more foreign markets—an ardent desire of the present administration. But he will hardly persuade the country to go back and start all over again in its efforts for that freer trade with all nations which is the goal of tariff reform no less than of reciprocity.

In the Balkans

The combatants in the Balkans seem to be resting and calling names and circulating atrocity stories: true ones, we fear, especially the terrible accusations of the King of Greece. The gain and loss of reputation in the Balkan quarter in the last half-year has been prodigious. The Balkan peoples can undoubtedly fight, but there is no present certainty that they can do anything else. Bulgarians, Serbs, and Greeks are now licking their hurts, especially Bulgarians, who seem to be most, by far, to blame for the bloody and cruel aftermath of a successful and warrantable war.

The worst of it is that what has happened seems to have been characteristic of the Balkan peoples; the kind of thing they have been doing on occasion for centuries. They are like the feudists of the hill counties in Kentucky, and for the same reason. They have lived too much shut off from civilization. Perhaps now that they are rid of the Turk they will become modernized in other particulars besides their use of weapons, but as it is they give a good exhibition of barbarian limitations.

If they have done killing one another for the present, no doubt their boundary disputes will be settled somehow, and the entry of Rumania into the rumpus with a fresh army may help to an understanding. But news is still vague and meager, both as to what has happened and what will be the outcome.

For a Higher Standard in Medicine

There should be a hearty welcome from the entire public to the newly formed Federation of State Medical Boards. It not merely aims at an end indisputably desirable, but it seems a feasible and practical plan to accomplish that end. It has every justification that is offered for such associations as the so-called House of Governors and the larger society to secure uniformity of laws, and it has the advantage of a purpose more single and definite.

Not, however, that everybody *will* welcome it, or that it will not encounter opposition and difficulties. It aims not merely to fix and make uniform, but also to raise the standard of admission to the medical profession, and unfortunately there are only too many men and institutions with plenty of reasons to resist any such project. Part of its work must be educating public opinion, and public opinion on this matter will take a lot of educating. Because that is so, the political work of the Federation, also, may be not too easy. Anybody who doubts that both quackery and the simplicity it plays on count very substantially in politics can probably learn better by looking into the history of the movement for a National Health Department, not to speak of the patent-medicine part of the history of the Food and Drugs Act.

Still, it is rather surprising that the State health boards have waited so long to join together against these forces of knavery and ignorance; they seem so natural an agency of reform, and the need of reform has been so long urgent and plain. With admirably generous endowments to medical education and research, with really great doctors and medical schools, we lag amazingly behind Europe in the protection of the public against both incompetent practitioners and schools of scant equipment and low, commercial character. We have far more doctors than we need, and that alone proves that we let men become doctors too easily and too swiftly. Let us not shrink if any retort that that means "too cheaply"; nor yet if any talk confusedly of "State's rights" in this connection. It is well to make sound education accessible to all, rich or poor; but faulty training is not good for anybody, and it is poor philanthropy to help make anybody a quack.

Good Talk

The *Sun* makes rather grievous complaint of Ambassador Page's Fourth-of-July speech in London, which, it says, would have been in place at a Democratic meeting at Blowing Rock, North Carolina, but was out of place in London.

But the *Sun* (July 15th) prints the whole speech, thereby giving Mr. Page a chance to justify himself, and putting its readers under obligation.

To our mind the speech is rather democratic than Democratic, and well adapted to interest the Londoners, who are vastly concerned nowadays with democratic theory and experiment.

Hardships of Improvement

We read in the *Times* some interesting statements from a book by Andre Tridon, an I. W. W. writer, about the progressive competition of machinery with skilled labor. Of course the higher the wages of skilled labor in any industry the greater the incentive to supersede it with machines. Tridon says that the trade organization of the glass-blowers was so perfect that entrance fees had been raised to $500, and it was contemplated to raise them to $1,000. But a machine invented in 1903 for blowing glass bottles has been so perfected that in 1909 forty-nine of them produced 1,700,874 gross bottles. It would have taken 1,300 skilled blowers to do this work, and the union had 2,395 men idle.

Tridon says also that the Westinghouse Electric Company in Pittsburg employed 19,000 men in 1907, and 10,000 in 1911. The output for the two years was about the same, but improved machinery had reduced the working force. The same tendency, he says, is observable in the iron, steel, cement, and other basic industries.

All this is interesting, but not novel. It is what has been going on in the world since this age of machinery began. It is going on now—this supersession of skilled brains and fingers by machines—faster, apparently, than ever. Of course it makes for that restlessness in the world which is so very prevalent. The great final consequence of improvements in machinery is the cheapening of commodities, the increase of wealth, and the uplifting of the standard of comfort. All that is good. But the intermediate consequences involving loss or change of employment are troublesome and often distressing, so that it may be said that to alleviate the immediate hardships due to improved machinery is one of the hard problems in current government.

The Worst of It

Judge Cohalan sailed to join his family in Ireland before the formal disclosure of the decision of the legislative committee in his case. There was no need that he should wait, and he could have had no anxiety about the committee's findings.

Nevertheless the judge's reflections on his voyage must have run considerably to regrets for what he had not left undone. That is the bitter part of preferment in the service of Tammany. The worst of it is that for years there has been no way for Democratic young men in New York to make their way in politics except by bending their necks to the debasing yoke of Tammany.

Happy Days!

Miss Inez Milholland is married.

This is glad news.

It happened in London on July 15th.

The happy man is Eugene Boissevain, and the papers describe him as a wealthy resident of Amsterdam in Holland.

We do heartily wish Mr. and Mrs. Boissevain persistence in the married state and continuity in happiness, together with full store of all the blessings proper to matrimony.

The Good in Sulzer

The Tammany attack on Governor Sulzer is a valuable compliment to that official. It is a fair inference that a man who can draw so heavy a fire from Tammany as Sulzer is getting must have a certain value to the voters.

Hope Deferred

An advertisement in a Boston paper reads:

IN CORNISH, N. H.

Summer boarders wanted.

COME AND SEE THE PRESIDENT.

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The Romance of Travel

It was Lucifer who noted that in every change of place he yet met himself. No matter how strange or distant the scene, whether it turned out to be heaven or hell, he raised his eyes to face his own mind still. So with travel, though the unfamiliar and the unknown may awaken latent depths, one travels, after all, only to meet one's own limitations and capacities at the end. Stripped as one is of the outer trappings of life, travel throws one back upon what is essential and unchangeable in oneself.

The romance of travel lies just in this, that the strange and the unfamiliar may awaken unsuspected echoes. In so far as the world is known and familiar, in so far as by facility of travel it is growing matter-of-fact and commercialized, is its romance being strangled. Who reaches Como from the south and by way of the town, sees the old cathedral with its colonnade of slender pillars, topped by an immense advertisement painted on the rocks of T O T. The road from Dover to London is as disfigured by advertisements of American medicines set along the corn and poppy fields as the road from Philadelphia to New York. Buying and selling, the civilized world over—in so far as one may call this civilization—is given a greater importance than beauty. The only romance left in Italy or France is along the by-ways; for it still holds good,

"Whatever way the highroads tend,
Be sure there's nothing at the end."

Of books of travel, statistics, description, history, there are no end. Here and there, rare and exquisite, one finds books of atmosphere. Symonds, Bourget, Loti, Gautier, and later his daughter Judith, captured and set down for us the underlying meanings of far places. They detected the significance of a hilly town like Montefiascano; great, black, lonely seas; out-of-the-way Spanish villages and folk-songs chalked upon buildings in China.

Two of the finest books of travel published in the last decade come from the pens of women; the one explored the familiar life, the religion and literature of Persia; the other wandered, geologizing through the deserts of Syria and along the rivers Euphrates and Tigris. To steep oneself in these books on a quiet summer's day is to steep oneself once more in the romance of travel.

In Persia it was that the Princess Bibesco heard this prayer: "O Thou who are largest and smallest throughout the universe! Who reinest in the stars to their bidden courses and art yet a drop of water in a cup for a thirsty child!"

This is a definition, spontaneous indeed and yet as adequate as that in the Westminster catechism.

Of Persian women wandering in their black garments and white masks, she writes: "They have this advantage over men that they see without being seen; they watch, surprise the revealing expression, feel themselves slowly drawn or repulsed before they themselves are the victims of notice."

"Watching the eyes of the passers-by," she goes on, "in the half-light of the bazar, where the troops of the living mix with the troops of the Sphinx, the disquieting meeting of man and the enigma, is to know intensely the feeling given by the spectacle of Persian customs. If one is grieved at moments that one never sees in the shadows of the gardens of Iran the sweet revelation of a woman's face, one is consoled by the vision of children. Their eyebrows like the antennæ of caterpillars, the pallor of jasmine on their young faces, their shadowy and quiet eyes innocently reveal the splendor of their mothers. Persian women allow the beauty of their sons to testify for them."

The physical process is not unlike the soul-process in more blatant lands where the face indeed is still uncovered in the market-place. But what woman wears her soul outside? She too, watches, chooses, loves and pardons, and the beauty and capacity of her children reveal with what wisdom she has lived. For as the Eastern saying has it: "Days shall follow days, and the years roll after one another, ere one shall read another's soul," which is not unlike Solomon's saying that "each heart knoweth its own bitterness."

The princess who dwelt in Persia and wrote the romance of that country for us found in a Persian poem the tale of Medjoûn, a famous lover who was so miserable that, despite his great merits and high position, he turned from men and wandered wild in the desert. Finally the king sent for him and reproached him: "What debasement have you found in the human soul," he asked, "that you should hide in the desert and give up the reins of free will?" And Medjoûn, lamenting, said: "Many who are sincere reproach me that I forfeit all for love. But could they look upon her once my excuses would be manifest. May those who have searched my secret faults but see her once, then they would cut, not the oranges, but their own hands."

This last phrase puzzled the princess, and she consulted a learned man as to its origin. He laughed at her ignorance. "Do you not know," he said, "that twelfth chapter which is devoted to the history of Joseph in Egypt? When Joseph remained at the court of his master because he was proven innocent, the story got abroad among the women of the town that the spouse of a great lord had desired the love of a slave. And they jeered at her and despised her. And she, knowing of their talk, made a great feast, and invited them all, and at the end of the repast she furnished them each with a sharp knife and a basket full of the oranges of Al-Gezaïr, and then as they began to cut the fruit, she made a sign and Joseph appeared at the door. Then the women were moved and agitated by his great beauty and began to murmur, This is no man, but an angel. And in their distraction they cut, not the oranges, but their own hands. And for proof that the story is true one may still see oranges in Blidah full of vermilion-colored blood.

This princess, too, saw in the harem the white Sousanek, so white that she touched henna only to the nails of her toes and fingers so that she looked as if she wore fuchsia blossoms on her hands and feet, and Kamer who looked as though she had been dipped in the sunset, and Musk-Rinek who reflected the fire, and Nazaïdé who ran barefoot among the poppies. All gather at the twilight hour to listen to the song of Anisch, who sang:

"The banks of the brooks are covered with narcissus and tulips,
The narcissus brings enchantment,
The tulips, patience.
The spikenard hath anguish in it
And the flower o' the pomegranate, ornaments.
The heart of the cloud is filled with fire and tears,
And they bear in their breasts the music of wrath and of rage.
And when the thunder is hushed, the water falls in torrents,
And the heads of the flowers are bent by the winds and lulled by the sounds,
But awaken again, and lo! the whole earth—
It is fair as white satin painted in China by Mani."

And they listened, the painted women of the harem, with the garlands in their hair, to this song, for more than an hour with unblinking lids.

That is a far-away country, and very different entertainment is offered to women from that in our own land.

More adventurous and daring, but no less romantic, are the explorations of the great Syrian desert and Chaldean rivers made by a fair-haired young woman, now dead, whose record lies beside us. She was a geologist and a discoverer, having found, located, measured, and photographed the finest example of Sassanian architecture yet extant. She too knew the literature of the lands through which she passed. When the Ghanim took up the rababak and sang:

"We wither away, but they wane not, the stars that above us rise,"

she capped his verse in the Nejd tongue with:

"And the mountains remain after us and the strong towers when we are gone."

It was to her that Muhammed el' Abdullah recounted the adventures of the first motor seen in the desert:

"And then, O Lady, they wound a handle in the front of the carriage, and lo! it moved without horses, ch, billah! And it sped across the plain, *me* sitting on its cushions. And from behind there went forth *semok*."

And as he triumphantly enunciated the English word *semok*, those gathered around him murmured, awestruck, *Allah, Allah!*

Again Muhammed went on: "It was white—all painted white. And the Arabs wondered as it fled. And *I* was seated on the cushions thereof!

If any one is inclined to think that a motor-car is a thing in itself unpoetic, let him hear the first Kasidah made to a motor by Muhammed on the day when he said, as they rode across the desert. "O Lady, I will sing the ode I composed in honor of the white carriage."

And he sang:

"I tell of a marvel the like of which no man has known,
A glory of artifice born of the English wit.
Her food and her drink are the breath from a smoke-cloud blown;
If her radiance fade bright fire shall reburnish it.
On the desert-levels she darts like a bird of prey,
Her race puts to shame a mare of the purest breed.
As a hawk in the dusk that hovers and swoops to slay
She swoops and turns with wondrous strength and speed.
He who mounts her and rides sits on the throne of kings.
If the goal be far, to her the remote is near.
More stealthy than stallions, more swift than the jinn awing,
She turns the gazelle that hides from her blast in fear,
In the whole, wide world, she has not met with her peer."

Who that has heard the song of the motor sung by an Arab sheik would ever think of it again as a mere soulless machine?

Like the man of Kaisariyeh, Miss Bell made great traveling, but unlike that man she did not find all her fellows to be "pigs." Somehow she drew poetry and philosophy, knowledge and wisdom, from all who came near her, and of Fattuh her constant guide and servant one hears never enough.

"The devil is not safe from thieves in Kaisariyeh," commented the Laptieh as conclusion to his tale.

"God made them rogues," replied Fattuh, quietly. "But what will you? The world is all one."

The names on the map of Miss Bell's travels are strange and unpronounceable, but mystery, adventure, and the romance of travel followed her trail no less than that of the Princess Bibesco.

Louise Collier Willcox.

Correspondence

WANTED: MORE EXAMPLES OF THE "IMMODERATE MAN"

New York, *July 12, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—The conservative "reformer" never accomplished any true reform. Careers of nations are gorged with timid, half-hearted characters of most excellent intention, who retarded instead of advanced the progress of civilization. Men who prefer to "leave well enough alone" have been stumbling-blocks in the world's progress.

No truer historical analogy exists than that of the "conservatives" in the old Republican party in this country and the opponents among the "reformers" of Martin Luther's time.

Erasmus was a "stand-patter." He thought Luther "too radical." He described him as "an immoderate man," actually anticipating language used by Speaker Cannon and Henry Cabot Lodge during the last Presidential campaign. Erasmus believed in reform, but wanted it to come slowly. So did Senator Aldrich. How familiar such language sounds! Erasmus was possessed of more energy than Taft, but both men were afraid of "radicalism." Erasmus feared to brush away "sacred dust and consecrated cobwebs," as Motley describes the mental condition of the man. See how familiar the words of the sixteenth century "stand-patter" sound:

"Men should not attempt everything at once, but rather step by step. That which men cannot improve, they must look at through the fingers."

Meanwhile, the Church Trust of that day was selling indulgences, was compounding incest and patricide at fixed rates, and burning those who disagreed with or opposed its monopolistic contentions.

Politics and religion were exactly one and the same thing in those days. Despite the Aldrichs and Cannons of his time, Luther strode with hobnailed shoes over all obstacles—he certainly was "immoderate." His assassination was not attempted, but bulls, bans, excommunications, and decrees rained upon his head.

"The immoderate man" withstood the storm, although he walked practically alone!

Erasmus and Zwingli, excellent types of pretended "reformers," were barking at Luther's heels and actually doing more to impede the progress of thought than ban or edict, sword or fire!

Chief feature about Luther, for purposes of indicating the needed "immoderate man" in this republic, is that he did not merely offer a new dogma for an old one. He urged general circulation of the Scriptures, the acquirement of sufficient knowledge by the masses of the people to enable them to read and study the Bible for themselves and to form their own opinions! He wanted to break up the Monk Trust—to destroy the vogue of a class of men that had mastered the art of burning reformers instead of arguing with them.

He certainly was a most "immoderate man," this Luther. In ten years, he had reduced the price of Bibles from two hundred ducats to the American equivalent of $1.50! A terrible blow to the Engrossers' Trust which had thriven under the "protection" of suppressed printing-presses!

Understand me, there is in this article no criticism of the Church as a church. People of the sixteenth century had no politics. To them, religion was the only politics they knew. Kings were born, reigned and died; the people had no part in making laws or in levying assessments. Their wives and daughters did not belong to them, if the nobles wanted them. Naturally, the monopolistic class was satisfied and opposed to "agitators." The masses hadn't sufficient courage to rebel until an "immoderate man" pointed the way! Erasmus and Zwingli could have looked on while Luther was pinched to death with hot tongs—much as did the "Old Guard" of the Republican party when Roosevelt and his followers broke with them six years ago.

"Stand-patters" in Congress were imbued with the same respect for "reform" that Napoleon felt for philanthropy—they wanted it "some other day and in some other place." They failed to comprehend that a struggle for "independence" was in progress—one as significant as that of 1776!

The present Congress is a disappointment; it is as extravagant as the worst Reed or Cannon Congresses!

An "immoderate man" is wanted, immediately, in the Democratic party! Where is the man to stop the looting of the Treasury? Where is the man of courage? I am, sir,

Julius Chambers.

NEED A RATE CLERK?

May 29, 1913.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I am very much interested in your financial article on railroads a week or ten days ago. Have you the statistics at hand showing what the depreciation of securities has been since the refusal of the Interstate Commerce Commission to increase railroad rates in 1911, in harmony with the increases in every other sphere of industry?

Of course you must not say anything rude about the Interstate Commerce Commission; be most delicate. But what are the facts? For the depreciation in securities is clearly due to the Interstate Commerce Commission meddling with the rates. Nine able lawyers—doubtless, but there ought to be at least one rate clerk—just an ordinary simple clerk.

I am, sir,

Johnson Howard.

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FINNEGAN'S SWAN-SONG

BY F. J. LOURIET

"I SEE by to-night's paper that the Governor was up at the Penitentiary to-day," remarked the old man with the chin-whiskers.

"He was," answered Doyle, from behind a cloud of tobacco smoke.

"Pardoned more prisoners, I suppose," suggested the young fellow with the red necktie.

"He did not," answered the keeper.

"Can't be he's through with the pardonin' business," said the young man. "That ain't him."

"Thank God," supplemented Doyle.

"Say, seems to me you're gettin' soft," commented the young man. "I should think you'd been up there long enough to see things as they really are."

"I do," returned Doyle, "and that's where you fall down. You don't."

"I see one thing, anyhow," said the young man, "and that's this: If twelve men say a man's guilty he's generally guilty, and there ain't no sense in any governor sayin' them twelve men don't know nothin' by handin' out a pardon in answer to every postal-card request sent by special delivery."

"And if you knew the game as well as I do," pursued Doyle, "you'd know that if six of those same twelve men voted 'Guilty,' and six voted 'Not Guilty' on the first ballot in the jury-room, the whole twelve 'u'd vote, 'Guilty,' with a recommendation to the mercy of the court,' when it came ten o'clock and time they went home to their families. And the guy in the box 'u'd do his five years away from his family, and the jury'd sleep well, their duty to the State and society performed to the queen's taste—and draw their two dollars a day for it, at that."

"Then you're not a believer in the jury system, Doyle?" asked the quiet man.

"I'm not," replied the keeper emphatically. "It's like the fee system for every conviction a prosecuting attorney makes—it's rotten."

"GOVERNOR make any changes?" asked the old man.

"Not he," answered Doyle. "Only rubbered around as usual, seein' everything and sayin' nothing, and followed by the warden with his mouth full of wind. The old man come into the kitchen where I was durin' the dinner hour, and peeped into the steam-kettles, and had a pleasant word for the con cook, the warden all the time tryin' to tell him how well things were done under his management. The Governor paid about as much attention to him as a big mastiff would to a little fat poodle that was tryin' to be sociable. When they got to the bread-table, Mr. Warden picked up a loaf and showed it to the old man, tellin' him how fine it was and how well made. The old man just looked at it and looked at him, curious-like, and says, turnin' away, 'Well, why shouldn't it be?'"

"Oh, he's playin' for votes," snapped the young man.

"Playin' for nothin'," retorted Doyle. "He's a *man*, that's all. I'll tell you another thing about him," he added, after a moment's silence. "We had a man try the get-away the other day. Played sick and got sent to the hospital, top o' the main house, and that night he made a rope out of his blankets and started down, gettin' through a ventilator onto the roof. He was only over the edge, swingin' in the air, when his rotten blanket rope parted, and down he come fifty feet smash onto the roof of the west wing, and, after slidin' down that, dropped head first another fifty feet onto the road below, leavin' the print of his face and shoulder a foot deep in the gravel. We heard the crash, and picked him up; and after settin' his broken jaw, and puttin' his eyes back in his head, and fillin' up the hole in the road with the gravel we picked out of his face, we put him to bed, and he's doin' well.

"Well, the old man see him in the hospital, and after hearin' the story he turns to the deputy and says, 'Mr. North, you just let me know the next time a man's goin' to do a thing like that, and I'll pardon him out, if he's the worst man in the place.' And that's the man you say is lookin' for votes!"

"The papers are howlin' about his pardons, anyway," said the young man. "But of course that's politics."

"Sure it is," assented Doyle. "And I suppose they'll howl more when he pardons out old Finnegan—as I hope he will."

"WHO'S Finnegan?" queried the maid with the chin-whiskers. "Ain't he the feller you went down to Iowa after last month?"

"He is," replied Doyle. "Larry Finnegan. An' I wrote out his petition for a pardon myself, and had a talk with the old man on top of it. He's got it comin' to him, too."

"Let's hear about it," said the quiet man. "That is, if you're in no hurry to go home."

"I'm not," said Doyle. "I've got three pipefuls anyhow comin' to me yet.

"Finnegan was an Irishman—" he commenced, after loading up

"Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief—"

hummed a ruddy-tied youth irrelevantly.

"His name wasn't Taffy at all," said Doyle. "'Twas Finnegan, as I've told you,—Larry Finnegan,—and he got a five-spot in the pen for hurtin' a man in a scrap, and the prosecutin' attorney got twenty-five in the long green for gettin' it for him. Fee system again. But, as I was sayin', Larry was Irish and a farmer, worked somewhere up Lake County, a feller about forty years old, and a comical cuss, too. It seems that he and another farm-hand was after the same girl, and one night at a huskin' bee or barn dance, or some such farmers' jamboree, the two of 'em come together, and Larry did the other feller up a little. Of course the law couldn't neglect that little chance, so Finnegan got a job in the vegetable-room, peelin' potatoes. He was an all-right guy at that, and kept the gang good-natured with his jokes and songs, and I liked him fine."

"Thought they couldn't talk in there," said the old man, "let alone sing."

"Say, what do you fellers think?" demanded Doyle. "Course there's a rule against talkin', but the main thing is to keep the men as contented as we can, so long as they behave. There's trouble enough anyhow, and if the vegetable gang in the kitchen cellar wants to talk and joke while their feet's in the water on the floor and their back's broke bendin' over the vegetable-tubs, and their hands's cut to slivers with the peelin'-knives, it's up to them to do, and I ain't the one to stop 'em—so there you are.

"However, this Larry was a hard-workin' man, and an easy-goin' one at that. I remember when the deputy turned him over to me, 'Here's a man for you, Mr. Doyle,' says he, and I takes Finnegan over to the dinin'-hall. On the way over he looks at me kinder quizzical-like, and says:

"'Mr. Doyle,' says he, 'do I look sober?'

"'You do,' says I, puzzled like; for I thought maybe he was a little nutty.

"'Mr. Doyle,' says he, 'I do take a drop sometimes, and sometimes I see things. And sometimes I see two things, or maybe three, where there should be only one; but, Mr. Doyle, believe me, drunk or sober, I saw the queerest thing of all last night.'

"'How was that?' says I.

"'Well,' says he, 'I looked out through me cell door, and what should I see before me but six bars, and divil a bartender at all!'

"'Never you worry about that, my boy,' says I. 'Yon's the bartenders,' and I pointed to the guards on the wall, each pacin' up and down with his rifle glistenin' in the sun.

"'Oh, be the powers!' says he; 'if that's the case it's change me politics I will, and vote the Prohibition ticket, and we'll have no more bars or bartenders in the State at all, at all!'

"An' that was Larry Finnegan most o' the time, except when he got to worryin' about that girl o' his, and thinkin' that maybe the other feller'd get in his fine work while he was put away. Only she'd write to him regular, and on them days he'd be like a kid with a picture-book. He'd read me parts of her letters, and the tears 'u'd come in his eyes, and then he'd shake himself like a wet dog and say, 'Oh, I'm a fool!' and walk away pretendin' to be whistlin'—though he couldn't fool me.

"AFTER he'd been there about two years and never a report against him, one of the drivers on the wagons was discharged,—you've seen those fellers drivin' about town; they're all trusties and wear citizens' clothes and are only locked up at night,—and I recommended Larry to the deputy for the job, and he got it, for the deputy knew him, too, and liked him.

"He'd been drivin' for about a year when one day the deputy comes into the kitchen.

"'Mr. Doyle,' says he, 'have you got another man you want to recommend for a trusty job?'

"'I have,' says I. 'Take Joe Schmidt, the cook. He's all right.'

"'I just wanted to know,' says the deputy. 'Your man Finnegan has turned out so well.'

"'Hasn't he?' says I, proud-like.

"'He has,' says he. 'So well that when I gave him a dollar this morning and sent him downtown to get half a dozen oranges, he just skipped, oranges and change and all.'

"'The hell!' says I.

"So there was nothin' for it but to have a couple of hundred of Larry's pictures and descriptions struck off, with the notice of fifty dollars reward, and distribute them over the country. And that was five years ago.

"Then one day last month the deputy sent for me to come over to the house.

"'Doyle,' says he, 'do you remember Finnegan, that skipped with my oranges?'

"'I do,' says I.

"'Well,' says he, 'they've got him out in Iowa. Here's your transportation, and here's the fifty dollars reward for the one that got him, and I want you to go out and bring him back.'

"So 'twas me for the cornfields of the West.

"WHEN I got to the town,—never mind the name,—I went to the jail with my papers, and there, sure enough, was Larry behind the bars. I had him brought to the jailer's office and got his story. It seems that after he'd gone downtown and got the deputy's oranges that mornin' he met up with a westbound freight just as he was crossin' the track to come home. So what does he do but step aboard and ride to Chicago, and then keep on workin' his way West til' he got out to Iowa. There he got a job as a farm-hand, and he worked steady and saved up his money, and at the end of a year he wrote to his girl to come out and join him, which she did, as a woman should, bless her heart.

"They got married, and worked and saved, and rented some land, and saved more, and after a while they bought a little farm on the instalment plan, and kept on workin' till they had it nearly all paid for and some money in the bank for a rainy day.

"Then who should come along but a dirty hobo that 'd done time here and knew Larry just well enough to know that he'd skipped. Of course he tried to blackmail him, but Larry wouldn't stand for it. Then the—well, I won't name him what I think—goes to the sheriff and splits on Larry and demands the fifty reward. And there was Finnegan behind the bars waitin' for me, as a result, and his wife nearly crazy—a likely-lookin' woman she was, too.

"I give the hobo his blood-money that afternoon, and then the jailer locked him up as a vagrant, and I appeared in court the next day and testified that he was an ex-convict, and he got the limit. I had that satisfaction, anyhow.

"I ASKED Larry what made him skip—hadn't he been well treated? And he told me that when he saw that string of box-cars go by, and felt the hot sun, and thought of the farms bakin' under it out in the country, he just couldn't help it, but let out his swan-song and away."

"Swan-song?" broke in the old man. "What's swan's singin' got to do with box-cars? I can't see."

"Didn't none o' you fellers ever go to the opera?" asked Doyle, in return.

"Sure, I've been to the op'ry," said the young man with the red tie. "I saw the 'British Blondes' in Chi last year, and they certainly were good-lookers. Maybe they couldn't sing, too? Oh no!" and he sighed reflectively.

"'British Blondes'!" grunted Doyle disgustedly. "An opera ain't no leg show! I saw one—a real one—in New York last year when I went on to the Convention. It was called 'Lohengrin,' and it's different from your kind. There's a band so big that a whole bunch of 'em has to sit right out with the audience, all across the front rows, and they have more kinds of fiddles and drums and trumpets than you ever saw in your life all put together, and they play all the time. Then there's a big white swan that pulls a boat with a feller all in shining armor and long yellow hair in it, and he gets out and gives the long sing under a tree, with the band playin' away, all about what he's goin' to do, and the girl falls in love with him.

"Then he marries the girl—everybody singin' like hell all the time. But she, bein' a woman, asks questions, and he, bein' a man, won't stand for that. So he just whistles for his swan, and back it comes.

"Then he sings a song to the bird, tellin' that he don't like the game he's up against, and he's goin' to pull his freight and never come back any more, and then he jumps in his boat and the swan paddles him away. So always after that, when anybody's goin' away from a place that ain't for him, his fore-spiel is called his 'swan-song'—and there you are."

"I've heard o' them swan-boats, now I think of it," said the old man. "A feller told me they've got 'em in the park in Boston; only they need a man to steer 'em."

"That's just what this Lohengrin was doin'," replied Doyle. And he carefully filled his pipe for the third time.

"WELL," he resumed, after throwing away the match, "as I was sayin', Larry got ready and said good-by to his wife, and after takin' a little money from the bank he started back with me. I put no bracelets on him, either. I'd seen his wife and his home and the kid they'd got, and from all I could learn he'd made good, and what more does the State—or the whole United States—want of a man than that? It did seem a shame, after a man had worked hard and straight for five years, to make him do another year and a half for nothin' at all, and I just told him that if he'd write out his petition for a pardon I'd put it in shape for him and tell the Governor what I knew about him—which I've done, and I guess it'll go, too.

"I mustn't forget to mention one other little point that did me a lot of good, because it showed the deputy that I was right in the first place in believin' Finnegan to be an honest man. On our way back, when we was 'most here, a boy come through the train with some fruit, and Larry says to me, 'By your leave, I'll buy a little to take along to the pen with me.'

"'Sure,' says I; 'go ahead'; so he loaded up.

"Then when we got into the hallmaster's office and I had surrendered my prisoner, the deputy come down to talk to him.

"'So you're here at last, Finnegan?' says he.

"'I am, sir,' says Larry; 'and,' says he, plunkin' a paper bag down on the table and reachin' into his pocket at the same time, 'here's the oranges you sent me for, Deputy, and here's the change.'"

THE STATION

BY LOUIS HOW

THE purring of the brakes,
The hissing of the steam,
Are sounds, to one who wakes,
As of a pleasant dream.

Green lights unheld, that swing
While unseen persons shout.
Are mysteries that bring
The railway's romance out.

The station glides away;
Through the still night we're sped
Untiring, towards a day
Now dawning miles ahead.

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A FISHING-SMACK CONTAINING SEVEN MEN CAPSIZED IN A SUDDEN SQUALL ON GRAVESEND BAY. SIX OF THE PARTY WERE TAKEN OFF BY LIFE-LINES; BUT THE LAST MAN COULD NOT SWIM, AND HE REFUSED TO LEAVE HIS PERCH UNTIL HALF A DOZEN LAUNCHES CLOSED IN AND A LIFE-PRESERVER WAS TOSSED TO HIM

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A SILVER ELOPEMENT

BY MARGARET WILSON

MRS. RUTLEDGE sighed.

Dr. Rutledge, with his grizzled head and middle-aged intentness upon his morning paper, might have been taken for a man upon whose ears a wife's sighs would fall unheeded, but he was not; he heard that slight, unconscious sound every time it was uttered, and it puzzled and disturbed him because he heard it so often now. His wife was not by nature a sighing woman. What secret trouble had she? He stole a glance at her face when she turned to look out of the window, as she had a way of doing when she sighed. There was no clue there. The motherly face, in its frame of smooth brown hair, was as placid as he could wish—a trifle too placid, perhaps. It is sometimes hard to say just where tranquillity ends and apathy begins.

The physician's habit of patient observation led Dr. Rutledge to watch, and to say nothing. He read on as if he had not a thought beyond the news of the day. Fred was in the office, so he could linger over his paper; the day was not so overcrowded with jostling, clamoring duties as it had once been.

Into the room where the two were sitting came Agatha, trim and neat in her walking-suit.

"I'm going to the butcher's, Mother, to order the meat for dinner. Is there anything you would like?"

"Do you know, Agatha, I've just been thinking that I might do the shopping myself this morning. It's such a lovely day!"

"Oh, I'm going uptown anyway, Mother dear; there's no need for you to go." Agatha put an affectionate hand on her mother's shoulder. "With two big grown-up daughters, it would be a strange thing if you had to bother your head about dinners."

The doctor laid down his paper. "It *is* a fine day, Mother," he said. "Suppose you come with me for a drive. I have to go four miles into the country, and I'll be glad of your company. Will you order the horse, please, Agatha? And tell Fred he needn't see Mrs. Turcotte this morning; I'm going."

"Why, Father, you surely don't think of taking Mother with that frisky young horse! Fred says he nearly pulled his arms off yesterday. He doesn't think it's a safe horse for you to drive, at all; we're all sorry you didn't keep old Billy for your own use."

"I'm not afraid to drive with your father. Go, dear, and tell Fred," said Mrs. Rutledge with some firmness, and Agatha obeyed.

A FEW minutes later the young Dr. Rutledge appeared, looking very uncomfortable.

"I think," he said, "if you don't mind very much, it might be as well for me to make that visit."

Mrs. Rutledge was annoyed. It never put her out of humor to be crossed herself, but she could not bear opposition to her husband's wishes. She not unnaturally—but, as it happened, unjustly—suspected that in this instance it was prompted by Agatha.

"Fred," said she, with unusual asperity of manner, "I think it should be enough that your father has said he would go."

"What is your reason for objecting?" the doctor asked quietly. "I should like to take the drive with your mother this morning."

"I'm sorry, Father. I don't care myself, one way or the other; but the fact is, Mrs. Turcotte's son particularly asked me to go." Fred spoke with a certain precision of enunciation which was his way of betraying embarrassment. He forced a laugh. "Some of those ignorant country people think, because I'm a new broom——"

"Oh, that's it," said his father, coming to his relief with a smile—a discerning, quietly amused smile without a trace of pique in it.

Fred was glad to escape. "Hang it!" he muttered to Agatha in the hall. "I feel like a brute. What that boor really said was, 'We don't want the old man; he's getting out of date.'"

"How dare he! But I'm glad Father's not going to drive that dangerous horse. Poor Mother seemed disappointed, though; you might offer to take her, Fred."

Fred went back and gave the invitation.

"Thank you; I don't care to go," his mother answered a little stiffly.

WHEN the door had closed behind him, she sighed again and picked up the knitting that had been lying untouched in her lap for the last fifteen minutes.

"Mary."

It was so long since her husband had called her anything but "Mother" that she looked up in surprise.

"It's a queer sensation, isn't it?"

"What is?"

"Getting shelved." He was regarding her quizzically; he had discovered the source of her sighs before she knew it herself.

She smiled, considered for a minute, then smiled again.

"I suppose that's what it really is. But I don't feel ready for it yet."

"Neither do I. Perhaps we shouldn't feel a bit more ready for it twenty years hence, though."

"I wonder if the old ladies—the really old ladies—hate to sit and knit all day. I wonder if they feel quite energetic, and would like to be useful."

"No doubt."

"But the children mean well; it's their way of showing affection. They're dear, good children." She was not satisfied until he joined her in praising them.

"They *are* good children, and I confess it's a relief to have so much of the work taken off my shoulders; indeed, the wonder to me now is how I ever accomplished it all before I had Fred for assistant. To do him justice, it's not his fault if I am gradually becoming the assistant. I don't believe he likes to be more in demand than his father. As for Agatha, she is a little 'bossy,' as the children say, but I don't suppose she means it."

"No; it's not for her own pleasure she takes the charge of things so much into her own hands; it's to spare me."

There was a silence.

"Mary, do you remember that it is just twenty-five years since we ran away?"

Mrs. Rutledge glanced apprehensively toward the door. "Hush! The children may hear."

"The children know all about it. I heard Dora boasting of it the other day."

"Oh, I've told them how we were married, of course, but I never put it in just those words. Ran away! Think of the example."

"I hope they'll follow it, if we're ever as unreasonable as your parents were. You know they were unreasonable, Mary."

"I believe Mama's sympathies were with us," mused Mrs. Rutledge. "It was only from a sense of duty that she pretended to uphold Papa's authority. I've always thought she knew we were going—else why did she give me that present of fifty dollars the day before?"

"Bless the dear woman! She seemed pleased, anyway, when she heard that we had spent the money on a wedding trip. Mary, how *did* we manage Boston on fifty dollars?"

"Don't you remember how we managed it? I have the note-book yet of 'Things to do on our second visit to Boston—too costly for the first.' Why, we didn't even ride in the street-cars."

"No; but we saw Emerson! That cost nothing."

"Will you ever forget meeting him face to face on the street, and recognizing him from his portraits? We stared outrageously, I know, for don't you remember the look he gave us—half amusement, half kindliness? He knew we were a pair of young idiots, but he liked us, all the same."

MRS. RUTLEDGE'S face had kindled into animation. These old reminiscences had lain untouched for some years now, and came out of storage looking like new.

"Well," the doctor sighed, "I doubt if, even to young intellectual pilgrims, Boston is quite the Mecca it was then, and we're not young; the note-book would probably be a revelation of change all round. But, allowing for all that, I confess I should like to make that second visit, even now. There has always seemed to be something in the way before. When we could afford it, there were the children, and we'd moved farther West, and my practice had grown, and we hadn't time. But what's to hinder now? We may as well face the fact that we can be spared. Could there be a better way of celebrating our silver wedding?"

She shook her head, but not very decidedly.

"Think of the consternation there would be if we proposed such a thing! Agatha would certainly volunteer to come along and take care of us."

"Why not run away again? It would save a lot of fuss, and it would be such a good joke on the children."

A dimple bored suddenly and deeply into Mrs. Rutledge's cheek at one end of a smile. Her face was no stranger to smiles, but it was years since her husband had seen that particular one, and it gladdened his heart.

"It's just the kind of thing we need to save us from stagnation and premature old age," he continued. "I believe it would have a good effect on the children, too; they'd realize that we can take care of ourselves without them. It mightn't be a bad idea to keep up the attitude of the traveled towards the untraveled for some time after we get back."

"Hush; somebody's coming," his wife warned him.

THERE was a fumbling at the door-handle, and a girl of seventeen entered the room with a peculiar long, heavy step. An open book was in her hand, and it was evident that she had that moment torn her eyes and about half her thoughts from it.

"I'm so sorry, Mother; Agatha told me to be sure to come and sit with you for a while, but I forgot. Oh, you're here, Father." She looked from one to the other with awakening interest. "Why, Daddy, you have the funniest sly look. And Mother makes me think of a school-girl caught in mischief. Laugh again, Mother; I want to see that dimple."

"Nonsense, child; go back to your book."

"Oh, but this is far more interesting than my book. I believe you two are conspiring. If you let me into it, I'll promise to keep it a secret. Do! Fred and Agatha never tell me anything."

"I wonder if you know how to keep a secret," her father said, rising and stretching himself. A sound of ripping reminded him that he was growing too broad across the back for his office coat.

"Just try me. You'd better, for I warn you that I'll find out anyway."

"Well, I want to persuade your mother to run" —he looked teasingly at his wife—"to run a seam up the back of this coat where it's giving way. Strange, how coats keep getting smaller."

He retreated as he spoke. Dora ran after him and caught him. She was in the act of administering a shaking, in which he stood firm and she was the shaken one, when suddenly her arms dropped despondently to her sides.

"It's just as Agatha says," she mourned. "I never think of offering to do either of you any little service of that kind unless it comes so plump in my way that I fairly stumble over it. I'll fix that coat, Daddy. Agatha says the sewing-machine is too heavy for Mother to work now."

NEXT morning the doctor yielded to the temptation of trying a little experiment.

"Your mother and I think of taking a trip to Boston this fall," he announced carelessly at the breakfast table. "It's a pretty good time to go, Fred; not much sickness, eh?"

Agatha laid down her knife and fork and sat frozen into an image of dismay. Fred's expression changed from carefully guarded astonishment to admiration. Dora gave each parent one of her long, searching looks.

"You're not in earnest, Father!" cried Agatha. "You don't mean that you two are thinking of going to Boston alone, without any of us!"

"Well, you know we did, Agatha, twenty-five years ago. What do you say, Fred?"

"You could easily be spared, sir—I mean, as easily as at any time. Of couse, you have a lot of old patients who think they're going to die whenever you leave town for a day."

Agatha turned reproachfully to her brother.

"Are you going to encourage it, Fred? An undertaking like that! Well, I'll just drop everything and go with them. I might as well, for I shouldn't have an easy moment while they were away. This is not your idea, Mother?"

Mrs. Rutledge looked appealingly toward her husband.

"Oh, well," he said, buttering his toast deliberately, "there's no immediate cause for alarm. We haven't made any definite plans yet."

Agatha drew a long breath.

"I believe you were just trying to frighten us. I might have known it was a joke; you'd never entertain such an idea seriously—it would be too absurd. Why, Mother can't brush her own hair when the rheumatism's bad, and she'd let you wear your old boots every day, and go out without an overcoat."

Agatha was too fluttered to settle down to the business of eating her breakfast at once, but kept on for some time adding to the list of dire consequences that would have followed such an unheard-of line of conduct. She treated her father like a little boy who has just been saved from leading a less responsible companion into a scrape.

"She's right; it was an absurd idea," Mrs. Rutledge said to her husband, when they were alone. "It makes me quite nervous to think of it now. And, after all, home is a good place to be." She settled contentedly into her rocking-chair, and her face lost its aroused look and relapsed into its usual expression of passive tranquillity.

BUT the doctor had received his training in a good school; it was not for nothing that he had spent a quarter of a century in the practice of medicine. He labored with infinite tact and patience to undo the effect of Agatha's words and bring his wife back into the mood of yesterday. He made her produce the old note-book, and they read it together. He scratched out some of the notes and added others. By degrees he ventured to change from "If we went we could—" to "When we go we will—" Then he broached the subject of eluding the affectionate vigilance of their children, and made some clumsy plans, which Mrs. Rutledge was bettering before she knew it; and soon there was a dancing light in her eyes that matched the twinkle of mischief in his.

He struck while the iron was hot.

"I'm not going to allow you to show the white feather again," he warned her. "You must make me a distinct promise, here and now, once for all, that you'll run away with me on the twenty-eighth of October. That's the advantage of eloping twice—you profit by the first experience. I haven't forgotten how often I had to talk your courage up to the sticking-point last time."

She laughingly agreed to bind herself. She was as enthusiastic as her husband now, and it was as much her idea as his to spend a few days in New York before they returned.

"We never thought of such a thing last time we eloped," the dotcor reminded her. "What does that mean? Are we a more frivolous couple than we were then?"

"I think it's just a matter of dollars and cents," she answered.

"Perhaps so; but I'm inclined to think that bringing up a family and looking after sick people has made simpler folk of us. We've had no time to nurse our aspirations as they required. By the way, how are you off for clothes? Wouldn't New York be a good place to get a new outfit? Can you manage with what you have till we get there?"

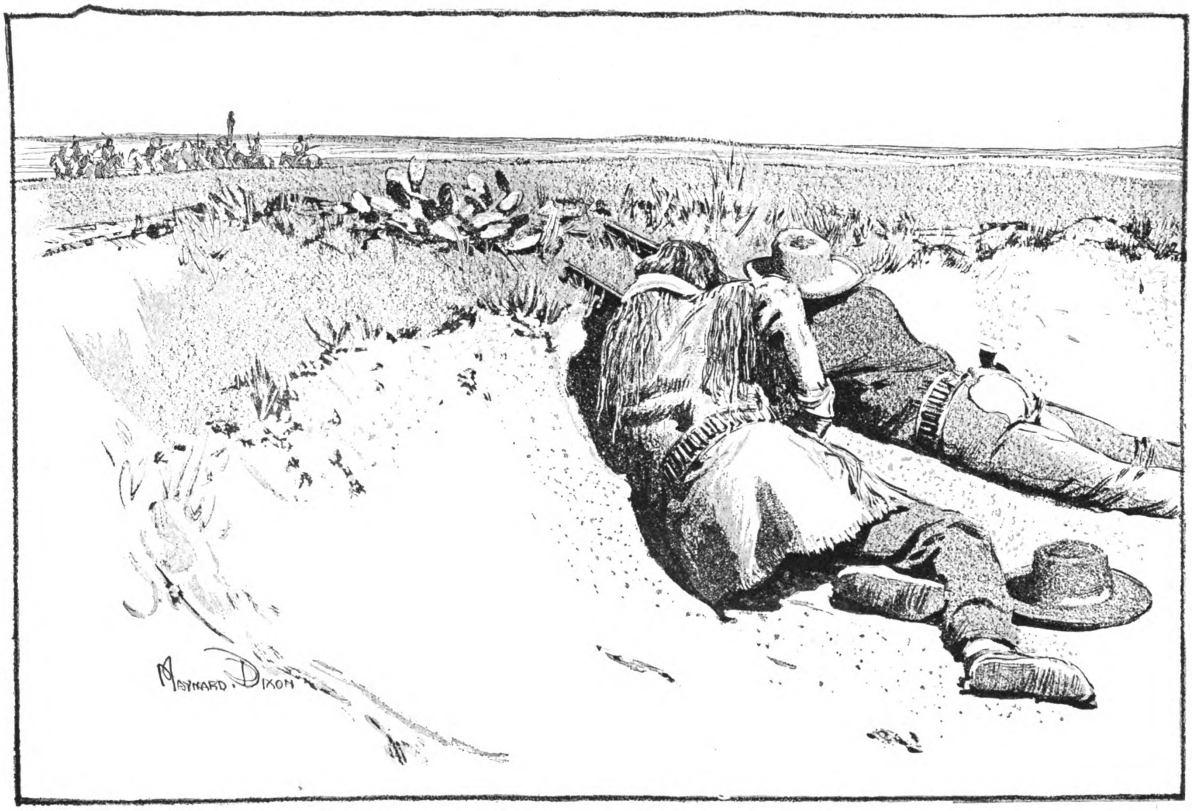
"I really don't know, Father. I'm so accustomed to consult Agatha about things of that kind that I feel utterly at a loss when I'm left to myself."

He laughed.

"You allow Agatha to do too much deciding for you. 'Atrophy of the will for want of use' would be my diagnosis of your case. Well, it doesn't matter. We'd better not take much luggage, anyway; it will be easier to slip out with only a grip or two. We'll come home with trunks full of finery, and you'll

(Continued on page 25)

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"We got our cartridges where we could use them, and prepared for the closing act of our lives"

THE INDIAN FIGHTERS OF THE ARICKAREE

BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY MAYNARD DIXON

IN eastern Colorado there is a monument, incongruously white in the vast expanse of brown plain, that marks the scene of the most desperate Indian fight in frontier history. The place is remote from railroads, and when one comes upon it after a long and hypnotizing drive over a monotonous prairie road the glimpse of the white shaft rising from the shallow valley of the Arickaree Fork of the Republican River gives one all the thrill of a spoken message. It was here, beneath the cottonwoods that flank the monument, that Major George A. Forsyth and his fifty scouts defended themselves against the charge of at least a thousand warriors under the great Cheyenne chief, Roman Nose. There are four tablets near the main shaft, telling of the last resting-place of those of the command who were killed outright by the Indians; and, if one happens to visit the spot while an anniversary reunion of surviving scouts is in progress, one may hear thrilling stories from the lips of men who bear the marks of desperate wounds, for hardly half of the command escaped from Beecher Island with whole skins.

It was due to the fact that the scouts were able to make a stand on slightly depressed ground, instead of on a hill, that Forsyth's command was not annihilated, like the commands of Custer and Fetterman. The same topographical conditions contributed to the Fetterman Massacre, in the Powder River country, in Wyoming, when a detachment of eighty men from old Fort Phil Kearney was surprised by Red Cloud in 1866, and killed on what is now known as Massacre Hill. Had Forsyth been caught on any of the high cliffs overlooking the Arickaree valley, his defense, to use the words in which the Indians described Custer's fight, would have lasted "about as long as it takes a hungry man to eat his breakfast."

Forsyth's scouts were attacked by the war party of Roman Nose at dawn, September 17, 1868. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes had grown very bold in western Kansas, and Forsyth, who had been on the staff of General Sheridan in the Civil War, had been directed to gather an independent command and stop the wholesale marauding. The scouts were not enlisted men, but they signed a personal agreement with their commander, and were paid from emergency funds in the quartermaster's department. They were chosen from the scouting service because of their skill with the rifle, and most of them had seen service in Indian campaigns. Forsyth's men had been on the trail of a large war party for several days, and were exercising the utmost caution. In fact, some one had protested that the command was going into a death-trap, and this led to a little incident that showed Forsyth's splendid courage.

Forsyth called a consultation," said 'Tom' Ranahan, one of the scouts who traveled all the way from Idaho to attend the fortieth anniversary of the fight. "He explained the protest that had been made, and then said: 'Now, boys, when you signed this agreement, didn't you understand that you were going out to fight Indians?'

"We all saw the point," added Ranahan, "and there wasn't another kick made, though a good many of us thought our scalps might be lifted any minute."

WHEN the redskins made their attack, the estimate that there were at least a thousand warriors and a large number of squaws and children in the war party proved to be correct. The hills looking down on the tiny stream seemed literally alive with Indians. At the first onslaught, many of the horses, and the mules bearing the provisions, were carried off, and the mule carrying most of the ammunition was saved only by desperate efforts. The scouts who are living to-day seem to agree that no definite order was given to fall back on the tiny island directly opposite the camp, but the scouts, moved by a common impulse, sought shelter on the strip of sand that proved to be their salvation. This island was not more than a hundred yards in length, and perhaps half as many yards in width at its widest point. At its head, where the scouts sought shelter, rose two or three cottonwoods. Except for these, and a clump of bushes in the center, the island was barren. The stream was barely knee-deep, and the nearest bank fortunately was not high and afforded no protection to the Indians.

The retreat to the island was made under steady fire, but Forsyth and his men kept their heads well. Work was instantly begun, rifle-pits were scooped in the sand, and several horses were shot, to make additional breast-works. The Indians were so intent on annihilating the little band that they rode to the edge of the stream and concentrated a deadly fire on the island. Forsyth, who had been standing, to direct his men in digging pits, sank to the ground with a terrible wound in his thigh. A few minutes later he was struck again, and the bone between his knee and ankle was shattered. Raising his head to observe the movements of the enemy, Forsyth received a third wound, the bullet striking him a glancing blow in the forehead. Dr. Mooers, surgeon of the little command, was struck in the forehead, and died three days later. Several of the scouts were desperately wounded, and, to add to the dismay of the defenders of the island, it became apparent that the Indians were going to charge.

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Roman Nose, who was an Indian of splendid physique and dauntless courage, withdrew with fully five hundred of his warriors, and formed in battle array behind a bend in the river. Then the Indians came charging down the river-bed, Roman Nose in the lead. The scouts waited until the yelling hordes were close at hand, and then they fired several volleys with telling effect. At the critical moment the Indians broke under the withering fire, and swept around the island, leaving Roman Nose with the slain in the shallow river. The squaws and children, who had assembled on a hill several hundred yards up the river, and who had expected to see their warriors ride over the white men, burst into prolonged wailing when they saw the chief fall and the line of Indians waver and break.

This remarkable charge is one of the few instances known of Indians directly assaulting a fortified position, and it was disastrous to the white men as well as to the red men. Lieutenant Fred K. Beecher crawled over to Forsyth and said:

"I have my death-wound. I am shot in the side, and dying."

Then, after bidding his commanding officer "good-night," and whispering a message for his mother, this young knight of the frontier breathed his last. Young Beecher was idolized by his command, though he had seen little Indian service. He had made a good record in the Civil War, and was an admirable type of the young, ambitious, courageous army officer. In his memory, the battle-field has been called Beecher Island, and the headstone that bears his name has been located upon the spot where the scouts are certain they buried their lieutenant.

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IMMIGRATION AND DEMOCRACY

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D., LL.D.

RECORDS of the shift of our population in the past three generations will show, I think, that the colonial stock of America is being subordinated; that we have virtually ceased to be an Anglo-Saxon race; and that the entire complexion of our civilization is being rapidly metamorphosed.

The facts will at least raise a doubt, I believe, as to whether our civilization is being bettered as well as metamorphosed.

They will serve, I hope, to raise a question in a good many minds as to whether it is wise to continue much longer our characteristic American policy of letting ill enough alone.

The Native Stock of America

AT the outset, we must recall that the American colonization of the early days dealt with what now seem almost insignificant numbers. Accurate figures are not a matter of record, but we learn that the famous fleet of eleven vessels that sailed from England and landed at the port of Salem, Massachusetts, in June, 1630, conveyed 1,700 passengers. The Massachusetts Bay Company sent a fleet of sixteen ships, presumably carrying a somewhat larger cargo, the same year. Meantime we are told that the colony of Virginia by about 1620 had acquired a population of 4,000 souls.

These were the two chief colonial nuclei from which what we now speak of as the "native American stock" sprang. Between 1630 and 1640 about 2,000 persons came to New England. But then immigration was discouraged and practically ceased. The colony of Pennsylvania received about 8,000 immigrants between 1681 and 1684. But there were few other immigration movements of corresponding magnitude.

It is estimated that the total immigration throughout the colonial period did not exceed 100,000 persons.

But the early settlers were hardy and prolific, and the population of the United States, when the first authoritative census was made in 1790, had reached almost 4,000,000. A very large proportion of these, it will be obvious, were of "native" stock, in the sense that their ancestors had been native Americans for a period of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty years—let us say, for from three to five generations.

In the course of the ensuing thirty years the population a good deal more than doubled. Specifically, it increased by 5,709,000. And substantially all of this was "native" increase, inasmuch as the total immigration of the period probably did not equal 250,000. In other words, for every 1,000 additional inhabitants in the period 1790-1820, 957 were born in this country and only 43 came from abroad.

Here, then, we find the United States populated in the year 1820 with a tolerable homogeneous company of 9,638,000 people who were fairly entitled to call themselves Americans, inasmuch as all but a very small percentage of them were born in America and represented a sixth generation of American birth. We may fairly enough speak of this as the native stock—the pioneer or colonial breed—of America.

The Annihilation of the Native

THERE is a well-accredited, even if obviously paradoxical, sociological doctrine according to which an immigration such as that to which the United States has thus been subjected does not increase the population. The claim is made that the coming of the hordes of aliens so alters the conditions of life and so increases the stress of living that the birth-rate among the natives rapidly decreases.

As sustaining this view, it has been pointed out that before the day of the great migration the population increased with astounding rapidity. In 1790 the population was less than 4,000,000. In 1830 it was almost 13,000,000—an increase of 227 per cent. Had the native population continued to increase at the same ratio, we should have had a population in excess of 100,000,000 by the end of the century, even had no immigrants come to us.

Yet, in point of fact, notwithstanding the coming of nearly 20,000,000 aliens in the period 1820-1900, the population at the close of the century was only 76,000,000.

Thus it is quite within possibility that the population of the United States to-day is not larger than it would have been had we received no immigrants in the past century. There is high authority for this paradoxical doctrine; but, whether or not it be accepted, at least there can be no doubt that the immigration has vastly altered the character of the population from what it would have been had its increase been dependent solely upon the normal growth of the native stock.

Fully to appreciate this, we must consider the influx of foreigners from another standpoint. Thus far we have been concerned with mere numbers. We must now give heed not only to numbers, but to nationalities and classes.

When this is done, it will be apparent not merely that the native stock is being supplanted by foreign stock, but that the Anglo-Saxon race from which the native stock so largely sprang is being supplanted by races of widely different character. As to this, the statistics speak in unmistakable terms.

The recent investigators of the subject are agreed in dividing the great foreign invasion into two periods, one of which is spoken of as the old immigration, the other as the new immigration—the turning-point being about the year 1880. In other words, the old immigration comprised the immigrants of all generations except the most recent; whereas the new immigration is the immigration of our own time, and therefore the one that obviously concerns us most directly.

The vital point of the matter is that the immigrants of the old period—that is to say, those of the colonial time and all the succeeding generations to about the year 1880—came primarily from England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, the Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland. These countries furnished about 95 per cent. of the total number of immigrants of that long period.

But since 1883 the entire racial aspect of the immigration problem has been changed, inasmuch as more than 80 per cent. of the total number of European immigrants have come from Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, Greece, Italy, Montenegro, Poland, Portugal, Rumania, Russia, Servia, Spain, Syria, and Turkey.

The Incubus of the Unfit

IT appears, then, to be beyond dispute that the old colonial stock of America is being pretty rapidly supplanted by a population of totally different racial strains.

But, when we come to the interpretation of the facts in their bearing on the future civilization of America, there is, of course, an opportunity for divergence of view. It is very difficult, in dealing with the subject, to get entirely away from the bias of race prejudice. From the earliest times every cultivated nation has been disposed to look upon other nations as pertaining to a lower order—the very application of the Greek word "barbarian," which originally meant only foreigner, is sufficient proof of this.

But, in the present case, it would seem as if the most candid and unbiased observer must be convinced that the major part of the great mass of the immigrants that have flooded in upon America in recent years do belong to a lower intellectual order and must tend to lower the level of our civilization. A glance at the visages of a cargo of immigrants as they come from a ship at Ellis Island would in itself suffice, I suppose, to convince most practical men of the validity of this assertion.

If evidence of another character were required, it might be found in the tables of illiteracy among immigrants, as compiled by the recent United States Immigration Commission. These tables show that in the fiscal years 1899-1909 the total number of immigrants over fourteen years of age that came to America was 7,199,618. Of these, 1,983,618 belong to the races of the old immigration type (that is to say, races of northwestern Europe), and of the total number only 2.7 per cent. were unable to read or write.

But, of the adult representatives of races of the new immigration, who numbered 5,215,442, no fewer than 35.6 per cent. were illiterate.

When the individual races are considered, the contrast is made even more striking. The illiterates among Scandinavians number only .4 per cent., among the Scotch .7 per cent., among the English 1.1 per cent., among the Finnish 1.4 per cent., among the Welsh 2 per cent., among the Irish 2.7 per cent., among the Dutch and Flemish 4.7 per cent. Contrast this admirable showing with such numbers as these: For Rumanians 34.7 per cent. of illiteracy, for Croatians and Slovenians 36.4 per cent., for Russians, 38.5 per cent., for Bulgarians, Servians, and Montenegrins 41.8 per cent., for Lithuanians 48.8 per cent., for Ruthenians 51.0 per cent., for Syrians 54.1 per cent., for South Italians 54.2 per cent., for Portuguese 68.2 per cent.

Of course, illiteracy is not an absolute test of intelligence; but it can hardly be disputed that illiteracy as applied to whole masses of population is a fairly good gage of the level of society and plane of civilization from which the class springs. Assuredly, then, these newcomers make an unpleasant contrast with the highly cultured colonial stock and the relatively intelligent average colonists of the old immigration.

Another indication of the mental status of the newcomers is found in the fact that insanity is much more prevalent among the recent immigrants than among the native-born. The State Commission of Lunacy of New York recently published statistics showing that of the patients under treatment in institutions for the insane 41.9 per cent. are aliens. Foreign-born patients have increased, since the federal census of 1903, by 13.4 per cent. In the two State hospitals for the criminal insane nearly 44.4 per cent. of the inmates are of alien birth. Yet the federal census of 1910 showed that the percentage of aliens to the total population in the State is only 29.9 per cent.

It is computed that the State of New York spends yearly $3,290,750 for the care of its foreign-born insane in the civil hospitals.

Doubtless the proportion of aliens to the total defective population is not at the New York ratio throughout the country; but it is everywhere large enough to cause apprehension, and to lead students of the subject to marvel at the complaisance with which popular sentiment tolerates the coming of hosts of undesirables. As Professor Charles B. Davenport puts it: "A new plague that rendered 4 per cent. of our population, chiefly at the most productive age, not merely incompetent, but a burden costing $100,000,000 yearly to support, would instantly attract universal attention. But we have become so used to crime, disease, and degeneracy that we take them as necessary evils. That they were so in the world's ignorance is granted. That they must remain so is denied."

The Immigrant and the Labor Problem

IT can hardly be doubted, then, that the physical status of the American race is suffering from the new immigration. Scarcely less in question is it that in the equally important matter of national ideals the incubus of this alien horde is making itself felt disadvantageously. Our art, literature, public morals, and national ideals all suffer.

National accomplishment is largely conditioned on (1) general intelligence and (2) popular ideals. The aliens who came to us during the first great period of immigration, 1830-1880, were intelligent northwestern Europeans, who sought homes where they and their children could find a larger measure of personal liberty and better social and intellectual opportunities.

But the aliens of the new immigration, for the most part, seek America for one reason only—because it is the land of the dollar. If you work hard and use your wits there, you may get to be a little richer and therefore a little better than your neighbor. You may even acquire a competency that will enable you to return to your South European home to spend your declining days in comfort. That is the thought of a large minority of the millions of immigrants that have come to us in recent decades. In their view, America is not supposed to have traditions, history, art, literature, or ideals, except those of the money-bag.

Seeking an easy road to money-getting rather than the making of homes, the immigrants of the new era do not go into the rural districts of the middle and far West, where they might get close to the soil and come under good American influences. They cluster into cities,—in Ghettos, "Little Italys," "Little Hungarys," and the like,—disturbing the social equilibrium and giving opportunity for the development of the system of bossism that has made the government of American cities a by-word; or they go to the mines and factories, introducing an element of competition that is destructive to the interests of the American laborer.

Commenting on this aspect of the subject, Professor E. A. Ross says: "The most momentous consideration in reversing our immigration policy is the fact that free land is gone, and the immigrant, instead of settling the public domain, now becomes a competitor in the labor market. Here is the deep significance of the fact that during the last decade, while the population of Minnesota grew 19 per cent., of Kansas 15 per cent., of Wisconsin 13 per cent., of Nebraska 12 per cent., of Missouri 6 per cent., and of Iowa not at all, the population of Massachusetts grew 20 per cent., of Connecticut 23 per cent., of Rhode Island 27 per cent., of New York 25 per cent., of Pennsylvania 22 per cent., of New Jersey 35 per cent.

"Thirty or forty years ago, Germans, Scandinavians, Poles, Bohemians, Mennonites, and even Icelanders, landing at Castle Garden, journeyed straight through to the frontier with a railroad ticket pinned to the shoulder. To-day the still virgin lands lie beyond the ken of the insweeping tides. This new immigration, which has Constantinople as its geographical center, is so alien, so ignorant, and so helpless that it takes refuge in the first industrial harbors it finds. The big intimidating fact of our time is the progressive saturation of the Northeast with these newcomers, who have no intention whatever of seeking the remaining fragments of the frontier—Idaho, the "short-grass" country, the Texas Panhandle, or the cut-over pine lands of the Northwest."

The report of the United States Immigration Commission (as summarized by Professors Jenks and Lawck) tells us of manufacturing and mining communities where Bulgarians, Servians, Rumanians, Magyars, and Armenians live by themselves, with their own churches, banks, and business establishments, and "entirely apart from any American influence." The report notes further that there is everywhere a feeling on the part of the native Americans that "a certain stigma or reproach attaches to working with recent arrivals or in the same occupations." This aversion of the native American, the Commission declares, is psychological in its nature, and arises from race prejudice or ignorance, but is nevertheless one of the most effective forces in racial segregation and displacement.

"Perhaps the most significant feature of the entire situation," the Commission concludes, "is the almost complete ignorance and indifference of the native American population [in general] to the recent immigration colonies and their condition."

The situation is indeed anomalous. The one thing that the American public has been taught to fear is the competition of cheap European labor. We build a tariff wall and cower behind it. The products of cheap labor can not get over to "deluge our infant industries." But the immigration ports are holes in the wall that let the cheap laborer himself come in in hordes. Thus the American manufacturer is protected from foreign competition, while cheap foreign labor aids him in piling up a colossal fortune.

Cosmopolitanism versus Americanism

IT has been urged that immigration is now tending to fall off and so that the worst is over. There is nothing to justify the latter belief. The shift of population is an economic phenomenon varying with

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THE TENTH INNING

This picture, taken at an amateur baseball game between two rival boys' teams, shows the interest and excitement that can attach to the national sport even though the professional element be absent

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A history class studying the epoch of the cave-dwellers. The pupils enact scenes from the life of the cave men, making as faithful as possible a representation of their customs and occupations

OUTDOOR SCHOOLS

BY THOMAS S. CARRINGTON, M.D.

A NEW theory of primary education has spontaneously revealed itself to us in America. It is a theory based on the belief that good health is more to be chosen than great knowledge, and that neither knowledge nor health need be acquired at the expense of the other. A still further revelation is that this theory may be readily turned to the advantage of any community that elects to welcome it. It is the open-air school that has forced these discoveries upon us.

When the first open-air school was established in Germany, in 1904, and when later the idea was adopted in England, and still later in the United States, its primary aim was exclusively to benefit the sick. We are now beginning to see that what is good for a sick child can certainly do no harm to a well one; and, still further, that there are other advantages in the idea than that of the improvement of the pupil's health, and that well children should not be deprived of these advantages merely because they have the good fortune to be strong and healthy.

The Open-Air School Good for Well Children and Country Children

THE open-air school was started as a city movement, and remained such until very recently. But the absurdly plain discovery of its advantages for the strong as well as for the weak has now developed another obvious fact, which is that if the institution is good for city children it must have some benefits for country children. And it has. Granted that there are more sick school boys and girls in the cities than in the towns and villages, it does not follow that all country children are beyond the possibility of acquiring still stronger constitutions, or that the new methods of teaching and discipline could fail utterly in small communities, when they succeed so wonderfully in large ones.

So there has come to be almost a universal interest in this new theory of instruction, and many are seeking to learn just what an open-air school is, how it is conducted, what it costs to conduct it, what special equipment is required, and how its methods of instruction differ from those of other schools, and why. The outcome of such an investigation is a foregone conclusion. Sickness and city living conditions are in no degree essential to the success of these schools. On the contrary, if they can accomplish what they have for feeble children in the city, they can do at least as much for feeble children in the country, and even more for feeble and strong alike; because they rely so much for their practical working upon nature and the great out-of-doors which the country always provides at its best, while the city has to fight for every breath of country atmosphere it can get—and even then often gets but the artificial likeness of the thing and not the thing itself.

The Open-Air School Need Not Cost a Dollar for Special Equipment

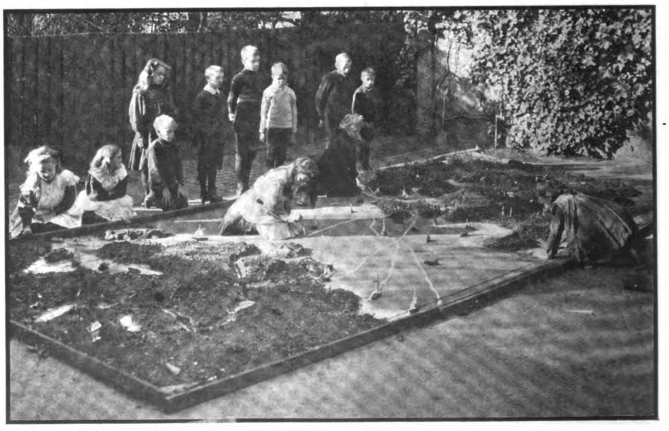
THE aim of the open-air school is twofold—to improve the child's health and to provide more effective methods of education. In the first respect, its idea is that good fresh air is a most effective curative agent for disease. In the second respect, it works on the principle that actual association with the things that are studied is more inspiring and instructive to pupils than the abstract lessons acquired from books only. The open-air school, therefore, helps to cure or to strengthen at the same time that it brings the children into contact with the familiar objects of nature and enables them to learn their arithmetic, geography, and history in practical ways never possible within the four walls of a schoolhouse.

To accomplish these aims, the equipment of the open-air school may be practically whatever its teachers wish to make it. There may even be an effective open-air school without the expenditure of a single dollar for special equipment. The main thing is to get close to nature—the closer the better. There must be due provision for protection from inclement weather, and there must be no flagrant disregard of the fundamental rules of health; but otherwise the success of the school is in direct proportion to the degree of freedom that it attains from roofs and walls.

The building problem is one wholly of convenience or local conditions, and is settled only by the needs of each individual case. In its simplest and most effective form, the open-air school is conducted in a garden or field or under the trees. Here it can be carried on only in fair weather; but with the schoolhouse close at hand, as it usually will be, there is shelter near by in time of need.

Simple Ways of Constructing an Open-Air School-Room

IF some simple form of shelter other than the schoolhouse itself seems desirable, there may be an open



The children learn geography from maps of sand which they make themselves, planting them with twigs of vegetation natural to the region they are representing and sailing tiny boats, laden with articles of the country's actual commerce, up and down the play watercourses

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shed with only a roof and one inclosed side, and with the ground for the floor, or perhaps a simple board platform. A still more elaborate plan would be to build a somewhat more pretentious shelter with all sides inclosed about three feet up from the ground, and with rolling canvas curtains to be let down to keep out the wind and rain or snow when there is a storm. Tents have sometimes been used in place of these wooden shelters, and are fairly satisfactory when placed over board floors.

Of course, there are days throughout the year, and sometimes weeks at a time, when none of these devices would afford adequate protection from rain, snow, or wind. At such times there is again the old school-house; but if the school is occasionally driven indoors by the force of the elements, it need not entirely abandon its out-of-door aspect. Even if nothing else were done, the open-air theory could still be practised by the simplest of all devices, the opening of the windows; or, if a new building is to be constructed with the open-air idea in view, its rooms should be so arranged that all sides can be opened or closed. There is thus sufficient protection from wind or storm, from whatever quarter it comes, but still with two sides of the rooms open to the fresh air. Startling and revolutionary as the idea may seem, it has been found that cold weather does not harm children if they are properly dressed and protected, even though they sit for an hour or more at a time at their desks.

The alteration of an old school-house to adopt the new idea may be easily accomplished by removing the entire wall on one side or on two, and replacing the walls with long windows, so hung that they may be wide open fom top to bottom. In some instances these alterations have been carried to the extent of removing a portion of the roof and replacing it with canvas curtains on stormy days; but this is hardly necessary, since the open sides will provide all the required circulation.

Giving Children Real instead of Imaginary Problems

FOR books the open-air school has no special requirements. The same books may be used as indoors; and there need be no radical changes in the course of study, nor do the teachers require special training for the work. If the classes are to be conducted in the open air, there will perhaps be the necessity for portable blackboards, chairs, and desks; and if in the old school-house the chairs and desks are fastened to the floor, it may be necessary to acquire a new outfit of furniture of the portable type.

But even this possibility of expense disappears if the school committee, the parents, and the children will be satisfied with a modified form of the out-of-door institution, whereby as much of the work and study as is possible is done out of doors, while the building is used for such parts of the daily sessions as require desks and blackboards. In any case, the lack of chairs, desks, and blackboards should not be allowed to block the open-air campaign. The fresh air is the main thing. Not merely the child's health but also his capacity for learning is increased and his mental faculties stimulated by permitting him to learn and study under the most favorable conditions that nature can provide, and by supplanting the abstract imaginary problems of the text-book with the concrete, visible demonstration of the same problems in the fields and among the trees.

There are various accessories required for the city open-air schools for sick children, some of which could be rendered useful in any school of the type, but most of which can be dispensed with if necessary and their absence not felt. But the one absolute essential is the good, fresh open-air itself. All else is secondary and but a means to the end, which is to procure the most copious supply possible of the purest air obtainable. And in this all-important particular the smaller towns and cities have an advantage over the big cities that no human agency or power of dollars can counterbalance.

What Sick Children Need in the Open-Air School

IN the city classes where none but feeble children are admitted, and in the poorer sections where the parents are unable to provide the clothing and food needed for effective treatment, the schools provide both. Frequent meals are served; there are reclining-chairs, sitting-out bags, baths, and rest rooms. Special medical attendance is also provided, and there is apparatus for recording the child's condition and progress toward recovery. But the country school may easily dispense with these accessories.

If there are sickly children who would have to stay at home unless the school made special provision for them, their parents should be more than ready to provide the reclining-chairs and sitting-out bags, since this would prevent interruption in the child's school course. While the old-fashioned shut-in school, with every detail of its management militating against a fair chance for improved health, was the last place in the world to which to send a sickly child, the new out-door school provides precisely the methods of care and entertainment that make for increased strength of mind and body. The parents provide their child's food and clothing anyway, and would hardly expect the school to do that.

The outdoor treatment would call for warmer clothing sometimes, and doubtless for heartier luncheons all the time; but no complaints need be anticipated from the parents on these scores. The sitting-out bag may be easily and cheaply made at home, if the school committee's appropriation is not large enough to provide it. In any event, it is only in cold or stormy weather that extra clothing will be required, whether the classes are held indoors or not.

It has been said that the aim of the open-air school is "to teach a cure." It is more than that. It is to teach while curing and to cure while teaching. It cures by the simple process of allowing nature to administer its most potent medicine in its purest form and in unrestricted measure. It teaches by again calling upon nature as an assistant, or rather by drafting nature as the chief instructor of the faculty, or as the basic course of the curriculum.



Studying physical geography from actual surroundings instead of from a text-book. The class meets beside a brook to learn some of the laws governing watercourses

To sharpen the child's powers of observation; to increase his capacity for knowledge; to make the acquirement of knowledge attractive and entertaining and rob it of its drudgery and confining influences; to associate study and learning closely with the child's natural interests and identify them intimately with the things about which he knows something already; to teach him how to discover for himself the "sermons in stones" and "books in the running brooks" that are ready at hand to be discovered on all sides—these are the aims of the open-air school's educational theory.

Geography Out-of-Doors with Maps of Sand

THE geography class meets beside a small brook where a "map" has been worked out on the ground in the clay and sand. Rivers are represented by strings laid in slight depressions, mountains and hills are raised up near by with piles of sand. Little groups of toy buildings are placed to indicate towns and cities, and potteries, iron foundries, cotton mills, and other industrial plants, including coal and iron mines, are suggested by bits of the manufactured materials placed here and there. Sea routes from the coast are shown by small toy boats setting out from various points, and railroad lines by the rods of old umbrellas. Somewhat more understandable and easy to comprehend than the old-style map in the geography, with its mystifying maze of many colors and networks of lines!

History is taught by taking one period at a time, and by enacting some of the principal scenes of that period, in costume if possible—the children, of course, taking all the parts. The home life of the historical periods is also played out in costumes, as well as military scenes, which naturally appeal with special force to the boys. For the arithmetic lesson, there are tape-measures and yard-sticks, and measurements are taken of the diameters of trees, the distances between the trees, the surface of buildings, and so on, and the examples based on these measurements. The advantages of this method over the old system of theoretical examples is easy to appreciate.

There is much of the manual training system worked into the European open-air schools and in some of those in the larger American cities. Clay-working is done by the boys and girls in a shady corner of the school precincts. There are sewing classes, also, for boys and girls alike, and it seems that the small German and English boys experience no impairment of pride when they are asked to join the sewing circle and do the things that young America of the masculine gender would be more likely to dismiss with contempt as girls' work. Other forms of household activity are taught in some of the schools, such as the care of babies, and laundering.

But, of all the forms of instruction that the children like, gardening comes first. We in this country already know much about school gardens. They are, in reality, one form of the open-air school. Like the open-air schools, they were first devised for city conditions; but, also like them, they are ideal for the country sections, where the youngsters are likely to have much more practical use for gardening knowledge than in the city.

Out-of-door life is not so much of a novelty for country children as for those who live in cities, and to that extent it might seem that the fascinations of this type of school would hold less interest for the boys and girls of the villages. But the variety of instruction provided and the novelty of its method have their special appeal to the country children in teaching them how to apply their book learning to the things with which they are familiar by daily contact. The country lad whose interest is attracted to the vegetable garden by knowledge that first came to him in school in the form of nature study, is much more likely to be a helpful and effective worker around the place when he grows up than one whose first introduction to farm work is the command to go out and go to work.

What are the actual results accomplished by open-air schools? This is a very natural question for any community to ask before it joins in the movement. First of all, the most remarkable improvement in the children's health. At the end of the first three months in the first open-air school, twenty-three per cent. of the children had been completely cured of various ailments, and forty-five per cent. greatly improved.

Other reports of the first open-air school are most extravagant in their enthusiasm, but not more so than subsequent developments have actually warranted. The earliest reports stated that the children showed a marked improvement in attention, mental alertness, and behavior; that punctuality, cleanliness, and orderliness were developed; that, notwithstanding the greater freedom allowed the children, there was no difficulty in maintaining discipline; that a closer personal relationship was developed between pupil and teacher; that many of the children carried into their homes a more healthy, wholesome atmosphere—and so on through a long list of advantages



Working in clay, bow-making, and basket-making. The work is all done out-of-doors. Results show that not only well children but sick children, not only city children but country children, do better work and improve physically in out-of-door schools

(Continued on page 23)

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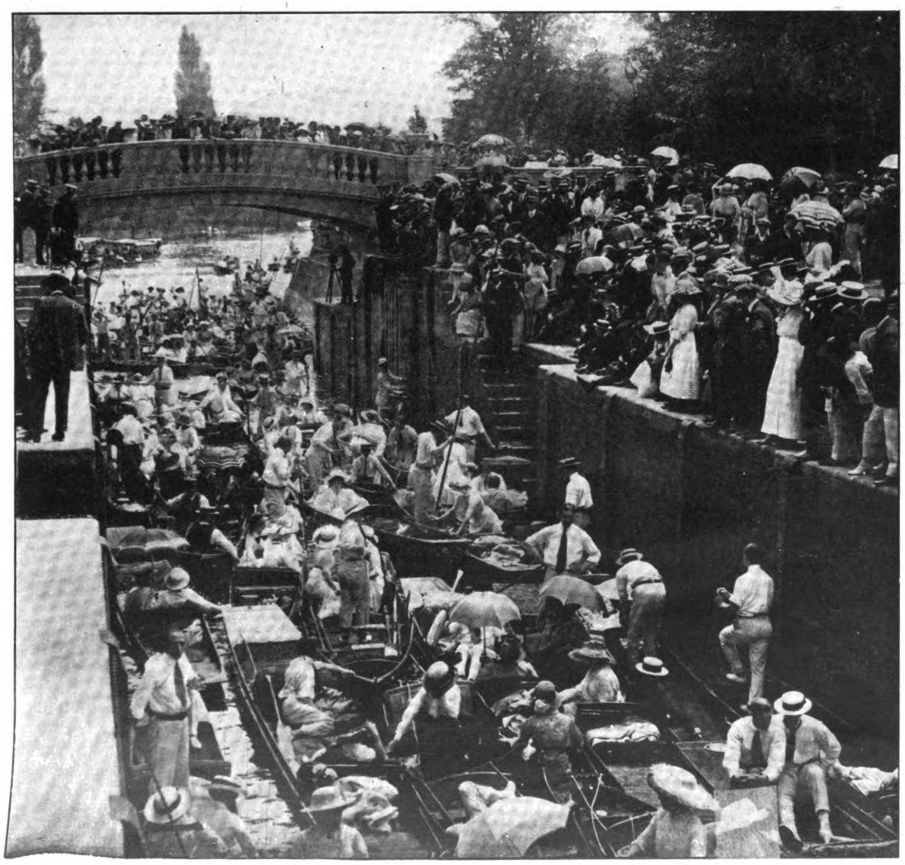
THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE MOMENT OF VICTORY

The Oxford University Training Corps, of which the future King Edward VIII of England is a member, is stationed between Hermitage and Bradfield College. The Prince (at the right), as a scout, has captured the enemy and seized the ammunition



"THE HANDSOMEST

The coach of the Second Life Guards, t
Ascot Races. Lord Tweedmouth, the H
Lady Worsley, and others of the no



ASCOT SUNDAY ON THE THAMES

At Boulter's Lock, which is always jammed with "punts" being lifted back and forth, crowds of Londoners stand all day, watching the boats go by



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EMANCIPATED DRESS

Mrs. John E. Boldt, a New York suffragette, wearing the
setless trouserette costume which she advocates for wo

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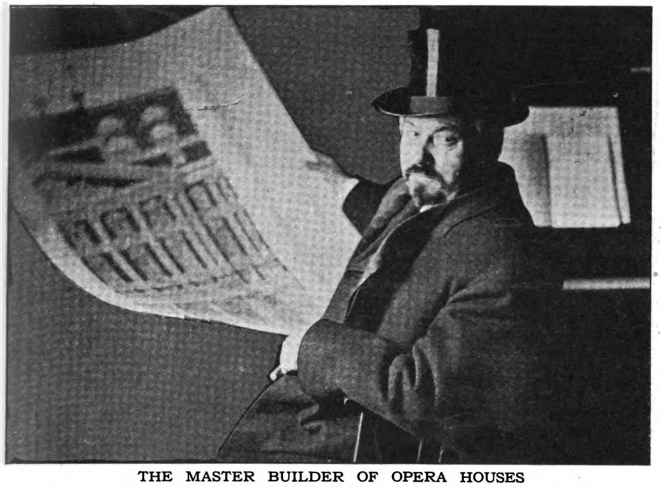


IN ENGLAND"

t regiment of England, at the
ie Monica Grenfell, Lord and
are mounted on the coach

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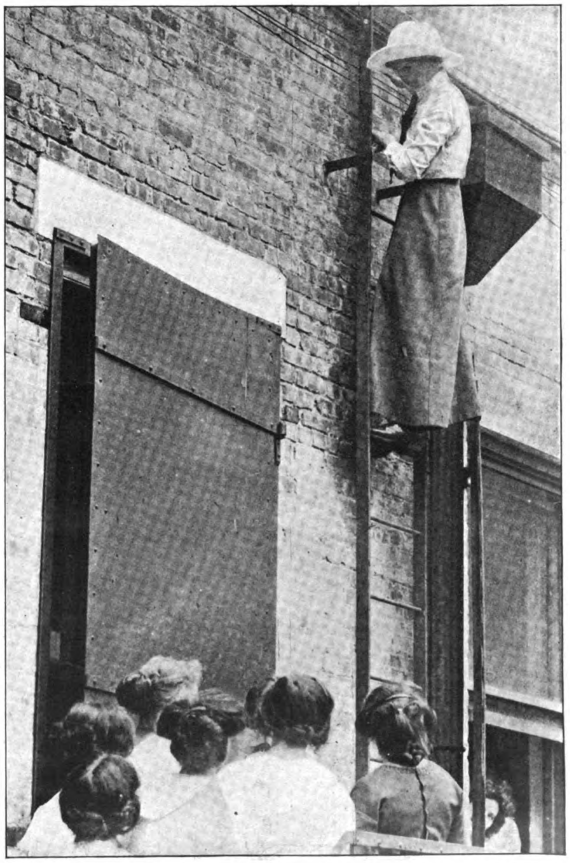
THE FIFTY-MILLION-DOLLAR BABY INSPECTING HIS LIVE STOCK
Vincent MacLean, one of the richest boys in America, has just become the owner of a $75,000 farm near Newport, stocked with hundreds of sheep, chickens, goats, ponies, and dogs. He is said to find this farm the most interesting of all his playthings



THE MASTER BUILDER OF OPERA HOUSES
Oscar Hammerstein, having abandoned the attempt to produce London opera, is now studying plans for his New York house, which is expected to open within the year



NEGRESS CHAUFFEURS IN PARIS
One of the up-to-date Parisian taxicab companies has introduced colored women drivers for its cars



A LESSON WITHOUT WORDS FOR FOREIGN-SPEAKING FACTORY GIRLS
Mrs. Christopher, New York's deposed fire inspector, teaching girl operatives what to do in case of fire

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The big fellow let him rise, and then the fight began for the mastery of the doe

The Love-Making OF THE Newfoundland Caribou

BY

A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE, F.R.G.S.

IF any one would form a satisfactory opinion of the caribou* stag, he must see the animal at its best—see him when nature has provided that he shall be in his fullest power; and that is only during the brief period of the mating season. Then, and then only, can it be said that the caribou displays himself to advantage. Fiery of temper, keen of eye, impatient of interference, arrogant yet majestic, filled with a passionate desire to display himself to his kind, he is ready at any moment to do battle to prove his superiority over all comers, especially those smaller than himself. For he is an animal of great discretion, an animal wise enough to realize that, to do battle with success, it is important that he should not be inferior in point of size to his antagonist.

For months nature has been at work preparing the stag for this test of power; for months the life of the animal has been sacrificed to the one end, perfection of power. As the athlete trains for weeks or even months that his condition may be as nearly as possible perfect, so does the stag give almost half of his life to preparation—unconsciously perhaps, but nevertheless the sacrifice is made—in order that when the crucial test comes he will be found ready and in all ways worthy to be the father of future generations; for, if the species shall continue, it must be clean of limb and sound of body, inheriting nothing but what will help it in the great battle of life in that northern country, where the battle is fought against almost overwhelming odds, where weakness, inherited or contracted, means death, where only those who test one hundred per cent. can hope to survive the rigors of climate and be clever enough to outwit the numerous enemies that are ever on the watch, ready at all times to destroy the weakling.

The Stag's Preparation for His Love-Making

PERHAPS you are already asking, in what way does the caribou stag prepare himself for the season of love-making? Let me answer your question by taking you back to the days of early spring. Scarcely has the winter's accumulation of ice and snow begun to melt than the caribou stag, alone and in great straggling herds, leave their winter quarters, and work their way northward to their summer homes. It is a hard journey, for the country is at its very worst; streams are converted into roaring rivers by the melting of the snow, ponds become lakes, meadows and barrens are under water, and the water is as cold as ice; even the woods, deep in water and slushy snow, are almost impassable. Yet through such obstacles the caribou, by force of instinct or reason, must make his way to his fair-weather home.

At this time the doe, heavy in fawn, is also coming northward, scorning the escort of the hornless stag, intent only on finding a secluded place where she may bring forth her young safe from the haunts of man.

The stag is not now an object of beauty. Mottled in color,—for his winter coat is dropping,—he is thin from scarcity of food, he is hornless, and his eye lacks fire. If we examine him, we shall see that the horn-pedicles are slightly swollen, and covered with a soft, velvet-like substance. The horns are beginning to grow. At first they cause little or no trouble; but as the summer advances they grow with surprising speed. A great part of the animal's food must go toward nourishing these immense structures of horn, which are incased in the soft velvet so that they will not become dry until development is completed. During this period the horns are very sensitive, and one can readily imagine how great an obstruction they must be to the animal's freedom of action. Throughout the entire summer the stag is handicapped in this way; and when we consider that the greater part of the summer is spent in the close woods in order to avoid the black flies, we can not help wondering at the strangeness of Dame Nature's ways, for in the open they would cause no inconvenience, whereas in the close-growing woods the sensitive horns must be a constant source of trouble.

The Caribou's Transformation

WITH the approach of autumn conditions change for the better; and when the maples display their wonderful scarlet foliage, and the birches become masses of shimmering gold, so bright that our eyes are dazzled by the bewildering color, the stag's horns have attained their full growth, they have hardened, the velvet, no longer needed for protection, is peeled off by being rubbed against the rough branches of scrubby trees, and the animal comes forth in all his glory—the glory of newly burnished horns, his proudest possession. His eye, too, is full of fire. The glands of his neck swell to conspicuous size, and from his ears to his shoulder he is clothed in a heavy white mantle.

What a transformation has been effected—from the dull gray, peaceful, hornless creature, that seemed to lack all ambition, to this parti-colored, heavy-antlered, sprightly animal so exultant in his wedding garb.

This is no fanciful picture of imagination, made up for the purpose of trying to interest the reader. It is merely a statement of actual facts that any one may see for himself if he but takes the trouble to visit the country where the caribou lives. Unfortunately, only too few of those who are interested in these animals ever see them during this most interesting season; for at this time the rifle must be silent, the government of Newfoundland having wisely decided that shooting shall not be allowed during the mating season.

It is a great pity that more people are not sufficiently interested in animals to enjoy watching them *alive*, rather than being possessed of the single idea of hunting them with intent to kill. It is evidently the survival of the savage in us that makes the joy of the chase so dependent on death as the *only* ultimate object. The chase of wild creatures, when conducted on sportsmanlike lines, has much to recommend it. It teaches us many things that might not otherwise be learned, and leads, of course, to vigorous, healthy exercise. But when we see pictures published, showing the so-called sportsman actually photographed standing in a veritable sea of carcasses, the wretched remains of harmless animals that have been so ruthlessly sacrificed to satisfy man's lust, we feel almost ashamed of being called sportsmen.

Perhaps the man who has done a reasonable amount of shooting, and has been educated to a proper knowledge of the animals' ways, so that careful stalking has become an unconscious part of the hunt, may enjoy to the very fullest extent the art of hunting with the camera.

Camera-Hunting More Exciting than Rifle-Hunting

IF I may speak from my own experience, I should say, without the slightest hesitation, that the camera has, directly and indirectly, given me more real pleasure and actual excitement than I had ever found in using the rifle, and very few creatures have proved of greater interest to me than the caribou of Newfoundland. Six successive seasons I visited the country before succeeding in obtaining even reasonably good photographs of the autumn migration; and on each visit I always hoped that I might have the good fortune to catch the stags during the mating season, and so perhaps secure a photograph of that most interesting event, the fighting of the stags.

At every suggestion of such a desire, discouragement was offered most freely by guides and others, and I was almost led to believe that my quest was an impossible one. But, last autumn, peculiar conditions gave me reason to hope; for an early snow drove the great northern herds of caribou down to the lower plains immediately before the mating season. This most fortunate and unexpected occurrence gave me the opportunity for which I had so long worked in vain.

On the morning of October 1st, the sun rose on distant hills that were well covered with freshly fallen snow. It was unusually early for snow, and at first I scarcely realized what it meant for me. At the time I was working on beaver, with scarcely a thought for caribou. During the many autumns spent in the country, I had never seen them before the 20th of the month, though I had always hoped that they might come earlier.

The mating season, which lasts about two weeks, usually begins about the end of the first week in October, so there seemed every likelihood that this unexpected fall of snow would bring the animals down to the lowlands before the season began. Allowing three days for the herds to reach the Sandy River region, which is in the path of the autumn migration, I went out to a large barren about five miles north of Grand Lake, and there, to my great delight, found that an almost constant stream of caribou were appearing from the north—small herds and large ones, all traveling in a very leisurely way. On reaching the large barren, they rested, and the silvery-colored creatures could be seen scattered in every direction.

Studying the Caribou at Close Range

THERE was no sign of excitement among them. The old and the young stags intermingled with the does without being noticed. It was quite evident that, unless they continued on their southerly route earlier than they had ever been known to do, I was practically certain to have an opportunity of being with them throughout part, if not all, of the mating season. The surmise was entirely correct, and though during the three weeks that followed there was a steady but very slow southerly movement, there was scarcely a day that I did not see some caribou. By October 21st the mating period had ended, and practically all the herds had passed.



A caribou stag looking for a mate. With the approach of autumn the stag's horns have attained their full growth, and the animal comes forth in all his glory

*The caribou is the Western form of the reindeer.

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For a great many years there had not been such an early migration; in fact, for several seasons I had had to wait until well into November before the animals appeared, and one year it was as late as December. Most of my previous experience with caribou had been during the autumn migrations, so that I had never really seen the stags at their best. But this year fortune was kind to me, and I had abundant opportunity for watching the animals and studying their habits.

Caribou Are Not Monogamists

LITTLE or nothing has ever been written on this subject. Let me begin by saying that the caribou are not believers in monogamy; at least, this is true of the Newfoundland species, for they will take as many wives as they can get possession of. Judging by all the accounts that had ever come to my knowledge, either by reading or hearsay, I imagined that each herd contained only one stag, and that the stag would always fight if he met a possible rival.

There appears to be absolutely no foundation for either of these ideas. The stags do fight, but only on rather exceptional occasions; and herds may have quite a number of full-grown stags, who tolerate each other in a most amicable way. These stags even go from one herd to another, with only occasional interference.

I had also heard that the creatures were so ill-tempered that on the approach of a man they would throw aside all discretion and attack him, without the least provocation — so that attempts to photograph them at this season would be attended with considerable risk.

This is not at all in accordance with my own experience. Not only did the stags not attack me, but I had the greatest difficulty in approaching them to within anything like reasonable photographic range. I might add that my experience was not with one or two stags, but with nearly a hundred, and lasted throughout the entire breeding season. Perhaps I was unusually unlucky,—or lucky, according to the point of view,—but I would have given a great deal to have found even one stag truculent enough to come within close range, so that really satisfactory photographs could have been obtained.

The most interesting day I have ever spent with caribou was when I was for five hours with a large herd that numbered over a hundred does and stags. Then it was that there was opportunity for watching them at very close quarters, so that their behavior could be carefully observed. This herd, when I first saw it, contained about forty, among which were several fairly good stags. They were joined during the day by smaller herds, until there were nearly a hundred and fifty altogether, and one really fine stag.



A caribou stag driving his "harem" of does northward to their summer home



During the mating season, when the woods are deep in water and slushy snow, the fawns are often separated from their mothers; but they take to the water like ducks

Following One Hundred and Fifty Caribou through Swamps and Woods

FOR hours I crawled about through swamps and woods, sometimes not daring to make a move, until I felt as if I should freeze to the ground—for it was a bitterly cold day. Frequently the animals would be within a few feet of me; some even slept so close that I could almost have touched them. This, unfortunately, was in a scattered thicket of dwarf spruces and scrubby brush, so that the camera could not be used; but, even if it had been entirely clear, it would not have been wise to attempt to get photographs, since the sound of the shutter would have revealed my presence and the herd would instantly have vanished.

So it was that I watched patiently, keeping a careful lookout that no straying doe went down wind. That would, of course, have been fatal. The slightest scent of man will arouse their suspicions, and once that occurs there is no chance of doing anything with them. As it was, they were absolutely oblivious of my existence, and were as peaceful as a herd of domestic cattle on a warm summer day.

Not more than a few yards away from me, a pair of orange-colored antlers showed above the bushes. A good-sized stag was lying down near a couple of does.

In front of me was a very old stag with long, spindly horns. He stood perfectly still for over an hour, with his head lowered almost to the ground. It is difficult to understand the meaning of this curious habit, which exists only during the breeding season. Sometimes a stag may be seen in the middle of a barren, standing in this absurd manner for hours at a time, apparently oblivious to all the world. The animal near me was almost white, and had the very long nose that is characteristic of old stags. It was impossible to obtain a good photograph of him, for there was a lot of intervening brush, and I scarcely dared make any move, for fear of disturbing the many creatures that were within sight. At last a doe came along, and the old fellow moved. This seemed to offer a fairly good opportunity, so I gradually raised the camera and secured the photograph shown on page 16 without attracting attention.

During the hours of waiting, the stags could frequently be heard snorting. They were, however, in the thick scrub, and, being entirely surrounded by does, there was no possible chance of approaching them—the only hope was that they might come toward me.

A Battle Among the Caribou

LATER in the afternoon a stranger stag appeared on the scene. Evidently he was unknown to the

(*Continued on page 24*)

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THE HOBO AND THE NUN

BY FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT

ILLUSTRATION BY E. HIGGINS

SNOW lay deep on the Cascade Range. The foot-hills were buried. The high mountains of the main chain were rounded by huge drifts. Only the tops of the hemlocks showed on their sides, in dull green black against the whiteness. Where the crest of the range dipped low between two long cañons, the little town of Tunnel lay, inclosed by timber-streaked, wind-swept peaks—a patch of yellow black along the stream-bed.

The steady fall of snow had overwhelmed extra gangs and smothered rotary plows as they worked along fifty miles of railroad. Trains lay on half a dozen lonely sidings, cut off from all the world—storm-bound. In its steep-walled cranny among the mountains, the construction camp at Tunnel was completely isolated.

Shifts went to work in the black hole that the company was driving through the mountain, and came out from it blinking in the glare from the drifts. Each day the breast of the heading made a few feet of progress into the rock, and each day the dump encroached a few feet into the surrounding whiteness. Going into the somber portal, and coming out, the men had formed a habit of looking up at the sky. Always it was dull gray, with a smother of falling flakes beneath. As they looked they shook their heads. The storm was going to last forever. They began to mutter. The tenth of the month had passed, with no pay-day. The train bearing the checks was buried, twenty miles down the road.

Nor were the bosses content. This was the winter Jerry Morley, and the ten who had come with him from the Chicago ditch, laid off. Eleven of the fastest drill-runners on the work, their idleness had a marked effect on the progress from the last portal.

THEY hadn't touched a pick or shovel since the first day of November, and in the three months that had followed half a dozen bodies were picked up from the right of way, cut in two by passing trains. But no blood stained the rails. Men who kept their wits when drunk came to avoid the Ruby saloon in the riotous nights following pay and "drag" days. Others crept back to their bunk-houses with ugly stories—or were carried back, feet first, to go to work days afterward, with bandaged heads and scarred faces.

The six whose blood had not been found on the rails were given sepulture in the drifts behind the engineers' quarters—where they stayed until the next Chinook wind brought them back to the memory of the camp; then they got further funeral. It happened three times, and in the end came to be regarded, grimly, as a joke. With the six in these resurrections were others—victims of pneumonia. The dry, cold air of the mountain winter cuts peculiarly on the lungs of those coming from the damp warmth of underground.

All this became, in a measure, known to the outer world. Carroll, the superintendent, used to say that he kept three crews—one working, one coming from Seattle, and the other going back. The members of the last told, with certain exaggerations, of the pneumonia, and, with unmeasured enthusiasm in the narration, of Jerry Morley and his ten. Employment agents did their best to counteract the influence of the stories; but these had gone the rounds of every saloon in the Sound country that furnished abundance of chairs and sold beer in large mugs. As they traveled, the tales had, very naturally, improved.

In the end, Tunnel came to be regarded as the abiding-place of disease and sudden death. Jerry Morley became the hero of unvarnished fiction whose nature was nothing short of terrific. Old drill-runners, who had seen such reigns as his and had experienced the uncertainties in the way of stake-making attendant on them, sought other camps. New men were good for billets only before they had listened to bar-room Münchhausens.

At Tunnel, then, the shifts came to be short-handed. Progress reports showed the effects of this. Carroll and his two "walkers" awoke to this fact about the time of the storm's beginning. They had come from the East, where men weren't accustomed to bidding profane and inelegant farewells to their foremen in the knowledge that "the country was its work." When they opened their eyes to what confronted them, the drifts had bound up everything except the telegraph. They had to sit down and make the best of it, with Jerry Morley and his ten laughing at them and the camp from the warm interior of the saloon they had picked out as a rendezvous.

LATE in the morning of the fourteenth day of the storm, Jerry Morley came from the door of the Ruby saloon. He crossed the narrow gangway that sloped upward to the summit of the dump. He stood on the edge of the granite heap, an ugly silhouette against the whiteness. He was a large-boned man, broad-shouldered, tall, and straight as an arrow. He wore a brown Mackinaw jacket whose belt hung free at the ends, corduroys, and rubber boots. His close-cropped head was bare. He turned his great face, blue-pocked from powder scars and splotched with red veins from drinking, toward the drab sky.

He stood perhaps a minute; then took one hand from his breeches pocket and slowly raised his clenched fist toward the heavens. What he said was blasphemy, the more terrible because his deep voice was quiet and absolutely even. He turned on his heel, and a moment later reëntered the saloon.

A woman sat by the red-hot stove in the middle of the long room. Her black hair fell uncombed over the shoulders of a faded red wrapper. Behind the bar, a beady-eyed man was polishing a whisky glass. His hair, parted in the middle, was curled back smooth and sleek from his low, deeply lined forehead.

The woman lifted her head when the door opened, and blinked her eyes.

"Snowin', Jerry?" she croaked—and laughed, the wailing, mirthless laugh of her kind, before he had time to answer. He cursed her briefly, and turned to the bartender.

"No checks to-day, Harry," he said; "nor to-morrow, neither, for that matter."

THREE hours later the wind changed until it blew straight from the west. The sky grew darker, and the snowflakes became sleet, then rain-drops. That night the rotary plows worked on the switchback, and next morning they crossed the summit. At noon the first passenger train pulled into Tunnel.

The whole camp knew it was coming. There was practically no one underground that morning. All were waiting for the checks; and there were many little things to do and much to see. It is strange how far from civilization men come to feel when they have been two weeks storm-bound. An hour before train-time the little depot platform was crowded, and a crowd lined the row of saloon porches behind.

That morning they had taken from beneath the cook-house four rough boxes. These were to go to Seattle, where relatives awaited them. The men had died of pneumonia. The boxes were placed on two baggage-trucks, ready for the train's arrival. The station agent did this; then got together a heap of mail-sacks and half a dozen trunks. Between times, he attended to his ticking instrument and answered questions.

The doctor was in the station, with a couple of the engineers and the superintendent. So it came that Tommy Hayes was taken to him. Tommy and two others, on their way to the depot, had met Jerry Morley and three of his ten followers. And Tommy had spoken his mind concerning the leader. It was a badly battered pair who supported his limp, stiffening form.

The doctor had his pocket case with him, and called for a bucket of water. He was familiar with scalp lacerations, and took the half dozen stitches required in but few more minutes. He finished pinning the bandages as the two big locomotives at the head of the train thundered past the station door.

The engines came to a stand, panting; and the station agent trundled the gruesomely freighted baggage-trucks down the platform. The windows of the coaches were filled with faces watching this, while the men on the platform stared at the faces. At this moment the doctor came to the door of the depot. He was in his shirt sleeves, and he carried the bucket of ensanguined water with which he had bathed Tommy Hayes's wounds. He emptied its red contents on the snow, just as two women stepped from the vestibule of the chair-car almost in front of him.

BOTH wore the black, hooded robes of a Catholic sisterhood. About the edges of the hoods was a border of white—no whiter, however, than their faces; for the baggage-trucks had passed them just as the red drops splashed on the hems of their garments. Before them lay the canvas-signed row of saloons composing the town, whose populace, for the most part, backed away to let them pass.

If they shuddered at what they saw, the two nuns gave no sign. Their eyes looked steadily ahead, and their features bore that calmness almost amounting to placidity which is characteristic of these sisters at all times and places. Two or three of the roughest men, apparently retaining their self-possession in this awkward moment better than their fellows, doffed their sou'wester hats as the women passed.

Five minutes later the train was toiling up the switchback, and riot was raging at the depot. The checks had come, and every one wanted first place at the agent's window. All day that overworked employee handed the blue slips to members of a long line. As the payment went on, the crowds in the unpainted board saloons increased in size. During the afternoon the men cashed their checks at the bars. By supper-time most of the paper of the camp had been exchanged for money.

Meantime, piano-players had appeared, and with them pasty-faced gamblers—shifty-eyed men with round black felt hats of the style known on the Pacific Coast as highbinder. These latter placed on the crap-tables long rows of coins piled in columns, one beside the other, and brought out small wicker baskets, each filled with transparent celluloid dice; or seated themselves at round green-covered poker-tables, waiting for players.

They had not long to wait. By the time the lamps were lighted, the long rooms were astir with life. The men before the bars lifted their voices louder and louder as the heat of the liquor began to reach their blood. The pianos thumped dance and ragtime music which none seemed to heed, but all felt as keenly as they did the fiery whisky. The rattle of the dice became constant, and everywhere was the shuffling of heavy-shod feet. Through it all came the shrill voices of the women.

MEN who live in railroad construction camps, especially those camps that are far from the centers of population, develop to a marked degree many of the characteristics of the men who lived in other ages. Perhaps it would be better to say that the instincts inherent from those bygone ages crop out strongly in such places. The reason is not hard to fix. The work demands hard men. And in the men it engenders more hardness. What graces contact with finer things has given become in a measure—depending, of course, on the man himself—erased.

Differences are settled in the good old style that was recognized when men wore hair on their backs. The pleasures of these men are but a trifle more refined than the fighting. And the time for these pleasures at Tunnel came only once each thirty days. In the intervals, men accumulated restlessness and lust.

This pay-night had been preceded by an interim of unusual length, and consequently, of all the wild scenes the steep walls of the cañon had frowned upon, this was the wildest. The night was remembered by many long after the yellow pine buildings had been torn down and the little stream in front of them had cleansed itself from the accumulated foulness that men had left behind them. Its deeds began when dusk had hardly blurred the outlines of the surrounding mountains. Through it all, many of the saloon doors, wide open, throwing the yellow gleam of the acetylene lamps on the frozen snow, showed between their portals the crowds, milling like cattle herds turned in the stampeding. Here and there among them showed the long, disheveled locks of a woman.

In these crowds the faces of some were aflame with drink or passion; others walked haltingly, looking about them with vacant eyes; while still others, sodden, fell limply on the floor, and were kicked or trodden upon by those who passed unheeding their presence. Only the men behind the bars and the gaming-tables remained at the same time awake and impassive. Their eyes moved quickly, but they were always cold. To what happened before them, unless it directly concerned the money that was ever passing toward them, they paid absolutely no attention.

Always, through the roar of voices, some laughing, some cursing, and others shouting hate, came the thumping of the loud pianos and the click-clacking of the coins shuffled together in the hands of dealers much as players shuffle their cards.

FROM the open doors of the saloons men staggered forth as the night wore on. Some of these sank down in the snow; and to them others came silently. The stealthy walk of these others showed none of the effects of liquor. They bent over the prostrate forms, then stole away to seek others. Sometimes these prowlers followed men out of the bar-rooms; and more than once, when the cold air had partially revived the stooped senses of their quarries, leaped upon them from behind and robbed them swiftly. In this manner Jerry Morley's ten worked that night.

Their rendezvous was not so thickly frequented as the other places. At the end of the long line of saloons, farthest of all from the camp quarters, it stood somewhat sequestered. Its very loneliness helped to give it a sinister appearance well in keeping with the evil name it had got. The Ruby saloon was living up to its bad repute this night. Though the crowds were small that entered its doors, they were for that very reason more easily handled. Welcomed warmly enough on entering, the men drank; and, when the vile whisky was not fast enough in working, drugs were dropped into the glasses. Some who collapsed in front of the bar were dragged to the rear door and thrown into the snow-drifts. News of this finally reached other places, when the evening was well along.

WHEN this news had gone the rounds, and had been confirmed again and again by fresh reports of victims and witnesses, the desire for physical combat that had been showing itself in many small but terrific affrays centered on one object. This was the extermination of Jerry Morley and his ten. Rapidly, when rough plans had been made by a few of the wilder drill-runners, word went round that the project was afoot to clean out the Ruby. The tidings reached that place, and the leader gathered his ten about him. Those who did not care to take part in the assault remained in the other bar-rooms, well satisfied to get their news by word of mouth.

It is a remarkable fact, worthy of consideration whenever one deals with reform, that self-preservation will make a man act much more potently than will the preservation of communal good. This rule worked in the attempt to clean out the Ruby saloon.

Jerry Morley and his ten were pitted against twice their number. But, in addition to the advantage of having their own material salvation to spur them on, there was also the fact that the doorway would admit only three of their assailants at one time. To dwell on the affair would be brutal. The tide of battle turned when Jerry Morley himself picked up the prostrate leader of the storming party by the shoulders, and swung him like a great flail, bringing down his heavy boot-heels on the faces of his companions. The more law-abiding faction melted away, and were allowed to carry their limp leader with them. To their credit, it may be said that all of them were badly battered.

What had been before this was now eclipsed within the Ruby's doors. The leader of the ten drank heavily at the yellow pine bar. Seeing him do this, his followers no longer held themselves in check. Robbery was forgotten in the joy of madness. From time to time sympathizers, whom victory always brings to the winning faction, entered the place, until its floor was crowded. The piano, fenced in on a raised platform,

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roared thumping travesty on melody, until it all but drowned the deep bass voices of the men. Beneath the acetylene lamps that hung from the low board ceiling, many of the men's heavy faces were red with fresh blood. Others bore ugly scars, some of which were the ragged marks of conflicts like the recent one, while others, blued by burning powder, had been received in the cruel, never-ending warfare which the bearers waged against the living rock of the mountains.

SUDDENLY the roar was hushed. A woman's scream rose above it. The men turned toward the bar. Jerry Morley stood facing them. His big throat was swollen with passion, the great veins standing out on it like ropes. His reddened eyes were half closed. Ugly lines between them clove his brow deeply. Near his feet lay huddled a red-gowned form. He kicked it as they looked.

"Get up, you——!" he said hoarsely.

The bundle stirred slowly; the roar of voices went on. The pianist turned to his instrument. The rattle of dice began again at the crap-table.

Jerry Morley walked the length of the bar. He lifted his bass voice until it rose above the noises of the room.

"Billy Cassidy," he called—"Billy Cassidy, come here."

A square-shouldered man with high cheek-bones and slanting gray eyes pushed his way through the crowd. Jerry Morley whispered into his ear, and the other smiled evilly. Together they moved to the closed door and stood beside it. From their places in the crowd, the other nine watched these two.

The door swung open. Morley's great hairy paw fell on the shoulder of the man who entered. From the other side, Cassidy seized the newcomer. Together they dragged him to the bar, while the crowd in the low room stood looking at them without a word. The victim had fought for a moment; but now he stood cowering in their united grasp. Morley nodded. The two giants reversed their hold, as men do with a box when they tip it along end over end, and grasped the man by the legs, lifted him on high in this position, and shook him. There was a sound of jingling, and they threw the breathless man to one side like an old sack. Cassidy bent to pick up the money.

A roar of laughter went up from all sides of the room. The sleek-haired, beady-eyed man behind the bar did not laugh. This thing had gone too far even for him. He ran from his place to where Jerry Morley stood, now holding in one clenched fist the money, which Cassidy had given him.

"Jerry, Jerry, I can't stand for this!" he cried.

The giant's grin straightened and he half closed his gray-green eyes. The bartender was close to him now.

"Ye can't stand for what, ye robber?" he growled, and raised his empty fist.

The other's hand flew toward his hip. Jerry Morley seized the wrist, wrenching it; there was a sharp cry of pain. The arm hung limp when the giant loosed his grasp, and a revolver fell to the board floor.

"Ye will!" snarled Jerry Morley. "I'll learn ye." And he struck the man down, and kicked him as he lay on the floor. Some in the crowd laughed, others yelled encouragement.

THE woman in red—she was leaning on the bar now—raised her head from her arms, then dropped it again wearily. The door opened slowly.

Jerry Morley sprang to it with upraised hand—and came to a halt with his hand still on high. A black-robed nun entered.

For a moment she stood, dazzled by the glare of the acetylene lamps. Beside her, Jerry Morley towered above her frail form, his hand still raised. The piano had come to a stop. The men in the corner stared, silent. On the floor, motionless, a growing patch of dull red beside him, the bartender lay huddled, his arms still before his face. Near him stood the woman in the red wrapper, her black locks hanging in a loose tangle, a livid mark upon her cheek.

Gradually the eyes of the nun included these things, and as they did they dilated. Yet her white face remained absolutely calm. There was an almost imperceptible shrinking of her slight figure, and she half raised one hand to her head. At that moment Jerry Morley, with his great lump of a hand, mechanically took off his misshapen sou'wester hat. For perhaps a second he stood, holding the oilskin head-covering beside him. The prone figure of the bartender stirred and he moaned faintly. The movement and the sound awakened Jerry to speech.

"Sister," he said, "did ye want anythin'?" His heavy voice sounded loud, though he spoke low.

The nun turned toward him, her small oval face looking upward into his. It was a rare face, even with its setting of somber black and the white border. And from beneath the front of her hood peeped a lock of auburn hair whose soft sheen and curl no convent's discipline had ever completely subdued. Yet the immobile features and the large, quiet eyes possessed complete spirituality.

JERRY MORLEY felt all these things as he looked down into the quiet face. So did the others in the room, gazing at the black-robed little figure. None of them stirred—except the woman by the bar. She raised her head, then lowered it, fixing her eyes on the hem of the nun's garment.

"I missed my way to the depot; and the train is coming now."

The nun answered his question as calmly as if there were nothing unusual in the things about them.

"Could you show me the right path? I must hurry."

She asked it with the simple assurance she would have used in making the request of an altar-boy on a street corner.

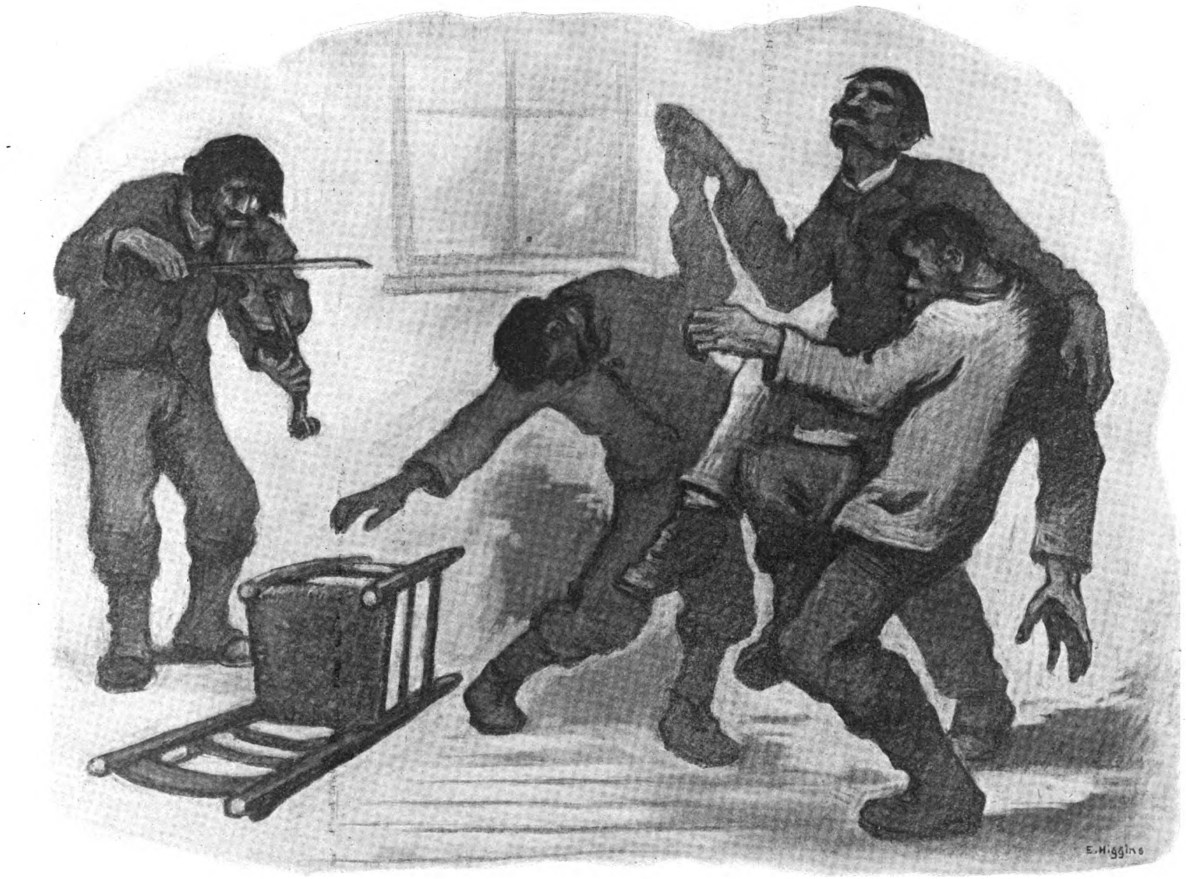
Jerry Morley threw open the door. Before them lifted the blank wall of the mountain-side; and against the blankness, high up, a yellow eye was moving swiftly. As he looked, it vanished silently.

He grasped her arm. "We must make a run fer it, Sister," he said briefly. "The train's in the cut now at the end o' the second leg."

They ran together out of the place and over the narrow gangway to the dump. He chose a path straight across it.

"We must try this short cut. There's no time fer the regular trail." His bass voice boomed on the still night air.

Behind them the row of saloons threw lines and patches of yellow light on the snow. The night sky was clearing, and a few stars showed above the black nothingness of the mountain ahead.



"The Ruby saloon was living up to its bad repute this night"

"Sister Cecilia is at the depot, waiting for me," she said. "I came alone, and I took the wrong path."

"Ye were collectin', Sister?" he asked, a mixture of diffidence and deep respect in his heavy voice.

"For the Fort Leavenworth Orphanage," she told him. "Do you think we can get there in time?"

THE yellow eye was in sight again, far lower on the black wall, crawling swiftly toward them now. They could see little dots of light marking the coach windows. Suddenly a flare of red sprang skyward, then vanished in swallowing darkness. As they looked, the train swept by above them and a faint humming came to their ears.

He suddenly realized that he held his left hand clenched. Noticing, he felt the money that he and Cassidy had shaken from their last victim. He had held it instinctively all this time. He was about to thrust it into his pocket, when the nun caught her foot in her cumbersome black skirt and stumbled. Morley reached out and grasped her; then steadied her awkwardly, with his hand on her elbow.

He quickened his pace, taking long strides, and she stumbled as she tried to keep up with him. As they crossed the dump, the train was nearing the end of the last leg. It had almost reached the cañon-bed.

The path turned now, making a detour to the right to reach a little bridge across the stream. Ahead of them the side of the dump dropped sheer to the creek, now running full-banked from the thaw of the day before. Across it, twenty feet above the water, cutting the loop of the trail, stretched a tree-trunk. The

(Continued on page 23)

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Addressing the ball

INTERLUDES

HOW HE DID IT

THEY were seated in the smoking compartment of the Pullman car, and, as men will do under such circumstances, they began discussing the high cost of living. One middle-aged individual who sat in the corner sighed deeply as the discussion ran on, and finally blurted out his feelings.

"It's a perfect outrage, the way everything has gone up," he said, "and where it's all going to end nobody under the canopy knows. The worst part of it all is that thousands of worthy young people don't dare get married for fear of being swamped by the ever-increasing expense account."

"Oh, I don't know about that," said the mirror of fashion and mold of form over by the window. "I got married last year on ten dollars a week——"

"What?" cried the middle-aged man, with the manner of a doubting Thomas. "You mean to say that in these times you got married on ten dollars a week, and make it go?"

"I sure do," said the young man, taking a solid gold cigarette-case from his pocket and passing it around. "That's all I had, and I only get twelve now."

"Well, by George!" said the other. "I'm blest if I see how you do it. I get forty dollars a week, and life's a Chinese puzzle for my wife and myself at that."

"Why, of course it takes some management," said the young man; "but by watching things carefully, and reducing my expenditure to a system, I make it go all right."

The middle-aged man laughed a mirthless laugh.

"Well," he said, "that stumps me. I wish to thunder you'd give me a sort of general lay-out of your expenditure. It might help——"

"Sure," said the young man, smiling pleasantly. "I'm always delighted to help another chap along with the benefits of my experience. I've carried that weekly expense account of mine in my head for so long now that I really know it by heart. I can recite it backward and forward, and tot it up at the top, bottom, or in the middle without the aid of a pencil or a cash register. Here is the itemized statement—take it down if you want to:

2 packs cigarettes per day, at 20 cents, or
14 packs per week.....$2.80
7 shaves, at 20 cents, with 10-cent tip for
barber and brush-boy..... 2.10
14 collars per week at two for a quarter ... 1.75"

"Excuse me for interrupting," said the middle-aged man, "but do you really buy fourteen new collars every week?"

"Sure!" said the young man. "That's one of the ways I economize. It saves a lot on my laundry bill, sir. Wearing two collars a day, as a gentleman should, your laundry bill would mount up some if you had 'em washed."

"Go *on!*" cried the middle-aged man desperately. "What else? How many dress-suits do you have per week? Seven?"

"Oh, no!" laughed the youth. "I find one lasts pretty well through the winter, especially if I lay in three pairs of trousers, six white waistcoats, and a dinner jacket to go with it at the start. But, let's see—where did we leave off?"

"You had just accounted for your weekly cargo of collars," said the middle-aged man grimly.

"Oh, yes," said the youngster. "I remember—well, that totted up to $6.65, which, with two new knitted ties per week at $1.50 apiece, brings the total for what I may call the necessities up to $9.65, leaving, on the ten-dollar basis, thirty-five cents for luxuries, or, on the twelve-dollar basis, $3.25. This goes for such things as an occasional taxi, or a visit to the theater or at the club, or perhaps for a bunch of sweet-peas or a box of candy for my wife. I find that it isn't the *cost* of the thing so much as the *thought* of the thing that pleases a woman, and my wife doesn't care what I bring home to her, even if it is only a postal card with a picture of the Grid-iron Building on the back of it, as long as she knows I've thought of her during the day. But, somehow, I always lump these expenditures under the general head of sundries, which finishes the account——"

"But see here," cried the middle-aged man, "you haven't accounted for house-rent, wages, food, clothing, light, fuel, shoes, doctor's bills——"

"Oh, those!" said the young man. "No—I don't account for things of that sort. You see, I don't have to."

"*Don't have to?*" echoed the middle-aged man. "Under what gloriously inspired dispensation do you live, that you don't have to consider the morrow, wherewithal shall ye be fed, and what ye shall put on? Are you a lily of the field?"

"No, sir," replied the young man. "I'm utterly unknown to botany."

Here he lit his thirteenth cigarette with an automatic silver pocket-lamp studded with rubies.

"I'm no lily; but, you see, when my wife and I got married last year, we went home to live with mama," said he.

THE MUSINGS OF MARCUS O'PTUTT

A POWDERED nose is not necessarily a sign of polish underneath.

"In Union Is Strength" is a motto that is seldom heard at Reno.

Contentment is better than riches, but the two together are better than either.

A girl may be a perfect picture and yet fill a man with woe by giving him the negative.

Many a prospector looking for quartz of gold succeeds only in landing a peck of trouble in the end.

If in the time of your prosperity you give every man his share, in your adversity you will find more men taking your part.

Love may make the world go round, as hath been said; but there are times when it fails to do the same thing with one's income.

A pedigree is a fine possession, but we have nevertheless known many a man made of common clay to turn out a perfect brick.

Don't count your chickens before they are hatched is a good general principle, unless you are trying to sell the eggs to some amateur farmer.

It is a strange thing, but it is none the less true, that many a man will gladly pay $450 for repairs to his motor-car, and complain bitterly over a doctor's bill for $250.

Idleness, of course, is never to be commended; but it is not the less true that a good many crumbs of comfort can be got from an occasional loaf.

The playwright who objects to a critic's falling asleep during the first performance of his play will often delight to catch him napping in his criticism thereof.

The man who thinks twice before he speaks once may be reckoned among the wise, but he will never make a reputation for himself as a master of brilliant repartee.

The Wheel of Fortune is a very smooth running affair, once we get it going; but when on the Road of Extravagance be careful lest you puncture the tire.

It is to be feared that when some women get to heaven they will be found pulling the feathers out of the wings of the cherubim to decorate their halos.

By the proper use of cosmetics, a clever woman who is physically a trifle "out of drawing" may yet make a first-class composition of herself.

FOR CONSISTENCY'S SAKE

"THEY say Mr. McAdoo is going to abolish the title of Collector of the Port at Mr. Bryan's request," said Jimpson.

"What's the idea?" asked Whimper.

"It is to be Collector of the Grape Juice hereafter," said Jimpson.

CHEAPER AT HOME

"I SEE," said Hickenlooper, "that over in Tartary you can buy a first-class wife for $125."

"That's nothing," said Cynicus. "Here in America almost any man can catch a Tartar for the asking."

A WISE CHOICE

"IF you could choose, Billups," said Waggles, "which would you take—a wife or a motor-car?"

"A motor-car every time," said Billups. "Because, you see, if I had a motor-car, the chances are I could get a wife; but if I had a wife it's ten to one I'd never be able to afford the car."

A CHARITABLE SOUL

"CAN'T ye give me suthin' to eat, ma'am?" said the tramp. "I'm out of a job, and I hain't had nothin' to eat for a week."

"Maybe I can give you a job," said the farmer's wife. "What is your business?"

"I was the Glass Eater in a Dime Museum, ma'am," said the wanderer.

"Poor man!" said the lady. "Come right in and set down. I've got a hull store o' patent-medicine bottles jest waitin' for ye. Would ye like 'em hot or cold?"

A USEFUL OCCUPATION

"I SEE," said Mr. Bizzyhed, "that your son John has been made a B.A. and a B.S. and a C.E. and an M.E. all at once at Squinceton."

"Yes," said the proud father. "John has pretty nearly the whole alphabet tacked to his name."

"What's he going to be, now that he's graduated?" asked Mr. Bizzyhed.

"Why, I don't know. With all those degrees, he ought to make a good letter-carrier," said the proud pater.

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THE LOST BATTERY

BY DONAL HAMILTON HAINES

A GROUP of sun-tanned, bearded men sat around a door-shutter supported by two saw-horses. The light from two oil lanterns was reflected from the rough joists and rafters of the shed, and fell upon the many-colored surface of a big map spread out on the shutter. The men about the map held their chins in their hands and looked at the lines and splashes of color with bright, unwavering eyes. All over the surface of the map were little pegs, some black, some white, each with a sharpened steel point, so that it could be stuck into the heavy paper and leave only a small hole. A tall man at one end of the improvised table stood upright, jiggling a single black peg up and down in his hand.

"We've got to shove one battery closer to the lake," he said after a long pause during which he stared fixedly at the map.

The chief of artillery, sitting at the speaker's left, gripped his thin hands tighter about his knee and scowled. He had an almost elemental objection to breaking divisional artillery into smaller units than three-battery battalions.

"A lateral move of three miles would bring three batteries into action there if the occasion came," he objected.

The tall man shook his head soberly and forced the black peg into the map with an air of decision, then looked at his chief of artillery for support. The latter leaned far over the map to study this arbitrary placing of the last of his batteries.

"It's thinning out the line too much," he said to himself, as he stretched out a lean forefinger to the map.

The black peg had been stuck near one of the wriggling contour lines marked "800" in tiny figures. On both sides of it the lines were marked "700," thus putting the battery on the top of a hundred-foot rise.

"It's a tidy little place for a battery, in case anything does threaten that way," added the general, seeing that the chief's frown persisted.

The circle stared steadily at the map. The general leaned his hands heavily on the edge of the shutter; for he had pored over the sheet of oiled paper for hours, and he was tired.

"Gentlemen," he announced, "I think that finishes our dispositions. If there are no suggestions——"

He paused, but the circle kept silent, each man intent upon some portion of the map. The general sat down and began to give his orders in the steady, monotonous tone of a manager dictating to his stenographer. The circle of tired men stirred slightly as each took a fresh grip on his faculties. For half an hour the heavy voice droned on, with an occasional interruption; then the circle broke up, the lanterns came down from their pegs, and horses' hoofs sounded heavily in the night.

A few minutes later, swift orderlies pushed their horses through the blackness in every direction, and tiny lights twinkled here and there, where the men of the field-telegraph were going over their instruments that nothing might slip in the morning.

CAPTAIN SAXE made it a rule never to sleep the night before a battle, as he made it a rule never to do anything for which he might be held inconveniently responsible. It was a matter of torment to the wagoner and artificers of his battery, that he halted at specific intervals during route marches (and even forced marches) and had them look to every nut and bolt — but Saxe's guns were never losing wheels at critical moments, or coming lamely into "action front."

So Saxe was sitting wide awake by a tiny fire, smoking his pipe and reading a newspaper three months out of date, when an orderly on a frothing horse brought his instructions at three o'clock in the morning. Left alone, Saxe shifted the pipe into one corner of his mouth, dropped the newspaper, and read the order aloud to himself.

"Upon being joined by your escort at five o'clock, you will march west, receiving your final instructions by telegraph."

Saxe scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Detached service of some sort," he said, folded the order, thrust it into his pocket, and resumed his newspaper.

The nut-tightening process was already over, and Saxe's four lieutenants had completed a personal inspection of guns and caissons, when two sleepy troops of cavalry, who were to act as escort, made their appearance. The battery got into the road with the painful accuracy for which it had always been noted, the cavalry escort split its flankers, advance, and rear-guard off the main body, and the little column took the road.

With what his subordinates privately considered almost servile following of the regulations, Saxe rode exactly in the middle of the column, at the left. The narrowness of the road prevented his position being exactly fifteen yards from the hub of the nearest piece, but otherwise it was impeccable. He looked neither to right nor to left until the column passed a lancer guarding the swaying wire of the field-telegraph; then Saxe cantered ahead and received his final instructions.

"The battery will occupy square 101," he read, "and will act under the orders of the divisional commander unless directly attacked."

Saxe folded up the order and conferred with the captain of the leading troop of cavalry. In the light of Saxe's pocket flash-light they studied their maps, and Saxe's stubby forefinger pricked out their own position and located "square 101." The column jolted on its way, while Saxe began debating in his own mind as to whether he should use Russian or French gun-pits, should events give him time for their construction.

THE line of their march cut the patch of the advancing body at right angles, and the little column was stopped several times while dense masses of plodding infantry, clattering troops of cavalry, and long, winding lines of horse and field-artillery went forward along the main north and south roads.

From time to time Saxe consulted his map and conferred with his lieutenants. His caution was more that of a careful lawyer than of a timid man; he seldom changed his mind, but he seemed to require that each twist of his mental processes should have witnesses upon whom he might call later, if need arose. Saxe viewed this passage through the advancing army without comment or apparent interest, but his lieutenants were not so minded. Drucke and Whiting, being nearer the rear of the battery, could decrease the interval between them unnoticed and converse in low terms.

"I don't like this," protested Drucke. "They're shoving us clean on to the fringe of things. We've gone through the corps artillery and a good bit of the divisional already. We'll be out in the cold — and this is going to be something of a fight, too."

"Probably we'll swing on to the flank of the divisional guns," answered Whiting. "They wouldn't turn the old man out of things altogether. He's too well oiled!"

The crossing columns became thinner and fewer, and in the growing light the men could see that they were running into the reserve ammunition trains, when the column turned a corner and swung to the north. Saxe's light winked again, and presently the non-commissioned officers of the battery went ahead to reconnoiter, while the cavalry, dismounted, sprinkled themselves off across the fields. The four lieutenants gathered in a knot behind Saxe. Presently the sergeants came clattering through the gloom, and talked excitedly to Saxe, who clucked to his horse and rode away with them.

"Now," complained Drucke, "we'll waste fifteen good minutes——"

He checked himself, and the four lieutenants looked at one another and then laughed.

"Well," admitted McCord, "he is a joke, with all his precautions!"

THE minutes passed. Finally Saxe rode back, and it was evident from the faces of the sergeants that something unusual was about to happen. The captain gave his orders in the peculiarly strained tone that he invariably used when his Puritanical conscience was wallowing in the midst of much mental perturbation, and the battery left the road, trotted bumpily across a field which ended in a ridge, and passed down the other side. The ridge itself offered a natural battery position, and officers and men stared at one another in perplexity as the battery left such model ground behind it.

On the other side of the ridge stretched a wide expanse of brown, cozy-looking marsh, with a willow-fringed road cutting across it two hundred yards in front, and a parallel road slanting into the distance half a mile farther away. Fully six hundred yards beyond the second road, the ground swelled up into another ridge parallel to the one they had crossed.

McCord slapped his thigh and leaned out of his saddle to whisper to Wainwright, the fourth subaltern:

"Cracky! The old man's gone wrong for once — and it hurts him like poison to have to back out of a place!"

But Saxe did not act as if he had made a mistake. He sat his horse firmly, map in hand, and watched the battery careen down the slope toward the marsh. He did not sign to the trumpeter until the horses of the gun-teams began to stagger on the soft earth.

With faces on which astonishment sat with the fixedness of a mask, the drivers whirled their teams, and the men began to push the six 3.2-inch pieces forward by hand. With his invariable parade-ground exactness, Saxe set about the final arrangements of his battery. Very carefully he fixed the intervals between the guns, sought cover for the limbers and caissons, and sent the horses back over the ridge. He ordered the guns surrounded, as far as practicable, by low ramparts of cut brush, and even waded on foot fifty yards out into the marsh to contemplate the result. He talked earnestly for a minute to the two cavalry captains,— who looked once at his guns, and then looked over his head,— mounted his horse, and lighted his pipe.

The cannoneers looked at their guns — as out of place, to an artilleryman's eye, as an anvil in the middle of a drawing-room floor — and nearly wept. The drivers looked at the mud-covered legs of their lead teams and whistled between their teeth. The trumpeter stared dumbly at his instrument, as if wondering how he could have blown through it orders that should bring such things to pass. The four lieutenants sat their horses, speechless with horror, and for a time they did not dare look at one another. Then, driven by a common instinct, they drew gradually closer, casting occasional glances at Saxe, who smoked with the impassiveness of an Indian sachem.

As they watched him, there broke out to the north and east the scattering, purring sounds which meant that the frayed, feeling edges of the two armies had locked together and the day's work had begun.

"My God!" Drucke asked, in a hoarse whisper, "what has he done with us?"

The other three shook their heads.

"There ain't a better judge of gun positions in seven hemispheres," Drucke went on, "and he's stuck us down here where the only thing that can happen is that the guns will sink out of sight in the mud!"

They leveled their glasses at the silent, unpeopled stretches of marsh in front, and the scraggly timber, which gradually thickened into woods, on their flanks.

"We might as well be a million miles away," admitted McCord.

"He's crazy!" was Whiting's opinion.

Wainright, whose forehead had been furrowed with perplexed thought, shook his head vigorously as he put his binoculars away with a snap.

"You know better than that," he corrected. "I'll admit that it's the craziest thing I ever heard of — but he thinks he's doing the right thing."

"But that ridge up there was built for us!" wailed McCord. "And he chucks us down into this mud-hole with his eyes open!"

"And we've got two measly troops of cavalry for supports," Whiting put in. "One infantry regiment could eat us up in five minutes!"

"I know, I know," admitted Wainright. "It's all wrong, but there's something back of it. Saxe hasn't blundered. I can conceive of his running — almost; but not of his making a mistake."

THEY waited, dumbly, while the sound of firing grew louder for a time, and then dwindled away as the outposts of the two forces drew out of touch and watched each other like cautious boxers after the first exchange of blows. Presently there sounded the deep boom of a field-gun; a measured interval, then another and another.

"They're finding the range," whispered Drucke. "Half an hour, and there'll be three hundred guns going — and we'll watch a frog-pond!"

Instinctively their eyes turned toward Saxe. As the firing of the distant batteries sounded, he knocked the ashes from his pipe, straightened himself in the saddle, and then bent his head to catch the sounds more clearly. A few seconds he held the posture; then for the third time he pulled out the map, studied it with painful care, nodded, put away the map, and straightened himself again, with a doglike shake which square his shoulders.

"He's worried," muttered McCord; "he keeps looking at the map. Maybe they won't grill him at headquarters!"

"It's the map-maker they'll grill," persisted the loyal Wainright, to which the others said "Shucks!" in chorus.

THE volume of gun-fire increased until the air and earth seemed to tremble with the reverberations. The men listened with pale, set faces, their hands twitching and playing with the hilts of their sabers and the butts of their revolvers. As the music of the guns swelled, they looked at one another like men in physical pain. Only Saxe and the horses seemed unaffected. The horses buried their noses in their grain-bags gratefully, and Saxe calmly ignited another big pipe. At length he stirred and looked at his big silver watch.

"Load with shrapnel!" he announced suddenly.

The men jumped as if they had been pricked. The order — with nothing to shoot at but a dreary marsh, empty of everything save a few teetering, whistling blackbirds — sounded like martial blasphemy. But the men leaped to carry it out. There was relief in the action, and they went about the bringing up of the charges, the opening and closing of the breech-blocks, and every detail of the operation with a precision at which they themselves were forced to wonder.

Saxe raised his glass and studied the surface of the marsh, the distant sky-line, the woods, and the lines of the two parallel roads for a long minute, then he spoke again.

"Sight for seven hundred yards," he ordered. "Cut the fuses so the charges will burst in air at that range!"

Again the wondering gunners executed the orders with deft movements, then lapsed into inactivity, while the roar of the artillery duel blotted out every other sound.

THE orders which hurrying pencils had transferred to note-books from the lips of the lean general on the preceding evening had set forty thousand men and one hundred and sixty guns in motion. Through the very center of his army ran the white bed of a trunk-line railroad. Ten miles to the north of the shed, the railroad crossed a river and ran into a flourishing city where were the repair shops and a great amount of rolling-stock. It was this city that the lean general and his forty thousand were endeavoring to take — but between him and the city was another army of almost the same size, holding the river valley and a line of scarred hills south of it.

For days and weeks the two forces had been drawing together, setting everything in readiness for this one day. The flurry of orders in the shed had been the last bit of scene-shifting, and the thing had passed out of the general's mind and into the hands of his subordinates.

He sat now on the porch of a farm-house, with six telegraph-lines strung across the fields, and a steady, changing string of hot horses tied to the rails outside the gate. In his ears, keyed to an acute stage of sensitiveness by the rattle of the preliminary skirmishing, there dinned and throbbed the steady thunder of the artillery duel.

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"A hundred and sixty guns!" he muttered to himself whimsically, and then added as an afterthought: "No — a hundred and fifty-four; that one battery must be too far toward the lake to be in this."

An orderly, squatting on the steps at the general's feet, noted the strained, high-strung state of the commanding officer, and thought that a bit of rather informal chatter might relieve the tension.

"Some of the engineers ran on to a queer thing yesterday, sir," he said, with a half-apologetic salute.

The general stopped his restless pacing up and down the porch long enough to scowl inquiringly at the orderly, who, thus encouraged, went on:

"There's either a typographical or a topographical error on some of the maps. It isn't enough to make any difference—but it's there. One of the contour lines is marked '800' and it ought to be '600.' It turns hills into valleys and raises no end of the dickens with the scenery until you make the correction."

The general, being only human and therefore fallible, had the unpleasant duty of throwing off one of those awful waves of doubt, those engulfing feelings of consternation, lest something might have gone wrong. It passed in an instant, and he asked calmly:

"Whereabouts on the map is it?"

"Oh, around the 'ninety' and 'one hundred' square districts," answered the orderly, much gratified at the result of his conversational efforts.

The general's mind turned itself obediently into a very fair map of the battle-field, and he estimated the exact differences that this error might make. There was little chance of the troops that far on the flank ever being engaged; it was too near the lake for the enemy to have room for a turning movement; and, anyway, the general assured himself, things would never get as far as counter-attacks.

"It's just as well it's no more than two hundred feet — bad as that is," he said sharply to the orderly. "Either the printing office or the government surveyors are rotten!" And he stalked into the house.

SAXE'S battery sat in its marsh, with shrapnel in every gun, the pieces sighted for seven hundred yards and the fuses cut to the required length, and the marsh before them remained empty. Even the blackbirds, terror-stricken, rose into the air in swirling clouds and darted off toward the lake. The men of the battery heard nothing but the steady rumble of the guns. Now and then they caught glimpses of the edges of the fight. An ambulance train crossed one of the marsh roads, its mule teams straining through the heavy earth. On the more distant road, a whole regiment of infantry passed across their line of vision, the men trotting along at the "double."

The four subalterns passed through various and varying states of mind. For half an hour after the battery dropped itself into the marsh they were too astonished to do more than discuss the situation in low tones behind the captain's back. They executed his few orders in stupefied silence, and in the minds of three of them there took root and grew the feeling that Saxe must have lost his mind. Only Wainwright persisted that, though something obviously must have slipped, it had not been Saxe.

The sun came up over the woods, and its rays seemed to heat the distant artillery to even greater volumes of noise. To the trained ears of the men, every wavering of the racket, every swelling and decrease in the fire, spelled one thing or another.

"It's good, stand-up style!" Whiting murmured admiringly. "They sure are burning up the powder."

AN hour passed, and the thoughts of three of the subalterns edged around toward absolute mutiny. The lines of their young faces grew hard and bitter as they looked at Saxe's broad, immovable back. The gunners had thrown themselves down near their pieces in abject disgust. Wainright, ill at ease and nervous, sat a little apart from his three companions, chewing a blade of marsh-grass and looking from Saxe to the thing he saw growing in the three grave faces.

The wind had shifted slightly, and the men could even pick out details amid the thunder of noise. They knew, from the nature of the sound, that the artillery duel was going as it should; but they refrained from saying so to one another.

Finally McCord edged over to where Wainwright sat.

"See here, Billy," he said quietly. "This thing's all wrong. I don't know what's the matter, and I don't care. I know that it's nothing very short of treason for a man to bury six good guns and a hundred and seventy-five men in a hole in the ground, when every shell and every gun might change history if they were a few miles farther away!"

Wainwright felt the danger of the growing tension. He knew, too, that Saxe was wholly conscious of his men's restiveness.

"It's altogether possible, you know," he suggested mildly, "that Captain Saxe may have been given his orders. It's usually done in such cases, I believe."

McCord's face blazed suddenly red. He shot a quick glance at Saxe and leaned closer to Wainwright.

"Orders be damned!" he said angrily. "You know as well as I do that nobody in the world would order a battery into a muck-heap! We ought to get these guns out of here and take 'em to somebody that knows what to do with 'em!"

"Before I knew enough about war to know a good gun-position from a bad one," Wainwright went on evenly, "I was taught that unquestioning obedience to my superiors was my first duty."

"There are times ——" McCord began hotly.

"There are not!" cut in Wainwright, and McCord turned away.

FOR several minutes McCord, Drucke, and Whiting held their heads together while Wainright looked fixedly at a train of extra caissons trundling across the far road. Finally McCord approached Saxe, saluting rather stiffly.

"Well?" questioned Saxe, with a direct look.

"Captain Saxe," McCord said flatly, returning the captain's stare, "don't you think that the ridge back of our present position offers better cover and placing for the guns?"

So red was the captain's face at all times that it was impossible for McCord to see the blood rush to his cheeks; but he could see the cords in his neck swell ominously. For a long ten seconds Saxe was silent, then he said slowly:

"Lieutenant, under ordinary circumstances, you know what my answer would be. I admit that our position is peculiar. My orders, however, are quite specific—and it is not my province, nor that of any other officer, to question the judgment of his superiors."

McCord saluted again, and started to turn away, when the captain checked him.

"The cross on this map," he continued, exhibiting the much-studied square of paper, "indicates the exact position we were to occupy. It may be some satisfaction to you — and the others — to verify the position in your own minds."

As McCord walked away, the steady rattle of volleys broke in on the diminishing roll of the cannon. The lean general was pushing his infantry up to the assault, and Saxe's battery had not fired a shot or seen a hostile uniform. Some of the cavalry of the escort sprawled on the ground, sleeping shamelessly.

THE tidings that clicked in over the wires of the field-telegraphs to the porch of the farm-house told the lean general that his cannon-thunder had done its part. Along the whole line of his fifteen-mile front, the enemy's batteries had, one by one, fallen silent, battered into inactivity by the steady rain of metal from better-handled guns. One little set of wrinkles in the general's deeply lined face smoothed themselves out. When the chief of artillery sent a sweating aide in with the news that the thing was done, the general nodded to a group of expectant orderlies, and dropped into a chair with a sigh, scarcely watching the eager messengers as they galloped out of the farm-yard.

Along every road that led toward the scarred hills where the enemy waited, the lean general sent his sturdy regiments. His cavalry — squat lancers, mounted on big, rangy horses — scurried along the roads to hover on the enemy's flanks. His batteries, fed by the hastening trains of reserve caissons, took up the work they had begun.

As the artillery battle had gone, so went the infantry fight. Steadily the assailants pressed in on the line of hills, and the defenders fell back step by step toward the river. Back where the railroad crossed the river, the enemy began to intrench dismounted cavalry and batteries of horse artillery, to cover the retreat of an army for whom retreat was becoming a growing necessity.

On the porch of the farm-house, the lean general lost some of his nervousness and became cheerful. As the tidings continued to read in the same vein, he even waxed jocular. His chief of staff — looking very unmilitary in his shirt-sleeves — came out of the door to see the general reading a dispatch and smiling.

"Queer things happen in battles," said the general, locking up. "We've lost a battery."

The chief of staff raised his eyebrows, and the general hastened to explain.

"It hasn't been captured, or anything of that sort — it's just been mislaid. We hitched it over to the west this morning to help Samson's men take care of any flanking counter-attack that might develop, and it's gone — just plain gone! There hasn't been any fighting over that way, and something's gone wrong with the telegraph. Fredericks" — Fredericks was the chief of artillery—"is hunting for his mislaid battery now!"

The chief of staff grinned — for, with a battle nearly won, grins can be spared over the disappearance of a single battery — and went into the house.

The enemy, however, was not quite whipped. The resistless hammering of artillery and infantry had bent and broken their line almost beyond repair, but their commander was a man with a gambler's instincts. A rash stroke now might turn a serious defeat into an appalling rout — and it might turn it into victory. He took the gambler's chance. Bolstering up the lines of his right wing with all the reserve infantry he could lay hands on, he deliberately drew them out of touch, filling the gap in his lines with cavalry and batteries with wide intervals between the guns, flung the hastily gathered column to the west, almost to the shore of the big lake, and then turned them straight toward the enemy's victorious left wing.

It was not ten minutes after the lean general had joked over the disappearance of his battery that the first tremors of this daring stroke began to make themselves felt. For five furious minutes the general paced the porch, waiting for confirmation of the disquieting rumor; and then, when they became certainty, he became a very dynamo of energy.

"If Fredericks can only find that battery, now!" he said between clenched teeth, "it 'll serve to trip 'em up for ten minutes, and that's enough to let us through!"

It is a herculean task to check an advancing army in mid-attack, cut part of it loose, shift other parts, and rearrange the whole to meet a totally unexpected attack in flank. The lean general did all the long-range thinking and ordering that he could, but he knew that to a great extent he would have to depend upon the quick thinking and acting of the officers on the firing-line. He knew that all the available reserves were already hurrying toward the threatened point, and that the corps artillery would be shifted as soon as possible. But he knew, too, that his own lines near the lake were very slender; his own orders had sapped their strength to help on the great attack in the center.

IT was eleven o'clock in the morning when Drucke discovered that there was an element of humor in the battery's situation.

"After all," he announced grimly, "we're jolly well hidden, if we are useless! One of the cavalry's been nosing around on those roads, and he tells me he can't see a thing of us from there!"

For the battle had passed around Saxe's guns without involving them. At one time it had been so close that the men had heard the din of an infantry fight beyond the hill to the north — but even that had died away. Occasionally they had been eyed curiously by hastening orderlies; but none of the orderlies had stopped. No orders had come to the patient Saxe, who had discarded his horse for an old log, but kept his pipe steadily in commission.

And then, suddenly, along about noon, there had come a new note in the great battle-ground which made men sit up suddenly. There was a growing sound of firing near the lake, where there had been only silence and an occasional scattering volley all the morning. Saxe got off his log abruptly, ordered more ammunition brought up at once, and sent an orderly packing off to the cavalry supports for information.

"It can't really be anything," McCord said incredulously. "The whole battle's gone off and left us. But if it is anything — why, there's an end of us!"

THE cavalry escort was galvanized into sudden activity. Its outposts came tumbling breathlessly in with tidings of great masses of the enemy pouring in on them from the north. Saxe sent another orderly to the vague divisional commander from whom his orders were supposed to come, and looked at his guns.

"Keep one troop dismounted," he ordered the cavalry captain sharply. "Get 'em into cover where they can do the most good. Get the other troop out on to solid ground where they can charge, and drive 'em home when those fellows get close. Never mind the guns; we can take care of the ground in front of us!"

Some portion of Saxe's calm, confident energy was transferred to his lieutenants. They jumped to execute his orders; yet they knew that the position of the battery was ridiculous.

"By George!" exclaimed McCord, looking at Saxe with admiration. "He's great, if he has made a fool of himself!"

The head of a hostile column showed suddenly above the crest to the north; another poked its way out on to the farther road. Saxe nodded to the gunners, and the six guns, already sighted and loaded, roared into sudden action. Saxe did not need to look to see that his first shrapnel burst exactly where it should.

"Fast!" he yelled to the gunners. "It's speed that'll count now!"

The enemy's columns, hurrying to deliver their flanking blow before it was too late, were in no mood to stop and deploy for such pigmy resistance. Saxe's shrapnel galled their advance-guard, and the carbines of the hidden cavalry bit deep into their ranks. They tried to cross the marsh, and the very nature of the ground meant that to deploy was to lose time — and they dared not lose it.

"They can't deploy," stormed Saxe. "Try common shell!"

To the shriek of the shrapnel succeeded the tearing, wrenching crashes of the percussion-shells. The enemy, nonplussed at this sudden bombardment, flung at them apparently from the very bowels of a sticky marsh, halted for one flickering minute, and in that time the second troop of cavalry flashed out from behind the shelter of a clump of woods and buried its lances in the column's flank.

The enemy's bugles called from one to another, and the big, dense columns tried to deploy—only to find that the men mired themselves in the marsh and could not advance. From behind the willows that lined the road, the sharpshooters began to peck at the gunners.

"Shrapnel again. Shorten the fuses!" yelled Saxe.

IT was only a question of time,— the wiping out of this trifling stumbling-block,— but it was exactly this element whose waste spelled defeat to the enemy. Swiftly the heavy columns deployed. The charging troop of lancers was engulfed in a swarm of infantry that blotted the horsemen out of existence in a few terrible minutes of magazine fire. The dismounted troop, fighting stubbornly through the underbrush, dodging from tree to tree, found themselves caught in front, flank, and rear. Men fell thick about the six half-buried guns. McCord was working with the wagoner at the tail-piece of one gun; Drucke and two of the artificers were bringing up ammunition for a second; Saxe himself was sighting a third piece. Wainright and Whiting lay on the ground, and two of the guns were silent.

Saxe stood upright in the midst of the wreck of his battery, the blood streaming down his temple, a loaded shell in his hands. Of the hundred and seventy-five men who had been with him twenty minutes earlier, there were not more than fifty left; but those fifty were working like men possessed, and the four guns still in action were being served with something like regularity. The cavalry escort was nearly gone, and there were hostile dead within three hundred yards of the guns. Without turning, Saxe could see the enemy's uniforms showing through the trees scarce a hundred yards away on his flank.

"Stick by the guns!" he yelled. "There's a dozen rounds in them yet!"

Then, through the sounds of the fight around him, a dull rumble sounded in the rear. Saxe turned in time to see the "leaders" of a dozen gun-teams show simultaneously above the crest behind him as they swept the pieces into position. On both sides of him there sounded the steady hammering of regular volleys. But Saxe, though he knew the relief had come, did not turn his head, but thrust the loaded shell into the breech before him, and slammed home the block with his own hand.

"OF course," said the lean general, crossing one thin leg comfortably over the other, "it's easy to say what might have happened if something else hadn't, and all that sort of thing. And it's easy, too, to say how far a man ought to stick to his orders when he knows there's something wrong with them.

"But the fact of the matter is that, if that map had been right, that marsh wouldn't have looked like a hundred-foot hill and fooled everybody. And, if it had been a hill, they'd have seen his guns before they stepped on him, and they'd have wiped him out in two minutes instead of thirty. If he'd been a bit less conscientious, and a trifle more inventive — but he *wasn't* and there's an end of it!"

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THE HOBO AND THE NUN

(*Continued from page 19*)

bark had long since peeled away, and the wood showed, a streak of white in the darkness. He looked down at her and for an instant hesitated, then cleared his throat huskily. She saw what he meant. It's the one chance," he said briefly, and picked her up in his great arms.

DRUNK and sober, Jerry Morley had walked that causeway many times, and never had he taken any heed of its danger. For the first time in his life, he felt himself shaking at the possibility of a misstep; and for the first time he took careful thought each time he placed his foot before him. Yet he walked swiftly and steadily, holding his straight broad back and massive shoulders easily poised.

Once his rubber boot-sole slipped on a scale of thin ice he had not seen. They were in the middle of the narrow span. Twenty feet below, the water ran black, its roar in his ears. Instinctively, as he caught himself he pressed the light bundle closer in his arms. The roar of the water died in the louder roar of the approaching train. He forgot caution and ran, gaining the bank in half a dozen mighty strides. The train swept by them as he reached the end and reverently slipped the nun from his arms.

It was less than a hundred feet to the station platform. When they gained it, the conductor was coming from the agent's window, with his lantern swinging. On the steps of the chair-car stood Sister Cecilia.

Jerry Morley held out his open left hand full of silver toward his companion.

"If you don't mind, Sister," he said, "I'll give this fer the Orphans' Home."

From the open vestibule of the moving train she thanked him, and he stood with his head bared as she was whirled from sight.

CARROLL passed backward and forward in the office at D quarters next morning. The superintendent was a man of mighty frame and huge girth. His red face was dark, and, as he talked, one of his men remarked to his helper: "The old man's up in the air."

Facing Carroll, two men stood mute. Now and again Tom Leahy nursed the dislocated knuckle of his right hand with the calloused palm of his left. One eye was closed entirely and the other gleamed from beneath a swollen blue-black lid. Finally Carroll stopped to get his breath, and Leahy asked:

"What d'ye figger we're to do, annyhow?"

"Do?" Carroll burst out again. "Do? Do like ye did last night. Go down drunk, wid a drove av drunken terriers behind ye, an' let Jerry Morley and them hellhounds av his make hash av ye wance more. Ye're gettin' ould, Tom,"—he softened his voice to sarcasm,—"too ould to fight anny more. Ye should be lookin' fer another job. Ye're not the man ye were on the big ditch. An' Mac, there—whisky's gettin' the top hand av ye, Mac."

The two raged in silence, and Carroll, noting with deep satisfaction that they did, went on: "So long as I've been on public works, so long did I never see the min could run my camp—no one but me. But now 'tis different. Eleven men from me own station on the Chicago ditch, eleven flat-footed hoboes, comes in here an' owns the place. An' whin ye go down to see thim they spits in yer eye, Tom Leahy, and ye and the whole twinty av them wid ye runs back where ye came frum."

"Spits in me eye, is ut?"—and Tom Leahy gently caressed one bruised side of his face with his well hand. "Maybe ye'd like to be lettin' him try ut on yerself. 'Tis aisy to talk!"

Carroll's eyes shot fire as he rose to this. He doubled one huge fist and brought it softly down on the desk beside him. In the gesture was much of suppression.

"I will," he said quietly. "I will. Ye may come too, if ye want, and anny one else ye know that wants a frolic. I'll show Jerry Morley that if there's anny rough house in this camp, I'll be the one to make it. We clean that dump today. An' God help them that's in it. I'll——"

THE door opened and Jerry Morley walked in.

He stood awkwardly facing Carroll, who was the first to speak, in a voice as soft as silk and smooth as polished steel:

"Good morning, Mister Morley. What can I do for ye?"

The irony of tone and words were not lost on the drill-runner. He shifted one great foot uneasily.

"I wanted to see Tom," he said.

"I'm here," said Leahy grimly.

Jerry Morley looked squarely in the other's damaged face, and forbore to smile.

"I'd like to know what's the chances fer a machine," he said quietly.

The other men turned mutely to Carroll. They were not equal to this emergency.

"I thought," said the latter, "ye had retired, Mister Morley. I notice ye're becomin' a man o' money as well as a sport. I see ye subscribin' fer the Orphans' Home last night. What makes ye want to come back to work? Perhaps ye fear trouble—or jail?"

Jerry Morley had raised his head as Carroll spoke and his eyes gleamed dangerously. His face was very white.

"I don't fear you, Mike Carrol," he said slowly. "Neither you nor your men." He glanced at Leahy. "I want a machine. Why is me own business." He reddened and stopped awkwardly.

Carroll was watching him keenly. He had seen Jerry Morley at the depot platform, and he knew well his own race.

"How about yer gang?" he asked shortly.

"Where I go they go," said Jerry Morley quietly.

The superintendent was silent for a moment. "Ye spoiled a good man last night, Jerry Morley," he said finally. "Pat Carmichael's in the hospital wid a broken shoulder an' God knows what all else." He turned abruptly to Leahy. "Give him Pat's shift on the bench," he said.

"Are ye gone crazy entirely?" Leahy asked, when Jerry Morley had left—"givin' the man the bench, after all that's come an' gone?"

Carroll grinned. "Never fear," he said. "Jerry Morley's through wid butterfly life. He's good now—until spring, annyhow."

OUTDOOR SCHOOLS

(*Continued from page 13*)

and achievements that are convincing because so directly in line with what would most naturally be expected.

Irritable Children Become Polite and Happy

AFTER eight years there have been no changes of consequence in the methods of the schools, few errors to correct, and no fallacies to disprove. As one teacher has said, the children come to them irritable, nervous, suspicious, unreliable, badmannered, and listless; after a while they become smiling, polite, kind to one another, orderly, clean, active, reliable, and trustworthy. They get a color, their hair becomes glossy, they increase in size and weight, their backs straighten, and they become more alert and vivacious both mentally and physically. All this refers, of course, to the sick and feeble, or what might be termed the most hopeless cases. Certainly, methods that accomplish this for such children can not fail to work at least some small benefit, even to those who are already well mannered and well physically.

It is a well known fact that there is an ever-present relationship between bodily infirmity and mental power. The impairment of bodily vigor is sure to be reflected sooner or later in diminished mental capacity, unless it be in persons of strong will power and exceptional capacity for withstanding suffering—two faculties not common in children. Complete bodily strength—not necessarily muscular power, but perfect health—stimulates the brain action and in every way aids it to quicker and greater results. Children who work in closed rooms become weary mentally quicker than they would out of doors, and their capacity for learning is deadened, whereas in the open air it is quickened.

Even if the establishing of an open-air school were attended by expense, the cost would be but trifling as compared with the direct and indirect economies accomplished. There is a saving in doctors' bills and medicines, and the building up of a rugged constitution, which means greater capacity for work in later years, an invaluable asset both for those who labor with their heads and for those who labor with their hands alone. The power to resist the encroachments of disease is desirable for the healthy as well as for the ill. It is a case where the ratio of sixteen to one has been universally legalized by the familiar old law that one ounce of prevention is worth sixteen ounces of cure.

The open-air school is practical for any community. It gives the children strong minds in strong bodies, and it means better health, better standards of living, and more learning. The way is open for nearly every school district to adopt it to whatever extent it pleases; and when employed in its simplest possible form and if only for a part of the year, its benefits reveal themselves quickly and forcefully, so that the experiment, when once tried, is not likely to be abandoned, but rather placed sooner or later on the basis of a permanent institution.

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THE LOVE-MAKING OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU

(*Continued from page 17*)

herd in general, for his arrival caused a good deal of excitement. The possibilities of a fight loomed up most hopefully, if one could judge by the manner of several of the stags.

Nearer and nearer came the stranger. Suddenly there was a commotion among the stunted trees, and out rushed the chief of the herd, the magnificent beast that I had seen before. On he came in a mad rush, and, before the stranger realized what was happening, he was knocked head over heels. He stayed down only for a moment—the big fellow allowed him to rise, and then the fight began.

A real fight it was. Such clashing of antlers I had never before seen or heard. If only it had taken place on the clear ground, or away from the does, so that there would have been some chance of getting good pictures! As it was, the conditions were most unsatisfactory, and it looked as if the opportunity for which I had waited so long and worked so hard would be lost. Whichever way I moved would reveal me to the does, while it was impossible to take a picture from where I lay concealed among bushes, owing to the distance and the intervening scrub. The excitement of it was past all belief.

Getting a Picture of the Fight

THE fight would probably not last long—perhaps not more than a minute or two; yet I could make no rapid motion, for fear of attracting attention. Quickly deciding that the only way was to crawl closer at all cost, I worked my way through the wet moss and tangled vegetation on my hands and knees. In this way, and at great risk of being seen, I got to within thirty or forty yards. Then, after seeing that the camera was completely ready, I stood up, and, scarcely taking time to focus, pressed the button and secured the picture of the fight. It is, I believe, the only one ever made.

My sudden appearance, and the sound of the shutter, gave the alarm to the does, who immediately gave the danger call; and, almost before one could realize it, the fight had stopped, and the two combatants instantly joined the scampering herd that was racing madly from their common enemy. Away they went across the slushy barren, scattering moss and water in the air.

It was beautiful and it was exciting while it lasted; but it was quickly over. The whole white-flanked herd vanished into the woods, and the absolute silence of the wilds took possession once more. As I stood there, trembling and tired from the hours of delicious nervous strain, I was conscious of a feeling of satisfaction and pleasure; for I had secured the picture which for so many years had eluded me. As I carefully wrapped up the plate-holder with its precious contents, I wondered whether everything had been properly done—whether the plate was a blank, or whether it contained the latent image of the greatest fight it has ever been my good luck to witness!

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

IMMIGRATION AND DEMOCRACY

(*Continued from page 10*)

the change in economic conditions. Excess population always seeks an outlet and tends to flow to a region of less congestion or of more favorable conditions. In the early days the conditions were so favorable in America as to attract the most desirable class of European emigrants. But, as conditions here have changed and come nearer to the European level, the class of immigrants has steadily fallen. Now it is well known that the better class of European emigrants go to Canada and Argentine, leaving us only the less desirable ones.

But, as General Walker long ago pointed out, "the migration of the lowest classes will not be permanently stopped, so long as any difference of economic level exists between our population and that of the most degraded communities abroad."

In point of fact, the seeming check of the flood of immigration ascribed to the panic of 1907 was but temporary. Despite the reduction, the numbers stood at more than three quarters of a million in 1908 and in 1909, and again passed the million mark in 1910. And if emigration was relatively heavy, it must be recalled, as pointed out by former New York State Commissioner of Lunacy Goodwin Brown, that those who go back to Europe are the prosperous moiety who would make the least undesirable citizens. The more weakly and defective remain.

In effect, emigration, while in one sense offering relief, really serves to lower still further the average level of the net increment of the population received through immigration. Nor can we doubt that we shall receive immigrants of a lower and yet lower order so long as we will accept them—or until they have brought the United States to the low economic level of the least prosperous of foreign countries.

A vivid picture of what American civilization of the near future may be like if the present tide of immigration is allowed to go unchecked was given in an eloquent speech before the American Economic Association not long ago by Professor Edward A. Ross, who, after characterizing the "pioneer breed" as one of the finest types ever seen in the white race, said:

"This precious stock, of pioneer ancestry, is abruptly curtailing the size of the family rather than send its sons to compete in a labor market overstocked with sub-common representatives of certain unachieving and undistinguished strains of southern and southwestern Europe.

"Already America has ceased to allure, as of yore, the British, the Germans, and the Scandinavians; but it strongly attracts the Italians, Greeks, and Slavs. By 1930, perhaps, the opportunities left will have ceased to interest them; but, no doubt, the Khivans, the Bokhariots, the Persians, and the Afghans will regard this as the Promised Land. By 1950, even they will scorn the chances here; but then, perhaps, the coolies from overpopulated India will be glad to take an American wage. But by the last quarter of this century there will remain, possibly, no people in the world that will care for the chances left in America.

"Then, when immigration has ceased of itself, when the dogma of the sacred right of immigration has wrought its perfect work, and when the blood of the old pioneering breed has faded out of the motley, polyglot, polychrome, caste-riven population that will crowd this continent to a Chinese density, let there be reared a commemorative monument bearing these words:

"TO THE AMERICAN PIONEERING BREED THE VICTIM OF TOO MUCH HUMANITARIANISM AND TOO LITTLE COMMON SENSE"

To the average reader, no doubt, such a prophecy as this sounds fantastic; because, to the average person, the existing condition of national affairs seems always part of a fixed and immutable scheme of things.

But the chief lesson of history, it may be worth while to recall, is that nations are mutable. The greatest nations of Europe for the better part of a thousand years were democracies; but monarchies succeeded them. No doubt the average Roman of the fifth century would have smiled contemptuously if it had been suggested to him that the despised barbarians that came down from the North would overthrow his wonderful civilization. But the thousand-year period that succeeded is known in history as the Dark Age.

I would not be understood as suggesting that our civilization is about to suffer similar eclipse. I by no means agree even with the forecast of the learned New York judge who recently averred that the industrial disturbances of our time [illegible] us to the verge of a French Revolution. But I think any one who reviews carefully the accomplishment of the middle of the nineteenth century in America may justly ask himself whether our civilization is not momentarily retrogressive.

In any event, it seems fairly clear that we need go forward along present lines only two or three generations to give us the "motley, polyglot, polychrome, caste-riven population" of Professor Ross's prophecy.

Meantime it is well to recall that the pioneer breed, though greatly outnumbered, is still in control in America, in virtue of its intellectual supremacy. In some of our Western States it is probably still numerically dominant; and there we have seen the recent extension of democratic principles—woman suffrage, the initiative, the referendum, the recall—with seeming prospect of good results.

But what lover of liberty can contemplate with composure the probable result of placing these political weapons in the hands of the mongrel proletariat that is rapidly coming to numerical dominance in the Northeast? Already our indiscriminate hospitality of past decades has put an incubus on progress and headed our civilization away from the best ideals of democracy. To give actual power to this motley crew would be to invite the coming of a Cæsar.

Eugenics and Democracy

TO forecast evil is always a task at once ungracious and futile. Nor have I, personally, any fear that the American civilization of the coming generation will be allowed to progress very far in the retrograde direction. Yet it must be admitted that the conditions are such as to justify even the most conservative and optimistic in questioning whether there may not be some hazard in our present course.

In the modern world all civilized nations are pitted against one another in an economic warfare. We can not keep out of this international struggle, if we would. National prosperity must depend very largely upon the success with which we meet the competition of English, German, French, and ultimately of Chinese and Japanese commercial activity. It is almost axiomatic to say that the most intelligent race must win in this great world-wide economic struggle. It seems equally axiomatic to say that it is hardly the part of worldly wisdom for a nation that carries an incubus of ten per cent. of negroes to add to its burden by accepting millions on millions of people of a confessedly low order of intelligence.

It is hard enough, at best, to keep a racial stock improved. It must become impossible to do so if we utterly disregard the laws of heredity.

Every one recalls Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' famous formula for securing health and happiness: to wit, first select your grandparents. But a good many of us fail to reflect that we are to-day selecting grandparents for our descendants of the middle of the twentieth century. If we continue our present policy, it does not appear that said posterity will have very great cause to applaud the wisdom of our selection.

Our ancestors bequeathed us a negro problem which came near disrupting the Union, and which is still as far as ever from solution. It seems incredible that we should voluntarily saddle on our descendants another type of race problem of added menace.

Clearly, then, a remedy must be found. The obvious remedy would seem to be the shutting out of undesirable European emigrants, even as we have already shut out the Chinese. Yet it is difficult to apply so radical a measure, because of the many antagonistic interests involved.

Political parties have juggled with the idea of restricting immigration, but have not dared to take radical measures. As a nation, we tend to complain about an evil and then forget the evil while it still is allowed to exist. We tend to lop at the twigs of the tree of evil, as Thoreau said, instead of striking at the root. For example, we rail at the trusts, but sit complacently in the shadow of the tariff wall that protects them. We strain at such gnats as race-track and pool-room gambling, but contentedly swallow the Wall Street camel.

But the time is approaching when the matter can no longer be trifled with; and in the near future we must choose between the alternatives of restricting immigration and accepting a lower standard of civilization for America. I, for one, entertain no question as to which horn of the dilemma will be seized.

Having limited the influx of undesirable immigrants in the future, we must prepare to deal scientifically with the inchoate population already here. This means that we must encourage the increase of population among the unfit. Even the discussion of this subject—let alone its application—presents difficulties; since the apotheosis of Mother Grundy amounts almost to a national superstition.

But we can not hope for true progress until we learn to apply the laws of heredity as intelligently to the human race as we now apply them to the breeding of cattle and horses.

The great difficulty is that nations are prone to be obsessed by the notion of *quantity* in the breeding of the human race. We boast of our ninety-odd millions, but we forget to ask what may be the percentage of mongrel stock. We prate about race suicide, but worry not at all about race degeneration. What might be wished is that the population of America should decrease by, say, 25 per cent. in numbers in the coming generation, and at the same time go up, say 25 per cent., in quality.

Then there would be no occasion for even the most pessimistic of cavilers to entertain fears for the future of democracy.

The World's Greatest Ruby

THE world's largest and most famous ruby is that known as the Timur Ruby, the Oriental name of which is Khiraj-i-Alam, "Tribute of the World." This is the largest spinel ruby known, weighing a bit over 352 carats, uncut but polished. It is thought to have come from one of the old ruby mines of Badahshan.

This famous jewel has had a varied and most romantic history. The earliest records concerning it indicate that it was seized, together with many other precious stones, by the Ameer Timur, commonly called by European historians Tamerlane, when he plundered Delhi in 1398.

At his death the ruby descended to his son, Mir Shah Rukh, and in due time to his son and successor, Mirza Ulugh Beg. At this period, however, the Tartar Empire was on the verge of dissolution. During one of the wars between the Tartars and the Persians, the ruby fell into the hands of the Kings of Iran. Shah Abbas I, the greatest of the Safavi kings of Persia, who, acting with the British forces, took the island of Ormuz from the Portuguese in 1622, was a devoted friend and ally of the Mogul Emperor Jehangir, and presented the ruby to him in 1612. At that time the gem was inscribed with the names of Timur's son and grandson and of Shah Abbas himself.

There is a story to the effect that when Jehangir's favorite wife, Nur Jehan, remonstrated with him for spoiling the gem by this inscription, he replied: "This jewel will more certainly hand down my name to posterity than any written history. The House of Timur may fall, but as long as there is a king this jewel will be his"—meaning, of course, that the possession of so rare a stone would always remain with the Suzerain of Hindustan. And it is a fact that, throughout all the vicissitudes of Indian history, this prediction has been fulfilled.

The next owner of the ruby was Shah Jehan, who also had his name inscribed upon it, and finally had it placed in the famous Peacock Throne. On his deposition by his son Aurungzeb, or Alamgri Shah, the gem went with the rest of the jewels. Following the example of preceding Mogul owners, Aurungzeb added his name and the date on which he acquired it. The last of the Delhi emperors to inscribe his name was Mahomed Farukh Siyar. During the reign of his successor, Nadir Shah invaded India and sacked Delhi (1739). His loot, carried away to the then capital of Persia, Ispahan, included the Timur ruby, as shown by a cryptic inscription of the style affected by the Persian scholars of the day. The date is that of the Hijra era and corresponds with A.D. 1740.

The latest name on the jewel is that of Ahmad Shah, commonly known as Abdali or Duranj, who, at the time of Nadir Shah's assassination in 1747, held an important command in his victorious army. When he heard of the murder he attempted to seize the throne, but succeeded only in securing a large amount of booty, which he took with him when he marched south at the head of his troops and founded the Kingdom of Afghanistan. On his death, in 1772, his son, Timur Shah, succeeded to the throne of Kabul, and the ruby eventually passed to the latter's youngest son, Shah Suja. On his expulsion by Dost Mahomed, he took refuge in the Punjab, and Maharajara Ranjit Singh forced him to surrender both the Koh-i-noor and the Timur ruby.

On the annexation of the Punjab, in 1849, the Board of Administration took over all the state jewels. The Koh-i-noor was sent direct by the hands of a special officer to England and at once delivered to Queen Victoria. Some of the more valuable gems and articles found in the native treasure-house, including the Timur ruby, were packed up in Lahore and sent to London. These were all displayed in the Exhibition of 1851, and when this came to an end the Court of Directors of the East India Company presented the ruby to Queen Victoria.

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PENN STATE

A SILVER ELOPEMENT

(*Continued from page 8*)

make the girls feel how far behind the times they are. Of course, there will be a trifle or two of frippery for the poor things themselves. I'll visit the hospitals to get the wherewithal to patronize Fred."

Washington was next added to the scheme; but when the doctor hinted at a few months in the South, his wife begged for time to learn what her powers of resistance against homesickness were, and it was decided that all further plans should be left to develop themselves by the way.

UNDER ordinary circumstances they would probably have tired of the trip before they started, as middle-aged people are so apt to do; but the secrecy gave it a spice of adventure that appealed to something, deep buried in both of them, which had never grown old. To sit at the window and knit was not such dull work when at any moment the doctor might return from the railway office where he had gone to inquire about connections; and it was absolutely thrilling to guess from his air, when he came in sight, that something had happened.

"I've had a narrow escape," he panted, laughing and looking back over his shoulder, "and I don't know whether I really did escape. When I was coming out of the railway office, whom do you think I ran into?"

"Agatha! I always knew she would find us out."

"No; Dora. 'Now,' thought I, 'it's all up. I'll have to stand and deliver some kind of explanation.' But, do you believe it, the girl looked right past me as if I weren't there; and the next thing I knew, she had her nose up to a shop-window and I got a chance to get ahead of her."

"She's very absent-minded. If it had been Agatha, we should certainly have been found out."

"Oh, I don't know about that. These absent-minded people have imagination sometimes, and see below the surface of things. One thing is sure—if it had been Agatha, we'd have known the worst at once."

"Well, here comes Dora now. I don't think it will be hard to discover whether she suspects anything."

Dora came into the room, looking abstracted and a little cross.

"Mother," she said, "don't you think a girl of seventeen is old enough to use her own judgment altogether in buying presents?"

"Certainly, dear."

"And if you had been a long, long time saving up for an especially important present, wouldn't you want to choose just what pleased you, even if it seemed funny and inappropriate?"

"I dare say I should."

"It's all right, then. I have been buying a present that Agatha and Fred will laugh at, and I want to be sure beforehand of a little support."

"What does this talk of presents mean?" her father asked. "If there's a birthday at hand, I hope somebody will warn me in time."

"How innocent, Daddy! You know as well as I do that it's a silver-wedding present. He ran against me when I was choosing it just now, Mother, but he had the tact to look the other way." She turned back as she was leaving the room to say: "It may not seem very silvery, but I thought the fittings inside would make it all right; and although it's meant for a man, it will really do for either."

"You see?" Mrs. Rutledge triumphed over her husband. "She was so absorbed in one idea that she had no eyes for anything else — she never saw where you had been. The meeting was as awkward for her as for you."

"Perhaps." The doctor was watching a delivery-van that had stopped at the gate. "Perhaps; but look here."

His wife leaned out in time to see a boy carrying a traveling-bag to the door.

"Oh, what a shame!" she cried, drawing him away. "To spoil the child's surprise like that! And I don't believe she means anything by it. It can't be possible that she's such an actress. It's just a coincidence."

"Well," he laughed, "coincidence or not, it will do very nicely to hold all we need take to New York, and I suppose there will be time to pack it after it's presented."

WHEN it appeared among the other gifts at the breakfast table on the morning of the twenty-eighth, it was accepted as gracefully as if it had been quite a matter of course; but Agatha felt it necessary to explain and apologize.

"Dora didn't ask my advice or I should certainly have suggested something different. You must think it a very odd present to give to people who never travel; I don't know what put it into her head."

"Perhaps it was my own unfettered fancy," said Dora lazily, "or it may have been Father's joke about a trip to Boston, or the accident of meeting him near a railway office when I was at the worst stage of gift-hunting — that stage when you feel sure that, whatever you get, you'll wish you'd got something else. You know, I did mean to give them a fruit-dish, but when it came to the point, it seemed too much in a line with your bread-tray and Fred's salad-bowl."

"It's a beautiful present," her father protested, "and who knows how soon we may take a fancy to use it?" He put his hand under the girl's chin and tilted her head back until the overhanging brows no longer hid her eyes from him. She impudently mocked him with the "Say 'Ah,'" of a doctor examining a sore throat, and he muttered a baffled "Humph!"

IT all seemed so simple and easy beforehand. Half-past ten was the hour for the train to start. Breakfast was always over by nine, and immediately afterward Fred saw the patients who by that time were waiting in the outer office, while Dora usually retreated to her room with a book. Instead of settling down to newspaper and knitting as usual, the doctor and his wife were to pack the few things necessary and walk to the station by a roundabout route that would keep them out of Agatha's way.

But the presents lengthened the breakfast hour, and after it was over Agatha marked the anniversary by lingering with her parents, and bestowing little extra attentions upon them. She hovered over her mother's chair, straightening her cap and repinning her collar. She held her hand against a chink in the window, and assumed the air, half vindictive, half triumphant, with which she always ran a draft to earth.

"Ah, here's where the rheumatism in your shoulder comes from. Get up, Mother, till I move your chair." Her mother rose submissively. "That better? But you've no light for your work. Father, if you moved just a little to one side there'd be room at that window. Come along, Mother dear." Mrs. Rutledge had knees that rebelled against unbending, but she changed her seat again without a murmur. "Now you'll do nicely. You both look as cozy as possible; and, Daddy, you must have a good, long rest this morning — for that matter, Fred says you might as well take a whole holiday."

"I believe I will, Agatha. I'll try to think up some lark that your mother and I can have by way of celebration."

"Oh, yes, do; and we'll discuss it when I get back. How would you like to have a few old friends in to afternoon tea — half a dozen nice elderly couples? I could telephone."

"Mercy on us, Agatha! Do you call that a lark? We're going to do something original and jolly."

"Very well; I'll try to think of something while I'm uptown, and I'll be back before long."

"Don't hurry, my dear; we've the day before us."

"I THOUGHT she'd never go," added her father, as the last whisk of her crisp skirts died away in the hall.

He had just assisted his wife to her feet, when Agatha came back to ask him if he had remembered to pay his pew-rent.

"Why, Mother!" she said.

"Yes," her father explained; "we find this window more rheumatic than the other, so I'm helping your mother to move again."

Agatha insisted upon waiting to pin one shawl against the window-casing and another around her mother's shoulders. This time they watched her out of the gate. Then they went upstairs, packed their bag, got ready, and were opening the front door to start, when the doctor drew hastily back.

"Look," he said, holding aside the curtain of the side-light. "The house is patrolled!"

Mrs. Rutledge looked out, and saw Dora walking up and down the lawn in front of the house, with a book in her hand.

"The sunshine has tempted her out; it's just chance."

"Not a bit of it. She knows the whole thing, and she's bound we shan't escape. Wait here a moment; I'll see if we can get through the outer office." The house was on a corner, and the office opened directly upon the street.

He came back, shaking his head. "Your friend Mrs. Walton's there."

"Dora will soon feel chilly and go back to her room; we must wait," his wife said.

But after she had sat at the window for what seemed an hour, and was really ten minutes, peeping out at intervals, always to find the girl still keeping up her deliberate pacing back and forth, she could stand it no longer. It was in vain that the doctor assured her it was not nearly train-time. She was one of those large, tranquil-looking women who say little about their nerves, but who are now and then at the mercy of them.

"Come along, then," the doctor said at last. "We're not going to be bullied by our own children. We'll march out as if she weren't there; and if she says anything, you must leave me to deal with her."

TO their surprise, the girl ignored them as completely as they ignored her.

"If Dora has a book, you could carry the house away under her eyes and she wouldn't see it," her mother said, quite unconscious of the little touch of scorn that formed part of her affection for her youngest child — caused, probably, by Dora's almost masculine helplessness in the kitchen.

The doctor looked back over his shoulder.

"Good heavens, Mary, she's doubled up with laughter! Take my word for it, there's more in that girl than you give her credit for."

"She's come upon something amusing in her reading, that's all. There's Mr. Havens. I suppose we'll meet everybody we know this morning. How do you do, Mr. Havens?"

"Oh, Mrs. Rutledge! And you, doctor! Starting off somewhere? I was just going round to have a talk with you. I suppose I'll find Fred in."

"Yes; Fred's in the office," the doctor answered, glancing at his wife.

"All right. He can fix me up to do till you come back, I suppose; they tell me great things of him. Your husband will have to look to his laurels, Mrs. Rutledge. I heard him pointed out the other day as 'the father of that clever Dr. Rutledge.'"

With a nod and a laugh, he went on toward the office.

"It gets exciting," observed the doctor. "He'll be sure to mention to Fred that he met us on our way to the train."

For a heavy man, Dr. Rutledge had a brisk step, but he had to accommodate it to his wife's this morning, and they made slow progress; still, they were surprised when, a few blocks farther on, Mr. Havens caught up to them.

"Didn't you find Fred?" Mrs. Rutledge asked.

"No. When I got to your front gate, Miss Dora was there. I stopped to speak to her, and she told me that Fred was engaged and couldn't see me till half-past ten. Let me carry your bag for you, doctor — I'll be with you as far as the post-office."

The doctor did not resent the kindness; he was getting used to this sort of thing. Only a few days before, a lady had risen and offered him her seat in a street-car.

"Thank you, Havens, but we turn down this street."

"If it's the Central Depot you're going to, that's not your shortest way."

"No; we've allowed time to take the longest way for the sake of the walk. Good-by."

HE was hastening around the corner, for, in the distance and coming toward them, he had caught a glimpse of Agatha. But Havens laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"I hope you're not going to be away long, doctor. There's nothing of consequence the matter with me; but the wife thinks there is, and you know what confidence she feels in you. They may say what they like about keeping abreast of the times, but we're old-fashioned people, and I guess your methods suit us as well as any. You should hear my wife stand up for you, doctor."

"That's good of her. Tell her not to give you so many good things to eat, and you'll be all right." The doctor took his wife's arm and hurried her on. He decided not to tell her at present how narrowly they had escaped being seen by Agatha.

"What do you think about Dora now?" he asked, laughing.

"You must be right," she admitted. "How she found it out I can't imagine; but she does know, and she's keeping it to herself and doing what she can for us. Dear child! I wish we had taken her into our confidence."

"Oh, she's getting far more fun out of it as it is. We're providing her with plenty of amusement — don't worry. I can imagine her feelings while she was guarding the front door and keeping us prisoners. A neat little revenge that was for trying to hoodwink her — she gave us fair warning. By the way, Mary, I suppose you left the conventional note on the pin-cushion."

"Yes — on Agatha's pin-cushion. She'll find it when she goes to take off her things — just about the time we're moving out of the station. She gets back from her morning round between half-past ten and eleven."

The doctor did not think it necessary to mention that she was at that moment on her way home. "Good, dutiful girl!" he thought. "She has hit upon some appropriate celebration for our wedding day, and she is hurrying home to tell us. What a surprise awaits her!"

IN spite of all delays, they arrived at the station in good time. They found no other passengers in the Pullman.

"This will never do," the doctor said cheerfully. "It would have suited us beautifully the first time we eloped, but we're too old and matter-of-fact now to enjoy such splendid isolation. I'd like to go and hunt up the 'dear, dull, supremely interesting human race' in the next car. Wouldn't you?"

"No; I'm not sorry to be alone for a little while till we get used to things."

"Perhaps it will be as well — until the danger of capture is over, at any rate. It would be less humiliating with only the porter for witness."

"Don't suggest anything so terrible," Mrs. Rutledge begged. She was removing her wraps and making herself comfortable, with a kind of childish delight in the novelty of her surroundings. "Here come some left-behinds. The cabman is lashing his horse, and a girl is trying to climb out before it stops. Why, it's — look, Edward, look!"

The doctor put his head out of the window.

"It's Agatha!" he chuckled — "and Fred — and Dora. And they have laps full of parcels. Agatha's trying to roll something up in a paper while she runs. Looks like the chintz curtains from the sitting-room — no, it's your dressing-gown. Run, Fred, my boy! He's got my mackintosh. As sure as you live, Dora's winking at me — this is not her fault. Wave your handkerchief at them, Mother — kiss your hand. It's the least you can do, for they'll never catch us now — they've given up the chase."

THE negro porter came in grinning, with a parcel in his hand.

"Sorry, sah," he said; "this is all I could catch."

The doctor unfastened the wrapping. "It's the liniment for your rheumatism, Mother. Liniment, on a silver elopement!" He dropped it out of the window. Then he seated himself opposite his wife.

"Six nice elderly couples in to afternoon tea," he ruminated. "And we had *this* up our sleeves!"

The runaways looked into each other's eyes and smiled — not perhaps with all the rapturous anticipation of twenty-five years ago, but with a far keener enjoyment of the humor of the situation. There was a little guilty sense of relief, too — as if, with their children, they had left behind some of the accumulated weight of years.

CLOUDED BRAIN

Clears Up On Change to Proper Food.

The brain cannot work with clearness and accuracy if the food taken is not fully digested, but is retained in the stomach to ferment and form poisonous gases, etc. A dull, clouded brain is likely to be the result.

A Mich. lady relates her experience in changing her food habits, and results are very interesting:

"A steady diet of rich, greasy foods, such as sausage, buckwheat cakes, and so on, finally broke down a stomach and nerves that, by inheritance, were sound and strong, and medicine did no apparent good in the way of relief.

"My brain was clouded and dull and I was suffering from a case of constipation that defied all remedies used.

"The 'Road to Wellville,' in some providential way, fell into my hands, and may Heaven's richest blessings fall on the man who was inspired to write it.

"I followed directions carefully, the physical culture and all, using Grape-Nuts with sugar and cream, leaving meat, pastry and hot biscuit entirely out of my bill of fare. The result—I am in perfect health once more.

"I never realize I have nerves, and my stomach and bowels are in fine condition. My brain is perfectly clear and I am enjoying that state of health which God intended his creatures should enjoy and which all might have, by giving proper attention to their food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

THE INDIAN FIGHTERS OF THE ARICKAREE

(Continued from page 9)

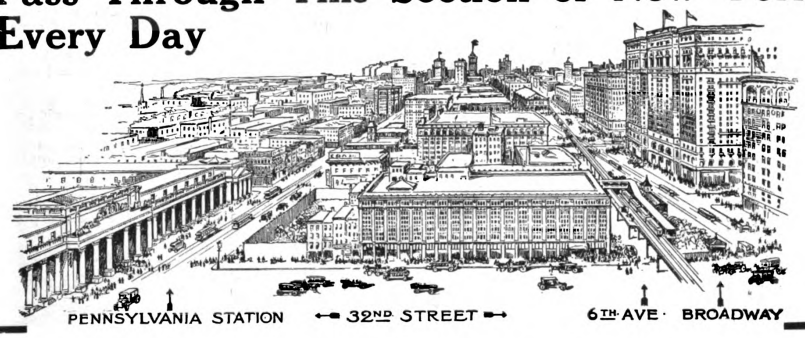
G. W. Culver and William Wilson were mortally wounded in the Indians' charge, and Louis Farley, the crack shot of the command, was instantly killed. Farley was believed to be the man who killed Roman Nose. In order to prevent wasting of ammunition, the scouts called out the Indians they had selected as targets, and Farley quietly announced that he would try to "get" the chieftain. Roman Nose did not fall until the Indians had nearly reached the head of the island. A few seconds more and he would have led his braves into the shallow rifle-pits.

The death of Roman Nose discouraged

THE BEST WORK: LOZENGES for CHILDREN are BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS. 25 cents a box.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

the Indians from attempting any more direct assaults, for there was no other fighter of the great war chief's caliber in the party.

"The Indians soon found out the exact range of our carbines," said Ranahan, at the latest reunion of Beecher Island survivors. "They would come leisurely down the slopes from the hills that overlook the valley, and when just within range they would lash their ponies and gallop like a shot right up to the river-bank, where they would halt long enough to pour a rain of bullets and arrows in our direction. Then they would be out of range again in an instant. I never saw such magnificent horsemanship as those redskins displayed."

In the meantime, the scouts kept deepening their trenches, and by nightfall were fairly well concealed.

"Some of us didn't have much protection at the outset," said E. A. Gilbert, who enlisted in Forsyth's command under the name of Louis McLaughlin, and was shot through one lung early in the engagement. "There was a red-headed chap near me who had been too busy fighting to do much digging. Finally, when the Indians were standing on the opposite bank, pouring bullets and arrows into us, this fellow lay on his face to wait till the storm was over. Part of his back was visible, and some of the Indians got his range in fine shape. Anyway, they would plump bullets at the edge of his sandpit, and every one of them would scrape his back — hardly enough to break the skin, but enough to make him yell and swear. That chap was wounded fifteen times, in just that way, before he could burrow deep enough to find absolute protection. You get an idea from that of how absolutely we were at the mercy of the Indians. [illegible] we first took to the island. If [illegible] hadn't been too excited to shoot well, it would have been all over in the first round."

As night fell, it was seen that the Indians had determined to starve out the little band on the island. The cries of the besiegers could be heard from all sides, and it was evident that a cordon was tightly drawn about the place.

Water was found in plenty at a depth of two or three feet, but Forsyth knew that the question of food would soon become unanswerable. The scouts might subsist a few days on the carcasses of dead mules and horses, but there would be no hope after that source was exhausted. Forsyth determined to call for volunteers to penetrate the Indian lines and get aid from Fort Wallace, the nearest army post, eighty-five miles away. From the men who came forward for this hazardous service, Forsyth selected Jack Stillwell, a youth, and Pierre Trudeau, an experienced plainsman and trapper. Bidding good-by to their comrades, these men started down the bed of the stream, and as nothing more was heard from them, it was supposed that they had penetrated the Indian line, though the chances for making their way through a hostile country were very slender.

The second night, A. J. Pliley and another scout were chosen. Pliley, on revisiting the battle-field for the first time after forty years, pointed out the spot where he and his companion tried to break through.

"The lad who went with me was plucky enough," said Mr. Pliley, "but he was too fat for such an exhausting trip across the plains, and I tried to dissuade him at the outset. But he insisted on going, so we made the start. We crawled down the river about midnight, in the midst of deathly silence. Heat-lightning was playing about the horizon, and suddenly there came an extra light flash. By its light, I saw a bunch of Indians directly in our path, evidently waiting for us. We turned back, and Major Forsyth forbade any more attempts that night. Next day my companion was finally persuaded that he was not cut out for such work, and the choice of his successor fell on Jack Donovan — fortunately for all of us."

Donovan and Pliley, who were sent out on the third night, reached Fort Wallace only an hour behind Stillwell and Trudeau, but they have received scant attention at the hands of historians. They have been almost completely ignored, in spite of the fact that, but for the heroic Donovan, who guided the relief party, there is no telling when aid would have reached the starving and disheartened garrison of Beecher Island. Forsyth was beginning to suffer torture from his wounds, and I have been told by his scouts that a good part of the time he was delirious and did not know what was going on about him. Hence, Donovan was neglected in the commander's account of the fight, and it is only within recent years that he has been given the credit that is his due — credit that seems little better than mockery, for it came after the brave scout's death.

"I messed with Jack Donovan — God bless him!" said Ranahan, "and a better type of fighting man it would be hard to find. He was the lightest-hearted man I ever saw. He could sit down at the camp-fire and sing songs all the evening, and never sing the same song twice. He never drank anything but water. Every mess was wild to get him, because each man was given his share of coffee whether he drank it or not, and what he didn't use went to the general mess. When Donovan and Pliley drew on moccasins that had been taken from dead Indians, and said good-by to us, we never thought we'd see either one of them again, any more than we thought we'd see Stillwell and Trudeau, who had gone [illegible] nights before."

Crawling in mid-stream, as silently as beavers, Donovan and Pliley made their way down the north side of the island. Fortunately, the night was dark, and they managed to get past the Indian pickets. Half a mile or so from the island, they crawled up on the bank and made their way up a draw to the top of the bluffs overlooking the valley of the Arickaree. The scouts decided to travel only at night, for the country was alive with Indians, and to attempt to travel by day would have meant certain capture. They had put on moccasins instead of boots, in order to deceive any Indians who might stumble on their trail. They shaped their course by the North Star. The two men had not gone a mile, however, before they found that every step was torture. The moccasins, being wet, afforded little protection against the spines of the cactus and prickly-pear, with which the desert was covered.

Donovan and Pliley agreed that the best plan would be to make their way to the Smoky Hill stage line, which then ran as far as Denver. If they could find this road and take the east-bound stage, they would reach Fort Wallace more quickly than if they tried to do the whole journey on foot.

"The first night's walk took us not quite across the divide," said Pliley, in recounting his adventures. "We hid in a buffalo wallow, and lay there all day in the hot sun without water; our only food was a little of the horse-meat we had stuck in our pockets on leaving the island. About three o'clock in the afternoon we sighted a war party of twenty-five Indians coming toward us from the south. They were headed directly toward us, and we thought they knew our whereabouts. In ten minutes, if they held their course, they would ride over us. We got our cartridges where we could use them, and prepared for the closing act of our lives. But when the Indians were within a quarter of a mile of us, they halted, and, after a consultation, bore off to the northwest and passed by without seeing us. Donovan, always light-hearted, even when facing death, began to sing 'Oh, for a thousand tongues!'

"After dark we took up our weary walk. If our feet had pained us the night before, they were doubly painful now. Every step was agony. We had to use all our will power to keep from giving up and lying down to die on the prairie. About midnight, though, we struck the South Fork of the Republican River, and spent an hour satisfying our thirst and bathing our sore and swollen feet. When we drew off our moccasins, we simply broke off the countless thorns that were driven into the flesh, leaving the points there to fester. Still we kept on, and rested at daylight in a buffalo wallow, as before, but sighted no more Indians.

"We had planned to strike the Smoky Hill stage route near Cheyenne Wells, a station near the present Colorado-Kansas line. On the fourth night out, at three o'clock in the morning, we struck the road at a ranch house three miles east of Cheyenne Wells. Our feet were swollen to twice their size, with thorns protruding from them like pins from a pincushion. We were sick from eating putrid horse-meat and drinking warm water, and altogether we were rough-looking objects when we roused the ranchmen and explained who we were. After exacting a promise to wake us when the stage to Fort Wallace came along, we lay down to sleep, after getting something to eat and drinking a little whiskey. The stage arrived at six o'clock, and we had no difficulty arranging with the driver for our passage to Fort Wallace."

On the sixth day, the Indians having disappeared, somebody proposed that the able-bodied men make a dash, and leave the wounded to defend themselves as best they could. This proposal was unanimously voted down. On the ninth day, when hope was at its lowest ebb, one of the men, looking toward the low hills in the south, exclaimed:

"There are moving objects on those hills!"

They proved to be Colonel Carpenter's ambulance, with Jack Donovan riding ahead. A day later, Colonel Bankhead reached the scene of the fight, Stillwell having guided him up the Arickaree Fork of the Republican; but by that time the wounded had been cared for and the hungry fed.

It is agreed that a delay of another day would have been fatal to many of the scouts. Gangrene had set in, in Forsyth's case, and twenty-four hours more would have put the commander beyond hope. As it was, the surgeon advised the amputation of his shattered leg, but Forsyth objected so strenuously that he was allowed to have his own way, and eventually the limb was saved, though the commander of the scouts was an invalid for two years after the engagement.

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PENN STATE

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

Vol. LVII No. 2954] WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1913 [10 Cents a Copy $4.00 a Year

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS
Frederick L. Collins, President — Arthur S. Moore, Secretary
Cameron Mackenzie, Vice-President — Horace W. Paine, Treasurer
McClure Building, Fourth Ave. & 20th Street, New York

Entered at the New York Post-office as second-class matter

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Entered at Stationers' Hall, London

COMMENT

Public Opinion and the Railroad Controversy

THE controversy between the Eastern railroads and their conductors and trainmen ought to teach us something, for we are getting an uncommonly good chance to study it. No doubt, there have been and will be things done more or less behind the scenes, influences exerted, for instance, in quiet ways that we shall not know about. Personalities will count, and the Associated Press reports, though often well-written, are not the work of BALZACS and THACKERAYS. But we can hardly recall another great labor-and-capital controversy put before the public as well as this one so far has been.

We have seen the manœuvering for position, the swift transfer of action to Washington and back to New York, Erie's stand and recession, the railroads' disconcerting demand about their own grievances, which at this writing looks like a fairly successful effort to score a point rather than the taking of a position meant to be adhered to. If the general present expectation of an arbitration is fulfilled, then we ought to be equally well served concerning the merits of the case; *and we ought to study it.*

For it looks more and more as if, in the long run, we, the people, were going to decide about these things—not the specific cases, perhaps, but the way cases shall be decided. We have quit, no doubt for good, letting the railroads decide and the men do what they can. It is hardly proposed to let the men decide and the railroads go hang. When President CHAMBERS, of the new mediation board, said the other day that public opinion was already the strongest factor in the situation, he he was not far wrong, and the future will set him completely right. Public opinion will continue to act through legislatures and commissions, through both the unions and the railroads themselves, and finally, crystallized, through the courts. But this matter of justice as between public-service corporations and their men is in public opinion's proper province—and now in its grasp. It is a kind of justice which we believe that public opinion really has the virtue, in the long run and after errors, to determine aright.

Some Obvious Arguments for Protecting Nicaragua

It is not at all surprising that our provisional treaty with Nicaragua should have instantly arrested public attention. It could not for a moment be mistaken for anything less than an extremely important departure in our diplomacy. In emergencies, as with Cuba and the Philippines after the Spanish War, we have taken steps more or less like this; but this, taken deliberately, has the earmarks of a policy whose reach is not determinable. Neither is it surprising, reserving the objection, as they say in the House, that the administration's proposal, fully concurred in by the Nicaraguan government, should have instantly found favor in the Senate and other strong quarters; it aims at things too plainly desirable.

As to securing the Nicaragua canal rights and a new naval base, these are things which stand apart and for which we had already made offers. As two administrations have not thought three millions too much to pay for them, that valuation is doubtless all right. Of course we don't want to build a second canal, only to keep others from doing it. The late Senator MORGAN, of Alabama, the tireless and learned advocate of the Nicaragua route, is in a way vindicated by our thus continuing to guard it.

But it is the new parts of the proposal we are all thinking most about, and these, too, aim at things desired, which may as well be given first. They aim at peace and settled government in Nicaragua, from the lack of which we ourselves have recently suffered in men and money; at a sound financial system for that perpetually embarrassed state; at a sensible management of her foreign relations, to keep her out of broils with her neighbors and the world. It seems only true to add that the proposal would readily have been extended to embrace Nicaragua's independent neighbors if they had wished, but that for them also those of its aims are desirable. On the other hand, we believe one can say honestly that mere territorial aggression or absorption is *not* one of its ends. There are a few filibustering Americans, no doubt, most of them in Latin America, but the great mass of us have no such designs in any direction, and our politicians know it.

Some Sources of Hesitation

So much is good; perhaps there is enough, and it is good enough, to overcome all fears and objections. But nobody should advocate treating these otherwise than very carefully.

There are the promptly declared objections of Nicaragua's neighbors. Not only have Honduras, Salvador, and Costa Rica declared their aversion to any such arrangement for themselves, but they regard Nicaragua's act as something like treason to the old dream of a federated Central America. It seems probable they stand now for the general Central-American feeling, and that it is too strong a feeling to be overcome by anything but time and very happy developments. Nor can we at all assume that it will not extend to a revival of a like feeling over most of Latin-America; for we have too much evidence that Latin-Americans find it hard to believe us disinterested. Professor BINGHAM, the South-American explorer, has recently dwelt at length on the extreme difficulty of making them think well of us, and the extraordinary ways some of us go about it. Of course, too, there is Mexico, likely to remain for a long time, whatever we do, an abundant source of misunderstanding.

But, after all, the character of the task itself is and should be our main source of hesitation. It is a delicate and trying task, and one for which we assume, and must assume, great powers. We shall be setting up a protectorate. Nothing less, perhaps, would serve; but that is what it will be. The language of Nicaragua's concessions is taken from that which made us protectors over Cuba. We will control Nicaragua's power to make war and to make treaties and to borrow money, and we will have the right to use force to do it. There are colonies whose mother countries have much less to say in their affairs. Such control must of course bring corresponding responsibility—in war and diplomacy, in finance, in respect of order and peace.

By all means, then, let us study the undertaking out thoroughly, solemnly, trying, as Senator BORAH would, to see the last step before the first is taken. Let us try and make sure that the *people* as well as the government of Nicaragua welcome us. And let us look no less cautiously to the arduous things our enterprise may lead on to than to the possibility, which is really less daunting, of a mere failure.

The Whole Bill

After so many weeks of talk about amendments to the tariff bill, it may be as well to have some discussion of the bill as a whole. After so much of detail and application, it seems wholesome to emerge awhile into an atmosphere which permits broad principles to be considered, large contentions matched and analyzed. The Senate debates will not continue like that, but we are glad they started off that way.

For one thing, it serves to show both sides how real and unavoidable this conflict is, and that is something only too easy to forget when tariff-makers are absorbed in specific schedules and items. Then the fight easily comes to seem merely an affair

"Of nicely calculated less and more,"

and it is hard to keep in mind that "more"—though it be such by only a cent or two to the pound or yard—is one thing, and that "less" is a different, a positively irreconcilable thing. That, indeed, must be a chief reason why so many tariff bills go wrong in the making; their vast detail makes it so hard to keep any principle dominant.

Yet one can not read the opening onslaughts of Senators SMOOT and CUMMINS and BURTON without again perceiving, as clearly as ever, the old conflict of political principles and economic theories that has surely, by this time, proved itself irreconcilable even if it does sometimes seem for a little while repressible. It would hardly have strengthened the demonstration if, eighty years ago, we had had a war with the Nullifiers about it. For is it not plain that these Republican speeches, to which we readily grant sincerity, express a view, not merely of our American conditions and trade, but of all trade and of the bases of all national prosperity, radically different from that which the UNDERWOOD bill attempts to work out?

For these gentlemen do the Democrats the justice to perceive that they are entirely in earnest, and on that ground, not because of any slight inconsistencies, attack the measure. Senators CUMMINS and BURTON damn it straightforwardly for freeing our trade, not for failing to; Senator SMOOT was too earnest to be at all comical when he asked the Senate just to look how much we are already buying from foreigners and think of letting us buy any more! In this philosophy there is simply no place for such consideration as that two-sided trade between nations may be best for both, or that protection may be either enervating to producers or dishonest to consumers.

Is it not, therefore, also plain that it would be a misfortune in any sense to have the bill tampered with, to have it become anything less than what it now is—an honest experiment, so recognized by friends and foes, of tariff-for-revenue taxation? We believe plenty of square Republicans now have that feeling. As to tariff boards and other plans for gradual modification, meritorious as they may be, this is no longer a time for them. This is not modification, it is change—change to a different basis and principle. If, as once before, that basis and principle shall yield us substantial stability, we may quite possibly find under it a use for devices of correction and of easy, unexciting modification.

All Quiet Along the Pacifics

There is something interesting about the still very recent Union-Pacific-Southern-Pacific settlement. One hears so little about it!

Of course there were LAMAR and LAUTERBACH, but really, if it isn't speaking disrespectfully of a newspaper sensation, that episode didn't amount to much, either in business or politics. It was a mere extraordinary piece of knavery, with little or nothing behind it. What we mean is that the arrangement accepted by the Attorney-General and approved by the President seems so far to have provoked little heated animadversion. Needless to add, we shall all be delighted if we find this means that the deal was about the best way out of a big mess that was far from new.

For the California railroad situation was nasty and political long before the New Haven road, or New England, dreamed of monopoly. There was a HUNTINGTON long before there was a HARRIMAN—and HARRIMAN, after all, was a genius

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and no reactionary. He can hardly be said to have made things worse when he made the tail wag the dog and bought both Southern Pacific and Central Pacific for Union Pacific. If, now that Union Pacific's Southern holdings are going partly to Pennsylvania for Baltimore & Ohio, on the principle of no parallel ownership, partly to anybody else but Union-Pacificers, and suit is to be brought to prevent the old ownership of Central Pacific by Southern Pacific—the original grievance—people concerned seem complacent, then the rest of us surely have no cause to be otherwise. We would much better wait and see if competition over two great lines, parallel but not too close, can not perhaps be measurably restored.

Meanwhile we know one Californian lawyer who, though not sanguine about any governmental devices with railroads, is nevertheless optimistic. He believes the Panama Canal will do what is essential, whether government measures succeed or fail.

Drafting Laws

The Senate rejected Senator OWEN'S proposal for the creation of a bureau of legislative experts to draft bills on request of the President, committees of Congress, eight Senators, or twenty-five Representatives. Senator BACON'S comment on it was:

> I am so astonished at this suggestion of having a schoolmaster to do work that Senators are supposed to be able to perform that I am completely knocked off my pins.

The Senator need not have been so surprised. Drafting bills is a job for experts. Not many Senators are supposed to be able to do it as it should be done. In Wisconsin, the University of Wisconsin provides skilful drafters of laws to put into shape the bills that the legislators propose to pass. It is a useful service that saves trouble to the courts and expense to the people, and we believe that in Wisconsin it is acceptable to the legislature.

An Example

A bill that seems worthy of Senator BACON'S attention as an example of the sort of bill that can now pass the Senate is the parcels-post law, under which the Postmaster-General has lately ordered a reduction of rates and increase in the size of packages to be carried.

Mr. BURLESON'S authority to issue this order is questioned. He acts under a section of the parcels-post law which reads as follows:

> The classification of articles mailable as well as the weight limit, the rates of postage, zone or zones and other conditions of mailability under this act if the Postmaster-General shall find on experience that they or any of them are such as to prevent the shipment of articles desirable or to permanently render the cost of the service greater than the receipts of the revenue therefrom, he is hereby authorized, subject to the consent of the Interstate Commerce Commission after investigation, to reform from time to time such classification, weight limit, rates, zone or zones or conditions or either, in order to promote the service to the public or to insure the receipts of revenue from such service adequate to pay the cost thereof.

The Post-office Department considers that under this section Mr. BURLESON has power to act. But will not Mr. BACON admit that an expert lawdrafter could have made improvements in that section? It ought not to be necessary to tie a string at the opening of a section of a statute, and keep the string in your hand as you proceed through it, for fear of getting lost.

The Parcels-post Order

Some Senators, it seems, object to Mr. BURLESON'S order. The order reduces rates for parcels in the first and second zones (within one hundred and fifty miles of the point of mailing), and increases the maximum of weight from eleven to twenty pounds. In the first zone the present rate is five cents for the first pound and one cent for each additional pound. The reduction rate ordered is five cents for the first pound and one cent for each additional two pounds. So in the second zone the charge of five cents for the first pound is retained, but the charge for additional pounds is reduced from three cents to one cent. That would mean very cheap carriage for small parcels for short distances. It would cover, for example, the whole suburban district of New York and the district in which sojourns by much the greater part of the multitude that leaves New York in summer. And for all other centers of population it would mean the like. It is objected that to undertake this business would make a great deficit in the Post-office Depart[illegible] Perhaps [illegible]st. That is matter for calculation [illegible] Post it will hardly be disputed that the post-office will be able to handle parcels profitably at much lower rates than the express companies can, and these proposed reductions are a natural step toward the larger usefulness with a view to which the parcels post was started.

The "Saturday Review" and Other Thoughts

What most of us know about the London "Saturday Review" is that it holds the record for reprobation of all things American. It is to smile at that—now, but time was when it was irritating.

It was announced the other day that at the end of August the "Saturday" is to have a new editor, A. H. HODGE giving place to Hon. GERVASE BECKET, M.P., the paper's chief proprietor. Not so very long ago—forty years, say—such a change would have been an event. Now it is a piece of news, and not momentous, though interesting to those who recall the great renown of the paper, of which Mr. JAMES BRYCE has said there never was a journal that enlisted so much and such varied talent as the "Saturday" did between 1855 and 1863.

We quote from a London letter about it to the "Evening Post" that recalls some of the contributors whom Mr. BRYCE had in mind,—GOLDWIN SMITH, EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN, JOHN RICHARD GREEN, WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, Lord ROBERT CECIL (afterward Marquis of Salisbury), CHARLES HENRY PEARSON, CHARLES and EDWARD BOWEN, FITZJAMES and LESLIE STEPHEN, and HENRY MAINE—a dazzling list, certainly. Behind them, and scores of other contributors, many of them men of distinction, was an editor, JOHN DOUGLAS COOK, who never wrote an article in the paper himself, but was rated by good authority as the most remarkable journalist of his century. He was able to give his paper power and distinction; to make numbers of brilliant men of various politics more than willing to write for it.

Machinery in Journalism

It is rather interesting to speculate what a man of COOK'S gifts would be at in journalism if he were in the active and aggressive stage of life to-day. Where would he see his readers and buyers and advertisers and in what sort of a journalistic vehicle would he approach them? Not, presumably, in a "Saturday Review." Periodicals of that type seem like the horse-drawn carriages that persist in the automobile age. It is disputed whether horses and the vehicles they draw are going out altogether or not. We hear that at Newport there is some reaction in favor of them. They have a quality that the motor-cars lack. They have neither the speed nor the long-distance abilities of the machines, but to certain people they afford satisfactions that motor-cars do not. And so of periodicals. Those of the new style are products of improved machinery, and have enormous circulations which the old-style papers cannot approach, and revenues with which they cannot compete in the market for talent. And yet between them and old-style products like the "Saturday" there is much of the difference that one feels between a wonderful machine like the automobile and a generated and natural-born creature like the horse.

The periodicals made by machinery for universal consumption do not taste equally good to all consumers. Some readers turn from them hungry, as from package foods and "canned goods," and hunt about for a pabulum with more flavor. They make a fuel now of sawdust, but it is not advertised yet (though it may be sold) as a successful food.

How Many Readers?

Nevertheless, the best of the periodicals for the million have the same sort of success as the automobiles and deserve it almost as much, for they do their business with wonderful efficiency, and show some merits of very high value. Given a good thought they can give it a marvelous distribution and set it working in a multitude of minds. And yet one wonders whether JOHN DOUGLAS COOK, the unrivaled editor, would turn his hand to the making of them if he were in the game now.

Mrs. CORNELIA COMER argued the other day in the "Atlantic Monthly" that a woman ought not to have a larger house than her personality could pervade. Possibly it does not really pay an editor to have for his publication more readers than his personality can reach. It may reach a great many if there is enough of it, but beating up the bushes for readers who do not naturally belong to him may be a mistake.

The natural answer to that would be that he ekes out and extends his own personality by the personalities of the contributors whom he attracts. And so he may, and indeed must. Nevertheless, it seems to have been JOHN DOUGLAS COOK, the man who never wrote, who made the "Saturday Review" great, and without him all his famous contributors could not have done it. And doubtless COOK would make something great in journalism to-day if he were alive to put his hand to it. But what would it be? A general must have soldiers who can fight, but we are apt to think and speak of the general as the man who wins or loses the battle. And about that usually we are right.

Two Artists Equally Ignored

JOHN W. ALEXANDER mentioned the other day, as a discouraging sign of our attitude toward art, the careless and ignorant comments of American papers on the death of GASTON LA TOUCHE. There was real feeling in our eminent painter's indignation that his eminent French fellow-artist should be dismissed with absolutely nothing but the information that "he had several times exhibited at the Salon!" A man whose work has well-nigh *made* important exhibitions! Farther on, Mr. ALEXANDER is equally indignant at the new and sapient tariff duty to protect him and his fellows from men like LA TOUCHE. "I will confess," he declares, "to a completely hopeless feeling in finding this utterly indefensible and uncalled-for protection of our artists included in this revision."

The gentlemen responsible for this "protection" apparently know about as much of JOHN W. ALEXANDER as they do of GASTON LA TOUCHE.

Strike News

The silk-workers' strike at Paterson is over for the present (strikers beaten); the Pope's Swiss guards struck and most of them were discharged; the convicts at Sing-Sing have had one or two strikes lately, but none were discharged.

The Paterson strike will go into the record, and have its effect, one way or the other—or perhaps both ways—in the end.

Sing-Sing prison has been so abundantly advertised of late as an uncomfortable place and unsuitable for men to live in, that disturbances there seem not unnatural. Set it down to the credit of Governor SULZER that he has stimulated disturbance, not *in* the prisons of New York State, but about them. There needed to be that disturbance. Our prisons have been in a bad way. They have needed advertisement and attention. They have had the advertisement (to which the convicts seem disposed to contribute) and they are getting the attention.

Mr. BLAKE, the Governor's prison investigator, complains of censure that has followed his labors because he made some charges of grafting which he could not substantiate. No doubt he was less judicial and more sensational than he should have been, but the more important of his stories and charges, those relating to improper treatment of prisoners, over-crowding, and bad living conditions, have never been successfully denied so far as we have noticed.

The Health of School Children

In Buffalo, the last week in August, will be held the fourth International Congress on School Hygiene, described as the most ambitious movement ever attempted for improving the health and efficiency of school children.

The congress is in distinguished hands. Its president is Dr. CHARLES W. ELIOT. Its vice-presidents are Dr. WELCH, of Johns Hopkins, and Dr. WALCOTT, of the Harvard Corporation and the Massachusetts Board of Health. Its list of honorary vice-presidents and its executive committee includes a score of names of high authority in education and hygiene. Dr. STORY, the secretary of the executive committee, says:

> The main emphasis in the plans for this Congress is being laid upon the ways and means of supplying the important facts of school hygiene to those people who will use them. An energetic campaign is being organized for the purpose of bringing the objects of the Congress to the attention of public-spirited citizens in every community in the United States and Canada. It is hoped that a wide membership may be secured through which the published Proceedings of this international enterprise may be distributed to a great many communities. If this membership can be made up of people who are interested in improving their local school conditions it will go a long way toward bringing to the officials of the Congress a realization of their ideal.

The programme of the Congress and other information about it will be found in Mr. THOMPSON'S letter on page 5, this issue of the WEEKLY.

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Pardon

As one gropes one's way blindly through existence there are certain exercises of the spirit forced so often upon one, that they become as necessary as breathing or drinking water; a vital part of the daily make-up of living. The most important of these is finding our happiness in love and admiration of our fellow-man and perhaps the next in importance and frequency is lightly pardoning him. For man is a blind, dull, blundering creature, and if one thinks in large historic periods it is not so long since he has learned to stand on his hind legs and bethink himself of justice and kindliness and understanding. It is hardly fair to blame him if from time to time he reverts to the primordial thought of food, shelter, self-protection. These are older needs. If one loved an oyster, by chance, one would be intelligent enough not to resent his sucking his shell close when we attempt to intrude the opening knife-point. It is hardly more intelligent to resent the sudden limit of another's comprehension. It might well be easier to love a nobler being, but in default of such it is well to love what there is to love in man—with all his timidities, stupidities, egoisms, and innate limitations. Man, after all, is what one has to love, and to continue doing so one has to be very flexible in pardoning. To stiffen one's back and say: "This thing, at last, I shall not pardon! Here at this point I make my stand!" is no more than to take refuge in one's own limitations.

The fact remains firm, that one, too, is human and atomic; inhabiting the same world as our discarded friend; compact, too, of like desires and impulses and egoisms, and in the end a fragment of that same mass of solid humanity which can not be really broken.

We may pick our way deftly through the throng, choosing to be allied to those who make life easiest for us—but we do not expand and grow by this process. The old question will come up, again and again, as we emerge with the well-dressed throng from the rich church, whether it is really more worth while to be numbered with these or with the down-trodden in the slums or the convicts in dark cells—out of the sun. Where are we closest to the divine Creator of the whole? "I was in prison," said One whom all the respectable of his day despised and rejected.

We walk blindly enough in a given mold of pursuits, convictions, habits, inheritances, surroundings, prejudices—and nothing is sillier than to show pride in these. The spirit is really hardly cognizant of them—mere bodily forms as they are. It is as if the plaster cast into which the wax is poured to take shape and become the model of the enduring marble, the plaster cast fit only to be broken up by hammers when its evanescent use is over—should suddenly become proud and think of itself as the statue. Only the enduring life of the spirit, only what remains behind us, of our thought and faiths when the plaster mold of earthly conditions is broken, counts as reality.

Meanwhile, as we walk through life, a world is being created by our written and spoken words; created by our beauty or ugliness of face and gesture; by our thoughts and actions and a thousand minor motions of the soul. For as we move and breathe our being spreads about us our world—beautiful or ugly.

Is it not well to know, too, that all one sees and thinks and believes proceeds from the heart and is given its form by the mind and is the ultimate evidence of oneself? The world we spread about us is but the shadowy reflection of one's eternal self, coming to us through the ages, ever reappearing and entrapping us anew? Even as it is with us, so also is it with the one we think of as not ourselves. He, too, is struggling to meet his eternal self, and if in the effort he strays and makes errors upon errors, what is there to do but pardon and then laugh? For to pardon seriously is an impertinence, implying a foolish belief in one's plaster mold. The slave can be no friend because his timidities bind him round and he ceases to give at the point where friendship begins; but even so the self-righteous and complacent can have no friend because his love of himself is an insult. Laughers, those who think lightly of light things, those who never mistake the transient for the eternal, are real friends and they pardon lightly, without too much thought. When man begins to create himself he sees what he chooses to see and what reflects himself; before that he sees only what he must. But once he recognizes himself, he knows, too, how little stress need be laid upon transient and casual happenings. Beyond all these there is no breaking of ties; no divorce annuls a marriage; no quarrel undoes a friendship. What belongs together floats surely back into place; what is bound remains bound, inexhaustibly united; ever continuous; even though we may have missed the temporary significance and solace.

Because the starry lightenings and the life
Of all this universe which is our home
Weave round each soul a web of mortal strife,
Hard is its speech and slow to come.

As to one waking from a lonely dream
The friendly taper dwindles to a star,
So to each man, men's faces distant seem—
Their dearest words sound faint and very far.

Daily we pass, like shadows in dreamland
And careless answer in the old, curt tone,
Till Death breaks suddenly between us and
With a great cry, we know we have not known!

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

Correspondence

SCHOOL HYGIENE

NEW YORK, *June 21, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The Fourth International Congress on School Hygiene, and the first to be held in America, at Buffalo, August 25th–30th, according to an announcement of the executive committee, will be by far the most elaborate effort yet made in this country toward getting the problem of school hygiene before the world. The first International Congress was held at Nuremberg in 1904, the second at London in 1907, the third at Paris in 1910.

The objects of the Buffalo congress are:

To bring together men and women interested in the health of school children.

To organize a program of papers and discussions covering the field of school hygiene.

To assemble a school exhibit representing the best that is being done in school hygiene.

To secure a commercial exhibit of practical and educational value to school people.

To publish the proceedings of this Congress and distribute them to each member.

In addition there is a plan on foot to effect a permanent organization for the purpose of carrying out school-hygiene reforms in all the individual communities in this country, if not all over the world.

One of the interesting features of the congress will be the presence of delegates representing the community interest in school hygiene, including those appointed by mayors and governors, by women's clubs, by school boards, boards of health, by mothers' congresses and charity organization societies and boards of trade. Their help is being solicited with a view in organizing the community in a campaign of school-hygiene reform.

The program committee announces a program of two hundred and fifty papers and fifteen symposiums, taking up hygiene from the following points of view:

The hygiene of school buildings, grounds material and up-keep.

The hygiene of school administration and schedule.

Medical, hygienic, and sanitary supervision in schools.

The contributors to the program make up a notable list of speakers: college presidents and professors; state, city, and county commissioners of education; teachers and superintendents of public schools; medical college professors; state, county, and city health officers; physicians in private practice, engineers, and architects.

Special discussions are being arranged on the following subjects:

School Feeding, arranged by the Committee on School Feeding of the American Home Economics Society.

Oral Hygiene, arranged by National Mouth Hygiene Association.

Sex Hygiene, arranged by the American Federation of Sex Hygiene.

Conservation of Vision in School Children, arranged by the Society for the Prevention of Blindness.

Health Supervision of University Students, arranged by Dr. Mazyck P. Ravenel, University of Wisconsin.

School Illumination, arranged by the Society of Illuminating Engineers.

Relation between Physical Education and School Hygiene, arranged by the American Physical Education Association.

Tuberculosis among School Children, arranged by the Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis.

Physical Education and College Hygiene, arranged by the Society of Directors of Physical Education in Colleges.

The Binet-Simon Test, arranged by Professor Terman, Stanford University.

The Mentally Defective Child, arranged by Dr. Henry H. Goddard, Vineland, New Jersey.

Various citizens' committees of Buffalo are arranging an elaborate entertainment for the benefit of visiting delegates. There will be receptions and a grand ball, a pageant of school children, and excursion trips to the great industrial plants of Buffalo and to the scenic wonders of Niagara Falls. The Boy Scouts will act as official guides.

Delegates will attend from every college and university of note in this country, from other leading educational and hygienic institutions and organizations, and from every country in which an active interest is being shown in the welfare of school children, which includes all the leading nations of the world.

The congress is open to all persons interested in school hygiene upon the payment of a fee of five dollars. Application for membership should be sent to Dr. Thomas A. Storey, College of the City of New York, New York City.

President Wilson has accepted the honorary office of patron of the congress. The president of the congress is Mr. Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University. The vice-presidents are Dr. William H. Welch, of Johns Hopkins University, and Dr. Henry P. Walcott, president of the recent International Congress on Hygiene and Demography, and chairman of the Massachusetts State Board of Health.

I am, sir,

C. S. THOMPSON,
College of City of New York.

THE DESKS OUT

BALTIMORE, MD., *1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—It is rather interesting to note that the doing away with desks and substituting benches for them in the House of Representatives illustrates in a small way a change our system of government seems to be undergoing. Roughly speaking, a change from what President Wilson has termed a Congressional system, or the system of government that this country has had, to a Parliamentary system, or the system of government that is to be found in England and throughout her self-governing colonies. Discussions have become more and more frequent as to the advisability of giving members of the Cabinet seats in Congress, allowing them to defend their proposals there and forcing them to answer questions put to them on the floor of the House as in British parliaments—a scheme strongly advocated by Mr. Perry Belmont in an able article recently published in "The North American Review."

Both Messrs. Taft and Wilson are urgently in favor of the introduction of a budget instead of the present method of chaotic and haphazard money or finance bills. The tariff bill has been introduced as an "Administration Measure," which is nothing more or less than a modification of the government measure of the Parliamentary system, and President Wilson's practice of reading messages to Congress may lead to a still closer linking of the executive and legislative branches, one of the fundamental characteristics of that system.

In March it was proposed that the leaders of the two parties should have regular seats, a mild Government and front Opposition bench arrangement, which led some M. C. to state that he was opposed to attempts to make Congress a copy of the House of Commons. Of course, this tendency in our methods of government to change from the Congressional to what one might term a limited Parliamentary system, is not new, but to-day it is beginning to show itself on the surface, and it is probable that this tendency will be accelerated owing to the fact that President Wilson, both as teacher and author, has shown himself to be an admirer of the Parliamentary system and a man keenly cognizant of many of the faults attendant on our present plan of government.

That a more intimate association twixt the executive and legislative and centralization of authority with the simplification that of necessity accompanies it, is a good thing few will be prepared to deny. For it makes it easier for the average citizen to take a watchful, intelligent interest in the actions of Congress, the President, and his Cabinet.

In President Wilson's words it may bring about, as a consequence, an intergration which will substitute statesmanship for government by mass-meeting.

I am, sir,

H. C. BLACK.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE IN BRAZIL

RIO DE JANEIRO, *January 23, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Have just read in your issue of December 21, 1912, the article by Mr. Harper Peddicord on the Monroe Doctrine. I most heartily agree with him in all his statements and opinions. He says the United States has received only "malignant hatred" in return for all her good-will and protection as offered and exercised in that doctrine. The phrase is well put. These peoples, for the most part, do not understand the meaning of the doctrine; they have nothing in all their system or life that can give them a sympathetic appreciation of it, therefore cannot understand it; and what is more, they do not want to understand it. The whole trend of their press articles is to the effect that the United States is waiting like a greedy vulture to swoop down and gobble up the whole continent at the first opportunity.

Unfortunately, also, the foreigners, many of whom are of our own Anglo-Saxon blood, and ought to know better, feed and foster that anti-American antipathy—as you will see from the enclosed clippings from the "Brazilian Review."

I have long felt, and feel it more so than ever now, that, with such a feeling universal and growing, the best, wisest, and most diplomatic policy the United States could adopt would be, without allowing our friendship, our loyalty, or our kindly interest in any of these nations to abate in the least—that would be dishonorable—quietly to withdraw from the now antiquated and obnoxious Monroe doctrine and allow events to take their own course; at leazt until a different course would be appreciated and until they shall have learned the unselfish sentiment at the heart of all our actions and intentions in their behalf.

Most sincerely yours,

CHAS. A. LONG.

A WREATH OF PARSLEY

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Before the memory of the Astor House has faded out of the minds of men, I beg to lay a wreath of parsley on its honored counter. For three generations it stood for substantial American victuals. Who that partook can ever forget its honest roast beef, its mealy potatoes, flagons of brown ale? All the food was good. There was bean porridge o' Tuesdays, on the strength of which one man could smite a thousand. Then the old-fashioned New England boiled dinner (yes, marm; a *real* boiled dinner) on Wednesdays that was glorious provender for the sturdy ones who could assimilate it; and on Fridays the fish chowder from the veritable recipe of Daniel Webster himself. When I was a lad they told me the origin of the recipe just as the waiter placed before me a deep plate of the steaming chowder more aromatic and enticing than the groves of Araby. Up to that moment the godlike Daniel had always been to me a sort of abstraction, a sort of majestic voice rumbling through the corridors of history: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." But the first whiff of that chowder-bouquet, swiftly followed by the ingestion of the first spoonful of the chowder itself, wrought a revolution. The godlike Daniel became a real, human man, a man with tastes and appetites like the rest of us—and a marvelous knack of composing a chowder. They were splendid foods all, sustenance for real men, men with the punch, men of deeds.

I am, sir,

W. O. I.

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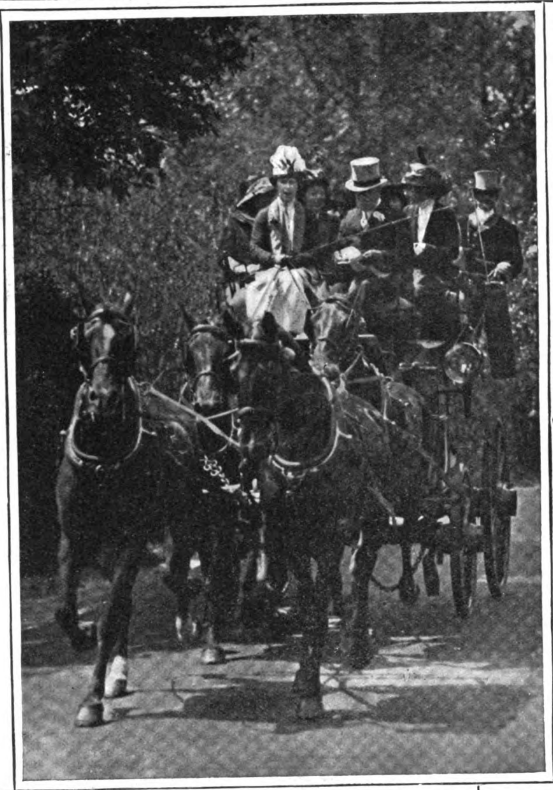
NEWPORT CHILDREN

AT THE HORSE SHOW



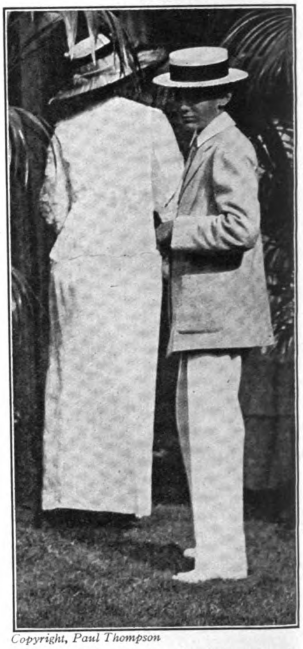
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Mrs. Norman Whitehouse starting on a ride in her motor runabout



Copyright, Underwood & Underwood

The Ladies Four-in-hand Driving Club on a coaching run through Westchester. On the front seat is Morris Hawlett, the instructor of the club



Copyright, Paul Thompson

John Nicholas Brown, the richest boy in the world, at a Newport garden party

THE FOUR HUNDRED AND THE FOUR MILLION



Mrs. la Grande Gustwald in an improvised carriage on the Southampton beach

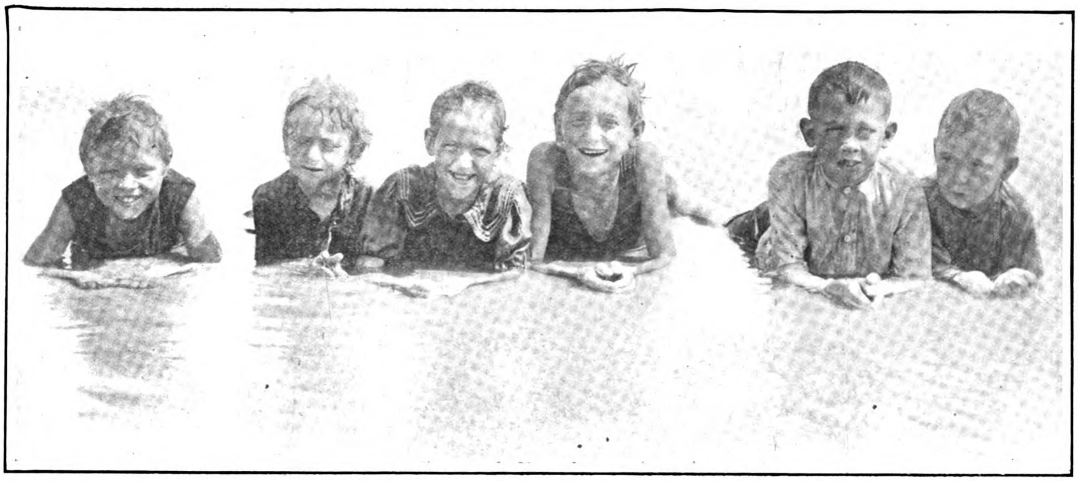


Mrs. Godfrey Preece with her "morning-glory" parasol at Narragansett Pier

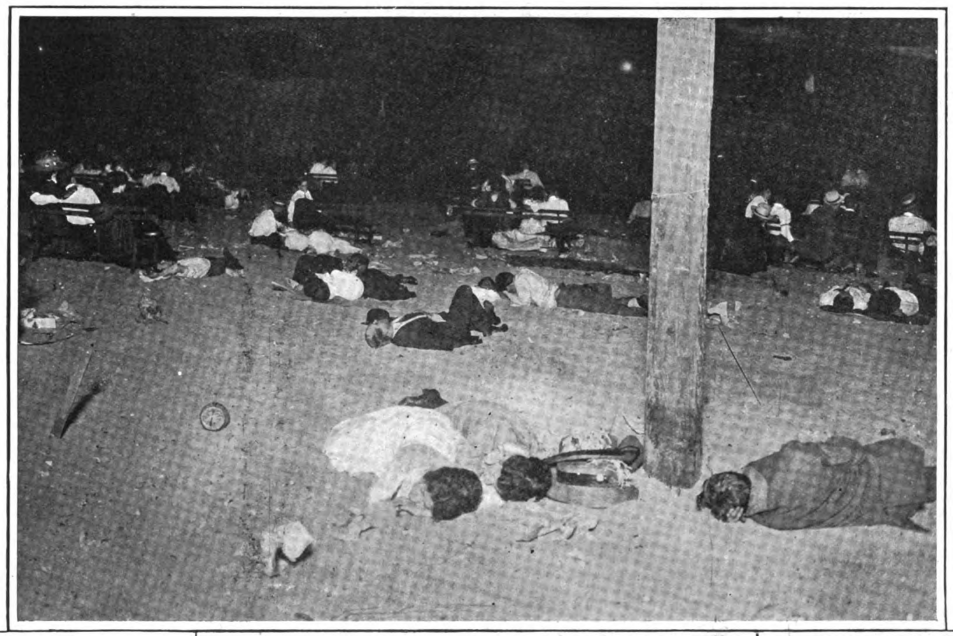
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NEW YORK NEWSBOYS ON A TEN-CENT EXCURSION



Sleeping on the beaches at Coney Island. On hot nights thousands of New York City's poorer population take refuge on these beaches



The packed shore front of Coney Island on Saturday afternoon



Working girls dancing to phonograph music at one of the summer camps near Kingston, New York, where the girls spend their vacations camping out in old horse-cars, at a cost of four dollars a week



When the fireman turns on the plugs to relieve the water-pressure

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THE WARD OF THE "MULLIN RUDGE"

BY

MARIE MANNING

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROLLIN KIRBY



"One wondered how they could have come so far without getting lost"

TOWN was used to the strange driftwood of civilization picked up by the stage on its long journey across the desert and deposited within its sophisticated borders. There had been the parrot, the tag of whose cage was lost, and who lived to become a solid citizen and establish a new standard in expletives. It had seen a peer of the realm arrive in a red bed-quilt and a Cambridge accent, after his camping outfit had been burned on an elk hunt. And now old Chugg had brought in the horses on the rocking gallop that presaged something else worth while. They were inside the stage, these latest "specimens"; and regarding them impartially, one wondered how they could have come so far without getting lost, or if, indeed, they had not intended to go somewhere else, and wound up in Town by mistake. The captain of the expedition was an old man with a face that would always be trustful, always young, and in all probability always on the outlook for his next meal. Country districts are acquainted with him as the man who asks permission to drink at the pump after he has failed to sell the patent tack-hammer and can-opener.

His brother in arms was a little boy who might have been large for four or small for six; he was the kind of child that old wives called "peaked," and he seemed to carry in that small, sweet countenance all the worldly knowledge that his father lacked. Town, rallying to the principal event of the day,—the arrival of the stage,—summed up the travelers with a glance of dismal sophistication as: "Old fool married late in life, wife dead, coming West to seek fortune. Boy none too intimate with regular meals."

And the summary of Town did credit to its powers of divination. Having journeyed to the end of the stage route, the wayfarers seemed incapable of further initiative, and stood about rather helplessly, watching the horses being unhitched and furtively taking stock of the old inhabitants. To Chugg's inquiry of where they were going and a general recommendation of the Angel House as an exemplary family hotel, old Martin had replied with constitutional indecision that he did not know, and that they would walk about a little before making up their minds. "That's a pair to be at large," the stage-driver addressed the local forum; "the little 'un ought to be in an old gentlemen's home, and the old 'un in an infant asylum."

IT did not take the travelers long to see the sights of Town; and, beyond the sordid grasp of things visible on every side, peak after peak of the towering range, blue on blue, till they melted into the eternal snows. "Son, look at that!" Martin pointed to a sign over a dilapidated wooden building, and Absalom—that was actually the child's name—spelled, with all the pangs of the orthographic novice: "T-h-e M-o-u-l-i-n R-o-u-g-e H-o-t-e-l F-o-r G-e-n-t-l-e-m-e-n O-n-l-y."

"Good!"

"What does it mean, papa?"

"It seems to be some sort of foreign hotel that's opposed to ladies."

"Why don't it like 'em?"

"Maybe they require too much waiting on."

"Why do they 'quire waiting on?"

Martin considered; then Absalom saved the situation for his father, as he often did, by asking another question:

"Papa, ain't we gentlemen?"

Martin looked down at the little figure in the vizored cap and checked shawl. "We are if we do what's right," he answered, trying to live up to the high standards of parenthood that he had set himself.

"If we do what's right, will they take us in at the hotel where they don't take ladies?"

"Now, ain't that a splendid idea! A quiet hotel—no fuss, no feathers; just the place for a couple of steady-going old fellows like us, ain't it, boy?"

"Papa, I'd like to take my shawl off before we go in; they mightn't think I was a gentleman if I wore it."

The Moulin Rouge, known locally as the "Mullin Rudge," was one of those hybrid institutions that in a pioneer community are called upon to play many parts. On the lower floor "Boston Charlie" dealt faro; and convenient to this enterprise—that the winners might crown their success and the losers temper their loss—Mr. James Balch presided over his bar. Back of the bar was the dance-hall, and across a passageway that separated it from these more or less material precincts was the hotel office.

It seemed to the travelers, the first evening of their sojourn at the Mullin Rudge, that the absence of ladies had no appreciable effect on its gaiety. The piano, despite age and the furious pace set for it at the dance-hall, displayed febrile energies that were amazing. About nine o'clock it had an attack of nerves, lost all control of itself, and was still babbling incoherently when Martin, with Absalom's small hand in his, dropped off to sleep. The explanation of the unusual demonstration that greeted Martin's arrival lay in the fact that the proprietor of the more respectable Angel House, feeling keenly the slight imposed upon him by a family man, had sent a few of the noisiest of his patrons over to the Mullin Rudge to make things merry.

The joke seemed rather on the jokers next morning, when Martin greeted them with an old-fashioned bow, saying, in answer to inquiries, that they had had a fine night and enjoyed the music till they had dropped off. And Absalom, joining the group about the pigeonholes after his father had gone to the door for a breath of air, inquired, with his most winning smile, if "they had lovely music like that every night?"

"Do you like music?" Mr. Balch asked.

"Yes, I like it when it isn't sad; but sometimes when my papa wouldn't sell a tack-hammer 'n' anything all day, and we didn't have any supper, we didn't like to hear parlor-organs play."

"I suppose you have come West to seek your fortune?" Mr. Skidmore inquired, with the pardonable curiosity of the boniface regarding the resources of his patrons.

"We're going to get awful rich out here, my papa and me—and I'm going to school, an' papa's going to have his shoes half-soled, an' lots o' nice things when we find the gold mine."

MARTIN joining the group at this rather inauspicious moment, a glance at his shoes was inevitable, and confirmed the onlookers' suspicions that the gold mine could not be discovered too quickly.

"Perhaps some of you gentlemen could tell me," began the old man in his deprecatory voice, "where I could get a few particulars about a famous gold mine in your neighborhood, called, if I am not mistaken, the 'Lost Shoshone.' My little son and I have traveled West with the intention of prospecting for that mine."

They looked at him a moment to see if he meant it, or if perhaps he was not replying in kind to their pranks of the night before. No; the childish old face beamed with enthusiasm; the confidence of age, vague, yet full of extravagant hope, determinedly sought the phantom.

A man, with certain qualifications for solid citizenship that seemed to entitle him to taking matters in hand, stepped up. "Would you like to have me drive you around, you and the kid, and point out the objects of interest?"

"You are very kind, sir; but the mine—I feel I have no time to lose."

"Well, I reckon there's all the time in the calendar to lose huntin' for the Lost Shoshone. You get into my buckboard and I'll show you some dozen or so of her alleged addresses."

Meanwhile two ladies dropped into the hotel office, and, availing themselves of the most comfortable chairs, began to talk amiably to the group lounging about the dusty pigeonholes. Not being devoid of a certain pride of manhood, Absalom had experienced a thrill of gratified vanity when—notwithstanding the handicap of the checked shawl—he had stood the test of admission to the "hotel for gentlemen only." And it seemed to him "no fair" that those without the pale of the favored sex should intrude. Nevertheless, he bore with the questions they asked, compliant with that ritual of polite interrogation thought proper in addressing a little boy. He, in turn, then felt that it was only "manners" to show a similar interest in their affairs.

"Are you a lady?" he asked the one they called Birdie.

"Sure!" she answered, with convincing brevity. He thought the matter of her ladyhood over for quite two minutes before asking, with the disconcerting literalness of childhood, "Then what makes you come here?"

For a moment or two she reddened under the red, then laughed: "Oh, you mean that old sign outside. Well, I ain't stoppin' here—I only dropped in on my way downtown for a flyin' visit."

"Then, if you're a lady, you can pay a flyin' visit—it's allowed?"

"Oh, yes, it's allowed. We got no end o' patience here; we put up with a lot." Mr. Matt Skidmore's serio-comic air was inimitable.

"I don't believe I'd come here if I was a lady," Absalom announced solemnly. "I'd go to a hotel that was for ladies only."

THIS evoked such peals of laughter—particularly on the part of Birdie's companion, who was not pretty like Birdie, but old and had long teeth—that the boy felt uncomfortable. She continued to tease Birdie till—O strange, unaccountable way of the debarred sex—the girl burst into tears. Now, Absalom might not know why grown people laughed at things that were not funny at all, but he knew all about tears, and was sorry that the pretty lady was unhappy enough to shed them. He hesitated an embarrassed second or two, then whispered in her ear, so that the others could not hear: "Please don't cry and I'll give you my checked shawl."

But Birdie was apparently beyond the reach of such consolation, and continued to cry—"for pure effect," as he heard the lady with the long teeth say. Absalom did not particularly cherish his checked shawl, but he did value, above all his earthly possessions, the little skull-cap with the vizor in which he had traveled West. He withdrew the treasure from his pocket, and set it with pride on the girl's head.

"Please don't cry any more. See; I've given you my cap—my traveling-cap!" he repeated, his voice breaking a little as the full force of his sacrifice presented itself, perched jauntily on the girl's yellow hair. Birdie, whose emotions seemed as responsive to a turn as a key to a lock, laughed as easily as she had cried, giving her eyes a final dab with a handkerchief smelling strongly of perfume. The lady with the long teeth seemed in an ill humor at the turn things had taken. "Oh, I'd leave a poor kid his cap," she said; "I wouldn't just charm away everything I c'd lay my hands on."

Mr. James Balch, whose trained ear caught in this the distant rumble of a storm, said something about "a little refreshment on me." And the company, with the exception of Absalom and Birdie, who said she was not thirsty, filed into the adjoining room.

"Here's your cap, kiddie; just as much obliged——"

"I'd ruther you'd keep it," Absalom remarked, with princely generosity but imperfect truth.

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"It's too little for me, an' I've got two real stylish hats, besides; but I ain't goin' to forget that you wasn't bluffin' when you offered it, see?"

"What makes 'em call you Birdie?" the youthful inquisitor demanded. "That's a funny name."

"My real name's Mary, but I don't think that's got any 'go' to it, do you?"

"'Go,'" repeated Absalom vaguely. "'Go' where?"

"Well, just 'go'—style, snap—see?"

"Sounds foolish to me." Absalom had the small boy's scorn of pet names. "I'd ruther call you Mary—it sounds like my aunt."

"Well, I dunno as I want to sound like an aunt." They looked at each other for a moment; in the passageway they could hear the footsteps of Mr. Balch's guests returning from the "treat." "Yes, I guess I do"—and she stooped to kiss him; but Absalom, who had a very young gentleman's dislike of such manifestations, evaded the kiss and, crooking his little finger in hers,—that infantile symbol of friendship the world over,—said: "Pardners."

The little ceremony was over before the group returned, headed by Mr. Balch, bearing a slice of stale Swiss cheese as a treat for Absalom; it was the most innocuous thing that the bar afforded and Mr. Balch was incorrigibly hospitable. The young guest did not like the taste of his treat, and was glad it had so many holes that it left less to be eaten for "manners."

IN the hills, meanwhile, the solid citizen was telling a few wholesome truths to Martin about the mine. "Now, this here Lost Shoshone, if she ever was found, is shore a mighty coy and reticent sort of mine. Yet, in the old days, every prospector that come into the country had the Lost Shoshone fever—had it bad, too. There were them nuggets, some of 'em big as a walnut, that old chief Rain-in-the-face had up to the reservation, and the old coyote would hand 'em out to you—let you get plumb drunk in the eyes looking at 'em. Then he'd tell you the mine they come from belonged to his people a long way back, and let on that he knowed where it was—and you'd give a drink—maybe, if you was soft, a dozen. It was all the same; a barrel couldn't make him tell where the Lost Shoshone was hiding itself."

"And were the nuggets genuine?"

"Oh, weren't they just!"

Martin passed a shaking hand across his forehead. "I had no idea of the tremendous distances here, or that to locate this mine I should have to travel over so much territory. I'm an old man, sir, but I'm going to have my try for it. I don't care about it for myself, but that little boy of mine, he ought to have his chance. He's bright, and I don't doubt he'd make a good living out of canvassing; that was my line, sir, but I don't mind admitting to you, it don't satisfy a father's ambition."

"You don't mean you're going to waste time hunting for the Lost Shoshone after what I've told you? It might be anywheres—it might be nowheres; there's nothing beyond the word of a bunch of drunken Injuns that it ever existed."

"But the nuggets—" the old man repeated.

"Granting you the nuggets, but in all probability they came from a long way off, from the Pacific slope or the North. This here country's been pretty well fine-tooth combed for the Lost Shoshone and she ain't showed up yet."

THIS was the beginning of that mad quest which, as time went on, kept the old man away from his son for longer and longer periods. He bought a burro and a prospector's outfit, and the hills saw more of him than Town. When the cattle and mining industries in the neighborhood failed, the fittest had left the town to its fate and had betaken themselves to more profitable pasturage, and the unfit clung with the tenacity of failure, waiting for something better to turn up. In its day, Town had bragged of many things; but a boy as an actual resident was a brand-new experience, and it is a miracle that in its parental enthusiasm Absalom was not hanged by the lariats, blown up by the cartridges, and trampled by the broncos which he was hourly given to "play" with.

But Absalom as man about Town, with hosts of friends and a following that would have insured an election, was one thing, and Absalom aged six, crying in the dark, afraid to go to bed when his father had failed to return from his phantom quest, was quite another. It was thus that his "pardner" found him one evening, weeping disconsolately at the foot of the stairs, too wretched to finish the stick of "lickerish" the clerk of the general store had given him. She didn't say a word; only, gathering him into her arms, hurried up the rickety steps. She could not have told why she ran, nor put into words her dread that those invisible powers that seemed continually to lie in wait to thwart her should steal the simple pleasure of putting the child to bed. But no one came to question her right, and she put him down and lighted the lamp.

Absalom's preparations for the night were as simple as those of a young robin; he removed an old I.O.O.F. badge with which he had been vainglorious adorning himself for the last few days, and sought his couch.

"Where's your nighty?" Birdie demanded, rummaging through an absolutely empty bureau.

"Oh, it's all wore out a long time ago. I 'most always take off my outside shirt to save it—but I sleep in all the rest."

"Would you like to have me make you a little nighty with a pocket in it?"

"'Deed I would. Aunt Chrissy used to make 'em for me; but she died, and papa sold the farm and came out here to find the mine. I say my prayers now." Absalom's supplications were the frankly personal demands of childhood; he prayed for his father, the gold-mine, for a porter who had been kind to him on the train; he prayed for a razor to shave his beardless chin; and he prayed for Mary (he declined to call her Birdie); and lastly he prayed for himself.



"The boy backed off. This wild creature bore no resemblance to his dear Mary"

THE piano in the dance-hall below broke into runs and scales preparatory to the burst of sound that ushered in the evening's entertainment. A little while, and the girl would be dancing in the smoky atmosphere, drinking on commission stuff she hated the taste and smell of, but accepting it all grimly as part of the day's work. But now the four walls shut it out, and she dawdled over the unusual experience of putting the child to bed, making believe to herself that she did this thing every night and that she was "like other women." Even when the boy was fast asleep she could not persuade herself to go, but lingered on, watching him. She stooped and kissed the hand of the sleeping child with an impulse womanly and good in spite of the scarlet of her mouth; then ran downstairs to the glare of the lights and the din of the piano and the rhythmic beat of feet.

Town was none the worse for a little generous misunderstanding on the part of the strangers. Instead of seeing it in all its dreary sophistication,—vicious, brutal, cheap,—Martin Traffle's simple old eyes saw only growth, prosperity, and thriving industries. The yellow-haired ladies, with the vivid complexions that he charitably attributed to the high winds, were here in search of health, or because they enjoyed traveling—no reason was too absurd to be accepted. But Martin, so docile in everything else, was granite when it came to his "mine"; for the chimerical enterprise had become real to him already in imagination. As he rode through the hills, he was spending the phantom gold that lured and beckoned—Absalom should have his chance. Seeing that he knew no more of the trick of getting gold from the ground "than a coyote," sometimes, if they felt amiable or had small boys of their own at home, fellow prospectors would tell him certain fundamental truths of the great game of hide-and-seek. The old man would listen with a far-away look in his eyes, and perhaps a week later the outfit that had entertained him with food and wise geological dissertation would find him panning alkali dust with eager, quivering hands.

SINCE that first evening when Birdie had found Absalom crying on the stairs, she had put him to bed, with song and story, every night that his father was away. She had made him the nightshirt with the pocket—even two of them, so that he might have a change, like a scholar and a gentleman. Town regarded her gradual absorption in the boy with amazement, though no one dared jest with her on the subject of her foster-motherhood after the day when Mr. Balch—presuming on his position of professed admirer and willing fiancé, if he could ever save the price of the license—ventured an unfortunate sally in that direction. "I declare, Birdie, you've gone plumb to the good since that kid struck Town; your dancin' ain't got no more spirit to it than if you was doin' a day's washin'."

"The day's washin' I'd enjoy, Jimmy Balch, would be washin' my hands of you and your dance-hall and the busted gang that's got nothin' left but their graceful manner of paying compliments. I just wish to the



"'Are you a lady?' Absalom asked the one they called 'Birdie'"

(Continued on page 24)

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THE SPAN OF LIFE

BY WALTER E. WEYL

YOU who begin this sentence may not live to read its close. There is a chance, one in three or four billions, that you will die in a second, by the tick of the watch. The chair upon which you sit may collapse, the car in which you ride may collide, your heart may suddenly cease. Or you may survive the sentence and the article, and live twenty, fifty, eighty years longer.

Betting on Your Life

NO one knows the span of your life, and yet the insurance man is willing to bet upon it. What is life insurance but the bet of an unknown number of yearly premiums against the payment of the policy? You may fall from an airship the day after, and then the insurance company loses. Or, you may live and live and live, paying enough yearly premiums to erect fifty-story insurance buildings in the cities of a continent. The length of your individual life is a guess, but the insurance company bets on a sure thing, on the average death rate.

Every city, every State, every community has a death rate. Out of every thousand people, just so many will die each year. It is wonderfully sure and predictable. The death rate is high in some countries, as Russia, Hungary, Austria, Italy, Germany; low in others, as Norway, Sweden, Ireland, Denmark; in still other lands moderate, as in the United States, Great Britain, Belgium, and Switzerland. It depends on a great many things—on the birth rate, on sanitation, intelligence, peace and prosperity. The fact, however, that there is a more or less constant though changeable death rate, high, low or medium, shows that the life-term of large groups may be prophesied, and that certain deep-lying laws govern the length of our residence on this planet.

In their chance of life men are not equally endowed. Your insurance man does not take you, as a commission merchant buys a bushel of number two spring wheat, without special inspection. If you have a weak heart, cramped and shallow lungs, poor physique, or mind below par; if you are a heavy drinker or come from a tuberculous father and a neurotic mother, instead of from healthy stock with a *habit* of long living, the company will refuse you. None need apply who is likely to live less than the average span of life.

This average span is a thing in which we are all most curiously interested. We can not, and if we could we dare not, tear away the veil and learn the fateful day and hour when we individually shall cease. Yet, we do wish to know the *average, probable, predictable* life of us and our fellow-men. An octogenarian should not undertake a forty years' task, nor a youth map out his life on the expectation of dying at thirty. Whether our fellow-men die young or old means for you and me, for all of us, a low or a high civilization—an evil world or a good world.

If our society can not maintain itself except by a deluge of births to make up for the ravages of death, if it consists of no veterans, but of millions of young men just managing to support their children, if the successive generations do not live long enough to more than pay for their upbringing, then the civilization is low and life in it is arduous and unworthy. A high death rate—other things taken into account—means carelessness, filth, ignorance, immorality, and social disorder; a low death rate—other things being equal—means absence of war, of epidemics and hard times; it means sanitation, education, prosperity, peace, and social morality. It is very good to live in a country where old men can live.

Even individually, for our own poor selves, we are interested. While each of us usually thinks of himself as always remaining this warm, sentient, sun-loving being, the shadowy sense of mortality remains. Our father lost his father, that father his, and as the grass grows only to be garnered, so generations are born only to die, for the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Nor is our life a single strand running from birth to death, but one thread in a skein of many beloved lives. We want others to live, fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, and little children. We want our friends to live (perhaps also our enemies); we want the great men of America and the world to live, and also the little men, the every-day people who pass us on the street, whom we glance at unseeingly, and who then disappear. So long as we are what we are, children of the whole human race, we pray for our fellow-men to continue and live. How long will they live?

If they are babies, they will not average so long a life as if older. To be is a difficult task to the new-born, and from a fifth to a fourth, in some countries almost a third, die before their first birthday. The average baby born to-day in some of our cities has less chance of living out the year and very much less chance of living out the next quarter than has his great-great-grandmother of ninety. Probably since the world began, over one fourth of all human beings never finished that first perilous year, never learned to walk, to talk, to know consciously that they *had* been born, to know that every day the baby lives means a promise of many more days, and if your son reaches his first birthday, then his chance of life, according to certain Massachusetts tables, is fifty-three years.

From one to nine [illegible] expectation or even chance of additional life, [illegible] fifty to fifty-three years; on the first day you vote your chance is forty years; at thirty, you may count on thirty-four; at forty, on twenty-seven; at fifty, on twenty years; at sixty, on over fourteen years; at seventy, on nine years; at eighty, on five years and nine months, and at ninety, on three years and two months. At ninety-six, a man, according to the actuaries, is statistically dead and he receives his insurance. After a hundred there is no calculation of terrestrial after-life, for so few become centenarians that you can not make any general statements.

"How long will you live?" depends thus on how long you have already lived. Your chance of additional life, what is called your mean after-life, increases during the first year, and then through the seven ages of man it decreases; at first slowly, and then rapidly. Youth has more chance of life than crabbed age, and that is why in new countries and even on the frontier, the death rate is likely to be low, despite hardship, over-work, whisky, gambling, and army revolvers. In a civilized and settled community, your chance depends on what you are, who you are, where you are, what you do for a living and what sort of a living you get.

The Preferred Sex

IF you want to live long, be a woman. In the lottery of life, women are favored with half a dozen more years than are men. Women die hard; they are the preferred stock of humanity. In every country more boys are born than girls, but boys and men lead shorter lives, and not on the principle of the good dying young. There are many more old women than old men, and many more widows than widowers. Long life is a privilege and prerogative of woman.

This greater "living" ability of woman, what is called her "viability," comes to her as a birthright. It is part of that mysterious heritage that lies in each baby's clenched little fist and latent brain. Girl babies hold tighter to life than boy babies. When a girl grows up she does not become a soldier, sailor, miner, switchman, or dynamite-maker. She does not involve herself in quarrels over politics, nor carry a revolver, nor drink cocktails and gin-fizzes, nor reel home at dawn with a shaky story and a befuddled brain.

Woman is shielded from many of the dangers and death-dealing temptations of life, and while her existence may not be so varied as that of man, she receives some compensation in additional years.

Do Married Men Really Live Longer?

YOUR chance of life also depends on your marital condition, on whether you are single, married, widowed or divorced. The statistician who maintains that married men live longer is obliged to listen to the retort that it only *seems* longer. But a statistician need not figure out a joke, and the censuses of the world everywhere reveal the married men living contentedly year after year, and with chastened triumph attending the funerals of their single friends. The reasons are glaringly obvious.

Healthy men are more likely to get married, and married men are more likely to care for their health. Idiots, lunatics, epileptics, and criminals—short-lived people all of them—are likely not to marry, but to live in single cursedness. The married man leads a more ordered existence, and he is also more likely to be better off in the world's goods than the bachelor, despite the foolish adage that "married men have better halves, and single men better quarters."

As for widowers, they have less chance of life than either bachelors or benedicts of the same age, and divorced men have the smallest chance of all. Marriage raises the expectation of life of men of all ages and of women also [illegible]. Below that age, married women are more [illegible] than maids, for life is lost in the bringing forth of lives. Our young wives pay the fatal price for the new generation.

A negro has less chance of life than a white man, and much less if he lives in a great city. In Baltimore 177 whites out of every 10,000 die annually as compared with 328 negroes, and in all the [illegible] ern cities except [illegible] the death rate for the colored population is [illegible] in many cases [illegible] in excess of [illegible] white population. The viability of [illegible] races presents enormous [illegible] man of one race dies of a surgical operation while [illegible] gives a man of another race grinning. It is a difference in stamina, a difference that comes out in fighting and thinking, and, what is more important than either, in *living*. Not the courage of a race, nor its brilliancy, but its sheer tenacity, counts.

The Jew and the Easy-Dying Hawaiian

THE Jew, though persecuted and harried, stabbed and burned through twenty centuries, sets his teeth and lives. It is the most important thing for him to do. His fearful struggle for life has weeded out the unfit, and his strict dietary laws and his rigid, conservative ceremonial observances preserve him from a thousand snares of death. To-day the Jew lives a round dozen years longer than the Gentile.* Between the Jew on one hand and the city negro on the other, or, to take an extreme case, the gentle, easy-dying Hawaiian, there is the widest range in the chance of life.

You add to your life if you stay in the country. They who cling to Mother Earth's apron-strings, who daily kiss the ground that gave them birth, survive, and their days are long in the land. There needed no statisticians to come to this planet to tell us that cities were fatal; we learned it centuries ago from the hearses in the streets. The world was a long, long time in growing accustomed to towns.

For hundreds of years, cities, even small ones, were pest houses, whither villagers and peasants flocked to die in the reeking gutters. Babies gasped for breath in dirty boxes, youths and men died of empty stomachs, of sudden dagger thrusts, of all manner of foulnesses. Epidemics swept the rotting town and the plague filled the charnel houses. The city was a man-destroyer, and would have disappeared as fouled snow vanishes in the sunlight, but for the steady inflow of new blood from the farms. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, one out of every fourteen Londoners died yearly instead of one out of sixty-six as to-day. A century ago, one out of every seventeen Viennese died annually; and in Havana one out of every eighteen. Even to-day, when we have begun to make our cities habitable, your chance of life is greater in a village or on a farm.

Your danger of living in cities depends on where and *how* you live there. The death rate of tenement sections is high because of over-crowding, bad sanitation, and poverty. Babies whose mothers are at work, children who do not get warm meals, men and women who live in dark, sunless rooms and sleep from hard choice on floors and fire-escapes, are not living under conditions which mean long life.

In cities, despite Boards of Health, contagion spreads as does an unchecked conflagration; for sick and well, diseased and healthy, sit side by side in school, in church, in theaters, in street-cars and in workshop. In the city, many work at dangerous trades, or at harmless trades under dangerous conditions.

The Trades that Slay

UPON your trade, also, depends your chance of life. There is a different death rate for different occupations. One out of every sixty-five American workers dies annually, but in some occupations the danger is great; in others, it is much smaller.

We must tread very carefully amid these lanes of figures, for unless we are cautious we are likely to lose ourselves in inviting absurdities. It is often said that statistics are a superlative and profane form of mendacity, that while figures can not lie, liars can and *do* figure. In most cases, however, it is not the figurer's intent. He simply has not learned to use the sharp and delicate instrument, and he draws blood—from himself.

Take the mortality figures for farmers, which show a high death rate, although farming is a healthful occupation. But a large proportion of farmers are old men, and old men are very mortal. The rate of death in any occupation or in any population depends upon their average age, upon what is called the "age constitution of the group." Newsboys have a lower death rate than United States Senators, although oratory is not fatal, and newsboys must dodge the automobiles that Senators ride in. But newsboys are young and "tough."

If you wish to know about the dangers of occupations, watch the men of the different trades. You will find that most people in trade and commerce live long lives, that men in outdoor occupations rarely die of consumption (although street cleaners who breathe in the germ accumulations of a city are a striking and appalling exception) but more frequently fall prey to rheumatism, heart-disease, cancer and other afflictions of age; that miners and railway employees succumb to accident, that sedentary workers exposed to the weather—such as coachmen and drivers—have a high death rate, while active workers similarly exposed, have a low death rate. You [illegible] that laborers, such as marble-workers [illegible] breathing in hard particles of dust, [illegible] and that this is still truer of machine workers, cutlers, needle- and knife-makers, who inhale hard particles in a confined atmosphere. Cigar-makers die rapidly because of bad air and nicotine, and the high mortality of file-cutters, printers, potters, and plumbers is due to the materials with which they work. Lawyers, doctors, ministers, teachers, and other professional men and women are prone to fatal diseases of the nervous system, and servants, who largely lack fresh air and exercise, have a high death rate, especially from tuberculosis. Inn-keepers and brewery workers are incited to drink more than their health absolutely requires, and this excess increases the death chance by reducing resistance to sicknesses and infection.

There are certain statistics concerning English troops which show that soldiering in peace-times is one of the most dangerous of trades. It should not be so, because soldiers are strong, healthy, carefully selected men. In the tropics, the poor young fellows under the flag used to die like flies, though Americans at Panama have now shown that yellow fever and mosquitoes are dispensable luxuries, and that a low death rate and a hot climate are not incompatible. Even at home where soldiers have a roof over their heads and the same brand of weather as civilians, the death rate remains high.

A majority are bachelors, with their board and lodging paid for and a few shillings jingling in their

* This is a generalization based upon a mass of statistics new and old of comparative death rates of people of various religious confessions in Germany, Hungary, the United States, and other countries.

(Continued on page 25)

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SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON
AS HAMLET



MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AS OPHELIA





"HAMLET" IN MOVING PICTURES

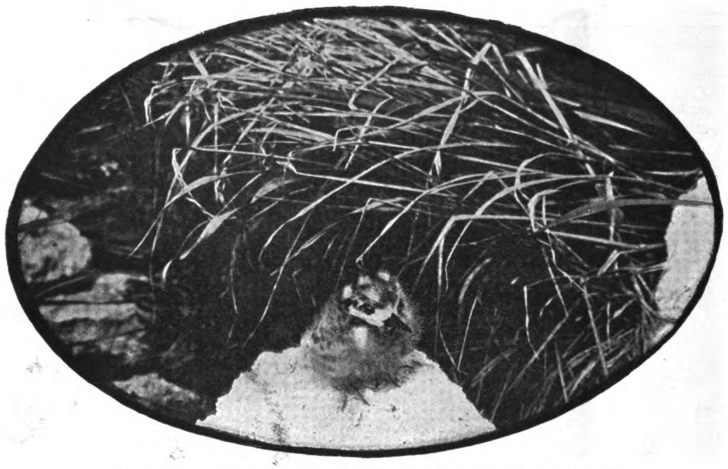
SCENES from Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's remarkable production of "Hamlet" for moving pictures, which took place at Lulworth Cove on the Dorsetshire coast, where a medieval castle was especially built for the purpose. The out-of-door scenes were acted on the rocky coast beside the sea. The film, which was three miles long, was the largest ever made in England. Forbes-Robertson and his wife, Gertrude Elliott, are announced to open an engagement in America in October.

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"The white tern is hatched on bare limestone, and seems to enjoy it"

THE BIRDS OF LAYSAN

BY ERNEST H. BAYNES

IN the Oceanica there are a number of bird communities situated on tiny atolls, rocks, and reefs, which straggle off northwestward from the main Hawaiian group in the direction of Japan. However unimportant these may seem from the standpoint of man, they are nevertheless centers of great activity among the winged population of the ocean. Each year, throughout the nesting season, which includes every month in the calendar, vast hordes of sea-fowl out of remote corners of the southern seas flock thither to rear their offspring free from fear of molestation or injury. Every rock and reef has its community of many species, which return year after year, not all together, but in an orderly and definite succession; so that, even while some kinds are leaving with their young for the ocean, which will henceforth be their home, others come flocking in to fill their places, and to undertake the strenuous cares of nesting.

Nothing more wonderful exists, among the manifold mysteries of nature, than the regularity and precision with which these creatures journey from distant parts of the Pacific and seek their homes, with no other guide than the fact that they have been there before. Whatever may be the faculty that enables them, after a flight of often many thousand miles, to pick up with certainty a speck of an island perceptible scarcely three leagues at sea, it is certainly true that the enigma is now little nearer solution than in earlier times when men first gave thought to such matters.

Interesting as are all these islands because of the exclusive character of their inhabitants, one stands preëminent as a magnetic center for the bird life of that region of the globe. I refer to the islet of Laysan, lying some eight hundred miles northwest by west from Honolulu, and about four hundred in the opposite direction from Midway Island. It is really only the smallest of dots on the chart—scarcely three miles long—and is a slightly elevated atoll with a lagoon in the center. The white coral sand is clothed with bushes and coarse grass, and, were it not for the birds, Laysan would be the loneliest spot on the globe. There are probably few other islands so far from continental shores.

The Home of Millions

MYRIADS of sea-fowl fill the air and cover the ground. As far as the eye can see, the island is dotted with lordly albatrosses, the snowy whiteness of their heads and lower parts glistening in the semi-tropical sun. Thousands of sea-swallows or terns, of several species, dart back and forth through the air, and keep up a pandemonium enough to drive men to madness. Splendid tropic birds, in glossy plumage of pale rose pink, flutter by in nervous haste, their two red tail plumes, fully eighteen inches in length, trail-



Interviewing the chief inhabitants of Laysan. "Two very striking facts at once impress the visitor: the countless numbers of birds and their surprising tameness"

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ing out behind them. Man-o'-war birds, boobies, and shearwaters join the throng and add to our bewilderment till we scarcely know which way to turn.

Visiting Laysan, we had difficulty, if we wished to cross the island, to avoid crushing the eggs of terns, and as we proceeded we were continually breaking through the roofs of petrel burrows, which everywhere honeycomb the soil. We floundered along as if walking in deep snow, thereby disturbing the equanimity of many of the first citizens by our awkwardness.

And this reminds me that the bird population is so extensive that all do not nest on the surface, but instead live tenement-fashion. Some, like the petrels and shearwaters, must tunnel beneath the sand and rear their young in darkness. Others occupy the ground floor, and foremost among these are the albatrosses, terns, and tropic birds. Still others, like the land birds, dwell half-way up in the bushes, the topmost branches being occupied by man-o'-war birds, boobies, and noddy-terns.

Two very striking facts at once impress the visitor: the countless numbers of birds and their surprising tameness. They seemed little put out by our presence, and pursued their ordinary duties as if we were a part of the community.

Dance of the Albatrosses

OF all the birds that make Laysan their home, none possess more striking personalities, or exhibit greater peculiarities of habit, than the white albatross. There are literally a million nesting on this tiny atoll, and they dominate all the other birds as rulers of the domain. They dwell in large colonies, forming rookeries over cleared areas in the interior of the island. There seems scarcely a tussock of grass but has in its shadow an ungainly young gony, ready to snap at the visitor with an elaborate show of ferocity. In these rushes, doubtless meant to strike terror to the heart, they seldom really bite; for, after the first paroxysm of rage is over, one can stroke them with little danger of scratched hands. When undisturbed, they sit for hours with their feet tilted awkwardly in air, gazing gravely at their beaks. They have few amusements to vary the monotony of the long day; for, in this topsy-turvy land, it is the grown-up folks who play, while the young are staid and demure.

We were struck with the quite different reception accorded us by the old birds. They did not care a whit for our presence, and continued their domestic occupations and amusements as if they had known us always. They have a half doubting inquisitiveness, and if we sat among them they would sooner or later walk up to observe us. One bird became greatly interested in the bright aluminum top of my tripod, which it carefully examined from all sides. Finally it tested the cap with its beak, and was much pleased with the jingling sound, repeating the operation until satisfied.

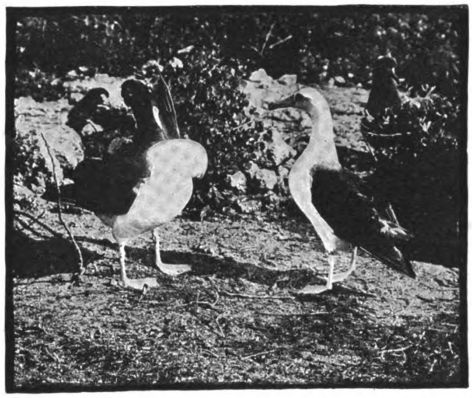
The old birds have an innate objection to idleness, and so for their diversion they spend much time in a curious dance, or perhaps more appropriately a "cake-walk."

First, two birds approach each other, bowing profoundly and stepping heavily. They swagger about each other, nodding and courtesying solemnly, then suddenly begin to fence a little, crossing bills and whetting them together, sometimes with a whistling sound, meanwhile pecking and dropping stiff little bows. All at once one lifts its closed wing and nibbles at the feathers beneath, or rarely, if in a hurry, quickly turns its head. The partner, during this short performance, assumes a statuesque pose, and either looks mechanically from side to side, or snaps its bill loudly a few times. Then the first bird bows once, and, pointing its head and beak straight upward, rises on its toes, puffs out its breast, and utters a prolonged nasal "Ah-h-h," the companion snapping its bill loudly and rapidly at the same time.

Often both birds raise their heads in air and either one or both will favor the audience with the ridiculous and indescribable groan. When they have finished, they go through a series of bows again, rapidly and alternately, and presently repeat the performance, the birds often reversing their rôle in the game. Sometimes three of them will dance, one dividing its attention between two. They are always exceedingly polite, and never lose their temper in any way.

Occasionally, while "cake-walking," one will lightly pick up a straw or twig and present it to the other, who does not accept the gift, however, but thereupon returns the compliment, when straws are promptly dropped, and all hands begin bowing and walking about as if their very lives depended upon it.

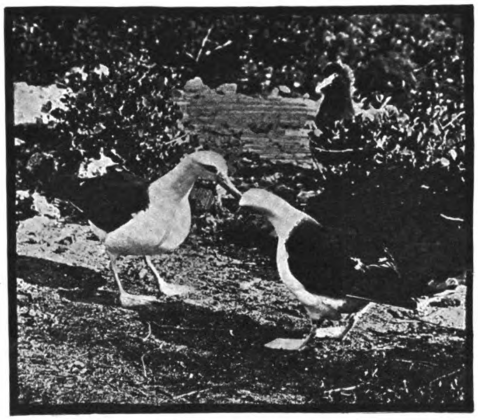
Several times, at this stage of affairs, I have walked quietly among a group of the busy creatures, and have begun to bow very low, imitating as nearly as possible the manner of the gonies. They would all stop and gaze at me in astonishment, but, recovering their usual equanimity at once, would gravely return my bows and walk around me in a puzzled manner, as if wondering what sort of bird I might be. Unusual as this may appear, it exemplifies in a striking way what extraordinary birds albatrosses are.



The albatross "cake-walk." "All at once one bird lifts its closed wing and nibbles at the feathers beneath"



"Then the first bird utters a prolonged nasal 'Ah-h-h,' the companion snapping its bill loudly and rapidly at the same time"



"They swagger about each other, nodding and courtesying solemnly, then begin to fence a little, crossing bills and whetting them together"



The finale of the dance. "When they have finished, they go through a series of bows again, rapidly and alternately"

Six Hundred Tons of Squids for Breakfast

EARLY in the morning they hie themselves off to sea and scour the waves for the elusive squid, which is a staple article of diet for the larger members of the vast bird population. Then, about sunrise, the white company begins to return, and for several hours they straggle in, tired but full, and seek their sleepy children, who are soon very much awake.

Breakfast may be ready almost any time during the early forenoon, for the mother does not invariably feed the baby immediately upon returning. However, when all is ready she alights near the impatient and greedy child, who immediately takes the initiative by waddling up and pecking or biting gently at her beak. This petitioning always takes place, and acts perhaps as some sort of stimulus, for in a few minutes she stands up, and, with head lowered and wings held loosely at the sides, regurgitates a bolus of squids and oil. Just as she opens her beak, the young inserts its own crosswise, and skilfully catches every morsel, which it bolts with evident relish.

At this single meal each young albatross consumes from a pound to a pound and a half of squids, and, as there are fully a million birds, old and young, the daily aggregate would surpass six hundred tons. All the other birds come in for their share, greatly increasing the total amount of animal life gleaned from the surrounding waters every twenty-four hours.

Punishing the Babies

AFTER the feeding process is repeated at intervals of a few minutes some eight or ten times, the meal is over; but the young bird is not at all modest in its demands, and keeps asking for more. The mother now pecks back in an annoyed manner, and, if the baby still urges, she walks off and vents her morning ill humor on some neighboring young. Often I have seen her dash over to an inoffensive and unprotected "gonylet," and give it a most undeserved trouncing, mauling and "wooling" it in a pitiful manner. The poor little thing never knows what to do, so it tries to peck back, but is soon worsted, and cries in a plaintive squeak for relief. After a while the ill-natured creature returns to its own exacting offspring, sometimes to feed it again, or only to start off for another strange baby.

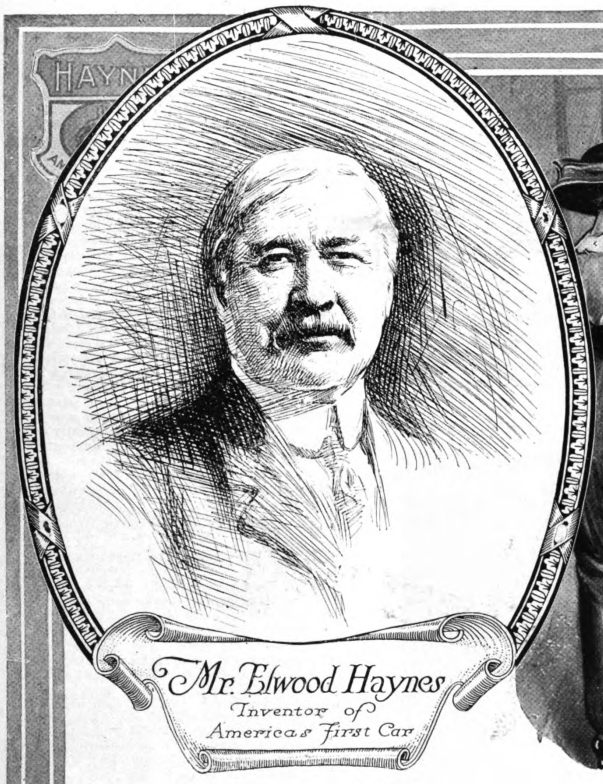
One day an especially vicious gony was making the rounds of a large circle of cringing young, but came at last to one which set up a loud piping. Its mother, being unexpectedly near, fell upon the intruder with disastrous effect, and in the ensuing scrimmage put her completely to rout. In this case, at least, the "villain" was worsted and the "innocent victim" saved; but the story does not always end so pleasantly, for sometimes the babies succumb to their injuries. I am at a loss to suggest an explanation for this prevalent and heartless behavior.

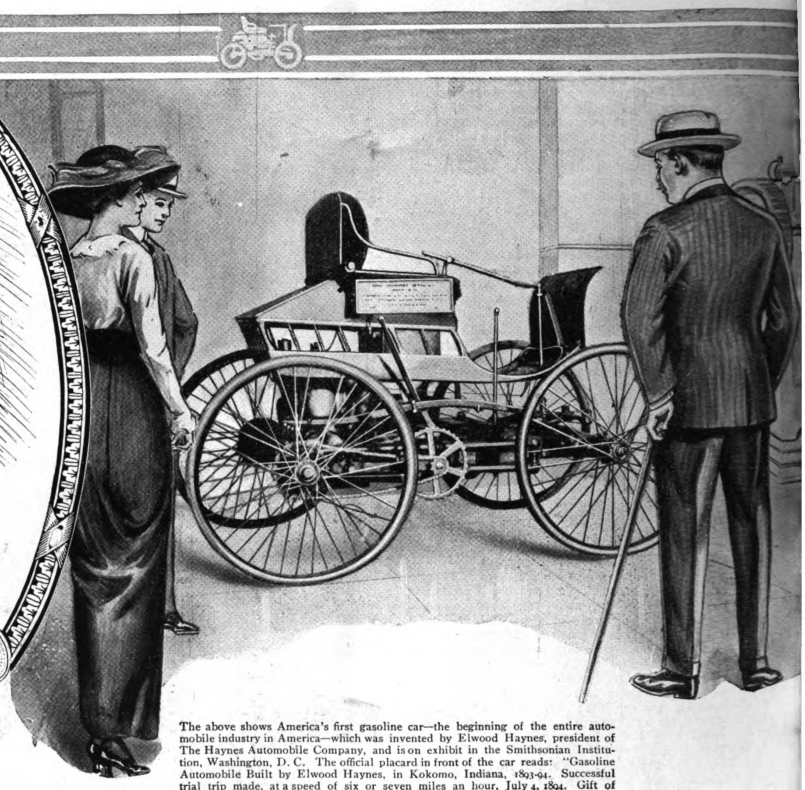
A spirit of inquiry sometimes leads the young gony into trouble. We found one buried to its neck in a collapsed petrel burrow, yet still living. From the condition of the surrounding soil, the creature had been in this predicament for some time, and had been faithfully tended by its parents. Nor did it fancy being dug out, but objected most vigorously to our interest. When finally restored to a normal position, it took a better view of matters, and began to preen its feathers.

Albatrosses are inquisitive creatures, especially on the ocean. One day our dory, rather overloaded, was making for the beach through a choppy sea. Suddenly a wave curled aboard, and then the boat capsized, leaving the occupants struggling in the water. A gony at some distance perceived the disturbance, and came flapping in great haste over the waves, hoping perhaps for a tender morsel. It settled near the plumpest member of the party, and swam about on a little tour of inspection. The look of anticipation in the creature's face was so unmistakable that the Carpenter at length became uneasy, and exclaimed: "Can't you wait till I croak?"

The albatrosses live on Laysan fully nine months of the year. During the last days of October, before the winter storms set in, the vanguard of the mighty army appears, and for days they continue to flock in from all points of the compass. In exposed places the island becomes literally white with the countless throng, as if great snowflakes had suddenly descended upon the scene. So vast is the number of birds that many are obliged to be content with rather unsuitable nesting spots, while late-comers must leave the overcrowded area. Loving couples defend their rights against the tardy ones, and it is several days before all have settled their respective claims. The young are not hatched until February, and then begins six months of hard work to feed the hungry babies. They grow slowly, for birds, and it is not until the last of July that the most venturesome follow their parents on short flights to sea. By early August all are on the wing, and, with the old birds, they scatter far and wide over the Pacific. Henceforward till the next mating season they become lone wanderers—but not lost.

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The above shows America's first gasoline car—the beginning of the entire automobile industry in America—which was invented by Elwood Haynes, president of The Haynes Automobile Company, and is on exhibit in the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C. The official placard in front of the car reads: "Gasoline Automobile Built by Elwood Haynes, in Kokomo, Indiana, 1893-94. Successful trial trip made, at a speed of six or seven miles an hour, July 4, 1894. Gift of Elwood Haynes, 1910. No. 262,135."

HAYNES America's First Car Adop Electric Gear Shift as Standard

America's First Car

America's first car—made by Elwood Haynes, president of the Haynes Automobile Company, is today an exhibit belonging to the United States government in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C.

Not only is the Haynes America's First Car, but its part in the development of the automobile is shown by the way it has been first in the fundamental development of the motor car.

The Haynes was the first gasoline-driven car made in America and commercially successful.

It was the first two-cylinder-opposed car built in the world.

It was the first to use aluminum in crank cases. This use of aluminum is universal today.

It was the first to use nickel steel in axles.

It was the first side-door car.

It was the first to have the throttling carburetor.

It was the first to use the make-and-break spark and the first to use the jump spark.

It was the first to use electric ignition.

It was the first to use a magneto of any type; its magneto was the first American-made magneto.

It was the first to use the double independent system of ignition through two sets of spark plugs.

In other words, the genealogical tree of the American-made automobile has its root in Kokomo, in the Haynes factory.

The Haynes—America's first car—was the pioneer. It not only led the way, but it made the way.

When you buy a Haynes you are buying more than the sentiment which naturally attaches to America's First Car.

You are buying an automobile which embodies every advanced development—and which has introduced practically every fundamental betterment of the automobile. You get every tested, proven advantage—and more. You get the benefit of the creative knowledge and scientific accuracy which inspired Elwood Haynes to make America's First Car.

The Haynes policy is to put nothing on or in the car for the sake of novelty or to meet a passing whim—but to put everything on and in which the Haynes experts know will make for efficiency in operation and economy and sureness in service.

Twenty years ago Elwood Haynes built the first American gasoline car. Since then, the Haynes has constantly been first in developing and perfecting the Automobile. And now the Haynes is again first in the use of the most wonderful of all automobile improvements—the Electric Gear Shift.

Simply Press Push Buttons and Electricity Shifts the Gears

The wonderful Vulcan Electric Gear Shift, standard equipment for all new Haynes cars, removes ninety per cent of the bother of learning to run a car and eliminates all the bother of driving. In a convenient dial on the steering wheel is a group of push buttons. You simply press the button and electricity does the rest—does it without the grinding and crashing which has been one of the annoyances of motoring in the past—does it instantly and with automatic surety. No chance of a wrong selection, no possibility of stripping a gear.

Any member of the family can drive the new Haynes. The slightest woman is the complete master of the powerful car. No lever pulling, nothing complicated. Makes driving so safe and simple that even the person afflicted with nerves enjoys it.

You must see the Haynes with the Electric Gear Shift to appreciate this new improvement in all its remarkableness. The apparatus is almost automatic. You never have to take your hands from the steering wheel. The starting, lighting and gear shifting buttons are under your finger tips as handy as a set of desk call buttons.

Model 26, 6-cylinder, 2-passenger roadster, 4-passenger straight line or 5-passenger touring car, $2700. Coupe, $3200

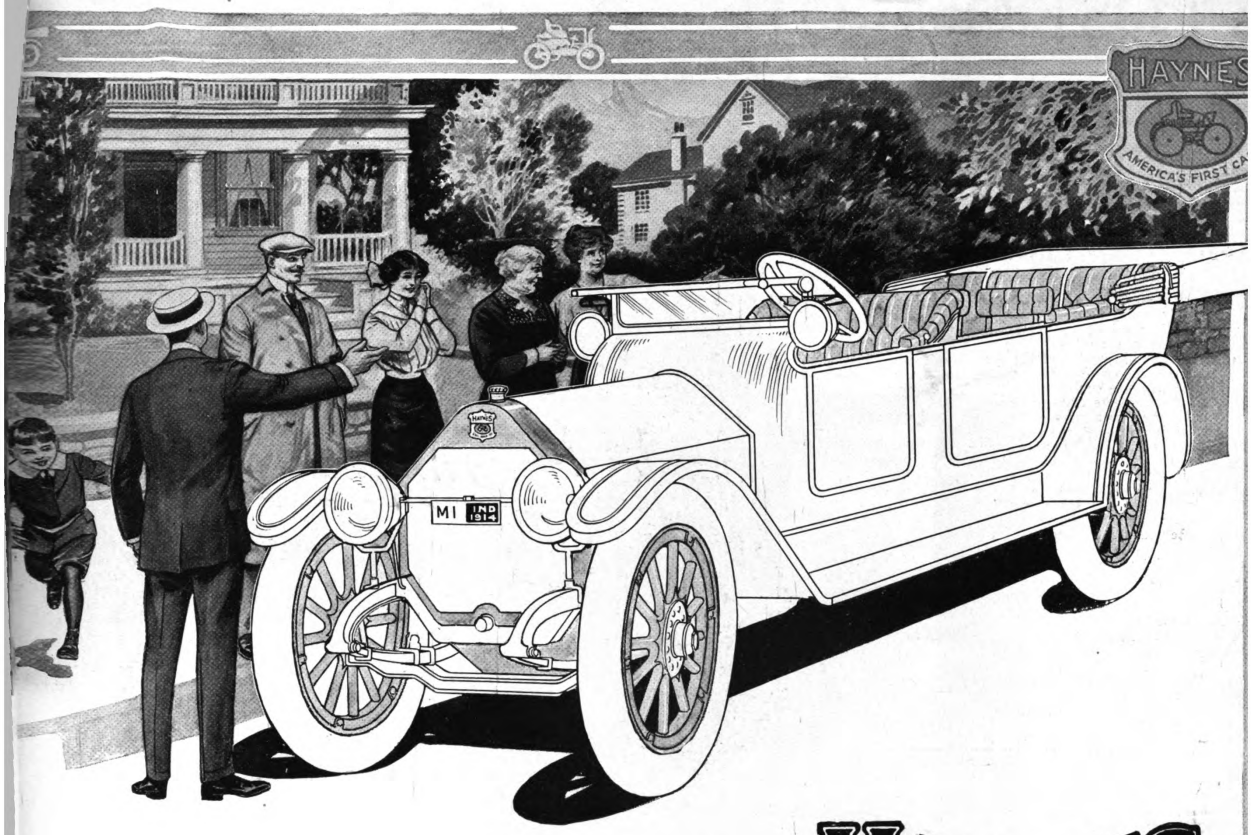
Model 27, 6-cylinder, 6-passenger straight line or 7-passenger touring car, $2785. Limousine, $3850.

Model 28, 4-cylinder, 2-passenger roadster, 4-passenger straight line or 5-passenger touring car, $1985. Coupe, $2700.

Hand levers are optional at $200 reduction

HAYNES
AMERICA'S FIRST CAR

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You Can See the New HAYNES at Your Dealer's NOW!

Haynes Specifications

Motor—4¼-inch bore, 5½-inch stroke, L-head Haynes design, cylinders cast in pairs. Enclosed valves.

Cooling—Centrifugal pump and pressed steel fan.

Wheel Base—Model 26, 130 ins.; M. 27, 136; M. 28, 118.

Ignition—American Simms magneto, with patent pole shoe, producing hot spark at full retard. Perfect synchronism, greater horse power and more perfect running motor.

Lubrication—Splash and gravity feed to main bearings and idle gear; also constant feed to oil basins in lower base.

Control—Left-hand drive, **Vulcan electric gear shift**, dispensing with hand lever and enabling driver to shift gears electrically.

Transmission—Selective type, three speeds forward, one reverse. Timken roller bearings.

Steering Column—Worm and worm gear. Timken bearings.

Clutch—Haynes contracting steel band. Adjustable with single set screw. Applies power gradually.

Rear Axle—Timken full floating on Models 26 and 27. McCue design on 28 with Gourney bearings.

Front Axle—I-beam, single piece, O. H. steel heat treated. 1½-inch spindles of chrome nickel.

Wheels—Artillery type with Funk demountable rims.

Tires—Models 26 and 27, 36x4½ ins.; Model 28, 34x4 ins.

Springs—Front, semi-elliptic, 39½ ins. long; 2 ins. wide; rear, 48 ins. long, 2 ins. wide.

Brakes—Diameter, 15½ external and 15 internal on Models 26 and 27; 12 and 16 on Model 28, both internal.

Finish—Body Indiana dark blue or Pacific Tom gray (optional,) with black gear and wheels.

Gasoline Feed—Pressure feed. Storage tank holds 20 gallons of gasoline. At rear of car where easily filled.

Upholstery—Models 26 and 27 hand buffed leather; model 28 machine buffed. Cushions.

Starting and Lighting—Leece-Neville electrical system. A separate unit system embracing a generator for charging battery and motor for cranking engine. 100% efficient under all conditions.

Cowl-board Equipment—Electric lights, sight oil feed, automatic cut-out for lights, dash light, auxiliary air pressure pump. Models 26 and 27 have rim wind clock.

Other Standard Equipment.—Top, top cover of silk mohair, mechanical tire pump, rain vision ventilating wind shield, two large electric headlights, electric side lights, electric tail light, full cowl-board equipment, electric starter, generator, 80 ampere hour storage battery, speedometer, horn, coat and foot rails, tire irons, full tool equipment, one extra demountable rim, Collins curtains.

This is an electric gear shift year. This wonderful feature is far greater than the self-starter and a more important improvement. Only a Philadelphia car of small output preceded us in adopting the Vulcan Electric Gear Shifter. Our orders naturally will be given preference over later ones. You are sure of getting a car with the new feature when you order the Haynes.

Everything Else Desirable in Design, Equipment, Comfort and Performance

Electric Starting and Lighting

You press a button and the motor starts. You turn a switch and the electric lights are on. You press another button and the warning sounds. Your tires are pumped automatically.

Beautiful, Comfortable

The cumulative refinements of two decades are clearly reflected in the Haynes. It has a perfected look. Long, graceful, sweeping lines, superb finish and masterful workmanship, make the Haynes a car you'll be proud to own.

Powerful, Economical, Durable

Under the handsome body of the Haynes lies a frame, an engine, a transmission, a complete motive mechanism that's the result of 20 years perfecting. The motor—built in the Haynes shops—is L-Head type, famous for its economy and efficiency.

Long Service Insured

The new Haynes is entirely built in our own plant or under our supervision. It is Haynes quality and Haynes tested in every detail—plus beauty, up-to-dateness, and economy of upkeep, meriting the consideration of everyone in the market for a car.

Write To-day for Our Book, "The Complete Motorist"

Written by Elwood Haynes, creator of the American Automobile. A valuable education on the subject of selecting and running an automobile. Points out the pitfalls to avoid. Puts you on familiar terms with magnetos, transmissions and cooling systems. Gives full information concerning the latest models of the Haynes, with a complete description of the wonderful Vulcan Electric Gear Shift.

The Haynes Automobile Co.

41 Main Street **Kokomo, Indiana**



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A LOST QUIXOTE

BY

EARL DERR BIGGERS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAYNARD DIXON



"'Maybe you can help me,' he said hopefully. 'You're my last chance'"

LANDLORD "Benny" Sharp of the Crystal Palace Hotel lounged in an ample chair and regarded lovingly three friends of his on the shelf behind the bar. These three were brandy, rum, and gin, all so disreputable and time-stained as to label that Sharp alone knew one from the others.

Turning from an inspection of his three cronies to that portion of Kiowa Junction visible from the window, Mr. Sharp was confronted with a less happy picture. In the merciless blaze of the Arizona sun, the town seemed to crinkle and turn up round the edges. The false fronts of the shacks amiably referred to as "business blocks" drooped as if weary of the pretense they preserved; the squat red station crouched close, seemingly for protection, to the redder water-tank. The scattered adobe houses lay blistering in the heat.

Inevitably this scene of parched desolation drove Mr. Sharp back to his liquid friends on the shelf. Sighing heavily, he pried himself from his chair and toddled behind the bar.

"I say, it's hot," he muttered, pouring out that which would make him hotter.

"Doc" Haywood, dozing in his accustomed corner, displayed his usual animation at the sound of tinkling glass.

"Hot!" he sympathized. "It's hotter than Tophet." And then, his discerning eye noting no second glass on the bar, he dropped back into a stupor.

Thus fortified, Landlord Sharp returned to his chair and faced again the dusty prospect from his window. From time to time his thick lips moved in whispered protest against the heat.

MR. SHARP was a sight at which the gods might weep. Beelzebub, flung from heaven, could have fallen no further. His face was that deep shade of red that emotion readily converts to purple. The fire through which he had passed had singed away his eyebrows, leaving mercilessly defenseless before the world a pair of watery eyes long ago washed destitute of color. In that hothouse climate his nose blossomed the year round, regardless of the seasons. Sole testimony of his ancient state, his hands remained thin and girlish, with long, slender fingers, at the sudden sight of which men about to play the faro lay-out in the corner had been known to restore their money to their pockets and turn away.

As Mr. Sharp gazed dully out at the sun-struck town, a bob-tailed train crawled into view and paused wheezily at the station. From this a husky young man alighted, and, after a word with the station agent, climbed the burning street toward the Crystal Palace Hotel.

Mr. Sharp made no move to rise and, in his capacity of landlord, welcome a possible guest. Instead, as the young man mounted the steps, he called out to indicate his whereabouts, and listened as the stranger sounded down the hallway, past the hideous "ladies' parlor," to appear finally in the bar-room doorway.

"What can I do for you?" Mr. Sharp then inquired.

The young man sank into a chair. Benny Sharp noted that he was big and good to look at, with the manner of one who has spent his days in the open fields of "God's country."

"Nothing," he answered. "You can't do nothing. I take the 2.10 train back East."

"It don't stop here," grunted Mr. Sharp, parsimonious of words.

"They'll flag it to slow down, and I can grab it, I guess. Yes—I'm goin' back—back home."

The laws of hospitality seemed to demand of Mr. Sharp some slight interest.

"Where's that?" he inquired languidly.

"Indiana," returned the boy with feeling. "Say, don't you ever get to longing for a snowstorm out in this furnace? Don't you hanker for a chilly morning, when the wagon wheels creak and your breath's white with the frost?"

It was a disconcerting picture. Mr. Sharp ran his fingers through his hair—a dirty gray in color.

"Now and then," he admitted. "So you're from Indiana, hey? I've knowed a good many from there in my day."

The boy leaned forward quickly.

"Maybe you can help me," he said hopefully. "You're my last chance. I came out here to find a man who left Indiana fifteen years ago. I've tracked him from Seattle down here, and now the trail leads up to Oregon, and my money's gone. So I got to go back—without him. I got to go to her—alone."

He sat gazing unhappily out, past the huddled shacks of the Junction to the silent desert beyond. Regularly from the corner came the snore of the sleeping Haywood. In sympathy with this somnolence, Mr. Sharp yawned.

"What's the fellow's name?" he inquired.

"Stubbs," was the answer. "Henry Stubbs, of Greensburg, Indiana."

MR. SHARP crossed his fat legs, and then, as if he had done it merely to prove that the trick was still in his repertoire, uncrossed them again.

"Seems to me I wouldn't go very far," he remarked facetiously, "to find a man with a name like Stubbs."

The boy's eyes flashed.

"You would if you was me!" he cried. "I'd go through hell fire to come face to face with Stubbs. Oh, I'm lookin' for Stubbs, all right. I want to talk to him. I want to say: 'There's a little woman back in Indiana 'd like mighty well to see you, Henry Stubbs. There's a little woman who's been waitin'—waitin' all these long years, with never a word to cheer her, or a dollar to lighten the burden of running that scrawly, played-out farm.'"

He stood up. His cheeks were aflame.

"Yes, I reckon I'm lookin' for Stubbs. I'm lookin' for him to tell him how, every night for fifteen years, when the six thirty-five train from the West has whistled round the bend, she's gone to the door and shaded her eyes with her hand—her hand, that's skinny and ugly, slavin' for the kids he left behind. And I don't need to tell him, I guess, how, every night for fifteen years, she's gone back to her work with a sigh, settin' her hopes twenty-four hours ahead to the next night's train. Yes, sir; I want to see Stubbs. I want to ask him where he's been these fifteen years."

Mr. Sharp blinked in awed wonder in the face of this outburst.

"What's Stubbs to you?" he inquired, with his first display of interest.

"He's my father," said the boy, in a lower tone. He sat down again. "I'm Bill—I'm the oldest boy. Five years old I was when he came out here on a get-rich-quick gamble, and since that day, almost, I've had to take his place on the farm. They preach about honorin' your father; but when I think about the load on that woman's heart these fifteen years, I could strangle him on sight."

"Oh, no," put in Mr. Sharp pacifically. "Oh, no, now."

"But I wouldn't," the boy went on—"for her sake. She wants him. Mortgaged the farm, she did, and sent me out here to find him. She's waitin'. And now the money's gone, and I got to go back—without him. I know how it'll be. The train from the West 'll whistle, and she'll wait in the door—for us. And I'll come down the old Miller road and up the lane past the crooked beech. I'll come—alone."

HIS voice broke, and he turned hastily back to the window. Mr. Sharp pulled out a very dirty



"'All I've got—about eleven hundred,' he gasped—'goes down on the red'"

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handkerchief and passed it lightly over his forehead.

"Stubbs," he mused thoughtfully. "Stubbs, of Indiana. I don't recall the name."

"It wouldn't be by name you'd remember him," the boy said. "He'd change that. Trust him. Always got on his nerves, that name did. No name for a dreamer, nohow."

"Dreamer?" queried Mr. Sharp.

"Dreamer," repeated the boy bitterly. "That's what Henry Stubbs was. That was what sent him driftin' clear out here, away from a woman a million times too good for him. Read books, he did. His hands was too white for a farm—his soul was too high-toned."

His voice rose in scorn.

"Started his fool ways when he was a boy. They talk about it yet in Greensburg. Read lyin' books, and pretended he was a knight, or something. Carved himself a shield and a spear, and every night, when work was over, he used to get on my grandfather's old white farm-horse and ride round town for the folks to laugh at. They're laughin' yet—in Greensburg. Used to sweep down on the kids playin' under the street lamps, and scatter them with his bum spear. That's the kind of a fool Henry Stubbs was—an Indiana Quixote, some called him."

Mr. Sharp's mottled face contorted into a smile.

"A funny kid, sort of," he commented.

"A fool," sneered the boy. "Followed his silly notions out here. Wife, children, home—they didn't count with him. Said he was comin' out here to make a fortune. Him—make a fortune! Said he'd come back with a thousand dollars—that's a fortune in Greensburg—or he wouldn't come at all."

"And he never came?"

"No."

"You never heard from him?"

"At first," said the boy, "he wrote to my mother regular. Said he was doin' well—cuttin' timber in Oregon with a man named Harding. A few months later he wrote that Harding had gone to Portland to sell their lumber, and that when he got his share—two thousand dollars—he was comin' home."

"Well?"

"The next letter was the last she ever got. It was scrawly—discouraged—sort of—well, pitiful, in a way. You see, this Harding turned out a cur—a mean, contemptible cur. He sold the timber and skipped out with the money. Somehow, that seemed to do my—do Henry Stubbs—all up. He said he was goin' to try again, but there was no heart in his words. He never wrote again. Now and then people from home would send word that they'd run across him out here. Some said there was—another woman."

HE stopped, and his breath came heavily as he gazed out at the drooping town. In his favorite corner, Doc Haywood still snored lustily. With difficulty the landlord of the Crystal Palace extricated himself from his chair and toddled toward his friends on the shelf. He returned smacking his lips.

"You can't believe all you hear," he remarked charitably. "If I was you, I wouldn't add any sin on to Henry Stubbs' list I wasn't sure of."

"I don't intend to," returned the boy. "She says"—his voice softened—"he was a good man. Keeps sayin' that right along through it all. Says he was a man who loved his home and his family. She blames it all on the West."

He turned sharply on the landlord of the Crystal Palace.

"What sort of a country is this out here," he cried, "that makes a coward of an honest man? You yawp about your magnificent distances, and how they draw a man closer to his God. What about their drawin' him a hell of a ways from his wife?"

Mr. Sharp did not, with his accustomed fervor, come to the defense of his vaunted West. Instead he carefully studied the distant station-agent, nodding in the shadow of his shack over his copy of a San Francisco paper a week old. Then he passed his hand tenderly over his ugly chin, red through its bristles.

"I don't recollect," he said, "that any amateur Quixotes ever strayed across my path out here. But then, you haven't described Henry Stubbs very clear yet."

"I've just seen his picture myself, to remember," answered the boy. "She showed it to me the day I left. There in the shabby parlor—her in her old-fashioned black silk in honor of my going—she showed me his picture and talked of him. He was handsome enough, I guess: keen eyes—gray, she said—and curly black hair. Handsome, but the chin was weak.

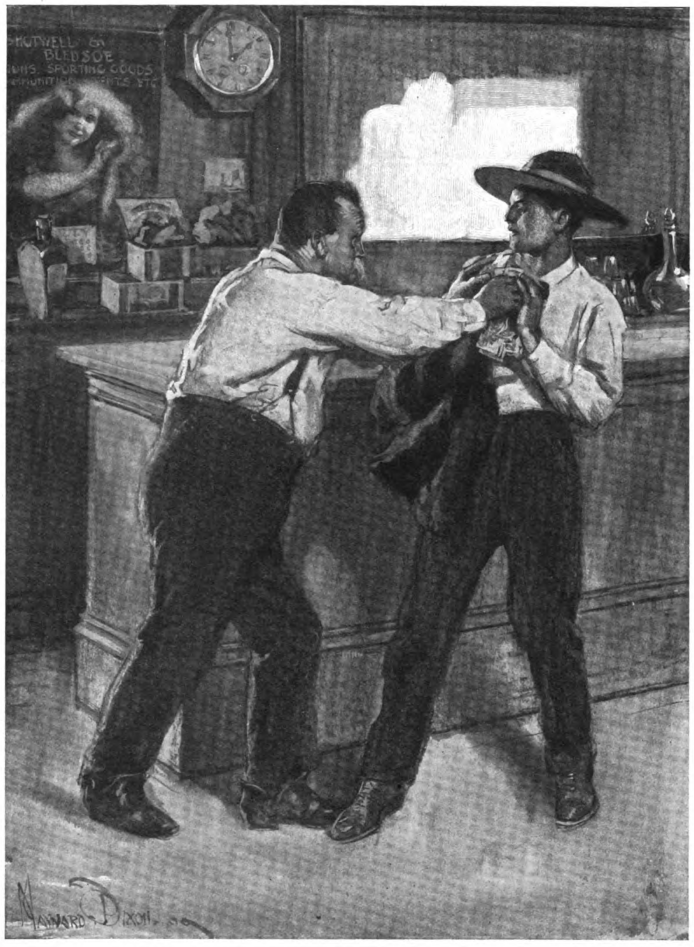
"She told me he talked like the books he read—always about queer people and places he'd got out of them. Nobody in Greensburg could make him out. 'And every now and then,' she says, 'he'd pass his hand quick before his eyes, like a man brushin' strange dreams away. I'd know him in a million by that,' she says. 'He was a good man, your father was,' she says, 'and I can't believe, somehow, that the years have changed him. If he's dead I want to know it, and if he's alive—I want him back. I love him in spite of all, and I want him back!'"

Mr. Sharp took out a vile-looking cigar, and lighted it.

"Hard luck," he remarked. "So you got to go back without him—without even news of him. That's tough."

"It is," said the boy. "And there's the mortgage to be paid—God knows how that's to be done. And, whether he came back or not, I wanted her to have a little finery, and some comfort, these last years of her life. She's slaved so long—she looks so tired—I wanted her to put on a decent dress and sit down in a chair with a tidy on it, and rest—just rest—to the end of her days. And now——"

The boy sat, his mouth twisted into bitter lines, his eyes fixed on the shacks lying in hot despair on the bosom of the desert. No sound broke the stillness, for Doc Haywood's snore was silenced, and he slept peacefully, his head far forward on his breast. Mr. Sharp, looking at him, envied him his obliviousness to the heat and to the tragic confidences of the youth from Indiana.



"'Don't stare at me like that. Go back to her. Stubbs is dead'"

IN a spirit of broad hospitality, Mr. Sharp suggested a drink. His offer was brusquely refused—so brusquely, in fact, that he postponed his own visit to the bottle. He had recourse to his dirty handkerchief to cover his disappointment.

Then they sat, silent as the desert, Mr. Sharp seemingly as hot, while minute after minute ticked by, and the hands of the scratched and mutilated clock, back of the gambling lookout's empty chair, crept on toward the hour that must start the boy on his long, unhappy pilgrimage back to Indiana—alone. No sign of life was visible in the picture before them. In the shade of the station the agent was huddled, as soundly asleep as Doc Haywood, over his week-old news.

Finally Mr. Sharp rose, and, walking over to the faro layout, examined carefully the little box of cards. Then he glanced back at the boy; but the latter made no sign. Heavily Mr. Sharp plodded on to the roulette wheel, over which his hand passed with the soft caress of a lover.

(Continued on page 23)

"Want to try the wheel?" he asked suddenly, a bit startled at the sound of his own voice echoing through the stillness.

The boy laughed harshly.

"Not me," he said. "I don't care to buy a gold brick, either."

Mr. Sharp assumed a bearing of offended dignity.

"You think the wheel's fixed," he said in a hurt tone.

There was no reply.

"They say that—some of 'em," went on the landlord. "It's a lie. They lose, and then they go away and lie. Your chance is as good as mine."

"Forget it," answered the boy. "I've got my ticket and all of eleven dollars besides."

Mr. Sharp's tone became wheedling. A coaxing smile crept evilly out from its hiding-place in the watery eyes.

"I don't want your money," he argued softly. "It's just to pass the time—just to forget the heat. It's the excitement I'm after. Always start something. Always have something doing. That's my motto."

He spun the wheel invitingly.

In his search for Henry Stubbs in strange pastures the boy had gained some knowledge of those who browsed therein. He felt, now, that Benny Sharp spoke the truth—that, obviously, a man whose resort was at regular intervals the scene of wholesale gambling could have no mercenary motive in drawing into a game a boy whose fortune consisted of eleven lone and precious dollars. It was the thrill of the game Sharp craved, the boy decided. He would play with his opponent as a cat with a mouse, stretching the contest over as long a period of time as he could. And why, young Stubbs asked himself, might not the mouse, by some chance, outwit the cat? In Mr. Sharp's bloated face there were no evidences of unconquerable cunning.

THE boy rose from his chair and walked over to the wheel, with which Mr. Sharp still toyed fondly.

"I reckon I couldn't be much worse off than I am," he said. "Give me ten dollars' worth for a starter. I'll keep the dollar for a reserve fund."

Joy surged into the face of Mr. Sharp as he counted out the chips. He ran his long, thin fingers over the wheel.

"What's the word?" he asked.

"I'll stick to the colors," said the young man. "I don't understand all this other business. The red to win." And he threw half his chips upon the table.

There followed a quick movement of Sharp's clever fingers, and the ball spun merrily round the whirling saucer. Hurdle after hurdle it climbed successfully, then it dropped into the ordained cup—which was red.

"Your money," said Mr. Sharp nonchalantly, pushing to the victor his spoils. "Make your bets. She's going to roll."

The boy hesitated. "The red again," he said.

"She rolls," cried Mr. Sharp. Again the ball cavorted over its course, past one metal hurdle after another. Again it dropped into the cup of the boy's color.

"House loses again," commented Mr. Sharp, without seeming interest. "Make your bets."

This time the boy tried the black, with equal success. As the minutes passed it became startlingly evident that the thing called luck was on his side. Only at rare intervals did he lose, and then at times when the sum risked was unusually small. The hands of the dirty clock crept toward train-time, yet the pile of chips before him showed no signs of diminishing.

IT came to him suddenly, that the game was, for some reason, deadly dull. It seemed as if he and the silent Sharp played at gambling, with a rosewood wheel, an ivory ball, and make-believe chips for toys. Sharp's cigar had accommodatingly gone out; but, unlike the gamblers of fiction, he did not hold it between clinched teeth. Any perspiration on his brow was due to climatic conditions, and not to excitement over the game. To the landlord of the Crystal Palace the whole affair seemed a wearisome farce—one that must not end too soon.

A weird suspicion shot through the boy's mind. At the same moment he heard the aged clock wheeze out the hour of two.

"Wait!" he cried, interrupting Mr. Sharp's monotonous chant. "It's just ten minutes of train-time. This is my last stake—all I've got. About eleven hundred there, I guess,"—he gasped a little as he named the sum,—"goes down on the red."

Without comment, Mr. Sharp spun the wheel. It traveled with exasperating slowness round the whirling saucer. After ages of waiting, it dropped.

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The warden, the "trusties," and the mascots at one of the "ranches"

A COLORADO PRISON REFORMER: "TOM" TYNAN AND HIS CONVICT "BOYS"

BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN

THE Colorado State Penitentiary sits grimly at the mouth of the cañon of the Arkansas River, that a few miles farther on narrows into the awe-inspiring Royal Gorge. Less than two years ago the penitentiary was the abode of despair; but to-day, owing to the work of its new warden, Thomas J. Tynan, whose achievements have attracted the attention of criminologists in all parts of the world, men swing in and out of the iron gates with songs on their lips and hope in their hearts.

"Tom" Tynan, without any previous experience in such work,—and who would not bother to read a book on criminology, even if he could "savvy" Lombroso and his associates,—has come nearer than any other man to a practical solution of the problem of the criminal. He has rehabilitated penitentiary means and methods, and, from a practical standpoint, has shown that such institutions need not be a drag on the purse of the taxpayer; but, better than all else, he has demonstrated that it is possible to save the criminal and send him forth from the penitentiary with self-respect regained, and with a desire to be the friend of society instead of its enemy.

Looking for the first time at "Tom" Tynan, with his fresh, ruddy cheeks, his merry blue eyes, his faultless garb, and his general air of worldly sophistication, one is inclined to be astonished. Here is not a type of the student, but rather that of the traveling salesman. And that guess is exactly right, for Warden Tynan was what the young reporter in the small town loves to call a "knight of the grip," before he received his appointment from Governor Shafroth, in 1908, as warden of the Colorado Penitentiary.

A Traveling Salesman Turns Prison Reformer

TYNAN knew nothing of prisons and prisoners before assuming his post. He had been a busy and successful traveler for a Denver wholesale firm. His home was in Pueblo. He had "mixed a little" in politics there, as he puts it, and as a result he was selected by Governor Shafroth as a good man to suit that placid executive's Pueblo constituents. The post was proffered somewhat apologetically, because it paid only $208 a month.

"Tom" Tynan was making a good deal more than $208 a month; but, on thinking the matter over and taking a look at the forbidding inclosure at Cañon City and the human derelicts sheltered therein, he decided to take the job.

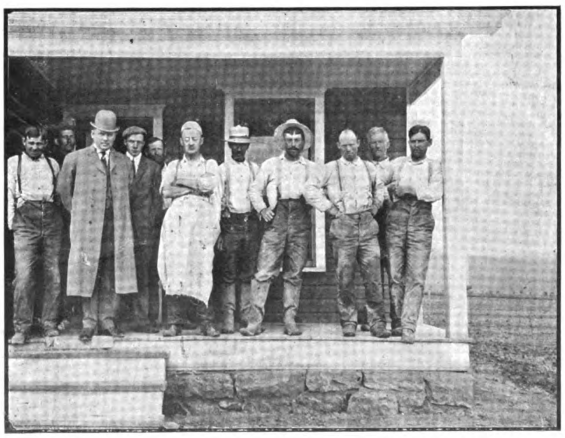
"It was a matter of pride with me," said Tynan. "It sort of got on my nerves—all the unbusinesslike management that was in evidence. I saw over seven hundred idle men, to say nothing of more than a score of idle women, and, true to my business training, I got to figuring up what could be done with all that wasted energy. I couldn't stop thinking it over, and figures marched in my head in a long procession. I saw there wasn't any need of keeping those men locked up in that prison yard and in those narrow cells. I knew I could figure out work for them that would not interfere with free labor, and that would make the prisoners healthier and better men in every way. I had visions of road gangs making fine highways,—the kind it is said they have in Europe,—and then I saw convict farms worked by big gangs of trusties. I took the job, and what I have done since then is merely a working out of those dreams. It was a practical idea from start to finish. As to the other side—well, I guess I have a faculty of separating the sheep from the goats, and that's about all there is to it. I give the promising ones a chance, and if they make good they don't regret it. If they throw me down I don't bear a personal grudge, but I see to it that they don't have a chance to repeat."

The warden's merry blue eyes and smiling mouth hardened as he spoke, and he told regretfully of the only attempted prison break during his term of office. Several of the more desperate convicts attempted to get away by shooting down their keepers and dynamiting the prison walls. Probably the attempt would have been successful had not Warden Tynan, who had been hastily summoned from his home, headed a dash into the prison yard, where he found a convict named Williams about to blow up the wall with dynamite. Heedless of the explosive, and of a gun with which he was threatened, Tynan dashed at his man, and, with a well-directed shot, brought Williams down with a bullet in his leg.

"When I went to get Bradley, another one of the men who tried to escape," said Tynan, "all the men in both tiers of the cell-house begged me to stay away; they cried out that Bradley had a gun and would kill me. That showed that the sympathy of the prisoners was with me, and it did me more good than any praise that has ever come my way.

"As it happened, Bradley had been wounded by one of the guards, and we had no difficulty in capturing him. He and the three others concerned in the outbreak I never could do anything with. I never could get under their skins, and could find no sense of honor or decency to appeal to.

"They were furnished with dynamite and a revolver by a paroled prisoner who has since been recaptured and made a confession. Then one of them made a brass key, with which he unlocked the cells of the others, after he had leaped from his own cell and wounded the keeper. The fools bungled their work at every turn, but it was only owing to their bad marksmanship that I did not lose some of my best men. It was the first and only attempt at a 'break' I have had; but it means nothing, after all, because the prisoners concerned were not men I had trusted. If one of my road gangs or some of the men at the prison ranches had thrown me down, I should have felt bad about it."



Warden Tynan and some of his convict laborers at Ranch No. 4, where one of the section gangs is quartered. One of the men in the group ran away, but came back of his own accord. Good work on the road-building enables a convict to reduce his sentence by fully one sixth

Putting Convicts on Their Honor

IT is a fact, however, that, out of the hundreds of convicts "Tom" Tynan has sent into the fresh air and sunlight, receiving their word of honor that they would not attempt to escape, only two have proved unfaithful. One was the convict Morton, who furnished the dynamite and firearms to the desperados whose case has been mentioned. The other was a paroled prisoner who deserted from one of the road camps, but whose conscience could not stand the strain, and who returned to the prison of his own accord.

"That fellow whose conscience brought him back to me was in the picture you took of those trusties on the ranch porch," said Warden Tynan to the writer, after a visit to one of the penitentiary ranches, where the men had posed for a group photograph.

"He hit the high places not long ago, and I was making bets on him for a week. I had a hunch that he was coming back, as he hadn't seemed like

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the sort of chap who would throw me down. It seems he got into Kansas, and could have made a complete get-away, but his conscience got to hurting him so that he couldn't stand it any longer.

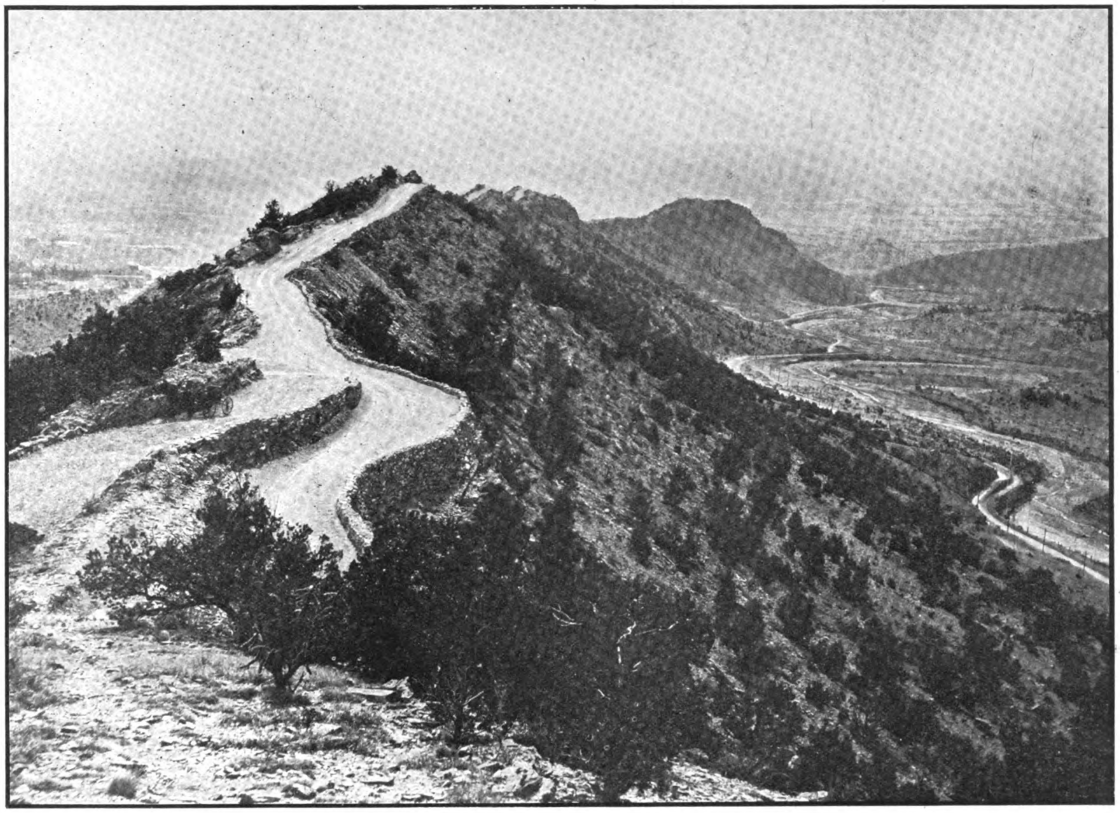
"He turned back to Colorado, and one day came into my office in the penitentiary and told me the circumstances of his return. I told him to go out and go to work. He expected some punishment for his offense; but I let it go, and he has not had one day added to his time, and is going right along with the trusties as usual."

Solving the Nation's Road Problem

THE convict road camps are the pride of "Tom" Tynan's heart. He believes that convict labor is going to solve the road problem of the nation. Furthermore, he is proving his theories in practice. Cañon City convicts have built some of the finest highways in the world, including the celebrated "skyline drive" extending along a "hog-back" eight hundred feet above the Arkansas Valley and offering a superb view on both sides. At present a big road gang of trusties is putting the finishing touches to a magnificent mountain highway near Trinidad. Another gang has just completed a perfect boulevard connecting Cañon City and Colorado Springs. It was way constructed from Independence, Missouri, through Kansas City, Hutchinson, and Garden City, Kansas, and Pueblo, Colorado, along the old trail followed by pioneers in the early days of the West.

Let it not be supposed, however, that all this work is being accomplished by means of the laborious pick-strokes of the hang-dog villains clad in the striped garments of shame, hampered with leg-irons and watched by eagle-eyed guards armed with rifles. That is usually the way spasmodic road work is wrung from reluctant and desperate convicts in the South; but things are different in "Tom" Tynan's road camps.

Picture several white tents nestling among the pines in an ideal camping spot in the high foothills of the Rockies. Cooks are busy preparing the noon meal. Around a bend in a half-finished highway above the camp come swinging the members of the "road gang." The morning shots have been "planted," and there will be no more work until after dinner. As the ripping sound of exploding dynamite disturbs the silence of the mountains, one takes a look at the builders of the highway. Here is no prison pallor; neither does one notice the sway of the body that denotes the man who has fallen into the habit of the lock-step. Bronzed and sinewy, the convicts swing down the road, heads erect, shirts open at the throat, and sweat-damp hair stirred by the breeze—for another thing that "Tom" Tynan will not tolerate is the abominable "prison hair-cut."



The famous "Skyline Drive" at Cañon City, Colorado. This road was built by convicts from the Colorado State Penitentiary, and it is one of the most remarkable scenic highways in the world

opened with impressive ceremonies by the Governor and other jubilant citizens of Colorado.

At present many convicts are employed on a scenic highway from Cañon City to the top of the Royal Gorge. Nearly every foot of this eight miles of mountain road is being blasted out of solid rock. The road sweeps in majestic curves around the eternal hills, and every one of the countless arroyos—dry and harmless-looking in summer, but bank-full and dangerous in the spring—is bridged with a wide-arched culvert of stone. The highway winds upward in a series of easy grades, most of which can be taken by an automobile on "high gear," and when the road is completed the eight-mile run from Cañon City to the very brink of the two-thousand-foot gorge will be a matter of ease.

The Royal Gorge road enters the hills at the foot of Mount Grant, two miles from Cañon City, but its wonders begin when one enters Priest Cañon. From that point on, the road rises in a graceful succession of curves, each turn affording a beautiful view of mountains and plains. Pike's Peak, Mount Pisgah, the Greenhorns, and the Sangre de Cristo range can be seen at various points on the drive. The climax is reached when the traveler reaches the end of the road, at the top of the Royal Gorge, almost directly above the world-famed "Hanging Bridge." Twenty-six hundred feet below, the Arkansas River foams and seems always about to engulf the trains that share its narrow passageway between the beetling cliffs. It is proposed to build a suspension bridge across the top of the gorge, but the chief feature will always be the convict-built road, which has been made part of the new "Santa Fe speedway"—an automobile high-

The Convict's Word of Honor

SURELY these khaki-clad men, who meet your gaze so openly, and who talk and laugh among themselves so freely, can not be convicts. They troop to the camp, where they wash with gay splashing and spluttering. Meantime, yonder big fellow who comes so leisurely at the rear, and who pauses for a consultation with the warden, is the foreman. There is no rifle at his shoulder. In fact, he is entirely unarmed. There is no armament until nightfall, when two armed guards patrol the tents, more as a matter of form than as a precaution; for the men who are sleeping so peacefully in the camp have given their word of honor to the warden that they will not try to escape—and honor is the thing that rules the camps where "Tom" Tynan's "boys" hold forth.

"I have about fifty per cent. of my men working on the road," says Warden Tynan. "Let's see—there were just seven hundred and six prisoners in our charge this morning, according to the prison register. That means that there are about three hundred and fifty men doing work for Colorado which no other class of men will do for love or money. It is getting more and more difficult to find free labor for road work. Men get more money in easier lines of employment, and that is what makes the good roads problem in this country so hard to solve. But I figure that, when things are running as they should, I can build a mile of good roads every day with trusties. That means a lot in a State like Colorado, where road-

(*Continued on page 22*)

building is particularly difficult. Three hundred miles of road a year would soon cover the State with a web of perfect highways.

"I am not talking now of the effect on the men, but am advancing a business proposition for any State to consider. The quality of work done by convicts on roads is as good as that done by the average free labor, provided the road gangs have the right kind of overseers. As to the cost, it is only twenty per cent. that of free labor—a saving of eighty per cent. to the taxpayer.

"So great is the demand for convict road labor from counties that are willing to defray the expense that I am at a loss to pick the required number of men. We give the road men better food than they get in the prison, on account of the nature of their work, and they are also provided with better clothes. It costs thirty-six cents a day to keep a man in a road camp. The extra expense above the twelve cents a day necessary to maintain a man in the prison is borne by the county in which the work is done. This summer I was working a gang of men on the model highway between Cañon City and Colorado Springs. The county was out of funds, but public-spirited citizens at Colorado Springs made up the amount and enabled us to complete the work."

Each man who works in one of Tynan's road gangs has ten days a month taken off his sentence, in addition to the usual time off for good behavior. This inducement does much to make the road work popular, as, by "making good" with the road gang and also getting the customary time off for good behavior, it is possible for a convict to reduce his sentence by fully one sixth—which means much to the men.

Selecting the "Trusties"

THE real test of Tynan's wardenship comes in selecting men for work as trusties. The Colorado State Penitentiary, like other Western penal institutions, has a large number of "border terrors"—gun-fighters who have been sentenced to long terms for murder. Besides these criminals, there is the usual motley array of yeggmen, forgers, confidence men, etc., which makes up the majority of prisoners in Eastern institutions, where the gun-fighter is not quite so prominent.

To "pick the sheep from the goats" in such a collection of humanity requires a shrewd judge of human nature. The warden keeps in personal touch with the men in prison, so far as that is possible. He is always restlessly moving about the prison or the various outside camps and ranches. He speaks to a group of men at work in the stone quarry, under the frowning cliff that overhangs the back of the penitentiary; he peers in at some sullen chap who is undergoing punishment in a dark cell; and what he says is never made known, but evidently it is something helpful, for, ten chances to one, the sullen prisoner is soon applying for work as a trusty.

Every Sunday Warden Tynan supplements his six

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RENO-VATED

INTERLUDES

FROM A JESTER'S NOTE-BOOK

STRATEGY

I FOUND myself betwixt the deep sea and the devil,
But soon a scheme I fixed to down him—on the level.
I got a hose and squirted the deep sea all around him,
And ere I was diverted I'd ta'en the D. and drowned him!

Our idea of the serious-minded man is the chap who reads the new tariff bill aloud to his best girl, swinging in a hammock on a soft summer afternoon, with a string orchestra playing Pagliacci in the distance.

New Jersey now has a law making it a penal offense to "steal ice from any one's pond." Is it to be inferred that if you can slip it out of a refrigerator, or off the tail-end of an ice-wagon, ice may be stolen with impunity?

Mr. Bunau-Varilla has written a story about Panama that makes mighty interesting reading; but, all the same, we can not help wishing that when the author was making a name for himself he had not chosen one that sounded like an official liqueur at state dinners to the Diplomatic Corps.

Why a man should throw himself at a maiden's feet when he really is aiming at her heart is beyond us, unless it is because his own heart is in his boots at the time and he concludes that that is its natural anatomical position.

Some prominent Bills now pending before the country seem to a correspondent to be as follows:

Currency Bill.....Bill McAdoo
Prohibition Bill.....Bill Bryan
Municipal Bill.....Bill Gaynor
Anti-Trust Bill.....Bill Haywood
Educational Bill.....Bill Taft
Street-Cleaning Bill.....Bill Edwards

Sir Walter Scott once wrote to Shelley, "Cultivate, then, sir, your taste for poetry and belles-lettres as an elegant and most interesting amusement, but combine it with studies of a more serious and solid cast, such as are most intimately connected with your prospects in future life, whatever those may be." After that it would seem that nobody in the world should consider himself too humble to teach his grandmother how to suck eggs.

With a historian as President of the United States, two editors in the Cabinet, and the Authors' Club spread all around the continent of Europe, on ambassadorial duty bent, the Elizabethan period has nothing on this as the golden age of letters. Even the President's landlord up in New Hampshire is a literary feller. How different would have been the rule of Mr. Justice Hughes, had he been chosen President after his war on the bookmakers!

While no man can properly justify the use of whitewash on public offenders, it is at least to be said of it that it makes it easier to see them in the dark, which, considering all things, is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

OPEN POSTALS TO THE FAMOUS

(To a distinguished Cabinet Official)
New York, July 21, 19—

Dear William:

A little carbonic water mixed in with it will make it fizz more like the real thing. Try it on the Dipsomatic Corps at your next strawberry festival.

Yours ever,
PRO BONO PUBLICO.

(To a Famous College Professor, Ex Officio)
New York, July 32, 19—

Dear Mr. Ex-President:

As a judge, would you find the Republican party guilty of vagrancy on the ground that it has no visible means of support? R. S. V. P.

Devotedly,
ONE OF THE FEW.

(To a Generous-Minded Secretary of the Treasury)
New York, July 54, 19—

Dear Mac:

Why wait until the fall to distribute that $500,000,000? As one of the 100,000,000 citizens of the United States, I'm ready for my fiver now. Wire it collect, if you wish.

Ever thine,
DUSTY RHOADES, KING OF THE HOBOES.

(To a Distinguished Ex-President)
New York, July 43, 19—

Dear Teddy:

What's the use of trying to convert the Argentine, with Tammany Hall and the I. W. W. right at your door? There's plenty of front-page space waiting for you if you read the want ads correctly.

Eternally,
PROGRESS.

(To a Syndicalist Agitator)
New York, July 52, 19—

Dear Bill:

When you promiised those Paterson strikers Morris chairs to work in, why did you omit all reference to the valets you are going to provide them with to do the work itself? You lost a trick that time.

Respectfully,
CAPITALISTICUS.

(To the Jailer of a British Suffragette)
New York, July 38, 19—

Dear Sir:

Don't try forcible feeding. Put a broiled lobster and a café parfait before the lady. It is a combination no woman has ever yet been able to resist.

Yours confidentially,
ONE WHO KNOWS.

(To a Famous Irish Satirist)
New York, July 82, 19—

Dear Bernard:

I am told you are looking around for a new and startling pose. Why not try *sincerity* just for a flyer? It would make a lot of talk if you tried it just once.

Yours devotedly,
CONSTANT READER.

(To a Leading Cubist Painter)
New York, July 73, 19—

Dear Old Boy:

As a friend, let me advise you never to waste your money on lotteries. You know yourself that you never could draw anything, not even a prize.

Unremittingly thine,
PIGMENTICUS.

ADEPTS IN THE BUSINESS

"I see it stated here in the *Gazoo* that a former train-robber is quite prominent in politics out in Oklahoma," said Little Binks.

"Well, what of it?" said the Genial Philosopher. "Holding up railroads is an essential part of the duties of the modern statesman. This chap has had practical experience, where most of the others bungle along on mere theory."

HIS OBJECTION

"I wouldn't mind marrying in haste and repenting at leisure," said Halsworthy. "The thing that galls me so like time is marrying in haste and repenting at hard labor."

AN EXTREME CASE

"Do you consider that Mrs. Giddybody a flirt, Bilkins?" asked Hickenlooper.

"Flirt?" cried Bilkins. "Well, I guess she is a flirt. Why, Hickey, that woman would flirt with her own husband if there wasn't anybody else around to flirt with."

THE TEST

"So you think young Noodles really loves you, do you?" said papa.

"He says he'd die for me," said Matilda ecstatically.

"All right," said papa. "That makes the test simple and easy. You tell him, for me, to go out and die for you, and the day he is buried I'll give my consent."

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THE STRANGER AT THE HEARTH

BY M. GAUSS

THERE was a sting in the morning air; but it was warm and sunny nevertheless—as if the sharp wind, blowing on the embers of summer, fanned them to fresh life. A boy went down the street, carrying a sheaf of fine chrysanthemums; and their perfume lingered delightfully—for in November the hot and cloying scents of roses and such things do not satisfy; or even they repel a little, as the sentimental or the passionate will repel people who have passed their first youth.

From the Washington Park neighborhood, one could look down on the business part of the city; and all the down-town buildings wore, that Thanksgiving morning, a sort of shimmering halo, made by the sun shining on particles of frost in the atmosphere. In honor of the national holiday, there was but little smoke; and the white stone of the National Bank building—where Ouderkirk was a director—shone almost like the luminous white clouds that were shaping themselves into a holy city, above the town.

Servants were very busy about the rear of the homes in Washington Park. Here and there one saw a business man, unwontedly idle, peeping down the avenue through his front windows, or else already engaged in a frolic with his grandchildren. These were—some of them—great men of the down-town world. Some were men heavily burdened with cares, trying to keep the wolf away from their fine homes and pretentious offices. Some were sharp dealers, who had piled up loads of ill-gotten gains. But you did not see them in these lights. For the day of family reunion is for putting aside the sordid and uncharitable—as men hope to do in heaven, when they are reunited to their own.

THE morning sun, on the upper story of Ouderkirk's house, sparkled through the sun parlor his wife had planned and had loved to sit in. And the illumination caught the eye of an old lady who stood watching for beloved guests at the doorway of an old-fashioned and humble home, just off the avenue.

"That's the home of Ouderkirk, the banker, who married our Nannie," she told the new daughter-in-law who was helping her with the dinner. "It don't seem no time at all since Nannie was married, and it's ten years to-day!" With that, the old lady wiped her eyes on the green gingham apron she had put on while she stuffed her turkey.

"Nannie was just like my own child," she resumed, "and your pa felt the same as I did. It hurt him considerable that Mr. Ouderkirk hasn't wanted nothing to do with us since she died. He says it looks real unfeeling. But I tell him it ain't right to say such a thing. And a man couldn't lose a wife like Nannie and *not* feel it—bless her!

"Only thirty-nine when she was taken! I hadn't no thought of Nannie going before I did. You know I had her all her life; her mamma was my twin sister. She died at Nannie's birth, and her husband asked me to raise the little thing. And now Nannie's gone, too!" Again the green apron went to the old lady's eyes. This day of reunion was the greatest and sweetest in the year to her; and it so excited her that the tears were quite ready to start.

"It don't seem the same world, without Nannie, to a good many people!" she declared.

"Was Cousin Nannie a great beauty?" The new daughter-in-law asked this question wonderingly. It was evident to her that Nannie had been a woman of unusual power and charm. Beloved and admired, the memory of her was like a star in the night to the whole family.

"Nannie pretty?" asked the old lady. "No, I shouldn't ever call her pretty—but so *sweet!* And if you heard her sing 'The Holy City,' you could never forget it. She was soprano in a big church out on the avenue when Ouderkirk first saw her—he was a trustee or something.

"Oh, sometimes I get to thinking of those old times—and I can't *believe* she's gone!" This time, Nannie's Aunt Margaret did not even wipe away the tears that came; and really, her face never looked so bright as when she wept.

"SHE was always a-laughing—Nannie," she resumed. "She wasn't like my babies, being so full of her fun. When she was brought to my house, just a few months old, I remember, I took her little cap off; and she had a head as bald as a door-knob. It looked so funny your pa laughed; and that set her off at once, a-laughing and a-crowing, till she made me cry, thinking of her poor mamma.

"And sure enough, Nannie laughed all her life. Sometimes she carried it 'most too far. I know, the first time I ever saw Mr. Ouderkirk, he had come down to the children's hospital, to hear her sing. The children kep' beggin' for her pickaninny songs; and would lay there and laugh—pore little things—till they cried. I says to her, 'Goodness, Nannie, you shocked that old Scotchman awful! He won't vote for you, now, to sing in his church.'

"But psho! From that day, he never rested till he had got our Nannie away from us. And I do say, Matty, whether he acts unfeeling or not, he must ha' been fond of Nannie; he couldn't help it——

"Why, there's Ouderkirk now, on his way to get his mail."

Ouderkirk lifted his hat—in a distant way—to his wife's aunt.

Aunt Margaret was subject to sudden impulses—she was like her niece Nannie in that. "I believe I'll ask him to come here to dinner!" she cried.

The daughter-in-law seized her arm. She realized the impropriety of such a thing. Why, Ouderkirk might think they wanted to claim kin with him! And, besides, it was impossible to ask him to dine at a house where no maid was kept!

Aunt Margaret felt no especial respect for Ouderkirk's money and didn't want a penny of it; she could not see that her impulse was improper; but she yielded obligingly to her daughter-in-law, and did not invite Ouderkirk to dinner.

Just then a shabby and mud-splashed automobile dashed around a corner. Through the house rang a cry—"They've come, they're here!" Aunt Margaret's husband, Uncle Luke, popped out of the house; the old lady herself was already folded in the arms of a long-absent son.

OUDERKIRK glanced, in passing, at these people. He had no family ties of his own, for his parents were long dead, and when he left Scotland he did not keep up a correspondence with his brothers and sisters. His wife's great love for her people had got in his way sometimes; for he was fond of having Nannie all to himself, with no outsiders present. And, now that she was gone, he had a feeling toward them which he had not analyzed; he liked to avoid seeing them.

At the post office he got a number of business letters, nothing that was personal. And, returning, he saw the old lady still out on the walk. She looked at him, over the broad shoulder of her son; and Ouderkirk perceived, with alarm, that she meant to speak to him. Perhaps she would ask him to dinner!

He was quite right as to Aunt Margaret's intention. Accommodating old lady that she was, she always yielded to her children in small matters; and as soon as ever their pressure was withdrawn, she would revert to her own opinions and plans. The daughter-in-law who did not wish her to ask Ouderkirk had now gone into the house.

But, fortunately for the banker, her son, also, had ideas of propriety. Seeing what the old lady had got into her head, he encircled her waist with his strong young arm. "Mother?" he exclaimed. And with decision—"*Mother!*" Why, Ouderkirk might think that he wanted money loaned to him, or a position in the new bank!

Thus was Aunt Margaret overruled. She merely smiled wistfully at her Nannie's husband, and let him go his way.

Ouderkirk was especially relieved because he had been hoping that after this walk in the fresh air he might get to sleep. He hadn't slept since Sunday night—and had been working hard every day; he was beginning to feel quite wretched.

IT was just six weeks since Nannie died, very suddenly—she was taken ill while he was away.

His nerves—stunned by the blow—were just beginning to recoil; that was why he was unable to sleep. He did not understand this, as he had never before been bereaved—that is, he had never really loved any one till Nannie came into his life, and then she slipped out of it.

Ouderkirk was not the sort of man to let go easily and give death place; he was stubborn and not young, he fought hard against giving Nannie up; and so the very roots of his life were torn away, and now he could never be the same man again.

He went down the avenue toward his home, passing deep hospitable doorways. Motor-cars whizzed by him. A young woman in furs, with chrysanthemums on her breast, bowed and smiled at him. But she caught sight of her father, in the old home doorday, and held up her child, bidding it wave its hand—and Ouderkirk, quite outside the feast, was left to go his way alone.

When he reached his home, he darkened a bedroom and lay down—but he could not sleep. A clock was going, somewhere. He wondered why he could not sleep; he thought it must be that his conscience was troubled. When he reflected on it, he could see that he had neglected Nannie. If he had done this—and this—she might not have died. It was his fault that he had lost her! He did not know that this accusing and tormenting was only a trick of a very weary mind, and of nerves that were beginning to return to sensitiveness after the blow. He did not know that people always see ways in which they might have done differently, and better. In an hour or so, he was feeling as if he had killed her. Yes—and he had showed his love so little. Doubtless she did not know that he loved her.

By and by, he sprang up and went down to the library. There was a lovely portrait of Nannie—a woman no longer young, with laughing-wrinkles and other sweet crows'-feet; and all over her face what we call "light"—knowing perfectly well it is not light, but something very different. Still, it would be hard to find a better word.

Ouderkirk knew by heart this light on Nannie's face. It was what he had loved, at his first glimpse of her, singing in church; and life, since then, had broken it up for him into its own spectrum of love, sorrow, joy, laughter, and hope.

The look of the pictured face was arch and amused, as if it were laughing at Ouderkirk. She was the only person who had ever dared laugh at him. He never laughed at himself; he took himself very seriously.

He could bear—he thought—to have her away; he could wait, to have her again. If only he could see her for five minutes, and tell her that he really did love her.

But he could not see her again, even for a moment; and it began to seem to him as if he would never sleep any more. He thought he would spend this day putting her music in order and looking over her papers—as if that would not assure his lying awake another night!

He was at this task when a maid came to say a lady wished to see him. Ouderkirk told her to say he was very busy.

But he guessed the lady was Aunt Margaret. Could he be curt with this old lady Nannie had loved? It was like hurting *her!*

He called the maid back, saying she might show the lady in.

WHEN Aunt Margaret appeared, she was breathless—conscious that she acted in flagrant disobedience to her daughter-in-law and her son. "I ran over the back way, in my apron"—she apologized.

"The back way," signified some four blocks of fashionable avenue; and Aunt Margaret had come in her apron because, if she had waited to dress, the children would have seen and interfered. She looked at Ouderkirk with bright, dark eyes—which were like Nannie's.

His fingers twitched, intermittently; he could not control them, and, to keep from betraying the state he was in, thrust them under the papers which littered his desk. He then smiled faintly at the lady, hoping she would take pity on him and go away.

Aunt Margaret looked about her. The familiar room reminded her of her darling, who used to sit there and sew. Her eyes ran over.

"I was thinking, Mr. Ouderkirk," she said eagerly, "it don't seem right,—you living so near,—that you shouldn't be with the family to-day!"

Ouderkirk's features twitched convulsively. She saw that he shrank from her, and hers immediately twisted into a deprecating smile. It was Nannie's very smile! She always had it when she had been doing something foolish—especially if she intended to persist in it.

"You are very kind," said Ouderkirk.

"Do come!" The bright dark eyes were again lifted.

"It was so good of you to think of me, Mrs. Lane; but——"

"You aren't going to say you can't come?" pleaded Nannie's aunt—and she looked so like Nannie that Ouderkirk's heart was set beating hard. "I want you so much!" she insisted. "It—it'll make my Thanksgiving seem right; it'll be like having——"

She skipped over the beloved name, dashing the tears away, with her finger-tips, and smiling. And the end of it was that Ouderkirk felt he might sacrifice himself to-day, for her sake, because Nannie had loved her. He got up and put on his top-coat.

When she had actually carried her point and got him home with her, Aunt Margaret was a bit frightened by the manifest disapproval of her family. None of them knew just what to do with their guest, so they put him down on a sofa, to talk to Uncle Luke.

Ouderkirk was glad of this arrangement. If it had been Aunt Margaret beside him, he would have found it hard to make her understand that she must not talk to him of Nannie.

While Uncle Luke talked politics, Ouderkirk's eyes strayed to Aunt Margaret, who was welcoming another flock of her grandchildren. Then he looked all about the room. They hadn't changed the furniture much, since he used to come there wooing Nannie.

UNCLE LUKE hunted around for a topic that would do for Ouderkirk. "How much money," he inquired, "does the counting-house here handle in one day?"

Ouderkirk said he didn't know, it varied. And just then some grandchildren came romping up. Ouderkirk took one of the little girls on his knee. Did all the family have those bright, dark eyes? No, only about half the grandchildren! It seemed to be a strain running through the Lane family, as well defined as the Japan current in the Pacific! It was something sweet—warm—heavenly.

Ouderkirk was really too ill to play with children; but the little Lanes took a fancy to him, and all came crowding about: the dark-eyed ones who looked like Nannie, and those others, with the blue eyes and long nose of Uncle Luke.

Now, these children wished to see the family Bible,—which they weren't allowed to touch, unless some grown person held it. They selected Ouderkirk for this duty. And he did not refuse. Since he had undertaken to be the stranger at the hearth, he meant—though he was very ill and weak—to play his part well.

So he showed the children picture after picture of Nannie: Nannie in copper-toed shoes, with braided pig-tails; Nannie with a diploma and bunch of roses; Nannie all dressed in white, for her wedding. He found the children very exhausting—but they did not know it. They plied him with merciless questions, they leaned on his knees with their soft elbows, they watched his face with their dark eyes aglow with laughter and imagination. And at last Aunt Margaret came and released him by calling them all to dinner

It was nearly dark when dinner was over. The daughters-in-law were washing the dishes. Ouderkirk found one of the little dark-eyed girls and took her on his lap. Then Aunt Margaret came and sat down beside him—and he feared she would talk of Nannie.

But she didn't. Her voice rippled on about her grandchildren. The little girl in Ouderkirk's arms had laid her head against his breast, and her fingers were twisting his watch-chain. The dishes rattled,

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in the kitchen; the boys were romping with Uncle Luke. There were now thick shadows in the room, and the base-burner sent a red glow along the shabby woolen carpet.

"I think," said Ouderkirk, "Nannie was very like you."

Aunt Margaret's eyes filled, as she smiled at him.

"You were with her, that last day." He stopped. He was thinking of his long ride, trying to get to her on a special train. And he remembered the three minutes, at Omaha, into which a whole lifetime was crowded. That was at Union Station—after he knew there was a telegram, and while he was waiting to be identified and receive it.

"Yes," said Aunt Margaret. "All that day she knew you was trying to get to her. As it was getting dark, we was talking about what time the train was due—and she heard us. 'You can't tell'—she said—'it'll be an extra train.' And her eyes sort of crinkled up, just like 'em; she didn't exactly smile, it was more like one of her laughs. 'He thinks a whole lot of me!' she said. 'More than anybody else does, more than you do, Aunty!' And then she was afraid she'd hurt me. 'You don't mind my putting him first?' she asked.

"And I don't, Mr. Ouderkirk. I don't want you to think, for a minute, I grudge you Nannie's best love! But all that day,—as I said,—she was thinking of you. She didn't know she was going to die—but she was awfully impatient, you know, to see you. The last words she said was to me: 'Aunty, you shouldn't have frightened him by sending word I was sick. But I'm awfully glad you did it! And I hope he's foolish enough to take a special—because I want him to-night.'

"I just *had* to have you to-day! For I felt sure she'd be wherever you was; and yet I think she'd want to be with us, too, and would be glad if we was together.

"For I do think, Mr. Ouderkirk,—no matter who says different!—she's never been far away from us since she left. That was just her life, while she was here—to be with them she loved! And she ain't so changed but what it's the same Nannie."

Here the old lady was called away; and Ouderkirk sat with the child on his arm—the little head sagged, and the little fingers relaxed on his watch-chain. He moved to make the sleeper comfortable.

In the room,—unseen, an impenetrable shadow about her,—was another. She smiled at Ouderkirk. He did not see her, and she did not make herself known, as she moved about the room.

All at once, he perceived Aunt Margaret had returned and stood beside him. He had not seen her come; he had been asleep!

So he hurried away—home, to recapture that sleep. He threw himself on a couch in his library. A clock was ticking noisily.

But they had forgotten to wind it. It stopped, leaving a very grateful hush. It was dark in the room.

Then came a kindly cloud, veiling that glare of consciousness that had continued so long. It passed quickly; he was again broad awake—and he feared he wasn't going to sleep, after all.

Returning, the pleasant cloud enveloped every sense, muffling his very spirit. He was in deep sleep.

AS he walked down to the bank, next morning, he saw Aunt Margaret out sweeping her front walk.

Well—should he tell her what she had done for him? It almost seemed to him, now, as if he had been invited to her home to meet Nannie, and had actually seen and talked with Nannie there! But he did not like to talk of this.

"It's a beautiful morning!" he remarked as he paused. And the old lady came down the walk.

Her face had its peculiar light of yesterday. Of course it would not keep this, for she would have petty, earthly cares—her bread, the washing and ironing which was a bit too heavy for her failing strength, the tradesmen's bills coming in the last of every month. Her house, likewise, would be put to a common use, not like the day before, and would lose its festive look—Ouderkirk would not care to see it every day.

"I don't believe I thanked you for your hospitality yesterday," he said as he shook her hand. "But you can't think how I enjoyed it—Aunt Margaret!"

Then he went his way. The smoke of the day was rising, it was not a holiday city any longer. In all the homes, strangers who had been about the hearth the day before withdrew into their silence, out of the bustle with which the world pursues its work.

Aunt Margaret followed Ouderkirk's figure with her eyes—leaned on her broom, and mused. She was seventy-three. Another Thanksgiving day,—she was thinking,—the little old house might be empty or let to strangers. She herself might be an unseen guest at the hearth where her own people should gather and talk t[illegible]

A COLORADO PRISON REFORMER

(Continued from page 19)

days of personal observation with a veritable levee in his private office. The prisoners understand that this is the day to lay their requests before the warden, and they are brought in, one by one, to "make their spiel" to the boyish, freshly groomed chap at the dig desk. Some of the convicts are brusque in their demands, and others are studiously polite; but each man is accepted for what he is. It is not what he says, so much as the message conveyed by his personality, that determines the answers.

Perhaps the subservient convict has his honeyed request turned down, while the burly and swaggering "lifer," who has couched his demands in no gentle language and who insisted on a "square deal," is sent out next day with a gang of trusties to get his coveted breath of fresh air and coat of sunburn.

Most of the convicts who are released on parole are from the convict camps or ranches; the best-behaved prisoners are trusted with the confidence of the warden, and it works in a circle and makes them more trustworthy.

The Warden's Sunday Receptions

THROUGH the once-a-week receptions, when convict and warden meet as man to man, Warden Tynan becomes acquainted with many of the things that are transpiring beneath the apparently quiet surface of penitentiary life. A youthful convict, who shall be called Joe, had applied for work with the road trusties, but the warden had been suspicious that all was not as it should be with the young fellow.

"You're a Catholic, Joe, and yet you haven't been attending chapel services," said Tynan shrewdly. "I can't trust you until you trust me far enough to tell me what is the matter. There must be something black on your mind to make you turn away from your religion."

A few days later, while the writer of this article was in conversation with Warden Tynan, Joe sent word that he had something to say. Without delay he was brought in—a tall, slim, blue-eyed young fellow. In a low, steady voice he told how, a few weeks before, he had learned that the man who had been instrumental in his own conviction had committed a felony and would soon arrive in the penitentiary. Then Joe told how he had rejoiced, and how he had made a knife, intending to kill his enemy at the first opportunity when they met inside the penitentiary walls.

"But," said Joe, "since that day you had your first talk with me, and showed me that you would trust me if I earned your trust, I have been struggling with myself. I have broken the knife and thrown it away, and have abandoned the murderous thoughts that had taken possession of me. Now I can meet my enemy face to face without desiring to take his life."

Minutely Joe described how and where he had hidden the knife in the penitentiary yard. The warden despatched an attendant, and in a few minutes the knife was brought in—a keen, long-bladed affair that had been wrought from a table knife.

"All right, Joe," said Tynan, looking at the broken knife on the table—symbol of a broken rebellion. "It's off your mind now, and I trust you. You'll be given work with the road gang at the first opportunity."

When Joe had gone, the warden brought another knife, and laid it beside Joe's broken weapon, while he told us how it had been turned in by a convict who had intended to kill a brutal captain. Tynan had discharged this captain for brutality soon after coming to the warden's post, whereupon the convict had turned in this knife.

The captain's conduct had become unendurable, and the convict had wrought the weapon and kept it concealed for months, waiting for an opportunity to stab the official. Tynan's quick discharge of the brutal captain had prevented a murder within the penitentiary walls, and the convict, with a maddening weight lifted from his mind, had ceased to brood in solitary contemplement, had turned in his knife, made a confession, and was soon out with the road trusties in the freedom of the hills.

Ranches Worked by Convicts

HIS penitentiary ranches occupy an honored place with his road camps in Warden Tynan's heart. He had not been in office a week before he began leasing ranches in the vicinity of Cañon City. Last year he leased seven hundred acres "on shares." From these ranches he made a profit of $12,000 for the State, besides supplying the prison with all needed fruit and vegetables. He stored one hundred barrels of sauerkraut, one hundred barrels of vinegar, fifty barrels of apple butter, and alfalfa enough to feed all the horses used in the prison teaming.

There are four penitentiary ranches, all within easy motoring distance of Cañon City. They are located in the upper end of the Arkansas Valley, which has long been famous for the diversity of its agriculture. When Warden Tynan visits these ranches, he does so unarmed, and with no companion but his chauffeur or a chance visitor.

When the writer visited Ranch No. 4, in company with the warden, the automobile stopped at the ranch gate, and Tynan called to a tall, dark-eyed trusty who was working on an irrigating-ditch.

"Lew," said the warden, "why haven't you got on a khaki suit? Those old blue flannel suits are too hot and heavy for this kind of work."

Then the convict, with one hand on the auto door, explained that he had not secured his khaki suit from the laundry and had fallen back on the old blue flannels. As he talked, the man's head was erect and his eyes looked straight into the warden's. There was nothing of the hang-dog attitude. Evidently he was a man interested in his work and in life—one who did not find time dragging on his hands. He moved briskly, and, as the automobile sped into the yard, he was back at his ditch. Yet he was a "lifer," as the warden explained, in jail for murder, and with no chance of escaping from bondage—unless he chose to break his word to the friendly man in the automobile.

The "Goats" that Are Past Reform

"WE try to keep the spark of manhood alive in the men," said the warden. "Most of the criminals here are fellows who have committed some crime on impulse, or owing to booze or drugs. The tramps and hoboes are the ones that give us the real trouble. It is hard to get under the skin of such men. Perhaps somebody else can. I'll not say they are past reform—only they are past me. They are the goats that I distinguish from the sheep, and they need a strong restraining hand."

Then, as the automobile stopped and purred in front of one of the comfortable-looking ranch houses that line the valley of the Arkansas, Tynan stepped to the door. It was noon, and nobody was stirring in the fields of alfalfa back of the house. From the dwelling itself came the smell of a good dinner and the rattle of dishes. Tynan stepped into the dining-room, where the convict farmers were at their meal—more than a dozen sunburned fellows, clad in the regulation khaki and looking as if they were glad to be alive.

"Well, well, you fellows are living high," said Tynan jokingly, as his eye swept across the table. "Strawberry short-cake, eh? Well, don't founder yourselves. There's lots of work to be done on the ranch yet before the alfalfa is all stacked."

Accompanied by the ranch manager, Tynan walked toward one of the alfalfa fields, where the black backs of several dozen pigs could be seen weaving in and out amid the blossoming fields of green and purple.

"That's right—let those pigs feed in the alfalfa awhile," said the warden approvingly. "It saves the work of cutting it—and there's nothing like alfalfa to fatten pigs.

"Say, you ought to see the fine lot of pigs we've got at the penitentiary breeding-pens," he added, with a chuckle of satisfaction. "Pigs turn into money about as fast as anything you can imagine. We cleared five thousand dollars for the State last year on pigs alone, and this year we'll double the amount. There's only one trouble—we haven't got half enough acreage to do ourselves justice. I want the State to buy or lease about twelve hundred acres, and then we can go ahead in scientific fashion, without having to divide with small landowners,

"There's big money in lots of crops. Celery, for instance, can be made to yield a thousand dollars an acre out here. Then there's sugar-beets. We've got thirty acres of beets now that we'll sell for five dollars a ton, and fifteen acres of stock beets from which we'll silo five hundred tons of feed. I could make the State of Colorado one hundred thousand dollars during the biennial period from such a ranch.

"You see, the labor's the great thing. You'd be surprised to learn how many men there are in the penitentiary who have a practical knowledge of farm life. There's no trouble with such hired men quitting in the midst of a harvest season. You always know where to find plenty of help right when you need it—and that's the biggest difficulty of farm life removed right at the start.

"If the Colorado legislature will only secure the acreage, the penitentiary can be made a paying institution. Not alone that, but what's the use of Colorado paying retail prices for coal to use in its institutions, when the State owns some of the finest coal land in the world? This coal is on school land, and some of it is within a few miles of the penitentiary. What I want to do is to get the right to mine our coal from that land. That would save one of the biggest items of expense we have."

The big machine was cranked up again, and there was a dash through the cottonwoods that line the Arkansas bottom, and another convict ranch was visited. Here the warden inspected a fine lot of hogs, glanced approvingly at steadily growing stacks of alfalfa, played awhile with some bull-terrier puppies that were brought forward for exhibition by two trusties employed on the ranch, and then, after a few words of instruction to the ranch manager, the human dynamo was whirling once more toward his desk at the penitentiary office.

Keeping in Touch with Nine Hundred Paroled Prisoners

SCARCELY had Warden Tynan seated himself to take up some matters of routine when the telephone rang, and a Salida business man called up with a request for a certain paroled prisoner who had been in his employ and whose services were desired again. The warden made inquiry, and learned that the paroled man was at work in Saratoga, Wyoming, and, according to his last letter written to the prison authorities, intended to stay there. After promising the Salida citizen that he would try to find another paroled prisoner as good as the one in question, Tynan said reflectively:

"We've got nine hundred paroled prisoners that we look after all the time. I try to keep in touch with all the men, even after they leave this place. Most of 'em are doing well, too—just like this chap the Salida man was after. You ought to see some of the letters I get every day from the fellows who are on the outside and who are making their way back to respectability! Those are the things that encourage a fellow on this job, and keep him plugging on with his work in spite of its disappointments."

In such fashion are "Tom" Tynan's days put in at the Colorado State Penitentiary, and he who follows the young traveling salesman "on the job" must realize how thoroughly the man's heart is in his work. Mornings at the road camps, afternoons at the penitentiary ranches, evenings spent in drudgery at the office, and Sundays devoted to hearing the complaints and requests of his "boys"—such are the working days of this man who has come near to solving the world-old problem of the criminal. No detail is too small to escape those roving blue eyes.

This is shown in a thousand improvements in the penitentiary. The old stone flags that had served for walks in the penitentiary yard were soon thrown out by the new warden. "Cement pays for itself in brooms," said Tynan briefly. Nor were the old flags wasted, for they were hauled up to the hog-pens under the shadow of the stone quarry, and were utilized in making up-to-date breeding-pens and dipping-pens for the ever-increasing droves of swine which are bringing a steady stream of gold into the coffers of the State of Colorado.

Saving Money for the Tax-Payer

FROM some dusty recess an old incubator was dragged by the new warden. "Good," said Tynan. "Get it to working." To-day there are broods of fancy chickens running about the penitentiary yards, and the warden is planning more incubators and a steady return from poultry sales after the chickens have been supplied the penitentiary.

When Tynan took charge, stone was being hauled from the quarry by teams. The new warden built a railway to the quarry, and now the stone is run down in flat cars to a tipple, whence it is loaded for shipment; and the four teams are doing the ranch work. The coal for penitentiary use, which was unloaded outside, was wheeled in barrows around the wall into the furnace-room. Tynan had a hole cut in the wall, and a chute constructed, and the men who were working at the wheelbarrows are now out in the road camps or out on the ranches.

One of the convict ranches is used for a market-garden. As the writer loitered about the penitentiary yard in company with a steward, one of the market-gardeners came in for instructions regarding the disposal of several crates of strawberries. The man was sunburned, like most of the other trusties, and, as he talked to the steward, he looked like a swarthy huckster right off a city vegetable wagon.

"Sure, that's Sam So-and-So," said the steward, in answer to a query, after the gardener had gone. "He's the Denver detective that was sent up here for a saloon murder a few years ago. He's one of the best men we've got—a long-timer, too,

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PENNSTATE

but earning a lot of time off for good behavior and hard work."

The legislature had appropriated eight thousand dollars for the construction of an artificial ice plant. Tynan sent a few trusties into the mountains near by and dammed a small stream, forming a lake, from which he took enough natural ice to fill the penitentiary ice-house. The eight thousand dollar appropriation was saved entire.

A new hospital was needed, and it was estimated that eighty thousand dollars would be required to build it. To-day the new hospital is completed, and it is regarded as the finest prison hospital in the country. It cost fifteen thousand dollars instead of eighty thousand dollars. Tynan searched among his "boys" for stone-masons, carpenters, plumbers, and plasterers, and the labor on the new buildings cost little.

It is through these material means that Warden Tynan has been able to accomplish higher reforms in changing the convicted criminal's attitude toward society. He began with the things that appealed most to his business sense. He found that the higher things followed of their own accord. The practical side of his work is shown in the fact that, though he found forty thousand dollars of his appropriation used when he took office, he will turn back to the Colorado State treasury, at the end of his two years of service, about fifty thousand dollars in cash, besides carrying out the improvements that have been noted.

Practical and Ethical Sides of the Work

THE practical side of Tynan's work is shown in the fact that in road-building alone the convicts have saved the State of Colorado more than three fifths of the biennial appropriation for prison maintenance. The appropriation for the biennial period is $250,000. It is estimated that the road work done by the convicts under Tynan would have cost $212,160 if done by free labor under contract. Deducting the actual cost of the convict labor to the State, most of which would have to be borne anyway, even if the men were maintained in prison instead of in the road camps, there remains a total profit of $155,460 to the State from the road work alone. The prisoners earned $38,125 on the ranches, in the quarries, etc. They constructed permanent improvements in the penitentiary at a saving of $106,746 over free labor. In the material used in these prison improvements, the convicts saved $16,890. This makes a total of $317,221 saved to the State of Colorado by its convicts—nearly $70,000 more than the biennial appropriation for prison maintenance. The per capita earning power of the convicts has been brought up to seventy cents per day—and that without interfering with free labor and without calling on half the available working strength of the institution. In addition, Warden Tynan turned in a cash surplus of $25,000.

As to the ethical side of "Tom" Tynan's work, its value can only be guessed from the appearance of the trusties, some of whom work hundreds of miles from the hated atmosphere of the penitentiary, free men. It can only be guessed from the evident enjoyment with which the convicts on the ranches fling themselves into their work in the clear Colorado sunshine, every move showing how delighted the men are to be in the open. It can only be guessed by the rousing of the sodden "lifer" to new interest in life, through the realization that some one is willing to trust him. There are few sullen intractables in the Colorado State Penitentiary. The prison barbers are not often called upon to shave the head of some recalcitrant—that and the donning of the hated stripes being the usual punishment for infraction of the prison rules.

The Power of Kindness

WARDEN TYNAN does not claim to have made any revolutionary discoveries in the realm of criminology. He has simply "trusted his trusties" further than any convicted men have ever been trusted before, and has proved that unlimited faith in such men need not be backed by leg-irons and loaded rifles. He has based all his calculations upon the tractability of the individual—the willingness of the average person to "do the right thing." On this foundation rests all the warden's dreams of immense farms conducted by convict labor, and miles of superb highway built by the unfettered hands of men who have become the wards of the State. Every plan has been dependent on the power of kindness and trust over the so-called outcast.

The number of times Warden Tynan has been "thrown down" is so small as to be not worth considering. The practical results he has achieved have brought a flood of inquiries from criminologists in all parts of the world, who want to know why and how such things are being accomplished in Colorado.

Frankly, "Tom" Tynan will tell you that he can not afford to stay in his present position. He will tell you that he intends to get out because he can make more money in business for himself. But first he wants to see the Colorado legislature give him some assurance that the work he has started at Cañon City will keep on growing, and that it will not be subject to the blight and drought of political circumstance. He wants permanent ranches purchased or leased, and permanent road gangs made a certainty. He wants to see penitentiary alfalfa fields, orchards, and stock ranches. He wants to see coal mined for State institutions by penitentiary men. And, above all, he wants to be assured that his "boys" are going to be trusted "to the limit," and that they are not going to drift back into the old days of idleness and despair that merely make them confirmed enemies of mankind.

If the young warden succeeds in working out all his plans of permanency, it will not be the first time that a practical, hard-headed business man has wrought actual reforms where theorists have failed absolutely. The traveling man who was not satisfied to leave the hard grind of the "road," and settle himself lazily in the political sinecure that was held open to him, seems to be in a fair way to strip the so-called science of criminology of its pretense and show that the criminal does not offer such a deep problem, after all. A little more of the Tynan shrewdness in judging human nature and in applying human hands to human needs, and the world will cease to echo the plaint voiced by the plump landlady with the scapegrace nephew in H. G. Wells' novel, "Mr. Polly":

"It's all right if you haven't been to prison. It isn't what a man happened to do that makes him bad. We all happen to do things at times. It's bringing it home to him, and spoiling his self-respect, that does the mischief."

A LOST QUIXOTE

(Continued from page 17)

"All yours," said Mr. Sharp calmly. "This is my off day. Too hot to play. Serves me right."

He waddled to his safe, hidden behind the bar. With an unhappy grunt, he stooped and brought forth a large roll of bills, many of which had yellow backs.

"There's your twenty-two hundred," he said in a moment, placing the roll on the bar. "You better count it yourself, to make sure. You see, I ain't—" He stopped, for he had caught sight of the boy's face.

WITH young Bill Stubbs the weird suspicion of a moment before had become a bitter reality. He laughed—a harsh, unnatural laugh. His hand shook as he pushed the bills back toward Mr. Sharp.

"It's not your money she wants!" he cried. "It's not your money she watches for each night on that train from the West. It's you!"

Mr. Sharp turned a startled gaze on the boy.

"What d'ye mean?" he asked roughly.

"I'm no fool," the boy answered. "I know well enough no man walks away from here with twenty-two hundred of your money unless you want him to have it. I'm no fool—I can see all this pretty plain. You gave me this money—gave it to me! Yes; it's a little gift from Henry Stubbs—a little gift from father!"

"What are you talking about?" whined Benny Sharp. "The wheel's straight. You won the money. You're crazy! What are you talking about?"

"God knows, there's little enough of the Henry Stubbs she told me of in you," broke in the boy. "I don't see the keen eyes—nor the black hair. I don't see the handsome face. I don't hear the talk out of books. I've got nothing to go by—nothing—except twenty-two hundred dollars you've made me a present of. And that's enough, I guess."

"You run for your train," urged Mr. Sharp. "You got just five minutes to catch——"

"Don't fool yourself," the boy interrupted, "I'm not catching trains just now. I think you're Henry Stubbs, and I'm not leaving Kiowa Junction till I get the truth."

"You're a young fool," Sharp expostulated. "I ain't your dad. All this is a joke, if we just had time to laugh. But we ain't—you got a train to catch. I ain't your father. Do I look like a dreamy-eyed wanderer from Indiana to you?"

"I should say not!" answered the boy. "No, I don't see it myself. But tell me one thing: who else besides Henry Stubbs would want to make me a present of twenty-two hundred dollars? Tell me that, if you can."

MR. SHARP stood for a moment; then suddenly he snatched the roll of bills from the bar and thrust it into the hands of the boy.

"I'll tell you!" he cried, his words rushing out in a torrent. "I'll tell you, and then you hike for that train. There's one other man besides Henry Stubbs might want to give you money. How about Harding? How about Harding—the dog who stole from your dad the money he'd sweat blood for—who stopped him from keeping his honest promise to go back to the woman he loved—who started him on the road to—to his death? Don't stare at me like that. You got a train to catch, boy. Go back to her. Stubbs is dead—he died in the Yukon. Hurry. Go back——"

THE train was whistling over the desert, and the agent had started up the track with his flag as Sharp pushed the bewildered boy down the steps. For a second the young man stood gazing at him, and then, without a word, he turned and ran toward the station. Sharp stood watching him as he snatched the old carpet-bag from the platform and swung safely aboard the train. He remained watching until the great black snake had crawled far out into the desert's blaze.

Then he returned to the bar-room, a half-smile on his mottled face, and roughly shook Doc Haywood.

"Wake up, Doc!" he shouted. "Wake up and have a drink."

Mr. Haywood, having quickly digested this invitation, stood instantly at attention before the bar. Mr. Sharp hastened behind it, and then stood for a moment, facing the three bottles with an unusually serious face.

"Brandy, rum, or gin?" He turned to Haywood. "Which windmill shall we tackle, Sancho? They always put us down and out. They always throw us. And we always come back for another scrap. Which shall it be?"

"What the hell?" began the uncomprehending Haywood.

"Don't mind me," said Sharp. "I'm wandering, Doc; I've got a bum spear and a white horse—I can hear the thud of his hoofs in the dust."

He laughed.

"I've got 'em again," he muttered.

And he passed his hand quickly before his eyes, as a man who brushes strange dreams away.



Symbols of Protection

Ancient Egyptians carved over their doorways and upon their temple walls the symbol of supernatural protection; a winged disk. It typified the light and power of the sun, brought down from on high by the wings of a bird.



Mediæval Europe, in a more practical manner, sought protection behind the solid masonry of castle walls.

In America we have approached the ideal of the Egyptians. Franklin drew electricity from the clouds and Bell harnessed it to the telephone.

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THE WARD OF THE "MULLIN RUDGE"

(Continued from page 9)

Lord I could afford to be good and pokey; 'twould suit me first rate."

"Lord! if I could afford it, Birdie, there ain't no eccentricity of behavior on your part I wouldn't stand for——"

"You treat too much, Jimmy; treatin' 'em when they're broke, to keep up spirits they ain't entitled to, 's foolishness."

Meantime, the ladies associated with Birdie in the Terpsichorean arts and graces of the dance-hall took another view of her case. They felt, not without pangs of envy, that she had forestalled them with a very winning pose—her foster-motherhood was unquestionably becoming. Duty playing a conspicuous part in their stern inquiry of, "What kind of a person is she to bring up a child?"—there were not wanting volunteers pledged to the disagreeable task of putting the question to old Martin. But these neighborly schemes were thwarted by his continued absence in the hills.

THE furies, however, were not lacking in an opportunity of catching up with Birdie. She had put Absalom to bed as usual one evening, and went to her own quarters to change to the merry livery of red and gold in which she was accustomed to dance. Money was freer in town that night than it had been in a long while. "Scotch Campbell" had sold his sheep and was returning to his native heather, and Town was free to drink to his health.

Past midnight, the din-achieving specialties in the matter of orchestration awakened Absalom, the noisy darkness frightening him. He cried softly and plaintively at first, louder and louder as his fear increased and no one came. Terror drove him, finally, still calling, "Mary! Mary!" toward the clamor below.

At the general invitation of the room, his patroness was whirling through the intricacies of a mad jig on a table bearing a generous supply of glasses and bottles; this was her specialty—to dance with the lightness of thistle-down on a full table and never break a glass. This evening her inspiration was such as to make even the blasé patrons of Mr. Balch's temple of the muses display an unwonted interest. The men cheered and pounded a rude accompaniment to the mad rhythm, the women clapped their hands, the lamps flamed with the jolting, as the figure in red danced and spun through the thickening clouds of tobacco smoke—and in the doorway stood the little boy in white, with tear-stained face and crumpled yellow hair, calling lustily: "Mary, Mary! Where are you, Mary?"

And the girl, hearing, seeing, realizing what his finding her like this would mean, cleared the table with a bound, and ran and crouched behind the bar.

"Here she is, you pore, neglected little thing." And the lady with the long teeth took the child by the hand and led him to where his friend had taken refuge.

The crouching figure in red, with hate-distorted face, clapped a hand to her mouth, that chattered with the restrained flood of invective at the other woman's treachery—even then she remembered the boy. But the boy backed off; the wild creature at bay bore no resemblance to the dear Mary who sang him to sleep. Then Balch and Skidmore took a hand at straightening things out, offering Absalom the esteemed gift of their six-shooters to play with. Such toys were not for every day, but in an emergency like this.

"Now, Ab," said Jimmy Balch, a few minutes later, "I shouldn't wonder, if you was to cling to my back and I was to lope like a bronco up to your room, that we mightn't find your Mary there, a-wonderin' whatever did become of her little boy."

Some fifteen minutes later, when Birdie interrupted Mr. Balch's account of how he had once been chased by a mountain lion and his assertion that fear was not wholly incompatible with true manliness, she was dressed as Absalom was accustomed to seeing her, and that night Mr. Balch's broad-gage hospitality was not further graced by her presence.

THAT year winter closed in on Town earlier than usual. Those who had long lived there recognized the dismal foreshadowings—the wolf howl in the wind, the cold yellow light that made a pale nimbus about the horizon and stayed there after night had fallen; and at times the sky was overshadowed with flocks of birds winging their way from the great northwest toward Mexico. The stage left no passengers now; all who could left Town, as the "boom" had left it, to its fate. Absalom's friends were beginning to be genuinely concerned about the boy's father, who had been away now for nearly three weeks; and the white fields on the mountain-tops were beginning to merge into one dazzling mass.

The sentiment of Town was growing steadily in favor of organizing an expedition and starting in search of Martin immediately. The boy had no fears about his father's long absence. At six we are prone to be hopeful; the taming influences of life have not begun to undermine our sublime confidence in all things; and Absalom was confident of his father's return, and of the shoes that would be mended and the overcoats bought and the white mice that he was going to ask for on his own account. But the relief expedition finally started, the boy waving after them till they dwindled to toy men and toy horses on the hill trail. He felt very happy and proud of his father, that the leading citizens should go out to fetch him home in triumph because he had found the mine that no one else could find; and not one among them had the courage to warn the child of what he feared.

When they did come, ten days later, it was, mercifully, at night, when the boy was sleeping soundly, with no thought of the old man they had found stark in the snow, grasping a bit of splintered rock with a sparkle of mica glittering along the edge. Day broke pitilessly clear next morning. The unwashed windows of the Mullin Rudge shone in all their frank disregard of soap and water, and presently awakened the bachelor of six as bereft of kith or kin as the first man. He sat up and rubbed his eyes with his knuckles; two somersaults brought him to Mary, who had been waiting beside his bed since the men returned with the body. She held him so tight that he protested: "Bears' hugs ain't no fair, when you ain't playing bears." She held him more gently, kissing the tousled thatch of yellow hair; then she told him, as well as she could.

He was no stranger to death; he remembered the passing of the kindly old aunt whose home had been the only one he had known. And his father had talked to him of death many times as they trudged together the country roads and sometimes met funerals winding along to lonely church-yards. So he asked no childish questions, but sat very straight in Birdie's lap, with his face turned toward the window where he had waited for his father so often. He did not cry, but once or twice he sighed—"as old as if he was fifty," Birdie said, in telling of it later; and all that day he was very white and still. As expressions of sympathy, Absalom could have taken his pick from any revolver in town that day—they were all offered; so were cartridge-belts, so were bowie-knives. But, remembering his father had never cared about his playing with toys of this type, he took a mournful sort of pride in respecting his wishes and declining the only thing that would have comforted him.

THE day after the funeral, Town awakened to find itself a sort of collective parent. The new honor, while it did not fail to swell the municipal chest, weighed heavily upon the municipal conscience. They had a boy to bring up—a boy of six; and it was "up to them" to turn him into a creditable citizen; they had a feeling that the eyes of the world were upon them. Only two hundred dollars of the legacy that had financed the Lost Shoshone expedition remained in bank, the rest of the thousand having dropped down the mythical shaft of the mine. But it was not the material needs of their young charge that weighed so heavily upon them—that was comparatively simple. They would "make up a pot" and continue to board him at the Mullin Rudge, where he would be under the gastronomic censorship of the head waiter. Town meant to be a good parent and not over-indulge its quaintly fathered offspring. It was the moral responsibility—though it did not call it that—that made it draw a long, anxious breath.

Mary's devotion to the child was unquestioned, but her way of life was hardly compatible with the best maternal standards. They considered making up a purse that would enable her to retire from the dance-hall; but that would have been construed as a reflection on the other ladies who danced there, and Town had no deliberate intention of undertaking a moral crusade.

There were many meetings called at night after the child was asleep, and Mr. Balch finally voiced the sentiments of the community when he said: "We have in our midst an orphun, ladies and gents—an orphun to whom we are all deeply attached by sincere though unnatural ties. We'd like to equip this orphun with a home such as is considered the backbone o' this yere nation, except for circumstances over which we have no control—mainly, that there ain't no family life in this yere community worth mentionin'—or nearer, indeed, than in our sister State of Utah, where it do prevail to an extent that may be regarded as excessive. In place of the family life with which we would like to enrich our young friend, let me say we are doing our best when we place at his disposal the room he has heretofore occupied in the Mullin Rudge, that select hotel for gentlemen only. A subscription will be raised annually to clothe and grub him, and the ways, means, and management left to that ornament of this yere community, Miss Birdie St. Clair."

BIRDIE—or Mary, as Absalom always called her—took her new responsibilities in no casual spirit. She was extremely particular about the boy's manners, and one of her maxims was: "Always take off your hat to a lady, whether she is one or not." Then she would go on to say: "It don't do her no harm, and the more hat-tipping you do, the less chance of your getting bald."

Absalom reflected: "I shouldn't like to be bald, but I'd love to have a razor."

"No, there ain't over much style to beards," Birdie admitted.

"God's got a beard; I saw his likeness in Aunt Chrissy's Bible."

"I was thinking of sheep- and cattlemen." Mary amended apologetically.

"But, Mary, if God wears a beard, would it be more like him to wear one, too? I could just keep my razor to play with."

When questions were too much for his friend, as in the present instance, she always sent him to study his tables. In the meantime she sewed, patched, and darned, and the result was that Absalom cut as whole a figure as was well for a boy of his years.

Birdie had commissioned several of the leading citizens to bring her a catechism from Landor the next time they went there. The errand, for some reason or other, remained unexecuted, and Birdie's rebuke was bitter and personal:

"Didn't I tell the whole blamed outfit of you to get me a catechism? How do you want that boy to grow up—like yourselves? How's he going to know who made him, or who bossed the ark, or wrote the thirteen commandments?" They did not wait for her to finish; they were spurring toward Landor in quest of catechisms before she was half finished with her diatribe.

She was inexorable in the teaching of it, when it arrived. She wouldn't accept a synonym in recitation—she would have her pound of dogma every time. The boy wore out three copies of the "Westminster Question Book" and two scripture histories. At six he could relate the story of Belshazzar's feast with the zeal of a reformer, he could tell the fate of Lot's wife, and he knew how many shekels of silver Abraham paid for Sarah's tomb.

"The Professor," a Town derelict who it was alleged had once taught in a high school, instructed him in history, geography, and the usages of the pocket-handkerchief. He learned to read by spelling the patent medicine signs in the general store window; and whenever the town was billed for a new entertainment, Absalom and the Professor might be seen in front of the bill-board, spelling their way through a lurid menu.

And the miracle of it was that the boy prospered—the spirit of that stranded community of failure quickened in him and bore fruit.

BUT Birdie, watching with eyes that grew keener as time went on, began to realize that, if they would keep their little boy, they must give him up.

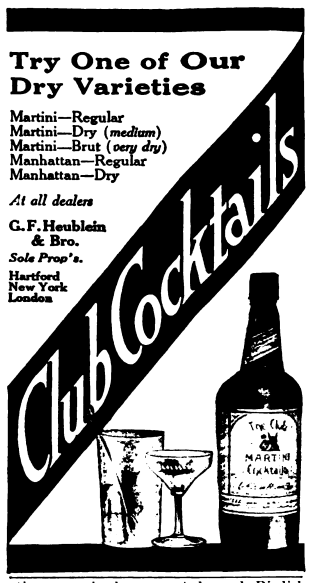
"See here," she said one day to the long-suffering Balch, in hearty, businesslike tones she was far from feeling, "it's high time you soaks went down in your pockets and pulled enough money to send Absalom to boarding-school. It'll cost four hundred dollars a year, and it's no tin-horn establishment, either. Ab's going to be a gentleman to the bone—manners and principles warranted not to crack, stain, nor change color. While the rest of you have been sitting round spitting at the stove, I've been writing to a clergyman that's got a school on the Hudson—seen all about it in a magazine. As for Birdie, she's going to reform."

"Now, Birdie, don't do anything hasty. As for Ab's going to school, we may have spit at the stove,—I ain't denyin' of it.—but we've been conscious of the obligations of our joint fatherhood, just the same. There's a thousand dollars to Ab's credit in the bank, and the reason we ain't spoke sooner is that we ain't had the heart to take the kid from you."

She dabbed her streaming eyes with the handkerchief that, as usual, smelled offensively of scent. "Well, Birdie has got some distance to travel before she can go on mothering him. It was all right as long as he didn't need anything but his stockings darned, his nose wiped, and his Saturday night bath; but he's got to go to school now, and I got to learn, too. I've got two hundred dollars of my own——"

"Lord, Birdie, ain't you got no more'n that, hard as you've danced?"

"No, I ain't. I've been a lady—I always took my commission on drinks, but I never did a flim-flam with change when a man had taken too much. But, lady or no lady, I've quit all that. When Ab goes to school, I'm going with him to show he has friends; then I'm going to New York and get a straight job. I've been in a store, and in a factory, and I've sewed by



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PENN STATE

the day—so I guess I won't starve. Perhaps when he comes out of school I shall have a little put by, and he can get work, and we'll have a little flat somewheres. I ain't sure, but I'm going to try and—perhaps——"

Over the heavy countenance of the fard-dealer an expression flitted that for a moment gave dignity to the sodden face. He took Birdie's hand in his. "I ain't half good enough for you, old girl, even if I could get out o' debt; but I'm going to keep on tryin'. In the meantime, here's luck—luck to you and the kid."

Catching Snakes for Their Venom

A SINGULAR calling is that of hunting venomous snakes for the purpose of obtaining the oil or the venom that is, to some extent, used in medicine. The calling is pursued here as well as abroad, but it is in France that it has been most skilfully and successfully practised.

In the United States most snake-hunters are armed with a stout stick having at one end a small fork of iron. When, say, a rattlesnake has been found—and these hunters find snakes where no one else would suspect the reptiles' existence—the metal fork is quickly thrust astride it, and the snake is a captive.

One of the best known of snake-catchers in France is a man whose exploits have received official mention. He lives at Puy, in southern France, and his prey is the viper, a venomous little reptile which, in various forms, infests nearly the whole of Europe. It is especially abundant in the Mediterranean countries, as it was in the days of St. Paul, who has left us an account of his encounter with a viper on the island of Malta. A bounty is offered in France for the destruction of vipers, and it is to obtain this bounty that the man referred to carries on his trade. In seven years, and in a single department or province, this expert is set down in the records as having killed 9,175 vipers. This man is said to know nothing of the art of the snake-charmer. He kills his vipers when he takes them, and uses them for no other purpose than to get the bounty on them, and occasionally to skin them and tan the hide in order to make garments of the leather.

Wearing high boots and bearing two clubs provided with forks such as those already mentioned, the Frenchman proceeds on a hunt for vipers. He discerns them where the uninitiated can see no living thing. His success is due, not to any trick, but to the exceeding sharpness of his sight, which detects a viper instantly, if any part of its body is visible, and to his knowledge of the habits and haunts of the reptile.

One of the most wonderful of snake-catchers was a low-bred Mohammedan employed by a German chemist, who, some time ago, was conducting experiments with reference to the production from the venom of serpents of an antitoxic serum that should serve as an antidote to snake-poisoning. The German arranged that the venom which he was to use should be collected for him at Delhi from the fangs of living snakes—about a hundred a week—and forwarded to him in weekly instalments.

The Indian employed to catch these creatures and to extract their venom was one of a long line of snake-catchers, his father and grandfather having followed the same trade.

The only weapon of the man selected to aid the savant in his experiments was a stick two feet long, with an iron hook at the end. He went lightly clad and barefooted. He used his naked hand to catch the snakes by the tail or back of the neck, after jerking them from their hiding-places with his hook. Of the four species of poisonous snakes with which this man had to deal, the cobra, the kerait, and two kinds of viper, he used most caution with one of the vipers, because it is swift in its movements and irritable in temper. He would allow a cobra to strike directly at his hand, sure that he could whip it away just before the fangs could touch, but he did not take such liberties with the lightning-like little viper.

This snake-catcher pretended to no magic or peculiar influence over the serpents; and he was in no sense a showman. Yet he would from time to time perform startling tricks with them to amuse his friends. On one occasion, it is reported, he caused to run cold the blood of his spectators by this proceeding: He took a large black cobra by the neck and pointed its head toward his open mouth. Now, the first inclination of these snakes is to crawl quietly out of sight into the first aperture they perceive. So the cobra began to crawl into the snake-catcher's mouth. Carefully awaiting the proper moment, the latter suddenly closed his teeth firmly upon the cobra's head. The latter immediately and violently resented this proceeding; but it was powerless for harm, since it could only wriggle its body desperately while the man retained a firm grip of the head with his teeth. After a few seconds he seized the snake firmly by the neck and withdrew it from his mouth.

His method of obtaining the venom without killing the snake was as follows: He would hold up and shake in his left hand a rag. On this the infuriated reptile would rivet its gaze. With his right hand from behind, the expert would then suddenly seize the snake around the neck about three inches below the head, and an assistant would lay hold of the tail, in some cases, to prevent it from winding around the man's arm.

His right hand would then slide forward until he had fastened his fingers around the neck just behind the jaw. Then he would insert the rim of a watch-glass between the jaws, slightly relax his grip, and the snake would viciously close its jaws on the watch-case. In so doing it would squirt the deadly venom through the tiny holes of its fangs into the concavity of the glass. There it dried into flakes, which were afterward reduced to yellow powder and sent to the scientist for whose experiments it had been procured.

THE SPAN OF LIFE

(Continued from page 10)

pockets; Kipling tells us of Tommy Atkins that "single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints." Strict discipline causes insomnia and excessive drinking, while sleeping in crowded barracks leads to consumption. Nevertheless, as the scientific Japanese have shown, it is not beyond the wit of man to devise a scheme by which a soldier may have a chance for his life both in war and in the piping times of peace.

To live long one must live well. There are many meanings to this phrase, and most of them are true. You are likely to live longer if you love your fellow men and yourself. A cheerful disposition, a spirit of kindliness and justice, an incorruptible optimism will add to the years of your life. The days of the righteous are, broadly considered and with innumerable exceptions, long. But to live well, wisely well, in physical and mental well-being, means to live long.

If by your work you can earn enough, or if without working, you can inherit enough to have a house by yourself with ample light and fresh air, with a bath-tub and good plumbing; if you can eat nourishing food and be properly clad in summer and in winter; if you are rich enough to take an occasional holiday and can secure healthful diversion; your chance of life is much better than if you are overworked, underpaid, badly clothed, and worse housed.

The poor die young. The death rate of wards in which well-to-do people live is much lower than the death rate of wards in the same city where congestion is greater and the population poorer. They have made this comparison in many cities several times, and the poor are always found to be short-lived. The babies of the poor are more likely to die than are the babies of the rich.

Life and the Weather

THERE are still other factors to be borne in mind if one wishes to live long. One of these is the weather, for human life, like human conversation, depends upon it absolutely. We might all hope to be immortals if we could cut a few months out of the calendar; if only in this intemperate zone of ours we could beware the month of March. March is of all months the most fatal, and more people over five years of age die then than in any other thirty-one days.

In hot countries, like Italy, and in cities, people die in the hot months, and for children under five, especially for babies, the fatal months are July and August. Extremes of weather are dangerous and many more people die during a hot summer and a cold winter, than in a cool summer and a mild winter. In its final analysis, human life depends upon the weather.

It was always supposed that death came most frequently after midnight, when the bodily activities were the lowest, but statistics seem to show that, in reality, the afternoon is the harvest time of death; and that it is from two to five, when all our functions are stimulated to their utmost, that life is held by the lightest tie.

The Rage of Self-Destruction

THERE is one form of death that differs from all others—suicide. The killing of one's self is the most tragic, because it is voluntary. How many and how divergent are the motives that may lead to it! A temporary insanity, a business failure, a week of sleepless nights, a disappointment in love, a sudden fear of disgrace, a domestic affliction, an uncontrollable, shameful passion, remorse after a debauch—any of these and other motives may drive one over the brink of self-destruction. Of all human events, suicide seems the most personal, the most individual, the most utterly unforeseeable.

And yet for this coming year 1913, or for this coming decade, 1913 to 1922, we can predict pretty accurately how many people in Massachusetts, or Connecticut or England or Germany, will commit suicide, and for what reasons, and by what methods; and we can foretell how many of these unfortunates will be women, what their ages will be, and what proportion will kill themselves in each January or in each June. Nothing happens in life with greater regularity than this voluntary leaving of it.

In most countries, suicide is increasing; in more advanced countries it grows faster than in the backward lands. The German, the "melancholy Dane," the German Swiss, and others of Teutonic strain, kill themselves readily; the Latins, on the other hand, rarely die by their own hand. The tendency to commit or not to commit suicide, to be or not to be, survives immigration, and the American children of Germans are much more likely to shoot, hang or drown themselves, than are the American children of Frenchmen or Italians. As for the Irishman, says the late General Francis A. Walker, once Director of the Census, "he dies by every form of injury except suicide. With indomitable gaiety and hopefulness, he refuses to look upon this world as wholly bad, or to quit it until his time has come. The Germans, on the other hand, are the great suiciding people among us."

In the United States, about four men commit suicide to each woman, and about the same proportion holds good in all the countries of Europe. The older a person is, and the less life he has left, the more he is likely to throw it away. Now and then a school child ends his troubles by a pistol shot or a leap into the river, but it is the men over fifty who most often assail their own lives. Widowers and bachelors commit suicide more readily than married men, and widows and spinsters more readily than married women. The season for suicide is not the dark days of winter, as we often think, but usually the budding spring, or the full, deep, significant days of summer.

In America, men about to die of their own will most commonly shoot themselves, preferring a quick and certain death; women more often choose poison or drowning, courting a painless death and feeling a horror of any disfigurement of the body. Professional men, lawyers, doctors, ministers, students are more liable to commit suicide than are unskilled workers, although better paid. Prisoners, depressed by solitary confinement, and soldiers, burdened with dull routine, are very likely to take their lives, especially homesick soldiers on foreign service.

Nevertheless, suicides though sensational and pitiful, are comparatively rare. There is only one suicide annually to every ten thousand living Americans. It is the abnormality of suicide, its desperate arraignment of life and society, its startling, soul-searching effect that give it so prominent a place in the minds of thoughtful men. When a suicide occurs, we hear about it; when an ordinary American dies of Bright's disease, we do not hear of it. The same is true of accidents and of deaths through violence. Though peace has its slaughter as well as war, though more men are killed in industry than in battle, yet the death-roll of industry, terribly long as it is, does not record the names of a fraction of those who annually die.

Travel by railroad, as travel by ocean-steamer, seems to us very dangerous. It is the picturesqueness and novelty of the peril that appeals to the imagination. We telegraph when we arrive at our destination, that we are safe, yet statistically we always arrive safe. There is danger from the railroad for pedestrians and for railway-workers—for the latter the accident rate is tremendous—but the passenger, once he has taken his seat in the car is as safe, or almost as safe, as in the smoking-room of a fashionable club.

On an average, one passenger is killed on American railroads to every two million railway trips, or about one death to every fifty-five million miles traveled. If you are a man or woman of about thirty or forty, in average health, there is about *one chance in a million* that you will die within the next hour; if you use that hour for traveling twenty-five or thirty miles in a railroad train, there is an added one half of a chance per million. Under the laws of probability, you can travel one thousand miles a day for three hundred and sixty-five days for one hundred and fifty years, and the chances are even that you will not be killed. Or you can girdle the earth by express train every month for a hundred and eighty years, and the chances of your not being killed are slightly in your favor.

The Danger of Lying in Bed

THE eminent statistician, Mr. Mark Twain, claims a railroad train in motion is your only safe asylum, and the real peril of life is to lie in bed.

To-day more people die on trains and more people die each year in bed and out of it than would be the case if we were a thoroughly intelligent, moral, and civilized people. Nevertheless the number who die is far smaller than it would be under earlier conditions.

Since the world began, more lives have been sacrificed through ignorance than through the multiplied horrors of war, slavery, torture, assassination, and religious bigotry. The ignorance of the savage limited the food-supply of the tribe, the food-supply set a limit to the number of living, and men *had* to be stabbed and burned and drowned to prevent their starving.

Even when the food-supply was for the time being sufficient, the ignorance of the population and the abysmal ignorance of the wretched necromancers who called themselves physicians condemned whole sections of the human population to an early death.

Nature did not care; for the sexual instinct was strong, babies were as plentiful as puppies and acorns, and the rule of birth was easy come, easy go. So long as a small proportion of the annual babies survived long enough to procreate large numbers of new babies, the species was safe. Old age—a sort of waste product of primitive humanity—was not at a premium.

It is difficult for us in these days of safety to conceive the startling immediateness of death in the early life of peoples. In the midst of life they were in death. The somber epics of these early peoples are filled with the gloom of the tomb, and young heroes die as though death were the natural portion of the young. Through all the history of antiquity, through the recent Middle Ages down to a very few centuries ago, this dominating fact of premature death persisted.

In the sixteenth century when the young Shakespeare had begun to write, an average English baby had an expectation of only twenty-one years of life. It was not that the child—the infant Raleigh or Bacon or Drake or Frobisher—started with a lesser physical or mental patrimony. But there were dung-hills on the streets, poisoned water in the wells, and ignorance, superstition, and all manner of foulnesses in the houses. Sanitary science — medicine itself — were practically unknown. Humanity had not yet tasted of the fruit of the tree of knowledge.

During the last three and a half centuries the span of human life has doubled. According to Professor Finkelnburg of Bonn, the average length of human life for the sixteenth-century European was only between eighteen and twenty years; at the close of the eighteenth century it was a little over thirty years, while to-day it is between thirty-eight and forty years.

Your Neighbor's Life

IN Geneva, the average span of life, which was 21 years and 2 months in the sixteenth century, and 33 years and 7 months in the eighteenth, rose to 39 years and 8 months in the period 1801 to 1883. Enormous progress has been made during the last century, and especially during the latter part of it. Comparing the period 1891–1900 with the period 1838–54, the expectation of life of English males increased 4 years and 2 months, and of females 6 years.

In the course of seventy-seven years the expectation of French males increased 7 years and 5 months, and that of females 8 years and 4 months. In twenty-four years the average span of life in Prussia increased 5 years and 10 months for males, and 6 years and 8 months for females; in Denmark in fifty-eight years the span of life increased 7 years and 7 months for males, and 8 years and 6 months for females, while in Sweden in sixty-eight years the average span increased 10 years and 7 months for males, and 10 years and 1 month for females.

In America we did not take account of our human stock early enough or accurately enough to be able to say much more than that here, as elsewhere, the span of life is rapidly increasing. Nevertheless from certain life-tables relating to Massachusetts and New Hampshire, it appears that the average span of life was about 35 years in 1789, 40 years in 1855, and 45 years in the period 1893 to 1897, an increase of 10 years in the expectation of life in a little over a century.

We have increased our span of life through our greater knowledge of sanitation, through a study of the cause, cure and above all, prevention of disease. We have begun to destroy plagues and pestilences as we have destroyed the belief in witchcraft and in trial by battle.

From the beginning of history, the black death or bubonic plague ravaged intermittently the teeming continents of Asia, Europe, and Africa. One of these plagues swept a third of all the Athenians, another devastated Africa, and according

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to Livy counted a million victims. In 1348 the black death broke out in England, destroying in some places three fourths of all the inhabitants. In London alone fifty thousand corpses were heaped layer upon layer in the pits of one burial ground. In Europe twenty-five million people, or one fourth of the whole population, were supposed to have succumbed. In the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries hundreds of thousands died of this plague, until in 1894 a Japanese physician discovered its cause, a bacillus carried by rats, and shortly afterward, sera were invented which in the future will cure and prevent this terrible plague.

Until a hundred years ago, smallpox was the deadliest of plagues. In Mexico smallpox, introduced by the Spaniards, killed three and a half millions of the aborigines. Throughout Europe one tenth of all people died of this malady and twice as many carried the ugly marks of the disease. Then in 1796, Jenner discovered vaccine and the smallpox death rate rapidly diminished, until to-day in Prussia, where vaccination is compulsory, only 4 persons die per million from this once universal plague.

Yellow fever also has been met and conquered. In Philadelphia during the yellow-fever epidemic of 1793, one tenth of the whole population died in seven weeks. Year after year, the disease spread to our cities, to New York, Norfolk, Memphis, New Orleans and other places. New Orleans alone has lost 41,348 citizens by this disease. In 1900, Major Walter Reed, working in Cuba on the United States Army Yellow Fever Commission, traced the transmission of this disease to the mosquito, *Stegomyia fasciata*, and since then yellow fever has been practically blotted out of the United States.

In a similar manner other diseases are being successfully combated by prevention. Cholera, until recently a disease with a frightful record of mortality, has been checkmated by filtering drinking-water; an anti-toxin has been discovered for diphtheria; rabies or hydrophobia has been practically stamped out of several countries; malaria which had depopulated empires and, according to some recent students, was the real cause of the decline of Greece and Rome has been enormously reduced by combating the mosquito, *anopheles*, which transmits it. Not only will millions of lives be saved by this warfare upon this insect go-between, but millions of acres now surrendered to malaria will be reclaimed to the uses of man.

Year by year the winning battle with premature death proceeds. All infectious, transmissible diseases are now to a greater or less extent preventable. Even diseases, the causes of which we do not yet know, such as yellow fever, typhus fever, scarlet fever, trachoma, rabies, dengue, mumps, whoopingcough, measles, chickenpox, and smallpox are capable of being, to a considerable extent, prevented. The infectious diseases of known origin which, according to Dr. Norman Ditman, can today be prevented include typhoid fever, cholera, tuberculosis, dysentery, pneumonia, diphtheria, meningitis, influenza, bubonic plague, leprosy, tetanus, anthrax, actinomycosis, malaria, and relapsing fever and diseases due to animal parasites. It is a long, significant and rapidly growing list.

But we have not wiped out typhoid fever. Munich which formerly drank water from wells in a soil honeycombed with cesspools secured a pure water supply and a good sewage system, and the death rate from typhoid gradually fell to one thirtieth of what it had been. In Berlin, Magdeburg, and Breslau in Germany, in Cleveland, Chicago, and other cities of America, we have learned the lesson and largely prevented the disease. Nevertheless we have had epidemics in Plymouth, Pennsylvania, in Ithaca, Watertown, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Scranton, and other places, and during the Spanish War, out of 107,973 soldiers, no less than 20,738 contracted the disease, a typhoid rate *over one hundred times, over 10,000 per cent. as great as that of* General Oku's army in the Japanese war with Russia. According to the surgeons of the United States Marine Hospital Service, typhoid can be stamped out of every city which has clean water, pure milk, and modern hospitals.

We have not destroyed the White Plague. Considerably over one hundred thousand Americans die annually of tuberculosis; of our present population some ten millions will die of tuberculosis if the present rate of mortality is maintained. It is a disease which causes one third of all the deaths between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five. Since 1886 the death rate from tuberculosis in New York City has decreased forty per cent., but even to-day the ravages of the plague in that city and elsewhere are stupendous and terrifying. By means of isolation and treatment of the infected, by means of proper living conditions for the whole population, and especially for the poor, the disease can be almost entirely obliterated.

DEATH RATE IN MASSACHUSETTS PER 1,000 OF THE POPULATION IN EACH AGE PERIOD

Age.	1865.	1895.	Decline, Per Cent.	Increase, Per Cent.
5-9	9.6	6.2	35	
10-14	5.1	3.2	37	
15-19	9.6	5.3	45	
20-29	12.6	7.1	44	
30-39	11.7	9.7	17	
40-49	12.	13.		8
50-59	17.	20.		18
60-69	33.	39.		18
70-79	70.	82.		17
80 and upward	168.	185.		10

The Poor Die Young

WE have not saved the lives of our babies. We have done a great deal in some cities, notably in New York, where, from 1891 to 1903 the annual death rate for infants under one year of age fell from 240 to 145 per 1,000. But in many cities over one fourth of all babies, and in other cities, one third and even more than one third, die before their first year is passed. Most of these lives could be saved.

There are other preventable diseases which are not prevented. Our fearful death rate from pneumonia is increasing not only absolutely, but in proportion to our growing population, and every hour of the day and night, sixteen or seventeen Americans die of this disease. Meningitis, although we are now taking steps to prevent this excruciating malady, is still on the increase, and cancer, diabetes, heart disease and Bright's disease, ailments of the middle-aged and old, are constantly increasing.

The burden of a growing insanity falls with greater weight upon the population; accidents occur with startling frequency in railroading and mining; and the total number of accidents in all industries, including those which do not terminate fatally, now number approximately half a million a year, far more, absolutely and proportionately than in any other country, civilized or uncivilized. The health of the community,—an accurate barometer of the living ability of the people,—is depressed by a tremendous amount of preventable sickness.

Alcoholism and venereal disease enormously increase the morbidity of the population and its liability to sudden and premature death. It is estimated that five hundred thousand persons are constantly sick from tuberculosis—of whom one half are totally incapacitated—that enormous numbers are constantly suffering from the easily eradicable hook-worm, or "lazy germ" disease, and that annually three million cases of malaria occur in America, chiefly in the South. According to a rule of thumb calculation,—for we have no exact data,—3,000,000 people are constantly sick in the United States. In other words, we lose one billion and ninety-five millions of days of sickness a year, without taking into account, the greater liability to premature death of the survivors of these weakening illnesses.

Professor Irving Fisher, who, in his report on national vitality to the National Conservation Commission has worked out, on the basis of independent medical opinions, the ratio of preventability or postponability of ninety-several causes of death, comes to the conclusion that by proper prevention, 14 years and 22 days can be added to the average span of life in the United States.

What gain we have made so far has redounded chiefly to the benefit of babies, the true heirs of civilization, and it is their chance of life, rather than that of adults, which has chiefly improved. Older children and adolescents as well as the middle-aged have also taken a share,—though a smaller one,—of our increased viability. On the other hand, the mortality of older men and women in some countries, at least, has actually increased.

"There is, of course," says Mr. Frederick L. Hoffman, "no question whatever that the American death rate, using the term in a very comprehensive sense, has substantially declined within the last fifty years, but it is equally evident that this decline has been at the younger ages, and not during the period of life which, economically, is of the greatest value. There is no doubt that the mortality of adult ages is still decidedly excessive."

The table above from the "Vital Statistics of Massachusetts" (with the percentages calculated by the author) shows this tendency clearly.

The increasing mortality of older men and women is attributed by some to the saving of lives which would in a former period have come to an end by deaths in childhood or adolescence, but a more probable, or at least a most proximate cause, is to be found in the enormous increase of deaths from diabetes, heart disease, and Bright's disease, which have all doubled within thirty years. The problem of conserving life in the later ages is enormously important, and despite the trend in some countries, by no means impossible of solution.

It is doubtful whether the man of sixty or seventy can look forward to a longer mean after life than could his ancestor of like age, a century ago. Civilization which has given, has also taken away. Houses which neutralize climate and allow us to live almost anywhere on the planet, induce tuberculosis; books and railroad travel and machines and glass windows and many of the comforts and luxuries of civilization contain in them, unless they carry with them their antidotes, the germs of disease and the seed of death.

Nevertheless, progress is steady and universal, for if we take our blessings sanely, if we fit our instincts, our inherited appetites and our accumulating knowledge to the changing conditions of life, then whatever makes for this true civilization will make for life. The abolition of war, the averting of pestilence, the abatement of poverty, the rise in the standard of living, the advance in medical knowledge and in public sanitation, the spread of education and the extension of a spirit of good-will toward men will all contribute to a longer and better life.

We have taken many steps toward this goal. We have taken greater care of babies, on the principle that a baby saved is a baby gained. We have diversified the diet of the nation, made war upon pestilence, exterminated germs, vaccinated children, purified drinking-water, cleansed streets, invented plumbing, built dispensaries, opened hospitals, compelled attendance at school, enacted and enforced factory laws, and extended our charity toward those who otherwise would have died. Everywhere, in the fields of industry, of education, of medical research and of public hygiene, we have made progress as a nation, and as a part of the great onmarching civilized world.

There are other steps to be taken in this passing from death to life. In the first place we must *know*. We must take account of our people as we do of our pigs and cows, and not bury our dead like dogs without even the formality of register. We must have special schools for public sanitation, we must bring our life-saving and health-saving agencies up to the standards of Germany and other progressive nations.

The work of children, of women and grown men must be protected; incapable and unemployable people must be set apart; education, sanitation, and social and industrial adjustment must progress; the excesses of alcoholism must be abated; and social justice and the love of man for man must govern us as to-day we are governed by our Constitution and laws.

Already men speak as if on the verge of a new terrestrial life. Longevity, they claim, is a matter of health; old age itself is nothing but a sickness. The physiologists are experimenting with this human body of ours, trying to strengthen the weak spots, building it up.

These physiologists are not basing their claims of a longer terrestrial life upon the records of aged men in sacred and profane history, nor upon accounts of fake centenarians of all centuries. Every now and then during the history of mankind, some old man has come forward claiming to be two hundred or three hundred years old, but without any proof except a defective memory.

There was one old man, named Thomas Parr, who claimed to have married at one hundred and twelve, and who, when he died from over-eating, was believed to have lived one hundred and fifty-two years. But there is really no proof that this "old, old, very old" man was as antique as he claimed, and the same is true of the Hungarian who boasted of his one hundred and eighty-nine years, and of hundreds of others who are over-centenarians, only until their records are examined.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

VOL. LVII] No. 2955 | WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1913 | [10 Cents a Copy $4.00 a Year

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS
Frederick L. Collins, President — Arthur S. Moore, Secretary
Cameron Mackenzie, Vice-President — Horace W. Paine, Treasurer
McClure Building, Fourth Ave. & 20th Street, New York

Entered at the New York Post-office as second-class matter

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Entered at Stationers' Hall, London

COMMENT

BEGINNING with the next issue of August 16th Mr. NORMAN HAPGOOD will take charge of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Manners in Politics

Lord ROSEBERY, who talks well on any subject that he discusses, has been talking to the boys of an English school about manners. These excerpts from his remarks came over by cable to the *Times:*

> The men of the seventeenth century were, I suspect, the gentlest-bred Englishmen ever produced, partly because they possessed good manners themselves, and partly because they realized the enormous importance of courtesy and good manners in the common transactions of life.
>
> I think there has been a decay of manners in England, Scotland, and all over the world. Good appearance and good manners have an enormous commercial value in life. I sometimes wonder why they are not harped on more on these occasions. Good appearance, you may say, is not at our command. I don't agree. Good looks are not at our command; they are a gift of the gods, but a good, straightforward, manly appearance, an appearance without self-consciousness—which is the most disagreeable feature perhaps of all in appearance—is within the command of every boy.
>
> Manners are even more important than appearance. Say three boys are applying for the same situation. One boy may not have the abilities of either of the other two, but if he has good manners, if, instead of grunting an answer like the first one or giving only an inarticulate sound like the second, he gives a clear, respectful answer to the questions asked him, it is ten to one against the other two.

Manners are also important in politics, not only that part of them which shows in an agreeable address and considerate conduct, but also that element in them that makes for dignity and decorum. Manners, indeed, are so important in politics that when they are bad political success and the holding of high offices almost always make for their amelioration. Extremely rough men come at times to the United States Senate, but the Senate is a school of manners, and its members have to practise courtesy, and if they don't know how, they are taught.

Attention is called by the *Evening Post* to the defective manners of two eminent Democratic officeholders. One is Governor SULZER, who seems not always to know how to behave with propriety as Governor. The *Post* says:

> The failure of Mr. SULZER to get the people to rally to the Governor of the State was not due to chance; they did not rally to the Governor because he did not act like a Governor or talk like a Governor. The "plain people" have just as sound instincts in such a matter as have the "intellectuals" or the "silk-stockings." But the great human traditions of dignity and self-respect are not a product of artificial rules, the possession of any class or clique. They are the common property of mankind. To be loose-tongued and loud-mouthed, to boast of what you have done or of what you are going to do, to fly ostentatiously in the face of the ordinary rules of conventional dealing with those who, whatever their demerits, are on certain recognized terms of official relation with you—these things are no more to the taste of the plain people than they are to the taste of the most polished member of an "exclusive" social circle.

As for Mr. BRYAN, he has very considerable personal attractions and a good-will that makes him take pains to be polite. What is charged against him is that in high public office he is too much a law unto himself, and that in the recent case of the Chautauqua lectures he has disregarded propriety and decorum.

A Queer Filibuster

It is hard to believe that Republican Senators mean quite seriously their threat to filibuster against the tariff bill in order to prevent consideration of the currency bill at this session. One hardly knows a name for such tactics; "sympathetic filibuster," perhaps, would do. But their initial show of fight against the tariff bill itself was so weak—really disappointing even to tariff-reformers—that one finds precious little sense in the indirection of their course.

As we see it, they can hope to win only by forcing the Democratic leaders to some explicit promise, and the Democratic leaders have done nothing to make one suspect them of readiness for such a blunder. The Republicans can, of course, delay the tariff bill indefinitely in the Senate. But they have seemed to feel heretofore that such a policy, adopted merely in protest against that bill itself, would not please the country. Can they imagine it will prove more popular if adopted as a means of dictating to both Houses and the administration what measures they shall consider, and when? That strikes us as going quite beyond the reasonable pretensions of any minority. If persisted in, it is quite likely, barring some unforeseen outside happening, to make against, not for, its avowed object.

So far as the tariff bill itself is concerned, the Republicans would be much better employed in harmonizing their own differences, to the end that they may present a single front, instead of offering two sets of substitutes for the Democratic proposals, each almost as much at variance with the other as both are with the UNDERWOOD bill.

A Glance Backward

Somehow, such an attitude of the Senate Republicans, taken with the filibuster of the House Republicans merely for a chance to make what they could of the MCNAB-MCREYNOLDS incident, seems to us a striking illustration of how big a change the last few years have wrought. For this is the Senate which such a little while ago ALDRICH ruled so like the head of a business corporation! This is the House which CANNON ruled so like the boss of a section gang! It is the Republicans who complain, protest, filibuster, while Democratic majorities and a Democratic President insist on positive action with such things as tariff and the currency!

That is not all by any means. The change is both wider and deeper than a change of parties. But even in that aspect alone it is impressive, and not least so to those of us who for the last four years, in such ways as we could, have consciously fought for it. When this journal, for instance, early in TAFT's special session of 1909, made bold to proclaim possible the substance of what has happened, we hardly know ourselves how firmly we entertained the conviction. But the vision of it all was curiously distinct, definite, almost detailed. Neither, of course, could we divine how many minds were on the point of taking the same direction concerning the country. But if one's business has been to speak one's own mind, carefully but freely, concerning the greater movements and forces and causes in politics, there is an almost solemn reassurance, no matter how little one may have really contributed to results, in finding that the mind of a great country has kept pace with one's own merely sincere convictions and desires. To us these last four years have made doubts of democracy more difficult; they have made it seem almost demonstrably worth while to take public affairs simply and seriously, to continue to try to take journalism as capable of dignity and high power, and to do what one can.

How Far Shall We Follow the Mulhalls?

Says the Richmond *Virginian:*

> It is difficult to understand why all this time and money is being wasted on MULHALL. Thousands of dollars have been spent already in putting into the records the letters of a political green-goods man to his dupes.

There has evidently been much agreement with the *Virginian* both as to the true character of MULHALL'S relations with his clients and as to the value of his revelations. So much, in fact, could be inferred from the way the attendance dwindled and the committee wearied at the hearings. Still, there are those who, like the Charlotte *Observer,* hold that the government, having started the inquiry, must go on with it "to satisfy the country."

Anybody must see that MULHALL'S multitudinous allegations require corroboration almost equally detailed—and therefore largely unattainable, not to speak of the immense bother of it—to make them really evidence. So far, on the contrary, although corroborated on a few points, they have encountered mainly contradiction and some positive disproof. The man's character and antecedents are all against him, and the way he disposed of his confessions was enough of itself to make honorable men distrust him.

But there is always this to be said about such cases: Dirty work is done by dirty hands. We can not expect to find full knowledge of corruption in the incorrupt. The Senate committee set out to learn if improper things had been done in Washington to influence legislation. If there had been, then the committee was bound to have to deal with men of MULHALL'S ilk—men who, accustomed to render underhand services, would be pretty sure both to deceive those they served when they dared, and afterward either to betray confidences or tell lies as self-interest prompted—or low animosities, for that matter, or even the curious vanity with which such characters often regard their performances. A lobby investigation that should unearth any lobbying of the kind aimed at was sure to bring up witnesses that could be useful, if at all, only in spite of their untrustworthiness. In this respect it was like any other criminal investigation.

So that alone can hardly be a reason for not persisting in it. It does, however, begin to look as if the committee may soon find it practically necessary to set some kind of limit to its labors. MULHALL alone has supplied enough charges to keep it busy for months if it should try to run them all down. A natural restriction would be a resolution not to go back of certain dates; but it would not work well; where corrupt practices have persisted, it is usually best to go back to their beginnings.

Perhaps the committee will do best to throw itself on the public's intelligence, use common sense, and confine itself to such inquiries as seem reasonably likely to throw some real light on the extent and methods of lobbying as practised at present, or in connection with live issues, or by men now in public life.

The Outlook in Jersey—and Elsewhere

Since WILSON carried Jersey in 1910 we have quite lost count of how many times he and his friends have lost it. We believe they have lost it to the indignant masses in their own party rather oftener than to the opposition, whether Republican or Bull Moose—that couldn't well happen except near election days—but in one

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way or another they have been losing it constantly.

Their latest downfall was just like the others—something anybody could have foreseen. FIELDER and WITTPEN, the two WILSON candidates for Governor, were killing each other off. Former Senator SMITH's man was sure to be nominated, and after that it didn't matter who was elected. The WILSON "machine" would be smashed, anyhow. The President, of course, couldn't interfere. Either of the candidates would be sure to resent any of his dictation.

So there you were, till the astonishing WITTPEN actually wrote himself to the President for advice; the President advised him to come down, and he did it. That bit of correspondence, of course, assured Governor FIELDER the united support of the WILSON men all over the State, which has several times proved amply controlling in the party, and meanwhile, as a by-election the other day showed, the opposition has remained as helplessly divided as ever. So there are probably plenty more downfalls still in store for the President and his friends in his own State.

The truth seems to be, however, that New Jersey is not so very exceptional, after all, in the way it sticks to the political conditions revealed last autumn, and which, while they continue, give the President and his party such a free hand. The Republicans have, indeed, shown signs of getting together in certain States. But the schism of 1912 is practically unhealed. It is hard to see any powerful single opposition aligning itself for 1914; and on the whole the party in power has done pretty well in the matter of holding together and following its leader. The country is not hurrying to withdraw what it gave last autumn. It is giving the Democrats a real chance, and that, they must candidly acknowledge, means no excuse for failure.

Dutch with Dilutions

Mr. PAGE in a speech said that of all the Presidents from WASHINGTON to WILSON, with the exception of Colonel ROOSEVELT, there has not been a man whose main strain of blood did not come from the British Isles.—*London cable.*

VAN BUREN of Kinderhook, for instance, is as suggestive of the British Isles as roast beef and plum pudding.—"The Sun."

For that matter, the Colonel isn't so very Dutch. His mother was a BULLOCK of Georgia, and his grandmother a BARNHILL of New Jersey, neither of whom, we suppose, was Dutch. Still his main strain did come from Holland.

Sassing "America"

That was an amusing assault which was made the other day by the Roman Catholic Weekly "Monitor," of Newark, New Jersey, upon the venerable patriotic hymn "America." About a fortnight ago the "Monitor" came out, it seems, with this:

> It will not be out of place to sound a note of warning against the singing of "America" by the pupils of Catholic educational institutions. The doggerel lines so dear to the hearts of all Anglomaniacs should never be heard within the walls of a Catholic school or a Catholic college. Unlike the "Star-spangled Banner," they do not generate a rue national spirit. "America" is essentially sectional. Sung to the tune of "God Save the King," it helps perpetuate the fiction that we are a nation of "Anglo-Saxons." From the viewpoint of a broad national spirit these are the reasons why a sectional song, by a Yankee Protestant minister who wrote it for a Yankee Protestant Sunday-school picnic, is objectionable. If any of our readers happen to be present on an occasion when this offense shall be repeated we advise them to hiss, and hiss vigorously. No matter if they disturb the harmony of the proceedings. Their doing so will help to bring out the true character of "America," which should never be sung at a Catholic gathering.

Hymns are matters of taste. No one should wish to force on the "Monitor" any hymn it objects to. But this objection to "America" does not seem to be well taken. Dr. SMITH, of Harvard's famous class of '29, was not yet a Protestant minister when he wrote it in 1832, but only a divinity student at Andover. He got the tune out of a German hymn-book and did not know it was the tune to which the English sing "God Save the King." But it looked to him like a good tune for a hymn of patriotism and he wrote words to it, not for a Sunday-school picnic, but for LOWELL MASON, publisher of music. His hymn is not great poetry, but it has answered its purpose for nearly three generations, and has patriotic associations in the minds of millions of Americans. There is nothing in it that should give offense to anybody. The line "Land of the Pilgrims' pride" may be the one that disturbs our Newark neighbor. But why should it? We believe that Irish Roman Catholics are now in the majority in Boston, and are likely to constitute a majority of the population of Massachusetts. Certainly, then, they are the heirs of the Pilgrims, and should, and probably do, share their pride in the land of which Pilgrims and Puritans were by far the most numerous and important early settlers.

"America" is a hymn of liberty; of religious liberty as well as other kinds; of religious liberty by which no group of our American population has profited more copiously than the Irish Roman Catholics. There is nothing in the hymn for Irish Catholics to object to, nothing in it that is out of place in their gatherings; nothing in it as to which, we suppose, more than a score in every million of them will ever make complaint.

Mrs. Young Resigns

The resignation of Mrs. ELLA FLAGG YOUNG as superintendent of public schools in Chicago, anticipated the close of her term of office by only about three months. She asked to be released in August so that her successor might not have to take charge in the middle of the school year. She resigned, it seems, because of a hard fight on text-book lobbyists, in which she has been concerned, and which has divided the Board of Education and deprived her of the power of selecting text-books. She would have to fight, she says, to hold her place in the election in December, and at sixty-eight she thinks herself too old to fight for any personal advantage, and besides, she says, "I have always talked peace and harmony."

We are not informed about the merits of the dispute in which Mrs. Flagg is involved, but it is to admire the dignity of her position. She is a very distinguished woman, a teacher—a married teacher, by the way—who has been in the active work of her profession since she was seventeen years old; fifty-one years and over. There seems to be a pretty strong sentiment in Chicago against her retirement, and it seems likely at this writing that her resignation will be withdrawn.

Mr. Adams at Oxford

Few English people know anything of American history, and what's more, I tell you frankly, not many want to know anything of it. Students at Oxford have a vague impression that there was once a man named ABRAHAM LINCOLN who had something to do with a Civil War in the United States. They have heard of STONEWALL JACKSON and can tell you he was a good commander. They know enough about LEE to inform you that he had a good character. Whether these men lived in the eighteenth or the nineteenth century, they are by no means sure.

The faces of the English are set toward the East. The Balkan situation has been their paramount interest this year. Their own Boer War means more to them than does American history. America and the story of our Western transatlantic communities are little studied; nor are they looked upon as a profitable field of study.

So Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS as quoted by Mr. KING in the Boston "Transcript."

Mr. ADAMS went over last spring to lecture at Oxford on our Civil War. Mr. BRYCE, he says, broke it to him gently that he would not find Oxford interested in that topic, and intimated that the English had forgotten all about it, and that its issues were of no great fundamental importance, and that the personages who figured in it would dwindle in the lapse of time. Mr. ADAMS disagreed with him and thought the issues, historically, very big and likely to look bigger as time went on. He sorted out three: the shaping up of a world power of the first class, the question of chattel humanity, and the world movement toward democracy. So Mr. ADAMS went, and lectured. But he says: "The ordeal, I freely confess, was one I should not care to be called upon again to face."

"Pioneer work," Mr. KING calls it. We have a vague memory of reading that one of Mr. ADAMS' lectures fell on the day of the Oxford-Cambridge boat-race. If Oxford on that day was not interested in the American Civil War there was a reason. But there is no one about better qualified than Mr. ADAMS to do admirably what he undertook to do at Oxford, and if Oxford neglected to profit by his ministrations it was Oxford's fault and Oxford's loss.

The Immigrants' Food

The papers of July 14th had this notice:

> SEALED PROPOSALS will be received at this office up to 2 o'clock P.M., Thursday, July 24, 1913, and opened immediately thereafter, for the exclusive privilege of furnishing food to immigrants and maintaining a restaurant at the Ellis Island immigration station for a period beginning from date of notice and continuing to June 30, 1916. For specifications apply to the COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION, Ellis Island, N. Y. H.

The job of furnishing food to immigrants at Ellis Island is very attractive to persons who aspire to furnish improper food at improper prices.

Mr. WILLIAMS, the late commissioner, had the reputation of being eternally vigilant about the immigrants' food, and successful in seeing that it was good, and sold at a fair price.

Will the next man do as well?

Here is something to watch.

Must Paris Bestir Herself?

What is this? In three parallel columns in the same New York newspaper, whose foreign service is excellent, one reads these three head-lines:

1. London Crowded After the Season. Hotels Are Filled and the Stores are Kept Busy by the Americans. The Dressmakers Rejoice.

2. American Tourists Still Crown Berlin. German Health Resorts Also Welcome Them in Undiminished Numbers.

3. Disastrous Season in Paris at an End. Managers of Shops, Restaurants, and Open-air Theaters Complain of Heavy Losses.

Really, here is something of almost as much concern to Americans as to Parisians. If it's true, and if it should continue, then is it not a sign that Americans have changed, quite as likely as that Paris has changed? There is something, no doubt, in the chill and drizzly weather Paris has been having. London has had it, too, but sunshine is not a London specialty, anyhow. It can stand the loss of it better. So for this we make allowance. Still, those head-lines remain disturbing.

We must, therefore, make allowance for another fact we know—that London and Berlin *have* been changing prodigiously of late, whether Paris has or not, and with the American tourist very much in mind. London's transformation has been really extraordinary. In streets, shops, and hotels particularly, it does ten times what it used to do to attract and hold the traveler. It keeps its unequaled dignity, yet it has grown palpably more cheerful. Berlin's self-improvement has been even more studied. No wonder Americans respond.

Maybe there is another thing. Maybe Paris has has at last over-reached herself as the arbiter of fashions, particularly in female apparel. Maybe she has made too many of her votaries bow down too slavishly, made them a little ridiculous even, and charged them too much for it. Hence her temporary loss.

For we doubt its permanence—almost as we would doubt a prophecy of Rome's own downfall. We cannot conceive that Americans will continue long to go less and less to Paris, wherever else they may go. Her charm is too great and perpetual, and so is her genius. We shall watch, rather, to see what she will do, now that she perhaps feels she must more actively rival Berlin and London. We can no more believe she will bow tamely to their rivalry than we could believe the like of a woman wonted all her life to more admirers than her sisters.

Our Boasted Civilization

MAY RILEY SMITH says in the paper that "the continued destruction of birds has assumed the proportions of a vulgar crime against our boasted civilization."

Well, so it has, but does any one nowadays boast of our civilization?

The suffragists curse it out, but say that maybe they could better it if they had the vote. The anti-suffragists aver that what with feminists, militants, and the disruption of the home, it is all to the bad, but they may save the pieces if they can only head off votes for women. The I. W. W. and the socialists deny any standing to a capitalistic society; the capitalists are scornful of a social apparatus in which such phenomena as the I. W. W. can exist. The radicals generally declare our civilization can only be saved by radical measures, and the conservatives generally feel that standards have already been so upset that salvation is a forlorn hope.

Who is boasting nowadays of our civilization?

We guess the phrase Miss SMITH has used was left over from some earlier period of history, when folks were better pleased with their achievements.

Nevertheless, rather than have our civilization lack a voice to praise it, we will raise ours. It is full of faults, but full of hope. Our world was never so full of people at work to better it. The means to that end were never so abundant. The spirit behind them was never so free, nor so tolerant, nor more intelligently devoted.

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FOR ten years, five months, and two weeks, the present writer has been in the habit of contributing a column to a column and a half weekly to this periodical. Ten years of weekly converse brings one many friends, and now that the engagement is closed and the pen drops from the writer's hand, one feels like saying a last good-by, and giving some final words of explanation to those who have been with one on the journey.

These little talks have never been of startling or arresting quality; perhaps because the writer did not know how to make them so; but also, in part, because she really believed that a surplus amount of startling on insufficient grounds was done and that a little quiet thinking and threshing over of matters was valuable. Then, too, an inborn taste in matters moral, dictated rather the delving in out-of-the-way places for hidden virtues, than the exploiting of popular and sensational crimes. But if the gist of the matter was not startling, it was at least intended to be at times strengthening, and at others consoling. If, at moments, the tone was perilously near to scolding, or, as the editing authority jocularly called it, "peevish," it was in a valiant if losing effort to apply certain well-tested standards to modern life and to uphold certain discarded and unpopular tenets in morals and in art.

Perhaps the theme most often renewed and strenuously argued, in opposition to the prevailing opinions of editors and writers in our own land, was that worthy literature, real writing, true creation in any line was difficult and not easy and haphazard. That these presuppose effort, persistence, study, fidelity to one's own inspiration, concentration, and immense sacrifice on the part of the perpetrator, and a careful initiation of study, adjustment, and mental preparation on the part of the reader. "What on earth does it matter how you say a thing?" exclaimed a certain powerful editor. "It is what you have to say that matters." And the patient but persistent answer would follow that Shakespeare is still widely published and read, because he was a perfect craftsman, and because he cared supremely about the words in which he clothed his thought. The sonnets are proof of the arduous apprenticeship he served to the mere sounds of words, their texture and associational value. No one can read,

> "When to the sessions of sweet, silent thought
> I summon up remembrance of things past,"

without knowing that the writer was working at sound as much as sense. Like MILTON and SHELLEY, like DANTE, GOETHE, LEOPARDI, and all really great writers he cared immensely for the medium that bore his substance.

When in one short season two such master-craftsmen as MEREDITH and SWINBURNE passed from us, the lesson of their devoted lives, their repudiation of any cheap and easy fame, their resignation to the neglect of the present for the sake of the future, was so reiterated and harped upon week after week, that the editor of this illustrious journal threatened to obtain and send to the writer copies of the death certificates of these great men.

For consolation in this troublous life the writer has offered to others what she herself has found ever ready to hand, the shifting scenery of the sky spread over us, the night with its thousand eyes, the wan lady of a moon climbing the heavens, the clouds and seas, the marvel of snow spread over lonely plains, and the flight of birds in autumn. The whole passing pageant of the world is to one with eyes a joy forever, a solace in whatever sorrow. These with the pleasures of friendship, the effort to smooth over and keep fair the great seething mass of conflicting wills which is life, and the delight in children, these should certainly sustain the average life through its darkened periods. Travel and the excitement of strange places and unfamiliar scenes filled in the weekly column often and the advice reiteratedly given to miss as little as possible of the rolling world's changing beauty. For who can tell when such an adventure as this may befall us again? We may never pass this way another time, and it will be a sad reflection to have seen and enjoyed only partially.

In art she has put in a frequent plea for reverence and respect for authority. Every man his own art critic has seemed the most destructive of methods. Only the maker really understands his own creation, even as in religion only the founder truly knows the height and depth to which his truth will reach. The literary critic of art comes to us falling over endless stumbling-blocks. Even RUSKIN, to whom TURNER was the supreme artist, could not see that WHISTLER was a supreme artist, too, working in the same medium for a like end. All RUSKIN saw in WHISTLER'S pictures was a pot of paint thrown at a canvas. The doctrinaire is a dangerous leader in art appreciation. With this conviction, the writer would have liked to have urged—had the editorial hand not stayed her—her readers to go slowly before they discarded all the work of GAUGUIN, VAN GOGH, CEZANNE, MATISSE, and PICASSO. These are serious and hard-working men; some of them at least knew how to draw. If then they discarded conventional drawing, they had something in mind which they believed to be a valuable contribution to art. Alas! public opinion was not to be trusted with the caution, and the editor—who is medium between the author's conscience and the public taste threw out the caution with a demand for something less alarming.

In philosophy the chief plea has been negative—namely, to avoid a facile optimism. How little the writer managed to get this message sent, or how frequently it was remodeled by the supervising editor, may be derived from the fact that she has often been hailed as "the optimistic essayist of HARPER'S WEEKLY." Yet a light and easy acceptance of life's evils is one of the dangers she most fears. Men are all too prone to believe their comfort the outgrowth of their merits and inertia, a well-deserved asset. It is easy to compass one's own comfort and then believe that the down-trodden and exploited, those who must work till they are brutalized and benumbed in order to live at all, are chosen by an all-merciful God for their fate. If there is one thing life has taught, it is the solidarity of humanity—that literally and actually no complete joy can belong to one member while another suffers. That somehow all the sorrows and deprivations, frailties and failings are so iinterwoven that no real progress and final is made, except by the whole body of life. It is to the evasive and facile optimist first that his Saviour (for the facile optimist is always a Christian) will say: "I was anhungred and ye fed me not. I was sick and in prison," etc.

Evil can only be relieved when we are brave enough to face facts and state them. There is one subject which the writer has had deeply at heart and has yet had to bear the reproach of being indifferent to because it came under the editorial ban. That is the question of what is perhaps the greatest revolution that civilization has ever seen; the revolution which is slowly but surely bringing about the ultimate emancipation of women. This is a matter that it is sheer stupidity to sentimentalize away or to treat with dogmatic finality. The inevitable outcome of the change must be for the betterment of the race and therefore for the betterment of men as well as women. "No liberty, no virtue" is an old saying. Women must be so placed as to make free and unhampered choices in all lines of life, political, economic, domestic, occupational, before we can expect a true and normal development from them. Their freer and finer development must mean finer qualities for their sons. There may—nay there must—be a time of tumult and disorder during the reorganization, but ultimately a society made of free men and women will make a higher civilization. Sex, which some writers treat as though it were the sole element in human nature, will sink to its legitimate place as merely one factor in the make-up of the human spirit, and no more to usurp the whole being than hunger or thirst. It will hardly dictate views of government any more than it does religious prejudice or personal taste.

Finally, it has been said and said again in these columns that opinions are not the vital matter in a personality. They are dictated by heredity, environment, habit. "Who has heard the eternal Voice is delivered from many an opinion," said a mediæval mystic. Over and above what we *think*, sounds the voice of what we are, and our presence is more convincing than our speech.

To those who have helped this writer by sympathetic response, she sends back gratitude and thanks. To those who have differed, at times with somewhat brutal frankness, she owes stimulation and profounder convictions. So after a decade of intercourse, helpful at least on her own side, she says as the pen drops,

Vale!

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

Correspondence

FEATHERS IN THE TARIFF BILL

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The Finance Committee which has been working on the tariff bill has recommended to the United States Senate that the proviso which prohibits the importation of the feathers of wild birds for commercial purposes shall be changed so that the feathers of those species of birds which are killed for food or are killed as pests may be imported.

At a casual glance this may appear to be a perfectly fair provision, but what does it really mean?

First, it would permit the importation of the feathers of birds usually killed for food.

If we make a list of the various birds legally regarded as game birds in the various States of our country, we find that it includes the names of scores of the most valuable forms of wild bird life in the United States, for many of them are among the most ravenous consumers of injurious insects and noxious weed seeds which are to be found on earth. If feathers of these birds can be imported, it will be easy to substitute the feathers of the same species killed in the United States.

Second, the amendment would allow the importation of the feathers of birds killed as pests.

No authority, however, is cited as to who shall determine what may be regarded as pests. There is practically no limit to the privileges which this would give to those people engaged in commercializing the plumage of wild birds. We have known men in the Southern States who hired their sons to shoot mockingbirds, because these birds ate grapes and were, therefore, regarded as pests. Similarly jays and woodpeckers are considered pests, by some farmers, because they occasionally attack the corn in the milk. Catbirds, robins, and others of the thrush and thrasher families are regarded as pests by some strawberry growers, and are killed accordingly. Herons, egrets, and kingfishers are frequently declared pests by men who are interested in fish hatcheries.

A great crisis in the cause of bird protection is now squarely before the American people. Let every one who cares for wild life write or wire his Senator at once asking that this amendment proposed by the Finance Committee should be killed. There is not a moment to spare!

I am, sir,
T. GILBERT PEARSON,
Secretary, National Association of Audubon Societies.

FREE ART A DEMOCRATIC POLICY

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The Democratic party has always been sound on the policy of free art.

The policy of free art was inaugurated under the administration of Andrew Jackson in the tariff act of 1832, which marked the beginning of a free trade tendency extending down to the time of the Civil War tariff acts. The policy was continued under the Clay Compromise of 1833 which was supported by Calhoun and the Jackson administration. This act remained in force throughout Van Buren's administration.

The next Democratic tariff act was passed during Polk's administration in 1846. It restored works of art to the free list, removing the duty of twenty per cent. which had been imposed by the act of 1841, and it also put antiquities on the free list for the first time. The distinction between a tax on luxuries and a tax on educational objects, such as works of art, was clearly drawn by Secretary Walker at this time and no succeeding Democratic administration has disregarded it. With our advancing civilization this distinction becomes more and more clearly marked and no tariff revision of the future will fail to recognize it.

The Democratic tariff act of 1857 passed in Buchanan's administration retained works of art on the free list.

When the Democrats came into power again under Cleveland they again restored works of art to the free list in the Wilson bill of 1894. Whatever President Cleveland may have thought of other schedules in that bill he was warmly in favor of its free art provisions. From 1861 to 1894 the duty had ranged from ten per cent. to thirty per cent. in the act of 1883, and fifteen per cent. in the act of 1890.

In justice to the Republican party it should be stated that all its great leaders have advocated free art, none more warmly than William McKinley, whose tariff bill carried art on the free list when it left his committee. It has, however, been the distinctive policy of the Democratic party, invariably supported by it upon broad grounds of education without a single lapse from grace during the entire history of the party.

I am, sir,

* * *

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC UTILITIES

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I was indeed pleased to see your advocacy of government ownership of certain public utilities in the editorial of a recent issue. There are many public utilities which should be owned by the city or national government. Government supervision is a step in the right direction, but is it possible for the government to keep close enough watch upon and compel the great combinations to act fairly with the people? I do not think so. New York to-day is supplied with gas at eighty cents per thousand, and the gas bills are about the same as under one dollar gas. The city should own its own gas plants. You cannot regulate the actions of a private corporation's employees, nor see behind the business-office screens.

There are many public utilities that in time will be government-owned. Why are legislators so tardy in their advocacy? Why are the people so sound asleep upon matters that so vitally concern them? Europe is many years ahead of us on these questions. The accumulation of vast fortunes, which can never be used by the many multi-millionaires, if we had government ownership of many important utilities, would go back to the people, lower taxes, and uplift society.

I am, sir,
F. A. PETTIT.

UNRECONCILED

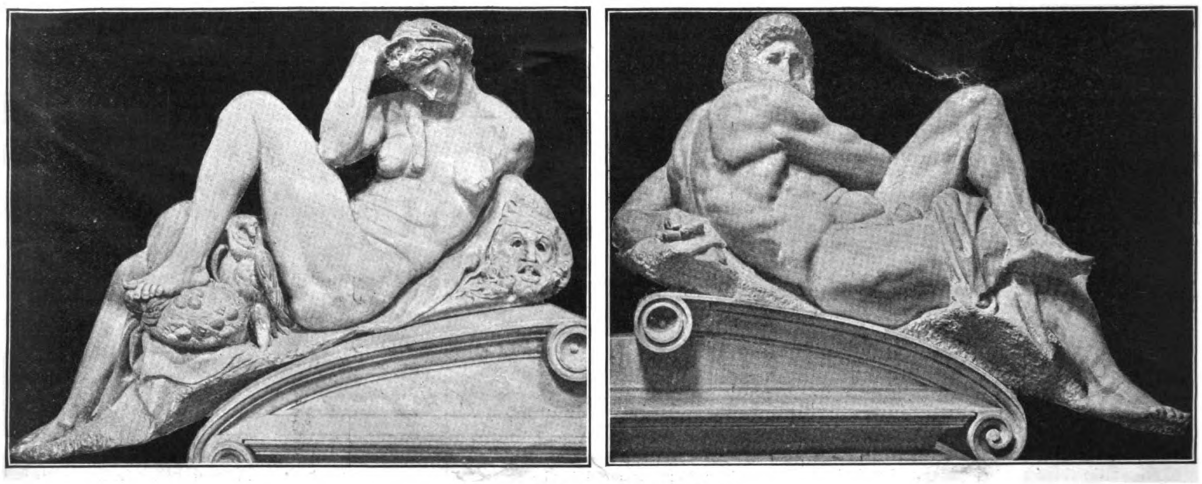
MT. POCONO, PA., *July 17, 1913.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I shall try to identify myself in your mind by telling you that I ran the Trenton *True American* in the days before there was any Wilson movement in New Jersey or elsewhere. I had a modest part in the beginning, and I never printed a line referring to Woodrow Wilson that hadn't in view his advancement and promotion in the service of the country. I know that you disavow "personal charge" of HARPER'S WEEKLY, yet it is under your control, and HARPER'S WEEKLY is pleading the "baby act" for President Wilson in his signing the Civil Sundry bill. You can't get away with that, Mr. Hapgood, not with the constituency that came to know you as the brave and honest spirit of *Collier's*. President Wilson had Mr. Taft's veto of the Civil Sundry bill as ample notice of the bill's iniquity. He was urged to oppose the objectionable provisions, publicly and privately, one appeal, I think through the very editorial columns of HARPER'S WEEKLY, where later you pleaded for him the "baby act." You have done the President a poor service, you have hurt yourself, and I write in entire friendliness, that at the outset of your new editorial responsibility you can not afford to turn your back to the light.

I am, sir,
HENRY E. ALEXANDER.

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Michelangelo's "Night" and "Day"

COLUMBIA INSPIRES SCULPTURE ANEW

BY JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON

MICHELANGELO, sculptor, has had a rebirth in New York. A group of American disciples of the plastic art, some young, others veterans of the atelier, have adopted his methods of studying anatomy by actual dissection. They begin work this autumn in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, with the sanction of the trustees of Columbia University. For the last year, however, under the direction of a demonstrator from the school, they have been pursuing their studies in their several studios and sometimes in the dissecting-room.

With Columbia in the same relation to them as the good prior of the monastery of St. Spirito bore to Michelangelo, the pupils of a great master hope to achieve yet more of his inspiration. His influence upon their work is apparent in a virile and a surer touch, in a vitality that seems to endow even insensate stone with life. George de Forest Brush, seeing his son studying under the old order that has become new again, exclaimed: "At last we have something!"

Many fine works have been produced by American sculptors, and some are being modeled by men with the true impulse of the artist; yet this venture of the school of Buonarroti now revived is indeed well arrived. It comes at a time when commercialism is rampant on one hand, and the cubists, with colossal indifference to the things that are, are concluding their rampage.

The country is emerging from the gravestone Soldiers' Monument period into a world of beauty. It is well that Michelangelo has been induced to return. Who knows whether this movement gains impetus, but that, instead of statues brought up by pantagraph and pointing-machine, we shall see sculptors working the solid marble themselves, as did the illustrious Florentine when the fine fury of his art was upon him!

Michelangelo Buonarroti was in his early years led to the study of anatomy by dissection, even in an age in which the dismemberment of the human body was practically under the ban. The ancient Greeks, who were under much the same prohibition, probably dissected little. The Renaissance, reviving the Hellenic canon of beauty, copied the statues of antiquity, and often sculpture fitted into grooves of cold and classic formalism.

Michelangelo, who began modeling at the age of sixteen years, was soon under the patronage of Lorenzo de' Medici, and became a resident of the ducal palace. The prior of St. Spirito was the first to call his attention to the value of anatomy to his art, and, despite the attitude of the authorities toward the examination of the dead, obtained bodies for him to dissect. The sculptor, against his natural inclinations, applied himself with energy and enthusiasm to his studies. The effect of those hours of intense application may be seen in works that the world has long since hailed as immortal.

In later years Michelangelo planned to leave the result of his labors in a treatise on anatomy for the use of sculptors. He had consulted with his friend, the noted Italian surgeon, Realdo Colombo, on the subject. Colombo obtained for him the body of a finely formed young Moor, and the sculptor entered upon his task, and made voluminous notes. The work, however, was never completed, and finally was lost. The records of similar labors, however, remain in a medium more enduring than vellum, in such masterpieces as the "Moses," the "David" in the wonderfully modeled figures on the tombs of the Medici, and the fresco of "The Last Judgment."

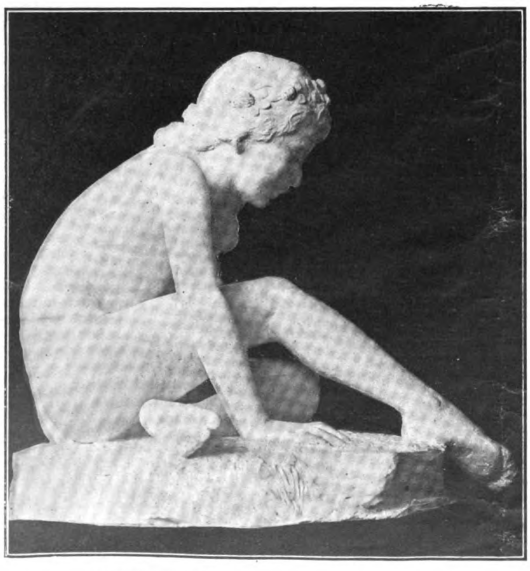
The sculptors of this modern day who are following the method of him whom they have chosen for their master have gone back to the same principles that guided him. They seek to know and to understand the human structure. Michelangelo, as his biographers record, did not concern himself with all that the surgeon needed to know, but he sought to learn how the human frame was built and covered. The sculptors of today have rigged in their studios a rudely fashioned armature to support the mass of clay that they would impose upon it. Some spend months in modeling an arm or a leg, patting down the damp plastilina and smoothing it up and ironing it down with tiny tools until it conforms to their ideal.

And here is the mighty artist hewing his "David" from a block of stone seventeen feet high.

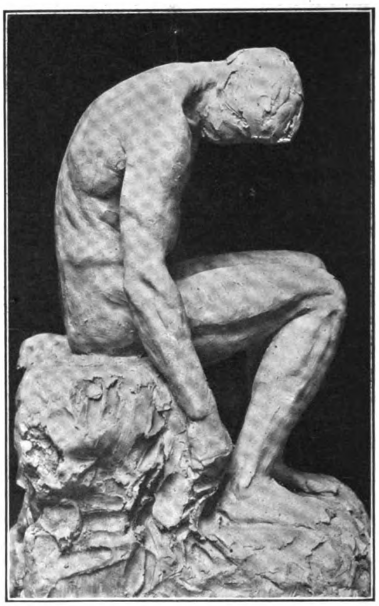
"Have a care, Master Michelangelo, what you do, for you have only a small wax model," said they of his day.

How the dust flew, how the great flakes of marble went hurtling to the ground, as the mallet smote the chisel. So close did he come in his rough work to the outline for which he aimed that it seemed as if he must ruin the work at last. His touch was so sure because he knew. For him there was no uncertainty as to where the bones should come to the surface, and where the muscles were attached. Such knowledge as this is what the little group is seeking to gain by its first-hand studies.

Some critics have said that Michelangelo bestowed too much attention to his anatomy, and that symmetry and beauty would have fared better at his hands had he laid less stress upon anatomy. The "David" of Michelangelo, as he conceived it, was an athlete. The popular conception of the slayer of



"The Young Girl at the Pool," by Frances Grimes



"Toil," by Victor D. Salvatore

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Goliath is a slender stripling such as Donatello has given to us in bronze. In later years the sculptor felt that he might have given more attention to representing the soft loveliness of the feminine form.

Michelangelo was the sculptor of force and vigor and life. The quality that his studies in anatomy especially gave was a vitalized elasticity. One can well imagine his figures arising and walking. Their poses seem as only those of the moment. The bodies give the impression of substance, the feeling that they exist beneath their clothes. His human forms were not mere scaffoldings for the holding up of classic mantles. Where an arm came to the edge of drapery, it was evident that in their right places were legs and torso. The statues of Michelangelo to this day are living things.

This is the effect, then, for which are working the group of sculptors over whom, at the recommendation of Professor George S. Huntington, the College of Physicians and Surgeons has extended its friendly ægis. First of all they made a careful study of the human skeleton, under the direction of Martin Peterson, who for many years has been anatomical draughtsman of the institution. They learned the names of every bone, and what its function was in sustaining the fabric. They found where the muscles began and where they ended. It became known to them through actual dissection, or by witnessing the taking apart of the tissues, just what the inter-play of muscles would be when the frame was put in motion. They learned where the articulated framework beneath was masked, and where it receded under the impulse of muscles and tendons.

A glance at the works of Daniel Chester French, of A. Phimster Proctor, of Herbert D. Adams, of Adolph A. Weinmann, who signed the application to Columbia, and of the younger members of this coterie, such as Barry Faulkner, Victor D. Salvatore, Jerome Brush, Miss Frances Grimes, and Miss Malvina Hoffman, show the influence of the new spirit that has come from our old master.

The records of this work are of unusual interest. Victor D. Salvatore, the young Italian sculptor, modeled an arm in clay as a result of his studies of the cadaver. Miss Malvina Hoffman, another of this class, made a sketch of a right arm that is of unusual power.

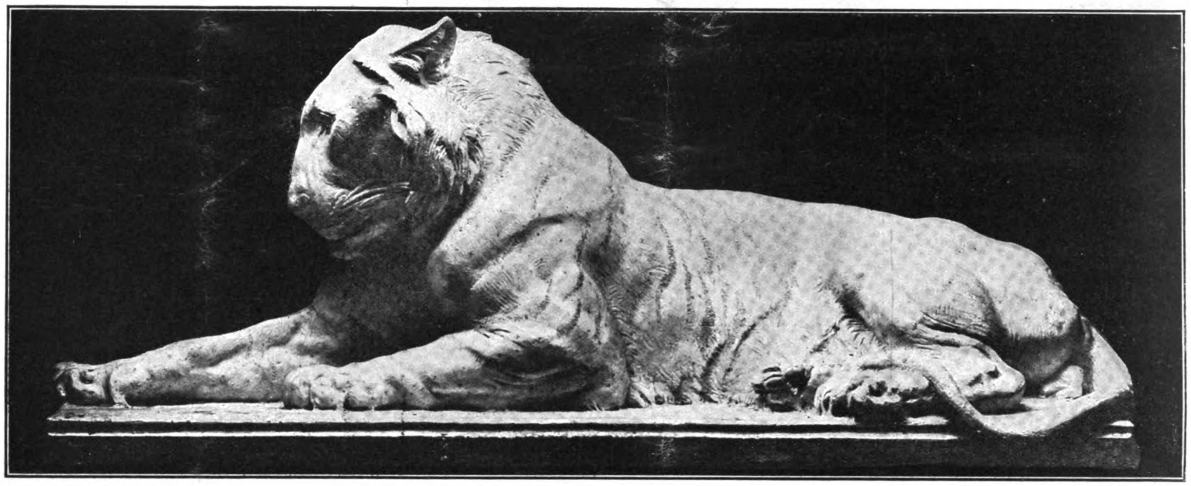
A recent work of Mr. Salvatore, representing "Toil" after the day is done, is a fine example of the influence of his recent studies. A stalwart figure of a man, bent over and with muscles relaxed, it commands attention at once for its lifelike quality. It is as if the worker had just come home; that he had stopped to rest only for the moment; that, if he rose, he would trudge on in full possession of usable and practical legs.

Do you remember that remarkable little group, "The Russian Dancers," by Miss Hoffman, that was exhibited not long since at the National Academy of Design? The agile forms, barely resting upon their support, represent the new inspiration in terms of beauty. The anatomy is true and exact, the pose fluent. Here is the art that is first sure in its principles and then gives free rein to fancy—the art that can not stray from truth.

Of this new school of anatomy none is more sure in his material than Mr. Proctor, sculptor of lions and tigers and mountain sheep. His impromptu dissections in the field with the hunting-knife—for he is an enthusiastic big-game sportsman — have always stood him in good stead. It is said of Michelangelo that his dissections of animals were very extensive, and that he was especially proficient in demonstrating the muscles of the horse. The animal sculptor, above all, needs the expert knowledge of the thews and sinews beneath the shaggy envelop.

The class that was begun in the quiet of the studio, and has now extended its work to the dissecting-room, is regarded by many of the sculptors of this day as the dynamo of a movement that may electrify American art. It may mean an effective protest against the imitation of the prim casts of the antique, and the servile copying of a degenerate art of lands beyond the seas.

Above all, it may point the way to the recrudescence of the principles that will inspire American sculpture with a new and fuller life.



"The Tiger," by A. Phimster Proctor

A MOTHER OF REVOLUTIONISTS

BY NINA LAWTON

The following story is not fiction. "Mother" really lived, and lives now in the hearts of those who knew her. Characters like hers are not rare in Russia. She is only one of those numerous "fighters for freedom" whose life is a complete self-renouncement, a continuous struggle for the holy cause, and whose death is that of a hero.

EVERY house-owner who had to mortgage his property in the Territorial Bank of Charkoff—and this is what nearly every proprietor in those times of financial crisis in Russia had to do—knew that first of all he had to submit a plan of his property to the Bank, and he addressed himself to Mrs. Barbara Ivanoff, who, as an architect, furnished such plans.

When they came to her to speak about their business, they invariably found her at work in her study, —if that barn could be called a "study,"—in which stood several chairs with somewhat-sat-through straw seats, a big book-shelf filled with books, papers, on the floor near the walls heaps of sketch-books and plans scattered and diffused in great disorder. In the middle of the room an enormous table—four boards joined together and laid on two trestles at each end, covered with ink-stands, pencils, rulers, and papers; the windows without any curtains, with panes on which rain and dust had left their trace—this was the furniture of the "study."

Mrs. Barbara Ivanoff met each client with a manly shake of the hand. And in general she gave at the first glance the impression of a man rather than that of a woman. She was about forty, tall, of a somewhat rugged constitution and large features, with light-colored hair smoothly combed and arranged in a small ball at the back of the head. Her gray eyes looked at one directly.

But she had only to smile, and her juvenile smile showed blindingly white teeth, the gray eyes became soft and tender, a deep, all-understanding love shone in them—the whole face transformed itself, as if illuminated, and became truly womanly. People who came to see her on business rarely saw this wonderful smile; they saw only the hard-working woman in her, energetic and clever, to whom they could intrust very serious business. Therefore, Mrs. Barbara Ivanoff's social position in the business world was quite definite: she was the architect, the designer, a clever and honest fellow.

MRS. BARBARA IVANOFF's personal life was unknown to these business men who consulted her. But all the thinking young people of southern Russia knew it. Every student, boy and girl, knew her as "Mother," though they might not know her by name. They knew that "Mother" was a member of the Central Committee of Russian Revolutionists; that she held in her hands all the threads of the secret revolutionist work of a whole district. They knew that she was greatly appreciated in the "Party" as an old, experienced worker, and that she was famous for her extraordinary ability to escape from the most dangerous political affairs under the very nose of police and gendarmerie—and not only to escape herself, but also to help others to escape and hide. Traditions grew up about her, and everybody, even those least acquainted with the delivering movement in Russia, knew about them.

But for those young people Mrs. Barbara Ivanoff was not only the member of the Party of Russian Revolutionists: she was their mother—the woman with the all-understanding, all-pardoning, loving heart, who loved them, not egotistically, for herself, but who loved in them all humanity. They knew that they could come to her at any time of the day or night, and always find not only a cup of tea and, in case of want, a night's lodging or a rouble, but also a sympathetic or encouraging word. They knew that she was always ready to help them not only in their studies, but also in solving complicated moral or social problems that tortured their young minds. And they could tell her their joys and sorrows. She enjoyed and suffered with them.

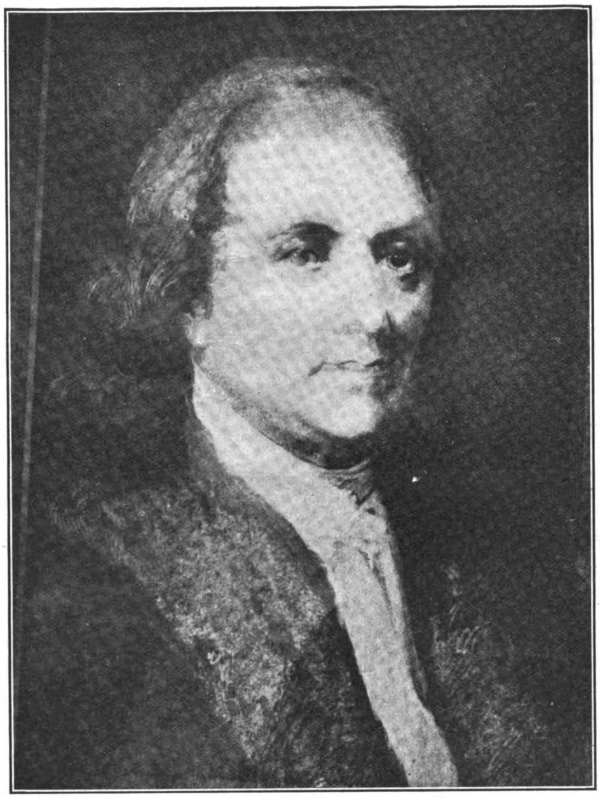
It was known that long before she had left her husband, a despicable creature; that she had taken her four little children and gone out to struggle with life; that she had seen much sorrow, suffered starvation, had worked very hard; and that, putting her personal life aside, she had found love and youth enough in her heart to sympathize with the sorrows of others, and had found time and energy to devote herself to the cause. The Russian youth, passionate and exalted, for whom self-sacrifice is the highest of ideals, could not but adore such a woman.

ONE day I received a big package by post. When I opened it I saw thousands and thousands of proclamations, of pamphlets, of entreaties, of so-called "illegal literature." I was known as one of those who did not belong to the Party, but who sympathized with its aims and who helped it as best they could. The names of such "sympathizers," as they were called in those times, were known to the Party, and their addresses were often used by the Party for transmitting letters, illegal literature, etc. "Sympathizers" were not under surveillance of the police, and so these packages and letters usually arrived at the destined address. Therefore, I was not much surprised, and went immediately to see Mother to tell her about the package.

When I arrived, she was sitting on a bed in the room that served her and her two little girls as a bedroom. On chairs and on the other two beds sat her son, a university student, some other students, and her grown-up daughter, also a student. Mother had probably just come from some building that was under her direction, for her mud-covered boots stood before the oven, and her jacket, soaked with

(Continued on page 26)

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A COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH OF FIVE GREAT GENIUSES
Robert Louis Stevenson, Sir Isaac Newton, Goethe, Voltaire, and Benjamin Franklin

GENIUS

A World-Old Problem Viewed in the Light of Modern Psychology

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

THE theory of genius that it is my purpose here to present and defend has little in common with the views held by most students of this world-old problem. Especially does it differ from the well-known and at present dominant doctrine of the Moreau-Lombroso-Hagen school of investigators, by whom the man of genius is regarded as an aberrant, even degenerate type of humanity, closely allied to the insane, and hence by implication deserving to be repressed rather than encouraged. Nor am I at one with those who, justly protesting against this degeneracy theory, themselves contend that genius is an anomaly in the scheme of nature, and that the man of genius, biologically speaking, is a "variation" dependent on unknown, perhaps unknowable, laws of heredity.

On the contrary, following the lead of the late Frederic W. H. Myers,—the first, in my opinion, to glimpse the true significance and fundamental characteristics of genius,—I shall endeavor to show that in the man of genius there is, at bottom, no real departure from normality, and that he differs from the "average man" only in being the fortunate possessor of a power for utilizing more freely than other men faculties common to all. More than this, going beyond Myers, I venture to affirm that genius is to an appreciable extent susceptible of cultivation, so as to become a far more frequent phenomenon than it is to-day.

In other words, I maintain that God, or Nature, as you choose to put it, in giving to the world its Dantes, Newtons, and Emersons, has not intended them as mere objects of admiration and bewilderment, but as indications of possibilities open to the generality of mankind.

Such a view, it may at once be conceded, could not reasonably have been advanced many years ago. It rests mainly on facts then unknown or misunderstood, and even now little appreciated outside of a narrow circle of scientific investigators. Foremost in importance is the discovery that, in addition to the ordinary realm of conscious thought, there exists in all of us a second realm—that of the so-called subconscious—in which, quite without any will-directed effort of our own, the most varied mental processes are carried on.

The subconscious, in fact, is a kind of vast storehouse, wherein are preserved, seemingly without time limit and in the most perfect detail, memory-images of everything we have seen, heard, or otherwise experienced through our sense-organs. It is also a kind of workshop for the facile manipulation of ideas, including even the elaboration of complicated trains of thought. Manifestly, the more freely and habitually one can draw on its resources, the more one ought to be able to accomplish with regard to any set task or chosen field of work. And in this, I am persuaded, we have the clue to the true explanation of the brilliant achievements of the man of genius.

He does what he does so well, not because he is of an abnormal type of mentality, as the Lombrosians ask us to believe, nor yet because he is born with gifts transcending those of other men, but simply because he has found a way more readily, more frequently, and more profitably than others to avail themselves of the subconscious powers that are the common heritage of the race.

Solving Problems in Our Dreams

THAT the "inspirations" of genius are really nothing more than spontaneous upsurgings from the depths of the subconscious is indeed demonstrable from the recorded statements of men of genius themselves. To the modern psychologist, one of the most impressive proofs of the actuality of subconscious mental processes is the occasional solution in dreams of problems that have long baffled the waking consciousness. In this way abstruse mathematical problems have sometimes been worked out after all hope of solving them had been abandoned; and troublesome clerical errors, the perpetual dread of bookkeepers, have been cleared away during sleep, as in the following typical instance, reported by a successful business man:

"I had been bothered since September with an error in my cash account for that month, and, despite many hours' examination, it defied all my efforts, and I had almost given it up as a hopeless case. It had been the subject of my waking thoughts for many nights, and had occupied a large portion of my leisure hours. Matters remained thus unsettled until December 11. On this night I had not, to my knowledge, once thought of the subject; but I had not been long in bed, and *asleep*, when my brain was as busy with the books as if I had been at my desk. The cash-book, banker's pass-book, etc., appeared before me, and without any apparent trouble I almost immediately discovered the cause of the mistake, which had arisen out of a complicated cross-entry.

"I perfectly recollect having taken a slip of paper in my dream and making such a memorandum as would enable me to correct the error at some leisure time; having done this, the whole of the circumstances had passed from my mind. When I awoke in the morning I had not the slightest recollection of my dream, nor did it once occur to me throughout the day, although I had the very books before me on which I had apparently been engaged in my sleep. When I returned home in the afternoon, as I did early for the purpose of dressing, and proceeded to shave, I took up a piece of paper from my dressing-table to wipe my razor, and you may imagine my surprise at finding thereon the very memorandum I fancied had been made during the night.

"The effect on me was such that I returned to our office and turned to the cash-book, when I found that I had really, *while asleep*, detected the error which I could not detect in my waking hours, and had actually jotted it down at the time."

The modern psychological explanation of all this would be that in his many hours of searching through the books he had, though without being in the least aware of it, gradually brought together the data necessary to correct the solution of his problem; and that in this case this happened to be first definitely formulated in his mind while he slept, thus giving rise to the dream that caused him such astonishment. Or he might from the outset have subconsciously known the cause of his error, but without being able to profit from the knowledge until a favoring condition in sleep permitted its emergence above the threshold of his consciousness.

Now, suppose that instead of being a business man he had been a novelist, artist, or musician, and had been preoccupied with some special or general problem peculiar to his art. If in that event, he had had a dream in which was presented to his sleeping consciousness a plot or subject or theme, which, being afterward given permanent form on paper or canvas, proved to have the qualities of a "work of genius,"

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would it not be logical to infer that precisely the same mental processes were operant in the second instance as in the first, the only difference being in the character of the product? This is what, from their own statement, has happened to not a few men of high achievement.

Indeed, it is not so long since I received from a leading Pacific Coast architect, Mr. B. J. S. Cahill, a communication that is much to the point in this connection. He had been commissioned to design a mammoth office building to be erected in Portland, Oregon, and it was his ambition to plan one that would mark a distinct advance in the architecture of buildings of this sort, combining the requirements of beauty, solidity, capacity, light, and ventilation to a degree unapproached by the ordinary "skyscraper." For weeks he worked on this problem, only to discard, one after another, the various designs he drafted. One night, with his mind still full of the projected building, he fell asleep, and saw in a dream a beautiful tower-like structure, shaped on the order of a St. Andrew's Cross, and thus affording perfect light and ventilation for every part of the building except the central core, where the stairs and elevators might be located.

Awaking, Mr. Cahill was so impressed by the dream that he got out of bed and made two rough sketches, one showing the ground-plan, the other the general appearance of the lofty edifice. As finally worked out by him, this novel departure in office-building architecture won immediate approval, being made the subject of a laudatory article by an eminent critic, and being voted by other good judges "a brilliant conception, a plan of unusual ingenuity, and a design of extraordinary beauty."

"Kubla Khan" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" Composed in Dreams

COLERIDGE'S poem "Kubla Khan" was similarly a dream composition. So was the sonata by which the composer Tartini is best known, and to which he appropriately gave the name of "The Devil's Sonata," in recognition of the fact that he owed it to a dream of selling his soul to the devil, and being rewarded by hearing the latter play on a violin the music out of which grew what Tartini himself regarded as his best piece of work. Benjamin Franklin was another man of genius who gained something from his dreams, as was Condillac. But the most striking illustration is afforded by Robert Louis Stevenson, whose marvelous "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was only one of several novels and stories that he conceived in dreams. Stevenson, it is worth adding, in his delightful "Chapter on Dreams" frankly recognizes and acknowledges the debt he owed to his subconsciousness, which, with characteristic felicity and whimsicality, he personified as "Brownies" and "little people."

"This dreamer, like many other persons," is the way he puts it, "has encountered some trifling vicissitudes of fortune. When the bank begins to send letters, and the butcher to linger at the back gate, he sets to belaboring his brains after a story, for that is his readiest money-winner; and, behold! at once the little people begin to bestir themselves in the same quest, and labor all night long, and all night long set before him truncheons of tales upon their lighted theater. No fear of his being frightened now; the flying heart and the frozen scalp are things bygone; applause, growing applause, growing interest, growing exultation in his own cleverness,—for he takes all the credit,—and at last a jubilant leap to wakefulness, with the cry: 'I have it; that'll do!' upon his lips—with such and similar emotions he sits at these nocturnal dreams; with such outbreaks, like Cassius in the play, he scatters the performance in the midst.

"Often enough the waking is a disappointment. He has been too deep asleep, as I explain the thing; drowsiness has gained his little people; they have gone stumbling and maundering through their parts; and the play, to the wakened mind, is seen to be a tissue of absurdities. And yet, how often have these sleepless Brownies done him honest service, and given him, as he sat idly taking his pleasure in the boxes, better tales than he could fashion for himself!

"The more I think of it," Stevenson goes on, "the more I am moved to press upon the world my question: 'Who are the little people?' They are near connections of the dreamer's, beyond doubt; they share in his training; they have plainly learned, like him, to build the scheme of a considerable story, and to arrange emotion in progressive order. Only, I think they have more talent; and one thing is beyond doubt—they can tell him a story piece by piece, like a serial, and keep him the while in ignorance of where they aim.

"That part of my work which is done while I am sleeping is the Brownies' part, beyond contention; but that which is done when I am up and about is by no means necessarily mine, since all goes to show that the Brownies have a hand in it even then."

Than these exquisite paragraphs—and I have quoted them for that reason—it would be hard to find in all literature anything more graphically descriptive of the mechanism which I am convinced is always operant in the production of works of genius. Asleep or awake, it is from the resources of the subconscious region of their minds that men of genius gain the "inspirations" that delight, benefit, or amaze posterity.

Mostly, of course, the subconscious upsurgings come to them when they are awake, sometimes in momentary gleams of insight, sometimes continuing through comparatively long periods when they write, compose, or develop valuable discoveries without conscious effort. And again we need not go beyond the testimony of men of genius themselves to obtain a strong body of evidence bearing out this view.

Many a poet of the first order, puzzling over the state of his mind during his creative moments, has declared that his works were composed as in a dream, the main ideas, sometimes even the phrases used, shaping themselves of their own accord in his consciousness. "Often it happened to me," says Goethe, "that I would repeat a song to myself and then be unable to recollect it; that sometimes I would run to my desk, and, without taking time to lay my paper straight, would, without stirring from my place, write out the poem from beginning to end, slopingly. For the same reason I always preferred to write with a pencil, on account of its marking so readily. On several occasions, indeed, the scratching and spluttering of my pen awoke me from my somnambulistic poetizing and distracted me so that it suffocated a little product in its birth."

Elsewhere Goethe specifically states that his "Werther" was written "somewhat unconsciously, like a sleep-walker." And, according to Vischer, the poet Schiller, Goethe's almost equally great contemporary, complained that whenever he was consciously at work creating and constructing, his imagination was hampered and did not perform "with the same freedom as it had done when nobody was looking over its shoulder."

"It is not I who think," confesses Lamartine, "but my ideas which think for me." Dante had much the same feeling, as recorded in his famous lines, "I am so made that when love inspires me, I attend; and according as it speaks in me I express myself."

Voltaire, who wrote to Diderot that "in the works of genius instinct is everything," on seeing one of his own tragedies performed, exclaimed, "Was it really I who wrote that?"

"My conceptions," says Rémy de Gourmont, "rise into the field of consciousness like a flash of lightning or the flight of a bird."

"One does not work, one listens; it is as though another were speaking into one's ear," writes De Musset. Exactly similar is the statement of the composer Hoffman: "When I compose, I sit down to the piano, shut my eyes, and play what I hear."

From other great musicians comes equally emphatic testimony to the part played by the subconscious in the creation of their works. Mozart frankly avowed that his compositions came "involuntarily, like dreams," and "commonly lay ready-made in his memory when he began to set them down on paper." Among eminent composers of to-day Saint-Saëns has only to listen, like Socrates, to his Daemon; and Vincent d'Indy, writing to Dr. Paul Chabaneix, relates that he "often has, on waking, a fugitive glimpse of a musical effect which (like the memory of a dream) needs a strong immediate concentration of mind to keep it from vanishing."

The situation is the same, in whatever field genius finds expression. Napoleon, by many considered the greatest military genius in the history of mankind, believed from his own experience that the fate of battles usually turned not so much on conscious planning and manœuvering as on tactics dictated by "latent thoughts" arising suddenly in the mind. "The decisive moment approached; the spark burst forth, and one was victorious." In like manner, there often has come to scientists and inventors, with the unexpectedness of lightning out of a clear sky, the discovery of natural laws or mechanical principles of which they previously had had no knowledge whatever.

Everybody has heard the story of Newton, the falling apple, and the discovery of the law of gravitation; and of Galileo's invention of the pendulum, born of the thoughts springing up in his mind while idly watching the oscillations of the great bronze lamp swinging from the roof of Pisa Cathedral. Not so well known, but particularly impressive because of its revelation of the manner in which the desultory development of a train of thought in the mind of a man of genius may lead to a subconscious upsurging of the highest value, is Alfred Russel Wallace's account of his epoch-marking discovery of the scientific doctrine of the origin of species—a discovery achieved by him, in the far-off Malay archipelago, with no knowledge that the same doctrine had even then been worked out, though not as yet made public, by Charles Darwin.

"Why Do Some Die and Some Live?"

"AT the time in question," Wallace relates, "I was suffering from a sharp attack of intermittent fever, and every day during the cold and succeeding hot fits had to lie down for several hours, during which time I had nothing to do but to think over any subjects then particularly interesting me. One day something brought to my mind Malthus' 'Principle of Population,' which I had read about twelve years before. I thought of his clear exposition of the 'positive checks to increase'—disease, accidents, war, and famine—which keep down the population of savage races to so much lower an average than that of more civilized peoples. It then occurred to me that these causes, or their equivalents, are continually acting in the case of animals also; and as animals usually breed much more rapidly than does mankind, the destruction every year from these causes must be enormous in order to keep down the numbers of each species, since they evidently do not increase regularly from year to year, as otherwise the world would long ago have been densely crowded with those that breed most quickly.

"Vaguely thinking over the enormous and constant destruction which this implied, it occurred to me to ask the question, Why do some die and some live? And the answer was clearly, that on the whole the best fitted live. From the effects of disease the most healthy escaped; from enemies, the strongest, the swiftest, or the most cunning; from famine, the best hunters or those with the best digestion; and so on. Then it suddenly flashed on me that this self-acting process would necessarily *improve the race*, because in every generation the inferior would inevitably be killed off and the superior would remain—that is, *the fittest would survive*.

"At once I seemed to see the whole effect of this, that when changes of land and sea, or of climate, or of food-supply, or of enemies occurred,—and we know that such changes have always been taking place,—and considering the amount of individual variation that my experience as a collector had shown me to exist, then it followed that all the changes necessary for the adaptation of the species to the changing conditions would be brought about; and as great changes in the environment are always slow, there would be ample time for the change to be effected by the survival of the best fitted in every generation. In this way every part of an animal's organization could be modified exactly as required, and in the very process of this modification the unmodified would die out, and thus the *definite* characters and the clear *isolation* of each new species would be explained. The more I thought about it, the more I became convinced that I had at last found the long-sought-for law of nature that solved the problem of the origin of species."

This passage, with its significant phrases, "Then it suddenly flashed upon me" and "At once I seemed to see the whole effect of this," makes very clear the subconscious element in the making of the momentous discovery. It also emphasizes another fact indispensable to a complete understanding not alone of Wallace's achievement, but of the achievements of all men of genius: the fact that creative upsurgings from the subconscious would be valueless—would, indeed, be impossible of occurrence—in any but a mind rendered by conscious study, observation, and reflection, capable of appreciating their significance.

The subconscious, let me recall, is a kind of workshop where the "ego" rummages among the memory-images of its past experiences to develop trains of thought and reach definite conclusions with a minimum of effort. Obviously the results of its rummaging will depend on the material it finds to work with; in proportion as this is rich and abundant, the subconscious upsurgings will be "worth while." Obviously, too, both the richness of the material and the character and value of the subconscious upsurgings will ultimately depend on the character of the individual's interests and the extent to which these impel him to conscious study, observation, and reflection.

Men of Genius are Great Workers

WHEREFORE it is that all men of genius have been great workers. Even when, as has been observed in certain cases, they indulge in more or less protracted periods of idleness, they later make amends by an unusual industry; and, for that matter, their idleness often is more seeming than real, their minds being busied all the while with some baffling problem. Ardent, whole-souled absorption in the thing he has set himself to do—that, unquestionably, is a distinguishing characteristic of the man of genius. It is almost as if by instinct he labors hard to provide his subconsciousness with the data it must have in order to afford him, by way of recompense, those flashes of insight, those moments of "inspiration," that mean acknowledged leadership among his fellow men.

Of Dante, for example, Boccaccio tells us that, "taken by the sweetness of knowing the truth of the things concealed in heaven, and finding no other pleasure dearer to him in life, he left all other worldly care and gave himself to this alone; and, that no part of philosophy might remain unseen by him, he plunged with acute intellect into the deepest recesses of theology, and so far succeeded in his design that, caring nothing for heat or cold, or watchings or fastings, or any other bodily discomforts, by assiduous study he came to know of the divine essence and of the other separate intelligences all that the human intellect can comprehend."

Napoleon is known to have occupied his mind almost incessantly with problems of military strategy. Even at the opera, he would forget the music in wrestling with such questions as, "I have ten thousand men at Strasbourg, fifteen thousand at Magdeburg, twenty thousand at Würzburg. By what stages must they march so as to reach Ratisbon on three successive days?" Mozart, on the contrary, thought, lived, and moved in an atmosphere of music. He could not so much as go for a walk or play a game of billiards without humming to himself over and over again airs that he was striving to develop to his satisfaction. "Nobody," he once declared, "takes so much pains in the study of composition as I. You could not easily name a famous master in music whom I have not industriously studied, often going through his works several times."

Schiller, even as a boy, "felt that without diligence no mastery can be won." Somebody once asked Newton how he had made his marvelous discoveries in the physical realm. "By always thinking about them," was his reply. Thus the record might be continued down to the Edisons and Bergsons and Debussys of to-day.

Quite evidently, what happens is that the perpetual concentration of attention on some one problem or set of problems, not merely deposits in the subconscious an exceptional wealth of material, but also favors the emergence of the results of its manipulation of that material. Just as, in the cast of the ordinary man, it is only when he is intensely interested in, say, the detection of an error in bookkeeping that he is likely to have the cause of that error spontaneously made plain to him by a sudden "happy thought," or through the medium of a dream.

Usually, too, the absorbing interest of the man of genius, amounting sometimes almost to the obsession of a "fixed idea," first shows itself in youth, perhaps in early childhood—and often in a childhood characterized by a greater or less degree of physical weakness. This was incontrovertibly proved not long ago by the English psychologist Havelock Ellis, in a careful analytical study of the lives of a thousand British men and women of genius.

Precocious Children Often Geniuses

GLEANING his facts from that standard work, "The Dictionary of National Biography," Mr. Ellis found that only forty-two of his thousand distinguished men and women were specifically mentioned as not having been precocious, while, on the other hand, two hundred and ninety-two were specifically mentioned as having been precocious in one way or

(Continued on page 25)

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A MASTERLY METHOD

BY JEANNETTE COOPER

"WHAT shall I give Gregory for Christmas?" she said.

It was not the sort of remark to be greeted with protest and levity, but that was what it got.

"Now see here, Lois," her mother said, "every year for the past twenty, I have had to plan your Christmas present to Gregory. Ever since you were——"

"A year old," interrupted Lois. "But really, mother, I do feel anxious—" her voice took on a private significance intended for her mother's ear.

"You see, mother," spoke up Tom promptly, "we feel that we ought to do something special for Greg, considering—" his voice discounted Lois's for mysterious suggestion.

"You might send him a pot of glue," suggested Mollie.

"Or a skewer," supplemented Tom. "If he skewered it neatly and put a coat of varnish on, he might work it off on some near-sighted girl. Poor old Greg! He's so blamed careless."

"Mother!" protested Lois.

"Don't be impatient," said Tom. "I am returning immediately to the subject. What shall we give Gregory for Christmas? Now there are three classes of Christmas presents: those you give to relatives with an eye to their being of use in the family; those you give to friends after going to a clairvoyant to find out how much they are likely to spend on you; and those you give"—here his voice became heavy with tragic inference—"to those who have been weighed in the balance and found wanting too much—which brings us to our text: What shall we give Gregory for Christmas?"

Lois arose. Her eyes were plaintively indignant.

"I am going up to the library, mother," she said, not looking at Tom and Mollie.

"Aren't you going riding with Mr. Warwick?" demanded Mollie.

Lois shook her head gently and went out.

"NOW isn't that too ridiculous!" Mollie appealed to the room. "Think of refusing a ride on that bay of Mr. Warwick's, just because it might make Gregory feel worse."

"Perhaps we may as well not discuss the subject," suggested Mrs. Patterson. "You are not supposed to know anything about it."

"I wish somebody would offer him to me," said Mollie.

"Who? Gregory?"

"No, Mr. Warwick's horse. But I tell you if I did refuse a man, I'd do it thoroughly. It is my opinion that Gregory keeps up this plaintive pose simply because Lois looks so conscience-stricken. No, I'm not going to help you with the darning, mother. You do Lena's work so that she can get off early. You spoil everybody. If you had brought Lois up properly, she wouldn't have those sentimental notions." She reached out and selected a blue silk sock from the basket. "Look at this!" She held it aloft to point an accusing finger at the size of the hole.

"It is very touching," began Tom hastily, "about Gregory. I drop in when I can, to do my mite in the way of reparation, and on the last occasion I noticed that he had taken down all of Lois's photographs. There was no Lois in evening dress smiling at me from the mantel, no Lois in street suit looking down jauntily from the pipe-rack, no Lois in golf outfit, no Lois in garden hat, no Lois with a lace mantilla strewn over her head, no Lois leaning on one elbow with downcast eyes, no Lois leaning on a property chair with upcast eyes, no Lois with any cast in her eyes at all. And in the midst of it sat Greg!" He reached out a long arm, and laid a hand on his mother's work. "May I borrow that stocking to wipe my eyes?" he said.

Mollie was cobbling the blue silk hole into a sort of rosette.

"We ought to cheer Greg up," she said. "If he would stop acting like an undertaker, Lois would be nicer to Mr. Warwick, and he might offer me a ride on the bay."

"For sheer altruism, recommend me to Mollie," said Tom. "But it is true that, as a family, we owe it to Greg to give him a helping hand. He has now mourned long enough. We ought to get him into shape before the holidays. With his family in Europe, we couldn't heartlessly leave him out of things, and with him wearing that bearing-it-bravely-but-almost-too-much-for-me expression, and Lois looking as if she had been presiding at a massacre, even my brave buoyancy suffers."

"We could do a good deal before Christmas," said Mollie, "if we went at it systematically. We could take turns."

"I'll start to-night," declared Tom valiantly. "I'll go over with my mandolin——"

Mollie laid down the blue silk sock and looked across at her brother.

"There won't be anything left for me to do," she said.

"I don't see what you've got against me and my mandolin," observed Tom defensively.

"Nothing against you, separately," she returned.

"Well, I have other methods. I'm not confined to one. I'll get him started in the right direction to-night and turn him over to you to-morrow."

"I would suggest," began Mrs. Patterson quietly, but Tom raised a protesting hand.

"Now, mother, do not seek to discourage this struggling band of willing workers," he said. "Mollie and I are going to be Little Sisters to the Discard. Don't you want to be a Little Sister, too?"

"Thank you, no," said Mrs. Patterson.

Gregory came out from the city that night tired with the day's work. The house was lonesomely still. He blundered through the dark hall and up the stairs. He closed the door of his room behind him, feeling pensively the bareness of it, and turned on the light.

On mantel and book-case and pipe-rack and desk, wherever a picture of Lois had stood, and in a dozen other places were photographs—photographs of Mollie: Mollie with curls and a scowl, Mollie in tin-type groups, Mollie all but unrecognizable in awful freaks of photographic art, Mollie and Tom hand in hand with do-or-die expressions, Mollie in short dresses and in her first long one, Mollie, Mollie everywhere, and each one a more awful looking production than the last. Gregory sat down and stared at them. Then he threw back his head and howled. Not since Lois had fearfully refused him had he laughed like that. He sobered down rather suddenly with a feeling of inappropriateness. Then he got up and wandered from one to the other of them, and presently felt it necessary to sober down again, and went in to dinner with a pensive face that made the housekeeper wonder if her ears had deceived her, and pityingly urged him to be served twice to dessert.

"FIRST score to me," said Tom, proudly, the next morning. "The housekeeper told me that Greg laughed out loud in his room last night."

"But what did you do?"

"That I shall not divulge until the cure is complete. It is your turn this morning."

"I think I'll take him for a long walk," said Mollie, after a moment of meditation.

"Good!" said Tom cordially. "Nothing better than walking in cases of this kind. I can almost see you on that bay."

"There he is!" Mollie seized a jacket and pinned on a hat as she flew out of the door. "Come for a walk, Greg," she called.

Gregory had intended treating Mollie with something of hurt reserve, but her face was so warmly friendly that he forgot it. The morning was perfect for walking, stirring the blood to energy, filling the eye with the reserved loveliness of early December. Mollie chattered unceasingly, and all her theme was of the beauty of life and the duty of making the best of things. Very impersonal it was, but continuous.

Gregory wondered at first. Then suspicion grew upon him. He relapsed into indignant silence. Harder and harder Mollie tried—gloomier and gloomier grew Gregory.

"'Write it on your heart,'" quoted Mollie bravely, with a glance of loving-kindness that belied her growing rage, "'that every day in the year is the best day.'"

Gregory appeared not to hear. He was slashing at the weeds with his stick like an ill-tempered hero in a popular novel. His eyes were on the ground, not on his cheering, inspiring companion.

The bay horse was galloping hazily into the distance.

"Greg," cried Mollie in exasperation, "won't you please be a little livelier?"

Mr. Campbell turned a somewhat irate countenance upon his guide and consoler.

"I don't see anything in particular to be lively over," he said.

"Well, it is everybody's duty to make the best of things."

"Oh, d——," said Gregory. Perhaps it was "duty" he started to say. Mollie did not think it was, and for the next fifteen minutes he found himself explaining to a very indignant young woman that she had misunderstood him. By that time they had reached the stile by the river which was as far as they had planned to go, and Mollie turned promptly, without a word, and set out upon the homeward way. And now it was Gregory who talked steadily to a perfectly unresponsive companion. It would never do to have little Mollie seriously offended with him. Good little Mollie! She had always looked upon him as a brother. Not that Mollie was so little, either. She was taller than Lois. His heart gave a pang at the thought of Lois, but only a short one. He was too busy propitiating her sister.

"You're captain of the basket-ball team, aren't you, Mollie?" he inquired.

"Yes!" No word could have been briefer.

"That's fine! They couldn't have a better one. You're an all-around kind of a girl. It was mighty nice of you to take pity on my lonesomeness and walk with me. It does a chap good to have a dear little girl like you sorry for him."

Mollie turned an icy gaze upon him.

"I wasn't sorry for you," she said. "I was trying to make you act as if you had a grain of sense, which is a good deal more than I shall undertake again. I am going to turn off here. Good morning!" And an erect young figure in a scarlet tam and sweater receded down a narrow by-path, while Gregory whistled softly to himself and proceeded homeward.

"QUITTER!" said Tom. It was apropos of Mollie's proposal that he undertake the reformation of Gregory unaided and alone.

"I am not," said Mollie, "but I don't see why we should both give our time to him. I'll keep it up if you insist."

"I do," said Tom. And so Gregory, who had watched with some compunction on Monday for a chance to accost Mollie, was greatly surprised to see her smiling at him from the station platform when he got off the train on Tuesday.

"I thought you'd be on this train," she explained brightly, "so I stopped. I am going over to bowl. Don't you want to go?"

It was Gregory's favorite exercise. They had a beautiful time, and walked home together in gay spirits. Mollie's evident forgetfulness of their strained relations struck Gregory as very admirable. "It shows an awfully sweet spirit, by Jove!" he thought enthusiastically. "She is a mighty amiable little girl." And the next afternoon he watched until he saw his amiable little neighbor passing, and went out onto the porch.

"A good day to bowl, Mollie," he called.

"Splendid!" said Mollie. "Tom's going over. I'll tell him to stop."

Gregory slammed three doors on the way back to his room. By the time Tom called he had developed a sore throat which made bowling a menace to health. Tom with angelic patience spent the evening with him.

The following afternoon Mollie ran in to borrow a piece of his sister's music, and remained to play some accompaniments. Gregory had a charming voice, and Mollie was a born accompanist. He got out a lot more music the next night, and Tom came over and offered to play it on his mandolin. Tom never hit the key except in moments of absent-mindedness. Gregory said he had given up singing.

On Saturday, Mollie, with the firelight flickering on her scarlet gown and earnest young face, sat in the twilight of the Campbell library and talked softly of the Duty of Man. And the next day, Tom, after a Sunday stroll with an absent-minded but docile companion, summed up the situation with pleasing pride.

"We are coming on wonderfully," he said, "wonderfully. My method is marvelously adapted to the case."

TWO weeks later, Mollie burst into the sitting-room, where Tom and the sofa made a little oasis in a desert of Sunday newspapers.

"You can take Gregory to-day," she said.

Tom looked up from the pink sheet, his eyes still alight with the fact that somebody had scored two touch-downs.

"It's your day," he said. "I took him yesterday to oblige you."

"I don't care. I can't get my presents done if I give all my time to Gregory."

"You aren't going to make presents on Sunday, I hope!" Tom clutched the pink sheet more firmly and looked his grieved reproach.

"I'm going to give it up," said Mollie, with swift emphasis; "I've done enough."

"Well, I like to put a thing through when I start it"—with a superior air—"and now that Gregory is turning out so cheerful, I certainly shall not give up. I could do it alone if it wasn't for my Greek. Your part has been very simple, I am sure. I have done all the planning and taken the brunt of the work. The slight assistance you have been able to render has enabled me to perfect my methods. When I get out my pamphlet on 'First Aid to the Injured,' your name shall be mentioned."

Mollie was not resenting anything he was saying. She was thinking her own thoughts, and her cheeks were scarlet and her eyes were blazing.

"Well, I am going to give it up," she repeated.

"Think of the bay!" said Tom. Mollie never heeded.

"It is impossible to do anything for a person like Gregory," she went on. "He wants the most idiotic things."

"What does he want? To act with Lois in the pantomime?"

"No," shortly.

"What then? To have you intercede with Lois? To have Warwick left out of the party? To——"

"No," burst out Mollie, her voice rising to a climax with the preposterousness of it, her face scarlet and exasperated. "He wants to marry me!"

Tom dropped the pink sheet and sat up. His eyes were as saucers as he surveyed his angry sister. He gasped weakly, endeavoring to ask her to corroborate his impression of what she had said. Then he sank back upon the sofa and howled and roared and shouted until his voice died away from sheer exhaustion and only his legs waving feebly in the air testified to his enjoyment. Mollie sat tensely and waited.

"Wha—what did you tell him?" he whispered at last.

"I told him I only did it because you got me into it and I was sorry for Lois and——"

"Did you tell him about the horse?"

She nodded, and again Tom abandoned himself to his emotions. "I guess your name will have to go first on the pamphlet," he said.

"And he asked me"—Mollie's stern eyes were on her listener—"if I put my photographs in his room——"

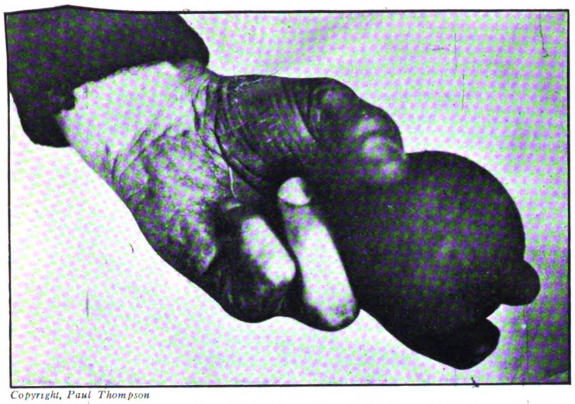
"I did it," said Tom. "That was my opening coup. I put the cross-eyed one on the mantel and the one in long clothes on the pipe-rack. I spent time and thought in collecting and arranging them. You need not blame me for the present dilemma. They ought to have acted as a preventive"; and the memory of them sent him back into convulsions.

Mrs. Patterson opened the door and looked in. "What *are* you two doing?" she said.

"Just having a little conversation," returned her

(*Continued on page 25*)

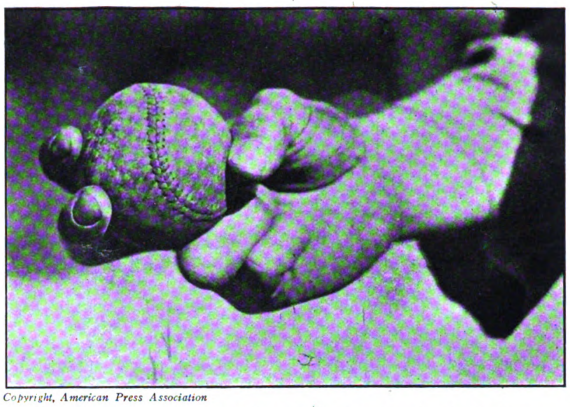
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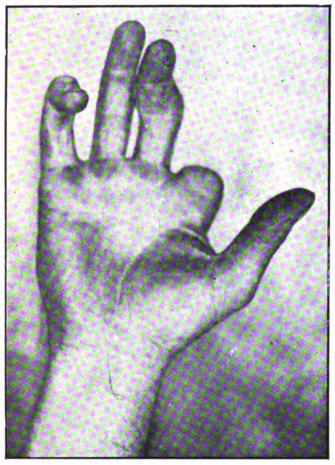
"Christy" Mathewson's hand just before the delivery of his "fade-away" ball, which has baffled the most expert batsmen for years

(Reversed Photograph)

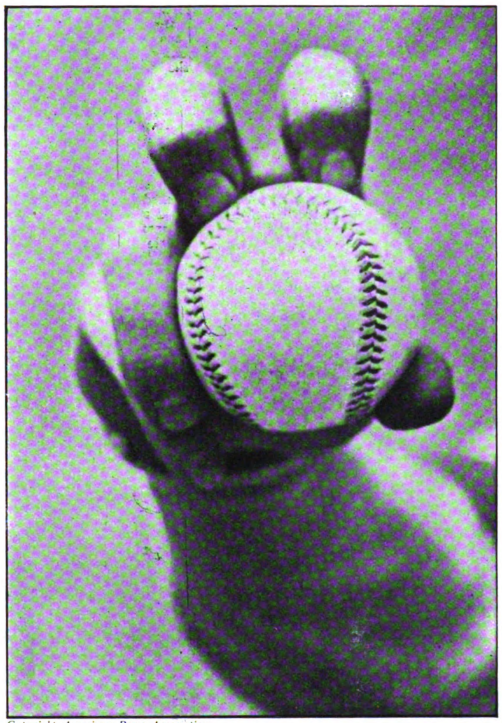


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An off-seam clutch of the Indian, "Chief" Bender, who for the last decade has been one of Connie Mack's most dependable pitchers



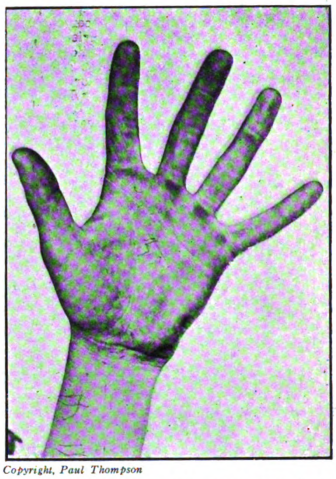
The crippled hand of "Three-finger" Brown, which has enabled him to throw a mystifying curve that has won many a hard game for the Chicago Cubs



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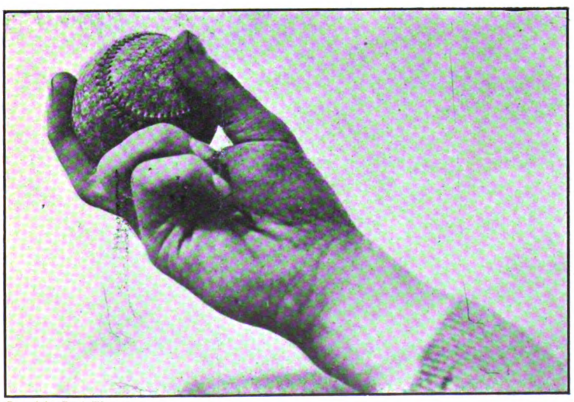
How "Nap" Rucker, the famous southpaw of the Brooklyn team, delivers his dreaded "knuckle" ball

(Reversed Photograph)



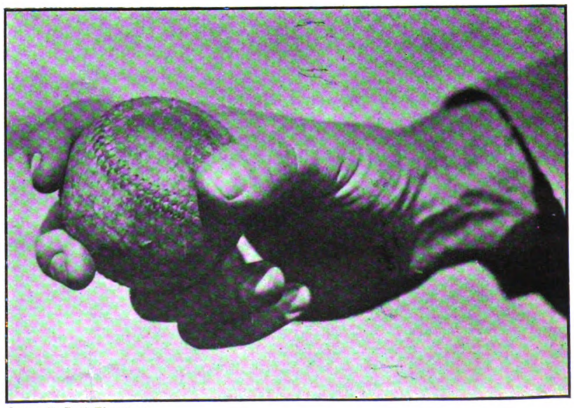
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The slender, almost feminine hand of "Rube" Marquard, which fetched $11,000 in the baseball market, and pitched nineteen successive victories last season



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"Marty" O'Toole's hand at the moment of delivery. O'Toole, for whom the Pittsburgh team paid $22,500, is the highest priced pitcher known to baseball history



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The formidable hand of the greatest twirler of all times—Walter Johnson of the Washington club, who is making new and wonderful records again this season

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Photograph by Brown Brothers

CHILDREN'S COURTS

BY

ERNEST K. COULTER

A CENTURY ago they were hanging children on Tyburn Hill for larceny. Some one protested, and it was called sentimentality. But in time the hangings ceased. Sentimentality has always been the cry set up in opposition to legislation for human betterment. The proposition to create children's courts was derided as the "foolishness of a lot of women and other long-haired cranks." Children, being the weakest members of the community, have been the last to come into anything of their own. Jurists and "leading citizens" clamored against the Children's Court plan in Illinois in 1899, where the first separate tribunal for children was created by authority of legislative enactment, and later in Colorado, where Judge Lindsey first came into fame.

The introduction at Albany in 1901 of a bill drafted by Joseph M. Deuel, then a police magistrate, providing for a separate court in New York City for the hearing and trial of the cases of children under the age of sixteen who came into conflict with the law, impelled the District Attorney and a cohort of defenders to fly to Albany to guard the State constitution and the courts thereunder against this proposed invasion of their sacred rights. How jealous courts are of their jurisdiction, and what difficulties beset any attempt to improve their archaic procedure! But the sentimentality of women who protested against the further arraignment of children—many of them merely the victims of environment and parental cruelty or neglect—in company with the city's thugs and drunkards, prevailed.

Women Responsible for Most Humanitarian Progress

WOMEN, indeed, have forced most of our steps of humanitarian progress. Possibly it is because the men are so busy with the bread-winning that they do not have time to think of these things. Until a good woman invaded a Hell's Kitchen tenement thirty-eight years ago, and dragged to light a naked, half-dead little creature whose body was covered with the marks of the shears her guardians had used in torturing her, the dog and the horse ranked higher in the law's eyes than did the child. The dog and the horse had a property value, the child had none. The rescue of the child Mary Ellen by Mrs. Etta A. Wheeler inspired Henry Bergh, then the head of a society to protect animals from cruelty, and Elbridge T. Gerry to organize the first society for the prevention of cruelty to children. The movement which began with that sentimental act by Mrs. Wheeler has spread until there is scarcely a civilized community to-day that has not some such society for the protection of children.

The awakening consciousness of a new duty to the child which led to the establishment of juvenile courts came much later. Now that the majority of States have children's courts and they are proving great life-saving stations, various communities are vying with one another in their claims for credit for their first establishment. There are several New England towns whose magistrates, backed by no law other than their own common sense and spirit of humanity, have for more than twenty years been holding the trial of children's cases separate from those of adult offenders. In Providence, Rhode Island, for instance, the Grand Jury in 1891, after the summer recess of court, found that a boy who had robbed a bakery had been in jail for many weeks with hardened crooks while waiting for the machinery of justice to move. The recommendations in a presentment against their further incarceration with grown criminals, and for the quick and separate trial of children, has since been followed.

The injustice of the arraignment of children at the same bar with New York's thieves and thugs led Judge Deuel, in 1895, to hold separate hearings in his police court for the children brought before him. But in this he soon ran against insurmountable jurisdictional obstacles. Had it not been for the untiring efforts of the late Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell and the women's clubs she headed, the bill he drafted later would not have had the effective moral support back of it that finally forced it on the statute books.

There are communities to-day that are still jailing children in company with depraved criminals. The writer, on a visit to Charleston, South Carolina, not many months ago, was asked to inspect the jail, and found a boy of thirteen years locked in the same cell room and mingling freely with a vicious lot of tramps and thieves. Through the barred windows of the cell room was seen the somber structure of the gallows. This seemed close to Tyburn Hill.

The writer, in his official experience of almost ten years in the Children's Court of New York County, the largest children's tribunal in the world, and a court that he helped to organize, saw at close range a great pathetic procession of 100,000 children pass before it, counting those who were there on summonses and complaints—children charged with all sorts of offenses, from hooky to homicide.

Much that is premature, much that is foolish, has been written about our children's courts. Some of our juvenile courts have been bitterly criticized, usually because of political motives; others have been held up by some theoretical sociologists as being ideal. Perhaps the writer's experience may give him the right to set down with some authority a few observations about the work of our children's courts and the subject of delinquency.

Children's Courts Not Yet Perfect

AT the outset he would say that there is no "ideal children's court" in existence to-day. They are too young to have attained to any such degree of perfection. Fifty years from now, perhaps, we may properly talk of such a thing. But we have gone far enough to prove that they are great life-saving stations, and that they are developing a new value as great social clinics. For in dealing with children we deal with fundamentals, and, under the X-rays of judicial investigation in these courts for children, we are being shown in a manner most startling not only the delinquencies of the child but the more serious delinquencies of the parent and the community.

When any one holds up any one children's court as a model for the world, whether it be in Indianapolis, Denver, Chicago, or New York, it is proof that he does not know what he is talking about. There are widely different State constitutions, conditions, and problems to be met, in dealing with the children's cases of different cities, and it would be impossible to attain the best results and have the procedure in any two cities exactly alike. The great advance that has been made in all of them, however, has been the saving of the plastic material of future citizenship that comes to them from the inexorable mold of criminality, the placing of his material in the hands of a judge who, in these common-sense tribunals, is given wide discretionary powers, and who usually is a wise father in time of greatest need to the boys and girls who come before him.

A recent study of the cases covering a period of six years showed that less than nine per cent of the



Photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals

A scene in the Richmond County Children's Court on Staten Island, where a case of neglect is being heard from six children, who accuse their parents

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children who had been arraigned in the court of New York County returned a second time. Of all the thousands of children who had been found guilty of juvenile delinquency, to have been without proper guardianship, to have been ungovernable or disorderly, and who had been released on probation, only eleven per cent had failed to make such good progress that their commitment to institutions was necessary. In the old days, a vast majority of those same children would have been railroaded off into the gaping maws of barrack-like institutions, there, perhaps, coming into contact with children ten times worse than themselves, and suffering the great risk of being turned out confirmed criminals.

The great effort in the Children's Court of New York County is to save the children to their homes if it is at all possible. The feeling is that a home must be mighty bad not to be better than the best institution ever created—and the institution may have cottages of marble and onyx bath-tubs. This is not any reflection on the institutions; it is necessary to have them; but, save for unusual conditions, the home is the best place for the child. So it is that, of the army of approximately 10,000 children arraigned at the bar of the Children's Court in New York County each year, only about one fifth go to institutions, and one half of that fifth are committed, not



Photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals

These boys may be primary pupils of an East Side "Fagin," but their fathers are helpless to prevent it

because of any offense, but because their own homes are not fit for them. Our children's courts have proved beyond any future question that there is innate even in the child of the most wretched surroundings—and he may be the child of criminal parents—a sense of decency and right, and that he can be saved to good citizenship if the community will but take him in hand in time. I frequently call the dingy old building in which the Children's Court of New York County still has its home, and which stands on the inlet to the Bowery, the great Gray Way of the Metropolis, the Palace of Optimism, because of the hopeful, helpful work that goes on there. In the old days, before children's courts were thought of, it was the Temple of Sorrows; for then it was the headquarters of the old Department of Charities and Corrections. Thither crept in countless thousands the city's crushed grown-ups to beg its grudging charity. But to-day the ceaseless procession of the neglected and delinquent children who pass between its doors are being saved from the army of pauperism and crime.

The Forces that Make for Juvenile Delinquency

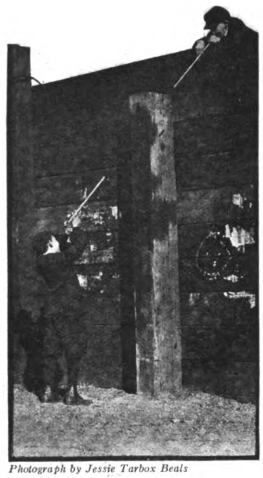
OUR children's courts, too, are opening our eyes to the forces that make for delinquency. They are forcing us to see that our great sin of the past has been social irresponsibility. We have not cared particularly what has happened to our neighbor or his child, so long as nothing unpleasant has happened to us. Since they have been established we have been brought to a realization of the cruelty, the injustice of branding children as thieves, burglars, and felons. The Court of Appeals in New York only forty-three years ago, in the case of The People *vs.* Park, decided that a child under sixteen who had been convicted of a felony was disqualified to be sworn or to testify in any proceeding, civil or criminal.

Most of the States that now have children's courts are no longer convicting children of crime, but, where they have offended against the law, are finding them to have been guilty of juvenile delinquency only. Formerly, children that had been convicted were barred from civil service examinations. Now they are no longer disqualified from any of the civil privileges of citizens. Our children's courts are teaching us, too, that seventy per cent of juvenile delinquency is due to parental delinquency, and that much of the parental delinquency is due to the delinquency of the community. They have shown to what an alarming extent had grown the practice of parents trumping up charges against their own children in an effort to have them committed to institutions and thus shift to the State the burden of their support until they had reached a bread-winning age. If the children's courts have done nothing else to justify their establishment, they have made it possible to put a check on this practice. For now many of the States have laws that permit the judge who has committed a child to an institution to place the father under a court order to pay to the State, in whole or in part, what it costs to maintain that child while it is in the institution.

Formerly there were some parents in the congested districts who were as proud of the fact that their boys had been sent to an institution, reformatory or charitable, as we would be that our son had gone to Harvard or Yale. In fact, to many of our newly arrived Italian immigrants these institutions were known as *collegios*. But where the parents know that, unless they pay at least a part of the tuition of the *collegio*, the father stands a good chance of going to jail, they are not so anxious to get rid of their children in this way. They have reasoned, in the past, that if the State insisted that the child go to school, and would not permit him to help in the bread-winning until he had reached a certain age, then the State should pay for his support and education until that age.

There are parents of this class who even try to get rid of the support of their infants. A mother with a seven-months-old baby in her arms appeared at the Children's Bureau one day, and told a pitiful story of a husband at home dying of consumption. They were out of food, fuel, clothing, and had pawned everything for medicines. The mother said that if the city would relieve her of the support of the child for a few months she would go to work. An examiner was sent hurrying down into Oliver Street. He climbed five flights of tenement stairs, and there, in a room that had been stripped of everything except the bed and a wooden leg that lay conspicuously beside it, was the consumptive. Surely enough, he was in the last stages of the disease.

The woman, when questioned, stopped her wailing



Photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals

More than half the children brought in the court in New York each year are there because of the thwarted desire for play

long enough to explain that her husband had met with a blasting accident before the consumption had developed, and had lost a leg. The combination of misfortunes made the examiner suspicious. He lifted the covers at the foot of the bed, and two legs were revealed in as good a state as legs on a consumptive in that stage of the disease could be. The services of the consumptive who lived in the next block had been hired for the day in an effort to defraud the city. The wooden leg had been borrowed from a professional mendicant who lived a few doors away, and who had no particular use for it on this day, as he was sitting on a corner not many blocks away with his stump and a hat extended, catching the pennies of the sympathetic passers-by. The husband and father was at work, earning ten dollars a week. This was all a plot to get rid, for a number of years at least, of the support of the infant.

There has recently been coming to light, too, another heartless but ingenious scheme of parents for unloading the care of their offspring on the public—prearranged family desertion. This evil has grown to alarming proportions. In addition to the ten thousand children arraigned in the Children's Court of New York County each year, the commitment of another ten thousand is proposed to the Children's Bureau of the Department of Charities of that one county because of destitution and dependency. One fourth of this number have been deserted by one or both parents. In many of these cases, it has been agreed between the parents that the father will disappear, and will locate in or out of the city under an assumed name, and that after the supposedly stranded mother has succeeded in having the city relieve her of the care of her children they will reunite. Sometimes it takes weeks and sometimes months until the mother has unloaded the children on the authorities; but in the end the plan usually works, and she disappears too, to rejoin her husband and start life and child-bearing all over again. All this is brutal and criminal, but how much of it is due to the State's own delinquency?



Photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals

The Boys' Detention Room in one of the courts on lower Third Avenue. While waiting for their cases to be called in the court-room adjoining, the clerk takes a record of each boy's home life

(Continued on page 23)

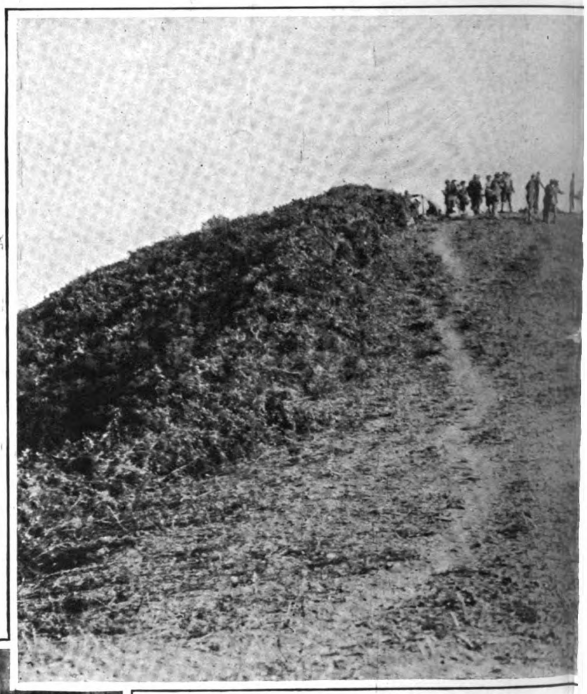
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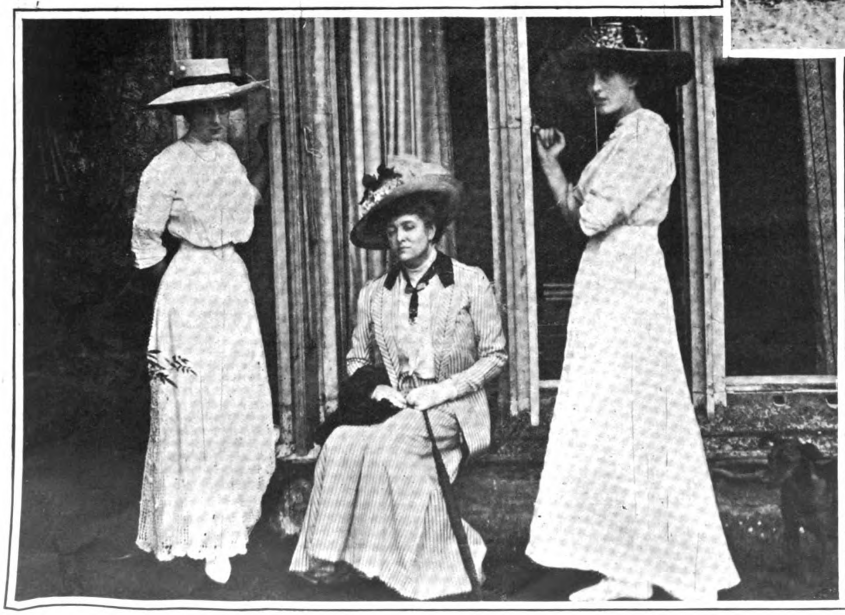


Mrs. Winston Churchill leaving the court-room at the adjournment of one of the sessions in the Sackville will case, in which the relatives of Sir John Murray Scott contested his will in favor of Lady Sackville, alleging undue influence



The Crown Prince of Germany, who rarely lacks good listeners, discussing tennis before an interested audience





Lady Sackville (seated), the successful defendant in the million-pound will case, which has provided the most sensational event of the London season. The beauty and rank of the defendant, her spirited bearing under cross-examination, and the interest of the testimony packed the court-room with members of London society. The picture was taken at Knole, the Kentish seat of the Sackville family, and one of the greatest mansions in England. At the right is standing Lady Sackville's daughter, who was frequently referred to during the trial



Ex-King Manuel of Portugal and his fiancée, the [illegible]

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The gallantry of the English middy is well shown at this trying moment during the inspection of the new battle cruiser H. M. S. ***Australia***



Mme. Olive Fremstad, the great Wagnerian soprano, sailed July 12th for h estate in Austria. Mme. Fremstad's career during the last five years has be one of the most dramatic and remarkable achievements of the Metropolitan st





Barney Oldfield at the finish of a 455-mile race, smoking his invariable stogy. He finished third in the road race from Los Angeles to Sacramento

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rincess Augusta Victoria of Hohenzollern



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Two pictures showing the fire-fighters at work during the actual progress of a great forest fire in eastern California. Volunteer brigades were formed from the land-owners of the district, and the men went out with axes and cleared great roadways in the path of the flames. The dense character of the underbrush, which often rose above the men's heads, is shown in the lower photograph

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TOM SAWYER'S TOWN

BY KEENE ABBOTT



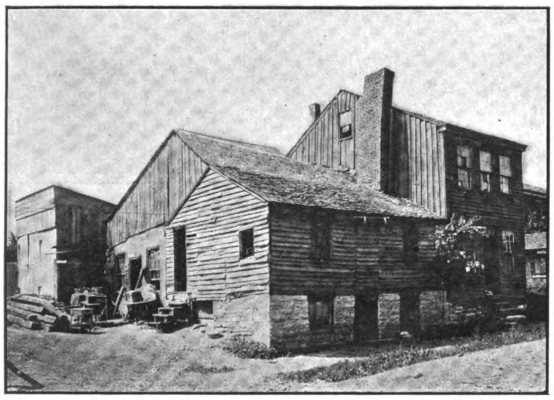
MARK TWAIN AND THE HEROINE OF "TOM SAWYER"
Mrs. Laura Hawkins Frazer (Becky Thatcher) was a guest of Mr. Clemens at "Stormfield," Connecticut, in 1908

THE Hannibal of to-day, with its thriving factories, street cars, and brick pavements, is a very different place from the languid, yawning Missouri village of Mark Twain's boyhood. In the steamboat era of the fifties the levee was nearly always crowded with big side-wheelers; there were five packet lines on the upper river, whereas there is now but a single line. In those pioneer days pork, beef, and lumber were the exports; now they are cement, stoves, and car-wheels, and there are five lines of railway to transport them.

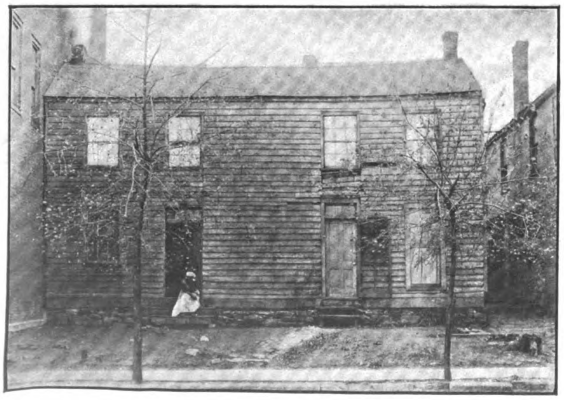
But the mile-wide Mississippi is still picturesque with life along the levee. In summer-time four steam-boats a week come in and depart, plying up and down the river between St. Paul and St. Louis; there are daring little skiffs, gayly festooned excursion boats, pert launches, delicate yachts, heavy barges, houseboats, scows; and there is always a ponderous dredging machine, with a pair of tall stacks tumbling forth black and heavy plumes of smoke. Bordering the town on the east, the river wrinkles and dimples and gleams, and at evening gloriously burns with the reflected sunset. All day long the mystical green islands drowse and dream, out there in the slow and tranquil current.

The Cadets of Temperance

THE river, in short, has not changed, and without the river Samuel Clemens could scarcely have been Mark Twain. Yet perhaps it had no more influence upon him than had this picturesque old town of his boyhood. It is still the same sullen, yellow, soil-gorged stream, with its sand-bars growing with willows and cottonwoods; still the refuge of truant school-boys.



The house in which "Huckleberry Finn," whose real name was Tom Blankenship, used to live. It was in the same block with Mark Twain's old home



The old schoolhouse, now used as a cheap dwelling, where Mark Twain and Becky Thatcher started to school

Years ago, a young man in Hannibal who belonged to a debating society needed blank paper to use in the preparation of speeches. Such a need it was that he was urged to a bit of economy that was very trifling at the time but since gained a degree of importance. An old note-book discarded in his mother's house by a friend who had left town filled his requirements to a nicety, since only a few of the pages had been used. On these first few pages, faded and brown with time, but still legible, is the roster of the Cadets of Temperance. Heading the list is the name of Samuel L. Clemens; and on the same page, third from the bottom, is that of his brother Henry, the young man who lost his life in a steamboat explosion on the Mississippi River.

Were it not for "Tom Sawyer," people would perhaps never guess Mark Twain's motive for joining the Cadets; but no doubt he, as well as Tom, was attracted to the order "by the showy character of their regalia," and it is highly probable that he presently "found out the new thing" that Tom discovered—"namely, that to promise not to do a thing is the surest way in the world to make a body want to go and do that very thing." Evidently Samuel L. Clemens was fairly prompt in making the discovery; for after his signature stand out clearly the letters "withd" (withdrawn).

Withdrawing from the temperance society, or being expelled from it, was obviously the custom among Mark Twain's friends. Mr. J. W. McDaniel, at one time president of the Cadets and officially known as Patriarch, says that withdrawing from such an organization is a gift that comes natural to boys. He modestly declares that he himself was one of the most gifted. "I got expelled," he says.

Mr. McDaniel is a cigar-maker in Hannibal; he is now in his seventy-sixth year, and still works at his trade. I found him "booking" cigar-binders in the factory where he has long been employed.

"How did it happen," I ventured, "that the Cadets of Temperance thought they could get along without you?"

Combing his fingers through his gray beard, he smiled quizzically as he replied:

"You see, we weren't allowed to smoke any, and maybe I smoked a little; we weren't allowed to chew, and maybe I chewed a little; we weren't allowed to drink any cider or wine or beer or whisky, and maybe I—well, I reckon they sort o' lost confidence in me."

When told that his predicament was shared by several others, he solemnly added:

"Yes, sir; I believe the boys *were* pretty much of a strain on the confidence of that order—all except Tom Blankenship. Tom never strained any order."

"How was that?"

The Original Huckleberry Finn

"WHY, he could never get in. He was too harum-scarum even to trot in our class of society. Tom—dead long ago—Tom was the original Huck Finn. Sam Clemens says so in his autobiography; and Sam has me written up as the most envied boy in town, after Tom Blankenship. Says the boys never saw me eating candy, though my father was a confectioner; and he says, too, that the boys always supposed that candy was my ordinary diet."

"You were well acquainted with Blankenship?"

"*Was* I? Well, I reckon so. Us boys, with Tom and Sam Clemens, used to go fishing together many and many a time, down on Glasscock Island. Another place we liked to go to was Turtle Island. It lies up the river above the bridge. That's where we went to get turtle eggs."

After a meditative interval Mr. McDaniel said deliberately:

"I remember all about the Blankenships. The whole family—father, mother, two boys, and a girl—came down the river in a 'dugout.' Know what a 'dugout' is? Well, it's a boat or canoe made of a big tree hollowed out. They came from up river some place, and they landed at the foot of North Street. I was there at the time. Ben was the name of the other boy, and he was older than Tom, but what the girl's name was I disremember.

"As for the name of Finn, which Sam Clemens gave to Tom Blankenship, I'll tell you about that. When we were boys together, the town drunkard used to be Jim Finn. Now, I never have read any of Sam's books, but from what I hear I reckon that his description of Huck Finn's old rip of a father was pretty much on the order of old Jim Finn. One morning he was found dead in Jim Craig's tan-yard, that used to be up there at Main and North streets, but it's gone long ago. It was in the same place where the carriage and wagon shop is now."

This information was corroborated by Mr. John A. Fry, a distinguished citizen of Hannibal whose very special distinction is that he neither withdrew nor was expelled from the Cadets of Temperance. When this fact was mentioned to him, he blandly inquired:

"What, they didn't put me out? Well, then, I reckon I was overlooked. Must have been that, or else the secretary got wore out with scratching off the names of so many other boys. Still, it's a solemn fact: I *have* kept the pledge."

As he sat in the sunshine on his front porch, he drew deliberately at his cob pipe, letting little blue wavelets of vapor eddy up through his gray mustache,

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it was pointed out to him that even this ruminative enjoyment of his was in violation of one injunction of his pledge.

"Yes, that's so; I do smoke," he admitted; "it's on account of my asthma." Then, with a demure smile and the twitch of an eyelid, he added gravely: "Asthma has been an awful blessing to me!"

It is certain, however, that any shortness of breath Mr. Fry may have has not greatly impaired his physical vigor. He lives at the top of one of the steepest hills in town, but he speaks of it slightingly, at the same time declaring that if any one could be so foolish as to want a photograph of such as him, he had better go and have it over with right away; for tomorrow, he said, he would be up at three o'clock to go fishing and would be gone all day. And, of course, since no street-car line was anywhere near his house, I offered to send out the photographer.

"Street-car!" said he contemptuously. "Who wants a street-car?"

"But," I demurred, "it's more than a mile downtown—and six miles coming up."

He looked his scorn of me.

"I'll walk," he said, and he did.

Seventy-seven years is his age. Despite the fact that he is the oldest white man born in Hannibal, it must be conceded that he is perhaps the youngest old man in the State of Missouri.

The Famous Whitewash Story

MR. FRY went to school with Mark Twain, and he knows the truth about the whitewash story.

"Sam Clemens? Yes, I knew him. Went to school with him, and I'm bound to say that he did keep up with us, but nobody ever knew how he managed to learn anything. Shiftless, lazy, and dadblasted tired—born tired! No study in him. All the time too busy getting up some new kind of devilment. And he sure was a boy, Sam was, who knew how to entertain himself.

"Ever hear about him and the whitewash? Can't say whether he ever put it in any of his books or not, but it's a fact, every word of it. Well, sir, one time he went out over the neighborhood and took contracts for whitewashing tight-board fences. Then, come night, he blew his whistle or cat-meowed to get out the boys. Told 'em he had a good trick they could play off on the neighbors. He let on that people would be awful mad if any whitewash was put on their fences; they wanted to plant vines and flowers along their fences, the neighbors did—so *he* said, and then explained to us how lime would surely be terrible hard on the plants. People would wonder who had done it; neighbors would be awful mad; it would kick up no end of a row.

"Well, that sounded reasonable and all right. And there we were, us boys, just a-spoiling for excitement. To worry folks a lot we thought was 'most as good fun as a minstrel show. So that's why the scheme that Sam Clemens got up looked so almighty attractive. But I disremember whether the boys hooked the lime to make the whitewash with or whether they come by it honorable. Anyhow, come night with enough moon to see with, the boys started in to whitewash the fences. They just flew at it; they soused it on; they worked and they sweated, burned their hands and faces with the lime, and let theirselves be bossed by Sam Clemens till the work was plumb through and done.

"And then what happened? Well, sir, the next day Sam goes around to the different houses, collects for the jobs, and gets no end of compliments. People, I reckon, never did have so much whitewash on their fences before."

"You might as well tell it all," I urged. "Were you one of the boys who assisted, that night, in making the neighbors mad?"

"Well," said Mr. Fry, as he struck a match to relight his pipe, "never mind about that."

Besides Mr. McDaniel and Mr. Fry there are still living in Hannibal five other boyhood friends of Mark Twain, survivors of the defunct Cadets of Temperance. Each of these gentlemen is prodigal of anecdotes about Sam Clemens, the reminiscences of Mr. Pierce being rather significant as bearing upon the first literary development of Mark Twain.

Mark Twain's Stories from Arabian Nights

"IN those days," says Mr. Pierce, "we didn't have much to read. There was but one copy of the Arabian Nights in the village, and that volume was the property of Squire Clemens, Mark Twain's father. Sam knew all the stories. He could hire us, any day, to help him do his chores by merely a promise that, as soon as we were done, he would give us the Forty Thieves or some other yarn.

"Of course Sam couldn't take the book out of the house; it was too valuable. But we used to go off to a vacant building north of town, and he would repeat the Arabian Nights by the hour."

During his farewell visit to Hannibal in June, 1902, Mark Twain was photographed at the door of the shabby little home where he spent his boyhood.

"Seems to have grown smaller," he said, and added reflectively:

"A boy's home, you know, is such a mighty big place to him! If I were to come back here ten years from now, I suppose it wouldn't look any bigger than a bird-cage."

The old house at Florida, Missouri, where Mark Twain was born, gradually fell into decay, until at last, some ten years ago, the roof caved in and the building was torn down. Like conditions prevailed in Hannibal in regard to the house where Tom Blankenship (Huck Finn) used to live. It was partially burned three years ago, and was afterward demolished.

Becky Thatcher

A SIMILAR fate, it appears, is awaiting the old building where Mark Twain and Becky Thatcher went to school. But with Tom Sawyer's sweetheart herself time has dealt very kindly. Her real name, however, is not Becky Thatcher. She is Mrs. Laura Hawkins Frazer, and she is now superintendent of the Home for the Friendless.

"Yes," she says, in answer to a question, "I suppose it *is* wonderful to have known Mark Twain. He was a great man, though he didn't seem to me at all wonderful when a little boy. There are stories here about his being rough and unruly, and he was mightily mischievous, I suppose; but he wasn't always rough—not by any means, and I ought to know about that, for I liked to play with him every day and all day long. Sam and I used to play together like two girls. He had fuzzy light curls all over his head that really ought to have belonged to a girl.

"The house where we used to live was just across the street from the Clemens home on Hill Street, and back of the Clemens house there was an old tumble-down chimney. We spent a great deal of time there. We used to build houses. Sam brought me the bricks.

"Do I remember the first time I ever saw him? Yes, indeed. He was standing on his hands, wriggling his toes and showing off in the street. He didn't appear to notice me as I was going into the house, but he seemed to be working a little harder at his antics than most boys do.

"He was a gentle boy, and kind of quiet, and he always did have that drawl. He was long-spoken, like his mother. I have a notion that on the day when we started to school—it was a private school kept by Mrs. Horr—I have a notion that he carried my slate and book. He could be ever so polite when he wanted to be, just like the 'new boy' that Tom Sawyer had the fight with. Some time ago I asked Mr. Clemens who that boy was, and this is the letter he wrote about it."

Mrs. Frazer slipped a note out of an envelop, a note filled with the fine, characteristic penmanship of Mark Twain.

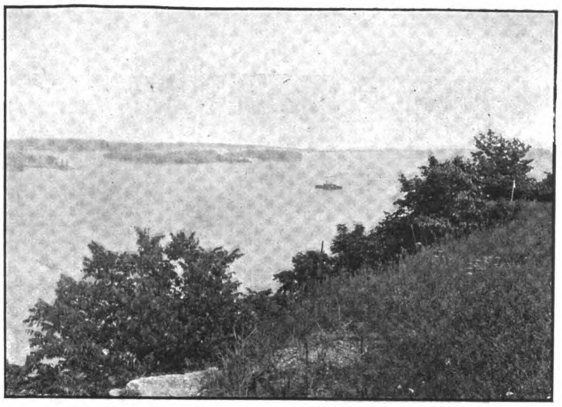
"Guess again!" he had written, in answer to her inquiry. "Jim Foreman is in one of my books, but you have not spotted him. The 'new boy' you refer to was Jim Reagan, just from St. Louis."

As Mrs. Frazer was carefully putting the letter away, she smiled and added:

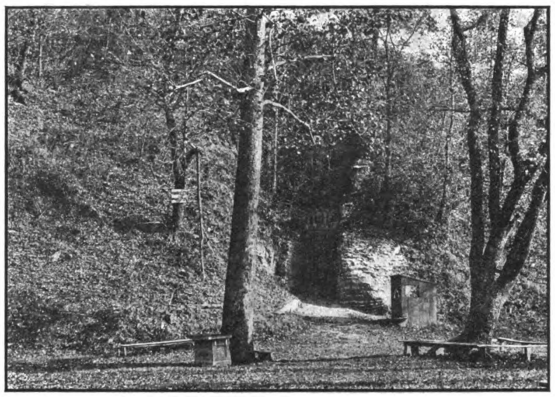
"Yes, even as a boy Mr. Clemens could be very attentive and courteous. In the days when the boys and girls used to go skating, he saw to it that I didn't miss the fun, even if I hadn't learned how to skate. I used to sit on a chair and he would push me over the ice."



Becky Thatcher at nineteen, in her first black silk dress. "It had flowing sleeves lined with sarcanet and edged with quilling"



Looking out on the Mississippi from Tom Sawyer's town. The further of the two islands was Glasscock Island, and is now called Tom Sawyer Island, as many of his adventures took place there



The entrance to the celebrated "Mark Twain Cave," where Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher were lost and "Injun Joe" died

The Other Becky

"WERE you and small Sam Clemens, or one of the other boys, ever lost in a cave?" I asked Mrs. Frazer.

She laughed.

"Oh, no; no, indeed! *I* never was lost, but there's somebody else in Hannibal who was. You see, there is another Becky Thatcher."

After an impressive pause in which she regarded her perplexed and mystified visitor, she added, with a gleam in her eye:

"Yes, there's another Becky; *she* says there is. Unfortunately, she didn't come to Hannibal until after Mr. Clemens had moved away.

She asked me once, 'Were you ever lost in the cave?' And I said to her: 'No, and neither were you.'"

A reference to the picturesqueness of the town, and especially the charming view from the high hill directly north, brought a reminiscent look into Mrs. Frazer's eyes.

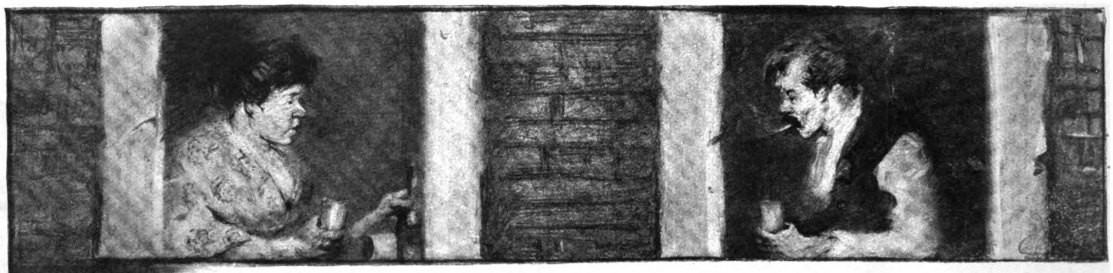
Mark Twain's Last View of the River

"THAT'S the one mentioned in 'Tom Sawyer' as Cardiff Hill, but its real name is Holiday's Hill, though they are calling it Main Street Heights now, and that seems a pity. When Mr. Clemens was here the last time (that was in early June, 1902) he climbed that hill to look once more up and down the river. He said then that in all his travels he had seen nothing more beautiful than that view.

"When we were boy and girl together, our favorite walk was up that hill. As we went along we looked for wild flowers all the way, and we generally brought up at the house on the top of the hill, the house of the Holidays. Mrs. Holiday liked children, and her house, I remember, had a special attraction for us. She owned a piano, and it was not merely a piano; it was a piano with a drum attachment. Oh, 'The Battle of Prague,' executed with that marvelous drum attachment! It was our favorite selection, because it had so much drum in it. I must have been about ten at that time, and Sam was two years older.

"As a result of those excursions of ours I remember that my greatest ambition was some day to have a piano, a piano with a drum attachment, and to be able to play 'The Battle of Prague.'"

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HIS LITTLE TAN SHOES

BY ZOE ANDERSON NORRIS

ILLUSTRATION BY H. M. OLCOTT

IT was Saturday, a beautiful day, a trifle past twelve. The sun shone straight down on the roofs of my court of a hundred windows, which were now comparatively empty after the usual Saturday morning bustle of cleaning, of hanging out the curtains on the cross lines, of beating and sweeping the rugs, the bustle having relegated itself to the flats, where the preparation for the Saturday afternoon outing of these people, for whom Saturday and Sunday are the only holidays, was going on.

Usually the couple in the windows of the fourth-floor flat sat and quarreled all afternoon; but, to my intense amazement and delight, all was bustle there too.

There, where they quarreled once a day and twice or three times on Saturdays and Sundays, something was happening. They were going to Coney or Brighton Beach; at any rate, they were not going to spend that Saturday afternoon of the terrible heat in their cramped and badly papered flat—in their flat of the red wall-paper. They were going to spend it on the beach where the sands were white, and the skies were blue, and there was no fiery, quarrelsome red to egg them on to battles, unless perhaps a dash or so here and there in the coats of the children, too widely diverse and separated to hurt.

Good! Good! On account of the child!

That puny, frail, pitiful child, a boy of five or so, who spent all the days of his unhappy life in the vain endeavor to separate his father and mother in their pitched battles, brought on heaven knows how, unless by the hideous and heathenish red of that wall-paper. A rasping, angry, brilliant scarlet, forceful enough to root out all kindly feeling in the heart and transplant there the thirst for blood.

This child, the puny, pitiful boy, had brought his little tan shoes to the window-sill to clean them. He had brought the polish in its round tin box, the brush, and a rag. He bent over the shoes, beginning to clean them merrily, smiling in anticipation of the fun on the beach, the lolling in the water, the gaiety, the crowd—all to be so different from his usual Saturday afternoons with his quarreling parents, those despairing, heartbreaking afternoons that were robbing him of health and strength, and stunting his growth.

There was the mother, hurrying about in her bustling way, getting dressed; the father shaving, perhaps, in another room of the flat that I couldn't see, but which, in all probability, was papered the same bright, fiery red, for he frequently emerged from it in a violent and ungovernable temper that was only assuaged by the breath of fresh air and the view of a scrap of sky that he got from the window.

I sat by the window of my den, watching the boy polishing his shoes, glad that this Saturday afternoon was to be different.

Now and then the mother would come by, in her process of getting ready, and look over the work of polishing the shoes, telling him to hurry or he wouldn't be ready in time, paling his already pale cheek with the threat of leaving him behind in the heat of the afternoon.

The mother was pretty, very pretty, young, and would have been sweet-tempered except for the wall-paper and the beer. Sometimes, when she put on the light green gingham with the little checks, and did up her hair, she was wonderfully pretty. All day long she went about her work, chatting with a woman friend, hanging out her clothes on the roof, and laughing a little fat laugh that I rather liked to hear, good-natured enough and sweet when she was out in the open on the roof under the skies.

She was good to the boy, too. She hardly ever slapped him, and then not so very hard.

Once the father came to the window with one half of his face shaved and the other lathered, and looked at the shoes.

The part of his face that was shaved had a placid look of content. He was rather good-looking on a Saturday afternoon when he first came home, before he had sat a couple of hours with the wall-paper and his everlasting glass of beer on the window-sill, she at the other window with her glass of beer, sometimes a friend at that window with his glass of beer, and the wife wavering between the two, laughing at first, then——

"It's the third pint," would cry my neighbor, who watched the court sometimes, too, from her window next to mine along the fire-escape. "It's always the third pint!"

"That and the wall-paper," said I. "Don't forget the wall-paper."

Then the row—the row! The names they called each other! Terrible, terrible! A disgrace to the court. Often, in spite of my absorbing interest in the outcome of the fight, I had to shut my windows down. But all must go well this Saturday afternoon, on account of the boy. Yes; all must go well. What a day he would have on the beach! How different from the cramping heat of the fire-escape!

The boy had almost finished one shoe. He had set it down, with a smile of self-congratulation, to look at it, and see what else it needed, when——

What was it again? The wall-paper, for there had been no beer.

A word, a look, a flashing glance of impertinence, and the war was on.

I gave a long-drawn sigh as I looked at the boy.

For a brief period he kept on shining his shoes, kept on valorously, in a determined way. He must go! Every Saturday afternoon of his life he spent trying to separate those two. He must have one afternoon of play. He must!

But, as the fight progressed, he lost heart. He stood there for a time. Then all at once he ran, disappearing into the room, and I could hear his piping, childish voice, trying to make peace between them, trying sobbingly to separate them.

The two swung past the window in their circuit, she running, he following. I saw the child follow them, clinging wildly to the skirts of his mother.

I heard him give a cry of terror as the father suddenly slashed his razor in mid-air, threatening his wife.

I think he had no real idea of killing her, or even beating her. He never did, though he often threatened to. She was so saucy. If she had ever actually suffered punishment she would have been afraid, I consoled myself.

There she stood by the window, where I could see her, the boy clinging wildly to her skirts and sobbing, his small face white and drawn with fear. But she was not afraid. She hurled frightful words, as she stood there, at the man with the razor.

I sprang to my feet and had the thought of calling for the police. In my heart was the fear that enthralled the child—the fear of bloodshed, of a tragedy; but it was not in hers.

Perhaps he had waved the razor at her many times before in that back room. Perhaps the boy had not been a witness of those scenes, or maybe he had, and yet the red terror of it entered his little soul each time as it had done on the first.

The quarrel raged, and I could hear the sobs of the boy as he flung himself prone upon the floor in his childish despair.

I could see him there flat on the floor, sobbing.

Toward the middle of that terrible afternoon which I had hoped he would spend on the white and beautiful sands of the beach, the quarrel began to slow up a little. By and by some one "rushed the growler." For another hour the two quarreled, but apart, one at each window, a glass of beer on the sill of each, quarreled so long and loudly that I was fain at one time to put the window down, and would have except for the intensity of the heat.

The quarrel showed signs of increasing, as usual, at the third pint, but thought better of it and quieted down considerably with the fourth, so much so that now and then her fat laugh resounded merrily.

Finally she drew up her chair, now that dusk was beginning and the shadows deepened upon the wall-paper, and sat quite close to him.

And then!

Well toward dusk of that bright day, which should have been so happy for the frail white boy, on the sands of the beach and in the water, the tents about, the blue skies above, the two had made up.

But the boy!

He had long ago given up and gone to bed, tired of the wrangling, hopeless as to the outing by the sea; and there on the window-sill, with the rag and the brush and the box of polish, stood his little tan shoes.

"There, where they quarreled once a day and twice or three times on Saturdays and Sundays, something was happening"

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JUSTICE ABSOLUTE

A PROSECUTOR'S STORY

BY HASTINGS MacADAM

ONE great truth I have gleaned from a long professional experience: every breach of law is merely a discord. Delicate harmonies link every little thing, in my nook of the world, inseparably to every other little thing; unite my nook of the world indissolubly with the rest of the world; and, I choose to think, make all the world one with the universe. So that beneath the dry-as-dust complexities of my law business I hear the music of the spheres murmuring.

I will tell the simple tale just as it happened; but there are phases I must dwell upon, certain relations in the events as I see them now, that time has accented heavily. In any long retrospect, details formerly of the foreground retreat into the dim perspective, while events of the far background move strangely into the near foreground. I did not think then, nor would any young man have thought, that the raid on Double Bar Y was woven into a woof so deep.

Escaping toward the Territory, and stopping to water their tired mounts and stolen herd, the raiders accidentally had met John Hamlin. Dead men tell no tales, so they shot him down. Bareback Frank Botts, manager of the Double Bar ranch, had ridden into Graham with the news. Sheriff Bowles and twenty of our rangers, with Botts and three of his cowpunchers, promptly had started in pursuit, determined to follow the marauders to their Territory fastnesses. Being myself young, full-blooded, keen for adventure, I regretted the restrictions of my office as I saw them gallop so bravely away. I, too, lusted to be an instrument of the vengeance; yet I stayed, for I felt I had a mission in the Southwest.

Wolfish, primitive brutes had stolen and slain. As if pursuing a man-eating tiger, seeking blood for blood, our strong riders and best shots had gone to square the account. Instinctive, trigger Justice, and aimed against the cattle thieves rather than the murderers! It was just this lower order of law enforcement that I was combating, but with what result? The rangers were acting; I idled!

Such discouraging thoughts lay heavily upon my mind. Bowles' careless "By, by, Charley," labeled me a useless misfit, a negligible person. Oppressed and restless, I roamed the narrow limits of our downtown, a double row of saloons two blocks long.

ABOUT nine o'clock, as I remember, from Griff's place, burst out a maudlin group of roughs centering around an enormous fellow who towered half a head above his companions. A large beaklike nose, a habitual scowl, and a fringe of half-grown reddish beard gave him a horribly repulsive look. I followed the giant and his satellites through the swinging wicker doors of the Buffalo Hump, where they meant to continue carousing. I placed myself inconspicuously at the lower end of the bar beside the faro table of One-Eyed Sam. Yellow of complexion, over-fat, his right jaw shattered and seared from an old wound, Sam was the ugliest gambler in the Southwest—and the squarest.

No social lines were then drawn between lawyers and gamblers. If local opinion favored either, the gambler had a shade the better. Sam was my friend, and I his.

"Business or pleasure?" he grunted.

"A bit of both," I replied.

Sam surveyed the huge stranger.

"Know him?" I asked.

"Shad Baker," snarled Sam. "Worst ever."

Shad and his crew became noisy as the liquor got in its work.

"Yer a yellow ——!" suddenly shouted Baker, lowering down upon a weak-chinned youth who was very drunk. "Welch on yer licker, will yuh! Barkeep, pour four finger fer the kid! Drink it, damn you! Drink it, or I'll blow daylight plum through yuh!"

Confronted by the pistol, the staggering victim hastily gulped the whisky. Gun in hand, Shad thought the time ripe to claim a terrorizing kingship over the Hump.

"Anybody else want it?" he growled, and continued: "I killed a man yesterday, an' if any of youse is tired of livin', just waltz up for'ard."

He leered around the saloon. One-Eyed Sam's steady gaze unflinchingly met the challenging look of the bully; and then—in lurched Tarantula Bill.

Tarantula was half-witted. He had been a section hand somewhere East. From reading Mayne Reid and seeing Wild West shows, he had gone crazy on being a Western bad man. Now he wore his hair a foot long, boasted a mustache to match, and went garbed eternally in chaps, cartridge-belt, holster, and enormous pistol. He earned free board and free drinks by decorating the saloons. His talents included an ability to do a noisy, violent breakdown dance. Harmless as a child, he lived only to play his melodramatic rôle and drink a quart of whisky daily.

Tarantula's desperate appearance appealed strongly to Shad, who pocketed his gun and shrieked:

"Here's my pard! Whoopee!"

"Whoopee!" yelled Tarantula, equally impressed.

"Red licker!" howled Shad. "Pass out that there licker!"

They drank.

Flossie, the negro fiddler, struck up a jig; and Tarantula gave his exhibition. Stamping heels, leaping in air, circling, shouting, whooping, Tarantula worked Shad into a frenzy of insane delight.

"He's my pard!" again yelled Shad, when Tarantula ceased from sheer exhaustion. "We kin lick any set of cowpunchers in the Panhandle. An' dance!"

Shad's disjointed thoughts had found a new outlet.

"Dance! Everybody'll dance!"

One after an other, Shad's companions made frantic, clumsy efforts, stimulated by their liquor and the revolver. Then Shad spied me.

"Heh, kid!" he howled. "You hidin' back o' the bar! Heh! Come out of thar!"

FOR these surroundings, I dressed a deal of a dude, for which the regulars long since had forgiven me. I had proved my courage before, and was not unpopular in spite of my office.

One-Eyed Sam started up, but I waved him back and stepped out.

"Dance, tenderfoot, dance!" he cried, letting fly the first pistol shot on the floor. "Git darn you, dance!"

I danced. The fact was, I had something on Tarantula; I really could jig, and my efforts pleased.

"Hell! he's a good sport," Baker finally allowed. "Step up to the bar. Red licker! Four fingers for Yaller Hair!"

Ignoring this discourteous reference to my blondness, I accepted the invitation, and led the man to talk. I soon had his full confidence and favor. Then, all innocence and admiration, I asked:

"Did you really kill a man yesterday?"

"Haw, haw, haw!" he ghoulishly laughed. "He was tryin' to run my cattle. I killed him deader'n hell."

"Where was it?"

"Out the Abilene trail."

Obeying an impulse of the instant, I whipped out my little bulldog and covered him so quickly that he scarce comprehended what was happening. It was an art most of us knew.

"Shad, I arrest you for the murder of John Hamlin!"

He thought I was joking, and guffawed hoarsely. His gang consisted of town drunks who had a way of attaching themselves to any cowpuncher who had money to burn. They knew me, stood neutral, and drew away one after another.

"What yoh givin' me?" he protested.

"Put your gun on the bar!" I ordered.

I had stepped back a pace, stood about eight feet away, and looked my best chilled steel straight at him. His eyes wavered; his whisky nerve began to ooze.

"Put it on the bar!" I repeated.

Slowly Shad Baker extracted his pistol from its holster.

"Barrel down!" I thundered.

With the butt up, Baker passed the gun over to Tex Shannon, the bartender, snarling the while to his companions:

"Yer a lot of quitters! Why don't you stand by a pal? Anyhow, say—ain't this a free country? When a man's after your cattle, ain't yer got a right to kill him, specially in a fair fight?"

Words passed from my lips. I scarcely knew what I said.

"John Hamlin did *not* try to steal your cattle. It was *not* a fair fight. *You shot him in the back!*"

Tarantula had thrown himself flat on the floor, an inevitable piece of his bad-man business at the very first sign of trouble. I got him up and sent him after Bill Dickson, acting sheriff in Bowles' absence. Shad was taken to jail.

I WAS at once brought face to face with the responsibilities I had assumed. Rapidly as I dared, I was endeavoring to arouse northwest Texas to the necessity of awaiting and honoring legal processes. Yet there had I, at the behest of a mere prompting, an intangible presumption, accused a man of capital crime and taken his liberty. Nor was this the worst. My carefully built influence, the confidence I had won among these men, had been thrown dramatically behind a charge carrying another more serious, in Panhandle opinion—participation in the cattle raid. Word passed from mouth to mouth that the jail held one of Double Bar Y raiders, as well as the murderer of John Hamlin.

Messengers passed swiftly from bar-room to bar-room. The mob was forming. Had ever indictment less foundation in fact? They would hang my man first and hear my proof afterward—and *I had no proof!*

A BOXLIKE frame building served for our jail and courthouse. Thither I raced, and none too soon. The outpouring from the saloons formed a constantly growing group in front of the structure. I dodged through them, ran up the short steps leading to the main entrance, and, standing upon a little porchway, faced them. Luckily, bright moonlight shone in my face and I was recognized. Eagerly, intensely, passionately, I cried:

"Boys, stop, every one of you. This is *my* case.

"Who charges this man with murder? I do.

"Who arrested him? I did.

"Did any one of you see him steal the cattle or shoot John Hamlin? No.

"If there is to be hanging, *I* will be responsible. But, if done, it will be done through me as the prosecutor of this district, in a law court, by a verdict of a jury and a mandate of the judge. Now, back! All of you, back!"

They were fair-minded men at bottom, and I stayed them.

I WAS awakened late the following day by a sound of insistent tapping. I rose hurriedly and opened the door. On the porch stood a stocky little lad, his feet bare, swollen, and caked with mud and blood, his clothes tattered and his shirt open almost to his waist, his chestnut hair tousled, with rebellious locks overhanging his forehead, and a square little face, freckled, set with daring blue eyes.

"Is this Mr. Holman?" he asked weakly.

"Yes."

"My pa said 'fore he died I was to come to you."

I knew intuitively, but I asked:

"Who was your father?"

"John Hamlin. I'm Joe."

"How did you get in from the ranch?"

"I walked."

A good forty miles!

THE hard, brutal facts were easily got. Toward evening of Wednesday, this being Friday, John Hamlin and his son, on foot, were driving their small herd of thirty steers back from the waterhole to a fenced pasture behind the house. A well beaten roadway some twenty feet wide led for a quarter mile from the trail to the pool, a body of clear water formed by the spring. From July to early October the pool furnished the only sure water supply for miles around. Half way from the spring to the main trail, a narrower path led to Hamlin's place. But the Hamlin cattle, with Joe and his father in their rear, were still some fifty yards short of their own turn, when the larger herd, smelling the water and approaching on the dead run, came in sight.

"Drive our'n up the bank," yelled the elder Hamlin to the boy.

In seconds father and son succeeded in turning their cattle clear of the onrushing, thirst-mad animals. The boy ran farther than the parent, but stopped about a hundred feet away.

Two men rode up, one evidently of Indian blood, and the other a huge white man with a ragged beard, an ugly big nose, and wearing greasy leather riding-pants and a dirty yellow shirt. Both had cartridge-belts and pistols, both carried rifles.

Joe heard his father hail the men. They reined in. A few words passed that Joe did not understand; then the boy heard his parent speak of the Double Bar Y brand, and at that the larger of the strangers, the white man, raised his rifle, deliberately shot John Hamlin.

"Run, Joe! Run!" cried out the father, falling face foremost to the ground.

JOE ran as he had never run before in his life. The rough ground, the thick underbrush, the oncoming darkness, and his knowledge of the surroundings helped him. More shots were fired—the lad heard the bullets whizzing by. Dipping into a gully, he ran at right angles a hundred yards, and stopped.

From this safe cover Joe heard the men as they passed close by, after searching the house, barn, and near-by likely places. Probably two hours passed before he ventured out.

It was very dark, with a clouded sky and no moon. He saw lights in the house, where, evidently, the men were making free. But his first thought was of his father, lying down there in the darkness. Like a little wraith of the night,—terrified, but unafraid at soul,—he retraced the course of his flight. Through the inky blackness he ran unerringly.

A little arm circled the neck of the sorely wounded man, a curly head bowed close, warm lips were pressed again and again upon the father's cheeks, and a tremor stirred in the stiffening body. Shot through and through, bled almost to death, John Hamlin was recalled for one brief moment of life.

"Joe, my boy," he muttered.

A long silence.

"Water—water."

Joe ran to the spring, and returned carrying the water in his two hands, pressed tightly, bowl-shaped together. He moistened his father's lips, and the elder man tried vainly to gulp the cooling fluid. In final dying gasps, then, the parent whispered:

"Joe, go straight. Lawyer Holman—town—tell him——"

That was all. Probably two hours passed. The body grew cold. Clasping the corpse, his faculties paralyzed in the presence of death, the lad lay as if dead also.

GLINTS from a lantern, the noise of approaching footsteps, aroused Joe. Keen as a deer, he resumed his battle for self-preservation. Noiselessly he slipped into the brush. Feeling safe, some fifty feet away he waited. The two men returned to the scene of the crime. Roughly the larger one kicked the body, and, noting no movement, felt the forehead.

"Deader'n hell," he exclaimed.

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"We'd orter got the kid," grunted the Indian.

"Oh, he's too damn young to testify," growled the white man.

They lingered at the scene of the atrocity, discussing their plans. Joe got scraps of their talk.

"Pete," announced the larger man, finally, "you've got twenty miles to do to the Territory line. This little pick-up here mixed the brands some, and by goin' on now yuh can tangle the hull outfit up with Indian cattle by to-morrow night. I'm going for to hit it up cross country to Graham an' get a clean bill on the job."

Merging Hamlin's small herd with the Double Bar Y steers, "Pete" drove them north. Shad galloped south, reaching Graham by morning, in good time to evade suspicion—full twelve hours ahead of Frank Botts. Hamlin had had but two horses, and these were taken by the Indian.

On foot, therefore, the orphaned boy started after Baker along the lonely southern trail in the night. Just once before he had been over the road with his father. There were streams to ford, and dried arroyos alive with rattlers to cross; there were miles through shoulder-high prairie-grass in which the trail grew faint and where the coyotes chorused mournfully around him. He pegged along sturdily, not thinking of the dangers, and for that reason escaping them. In the early morning he climbed a cottonwood, and slept high up in the main forks. During the afternoon and night of Thursday he pressed on, and by dawn of Friday was on the outskirts of town, inquiring for Lawyer Holman.

EVEN then, as I drew out the hard story, a feeling came upon me that mine was an experience bordering upon the mystical. While this mite of humanity struggled along, displaying courage, endurance, persistence unnatural at his years, had not a mute appeal for justice going out from that young heart in some strange way reached me? Why had I played so unlawyerlike a part in the Hump? Was some law greater than mine at work?

But the whispers of a world unseen have no place in a court-room. Closing my mind to all save legal fact, I soon found myself mired in alarming difficulties.

Joe's description closely fitted Shad Baker, and by consulting One-Eyed Sam I found that the other man probably was Indian Pete, a notorious half-breed outlaw. But, as I soon learned, our rangers succeeded too well for my purposes. On Monday they returned, all but three. They had trailed the cattle across the forbidden Territory line; they had found the central camp of the Territory "gang" far up in the Chickasaw Mountain; they had defied the jurisdiction of the United States government, which prevailed in the Indian country and had long protected this sort of robbery; and there had followed a battle. The gang was wiped out, and its leader, Indian Pete, was killed.

Trigger Justice had done its work. In its bearing on my "case," there was one great result: Indian Pete was dead. A possible prop of my prosecution was gone. Just two living persons now had direct knowledge of that terrible deed by the water-hole—Joe Hamlin and Shad Baker!

Such was popular interest, such the tales told of the affair at the Hump, of my stand against the mob, of the eerie arrival of little Joe Hamlin—such were these things, relating as they did to the pursuit and battle of the rangers, that the situation had a theatrical aspect that vastly increased my load of responsibility. Baker's trial would be a trial of law as well as the trial of a defendant; I must demonstrate the worth of my law—justify justice.

I FIRMLY believed Baker guilty, yet I had to prove it; and I must convict, else the step forward I had at heart would be a step backward. If the case were thrown out of court, even if Shad were acquitted, he would be dragged forth and hanged from the most conspicuous and convenient gibbet.

Instinct tried my prisoner, found him guilty, demanded his life; meanwhile the cause of reason, of legal justice, lay in appalling doubt. Mob opinion reviled fool delays, viewed my policy critically, cynically as an experiment. In fact, the cause of rational law still rested upon my quick, impulsive, unlawful use of a pistol. But for my proprietary rights established through bravado in the Hump, I doubt if I could have retained mastery of the situation. As Gambler Sam observed, when unruly spirits came to him with objections, "Well, ain't Shad Charley's particular meat?"

I secured an indictment, and the day of the trial approached. Each night I arrayed the salient facts as I lay in bed. Baker's explanation of his presence in the country proved a logical one: he was bound for old Kansas haunts after a prospecting stay in old Mexico. If Hamlin were killed by the cattle thieves, the Indian himself might have killed him. Or, theoretically, totally different parties might be guilty. True, there was ample evidence corroborating Shad's wild talk in the Hump that night; but it was evidence showing with equal force that Shad was drunk and might have been vainly boasting. One link, and one only, connected Baker both with the cattle raid and the murder—Joe Hamlin.

It is a serious and dubious thing to send a man to the gallows upon the unsupported testimony of a boy six years old. Did the lad understand the meaning of an oath? Could he know the significance of a pledge to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? Were his faculties matured to the point of comprehending what he had seen and heard? Could an identification by him be trusted? Was he entirely rational, or was his mind upset by an ordeal such as might have affected the mind of many an adult? How would the court answer these questions? I dared not say.

THE critical day came. A rough frame building, on Sundays a church, on week nights a dance-hall, was used for a court-house. Rows of old pews had been installed to meet an emergency that brought curious crowds from the ranches within a fifty-mile radius. A newly varnished partition suggestive of a picket fence hemmed in the attorneys' table and judge's raised seat; and pews sawn in the middle, two half-pews to the judge's right, formed the jury-box. From the eastern edge of the district, a more settled country and one less familiar with the case, we managed with difficulty to impanel a satisfactory jury. Judge Sanders came over from Fort Worth.

Bareback Frank Botts was there, and with him a score of cowpunchers from the Double Bar Y region. One-Eyed Sam closed down his game, and, indeed, Tex Shannon and all the saloon men closed their places, and their grim faces lowered among the motley assemblage. A hundred and fifty men forced themselves into the room, while as many more were denied for lack of space. They were uncouth, uncultured, untaught, but sincere men, and just—according to their lights. They were quiet, orderly, and impressed with the solemnity of the occasion; yet I knew not which to fear most—the critical analysis of Judge Sanders or the slumbering powder-mine within the breasts of these spectators by whom Shad Baker long since had been condemned unheard to his death.

I stated the case. Joe Hamlin was called.

A chunky little figure, not even tall for his age, he sat nervously upon the very edge of the witness chair, gripped its arms tightly, and faced the court-room.

"Is this the principal witness in this case?" asked Judge Sanders in severe and surprised tones.

"He is, your honor. I will add, he is practically the only witness."

I briefly entered my argument in behalf of his credibility.

Judge Sanders assumed his most frigidly judicial air, frowned continuously, and stroked his beard. My opposing attorney, a young but capable fellow appointed by the court, formally objected to the testimony.

"Do you believe this, er—child a competent witness?" Judge Sanders sharply asked.

"I do," I replied firmly.

"How old is he?"

"Six years and five months."

The judge's expression of astonishment faded before my look of determined confidence. Turning to the lad, he snapped:

"Boy, what is your name?"

"Joe Hamlin."

"Where do you live?"

"With Lawyer Holman."

"I mean before that?"

"I used to live by the Lost Horse Water Hole, with my pa."

"Joe,"—this suddenly,—"do you understand the nature of an oath?"

The witness hesitated.

"I mean, if you raise your right hand and swear to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God, would you know what you were doing?"

"Yes, Judge," answered the boy seriously; "I would know it meant I was promising God not to tell a lie."

JUDGE SANDERS questioned Joe for half an hour. He brought out in detailed relief the lad's lonely life with his father. For the two years since the elder Hamlin had come to Texas from Indiana, father and son had spent two hours each evening at lessons. Joe had learned his alphabet and could write a little. Every night the session ended with a reading from the Bible. At bedtime, kneeling, with their arms around each other, they repeated the Lord's Prayer together. At the judge's suggestion, Joe rendered "Our Father" in a way more impressive than I had ever heard before or expect to hear again.

The boy's faculties of observation were shown to be marvelously developed. He knew cattle brands, remembered people accurately, understood weather signs, and knew quite a lot about cooking. His accurate description bespoke a wide-awake mind; his direct answers showed character and self-reliance; and his bearing forcibly expressed identity—a conscious soul. His short life had been lived in the open, and, like the animals of the field, he had been compelled to grapple the world as soon as his legs could carry his body. Joe Hamlin was older in this sense than boys twice his age who, mewed up by luxurious safeguards against independent action and responsibility, learn nothing of life itself. As he told me many times in the after years, Judge Sanders was never more certain of a witness throughout his long experience on the bench—rational, quick-witted, accurately observant, and totally ignorant of falseness.

"Proceed with the examination," ordered the judge.

Welcome words!

ANSWERING each question that was put to him simply and directly, the boy made every soul in the room live through that awful night. They heard the tumbling rush of the thirst-mad cattle; they saw father and son turn their own herd; they watched Indian Pete and Shad Baker ride up; they heard the shot and witnessed the incredibly callous crime. They fled with the terrified son, hid in the gully, ventured forth again, and returned to the dying father—all.

Joe's references to the abnormal size of the man, to his tangled red beard, to his large nose, to his clothing, fitted the defendant. But there remained the greater point—identification.

I had had Baker removed from the inclosed end of the court-room before Joe Hamlin was called. The accused man was placed outside the railing at the far left of the second row of spectators, tightly wedged between two deputy sheriffs and among scores of other men similarly garbed.

"Joe," I said, getting to the crucial point, "I will now ask this question: Would you know the man who shot your father if you saw him in this court-room?"

"Yes, sir," he firmly replied.

"Do you see him among any of the men inside of that railing?"

"No, sir,"—after looking carefully from face to face.

"Joe, step down from the witness chair and say if the man is sitting in the first row outside the railing?"

Solemnly Joe looked from man to man.

"No, sir," he said again.

"Joe, look once more, and say if he is among the men in the second row."

The silence was electric. Shad Baker leaned forward, with his elbow upon his knee and his face and beard hid by his huge hand. By this trick he had escaped the boy's keen eyes when they searched the first row. But now, as Joe again walked along the railing, he suddenly stopped in front of Baker's bowed form.

"Make him look at me!" he cried.

Roughly shaken by the deputies, Baker met the lad's burning stare.

With muscles tense, his blue eyes shooting fires supernal, the lad pointed.

"He killed my pa!"

A breathless stillness. Impalpable, all-penetrating, a presence seemed among us—vengeance divine.

A second, perhaps two, or five—how measure a glimpse of eternity? The boy pointed. From chalk white Shad Baker's face turned to a livid, sickly green, in horrid contrast with his fiery red beard; and, if ever all the loathsomeness of hell's tenth circle was written on human countenance, it was written there then.

The accused man staggered to his feet. As if obeying a behest, he was powerless to oppose, Shad Baker cried:

"Hell! Yes, I killed him! Hang me and get it over with!"

He collapsed. The boy still stared.

"Take him away—take him away!" groaned the stricken brute.

From somewhere—who shall say whence?—the verdict had come, spoken by the lips of its victim. Pronouncement of sentence became a mere symbolism of the eternal law—yet a symbolism I was anxious to preserve. But fears of violence were groundless. Not an aggressive move was made or a rebellious word said. The hanging took place at sunrise, in profound silence, as a sacred rite to justice absolute.

THE MOTHER'S SON

BY LULAH RAGSDALE

AH, Son, my only one, my errant son,
Who wanders somewhere on the earth's big breast—
But who can say?—to east or else to west,
Whatever way the fever leads you on.

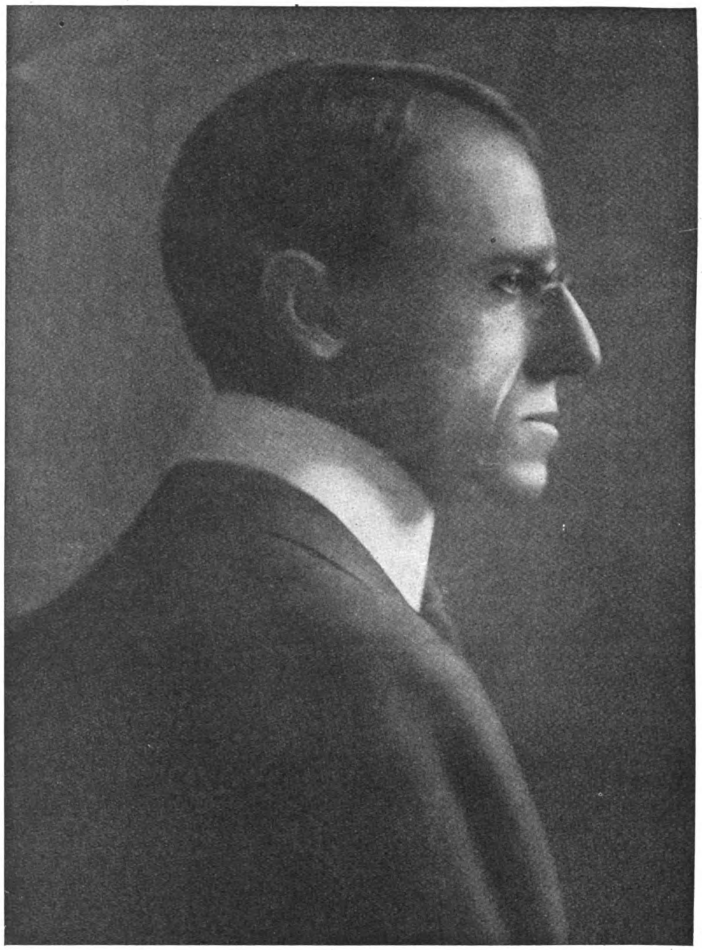
And, fearful of the straight-set eyes at home,
The way-bound feet, that know no tingling need
Of wide white road or sparkling, open meed,
Keep silent lip to every pleading "Come"—

Your quiet mother, with the busy hands
So full of duties' dull, uncolored thread,
And feet that round and round the circle tread,
Nor ever break its bound—she understands!

Hush! by the safe red hearth how oft at night
Has she a-sudden listed in the wind
The call—the call! and, guilty, turned to find
Calm eyes a-wonder at her look of flight.

Ah, Son, who wanders as the wild wind blows,
From what full vein you drew that vagrant blood,
From what winged soul you took that tameless mood,
Your mother, in her narrow boundary, knows.

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NORMAN HAPGOOD

THE next issue of this WEEKLY will be the first one edited by Norman Hapgood.

Mr. Hapgood has had a varied career in literature, daily journalism, and magazine work. Like a good many others who are interested in writing, he went through the law school at Harvard, but, after practising a year, left that profession and went on the Chicago *Evening Post* at $5 a week. From there he went to the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, where he dealt mostly with politics and the drama. From there to the New York *Evening Post*, where he did general reporting, especially on educational matters; and from there to the *Commercial Advertiser*, where he began by writing editorials and building up various departments, but ultimately settled on the drama and made that his specialty for four years. At the same time he conducted a dramatic department in the *Bookman*. While doing this work in journalism he found time to write the following books: "Literary Statesmen," biographies of Webster, Lincoln, and Washington, and "The Stage in America."

Since then there has been added to the list "Industry and Progress." He became the editor of *Collier's Weekly* in 1903, and remained there until last fall.

Taking charge of HARPER'S WEEKLY will give him a full opportunity to make exactly the kind of publication he believes in. It will seek to be a combination of popularity with a special appeal to the intelligent class throughout the United States, both women and men. The WEEKLY has a great past. In the days of Nast and Curtis it was, without any question, the foremost publication in the country. It remains to be seen whether the new management can recapture the leadership.

Public affairs will occupy a considerable part of the paper. The attempt will be to have them treated authoritatively, much of the time by men who are taking leading parts in them; but they will be treated in a modern, energetic manner, rather than in an academic spirit. There will be three pages of editorials. Those aspects of public affairs which are not so much political as social and economic will be carefully covered, and a very special attempt will be made to have the paper the spokesman of the new Feminist Movement in its broader and deeper aspects—those that have to do with real changes in morals, traditions, and industrial conditions, and relations of the sexes.

Humor will be looked upon as very closely related to intelligence, and the central idea of the WEEKLY will be that the life of intelligence is a very agreeable and even amusing one. This idea will be carried out in cartoons and humorous treatment of current affairs, both in text and pictures, more and more as the paper develops into its intended nature.

Mr. Hapgood looks upon the drama as one of the most interesting as well as one of the most popular expressions of human nature and human ideals, and he will make an attempt to build up a dramatic department that is really notable.

Sports, books, finance, and various other features will be emphasized, and some idea about what may be expected of the WEEKLY can be obtained from next week's number, both from the nature of that number itself and from the announcements made in it.

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The Melon Colic Days have Come—Most Painful of the Year

INTERLUDES

DE LUNATICO SCRIBENDO

WORD comes to us from apparently authentic sources that the inmates of one of New Jersey's most popular lunatic asylums are about to publish a weekly paper, edited and written by themselves. At first thought this seems to the casual observer a preposterous sort of a novelty, but maturer reflection convinces us, at least, that after all there is nothing especially new in the idea. Surely if the Cubists are justified in holding an exhibition of their pigmentary convulsions, Matteawan itself should need no justification for taking up literature.

We do not recall that any journels have ever hitherto actually emanated from the asylums themselves; but after all is it not true that not a few of our highly esteemed contemporaries give frequent evidence of having derived their ideas therefrom?

Take the *Astrabilliken Magazine*, for instance, with its enormous circulation won for it by its wise previsions in securing a monopoly of the fictional output of Henderson Zanypate, the Thackeray of the kitchen range; of Billington Dizzard Jones, the ever-popular and super-normal bargain-counter Bulwer, the cash-girl's joy and the floor-walker's delight; of Jemmison Flapdoodle, who has been recognized, even in England, as the Henry James of the Gay White Way.

Is there not in the pronounced success of this delightful periodical, which we confess we read with feverish fervor from cover to cover every blessed month of our lives, every assurance that the lunatics of New Jersey, if they will only consent to reveal themselves to us as they really are, will also achieve lasting fame and high literary distinction?

And then take the last number of that sedate and venerable publication *Skidmore's Magazine*, and read the poem contributed thereto by Matilda Battenhouse Belfry, entitled "Bewilderment":

> "O ambient Fate, upon thy silvered brow
> Hang fulgent microcosms of the Now,
> Wherein by purple emicancy cleft
> The soul insensate starkly lies bereft,
> And fades into zeroic Nothingness
> Beneath the press
> Of thine indecent phosphorescences
> That shred the soul with effervescences
> Our Fathers dreamed not of,
> All masquerading in the name of LOVE!"

Surely there is nothing startlingly novel in a paper edited and written by lunatics, and we take great pleasure in extending to our new contemporary—or shall we call it "distemperary"?—all the privileges of a not always hospitable exchange list.

NOT AN APPEALING PROPOSITION

"BOSH! Rats! Nonsense!" ejaculated Spiffenpoof, the distinguished litterateur explosively, as he ran over his mail at the club. "What an idiot! Tush! He makes me tired."

"What's the matter, Spiffy?" said Doughball, the famous landscape-painter. "You sound as if you had swallowed a pack of fire-crackers. If you are going to explode, old man, please go outside and do it. I'd hate to be hit by a flying splinter from your cheek!"

"There's nothing the matter," retorted Spiffenpoof shortly. "Only sometimes when I come across a large-sized D. F. it makes me mad. There are some people in this world who haven't as much sense as a crab that tries to get ahead by walking sideways. Listen to this letter I've just received from a clipping bureau in the hope of getting a subscription out of me:

"Horace J. Spiffenpoof, Esq.

"*Dear Sir:*

"In view of the fact that your recent book, 'The Poems and Epigrams of a Hookworm,' is being reviewed by the newspapers and magazines of this country very extensively, it has occurred to us that you may desire to subscribe to our Clipping Service, which is the most efficient yet established in the United States, and already numbers among its patrons the most distinguished literati of the day. Our terms are forty dollars per thousand clippings or five dollars per hundred, payable in advance. We inclose, with our compliments, a notice of your book from last Sunday's Literary Supplement of the Billville *Gazoo*. Trusting to hear from you favorably at your earliest convenience, we beg to remain,

Respectfully yours,
THE UNITED SHEARS COMPANY."

"Well," laughed Doughball, "I don't see anything in that to get mad about. It seems to me to be very well phrased, and a thoroughly dignified and business-like presentation of a legitimate proposition."

"Nobody said it wasn't," returned Spiffenpoof. "But listen to the clipping they inclose to make their proposition attractive. The Billville *Gazoo* remarks:

"We are in receipt of another compilation of waste-paper by the perennial Spiffenpoof. The outrage this time is entitled 'The Poems and Epigrams of a Hookworm,' and he does well to call it so, for from cover to cover it does not contain a poem or an epigram that has not been either 'hooked' or 'wormed' out of the writings of other people. His 'Lost Limerick of the Labrador Longshoreman' is nothing more than a feeble attempt to rewrite 'Evangeline' on an intellectual plane about eighty-seven miles lower than that of the primordial protoplasms of the proletariat age; and as for his so-called 'Rhythmic Romance,' which he calls 'The Love Story of a Zoöphyte,' the only near-original thing in the book, after reading that we took the volume out into the back yard and fed it to our goat, who died within seven minutes of acute lassitude, accompanied by intermittent convulsions in the vicinity of his vermiform. If you have an enemy, send him Spiffenpoof's 'Hookworm' book. As for his publishers, we have only to say to them that hereafter if they send us any more Spiffenpoof literature, for review or other purposes, we shall charge them thirty dollars an hour for our services in reading the same, and for potential damages to the health of our office live stock to whom we invariably feed the stuff."

"Gee-roo-salem!" cried Doughball.

"Yes, and then *some!*" said Spiffenpoof. "What do you suppose that United Shears Company man thinks I am, that I should pay him forty dollars a thousand for stuff like that? I wouldn't give a nickel for a thousand tons of it, the bally idiot!"

PAID IN KIND

"Did you really get a thousand dollars for that awful daub of yours, Cubely?" asked Jinglethorpe.

"Well," said the Cubist sadly, "I got a check for a thousand, but it came back from the bank. The cuss was overdrawn."

"Ha!" ejaculated Jinglethorpe. "Cubist check, eh?"

ANOTHER OUTLET

"I see in this paper," said Mr. Noovoh, "that garnets sell for $35 a ton."

"Ain't that nice!" ejaculated Mrs. Noovah. "Wouldn't folks set up some, Jim, if we burnt 'em in the furnace instid of coal next winter!"

MATERNITY À LA MODE

"YOU will pardon my intrusion, Mrs. Mommer," said the clergyman nervously, "but I feel it my duty to tell you that the to say the least extraordinary dancing of your daughter is exciting a great deal of unfavorable comment, and——"

"Why come to me, Doctor Whitechoker?" replied the lady. "This is so obviously a matter of police administration that I can't see why you bother me with it. *Am I my daughter's keeper?*"

THE NINETY AND NINE

"BOBBY, did you go to Sunday-school this morning, as I told you to?" demanded Mr. Gosling of his young hopeful.

"Yes," said Bobby. "And I was the only one of the class there."

"I am very sorry to hear that," said Mr. Gosling. "Where were the other boys?"

"Why, they were caddying for you in that foursome you played on the Amagaskill Links, dad," said Bobby.

AN ACCOMMODATING JUSTICE

"BUT, Judge," said Dingley, who had been fined twenty-five dollars for exceeding the speed limit, "I haven't that much money with me. Won't you take my check?"

"No," said the judge, "I ain't empowered to take no checks, but I tell ye what I'll do. I'm runnin' fer Sheriff o' this here caounty, an' it takes a heap o' travelin' round seein' the voters. You stay round here fer a cupple o' weeks, totin' me around the country, an' we'll call it square."

LADY CUSTOMER (peeved): I've come to return this paper-cutter. It's not ivory, as represented.

STOREKEEPER (musingly): I wonder whether that elephant had false teeth?

A YOUNG woman from the West was making a visit to an old seaport town. One morning, while driving with her host, she said:

"What is the diet of all these people?"

"Fish, mostly," responded the man.

"Why," spoke the Westerner, "I thought fish was a brain food. These are really the most unintelligent-looking people I ever saw."

"Well," replied the host, "just think what they would look like if they didn't eat fish!"

A YOUNG Irishman was sent by his backers to a neighboring city to box with an athlete living there. He was getting the worst of it, as his friends soon realized.

"Come, brace up, Jim," cautioned one of his friends. "Stop more of his blows."

"Stop thim!" the unfortunate Jim cried. "Do ye see anny av thim gettin' by me?"

A LIEUTENANT in the United States army was crossing from England in one of the large steamers when one afternoon the band on deck played "Yankee Doodle." A gruff Englishman who stood by inquired whether that was the tune the old cow died of.

"Not at all," retorted the lieutenant; "that is the tune the old Bull died of."

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CHILDREN'S COURTS

(Continued from page 13)

An anemic, wizened little fellow, his face chalky white, was called before the judge. His trousers, too big for him, were held over his diminutive nakedness by a single suspender. A big tear trickled down his sharp little nose. As I raised my hand as a sign that the big officer who had taken him into custody was to be sworn, the boy dodged. The officer told how "Beans" (his real name was Bienzi) had run away with a pair of shoes that were hanging in front of a store. The boy told the officer he had stolen them for his little sister. Sister was there and her toes are showing. She put a trembling hand on his arm and tried to comfort him. But Beans' eyes were downcast and he slowly rubbed his waistband.

"What's the matter, Beans?" kindly asked the Court.

Beans, without raising his eyes, sadly replied: "Me stomach's delirious, Mister."

Beans was starving. His little sister and his mother were in no better condition. The mark of the white death was on the latter. The father had succumbed to it within a year after they had come to an East Side tenement from a vine-clad cottage in Sicily.

There was nothing to do in this case but commit both children—not because of Beans' theft of the shoes, but because the children were starving and the cellar home was a breeding-spot for tuberculosis and not fit for their return. The judge proposed that the two children be sent to a good home in the country, where they would get nourishing food, fresh air, and some education, and that the mother go to a sanitarium and when she was well the children could go back to her.

How to Get Arrested

TWO little wanderers, ragged and forlorn, stopped in front of the old court building recently, and searched the doors and windows. Apparently no one was looking, and they climbed the stone steps and sat down. They put their heads together for a moment's whispered conversation. Suddenly they leaped into the middle of the sidewalk and began to pummel each other. No attention was paid by them to the crowd that gathered on the sidewalk, but now and then they stopped to look at the doors and windows. They battered and punched until the nose of one was bloodied and the shirt of the other was lacking a sleeve.

A policeman finally appeared, and dragged them to their feet and into the old building. He tried the usual police grilling, and this was met with stolidity and silence. Then some one who understood better tried gentler persuasion. The tears and the true story came together. These boys were brothers; there was no hatred between them. Their parents had driven them from the wretched tenement rooms that they called home, but that in reality was a hell, and threatened them with death if they dared to return. The marks on their thin little bodies were an earnest of the treatment that awaited them if they did go back. They had been sleeping in areaways at night, and foraging over the refuse heaps of the markets in the daytime for food. Had they applied at the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, they would have received shelter and their parents would have promptly been prosecuted. But they did not know that.

Some chance companion had recently told them about a place from which bad boys were sent away to homes where they would have to work hard, it was true, and where they would be under constant watch, but where they would get food, clothing, and a bed. But to be sent away they would have to "get took." After rejecting several plans to this end, one of them proposed that they go up under the nose of the court and fight until the police came.

These boys were sent to good homes in the country, not because of any delinquency of theirs, but because of improper guardianship. It is a pleasure to record that the father was arrested too. When he was ordered by the court to pay a part of what it would cost to keep his two boys in the home to which they were committed, he tore his beard in his rage, and the mother screamed hysterically and had to be carried out of court.

Too often the crushing conditions of the new environment render foreign parents helping in the upbringing of their children. It is not possible for them to pick up our language and customs as quickly as their children. In the alien colonies the elders speak a common tongue, and they unknowingly permit barriers to be built about themselves often that are not easily penetrated by our ideas of well-being and citizenship. Their children easily come to feel a superiority to them when the parents are forced to depend on them as arbiters and interpreters. The father back in Russia, no matter how humble his surroundings, may have been a czar in his own household. But here, even if he did learn the language as quickly as his children, the struggle for life is so hard that he usually has little time to spend with his children. They may be running wild with bad gangs, or may be receiving instructions in a basement poolroom from a reformatory graduate in the gentle art of picking pockets; but the father is helpless to prevent it. The companionships the children make in the teeming streets are not such as usually increase their respect for parental authority. So it is that the children often grow beyond their parents and impose on them.

A great, hulking, six-foot Austrian applied at the court recently for a warrant for his son. The boy would not go to school, smoked cigarettes, and, the father added with outraged feelings:

"He makes bad talk at me."

"Why didn't you bring him here?" demanded the judge.

"I was afraid of him."

"Do you mean to tell me a giant like you can't handle a boy? How old is he?"

"Eight," was the calm reply.

The court finally recovered sufficiently to ask if the father ever spanked the child.

"I'm afraid to lick him; the law won't let me."

"Who told you that?" asked the judge.

"The boy."

Incredible as it may seem, mothers have come into court who did not know how many children they had borne. One portly matron from Mott Street, when questioned on this line, shrugged her heavy shoulders and answered:

"Me no know. I stop count at eleven."

A search of the Society and Charities Department records revealed progeny to the number of fourteen. Five had been in institutions and six were dead. Perhaps some one will say the delinquency of her offspring was due to heredity. No; it was caused by the wretched surroundings—the parents, of course, looming large in those surroundings.

Heredity and Environment

WE are learning some important lessons, too, in our children's courts regarding heredity and environment. That old notion that because a boy's father or grandfather was bad he of necessity must be bad, is being modified. What a hopeless world it would be if that old theory of heredity held absolutely. It was Mark Twain, I believe, who said something to the effect that if any of us went far enough back in our family tree we would find a gallows rampant. One of the most useful men I know of to-day saw his father murder his mother in cold blood. There was a bad record on her side of the house, too. But a good man saw something in that boy while he was being detained as a witness against his father. As a result of that man's interest, that boy to-day is serving his fellow men and his country in a most important field.

Yes, there are moral tendencies that are hereditary; but, with the proper influences at work, those tendencies can be overcome, and the child, unless he be a mental defective, can be saved to useful citizenship. And here is another important field that has been opened up by our courts for children. A flood of light is being turned on the State's sin in thrusting delinquents of tender years who are mentally irresponsible into ordinary reformatory institutions. We are now seeing that there are certain little unfortunates who can be classed as neither imbecile nor insane, but who are the victims of environmental or congenital causes which irresistibly predispose them to crime. In failing to make special provision for its defective delinquents and forcing their commitment into ordinary reformatory institutions, the State is not only cruel to the child, but is sowing a continuous crop for its prisons and almshouses. For the law of heredity does hold absolutely with defectives.

Now, I do not pretend to say that a great number of the children who get into court are mentally deficient. Because of malnutrition and neglect, a large percentage are physically defective. There are some sensationalists who would make it appear that every second child arrested is mentally defective. Whether his offense was playing "shinny" or homicide, they would jimmy into his head, tamp out the supposed twists in his brain lobes, and turn him back to his parents a paragon of virtue. But that there are certain well-defined causes of mental deficiency among our delinquents can no longer be denied. According to the results of a recent investigation at Elmira Reformatory, thirty-nine per cent. of the inmates were mentally defective and seventy per cent. were physically defective. Could these mentally deficient or exceptional children have had special treatment at the first indication of delinquency, they could probably have been saved from the reformatory and perhaps a life of criminality.

The causes of the tendencies that array the child against society may often be determined by pathological and psychological examination. The presence of adenoids may have started the trouble; for adenoids retard development and often render a child irritable and mentally lazy. Possibly the absence of thyroid glands may be the source of the trouble; for we have learned that the absence of the thyroid gland often brings about cretinism. Then, it may have been hereditary syphilis that has brought about a lesion of the brain. If taken in childhood these causes may often be removed and the child restored to society a normal being. The experts in psychopathology have gone far enough to know that there are successful methods for treating these unfortunates if they are taken while still children.

A fifteen-year-old boy was arraigned in the Children's Court for the sixth time. He had twice been in reformatory institutions for stealing. Since having been brought to the Children's Court the last time he had tried to dash his brains out against the wall. The boy, shortly after having been committed the second time, tried without provocation to kill another boy. He later attacked an officer of the institution. Then he was sent to the psychopathic ward at Bellevue for observation. The resident alienist, after careful study of the case, made the following report:

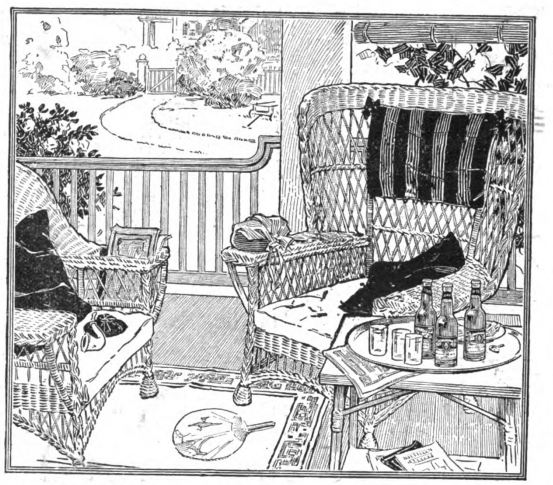
"We are of the opinion that this is not a proper case for care in one of our State insane asylums within the meaning of the statute. However, the boy shows evidences of constitutional mental defects due to lack of development. From your history as well as our examination, it appears he suffers from attacks probably of the nature of epilepsy. In these attacks these patients are not responsible [illegible] not know what they are do[illegible]here is no doubt of b[illegible]bility and of his [illegible] proper case for care and custody within the meaning of the statute."

So there was nothing to do but send this boy back for a third time to a reformatory that could only make him a confirmed criminal and whose discipline would be upset by his presence.

What was needed here was medical and mental treatment by experts in a special institution. New Jersey is one of the few States that have made anything like adequate provision for the treatment of defectives, and the institution conducted by Dr. Henry H. Goddard at Vineland in that State has shown that much can be done to help defectives. In New York there has recently been opened, through the charity of one good woman, an experiment station for the treatment of some of these cases, and this should be the forerunner of special hospitals provided by the State.

There are abnormally bright defectives as well as those of a low order of mentality. The diverting of genius from criminal into useful ways might be of inestimable value to the State, even in a single case. There was Richard, for instance, who at the age of fourteen came to New York from the West, and carried on a series of most clever forgeries. This boy had successfully established and published a boy's paper in his home town when he was only eleven years old. He had traveled all over the country, gathering advertisements for it. The late Russell Sage was even induced, so I am told, to subscribe something toward one of this lad's schemes. This perhaps speaks more for the boy's persuasive powers than anything else I could say. Even the detective who arrested the boy for the forgeries, of which a number of large department stores had been the victims, was half inclined to ask that the lad be released—he feared he had been mistaken in making the arrest. But Richard finally confessed.

The officials of the institution to which he was committed were urged to keep him in the background and away from visitors. For experts who examined him declared that he was chronically in a state of mental exaltation. Despite all efforts to suppress him, this boy soon became a leader in the institution. On Washington's Birthday I was astonished to find him in powdered queue and cocked hat, a sword at his side—George Washington himself. In a few months more he had talked his way out of that institution and into a Washington bank. It



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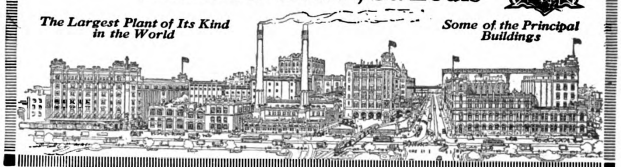
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was not long before he had run away with a considerable sum of money. He was later arrested in a Western State for another offense, and sent to a reformatory. On his release he obtained employment as a traveling salesman. Between midnight and dawn one morning, in a Kansas City hotel, the boy killed himself by turning on the gas. He had left this note:

"Worry, unhappiness, undeserved condemnation, and hatred of doing wrong are the cause."

It had been impossible for this boy to do right. Could he have been subjected to proper treatment at the first indication of criminal tendencies, could he have been under the care of an expert neurologist at the proper time, the record would have been one of great genius in useful fields instead of criminality.

Discovering Mental Defectives

IN most of the larger children's courts steps are now being taken to discover the mental defectives. While the State has made no provision thus far for these examinations, Dr. Max G. Schlapp has for the past two years been giving a large part of his time to this work without compensation. Legislation is now being drafted looking to the treatment of defective delinquents by the State.

Ninety per cent. of the delinquency of children and parents that comes to the attention of the courts arises in the congested and poorer districts of the city. This is not the fault of the people who live there, but of their surroundings. If we permit the children and parents in these districts to be robbed of everything God intended for their heritage, we can not complain if they get into conflict with the law. The only real barrier between Hester Street and Fifth Avenue has been created by man's selfishness. The association of Fifth Avenue may be called a club, but in Hester Street it may be known as a gang. It is merely a difference of pocketbook, surroundings, and education.

Our children's courts are teaching us that nature intended every child to have a fair start. No matter how vicious and depraved his parents, when a child enters the world he is pure and innocent. In bad physical surroundings, however, physical deterioration manifests itself almost at once. Before there can be any moral effect the child must have survived these physical conditions long enough to have attained to some degree of understanding. The child of the overcrowded tenement is no more responsible when vicious surroundings begin to eat away his soul than he is for the anemia he suffers because of malnutrition and physical neglect.

Were there anything like a rational distribution of population, did we not force the child to dodge about the garbage-cans for his game of tag and push him into the black and ill-smelling hallways for his hide-and-seek, there would be small work indeed for our children's courts. But, as long as the community creates and tolerates such environment, it must pay the price. I have seen a little girl cry and flee in terror from a fluttering butterfly that a chance wind had blown across from the Jersey meadows into her tenement block. It is little wonder that, when some children are sent away from the din of the city's streets to the green fields, they cry, and say it is so still it "makes their ears hurt."

The Effect of Thwarting the Play Instinct

More than half of the children brought to the court in New York each year are there because of the thwarted desire for play. The play instinct is God-given, and its gratification is as essential as moral and mental exercise. The children's courts are proving powerful factors in the spread of the playground propaganda, another form of sentimentality that is working for good citizenship. The children of the streets must find vent for their energies in some direction, and too often the only one left open to them is criminal in the eyes of the law. It is little wonder that the pick-pocket bosses, commonly called Fagins, have small trouble in getting recruits to their bands. When a boy first consents to "lay kiggy for the cop," that is, serve as a lookout for the policeman while his companions pry a hasp off a basement door, he usually does it purely in a spirit of adventure. It does not occur to him that he is doing anything particularly wrong.

Arraigned for the heinous crime of playing ball in the street, a half-clad youngster was asked recently:

"What are the streets for?"

The culprit, whose head barely reached the bench, thought hard.

"Automobiles," he finally blubbered.

The judge straightway sent him home.

Another youngster who had been arrested for playing "cat," a game in which a small block of wood is batted with a stock, was in the detention-room one day, waiting for his case to be called. He was in tears, and for that reason an object of scorn to the motley array of youngsters there for all sorts of troubles. There are comparatively few tears in the children's courts of our big cities; for in the life of the crowded streets the tenement child is so accustomed to bumping up against sharp corners that he develops a philosophy that runs in this wise: take it as it comes and make the best of it. But this boy slid off the bench and dropped to the floor on his knees. He clasped his hands to heaven and prayed:

"O God, if you'll forgive me this time, I'll never play cat in the street again." What a petition for a healthy, normal boy!

This youngster came from one of the better homes. Many children who have come into court have never heard the name of the Supreme Being, except as used in blasphemy. It is the lack of space to live and breathe and play that makes the biggest police returns so far as the children are concerned. Are the children who are forced to spend a large part of their lives in the streets, with the crowding, the dirt, the noisy, sleepless nights, to be judged in the same way as those who have always had comfortable homes and the chance to lead normal, healthy lives?

Some one has said that about the only grassy place that most of the children of the tenement districts would ever reach was the burying-ground. That is not altogether true, for one great burial-place for children on the outskirts of New York, which I visited recently, was found to be absolutely barren of grass. The writer has often wondered why some of the old unused burying-grounds in the crowded sections of our cities should not be opened up as play-spaces for the children—for one live boy is worth a hundred men. When the community has been so strangely remiss in failing to provide recreation-spots, it seems inconsistent that tax-payers should complain of heavy budgets for courts, reformatories, hospitals, and institutions into which delinquents and dependents finally drift and where they have to be maintained at public expense.

There are more than [illegible] on Manhattan Island [illegible] buildings are massed in at the [illegible] up dred to the acre [illegible] the Bi[illegible] that have a density of more than fifteen hundred to the acre. It is from such densely congested districts that most of the juvenile delinquents come. They are the breeding-spots of poverty, crime, and disease. The fault does not lie with the dwellers there, but with the owners who thrive on their condition, and with the community that is blind to the drain on its moral and physical vitality. If, year after year, in one narrow district, ten thousand men, women, and children were ruthlessly slaughtered by an armed foe and twenty thousand more were cruelly wounded, the nations would arise and stop it. But we permit tuberculosis, which we now know is a preventable disease, to reap just that harvest of deaths and casualties in New York City alone each year. The need for a rational distribution of population, laws that would prohibit more than a certain number of persons from living in a given area, is one that is most bitterly apparent each day in the children's courts of our great cities.

A Remedy for Tenement Conditions

THE revelations in our children's courts are going to help materially to place on our statute books a very simple plan that will cure the worst conditions of the tenements. The Rev. Father James Curry, who has one of the most congested parishes in New York, some time ago suggested a remedy that brought forth a storm of protest from some of the tenement-owners and certain real-estate interests. It was this: The enactment of a law requiring that every tenement must have on it a small sign giving the name of the real owner. As it is to-day, if the name of the real owner appears on any official record, it is buried so deep under legal verbiage that it is usually safe from discovery. The owners have a trick of hiding behind lessees and agents who spare them actual contact with their tenants.

What a furbishing, what a rebuilding, there would be if this name-plate plan were made law!

On a day following his appearance at one of the hearings of the congestion commission in New York in advocacy of this plan, the writer was a guest at a luncheon given by a number of avowed philanthropists. He was buttonholed by one of these gentlemen, a tenement-owner, who complained bitterly of the proposed measure.

"Look at the blackmail it would open us to!"

"But you have a business on Broadway, have you not?" I inquired.

"Yes."

"Your name appears over the door of your establishment there?"

"What has that to do with it?"

"If your tenements are a legitimate business, why should the fact that your name appears on them open you to blackmail any more than the sign on your Broadway store?"

My philanthropic friend changed the subject.

There should be a law, too, limiting the number of sweatshops and factories that are operated in a given area—especially places of the type that deal with piece-work done in homes. The idea that workers should live in the outskirts while their shops are in the crowded districts may be good in theory, but it is almost impossible in practice. When every penny and every second counts, people can not afford to spend five-cent pieces and half hours traveling back and forth between home and shop. The people can only move when the shops move. Some businesses have gone to the suburbs, the workers with them, and almost invariably the industry as well as the workers has profited by the change. The community has profited most of all.

Not more than ten per cent. of the juvenile delinquency comes from the residential sections of the city. In the first place, not nearly so many people live there, and in the next the children and their parents are free from the oppressive conditions that thrive in the congested districts. It is for this reason that the delinquencies of the parents who live in these homes are vastly more inexcusable than those of the parents of the rookeries. Too often, both father and mother in so-called good homes are so engrossed with their business and social engagements that they give little thought or time to their children. The mother of one lad who had burglarized six houses in as many weeks recently explained to the court that she was so busy with her social affairs that she had no time to look after her son. The mother of another boy who had broken into an East Side tin shop, but whose home was on Central Park West, had been spending the winter in a Florida hotel, and the father was so busy that his son had been gone three days before the servants thought it worth while to tell him.

"What is your business?" demanded the judge of the father.

"[illegible]," was the reply, as the man [illegible] and [illegible] card.

"You take some precautions in your business to see that your securities, the stocks and bonds you own, are safely in their vaults at the close of business each day, do you not?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, naturally," replied the banker.

"If you were a natural parent at all," declared the court severely, "you would see that your most valuable asset, this boy, a future citizen, was safely in his home each night, and you'd give him some of your thought and care instead of leaving it all to hired servants. You think more of your stocks and bonds than you do of your own son. The boy may go home with you, but on probation. It is you, really, who are on probation, and unless you treat the lad as a father should, I will take him away from you because of improper guardianship."

The banker was much crestfallen, and it was evident his mind was working on new lines, when he and the boy left the court.

A richly gowned woman led her sad and absurdly little girl before the judge recently. She wanted summonses—a dozen of them for her neighbors' children.

"They've insulted my angel!" declared the mother. "They never stop taunting her."

The court surveyed the sad little girl.

"Take off the child's hat," ordered the judge.

Headgear years too old for the child was removed. To the amazement of all, hair that was once black but now of a straw color was revealed. The mother had bleached the hair of her eleven-year-old daughter!

"It was at you, madam, that the taunts of your neighbors' children should have been directed. You are the one who should suffer."

Then the judge caused the little girl to step back, to spare her from hearing her mother's further humiliation. The court told the woman that it might develop that she was not fit to remain the custodian of her own child. Her home would be investigated. The parents were placed under supervision of the probation officers, with the result that the little girl is now getting something like a fair start in life.

The son of a religious teacher was arrested for picking pockets. His skill had been attained after months of training.

"Didn't you know that your son was spending most of his time with a gang of thieves?" the father was asked.

"No; I was so busy with my teaching that I did not have time to look after my boy," replied the father.

There are parents of the so-called better class, too, who seem quite as anxious to be rid of the care of their children as some of those from the alien colonies who would perjure them into the "collegio" or "weisenhaus." Only, these parents ship them away to boarding-schools at an early age.

Not long ago a father whose boy was at a boarding-school of this kind was astonished to find that his son had been arrested in a Tenderloin resort, which he had been accustomed to visit, riding in each night from the school in his own automobile. The head of the school, when questioned in court, declared that he was not running a Sunday-school and that his boys could do as they pleased as long as their fathers paid the bills! Fortunately, there are not many schools of this sort.

Delinquency is frequently found in those families where either one of the parents is dead. The widowed mother has a hard struggle to bring up her children if she is obliged to work; for the boys, without the restraining hand of the father and with the mother away all day, frequently run with the gang and get into trouble; and the girls too *often* form associations that are disastrous. It is an interesting fact that only about one ninth of all the arraignments in the children's court of New York County are girls, and also that more than half of these girls are there merely because of improper guardianship and not for any offenses they have committed. But the offenses for which girls are arrested are usually serious. The boys seem to get into trouble more frequently than the girls because of their greater animal spirits. A boy who was once asked why the girls were so much better than the boys, replied: "Oh, well, the cops wouldn't pinch a girl, anyway"; and possibly there is a shred of truth in that.

Another lesson that our children's courts are teaching us is that a girl who has unfortunately made a misstep is not irredeemably lost. The trouble in the past has been too great intolerance regarding the delinquencies of girls. It is being shown that, with proper attention and [illegible], the girls will respond as readily to good influences as the boys. When women with as many demands on them as Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt can give up their time to the helping of girls who come into the court, and with [illegible] results, surely other women can

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give of their hearts and thought to their "little sisters."

As we look back at the army of boys and girls whose good fortune has dated from the day they were brought to the Children's Court and who have developed into young men and women who are taking a useful part in life, we can not but say, surely the profits of this work run big to the children, but biggest to the State.

The establishment of our children's courts are the indication of a new attitude on the part of the community. We are experiencing these strange sensations of a quickening altruism. We have made more progress, so far as the child is concerned, in the last hundred years than in all of the world's previous history.

How difficult it has been to get away from the dollar-mark and the supremacy of property rights! Our children's courts are helping to awaken the churches to the truth that religion means relationship, social service. This logic is late in coming, but at last we are getting away from a period of empty conventions and discussions and man-made dogma in getting down to divine simple truths. The saving of bodies and souls must go hand in hand. The kindling of fire in the coal stove means a kindling of new hope in the heart. Our children's courts, too, are teaching us that the best child-labor laws in the world are for the child only half the solution. Unless we give the parent enough return for his labor to support the family, we have done little more, in regulating the legal age for labor, than to say that it is bad for the child to use unformed muscles, so it is better that he should starve.

When we go down and look at the children dancing on the occasional pier that has been opened at night, and at their elders with the lines of care momentarily lightened on their faces, we can not but realize what even a fragment of a chance means to our neighbor and his child.

At last our thoughts are turning to the thousands that are being sacrificed to social irresponsibility and the great movement of liberty which, Ellen Keys says, "shall bring their declaration of rights and make an end of the spiritual and bodily ill-treatment of children," has really begun.

A MASTERLY METHOD

(Continued from page 10)

son amiably. "It is connected with our mission. We are thinking strongly of disbanding."

FESTIVE with scarlet and green was the Patterson house on Christmas morning. The sun poured in at the windows of the dining-room, where the family lingered, cheerfully busy. Lois was tying red ribbons around white tissue-paper packages and humming to herself. Mrs. Patterson was directing Tom as he sat upon a step-ladder and painstakingly hung a holly wreath at every angle but the right one. Only Mollie stood idly looking out of the window. Mollie was getting rather into the habit of idly looking out of windows. Tom from his lofty seat cast an interested eye down at her.

"That will do, Tom," said his mother, but Tom sat still.

"We never decided what to give Gregory for Christmas, did we?" he said, solemnly.

"I do hope the Ronsome's will come to-night," said Mollie, with feverish haste.

"I do!" said Tom. "But, as I was saying, we have not yet decided what to give Gregory for Christmas. It is the only cloud. I looked over the lists in the morning papers. They are always helpful, but there was nothing there except 'What to Give Grandpa' and 'Conceits for the Cook.'" He had one hand in his pocket as he descended from the ladder and joined Mollie at the window. When he strolled away again, he had the pleased look of the skillful sleight-of-hand man. Lois had taken her packages into another room. Mrs. Patterson had gone to the kitchen.

"Why! What—" broke out Mollie.

"What's up?" demanded Tom, roused from his appreciative and proprietary contemplation of his unconscious sister.

"It's a horse!" said Mollie. "And—and Gregory!"

"Right on time!" murmured Tom. Two steps took him to the side porch where he indeed beheld a horse, a beautiful bay, bearing a lady's saddle and led by Mr. Campbell. Without ceremony Gregory dropped the bridle into Tom's hand and ran up the steps. Mollie heard the door open behind her, but she did not turn. It was quite half a moment before Gregory spoke.

"Do you like it, Mollie?" he said.

"Do I like it?" she cried. "Is it really for me, Greg?" She faced him with radiant eyes, that were after all uncommonly shy for Mollie's eyes. "I'm going out to see it."

"Well, first, Mollie"—Gregory spoke diffidently—"there is something pinned to your blouse."

Mollie flew to the mirror. Across the shoulders of her white dress stretched a broad red ribbon. On it in bold black letters—so black and bold that even the reversed reflection in the mirror was easy to read—stood the inscription, *Gregory's Christmas Present.*

As the red of the ribbon turned Mollie. "Tom did it," she faltered.

"Yes," said Gregory, "but may I have it?"

"You may have the ribbon," said Mollie.

GENIUS

(Continued from page 9)

another. Moreover, of the forty-two non-precocious ones, not a few were demonstrably absorbed even then in their own lines of mental activity—for example, Wiseman, Byron, and Landor. And, as regards the health of men of genius in childhood, more than two hundred were found to have been of "notably feeble constitution," a number that indeed by no means represented the full proportion of weaklings, since in many cases the writers of the biographical dictionary made no mention of the physical condition of their subjects during infancy and youth.

These figures—which are corroborated by the findings of other investigators—are of interest and significance, for two reasons. They tend to bear out the growing belief among psychologists that the systematic and energetic use of the mental faculties in childhood, provided this results from the awaking of a lively interest in the things thought about, is beneficial rather than harmful—for the men of genius who in childhood were frail have been, on the whole, remarkably long-lived. And, secondly, the figures unmistakably suggest that weakness in infancy has a direct bearing on the production of genius by favoring the development of interest in things of the mind, if only because through ill health the child is to a great extent debarred from participating in the physical interests and activities of other children.

Can Genius be Developed by Education

BUT is the awaking of a lively interest—an interest so intense that it spurs to incessant endeavor in some special field—sufficient to account for the achievements of the man of genius? Granting that the man of genius depends for his results, as I have tried to show, on the extent to which he upbuilds and stimulates his subconscious powers by conscious observation and thought, must we not assume that he possesses, to begin with, an exceptional mental capacity? Or is favoring circumstance in his environment—the occurrence of events that make so profound an impression on his mind as to arouse a fervent longing for accomplishment—sufficient to explain him? In short, would it be possible, by careful education and the wise adjustment of environmental influences, so to develop any individual of normal mentality that he might achieve in his chosen life-work results usually regarded as bearing the stamp of genius?

Such, decidedly, is my belief. I base it partly on the repeated failure of investigators to demonstrate the operation of heredity in the making of the vast multitude of men of genius who, in the history of mankind, have sprung from all sorts and conditions of ancestors, rich and poor, proud and humble, wise and ignorant. Partly I base it on the many instances in which men of genius have themselves been able to trace the determination of their activities to fortunate happenings in early life. But most of all I base it on certain experiments in education undertaken by parents entirely unaware of the inter-relationship between conscious thinking and subconscious "inspiration," yet intuitively believing that the sooner a child is habituated to using his mind to good purpose the more he will accomplish in later life.

Without exception, the outcome of these experiments has been the production of men of extraordinary attainment. In one case, a German country clergyman named Witte, taking in hand his infant son whom he had feared was congenitally defective, began a process of formal education as soon as the child showed a first faint glimmer of intelligence. Training the boy from the outset to learn things not simply by memory, but by the active exercise of reason, he deftly led him to become more and more interested in the great book of Nature as well as in the contents of his school-books. Con-

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tinually he encouraged him to rely more and more on his own powers, and, without in the least "forcing" him, gently stimulated him to an ever-increasing love of knowledge.

Doctor of Philosophy at Fourteen

BEFORE he was six the boy, named Karl Witte after his father, was known far and wide as an "infant prodigy." Great was the shaking of heads among wiseacres. The child was doomed—his foolish father would drive him into an insane asylum or an early grave. What actually happened? At the age of nine the little Karl matriculated into the University of Leipzig; before he had passed his fourteenth birthday he was a doctor of philosophy; and two years later he had been given an appointment to the teaching staff of the University of Berlin.

But was he not by that time a worn-out, decrepit little old man? Not at all. In fact, he lived to be more than eighty-two, and at the time of his death was recognized the world over not only as one of the foremost German masters of jurisprudence, but still more as the brilliant litterateur who had founded the modern school of Dantean study and criticism.

As with Karl Witte, so with John Stuart Mill, educated from infancy in accordance with his father's settled belief that, since it is the business of the mind to think, the sooner it is trained to think accurately and effectively the more productive it will ultimately become. So, also, with two Irish boys, sons of a mathematical teacher in a Belfast academy, trained by their devoted father with such success that they were ready for college, and actually entered Glasgow University, before they were in their teens.

With scarcely an exception, pitying neighbors looked upon them as "unhappy victims of a father's folly." Yet the elder of the two, living to the age of seventy, vindicated the wisdom of his father's course by leaving behind him, when he died, the reputation of a foremost authority on engineering. The younger lived to be eighty-three, and the news of his death resounded through the civilized world. For, as Lord Kelvin of Largs, he was universally conceded to have been the greatest of nineteenth-century physicists, a genius who had won a place in the Temple of Science with Newton, Faraday, and all other of the intellectual giants who have most notably advanced man's understanding of the laws of the material universe.

It is conceivable, but surely improbable, that in every one of these experiments, and others that I might cite, the children involved have been of a phenomenal brain capacity by inheritance. Far more reasonable is it to believe that their training, aimed directly at the development of a keen intellectual interest, [illegible] unwonted access to their [illegible]rs—an access fairly comparable, [illegible]ctical, with that enjoyed by the [illegible] of genius, who, also in childhood as a rule, has had his intellectual or esthetic interest similarly roused.

To sum up: Genius, as I see it, is the resultant neither of an inborn abnormality nor of an inborn supernormality. It is the resultant of exceptional utilization of mental faculties latent in all normal men and women, and dependent for their creative operation only on the stimulus of an exceptional interest in one's chosen work. It matters not how that interest is awakened, whether by a chance occurrence or by a well-planned mode of education. So long as it is awakened, so long as it stimulates to unending yet ever-pleasurable effort, the subconscious will receive the material it needs to send back to the consciousness true "inspirations of genius."

A MOTHER OF REVOLUTIONISTS

(Continued from page 7)

rain, hung on the back of a chair. My appearance had disturbed them. Their faces were those of people who had been interrupted at the most interesting point in a discussion.

I called Mother aside and told her quietly about the case. She turned quickly and said:

"Children, the literature has arrived!"

In her voice and words sounded a great relief. I could see that this literature had been expected, and that there had been much anxiety about it—that tracks might be discovered, people arrested.

"Well, let us go and get it."

Her son helped her to put on her boots and jacket, she pulled her fur cap over her eyes, and was ready. The young people stood silent. At the door she stopped, looking back into the room, and her tender smile lighted her face. Then she quickly returned, and, shaking hands with all of them, said, with unconcealed joy and an almost youthful exaltation:

"Children, now our work will go a-boiling!"

EVERY one familiar with the affairs of the Party knew what this fortunately arrived literature meant at that time. What a lot of dangerous and serious work it meant! One had to take advantage of every minute to keep up the exalted spirit of the masses by bold and passionate words.

Driving to my home in a carriage, Mother talked about her buildings, of some sketches, in rough and businesslike tones. When we arrived, she told the coachman to wait. At the sight of the case that I drew from under my bed, Mother's eyes flashed with joy. I wanted to help her take the case out to the carriage, but she waved me aside and said: "No; we'd raise his suspicions."

And she began to pack the proclamations, entreaties, and pamphlets into her stockings, inside her waist, into her sleeves, into the boot-legs, and even under her cap. She did it in a silent, concentrated way, like a person accustomed to think and decide quickly.

"That's better. Now come down with me."

When we reached the carriage, she spoke again in her rough manner:

"And so, if you're not in a hurry, I'll prepare these plans for you in a week's time."

And she drove away.

MOTHER stood on the scaffold of a building, holding in her hands a plan rolled up like a scroll. In a severe voice she called up to a workingman: "Listen, man. Don't you really see that this brick-work is wrong? Look here"; and she unrolled the plan. The scroll contained several papers. Then, in a whisper, the expression of her face unchanged, she went on:

"Distribute these papers among your people, and tell them the place of the meeting: the grotto near the sea, on the lower road leading to N——. You know. At eight o'clock at night. The moon is full now; you'll easily find the grotto. Don't come all together or you'll raise suspicion."

Then she continued loudly:

"Now don't you see you'll have to change this work. It's bad."

BLACK figures crept along a road white with moonshine, walked down to the shore, gathered inside the grotto, and silently sat on the stones. Mother spoke. Her voice was reserved and well controlled. She spoke of the abominable political organization which held them in ignorance so as to have them the better in its grasp—the crushed, unhappy nation, deprived of every human right! She persuaded them to break their infamous chains of slavery and to join the general strike: to stop telephone and telegraph communications, to shut off the water supply, to stop trains, to cut electric wires—in short, to stop work and thus to stop life.

She spoke of the government as a two-headed monster, gorged with their blood, lying on the ground in deadly convulsions, afraid of the last blow that the people would strike. It was a typical revolutionary speech, one of those speeches that were heard so often in those days. But Mother always put something into her speeches that forced each listener to look into the very depths of his own soul.

And thus she ended this time:

"But, children, don't forget one thing: all these words will be but empty sounds if you won't free your own selves. Before you become free citizens, you have to become free men! First of all, you must not be the slaves of your own interests, your feelings, your moods, your attachments! Do not only love your wives and your children—love humanity! Do not think of to-day—think of the future! Do not cling to narrow, commonplace virtues, but raise yourself to the comprehension of good in the highest meaning! Then, and only then, will you be free! It will be easy for you to throw off monarchism after having crushed the slave within yourself!"

Mother's children knew that these words were no "empty sounds" for her.

PHYSICALLY Mother was not a strong woman, though she looked robust. She suffered a good deal, and her friends feared cancer of the stomach. Her trouble may have been the result of continual privation, bad nourishment, the impossibility of getting a real rest. Though Mother's work brought her a fair income, she and her family lived almost in starvation, not having the right, as she said, to live better than other people. And she gave the surplus of her money to those who had nothing.

Now, as her illness began to keep her in bed very often, she was forced to refuse many opportunities for work. But the young people did not leave her alone. They were always gathered around her, and the air of her little apartment was filled with discussions and the steam of the samovar just as before. Everybody felt himself free and happy near Mother. Only, when they used to get too noisy, she would say:

"Children, don't shout!"

She was always thinking of others. Her two girls, twelve and fourteen years old, brought up in this atmosphere, were initiated into everything. Mother would send them to transmit important letters, or to carry messages that it would have been dongerous to write.

From time to time, Val or Zina would come to me and say: "Mother asks if you couldn't give some old clothing"; or: "Mother asks you to give some hair-dye"; or: "Mother asks you if you couldn't let a girl stay overnight in your house." And I knew what these messages meant.

ON the 17th of October, the day of the famous "Manifest," when young Russia exulted in happiness, when people everywhere gathered in crowds, arranging processions, singing the "Marseillaise,"—naïvely believing in the promised Constitution.—that day Mother was very ill. Her children begged her not to go to the procession; but she retorted:

"What! People are greeting Constitution. Red flags wave everywhere. And must I stay at home?"

She was literally carried to a balcony by two students, and from there she looked down at the happy crowd, her eyes filled with tears, joining in the "Marseillaise" with her feeble voice.

But when, after the 17th of October, Russia overflowed with blood, when the executioners began to hang, to shoot, to lock into prisons, to condemn to Siberia, then came Mother's turn.

Films for bombs and firearms were found in the basement of a building which Mother directed. The police rushed to her apartment. Mother was not at home. There were only her son and one of the little girls, Val. But, though the police searched in every corner, rummaged through the papers, and even ripped up mattresses and pillows in an effort to find proofs of Mother's membership with the Party of Russian Revolutionists, nothing could be found to compromise her.

Leo, her son, was arrested, though. Meanwhile Val, to whom nobody paid any attention, slipped out to meet her mother and warn her of the danger. She met her on her way home, and quickly told her what was going on at home. Mother kissed her warmly and said: "Go tell others to be careful."

Until evening she hid herself in the house of some friends, and then left for the ship, disguised as a very old woman, in a gray wig, with blue spectacles—impossible to recognize.

Her children heard from time to time that she was now here, now there, staying only for a few days in each place.

Thus she lived for two years,—always disguised in one way or another.—without home, without rest, with the police always behind her, pursuing her as dogs pursue game.

SUDDENLY, like a thunder-stroke, came the news that Mother was back in her native town—dying. In the last death struggles this strong heart became feeble for a moment—it cried for her children; and she called them.

They were so many that there was not place enough for all in the tiny room. They stood in the hall, in the kitchen, and even on the porch—but yet they felt themselves near to her.

Mother had returned home to die. Here, under a false name, in a small room, she lay on her death-bed. She was not disguised any more; there was no need for it now. Illness and suffering had changed and wrinkled it enough.

For each of us she found a kind word, a nod of the head, a warm glance. Only two of her own children came—the two little girls.

"Where—is Leo?" she asked, but rather with her eyes than with her lips.

An answer came, brief:

"In prison."

"That's nothing. He'll get out of it. And—Lolly?"

"She died on the barricades in Moscow."

A pause—a long pause. Then a short "Good girl." And, with the smile that they all loved and understood so well, she seemed to encourage them again to go forward in their fight for the cause.

THE police were afoot. Soldiers were in readiness. A warning was published by the Governor that the soldiers would fire at the least disorder. It was no more in their power to press anything from those lips, closed forever, but they still dreaded the power of the dead Barbara Ivanoff. In spite of all the threats, the young people arranged a great funeral. The streets through which the students walked, carrying the coffin on their shoulders, were strewn with flowers and branches of cypresses. No songs, no loud demonstrations, as they were accustomed to do at funerals of Revolutionists in those days. The tremendous crowd walked somberly, sternly, carrying garlands of flowers tied with red ribbons on which were inscriptions:

"To the Fighter for Freedom."

"May your pure image be our guiding star."

No speeches in the cemetery. In silent meditation they stood by the grave. After a long silence a youth, thin, tall, pale, with suffering eyes filled with sorrow and a voice trembling with pain, said:

"She was our Mother."

The Motions of Plants

ONE of the chief distinctions between vegetable and animal life is that animals have power of choice and of voluntary motion, while vegetables and plants grow only mechanically by natural law. But the microscope seems to show that many vegetable forms can move as easily as can animals.

There is a plant called *Volvox globator*, so minute that millions of it could be put in a wine-glass, which is seen to whirl like a top across the field of the microscope. Some plants found in our ponds, which are still more minute, move habitually, as with an apparent purpose.

Darwin, who gave closer study than any other naturalist to climbing plants, stated that these seemed to exercise the liberty of choice. Their tendrils, in climbing over pieces of wood with holes, will try one hole after another until they find one that pleases them. He saw one tendril withdraw itself after having located itself in a hole for thirty-six hours.

Other plants will run a long way over the ground refusing to climb the trees in their path, until they come to a peculiar species of tree, to which they at once cling.

Going Astray at Sea

IT is no easy matter to keep a modern steamship on a straight course. The helmsman steers by the compass, and while a single degree of deviation appears very small on the compass card, it would, if continued, carry a fast steamship forty miles out of her course in a single day's run. Yet the compass gives the course more accurately than the ship can be steered. Owing to the deflecting power of the waves and the rolling of the ship the course is continually shifted a little this way and that despite the helm.



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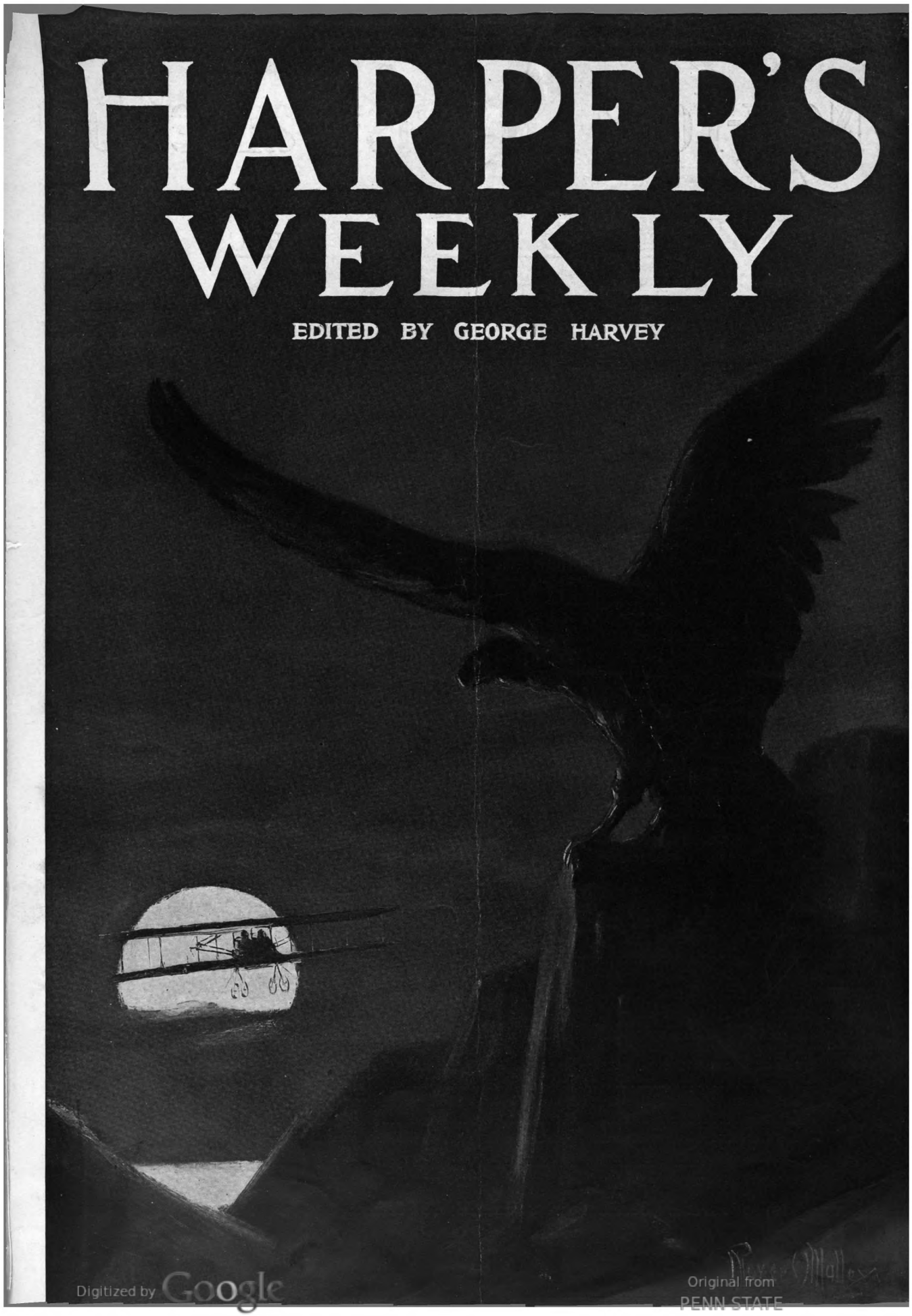
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Domestic Railroad Bonds (to yield 4.56%)	3,820,791.17
Foreign R. R., Gov't and Municipal Bonds (to yield 4.21%)	8,234,223.13
Miscellaneous Bonds (to yield 4.73%)	266,777.50
Loaned to policy-holders on security of their policies (to yield 5%)	27,763,909.00

DURING 1912 THE INSURED OR THEIR BENEFICIARIES RECEIVED FOR

Death Claims	$25,788,714.50
Matured Endowments	6,167,076.79
Surrendered Policies	12,959,576.80
Dividends	11,436,686.36
Annuities	1,570,502.77
Added to the reserve funds for insurances, to meet the standard adopted by the Company, in accordance with the law, and to the reserve funds for future dividends	$31,019,826.00

The increase in the earning power of the Company's assets during the last seven years is equal to 0.29%. Translated into dollars this means an increase in earning power, over 1905, of more than TWO MILLION DOLLARS.

The increased earning power developed in 1912 is notable. It is represented by 9/100 of 1%, and, if maintained, will increase the income of the Company in 1913 by comparison with what it would have been had the earning power remained as at the close of 1911, by the sum of **$647,000**

Of the amount which the law allowed us to spend in 1912 for new business, we actually spent	91%
Of the amount which the law allowed us to spend for all purposes, we spent approximately	63%
Of the amount of new business which the law allowed us to issue in 1912, we issued	100%

NINETEEN-TWELVE WAS A GOOD YEAR

If you desire further details, write the Home Office, 346 Broadway, New York.

Darwin P. Kingsley
President

January 8, 1913

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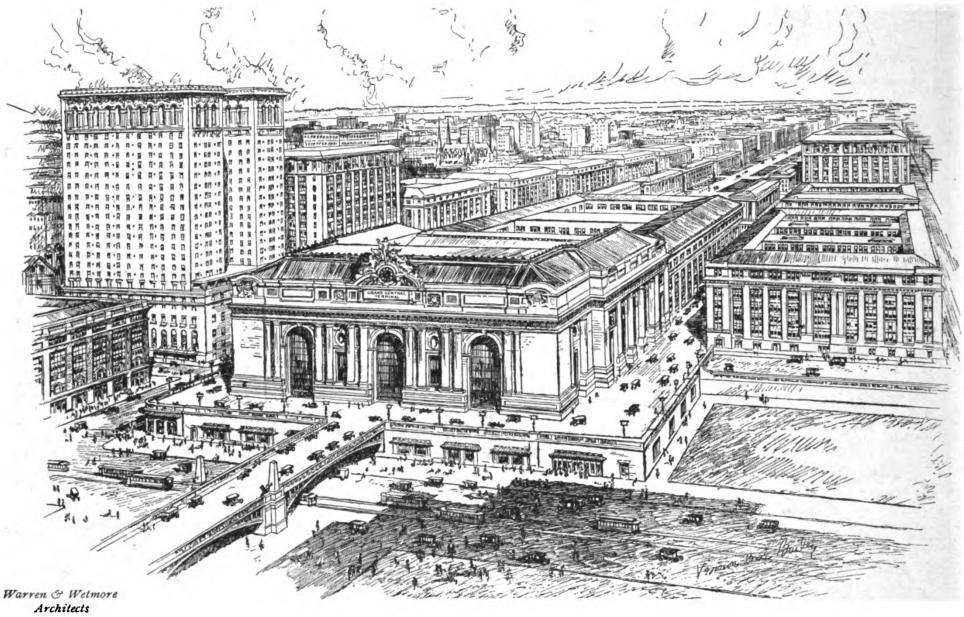
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INDUSTRIAL SERIES: CHICAGO

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OPENED FEBRUARY, 1913

This vast undertaking comprehends the erection of a great Terminal City, a city within a city, occupying an area of thirty blocks, in New York City.

It will embrace hotels and modern apartment houses, convention and exhibition halls, clubs and restaurants, and department stores and specialty shops. In short, practically every sort of structure or enterprise incident to the modern city.

These features are all in addition to post office, express buildings and other natural adjuncts of the up-to-date terminal—to expeditiously handle diverse traffic.

All these structures will be erected over the tracks about the terminal itself, while a plaza will surround the Terminal building, reached on the North and South by a new Boulevard, hiding all trace of the railroad yard.

THE NEWLY COMPLETED GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL

Will provide every detail essential to the comfort and convenience of its patrons. The Terminal itself is the physical embodiment of the latest and the highest ideal of service. Its adequate description is impossible here. It must be seen to be fully appreciated—or indeed to be completely comprehended.

The Main Terminal alone is 722 feet long and 301 feet wide on the surface, and half again as wide below the street level. It will accommodate comfortably 30,000 people at one time.

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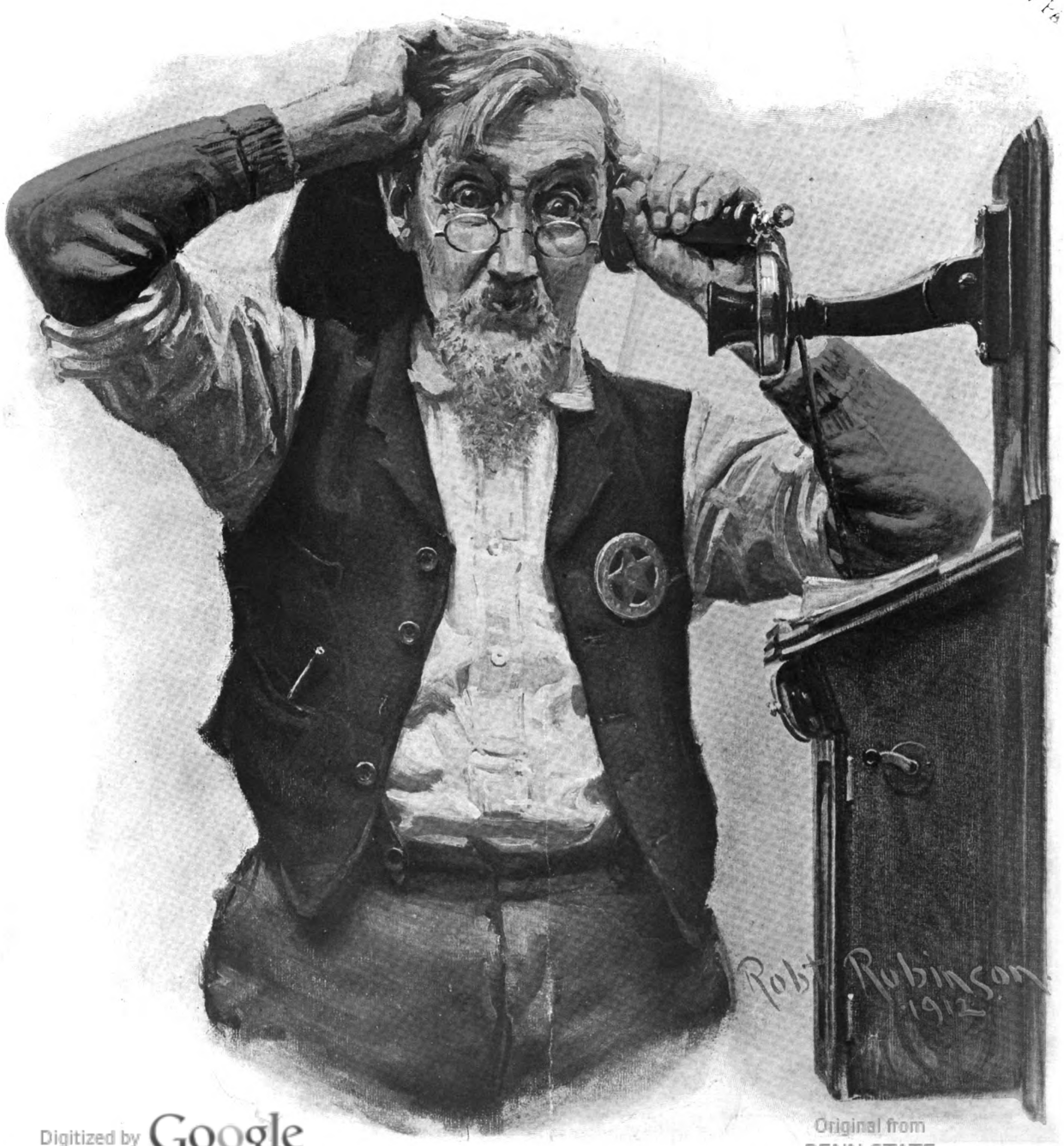
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The Dragoman

The author of this book is an American.
His name is

GEORGE K. STILES

This is his first novel.

Predictions are always hazardous, but the publishers of "The Dragoman" believe that this book has in it qualities which will make it one of the most talked of and successful novels of the new year.

It is a love story. The heroine is an American girl. The hero is a young Englishman. The scene is Egypt—not the Egypt of hotels and tourists, but the grim hinterland of the upper Nile, where strange things happen and few white men ever venture. The East and its mystery, the inner workings of international diplomacy, the mighty power of Mohammedanism, are all elements which make the story one of extraordinary and fascinating interest.

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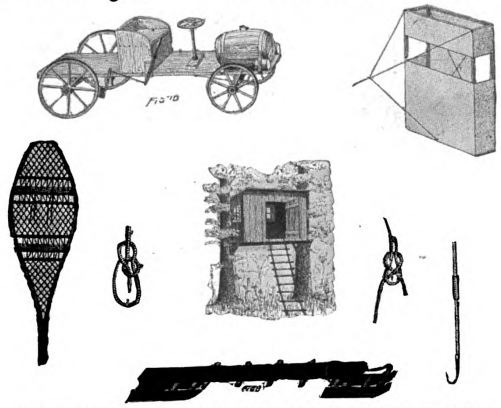
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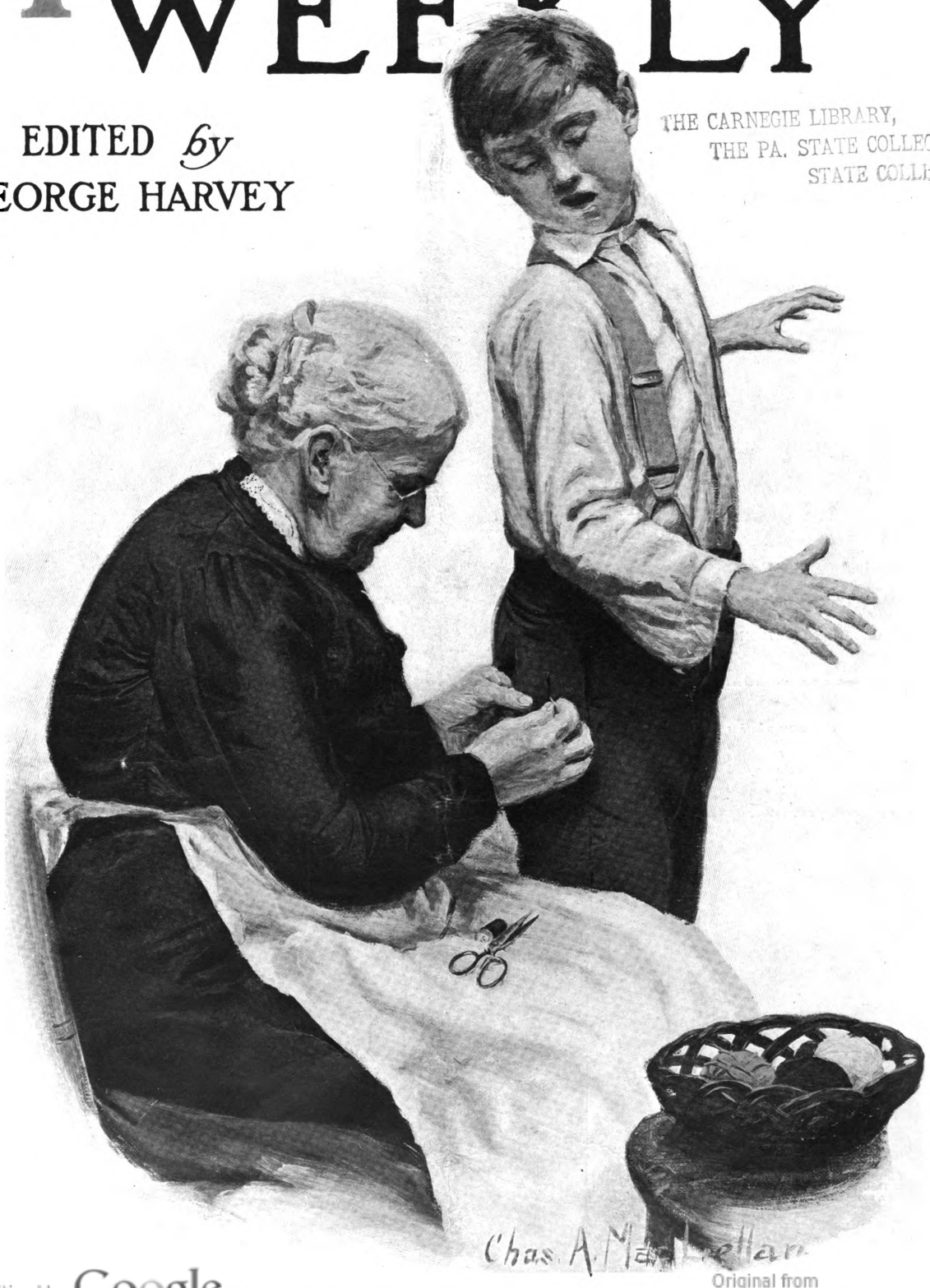
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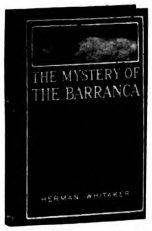
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We assumed that existing types were wrong, when 23 per cent became rim-cut.

We found that tires just rated-size were overloaded, fully nine times in ten.

And cost of replacement, under standard warrant, a few years ago ran up to 18 per cent. We knew that cost was wrong.

We knew that ancient methods had to be improved. And we felt that young men, with the proper foundation, were the men to do it.

So we went to the greatest of technical schools. Year after year we picked the best of their graduates. And we set those men—scores of them—at research and experiment.

The tires which now rule Tiredom, after 14 years, are those young men's creation.

What They Did

First they built in our factory a tire testing machine. Hundreds of tires were there worn out under actual road conditions.

They tested 40 formulas for treads — 200 separate fabrics. They compared scores of new methods with old ones—all by actual mileage test.

They learned what rubber wore best — the costliest Up-River Para. They brought out our "rivet fabric" which forms our breaker strip.

A machine was devised—now controlled by our patents—which gives every inch of the layer exactly equal tension.

In the course of years they brought our cost of replacement down to eight-tenths of one per cent.

Cost Per Mile

These men stood, during trying days, for the lowest cost per mile.

Others undersold us. Tires were sold at half our prices, which cost less than half to make.

But all felt that some day men would measure cost per mile. And we built a tire which men would come to then.

Two Innovations

Then came the invention of No-Rim-Cut tires, which we still control.

That, at one sweep, did away with a trouble which wrecked 23 per cent of the old-type tires.

From that day to this, a No-Rim-Cut tire has never been known to rim-cut.

At the same time came our 10 per cent oversize, which added 25 per cent to the average tire mileage.

These two innovations gave overwhelming advantage to the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

Then Came Success

Then came the vogue of odometers. Men began to see, by mileage figures, what these tires were saving.

Every year since the demand for Goodyears has doubled at the least. It has grown and grown until last year's sales exceeded our previous 12 years put together.

And now, after two million Goodyears have been sold, these tires command, by long odds, the largest sale in the world.

These Young Men Succeeded Too

Now comes the best part of our story.

One of these young men became superintendent. At 36, he is now in charge of 7,000 Goodyear men.

Others came to share in our profits. There are in our factory 46 men who are stockholders in our concern. There are 33 more in our offices, whom we helped acquire their stock. There are 56 in charge of our branches.

And still the improvement goes on. Half a hundred men—mostly technical graduates—still devote their whole time to research and experiment.

This department still costs us—despite all our perfections— $100,000 per year.

This is all done to better the best tires men have yet created. To reduce still further the cost per mile, which we have cut so low. And to hold forever the top place in Tiredom.

This season we ask you to prove these tires out, as hundreds of thousands have done. After all our records, the demand from users is now twice as large as last year. It is time for you, if you pay tire bills, to find out why this is.

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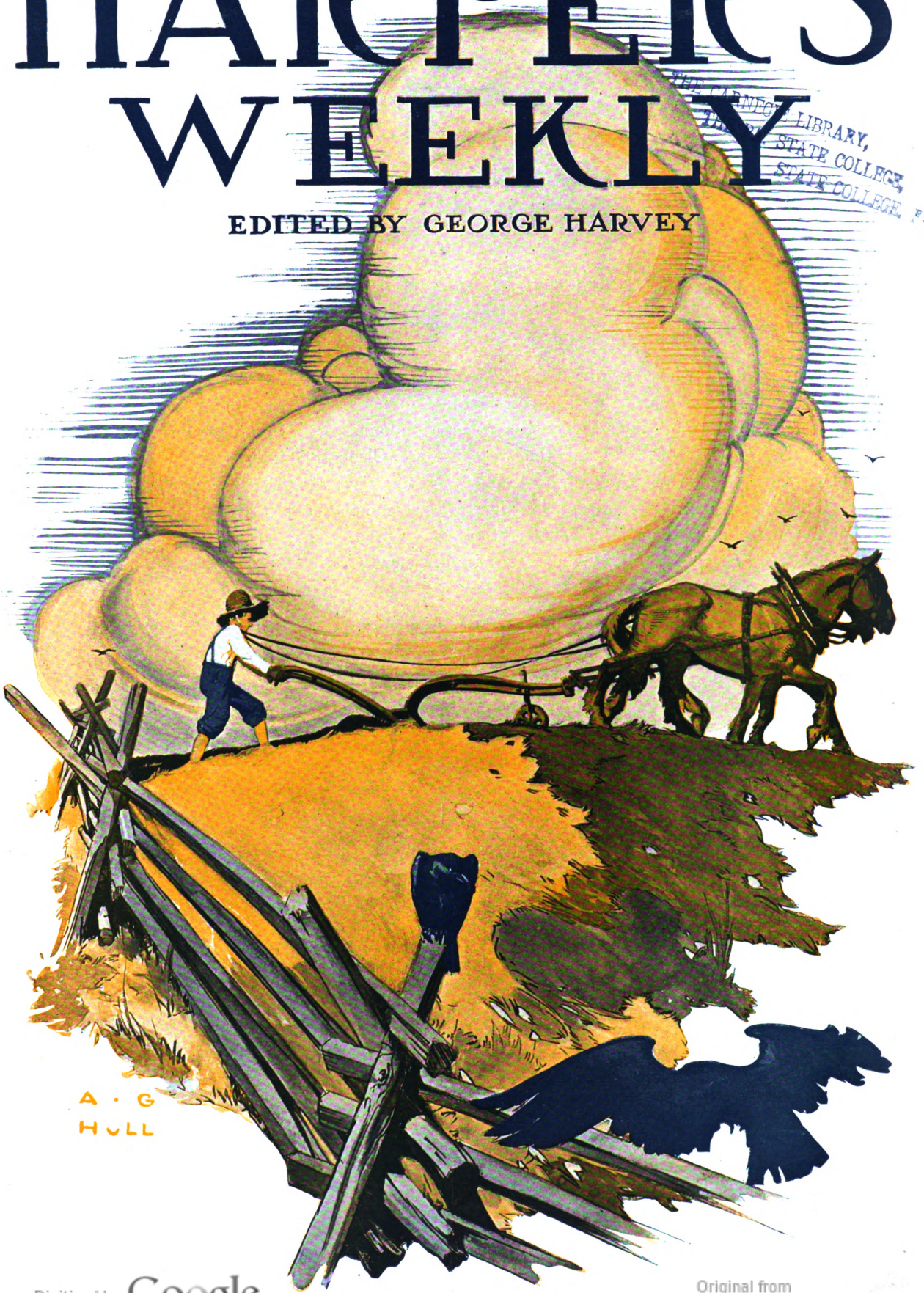
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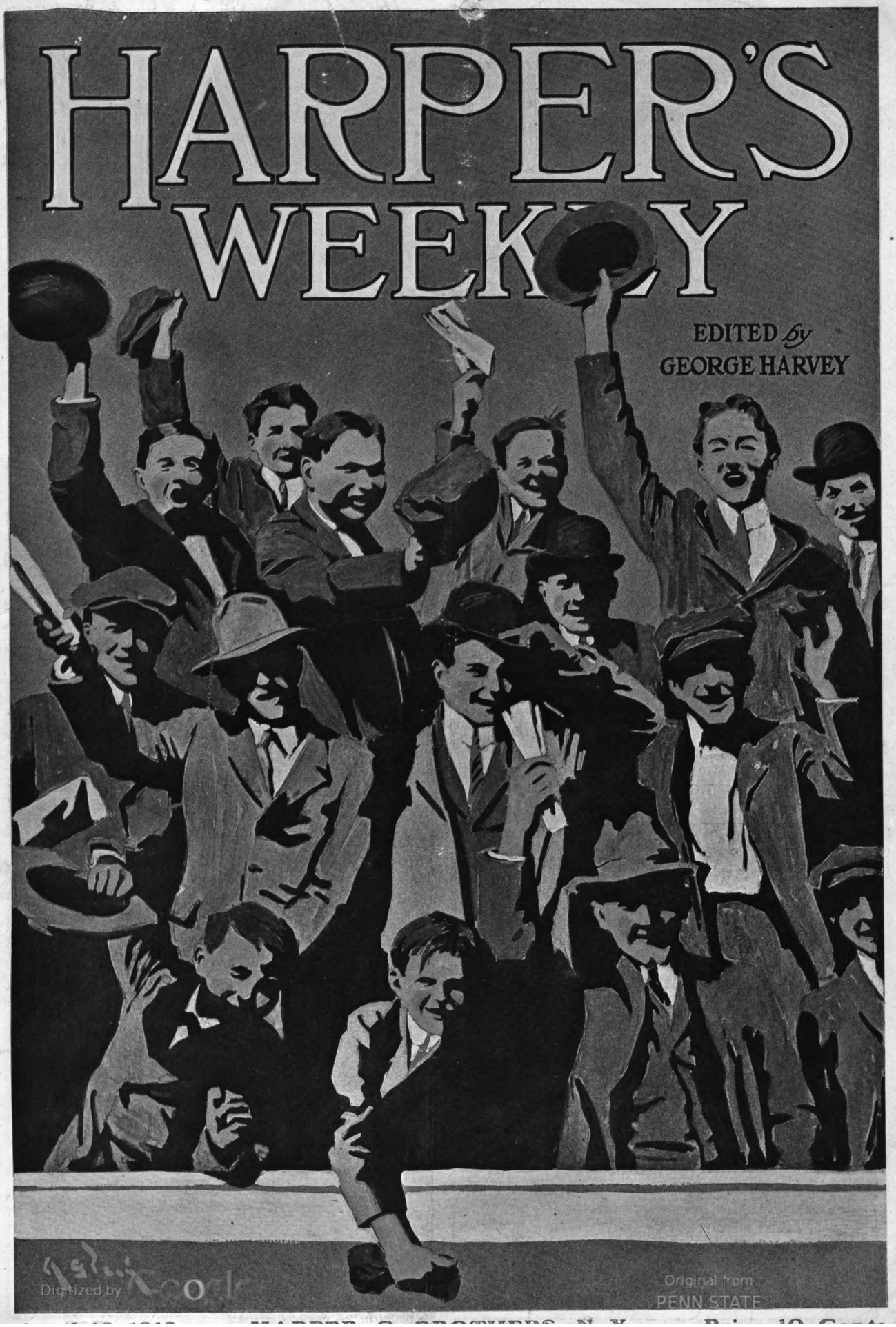
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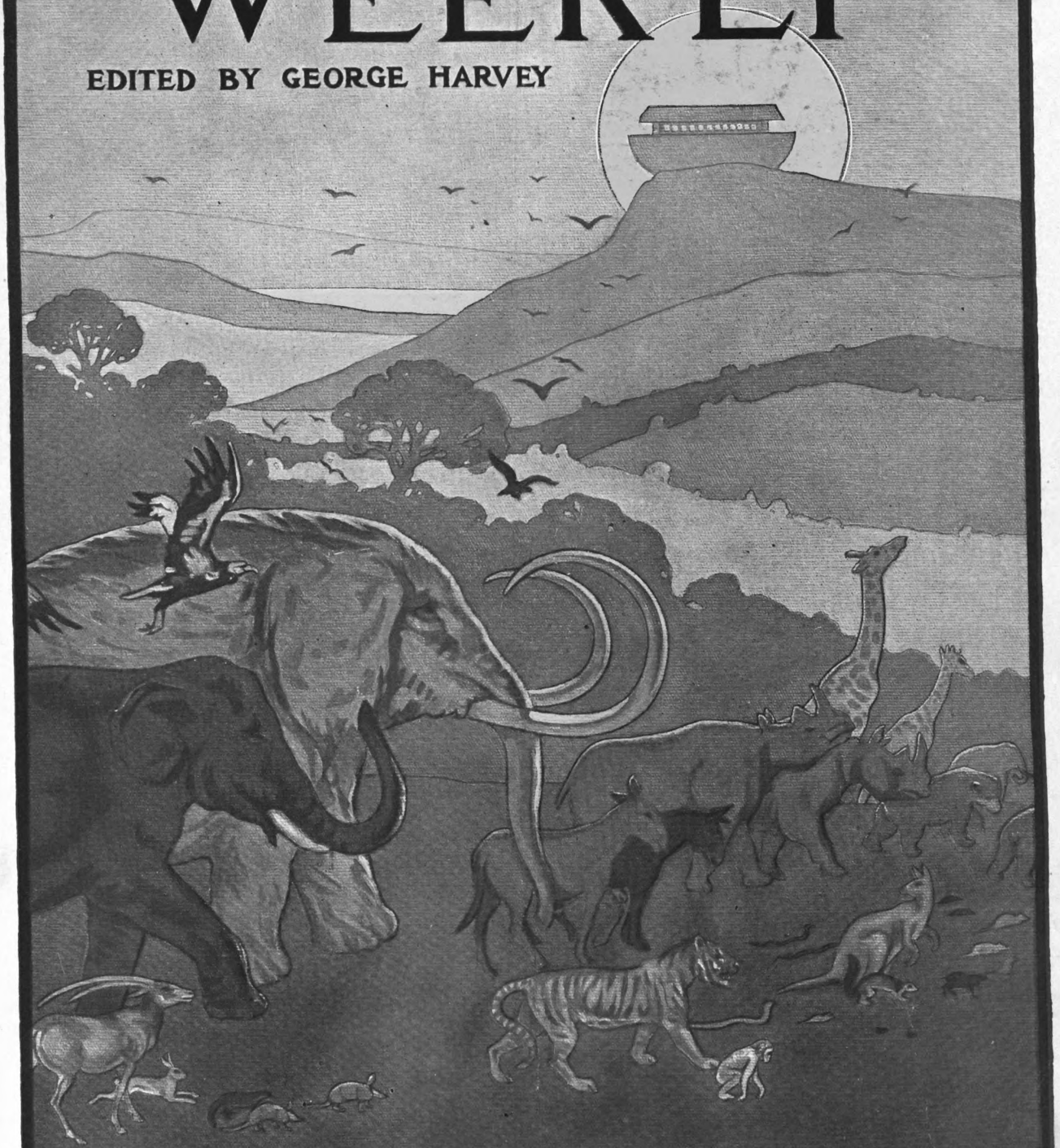
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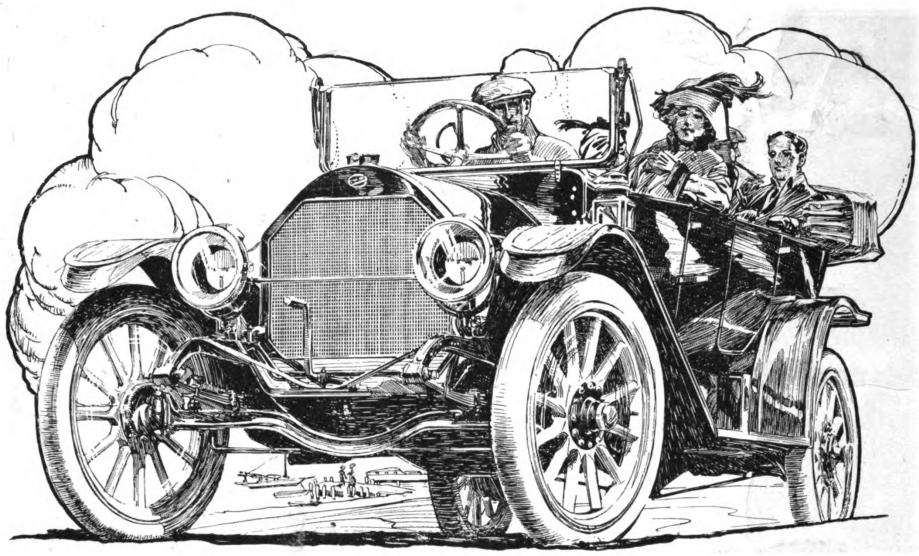
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Oregon

the haven of the Homeseeker

¶ Physically the state is one of the most attractive in the Union, geographically its location is excellent, climatically it leaves nothing to be desired.

¶ The Northern Pacific Railway and its numerous affiliated lines have more than 530 miles of railway in Oregon. Much of this is comprised in the new Oregon Trunk Railway through the Deschutes River Valley from Fallbridge, on the Columbia River, into Central Oregon—that great virgin field for the Homeseeker, of vast extent and wonderful fertility. The remainder is in the rich valleys of the Columbia and Willamette rivers, well served by the lines of the Spokane, Portland & Seattle Ry., the United Railways and the Oregon Electric Railway.

¶ Oregon may aptly be termed the land of PRESENT OPPORTUNITIES. Central Oregon has millions of acres of homestead lands awaiting the homeseeker, while Western Oregon, more closely settled, has abundant opportunities on every hand for dairymen, poultry raisers, fruit growers and farmers.

¶ Send for free copy of "Central Oregon" and "Oregon for the Homeseeker" books, fully descriptive and containing names of Secretaries of Commercial Clubs, who will gladly help you in any way to get located.

¶ The Willamette Valley in Western Oregon, 150 miles long and one of the most beautiful of valleys, contains about 5,000,000 acres of very fertile land. It is well watered, thickly settled, embraces many fine farms, has much water power, and is the oldest settled part of the state. The Willamette River is navigable for 150 miles.

¶ The Hood River Section along the Columbia River has made itself famous with prize winning fruits. Here orcharding is reduced to a science.

¶ In Southern Oregon along the foothills and slopes of the Umpqua and Rogue rivers are some of the most prolific fruit lands in the west. The valley lands are valuable for grazing, poultry raising, and dairying. This region produces bountifully of Spitzenberg and Newtown Pippin apples, and the pears grown here are of superior excellence. There are large timber areas on the mountains, and extensive mineral deposits, including coal. There is much good water power and the climate is ideal.

¶ Eastern and Central Oregon embrace millions of acres undeveloped and now inviting settlement. Here, general farming is largely practiced, grains, grasses, vegetables and fruit all doing well, stock raising being an important industry. The mountains abound in fine timber and magnificent water power. Numerous irrigation projects are in operation and a great change is under way in this section, owing to the construction of the Oregon Trunk Ry. So-called "dry farming," where necessary, produces satisfactory results. The rainfall ranges from eight to fifteen inches annually.

¶ Oregon is said to have the best school laws of any state in the Union. Her State University, Agricultural College, Normal and public schools, and several denominational colleges, etc., provide educational facilities of the highest type. Write for free booklets about Oregon and details of low Homeseekers, Summer Tourist and Convention Fares. Address

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A few years hence and the settlement of this fertile region will be a matter of history, and the home-seeker or investor who has failed to take advantage of the opportunity now offered will surely regret it, for certainly home-seekers looking for ideal conditions under which to live a life of prosperity and contentment, or the investor seeking the largest possible returns on his investment, need look no further.

THE DAKOTAS Special stress is laid on the advantages of these states as a wheat-producing country, but at the same time it is not intended in any way to belittle the value of its diversified products. In the Dakotas are to be found hundreds of thousands of acres of the finest prairie land, some of which can be bought at very low prices and on very easy terms, while there still remain thousands of excellent homesteads to be had practically without cost.

MONTANA The state of Montana contains 146,572 square miles and is as large as the combined area of New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Maryland, and Connecticut, while the population of the entire state is less than half a million and will support in comfort thirty times its present population. All it needs to make it one of the greatest states is more capital and more people of the right kind. Wealth awaits those who, properly equipped, will join fortunes with the "Treasure State," and now is the time. Montana's average wheat yield during the past ten years has been 26.3 bushels. Where can you beat it?

The farm land of Montana is located principally in broad valleys, among the most noted of which are the Yellowstone, Musselshell, Judith Basin, Smith River, Gallatin, Jefferson, Deer Lodge, Missoula, Blackfoot, Bitter Root, and Flathead, all of which are reached via the "new line" of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

IDAHO Along the "new line" in the state of Idaho is to be found some of the most fertile farm land in the country. The soil in the valleys is a deep, rich alluvial deposit, while on the highlands it is a volcanic ash, deep, rich, and very productive. The lands of Idaho will produce abundantly any crop common to the temperate zones. The climate is equable and the winters are at all times tempered by the Chinook winds. This state offers wonderful opportunities for farming in all branches, and the investor can hardly fail to secure unusual returns.

WASHINGTON This state is divided by the Cascade Range of mountains into two nearly equal parts, commonly known as Eastern and Western Washington. Western Washington is primarily best fitted for intensive cultivation, although general or diversified farming can be and is being carried on very successfully. The soil, climate, and market facilities, however, are so favorable for the growing of strawberries, blackberries, cherries, and garden truck that this branch of farming is being carried on to a very large degree.

In Eastern Washington the principal crops are grains, hay, apples, and potatoes, although there is no known crop grown in the temperate zone which cannot be successfully grown in this state.

The principal agricultural districts of Western Washington are the Nooksack, Snohomish, Cherry, White River, and Puyallup valleys, and the Grays Harbor country, Big Bottom country, and Enumclaw District, while in Eastern Washington the principal agricultural sections are the Inland Empire, Kittitas Valley, Moses Lake country, Hanford District, and Palouse country—all reached via the "new line" of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

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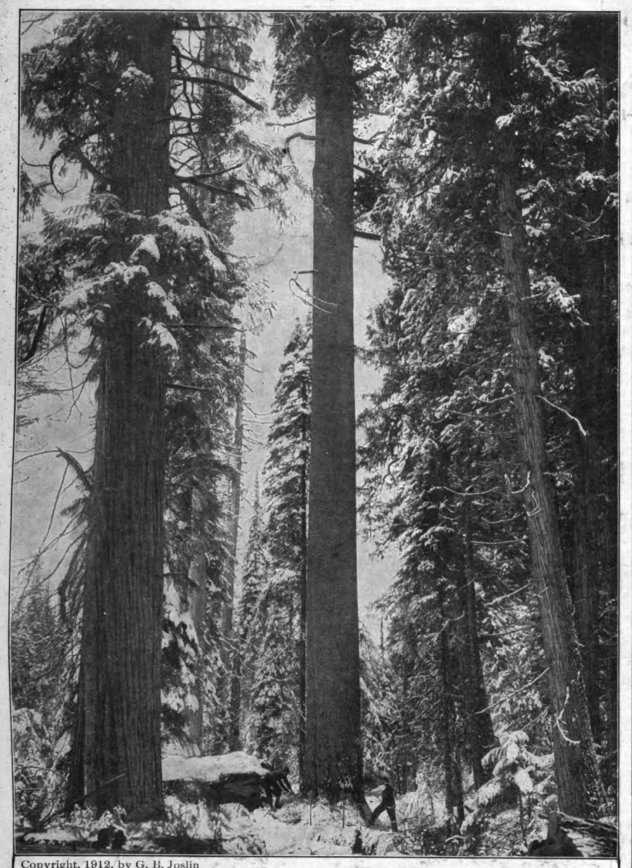
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Pronounced so by hundreds of retail lumbermen all over the country who have taken them on our recommendation. You'll say so too once you've stocked them because the quality is largely of Nature's own making—worked into merchantable size by the best mill equipments brains and money could procure—the result:—

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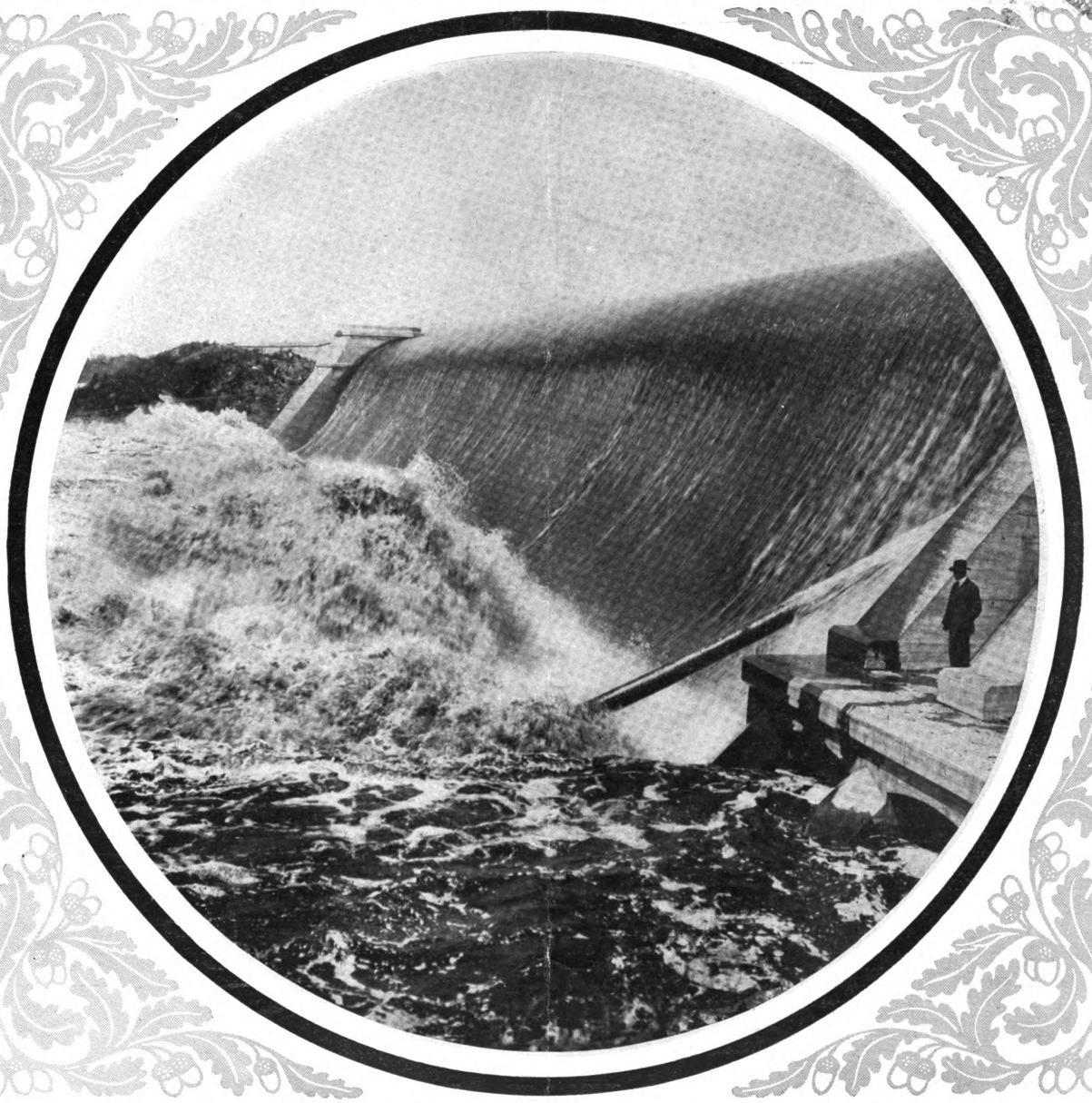
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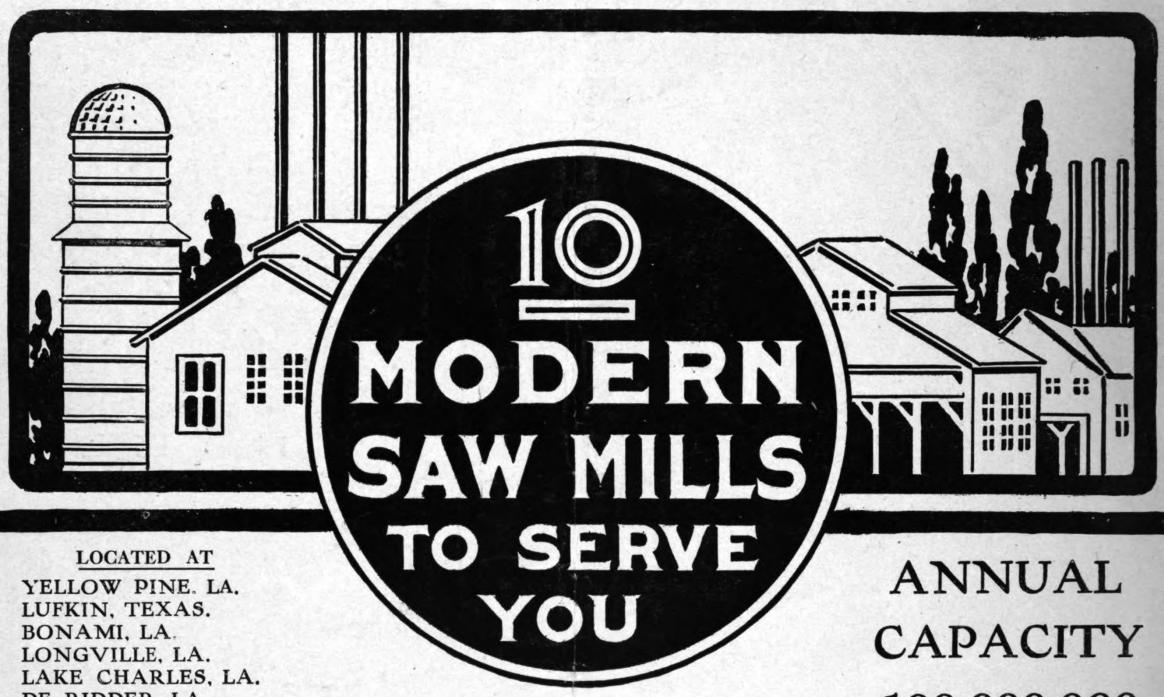
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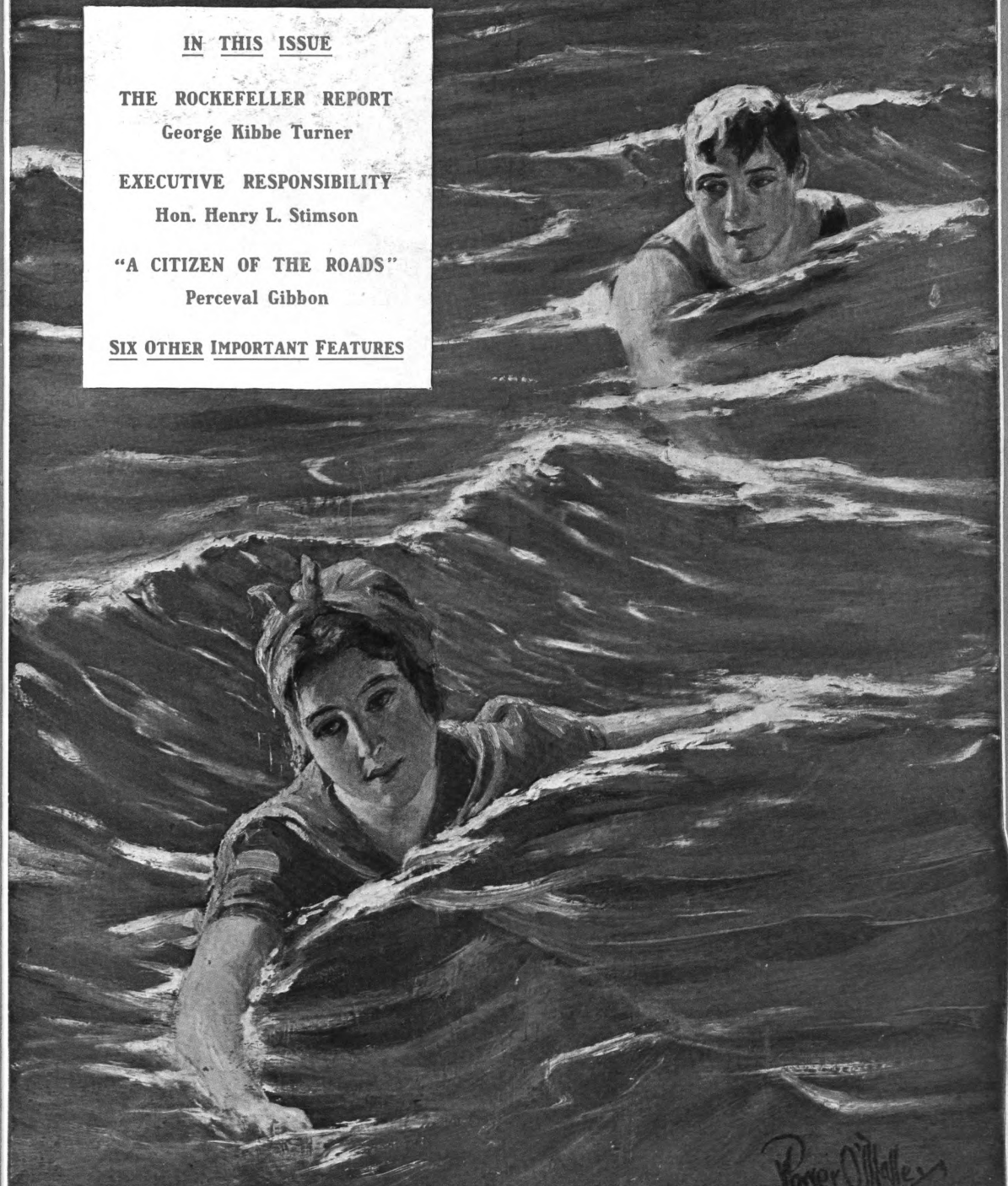
KANSAS CITY, MO.

Capital
$10,000,000.00

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THE ROCKEFELLER REPORT
George Kibbe Turner

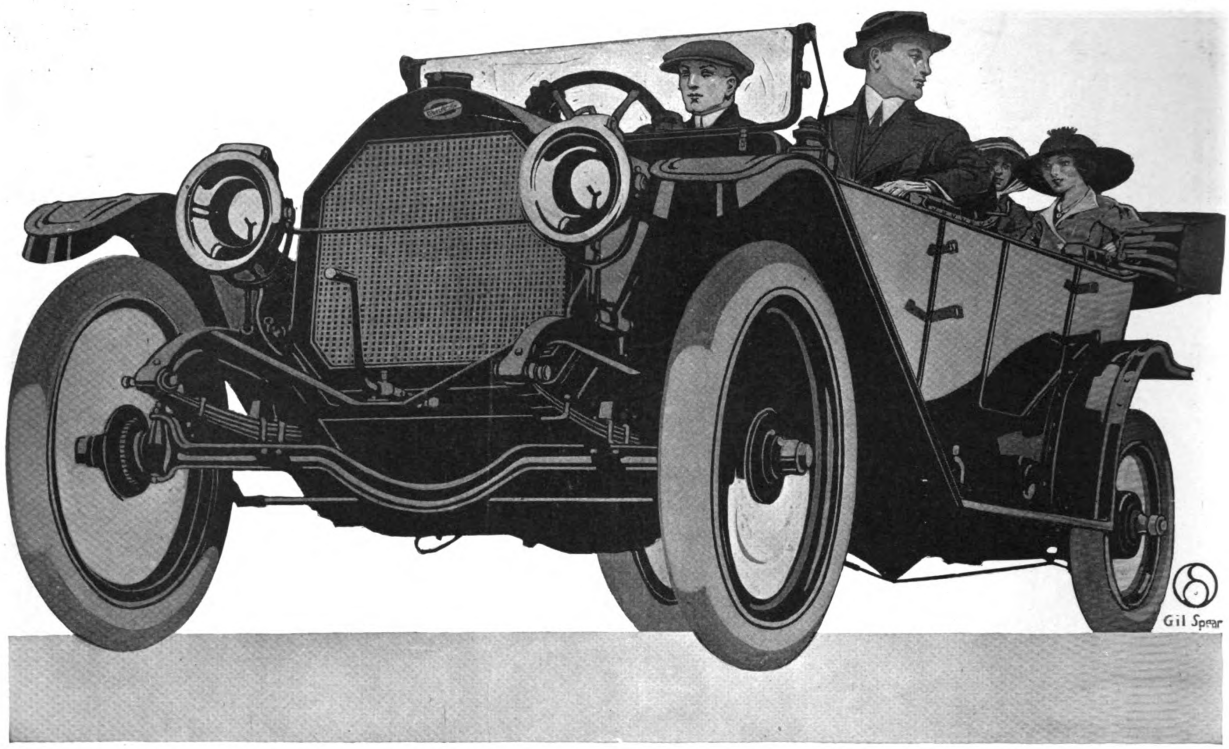
EXECUTIVE RESPONSIBILITY
Hon. Henry L. Stimson

"A CITIZEN OF THE ROADS"
Perceval Gibbon

SIX OTHER IMPORTANT FEATURES

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Completely equipped

Overland

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Literature on request. Please address Dept. 14

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

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THE SCIENCE OF BREEDING KINGS
Dr. H. S. Williams

THE POLO MATCHES—A REVIEW

THE THREE DONALS—A STORY
Seumas MacManus

THE PRASLIN MURDER

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THEY read THE LADIES' WORLD because it gives them in exactly the right proportion the matter in which women are most closely interested. Whether it be fiction or fashions, human experience and women's problems, household matters or needlework—whatever the demands of milady's needs or pleasures, they are fulfilled in THE LADIES' WORLD.

¶ This is the season of leisurely reading. For that reason THE LADIES' WORLD for July offers a particularly valuable array of fiction.

¶ You will recognize the following well-known writers who are

July Contributors

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EMILY CALVIN BLAKE	MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY
ELLIS PARKER BUTLER	WILL GREFÉ
GEORGE GIBBS	BLANCHE GREER
Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON	GRACE DUFFIE BOYLAN

¶ Read also "How I Ruined My Daughter's Life"—a throbbing human document filled with the pathos of ruined hopes.

¶ A double page of new needlework designs in color offers an attractive diversion for the woman who is never idle.

¶ Get acquainted with THE LADIES' WORLD in July. You will recognize it on your newsstand by the "Flower Girl" cover by Leyendecker.

Ten Cents a Copy—One Dollar a Year

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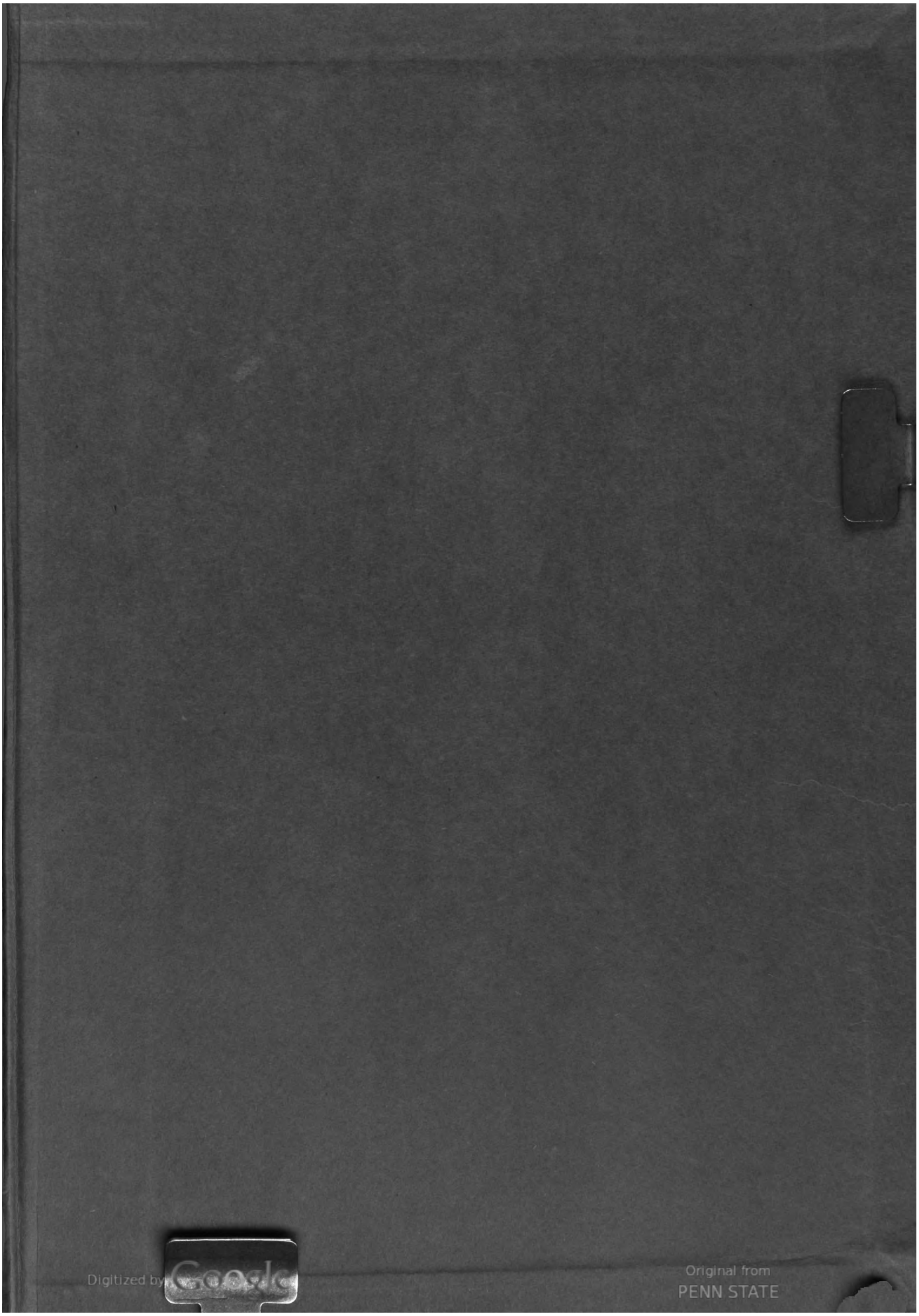
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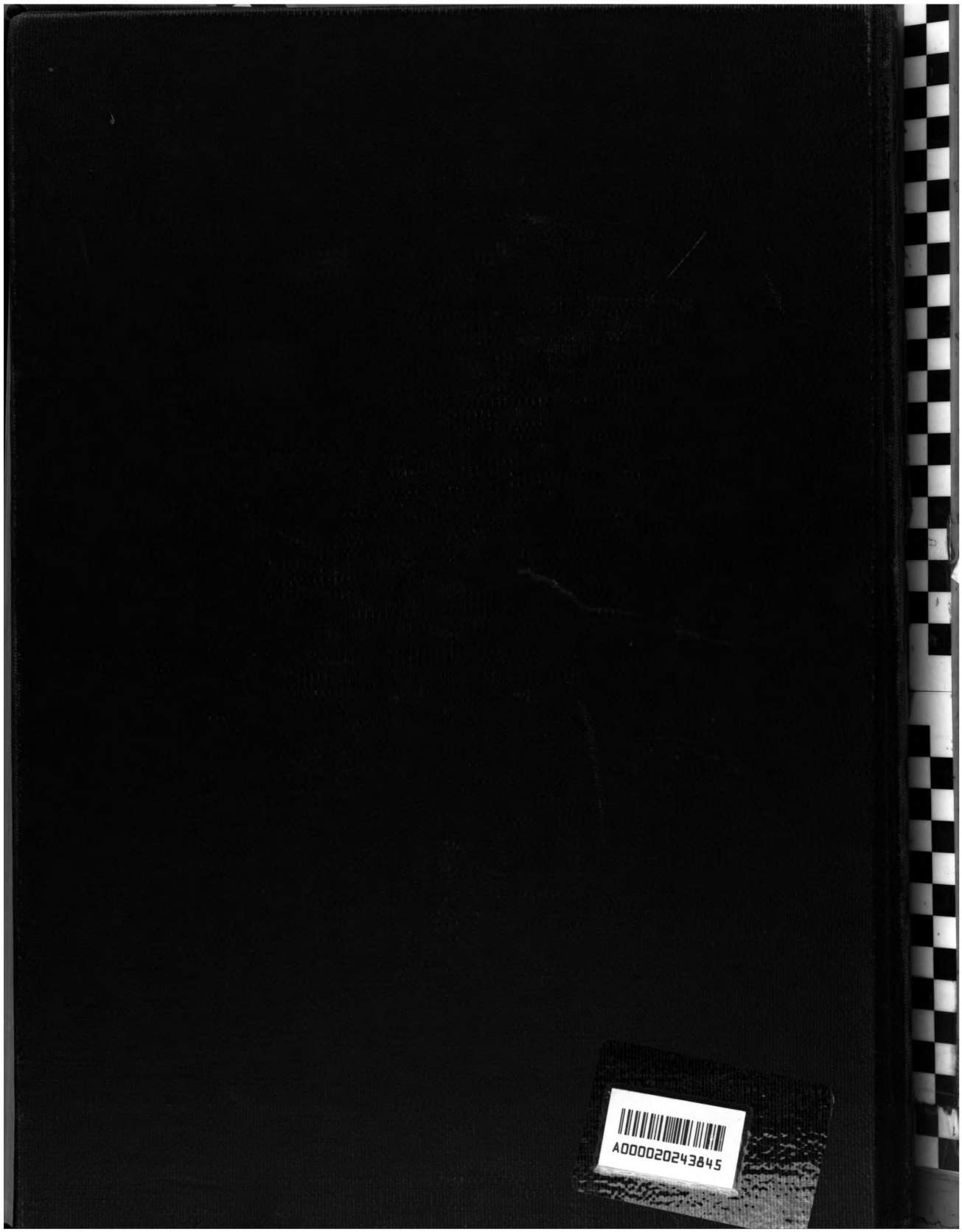


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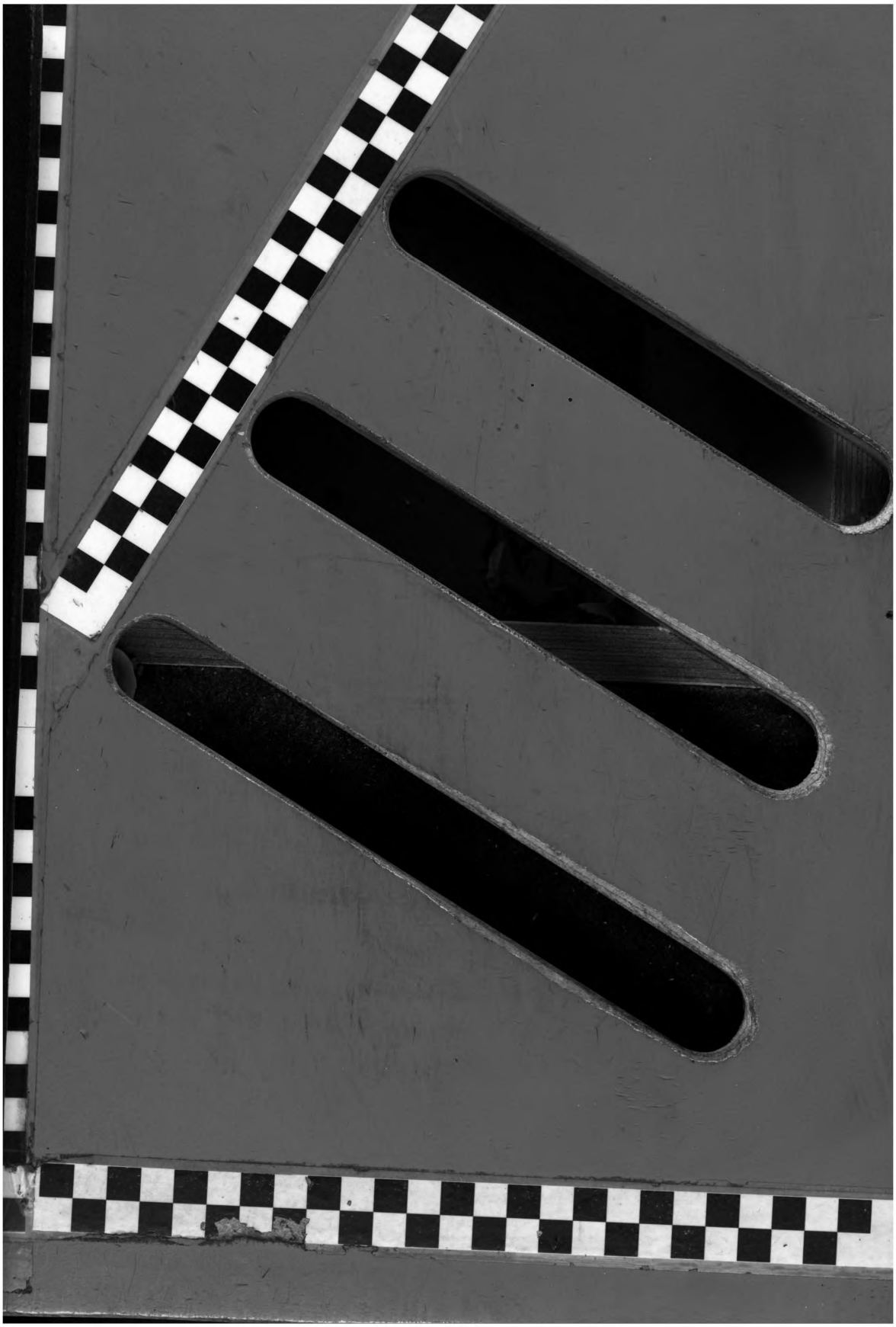

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